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Religious Miscellany.

The Master's Call.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—John ii: 2, 8

The Master is come, and calleth for thee,
O mortal, wherever thy dwelling may be;
On the mountain's lone top, or the dark rolling sea,
He has called, is still calling, in love unto thee.

He calleth to thee in the morning of youth,
While the cheek glows with health, seek the beauty of truth;
Oh, give him your childhood's bright hours,
With its fullness, its freeness, its unfettered powers.

He calleth to thee in the noontide of life,
When the heart with earth's fretting and tumults are rife;
When thine eyes have been opened by sorrow and grief,
To see that earth's joys are empty and brief.

He calleth to thee in the evening of life,
When thy lamp groweth dim with earth's jarring and strife;
"Go, work in my vineyard, though late is the hour;
Long, long, have I called thee, oh, yield to my power!"

He calleth to thee! Oh, pause and consider,
Ere thy heart groweth hardened to turn not forever;
His goodness should lead thee to deepest repentance,
Then turn unto him e'er the dark day of vengeance.

He calleth to thee, by the frail fleeting flowers,
That cheer with their beauty, thy loneliest hours;
By the sere falling leaf, he is speaking to thee,
Poor weak, sinful soul, "Come unto me!"

—*Home Evangelist.*

Rise and be Going!

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

"Rise! let us be going!" These were the stirring words which Christ addressed, on the night of his betrayal, to the three neglectful disciples who had slumbered at the garden-gate while he was suffering above the fearful agonies in Gethsemane. They had been told to "tarry and *watch* with him;" that was the duty of the hour, and they had criminally neglected it. The past was lost. Already the torch of Judas and his gang were seen flashing through the olive-branches. What is to be done must be done at once. "Rise," exclaims the Saviour, "let us be going; behold he is at hand that doth betray me." While he yet speaks, the armed band of *soldiers* press up around him, and Judas is already *planting* on his Master's cheek that devilish *dagger of a traitors's kiss.*

From these words of Christ we wish to address a practical hint or two to that *large class* who are grieved or conscience-*smitten over* lost opportunities. Our first *hint is, Do not* waste your time in unavailing *regrets.* You cannot dig up the *buried past. It avails* nothing for a *full-grown man to sit* down and weep over his neglect to study hard and improve to the full his early educational advantages. The seed-time of youth is gone; but shall he never try to make up the sad deficiency? Because youth was lost, shall manhood be flung away after it? By no means. I have known of men, who at five-and-twenty, set resolutely about a course of study and observation that made their middle life respectable; I have known women who have frittered away their girlhood, and then grew ashamed of themselves, and made up their losses as rapidly as they could. My friend, John B. Gough, was never educated until he began his public career; poverty and the bottle robbed him of his youth, but he has saved his manhood gloriously. One of the greatest British admirals never trod a ship's deck until he was forty; yet he lived to carry his country's flag through battle-smoke to splendid victories. I know of persons in my own church whose characters were never developed, and who never made themselves felt for God, or any good work, until they had *existed* twenty-five or thirty years for absolutely nothing. Then they began to *live.* Then their conscience awoke; they gave their hearts to Christ; their minds grew; they found a nobler purpose, and began to shed forth a powerful influence. One man among us, before he was one year old in the christian life, did so much work for Christ as to make good amends for his wasted past. "Never too late to mend," when one is earnestly determined to mend. To every unconverted person who is conscience-smitten over a misspent youth, and a guilty career of selfishness and sin, we would say, "Rise up and be going!" You cannot dig up the mouldering past, but you can seize the precious present, and secure the future that God may yet spare to you. The battle of life is not lost. As one of Napoleon's marshals once said to him, "Sire, there's time enough to win a victory yet before dark." You are not yet before the judgment-bar, nor is your probation ended. Rise at once and hasten to Christ. Come to him with an honest confession of your guilt. There is a terrible score against you on God's book of remembrance. Go down on your knees, and ask Jesus to lift off that mountain-load of life-long transgression. You have a great deal to confess. Let other people's sins alone and look at your own. Implore Jesus to pardon them for his love's sake and the sorrows of his bitter cross. "It was a hard trial to my pride to make my first prayer," touched the floor, my heart burst." His sins were heavy, but the weight of God's love was heavier still, and they broke him down.

