

The Family.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.) ON EARLY GOOD INSTRUCTION.

As youthful passions rise, and still expand, they need instruction's checks, and guiding hand.

If not restrained by grace, or reason's force, they freely draw to folly's tempting course; Impel to action, thought and will control, And with restless power enslave the soul.

As when the hand of culture fails to yield Its skilful labour o'er the wasted field, The noxious weeds appear, and worthless roots, Instead of wealthy grains, or choicest fruits, So with the youthful mind, unless the skill Of some kind guardian, wisdom's truths instil, The passions power will beauteous fruits produce;

To folly's paths and deeds of shame seduce; All good resolves extinguish as they rise; Suppress reflection's voice in maddening joys; Quench every fair emotion of the heart, And blind the feeble soul with specious art, In childhood, then, when first the passions flow, Before their vain desires unyielding grow; Soon as we can the dawn of conscience find, And reason's light just glimmers through the mind;

The kindly warning, watchfulness and care, Should interpose, to shield from every snare; To quell all evil inclination's force, And guide the opening mind in virtue's course, Invites to the power expand, and folly's voice, And as it flows on hear the pleasing choice; When sin allures, and with bewitching smile, Displays its joys aspects to beguile, Instruction's voice should constant aid impart, To enrich the mind, and purify the heart;

To fortify each passage to the soul, And every wrong desire and act control; But chiefly all those heavenly truths apply, Which lead to peace below, and joys on high.

(For the Provincial Wesleyans.) LET NOT MY HEART BE TROUBLED.

Let not my heart be troubled, Oh my God! Though fierce winds rage around my home to-night, And the sad thought disturbs me—one I love May be exposed to all their furious might; Oh, Thou whom even the winds and sea obey, Protect and guide him, all the dangerous way.

With earnest heart I now recall that scene, When Thou, the God-man, so serenely slept, And Thy disciples with such anxious mind, Came and awoke Thee; saying as they wept, "Oh, Master, earnest Thou that not that we shall die!" Thou speakest—the sea is calm, the storm clouds fly.

And Thou, who then didst show Thy sovereign power, Dost still o'er all Thy royal right maintain, I will not fear, though dark the clouds may lower; Thou canst the waves control, the storm restrain, And Thou hast said that those who trust in Thee Shall in Thyself rejoice exultingly.

E. R. A. Guysborough.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS. 1. Begin your preparation with prayer. The Bible is indeed man's book, written by man and for man, but it is also God's book, written by Him and for His glory. No devout Christian doubts the co-existence of these two factors in the work, however variously we may explain their mutual relations. Holy men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The author is the best interpreter. We need therefore to pray to Him in order to get His aid and to bring ourselves into that sympathy with Him which will best fit us for understanding it. "Open those mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of the law."

2. Read the text carefully and repeatedly, adding, of course, so much of what precedes and follows as serves to make the connection clear. Do this before reading anything else, and persevere till you have an intelligent view of the meaning, or at least see where the difficulties lie. Although in this way you will hardly strike out any novelties, yet very common place truths will be fresh and vivid to you, as having been elicited by the action of your own mind on the word.

3. Be not discouraged by your ignorance of Greek and Hebrew. You have what is, all things considered, the best version of God's word ever made. Faithfully used, it will answer all our purposes. An humble, teachable, reverent, loving spirit will see far deeper into the living oracles than the most accomplished scholar without such a spirit. All my dark places are just as dark in the original as they are in the version—e. g. Gen. iv. 7; Psalm cx. 4.

4. Be sure and examine the references. The Bible is its own interpreter to an extent which is true of no other book. One divine author presided over the whole from Genesis to Revelation, and there is a wonderful unity underlying the various and dissimilar parts of which it is composed. Turning over leaves is something tedious, but it always pays. Conclusions reached in this way are eminently satisfactory, and besides, the practice enlarges your comprehension of the Scriptures as a whole.

5. Use faithfully necessary helps. By these I mean such as are necessary to put you as far as may be in the condition of those to whom the Scriptures were originally given; books which set forth the manners of the East, the geography and history of countries mentioned in the Bible, and all that is usually included under the term antiquities.

6. Beware of wasting time on unimportant matters. No doubt all truth is valuable. For example, it is an interesting question to a scholar or professor whether the scene of the Transfiguration was on Mount Tabor, or on one of the shoulders of that goodly mountain, Lebanon. But such a question should not detain you five minutes, for the simple reason that the point is one of mere curiosity, and its decision one way or the other has not the smallest influence in determining the meaning or the teaching of that wonderful scene.

