

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan, hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke, xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told How Peter in the days of old Was sifted, And now, though ages intervene, Sin is the same, while time and scene Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small, As wheat, to sift us, and we all Are tempted; Not one, however rich or great, Is by his station or estate Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is But he, by some device of his, Can enter; No heart hath armor so complete But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow Who hear the warning voice, but go Unheeding; Till thrice and more they have denied The Man of Sorrows, crucified And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face Will make us feel the deep disgrace Of weakness; We shall be sifted till the strength Of self-conceit be changed at length To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache; The reddening scars remain, and make Confession; Lost innocence returns no more; We are not what we were before Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat, Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger, And conscious still of the divine Within them, lie on earth supine No longer.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW, in Harper's Magazine for March.

ABELARD.

Intent on progress he did not linger long to waste his controversial skill upon the provinces, but before he was twenty years of age sought Paris, where he gave himself to the study of music, astronomy, and such arts and sciences as he had not yet acquired. In mathematics he never excelled, and his despondency on this account is said to have given rise to his surname. His teacher, observing his depression, told him that a great scholar like himself could not "bajare lardum," "lick up the fat." These words became a nickname among his fellow students, which was finally corrupted into Abelard. Up to this time his instruction had been provincial, and it was hardly to be expected that his supremacy as a logician would be maintained in a city where his adversaries would be legion. Paris had no university in this day, but episcopal schools under Church supervision drew thousands of students from all over Europe. The pupils were not common people, but largely composed of those destined for the church. Most learned professors, usually high church dignitaries, lectured to the youth, and for students to question ritual doctrine or dogma was the height of presumption, if not a sin. For all the advantages, no school was so renowned and no professor so distinguished as the one chosen by Abelard.

Enrolled as a pupil at Notre Dame, under a dialectician of such long established reputation as William of Champeaux, called from his towering ability the "Column of the Teachers," began the students new career. Up to this time only admiration and deference had met his efforts and victory rewarded all encounters. Now all went smoothly while the new disciples views conformed to those of his master, but when the arrogance of youth, united with undoubted superiority of intellectual force made Abelard an antagonist of the teacher whose fame made Paris to the rest of Europe what Athens had been to Rome, there was lighted a fire of envy and jealousy that never afterward ceased to burn. It was more than a personal conflict of a dialectic skill. Abelard called it a war of ideas; his master called it a conflict between reason which is radical, and faith, which is conservative; and fancied he fought for faith, when he fought to maintain his own supremacy. Neither had learned the great truth that reason and faith at their best clasp hands in friendly alliance.

From the wandering student life in Brittany to Paris, the center of art and learning, from the modest pupil's place at the great professor's feet, to the head of a rival school, attacking his master's doctrines, refuting his reasoning, winning his disciples to swell his own train of admirers, was a long road swiftly traversed. However interesting as an episode in a romantic personal history, it is much more so when we consider it as the beginning of protests of mind against ecclesiastical authority, of the assertion of right of inquiry, of the battle of ideas against creeds, which culminated in the Reformation; when all influence was ecclesiastical, when the universities were the treasure

houses of learning as well as the strongholds of power, when to doubt and dispute unsuccessfully was to hasten one's own destruction and disgrace, and to do it successfully was unknown. Braving the danger, the daring Abelard pushed forward with his work. So many became his listeners, that finding his teachings interdicted in Paris, he opened a school in Melun, where surrounded by his pupils, attracted from nearly every other teacher, he established a reputation for erudition and subtle vigor of intellect that left all his rivals behind. From Melun he moved his school still nearer Paris, and from Corbeil continued to harass his old master by the knowledge of his success and by the turn of new controversies and defeats.—National Repository for March.

HELOISE AND ABELARD.

An unacknowledged marriage was destruction and shame to her, was expedient for him. Therefore she chose it and when circumstances forced him to reveal it, she still persistently denied. She preferred to lose the crown and glory of womanhood rather than that one ecclesiastical advantage should be lost to him. Before the marriage occurred she resisted it with arguments and reasoning as subtle as his own, but her logic was saturated with her love. Gladly she fled with Abelard to his mother in Brittany; gladly came back with him to share the wrath of her justly incensed uncle, whose name her flight had disgraced. When the marriage was on every lip, and her uncle's reproaches and abuses, increased as they were by her continued denials, grew insupportable, she took refuge at her husband's suggestion with the kind nuns of Argenteuil, in whose convent she had passed her childish years. Here she remained until Abelard, embittered and irritated at the failure of his ecclesiastical ambitions, and the results of his sins, decided to abandon the world and enter the Monastery of St. Denis. Then at his command she took the veil, that, at nineteen years of age, shut the world and its pleasures forever from her gaze.