As you have lost so much time already, you must be in quick earnest to come to Jesus. Treat the sin that stands in your way as you would treat the person who stood in your way if you were rushing into your burning house to save your own child. Does fear of man hinder? Face it down. Let no one laugh you out of your soul. Does business hinder? Make it your first business to seek God. Do pleasure-loving friends flood you with invitations to their entertainments? So is God inviting you to the place of prayer. Whose invitation will you decline—man's or God's? If you would be saved, you must be in earnest. From a burning ship a crowd of passengers leaped out into the boats and cut them loose. One boat was so filled that it settled to the water's edge. One drowning man clung frantically to the boat's side. "Throw him off!" was the cry in the boat; "he will sink us." Some one, seizing a knife, cut off the fingers that clutched the gunwale; but the resolute creature flung his bleeding arm around the rudder and clung to that! "Poor fellow!" was the tender cry that run through the boat; "his life is as precious to him as any of ours; let him hold on if he can." That man was *in earnest.* He felt a thousand fathoms of cold water beneath him, and saw death glaring at him in every wave. Shall a man be more earnest to save his natural life than you are to save your immortal soul?

But I would not apply to you the argument of danger so much as the argument of *duty.* You are simply robbing yourself of life's purest luxury when you rob yourself of the joys of a forgiven heart and of an useful, holy life. The best part of your life for serving God may be irretrievably gone; but save every priceless minute of the remainder. It was far on in a day of disaster that the swift-footed Sheridan came flying up the Shenandoah to arrest his retreating troops, and to roll back a defeat into a victory. Sinner of many years! the battle has gone against you thus far. Sin has conquered conscience thus far, and robbed you of life's highest joys and best achievements. Stop not with mourning the lost years and the lost opportunities to do a good work for Christ. You may yet win heaven, and perhaps win some souls for heaven too. During the present revival in my church, several persons have entered the service of Christ who are past forty years of age. They will not bring in such a sheaf as they might have brought had they entered the harvest-field in early life; but they are gleaming vigorously, and may yet secure a handful of the golden grain.

II. Some persons who have long had a secret hope of conversion have wasted no little time by delaying a public confession of Christ. They sit nursing their doubts and fears instead of doing their duty. They are feeling their pulses to ascertain whether they are alive, instead of *proving* their faith by their works, and strengthening their feeble faith by action. "I have lost just eight years," was the sad confession of a friend of mine who joined the church after eight years of trembling, vexing, self-tormenting delay. Each year weakened her faith until she grew alarmed lest the feeble taper would go out entirely; then she kindled it into a flame by one vigorous *swing* of decision. It burns brightly to-day.

III. We have an earnest word, in closing to backsliders. You are the sleepers at the garden-gate. Your eyes are heavy, and your hands are motionless. The prayer-bell with silvery chime is ringing nearly every evening, but you do not hear it; nor does the loud alarm-bell for lost souls rouse you from your slumber. Well might your neglected Master address you with indignant irony, "*Sleep on now,* and *take your rest,* for ye have betrayed me into the hands of sinners." But as the torches of detection fall on your sealed eyelids, methinks I hear that voice of injured love scunding into your ears! with trumpet tones, "RISE UP AND BE GOING!" The night is far spent! Sinners are stumbling over you into perdition! The past is gone! Awake, or thou wilt lose thy crown! And what thou doest, do quickly!"

The Two Books.

It was the last night of the year.—Many sad reflections crowded upon the mind as the history of the year was received. Many words and acts were recalled with painful feelings of self-condemnation.

While thus musing, the scene suddenly changed. I was walking along with a heavy heart and a mind filled with gloomy forebodings. In my hand I carried a book. It was that book which weighed so heavily upon my spirits.

