

ONLY. Only a word for the Master Lovingly, quietly said; Only a word. Yet the Master heard. And some fainting hearts were led.

A LUMBER CAMP. We clip the following description of a New Brunswick lumber camp from the *Union Advertiser*. In some respects it differs from the "double-camp" in which we have preached and eaten and slept.

The buildings in which the lumbermen pass the winter are usually warm, commodious and comfortable. They are built of round logs, the openings between being filled tightly with moss, gathered from the trees.

There are one or two stoves in each camp, according to the size of it and the number of men. In a very few I find the primitive fashion of a "fire-place," and a large hole in the roof through which the smoke can escape at pleasure, but usually its pleasure is to get around the inside of the camp, and draw tears from the eyes of the inmates, before it takes its departure.

There is the "Boss," who takes a general supervision of the whole concern—the "Faller," whose business is to cut down the trees—the "Skidders," who made the roads—the "Teamster," who drives the horses—the "Team-tender" who assists the teamster, and last, though by no means least, the "Cook," and when there is a large crew, the "Cooker."

The supper is ready when the men come in from their work, which during the short days in the first part of the winter is a short time after dark. Immediately after putting off their outer garments and removing the snow and frost which may be clinging to them, they sit down to supper. In some cases the men wash before sitting down, but this seems to be the exception rather than the rule.

In most camps tables are provided; where this is not the case supper is handed round to the men in "pans," while they sit on a bench which reaches across the camp. The board in almost all cases is excellent. Too much praise cannot be given to the cook, for the way in which they prepare the food. But one dish I would especially mention is "beans." Robert Burns spoke of a certain dish as being the "great chief of the pudding race"; but I think the great good would have lost faith in the "Haggis" could he have enjoyed a breakfast of beans as prepared in the lumber camps of New Brunswick.

After supper there are usually a number of jobs to do; such as grinding axes, making ax-handles, washing and mending clothes, &c. Two or three men have nothing to do in the bed and rest. At about nine o'clock all retire to rest. The bed consists of a blanket spread over a quantity of furs, which when properly made forms a very comfortable place on which to rest. There is usually sufficient covering to keep them warm.

in which to do it." Some are quite particular as to their toilet, they wash their faces and comb their hair as neatly as if they were going to see their sweethearts, yet I am sorry to say such is not always the case. I have seen a man remove from his face on Sabbath morning the accumulations of the past week, and I have thought what a pity this was not done oftener, for the face is a very agreeable one when we can see it.

You may imagine that where there are twenty or twenty-five men in one camp, some little confusion will arise in each obtaining his own clothes in the morning. A great deal of forbearance and good nature are shown on these occasions, and often a good deal of sly drolery.

SOUTHAMPTON. After having read the many gratifying reports from the various circuits respecting the past winter's labors, I thought a few items might not be out of place from Southampton.

In December our esteemed pastor, Rev. F. H. Wright, commenced a series of special services in West Brook, at which services the presence of the Almighty was manifested to a remarkable extent in the conversion of souls. In January the services were removed to Southampton, about three miles away with, like gracious results; sinners were convinced and backsliders reclaimed. Numerical additions to the Methodist Church are: at Westbrook 16; Southampton 31; in all 47 new converts.

Financially, we take pleasure in reporting progress. A series of very successful donations gave opportunity to our people of showing in a practical manner their appreciation of the labors of their pastor, and no doubt added very materially to the comfort of himself and family. In February, a large gathering of friends assembled at the house of our old and esteemed brother, James Sprout, and after a very enjoyable evening presented Mr. Wright with \$68. A similar gathering took place a week or two after at G. A. Lawrence's, Southampton, and a purse of \$80 was presented.

At Mappleton in the hospitable home of Wm. H. Brown was the scene of another such gathering were \$50 was raised. And yet again in that happy land of Canaan, notwithstanding a remarkably stormy night, some friends met at the house of Siddell Brown, from whom and his wife all Methodist ministers are sure of a welcome, and raised \$56. Financially we are, or shall be, far in excess of anything done heretofore on this circuit. E. H. N. Southampton, April 11, 1883.

MEMORIAL NOTICES. MISS J. LANE. At Dunstaffnage, P. E. I. March 25th, very suddenly, Miss Jane Lane, in the 42nd year of her age. She was converted to God in her 16th year. From that date she lived for Christ. She led the song of praise in our service Easter morning—in about an hour after without a moment's warning she closed her eyes in death. Her life proved that she was ready.