The lava tide has swept pitilessly over her life, and has not left his unscathed. Henceforth for her, convent days poisoned with regretful remorse; days in which from matins to vespers she meets her appointed tasks, still cherishing in her secret soul the memory of Abelard. And henceforth for him embittered years, of secret rebellion at the life he had espoused, of slow and partial submission of heart, and of ever-recurring resistance of mind. He bowed his spirit to the behests of the church but chafed continually under the fetters she forged for his thoughts.—National Repository for March.

THE REV. D. HICKEY'S LECTURE.

The Rev. Mr. Hickey lectured in Caledonia Hall last evening under the auspices of the North Sydney Division, on "Battle Fields and Battle Scenes." Before the hour of opening the lecture the Hall was compactly filled. Mr. D. Lawlor, who occupied the chair, introduced the lecturer with a few appropriate remarks.

The Rev. lecturer began by saying that the battles he intended to describe were not the battles of cannon, of smoke, of armies; with the shouts of the victor or the cries of the dying; but that the human heart was the battle field, and our lives, our acts, our passions, and our emotions were the battle scenes; and yet those battle fields and scenes were none the less terrific or grand, tragic or real.

He then launched into his subject, and for over an hour held the close attention of his audience, and was frequently greeted with applause. Any report of this brilliant lecture would mar it and do it injustice; as nothing but the hearing of it, given with such eloquence and vigor would give our readers any idea of its excellence.

It would be difficult to select any distinctive beauties from a discourse which was throughout so admirably sustained; but if we must eliminate something for special notice it would be the lecturer's picture of bravery—moral bravery; it was grand. A bravery that meets disappointment, trial, affliction, failure, misfortune, and all the various ills of life, with a determined and vigorous composure and a stern and a trained self-reliance which enables the possessor to pursue his even course undismayed, and add to, rather than detract from, his strength. Such a bravery was a lofty moral heroism as great as that which bared the patriot's stalwart arms, and nerved the martyr's heart. This is the proudest and sublimest of human victories: It dares to be true to duty though the heaven's come down: true when the world knows it not; true in the calm resolve of the midnight hour, when no eyes but God's look into the soul; true when the world would applaud for being false; and every worldly interest should seem to offer a price for cowardice. The bravery that under these circumstances is the same calm, undismayed, unshaken, unflinching, and determined, unshaken, and determined of soul, is worthy of the name, and is a god-like grandeur of moral

greatness worthy of a place in the calendar of sublimest heroism.

He sacrificed in a few brilliant and telling sentences, the snob and do-nothings in the world. This part of the lecture was really a feast of fun, a luncheon of laughter, and a wassail of wit. The lecturer's great power lies in what we call word pictures—power of dramatic description; and these pictures are something more than intangibilities, under his management they almost become living, moving actualities. He has the power of marshalling together the choicest words in our mother tongue as if they came in willing muster to his call; and pitching them red-hot into the heart of his subject. His speech is a perfect widow's crase—forever bubbling up and refusing to be exhausted until all the vessels in the neighborhood of his voice are saturated and more than saturated with the endless, unwearied irrigation of his superfluous richness.

JOHN KNOX, THE SCOTTISH REFORMER.

On Thursday evening last Rev. J. S. Coffin of Sydney, lectured in the Methodist Church in this town on the above subject. The lecture had been well advertised. Mr. Coffin's ability as a speaker is pretty generally known, the evening was fine, nevertheless the audience was not large. It is safe to say however, that a more highly interested and appreciative audience has rarely assembled in our town. Notwithstanding the sanctity of the place. Mr. Coffin was more than once the recipient of unmistakable evidence of approval from his auditors. After graphically sketching the life of this hero, the lecturer proceeded to draw deviations and conclusions from his theme; speaking more especially of them bearing upon the age in which we live. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the position assumed by Mr. Coffin, there can be but one voice as to the ability with which he presented them. The lecture was a powerful presentation of truth as understood by the lecturer who by the way has evidently the courage of his convictions. Some of his periods were very fine and his impassioned denunciations, of what he considered wrong, gave evidence of speaking ability of a very high order. The lecture was delivered from manuscript, and occupied something over an hour in delivery.