I was approaching the gate of a beautiful palace. I had been that way before. Just one year before, I went up to that gate to seek admittance. I was a homeless wanderer. I had learned that many such had found entrance, and I knew that I too must find it, or be evermore a wanderer. I knocked. The gate was opened by one of severe aspect, who demanded my business. I told him that I had come to ask admittance. Upon this he left me for a little time, but soon returned with a book, which he put into my hands. It was a blank book of fair, white paper containing just three hundred and sixty five pages. 'You cannot enter now,' he said. 'Take this volume. Fill one page each day. You have in your possession a book which will inform you how each page should be written. When every page is filled, come again, and if your work has been well done, you shall be admitted.'

It was this book I now held in my hand. Every page had been filled, but too well I knew that it had not been well done. There was many a foul blot, many a line which should never have been written. Sometimes I had consulted my book of directions, but many a time I had neglected to do so. Often had I resolved and re-resolved that the remaining pages should be written according to the rules in the book, but these good resolutions had all been broken, and page after page was dictated by self pride and passion.—With this book I was going to the gate of the palace. I knew well that it could not be accepted, but I also knew that I must take it there and abide the issue.

Soon the gate was reached. With a heart [illegible] gether with fear, I knocked. Instantly the gate was opened by the stern keeper. He said not a word, but held out his hand for the book. Oh, the dark frown that gathered on his brow as he opened it and looked on its pages! There I read my doom, and doom which my own heart had too well foreboded. I should be rejected, turned away from this beautiful home to wander ever in darkness and gloom.

But just at this moment, as the gate was closing, I saw a radiant form appear and beckon the stern keeper aside.—He held in his hand a book like the one which had been given me one year before. He cast on me a look of inexpressible compassion and tenderness, as he said, 'I give you this volume. Write the name of the giver at the top of each page. Fill it up according to the rules laid down in your book of instructions. Above all, never forget the name at the top of the page.

'What name?' I asked, trembling both with fear and hope. With ineffable sweetness he answered. 'You know, the name which is above every name.'

I took the book and went my way.—Each day a page was filled. Often with prayer and tears I consulted my book of directions. When full, it was a very different book from the last. Still it was far, very far from perfect. There was many a blot, many a sad mistake. I felt that it could not be accepted for its own merits. But one thing I had not neglected. I had written that 'name' first on every page.

After the last page had been written, I found myself again approaching the gate of the palace. When I thought of the very imperfect volume I had to offer, I trembled; but somehow when I thought of 'the name' at the top of the page, a sweet hope nestled in my heart. Again I knocked. The stern keeper opened the gate. I trembled when I gave him the book; but, lo! when he opened it, 'the name' at the top of the page shone with such a radiance that nothing else could be seen.

'This is right,' said the keeper of the entrance. 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.' Then as I stepped over the golden threshold I heard a song of welcome that thrilled my heart, and with the sound I awoke just in time to hear the last strokes of the clock which told me the old year had gone, and the New Year, with its three hundred and sixty-five fair pages, was before me. Shall not the name of Jesus be written on every page? my heart whispered—*S S Times.*

"The Letter."

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as a sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest, but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel by writing a note asking him to come to see him at six o'clock after he left "the work."

He came promptly with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?" James was confounded, and, holding up the note requesting him to come, said, "The letter! *The Letter!*" "Oh," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you; and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely Sir! *Surely Sir!*" replied James.

Well, see here is another letter sending for you by one equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper, and began to read slowly—"*Come—unto—me—all—ye—that—labour,*" &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket-pocket, grasped his large red hankerchief with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments not knowing what to do. At length he inquired—

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "*If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.*" This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honourable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "*He cannot deny Himself.*"

No One Prays for Me.

A young lawyer who scoffed at religion was made the subject of special prayer and effort by a pious young man. Not long after he was found at the prayer-meeting, but even the pastor hesitated to speak to him, supposing he had come merely for amusement. The young man continued faithful to his friend, and soon rejoiced in seeing him a believer in Jesus.

The lawyer was riding with another companion of his own not long after. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" so the conversation quite naturally turned to the subject of personal salvation. The new convert spoke freely, and told of the faithfulness of his kind friend K., but for whom he might have been left to perish.

"I had friends once who prayed for me," said the other thoughtfully, "but I have been so careless they have all given me up. I don't suppose there is one person on earth who prays for me now."