AN AWKWARD SCENE. An unpleasant scene occurred at a revival meeting held in Scott County, Virginia, on the night of the 23d of February. The Rev. Adolphus Greer was the father and took for his text the parable of the "Prodigal Son." He preached with much fervor and eloquence; and his sermon would have been a great success but that unfortunately, a dissipated young man, by name Mr. Sampson Murchard, who happened to be present, took it into his head that the minister's observations were especially directed at himself. So strongly did this idea take possession of him that, in a fit of uncontrollable excitement, he rose from his seat, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "I will not stand these reflections on me." He then drew a revolver from his pocket and commenced taking "pot shots" at the minister. This proceeding was so unexpected that the congregation were at first completely paralyzed, until a magistrate shouted "Order!" upon which several stalwart farmers rushed at Murchard and endeavored to disarm him. He made, however, a desperate resistance, and managed to escape; nor had he by latest accounts been arrested. The Rev. M. Murchard, with much presence of mind, continued his discourse, merely observing that in his remarks respecting the Prodigal Son he had intended nothing personal to Mr. Murchard, and was disappointed he was unable to mention entirely ignominious. Pall Mall Gaz.

MADAGASCAR. A correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: "Sir,—The following extract is from a correspondent at Antananarivo, from which it will be seen that the Hovas are in a very excited state:—'Here people all expect war. Indeed a large number of people are engaged in making bullets and spears. The Prime Minister requested the foreigners to meet him, and he told them he would do all in his power to protect them in the event of any riot; but he advised them not to travel in the country, though he would not recommend that missionaries residing in the country should be called up to the capital, so until we hear further from him all our work will go on as usual. However, I fear very much for the priests in case of war. I don't believe the Prime Minister or any one else could keep the people from attacking them. The people seem greatly perplexed, and hardly know what to do. The crisis seems to have come which may try their existence as a nation. At the same time any change of government in France might very materially alter the position of things. The Queen is still very ill, and there is no hope of her recovery; it is only a question of time. Poor old lady! She has been a good Queen, and there is universal sorrow on account of her affliction. She will not be here to share the troubles that are coming. No one would deplore the chances of war than I do; but I find some consolation in the fact that the Hovas and their allies will be able to give a good account of themselves, for I firmly believe that the French will find that they have 'caught a Tartar,' and that this disgraceful business will cost France more precious lives and more money than she anticipates.'"

JOHN BRIGHT. "I am an entire stranger to University life in the University sense," said John Bright in his address on being installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University. "I may be said to be a man who never had the advantages of education. I had the teaching of some French—as Englishmen teach French; and I had the advantage of a year's instruction in Latin by a most admirable tutor—a countryman of yours from the University of Edinburgh. But there was not much Greek, not so much that any trace of it is left. There was nothing in the shape of mathematics or of science. Looking at education, as you take it, I am a person who had the misfortune to have almost none of it in my youth. You will not, therefore, be surprised if I feel a certain humbleness in seeming to teach you anything, and if I feel a strong sense of envy—not a blamable envy—that I never possessed the advantages which are now placed within your reach. But if I had no education such as colleges and universities give, if my school life ended at the precise time when your university career began, if I am unknown to literature and to science and to art, I ask myself what is it that has brought me within the range of your sympathies—brought me to this distinguished position. I suppose it must be because you have some sympathy with my labors. You believe that I have been in some sort a political teacher; that I have taken some pains, and perhaps have been of some service in the legislation and government of our country."

MR. SPURGEON'S CONGREGATION. The growth in the membership of Mr. Spurgeon's Church is something marvellous. The members are drawn to the Tabernacle from every quarter of London, and in some instances from miles beyond; and were they all to be present upon any one occasion, there would be something less than 100 empty seats available for the crowds of strangers who find their way to Newington every Sunday. The annual meeting of the congregation has just been held, under the presidency of Mr. Spurgeon. It was reported that the offerings at the doors during the twelve months for the college again corresponded with the date of the year, amounting to £1,882. The additions to the membership for the year had been 444; received thus: By baptism, 267; by letter, 116; by profession, 57; by restoration, 4. The reductions from various causes numbered 327. The net increase for the year was thus shown to be 117, bringing the membership of the congregation up to 5,127.