It is safe to say, that should Mr. Coffin again favor the people of North Sydney during his stay among us, he will be greeted by a larger audience than that which went away so highly pleased on Thursday night.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—Cuyler

SIN.

In terms of unusual definiteness and precision the Apostle John tells us what sin is. He does not say that it consists in overt acts of wrong, nor of wrong determinations of the volition, nor of evil desires and inclinations of the soul. These are, indeed, all of them sinful in their characters and they are also the outworkings of that which lies back of them in the fallen soul. And of that unseen but ever potentially present property of depraved man he is speaking when he declares not that sin in action transgresses the law, but that in itself, its essential being, sin is the transgression of the law. The active sense of our English word "transgression" is not here to be accepted, for the original will not allow it, but it simply indicates a spirit of anarchy and of opposition to the rectoral holiness of the divine law. Essentially, sin is a condition of the soul, a regnant spirit of opposition to the divine holiness, and, therefore, it is spoken of in the singular number and is contemplated simply as a form of spiritual being. Formerly and phenomenally it is multifarious, and we designate it by terms of plurality. We speak of sins when we mean only sinful acts or practices. But in God's eyes this distinction between the actual and the essential is often not recognized, and especially so when the sin of the soul is spoken of, for the distinction is only apparent while the reality of sin

of the soul. Another of St. John's concise statements of this subject is his declaration, *All unrighteousness is sin*, where the nonactive form of sin is seen in the term employed to designate it. Sin is not, indeed, a mere negation of righteousness, it is its spiritual opposite, so that in all moral natures in which righteousness does not predominate there sin abounds and dominates the soul. And just along this line of thought comes in the declaration of St. Paul that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men." And this revelation of wrath is itself the expression of the divine estimate of the evil deserts of unrighteousness, that is, the guilt of indwelling and abounding sin in the soul; and the measure of the guilt of sin must be learned from the nature of the law of which it is the transgression.—National Repository for February.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

What a glorious fact it is that there is one life that can be held up before the eyes of humanity as a pattern! There were lips that never spoke unkindness, never uttered an untruth; there were eyes that never looked aught but love purity and bliss; there were arms that never closed against wretchedness or penitence; there was a bosom which never throbbed with sin, nor ever was excited by an unholy impulse; there was a man free from all selfishness and whose life was spent in going about doing good. There was One who loved all mankind, and loved them more than Himself, and who gave himself to die that they might live; there was One who went into the gates of death, that the gates of death might never hold us in; there was One who laid in the grave to take its damp, its coldness, its chill, its horror, and taught humanity how it might ascend above the grave; there was One who, though He walked on earth, had His conversation in heaven, and took away the curtain that hid immortality from view and presented us the Father God in all His love. Such a One is the standard held up in the Church of Christ; it is a Church that rallies around the cross, and that gathers around Jesus; and it is because He is attractive and lovely and glorious that they are coming from the ends of the earth to see the salvation of God.—Bishop Simpson.

OBITUARY.

EMERSON A. ODELL.

Died on the 20th of January, at Smith's Cove, Digby Co., Irene A. Odell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Odell. About one year since she embraced the salvation that is in Christ our Saviour, and from that auspicious hour till the close of her life she endeavored to live a life of faith and of consistent deportment.

Consumption claimed her in early days. Last autumn her health began to decline. The disease was as usual unrelenting. Gradually but surely the sapping of the vital forces went forward. No earthly power could stay this work, and our good and loving God, in whose perfect goodness and infinite wisdom our dear departed sister reposed most unwavering trust, did not see it for the best to interfere.