"You are mistaken," said the other, "K. prays for you very earnestly."

"Is it possible?" said the youth, pausing in great astonishment. It was like a lightning flash to his soul, and not long after he too was rejoicing in Jesus.

Are we offering such "effectual, fervent prayer" for any soul? Should the Christian ever suffer himself to be without the burden of some immortal spirit upon his heart? Such prayer does avail much. God's word declares it, and the experience of ten thousand souls verifies the declaration. Whom will you take this week of all your impenitent acquaintances as a subject of earnest prayer and effort.—S.S. Times.

Pressing Forward.

Each believer should be thirsty for God, for the living God, and longing to put his lip to the well-head of eternal life; to follow the Saviour. Satisfied I am that many a believer lives in the cottage of doubt when he might live in the palace of faith. We are poor starving things, when we might be fed; we are weak when we might be mighty; feeble, when we might be as the giants before God; and all because we will not hear the Master say, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Now, brethren, is the time with you, after the season of trouble, to renew your dedication vow to God. Now, beloved, you shall rise up from worldliness and come away; from sloth, from the love of this world, from unbelief. What enchants you to make you sit still where you are? What delights you to make you as you are? Come away! There is a higher life; there are better things to live for, and better ways of seeking them. Aspire! Let thy high ambition be unsatisfied with what thou hast already attained. This one thing do thou, press forward to the things that are before.—*Spurgeon.*

General Miscellany.

The Art of Living Together.

If people are to live happily together they must not fancy because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is a great thing to be assured of in social knowledge; it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general; they do not expect the outer world to agree with them at all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, 'Why all these stars? why this difference? why not all one star?'

Many of the rules for people living together in peace, from the above. For instance: not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of the difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticisms upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judge's patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. One of the most provoking forms of criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. 'Had I been consulted,' 'had you listened to me,' 'but you always will,' and such short scraps of sentences may remind many of us of dissertation, which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we can not call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is not to let familiarity swallow up courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say to strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value, than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly to your associates—but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were alluded to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, moulding the one and expressing the other.

Everybody must have known really good people, with all christian temper, but having so little christian prudence as to do a great deal of mischief in society.

Extraordinary Clock-Work.

Amongst the most extraordinary pieces of modern clock-work are those at Strasburg and Lyons, which are very eminent for the richness of their furniture and the variety of their motions and figures. In the former a cock claps his wings and proclaims the hour, whilst an angel opens a door and salutes the Virgin, and the Holy Spirit descends on her. In the latter two horsemen encounter and beat the hour on each other; a door opens, and there appears on the theatre a Virgin, with the child Jesus in her arms; the Magi, marching in order, present their gifts—two trumpeters sounding all the time to proclaim the procession.

These, however, were excelled by two which were made by English artists, about a quarter of a century ago, and sent as a present from the East India Company to the Emperor of China. These clocks were in the form of chariots, in which a lady, in a fine attitude, was placed, leaning her right hand, upon a part of the chariot. Underneath, a clock of curious workmanship, a little larger than a shilling, struck, repeated and went eight days. Upon the lady's finger sat a bird, finely modeled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded in a flying posture, and which actually fluttered for a considerable time on touching a diamond button below it. The body of the bird (which contained part of the wheels which, in amanner, gave life to it) was not the size of the sixteenth part of an inch. The lady held in her hand a gold tube, not much thicker than a large pin, on the top of which was a small round box, to which a circular ornament set with diamonds, not larger than a sixpence, was fixed, which went round nearly three hours in a constant, regular motion. Over the lady's head, supported by a small fluted pillar no bigger than a quill, were two umbrellas. Under the larger bell was fixed, at a considerable distance from the clock, and seeming to have no connection with it; but from it a communication was secretly conveyed to a hammer, which regularly struck the hour, and repeated the same at pleasure, by touching a diamond button fixed to the clock below. At the feet of the lady was a gold dog, before which, from the point of the chariot, were two birds fixed on spiral wings. The wings and feathers were set with stones of various colors, and appeared as if flying away with the chariot, which, from another secret motion, was contrived to run in a straight, circular, or any other direction. A boy, that laid hold of the chariot behind, seemed also to push it forward. Above the umbrella were flowers and ornaments of precious stones, and it terminated with a flying dragon, set in the same manner. The whole was of gold, most curiously executed, and embellished with rubies and pearls.