DRUNKEN LADIES.—At a meeting at Glasgow, the Rev. Mr. McDougall said:—"I was preaching in the Home of Inebriates, in Edinburgh, where I saw so many respectable, dressed ladies, that I asked if these ladies were really residents. One was the widow of a medical practitioner, who had died in *delirium tremens*, and she was, therefore, most anxious to be cured. Last week she left the Home, but unfortunately fell again. Why? Feeling lonely and depressed, she took a glass of something alcoholic to cheer herself, and thereby aroused the old demon appetite in the full force of its force, so that her friends had to send her back. There is no safety but in total abstinence, and the help of God, realized through a humble, clinging faith in Christ."

BREVITIES. Never listen to the other person, or if you do you may forget what you want to say yourself. The most common name among English and American Jews is the priestly name of Cohen. To English Jews it is what Smith is to Englishmen. The second most common name is that of Davis. During the Exposition in Cincinnati, 22,000 persons asked the privilege of being weighed; of course a majority of them were women, more than two to one. The average weight of the men was 154.02 pounds, and of women 135.87 pounds. The Empress of Germany's idea of bestowing a decoration upon servants who have retained their places for uncommon periods has suggested the propriety of a similar recognition of the virtue of masters and mistresses who retain their servants for an unusual time. Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent in the proportion of ten to one. A well known educator after an experience of more than a quarter of a century expresses the belief that "the only portion of animated nature that can compare with a boy in mischief and destructiveness, is a rat, and two really well conducted boys in their normal condition, will, without malice, heavily discount a whole family of rats."

Head in the great West: "Is that the big bonanza mine over there?" "Yes." "And did that big pile of ore come from it?" "Yes." "All right, I will stake out a claim right here, go back East and form a company." "But there is no ore in this part of the district, you know?" "Never mind about that. I can say there is plenty of ore in sight.—Philadelphia News.

On a certain occasion the eloquent Dr. E. H. Chapin, being sick, was compelled to ask a friend to preach for him. As the stranger rose to announce the opening hymn, a score of persons rose to go out. The clergyman was equal to such an emergency. "All," he said, who came here to worship Dr. Chapin will please leave now; but those who came to worship God will sing the 43d hymn." That stopped the exodus.

The curtailment of an obituary notice is a very delicate matter, and we generally find that the parts we cut out are those specially dear to the writer. The *Messenger*, edited by our pleasant friend, Dr. P. S. Davis, says the same of his experience, and adds: "We once offended a brother by changing a sentence and yet the only thing we cut out was the announcement that some old mother in Israel had died of cholera infantum.—N. Y. Obs.

A frugal old farmer named John Peck, who lived near Paducah, Ky., died on March 7 a minute too soon for the welfare of his family. On his death-bed he called his youngest son to his side and imparted the unexpected intelligence that he had laid by \$1,000 for each of his seven children. He was going on to say where he had laid it by when death snatched him and left his heirs in darkness. A search has since discovered \$3,600 in gold in a couple of hidden jars, but the rest of the treasure is still untraced.

Among the bills of Northern Connecticut are many quaint characters, solemn in mien, sturdy and honest in their dealings, but with a vein of underlying humor that crops out daily in their conversation. Among them was one J. S., or Uncle Jesse, as he was familiarly called. Early in life he studied hard to fit himself for the ministry, and when he thought himself perfected he called on old Father P., a noted Baptist minister of that day in S., and told him he must either preach the gospel or die, and stated his wish to be examined. After a rigid examination, Father P. leaned his head upon his hands and remained silent for a few minutes; then suddenly looking up he said: "Mr. S., I'm really afraid you'll have to die."

"How a stry sentence, a popular saying, the maxim of some wise man, a line accidentally fallen upon and remembered, will sometimes help one when he is all ready to be vexed and indignant," says D. Holmes in his preface to the new edition of "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." "One day in the time when I was young or youngish, I happened to open a small copy of 'Tom Jones' and glanced at the title page. There was one of those little engravings opposite which bore the familiar name of 'T. Nevins' as I remember it, and under it the words 'Mr. Partridge bore all this patiently.' How many times when, after rough usage from ill-mannered critics, my own vocabulary of vituperation was simmering in such a lively way that it threatened to boil and lift its lid and so on over, those words have calmed the small internal effervescence! There is very little in them and very little of them, and so there is not much in a pinch-pan considered by itself, but it often keeps a wheel from coming off and prevents what might be a catastrophe."

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