She bore her sickness with sweet and beautiful submission to the loving will of our Father in Heaven. She was most exemplary in her perfect trust. She looked forward to her decease with rapturous delight. When conduced with that so soon her young life was to close on earth, she repined or complain in the least, my Heavenly Father knows which is best for me. I would not wish to have anything changed in any way—his loving will is supremely good—I am Christ's and he is mine, all is well." Thus fully, sweetly, and perfectly reposing in God, she passed away from earth with all its joys and sorrows to the peace, rest and felicity of heaven, in her 20th year. Her funeral was attended by a large number of friends and words of hope and good cheer were spoken to them by the writer. The bereaved parents and friends have the sympathy of the entire community.

R. WASSON.

Digby, Feb 25, 1880.

WINTER IN NEW YORK, 1780.

Mr. Eugene Lawrence' in a recent pleasant paper, retouched the New York of a century ago. It was the cold winter. Both rivers were frozen, and the bay was solidly closed, so that men and teams, and even cannon, passed over the ice from the city to Staten Island, and the British were in constant fear that the daring Yankees would steal over from Paulus Hook (now Jersey city) and attempt the capture of the city. Lord Sterling, the American general, with two thousand men, did cross the Kills, or strait, between New Jersey and Staten Island, but the island Tories were on the alert, and the Americans were baffled. Judge Jones, in his Tory history of New York, says that "no man living ever before saw this bay frozen up," and adds that two hundred sleighs, laden with provisions, with two horses to each, escorted by two hundred light-horse, passed upon the ice from New York to Staten Island. Rivington's "Gazette," of the 29th of January, 1780, says that "this day several persons came over on the ice from Staten Island," and on February 1st a four-horse sleigh crossed over. Snow fell upon the 10th of November, and lay almost continuously until the middle of the next March. In the woods it was four feet upon a level. New York was then a city of thirty

thousand inhabitants, and the "hard winter," as it was afterwards called, was not only one of intense cold, but of famine and of fire. But the city, of which Hanover Square was the literary centre, in whose bookshop, as Mr. Lawrence narrates, Miss Burney's "Evelina," and Dr. Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," and the works of "the great Dr. Goldsmith," were advertised, was a compact community with a distinctive character and spirit. It was, in fact, an English colonial town, with a certain popular independence which was still evident, however suppressed in expression. Many of the inhabitants took the oath of allegiance, but their hearts were with the blue and buff while the scarlet made merry around them. For the town in which Sir Henry Clinton held his mimic court was gay with the careless revelry of a military society. Amid the cold and starvation and immense suffering of the city, the officers' cry was "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined." The soldier must not think, and the festivity at headquarters would, perhaps, strike the patriot as a reflection from the brilliancy of the British prospects.

But the routs and the revelry were no more agreeable to loyalists growers like Judge Jones than to the patriots. He spent that winter in New York, and complains that for wood which cost nothing to the barrick-masters, for which could be bought by them for sixteen shillings a cord for oak, and twenty-eight shillings for hickory, he was forced to pay £4 and £5 10s; and the indignant old Tory exclaims that it was well known that "the little riches and favorite Dulcinea of Clinton, Robertson, and Birch were all supplied with large quantities of wood by their orders out of the wood-yards in New York, and were regaling themselves in routs, dinners, little concerts and small parties over good, warm, comfortable fires, and enjoying all the ease and luxury in life, while the poor soldiers, for whom the wood was provided, were with their wives and children perishing in the barracks in the severity of winter."

When the fashionable promenade was "the Mall" in front of Trinity Church, and when John Street was up town, when the journey to Philadelphia and to Boston was counted by days, and when Europe was weeks away over the ocean, New York was shut up within itself, and had a "local flavor" which is long since gone. Every gentleman in town then knew of the "fine Roman puri" that could be drunk at the King's Head tavern and London Chop-house on Brownjuba's Wharf, and the story of the little town, now grown into the vast and various metropolis, in which civic pride and ambition are, judging from the City Hall, extinct, is as quaint and entertaining as that of "Our Village," or of Cranford.—EDITOR'S EAST CHAIR, in Harpers Magazine for March.