The Depth of Space.

In 1837, Prof. Bessel, of Germany, commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance to the fixed stars; a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used, in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was called an Heliometer (sun-measurer). After three years' hard labor he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so very minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials, and working out the results, he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to 61 Cygni. But who can comprehend this immense distance? We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us! Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; in one year, then—8,760 hours—this gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multiplied by ten gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Prof. Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. And all the astronomers confirm the correctness of Prof. Bessel's calculations. But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way are so remote, that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. And he says there are stars, or rather nebula, five hundred times more remote! Now make your calculation: 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, and the product by 500. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we can't realize it; it is too vast even for human comprehension.—David says, Psalm ciii, 19: "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom [or government] ruleth over all."

An Interesting Sequel to a Hasty Divorce.

A correspondent of the *Volksfreund,* writing from the Indiana Prairie, April 30, relates the following:—

In Sullivan county a young married pair, who had been united in the bonds of wedlock about six years, having become somewhat mutually disagreeable of late, the husband in his anger hastened to a lawyer and took steps to obtain a divorce from his wife. One day he came home to his wife and said to her: "Betsy, I have fulfilled your wish. You said you wished you were separated from me. Here is the decree of divorce." His wife was at first surprised, but far too indignant to betray any emotion. She said she was ready to leave; she only needed to pack up her goods. She wished he would be present to see that she took nothing except what was her own. He stepped into the adjoining room room with her where the bureau and clothes-press were. The wife proceeded in silence to take out the clothes, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a small dress, and, quite overcome, she broke out in convulsive weeping. The husband, hitherto an indifferent observer, remarked her emotion, and discovered the cause. It was the dress of their only child, a little daughter of three years, who had died almost two years ago. The husband was not less affected by the sight than his wife. He embraced her with emotion, begged her pardon again and again, tore the decree of divorce into a thousand pieces, hastened to the clerk's office, took out a new marriage license, and was married immediately to his late wife.

Curious Calculations.

The simple interest of *one cent,* at six per cent per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the year 1864, would be the trifling sum of one dollar, eleven cents, and eight mills; but if the same principal at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a parrot-gun were discharged at one extremity, while a man stationed at the other,—light travelling one hundred and ninety-two miles in a second—the initial velocity of a cannon-ball being about 1500 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate, and sound moving through the atmosphere 1100 fast in a second:—he would see the flash after waiting one hundred and ten thousand years; the ball would reach him in seventy-four billions of years; but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries.

INDICATIONS OF THE WEATHER.—The color of the sky at particular times, affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and full feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

Conference Proceedings.

The Twelfth Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Eastern British America was commenced on Wednesday, June 27th, in the Centenary church in the city of St. John, by the singing of the 478th hymn,—beginning "And are we yet alive." The first chapter of the second Epistle to Timothy was read, and the Revd's T. H Davies and Dr. Richey led in prayer.

The retiring President the Rev. J. McMurray, briefly referred to some of the events of the past year in connection with our general work. He expressed his thankfulness for the present prosperity of our Zion, that we are enabled this year to report a small increase in our membership, and that our connexional funds have been more largely supported. He expressed his gratification with the appointment by the British Conference of the Rev. Dr. Scott as our President for the ensuing year.

The address of the British Conference was read, after which Mr. McMurray resigned the Presidential chair to which he welcomed the new President.

The Rev. Dr. Scott on taking the chair of the Conference, spoke as follows:—

BELOVED BRETHREN.—My first duty and one which I desire to discharge with unfeigned devotional feeling is to render thanks to God my Heavenly Father for His gracious care over me during the course of my journey. I have travelled by land and water some six thousand miles since I left home about the end of April last; and not only has no accident occurred, but no untoward event has been permitted to mar my comfort.