7. Mind the two all important questions. These apply to every one who proposes to instruct others in Scripture. They are in reference to any given passage. 1. What does it mean? 2. What does it teach? When you have the answer to these, your intellectual furniture is complete. Take time then to secure this end. Ten minutes a day of close application will do wonders. You ought to come to your class with a full mind, one full of the subject, and full of its bearings; and this love for Christ and love for souls will set your tongue running to purpose.

But to acquire knowledge is one thing; to communicate it another. Hence,

1. Do not attempt too much. So many are the possible relations of almost any portion of the Scripture that the endeavor to give them all in a single exercise must needs perplex, and for the most part fail.

2. Secure your ground as you go on. This is done by getting back from the scholars in their own words what you tell them in yours.

3. Seek pertinent illustrations. The great teachers of all ages have abounded in this characteristic.

4. Beware of sacrificing the end to the means. This you surely do when you multiply comparisons or examples.—Pittsburg Advocate.

A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with darning, round scissors and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would ruin the carpet,"—said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cozy chat. Mamma knew this; but she knew, too, that a few minutes work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All at once the little boy found he had cut off a leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up. "Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?" "O yes, sometimes."

"I'll fill"—and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed quietly, with no jar of nerves or temper, and Auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired of cutting pics, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse-wagon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling-box; play that's the wood-house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his even thinking he was doing anything but play.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to-day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Walden looked up in surprise. "What do you mean, Auntie?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," (the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "Auntie" to all people generally), "and things were in a snarl and high-de-lo all the time—starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I've sat here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak; it was 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' and 'spit, and scratch, and break, and tumble, scold, and slap her the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they're sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as she rang for tea.

A little fact, springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!—Young Folks' News.

WHY SHE REFUSED.

You say you went to a party last night, and you saw Mrs. Smith, an old friend, whom you had not seen since she and your sister were at school together. You had a very pleasant talk until supper when you gave her your arm and took her to supper. When some one came along with a few glasses of wine on a waiter and offered her a glass, you saw her shudder as she said, "No!" and you wondered why she refused to take it. She said she was not used to it, and she had had it so often that she was sick of it. You can see that she was not used to it, and she had had it so often that she was sick of it. You can see that she was not used to it, and she had had it so often that she was sick of it.

She was glad it was late, for her husband had not come home. She sat and read for an hour and her husband did not come. She wrote for an hour, and her husband did not come. She sat at the piano for an hour, but he did not come. At length, between three and four o'clock, there was a noise at the door. She went to the door, and two policemen held him in their arms. She knows them both well by this time. It happens so often that she knows every policeman on the beat. They bade her good-night. She had her husband's room that she might not abuse him. She took the abuse that he flung himself on the bed. She dragged off his neck-cloth and coat and sat there until he should fall into his stupid sleep. She was the woman who refused the glass of wine with a shudder. You thought she was gay and bright. I know her story because I am her minister. They have a sort of skeleton in the closet, which we are permitted to see and you are not. And when we see that skeleton, do you wonder that we sometimes say pretty sharp things about moderate drinking, and the temptations offered at parties?—Rev. E. E. Hale.

LIFE INSURANCE EVILS.

Agents have reaped and continue to reap abundant harvests. Commissions are paid to them out of all proper proportion to the service rendered. If every policy-holder understood that from one-fourth to one-half of his subsequent ones are given to the man who solicited and, perhaps deceived him, public indignation might force a change in a matter so important. The annual accounts which officers render of their stewardship are not satisfactory. They show that by millions the money of policy-holders? how many officers are attached to a company? what the services of each, how much, and how is he paid? what is the profit from lapses and surrendered policies, and how is it disposed of? are questions which, among others, ought to be, and are not, answered. The State authority, under present laws, can effect much, but even it has complained that officers "evade the rendition of fair and honest statements of expenses. The utmost explicitness in the matter should be insisted upon by the assured as the only way of protecting the sacred interests involved. Full information as to principles and practice, fair and candid dealing in every respect, are essential,

if the business is ever to be properly understood by the community, and serve successfully the real purposes for which it was established. It will merit the unqualified approval and support of all men, when it shall be conducted in methods consistent with the following character: so well given it by Professor Bartlett: "It may be proper to say, that I have never been able to regard the institution of life assurance as a mere business concern, of which the main object is to make money. It has always appeared to me rather as a fraternal charity, created by the voluntary union of persons for mutual protection against the calamities of sudden death, to helpless widows and orphans—always dispensing the largest liberality toward its members, consistent with equal justice to all."—Prof. F. H. Van Arman, in April Galaxy.