A cable dispatch last week stated that Arthur Wagner, the English ritualist, has been received into the Church of Rome, and that "Mr Wagner's conversion marks the beginning of a long impending and carefully prepared movement which may ere long bring most of the ritualistic Anglican clergy over to Roman Catholicism" under the following plan:

1. Converts who are already married are to be ordained (sub tacita conditione) 2. Such converts will be allowed to assist in ministering in Catholic churches in mass, benediction, preaching and catechism, but will not be admitted to parochial functions, especially to confessions. The English and Irish laity would never confess to married priests. 3. The males and females in Anglican religious orders are to pass through the novitiate under experienced superiors, appointed by Rome, and at the end of their novitiate are to be professed with simple vows, and will continue the philanthropic work under Vatican jurisdiction; 4. A special metropolitan, perhaps Cardinal Manning, is to be consecrated by the Pope himself for the government of the reconciled, reordained Anglican clergy; 5. For the present the parts of service outside the canon of the mass are to be allowed in the vernacular, the Congregation of Rites deciding which parts of the old Salisbury rite are to be incorporated with the liturgy; 6. The younger clergy are to take the usual vows of celibacy when ordained sub-deacons. The converts will be allowed and encouraged if they prefer, to adopt the usual mass of Latin.

The invention of that Superior and Complete Sewing Machine (The Family Sewing Machine), marks one of the most important eras in the history of machinery, and when we consider its great usefulness and extremely low price of (25) it is very difficult to conceive of any invention for domestic use of more or equal importance to families. It has great capacity for work; beautiful, smooth and quiet movement, rapid execution certainty and delightful ease of operation, that commends it above all others. The working parts are all steel, strength and durable, and will last a life time, the bobbin hold 100 yards of thread; the stitch is the finest of all the stitches made, neat and regular, and can be regulated in a moment to sew stitches from an inch in length on coarse material down to the finest, so infinitesimal as to be hardly discernible with the naked eye, and with a rapidity rendering it impossible to count them it has more attachments than any other, and it does to perfection all kinds of heavy, coarse, plain, fine or fancy needle-work with ease, and far less labor than required on other machines. It needs no commendation, the rapid sales, increasing demand, and voluntary encomiums from the press, and the thousands of families who use them, amply testify to their undoubted worth as a standard and reliable household necessity, extending its popularity each day. This popular machine can be examined at the office of the company. AGENTS WANTED by the FAMILY SEWING MACHINE CO., 75 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mr. Editor print off-handers, which are blunt way? If it does not hash, then, never expect to cultivated and I have no doubt precise—but we country preach take less polish

The business New Brunswick ago trade lay supreme—now ed and passed; commerce beats in city and fore No thanks to the industry," so of Minister. Lun are going up, our experienced in lumber has many of the bre our circuits and less benefited by

Our Relief Report shows, a Meetings, with ton, Marysville, man to be held erally the opinio and donings at t trial Board" will very little good mind, the assu dent disposition mend itself with either to immita ren in this Cont dent to the Prot missionary recol loyal to the est men can be; an militly, whether brethren be tang they show a slenr rather than by with a strong in Yet, we will do fully, honestly, h may be again as years, pay the ex assist us at our own pockets.

You will rejoice that this large which is known to judge, in a very Frederickton there old-time prosperi ministration's work of our before in the capital is h may be congratul representative m and Daniel. Gi rank with our to and commerce the E. M. R. K charge. A han church, to be bu spring, will supp add so material Methodism, that pire to "independ Marysville, " th home of New Br is enjoying grea The recently crea be equal to any the Dominion. country round at tant parts of the grain, and, from v ing, obtain flour a purchase. The pe joining counties a of A. Gibson, Esq desire to see the the lumbering, state.

Bro. W. W. B. the kindness of hi of great good, as t vices to be comm

Bro. L. Johnson soul for God and weak. In addition work, he goes fa and preaches Ch lumber-men engag work in this dir mated. May God great success.

The heart of o Rev. H. J. Clark, because of the H of his work in the souls. The Chri water Christians zeal of Bro. Cla that a Methodist C "omnibus" meeti sult.

Bro. James Crisp his work on the K subscription of the the Relief Fund, is their love for the their King. She would, I think, h tead the term of se number of years, s retain their present pastor. It is said t of Jacksonville, will in Sh-field. The preaching of Bro. J fruit on the Gaget many have given th Woodstock, Bro. himself golden opin ism many adheren now in progress the crease to our membe is beloved by his mark of the esteem resident at Benton, was recently chose their choice, and the would give their sup in a fever state of Williams working a notwithstanding the