I feel thankful that my brethren have judged me worthy to occupy this position, for next to the favour of my God do I value the confidence of my brethren in the ministry. I cannot sufficiently express my feelings with reference to my beloved Brother whom I suppose I must now call you Ex-President. Before my coming and ever since my landing in Halifax, he has sought in every way to express his gratification with the arrangement by which I am made to occupy this position to-day. I feel thankful that I have been permitted to make his acquaintance, and I am sure that I am the richer for his friendship. I am not sure that the appointment is the best that could have been made, indeed I turn from the responsibilities of office though I am quite ready to accept them when it becomes clearly my duty to do so. I felt a difficulty in accepting this position in view of certain circumstances. You had last year nominated my worthy brother England as President, and my equally worthy brother Sutcliffe as Co-Delegate, and I remonstrated with the Conference at Birmingham against my appointment. I urged that while the Canadian Conference had requested a President from England, that the appointment for Canada might very properly be made, but I requested that I might be permitted to come among you as a Representative, and sit beside the man who should be appointed President on your nomination; but the Conference insisted and I was so satisfied that you would be pleased with having a representative from home as your President, that I could not resist the voice of my brethren. Allow me to say that I felt another difficulty, and one of no little weight. I remembered who was your last English President. I knew enough of him to know how he would bear himself in your pulpits and among the families of your people. I knew William L. Thornton, and though I do not wish to detain you unnecessarily, I must say—and you will not think it any misappropriation of Scripture—that if ever the course of any man was marked "by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right and on the left, his course was so marked." I need your prayers especially to enable me to occupy worthily the place occupied by W. L. Thornton.

I wish to go through the business as early as is consistent with the due discharge of it. We are expecting some delegates from the Canada Conference who come to propose a plan for the formation of a General Conference with several annual Conferences thus to make Methodism in all British America more fully one. I offer no opinion on this matter, but it will I suppose be brought before you in due time.

I think it necessary for various reasons to reach the close of our labours at an early day, as I wish to leave by Tuesday evening next. We may remember that we come here to confer, not to get up elaborate speeches. We come to confer with refer with reference to the cause of God which we love, and every brother should have opportunity frankly to express his opinion. There was a time when in the English Conference, some few brethren thought we ought to be conformed more fully to the manner of Parliamentary debates—and that an opposition would be promotive of a healthy state, we are thankful that that feeling has passed away. There is no need of such a thing as an organized opposition, we are brethren and should as brethren confer.

I know that sometimes there is a disposition to take up time in speaking when the routine business is being gone through with, I think this is a pity, we may avoid this, and so save time for the discussion of general questions.

Let us look for great spiritual good in connection with this our Conference. We remember that Methodism is a continual revival, or as my Swedish friends would put it "a great awakening." Other churches have been from the first framed into an organization, ours commenced in the awakening of souls. Let us encourage our faith in God, to expect at this time an outpouring of the Spirit of God. Oh, if the windows of heaven he opened, and the streams of glory descend upon our souls, what a blessed baptism we shall have. Let us pray for this.

The President then introduced the Rev. James England as the Co-Delegate appointed by the British Conference for the ensuing year.

The Co-Delegate briefly addressed the Conference. He declared it to be his highest aim to live and die a faithful Methodist Preacher. He expressed his high gratification with the arrangement whereby Dr. Scott has been made the President of the Conference, and declared it to be a desideratum that whenever a President is appointed from England—he should be enabled to spend the year with us and visit the various parts of our work.

The Rev. R. A. Temple was elected Secretary and the Rev. D. D. Currie, Journal Secretary.

It was moved by Dr. Pickard and seconded by Rev. W. Temple—That the thanks of the Conference be presented to the retiring President the Rev. J. McMurrray, for his fidelity, christian courtesy and efficiency in performing the dutiess of his position as President during the past year. Carried unanimously. The ex-President responded in suitable terms.

It was moved by the Rev. Mr. England, and seconded by Rev. Mr. Davies—That the thanks of the Conference be presented to the late Co-Delegate, the Rev. E. Botterell, for his careful attention to business, and the faithful service he has rendered to the Conference during the year. The motion was carried unanimously.

The routine business was then entered upon. In answer to the first question, Who are now admitted into full connection with the Conference? the names of thirteen young men duly recommended, passed the Conference. Those names will appear in report of the ordination service.

