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## Religious Miscellany.

### Something for Jesus.

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love  
Thou gavest me;

Not should I grieve withold,  
Dear Lord from Thee;

My soul would humbly bow,  
My heart would fall in love;

Some offering bring Thee now,  
Something for Thee.

Over the blest mercy-seat,  
Pleading for me;

My feeble faith looks up,  
Jesus, to Thee;

Help me the cross to bear,  
Thy wounds love declare;

Some song to raise, or prayer,  
Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—  
Like unto Thee;

That each departing day  
Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,  
Some sinful wander done,

Something for Thee.

All that I am and have,  
Dear Lord, for Thee;

In joy, in pain, in life,  
In death, for Thee;

And when Thy face I see,  
My ransomed soul shall be,

Through all eternity,  
Something for Thee.

### Divine Indwelling.

Will God indeed dwell on the earth? This question was answered under the former dispensation by the bright Shekinah coming to illuminate the tabernacle and dark by holiness.

Will the question grow more personal:—  
Will thou manifest thyself unto us?—  
The answer of Jesus is of far higher significance:—  
"If a man love me, my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." There is no better news for man. Though accused to God's glory, we cannot realize the worth of a promise that offers us himself.

Was he to be expected from such an inward presence? Much in being so dependent and easily influenced as man. Man never stands alone. He cannot. He leans on something. Either broken reeds, hopes, ambitions, fame; or human beings frail as himself, or on the eternal Rock. Nothing in nature is so easily influenced as man. His body is sensitive to all the unperceived influences of electricity. Millions do not know that there is such an agent. But it changes a brittle thread into a nerve vibrating with the soul's highest emotions. He touches a letter on which some diseased finger has long laid, and he is diseased. He breathes an inviolable, impendable miasm, and his frame shivers in a day.

Perhaps he thinks he forms his own opinions; but in reality he is a mere reed, and he is led into courses of life or death. He thinks he is working out his own salvation; but he is a man whose mind is inclined toward evil. God has thrown a thought into the opposite scale. Indeed, the whole man seems to be a reed, and on a thousand winds of love or hatred, truth and error, immortal life or endless pain, are ever playing, waking healthy harmonies or destroying discords; and the will determining what strings shall be allowed to sound.

If such results come from the influences that reach us from without, what greater ones shall we see when the influences dwell within? As can be seen when the Almighty God himself takes up his abode within us? Such results shall follow as shall leave no part of this sensitive being untouched. Body, soul, and spirit will feel its inspiration.

We need not illustrate the effect of a masterly mind on a human body. Mental thoughts are products of material force. Vital joy stimulates physical energies. Spiritual love uplifts, enlarges, vivifies bodily powers. He that waits on the Lord receives his strength. He that relies on his own wisdom, and in not weary, waltzes and does not faint. The early purity of the race was as free from pain, weakness, and death as the final perfection shall be.

Neither need we discuss the effect of an indwelling omniscience shall have on the intellect. Naturally react on the mind; but more than that, the Holy Ghost opens our eyes to see wondrous things out of his law and in his works. Wisdom to rule over his law and in his works. Wisdom in all the daily schemes of life shall be given to all that ask of God.

Turn to the department of the will. Here is great need of efficiency. It is the executive in Depravity here incites all vice affections to rage, all selfish wisdom to refuse God's knowledge and defy his law, all corrupting lusts to consume, probe mind to work all uncleanliness with greediness. Also that this is the real condition of man's chief executive! When he would do good evil is present with the will. The highest motive does not turn; the severest threatening has no effect for good. It is enslaved, not to itself, but to sin itself. Where shall emancipating and vivifying agency be found.

God offers to reinforce man's volitions for good, that he has been accustomed to put forth so feebly that he produced no action, reinforce them by the omnipotent energy of his own will. To use saying, "Not my will, but his shall be done." He cleaves the fetters that bind and suffer it, and brings it into subjection to the will of God.

Does it seem like a charge of masters? It is no slavery to willingly obey right law however stringent and exacting. It is to grasp ruin and inability to hold good is the idea of liberty that Satan teaches. Power to strain, under right law, in the exact orbits of eternal truth, warmed by God's sunshine, fructified by his life, glorified by his love, and led through every single step by the guiding power, that will give its unwavering assent; is God's idea of liberty.

It is a freedom from the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside.

### The Only Hope.

BY REV. G. B. WILCOX.

"So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, 'What means that?' A little distance from this gate there is a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain. From thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at those who come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they get into it."