Clickweed will grow and flower and produce seed under the snow during the winter, or at any rate, will produce seeds in the spring, before we have any chance to work the soil or kill the plants. Your work must be done now. Before the winter sets in the land must be plowed or spaded or forked or hoed, and every plant buried or killed. It, during a hard winter, there is a chance to plow or spade the land, let it be done. The great point is to prevent the plants from going to seed during the winter of early spring. If this is neglected all the work we expend in summer will have little effect except to make the soil favorable for the germination of the millions of seed produced by the clickweed the previous winter. No amount of labor will get rid of this pest unless we prevent the plants from going to seed in the winter, and this can be done by turning over the soil just immediately before the winter sets in. The clickweed is easily destroyed if we go to work in the right way.—Hearth and Home.

Not enough emphasis can be placed on that word which, in it lies the secret of success with planters of not only fruit trees but lawn trees. Let us count up some of the good things accomplished by this little top dressing of litter, manure and saw dust.

1. It keeps the roots from becoming dry in the hot season.

2. It equalizes the temperature of the tree; that is, it serves like a pair of warm boots on yourself.

3. It prevents the action of frost in tipping or heaving newly-planted trees.

4. It enriches the soil.

5. It gives the soil a friable character, easily penetrated by roots.

6. It prevents the growth of grass or weeds or renders them easily pulled.

7. It is a good disposition of all waste matter, weeds, and so forth.

To CLEAN FLOOR CLOTHS.—Sweep and clean the floor-cloths with a broom and a damp flannel in the usual manner, then wet them all over with milk, and rub them till bright with a dry cloth. They will thus look as well as if they were rubbed with a wax flannel, without being so slippery, or so soon clogged with dust or dirt.

Obituary.

REV. W. H. IBBOTSON, A. B.

As in the providence of God, I have at present the pastoral oversight of the American circuit, it is therefore becoming my painful duty to furnish a few notes of the last days of our brother, Rev. W. H. Ibbotson, who departed this life on Monday the 21st ult.

At the last Conference brother Ibbotson was appointed to the Truro circuit, as the colleague of Rev. J. S. Benton. His health not being very robust, and having a desire to enter upon his duties, with a reasonable prospect of success, hence he was somewhat late in arriving at his post.

After a few weeks labour, he found that his strength was inadequate to the work, therefore he returned home. His hope in taking this step, before he was completely broken down, was that a few months rest, would so far repair the waste occasioned by years of close application to study, and so far invigorate his whole system, that thereby a much longer period of labour and usefulness might lie before him, than if he had struggled on with circuit duties until all hope of recovery was gone; and, cherishing this hope, I found him on my first visit, after his return home, quite cheerful, but had the persuasion that the work of his life was not yet done.

During his retirement, he wished as his strength would permit, to be usefully employed. His first project, and one by which he hoped to accomplish some lasting good, was a Bible class. I took the earliest opportunity of bringing his intention before the Synimical congregation, and some time he laboured zealously, and with some encouragement in this department. His next thought was to revive the public prayer meeting, etc., which the carelessness of the church, and the want of love for the Master's service, had allowed to become a dead letter. For this service our dear brother found his strength was insufficient, and I had to urge him not to tax himself too severely; in the prayer-meeting and class-meeting therefore are still a dead letter. Brother Ibbotson mourned over this death and desolation, with a sincere grief. He would gladly, had his strength permitted, have placed himself in the gap.

As the autumn hardened into winter, it became too evident that his health was not improving. He began to move about his rooms with apparent languor and feebleness. His hope of recovery which hitherto he had cherished so ardently, began to tremble. Occasionally the hectic flush tinged his cheek with a bright crimson. Yet at times he thought that he was better, and the future bloomed before him as a charming vision. Events have proved that the vision was a mirage.

One Sabbath morning about two months ago, at his request, I administered to him and to a few others, the Sacrament of the Lord's supper. We had a solemn and refreshing season. Before partaking of the "feast" I asked our brother to give us his Christian testimony. In a few simple earnest words he expressed his abiding confidence in Jesus. He felt that he had said "rock beneath him. We all took knowledge of his assurance, and of his rapidly ripening experience.

During one of my visits, he spoke with deep feeling of the happy days, when, as a youth he believed in Jesus. Sitting down in the forest on a fallen tree, he would read a few verses from his pocket Testament, and there feel the witness of the Spirit, and looking up the heavens appeared to be all aglow with Divine beauty, and resounding with songs of "Glory to God." It was both pleasant and profitable to listen, and I could not help thinking that a pocket Testament, would be a good companion for every young man, who wishes to earn great

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After giving the above faithful testimony, he lingered on earth four days to weakness and suffering. Then the shadow of death passed over him, and he entered the Paradise of glory. Now his happy spirit is free from all its fetters, he has joined the "upper choir."

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"By faith, he being dead yet speaketh." We committed his mortal remains to their last resting place, on the morning of Wednesday 23rd ult. JOHN WATERHOUSE.

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