The names of the brethren recommended from the several Districts to be continued on trial was then submitted, and the vote of the Conference on each case taken. The names of these brethren arranged in accordance with the number of their years will appear in the minutes.

Under this question a conversation was had as to the great impropriety of the use of manuscript in the pulpit by any member of the Conference. The President strongly protested against both reading and reciting instead of preaching. He referred to an incident in connection with his ministry lately. After preaching recently in Canada an intelligent gentleman met him in the vestry, and said that under the sermon he had found peace with God, a blessing which he had been seeking for many months. The gentleman was asked what part of the sermon had been so blessed to him, and he referred to a part which had been a digression from the prepared sermon. "Let us not," said the President "so tie ourselves up that the Holy Spirit may have no room to work within us."

The names of the candidates for our work were reported from the minutes of the several Districts. Seven young men were so reported all of whom were by vote of the Conference accepted. Their names are as follows:—C W Dockerill, Robert Barry Mack, Frederick Devitt, Arthur Morton, A. B., Joseph Sellars, Charles W. Paisley, A. B., and George Forsey.

Before considering the next question, Who have died during the year? a part of the hymn beginning "Rejoice for a brother deceased" was sung. One member of the Conference, the Rev. William Smithson, had just before the Conference passed away to his rest. A brief obituary notice was read from the minutes of the Fredericton District and will appear in the minutes of Conference. Several members of the Conference bore testimony to the piety and faithfulness of our departed brother.

At noon the Conference prayer meeting was commenced, a large number of friends from the city were present and a very gracious influence rested upon the assembly.

Afternoon: The session opened with the usual devotional exercises. It was ordered that the affairs of our Educational Institutions be made the order of the day for to-morrow morning.

It was announced that a deputation from the Canada Conference is expected, as also a number of ministers from the United States, and it was decided to have an open session of the Conference on Friday evening in order that our congregations may have an opportunity of hearing the interesting statements which those honored guests will have to make with reference to the work of God.

The Conference decided that the application of the Rev. T. H. Davies and Rev. G. W. Tuttle to be allowed to assume a supernumerary position be acceded to.

The following appointments were made—The Revs. H. Pope, Jr., and F. W. Moore to prepare the address to the British Conference. The Rev. J. R. Narraway and J. Lathern to prepare the Pastoral address; the Revs. S. W. Sprague and W. McCarty to be the Conference letter writers, and the Rev. Dr. Pickard to prepare the letter to the Missionary Committee.

Thursday 28th. Morning session. The conference was opened with the usual devotional exercises.

After the passing of the Journal, a resolution conveying the thanks of the Conference to President Scott for his able and luminous address at the Missionary anniversary last evening, was carried by an enthusiastic vote. The order of the day was then entered upon, and the report of the Board of Trustees of Mount Allison Institution was submitted. The financial statements, first of the Male Branch, and second of the Female Branch of the Institution were submitted. A resolution conveying the thanks of the Conference to the Board of Trustees for their prompt and energetic action—the result of a spirit of true christian enterprise—in making immediate arrangements to meet the loss occasioned by the late calamitous fire at Mount Allison, was unanimously carried.

Afternoon session. Conference opened with singing and prayer. The Revs. C. Lockhart and R. Tweedy were appointed to receive and disburse the Conference collection. The thanks of the Conference were presented to Dr. Pickard for his valuable services as President of the College and Principal of the united Academies, and his re-appointment for another year was confirmed by the Conference. The President addressed the Conference with reference to our Educational Institutions. He referred to the necessity for energetic action in the present exigency and promised that the sum of five thousand dollars would be granted by the Missionary Committee in England to aid the Institutions. In view of the shewing of the report that the sum of twenty thousand dollars is now needed to meet the remaining debt on the Female Branch and to complete the Fund for repairing the loss by fire of the Male Branch, a resolution was submitted to Conference to the effect that as one quarter of this sum has been guaranteed by President Scott, strenuous personal efforts be made by the members of Conference and an earnest appeal follow to our friends to raise the remaining amount. Resolution passed and a subscription list was opened for the members of the Conference.