True, O sabbath graces! Who that has ever led to the straight gate has not seen it confirmed under his own eyes? Rescue a deer from the ravenous jaws of a pack of wolves, and learn from the process with what spirit the devil gives up a soul escaping their clutches.

Among the two or three hundred thousand readers of these columns there are always some, especially now, with so many revivals abroad, who are breaking away from the old enemy. Let us select one such for a word of Christian counsel.

Have you not noticed good friends since you began in earnest to think of this matter, how wonderfully fertile in objections your mind has grown? You never thought yourself before so rich in the power of invention. But now, no longer does the subject come up than a perpetual stream of objections, charges, apologies for delaying repentance pours into your ears. What is the meaning of it all? It is, believe us, no fruit of your own mind alone. Other interests, more powerful, more fertile than yours, are busy with you. These new thoughts are the arrows from the outworks of hell, as you travel toward the Wicket Gate. Let us help you to ward them off.

Consider what God is, in his nature, love, peace, joy, crowned with peace perpetual. Transfer all this into a human soul, and your soul, let them abide among the sensitive receptivities of your better nature, every faculty lovingly open to his influence, and it shall be no wonder if you show forth his spirit, be a living likeness; no wonder if you are changed into his likeness, nay, his very image, and the blessed attributes of God become the blessing attributes of man. Stocks cannot bind those feelings; then; they fly abroad in song. Doubtless can not darken them; they make that dungeon flame with light. Their gentle warmth warms the furnace heat to pleasant coolness. They joy in agency when lions stand around. They are never more exultant and triumphant than when man's soul enemy, drawing near, covers to see the indwelling presence and power of Him who alone has conquered death.—*Advocate and Journal.*

### Old Hundred.

In a rustic old church there are while we write, a company of singers singing the old, old hymn.

"Be O thou God, exalted high!"  
The air is old, also, the immortal "Old Hundred." It is true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration, "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now!"

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the Reformation—Luther and his devoted band. He doubtless was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along grander arch, the eternal heaven. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence, it can die! Neither man nor angel will let it pass to oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune? If you were gray old men, they heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have heard it. The sweet young girl, whose betrothal of sixteen summers, she, whose pure and innocent face bountied you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred"; and, as the sun died, closed her eyes and seemed communing with angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs, with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred"; and though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to throbb, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred!"

Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silver locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that this, quivering, faltering sound now burning forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years' service in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed as a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much; but give us the spirit loving tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by old and young together! "Martha has hallowed it, it has gone up from the dying salutes." The old churches, where generations after generation have worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit. Think for a moment of the assembled company, who have at different times, and in different places joined in the family tune! Through upon through—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beau-

### The Rich Poor Man.

One windy afternoon I went with a friend into a country almshouse. There was sitting before a feeble fire a very aged man who was deaf, and who was breaking away from the old enemy. Let us select one such for a word of Christian counsel.

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### Religious Intelligence.

#### The Missionary Anniversary.

Among the kindred associations that the most venerable their constituencies in the metropolitan, the Wesleyan Missionary Society holds no mean rank, either in the number of its agents, or the amount of its income, the extent of its operations, or the vastness of its success; nor has its anniversary meeting ever been held under more favourable auspices, with a fairer record to present past achievements, or with brighter prospects of future progress and prosperity. Never has Exeter Hall been crowded with a more distinguished audience, and never, we believe, has there been a more earnest and determined determination to sustain and carry forward, by increased endeavour, liberality, and prayer, our great Missionary work. It is a sublime sight to see the vast multitude converge at this Christian festival; one prayer on every lip, one thought, one happiness in every heart; all partners in the same common enterprise; all sharers in the same common gladness.

The man that can look abroad over such an assembly of Christian men and women, and see every eye sparkling with pleasure, every countenance beaming with delighted interest, and every heart apparently brimful of good-will and gladness—the man that can look out a responsive thrill, without a rapid undulating throbb at the waves of joy that in sympathetic pleading are stirred up in the bosom of the people, or think of the vast outburst of charitable generosity, of devotional aspiration, of benevolent feeling which such a meeting creates—must have a hard, cold, selfish, cynical spirit; he must be a gloomy and miserable ascetic, with an emotional nature frozen and petrified, and as barren as the waste of the desert.

The address of the Chairman, Mr. Fernley, of Southport, was a characteristic and luminous exposition, delivered with characteristic gentleness and modesty, of the position to which the Church has now been brought by Divine Providence, and of the specially favourable conditions, arising from the concurrence of principles, agencies, and opportunities, under which at the present time, we are called upon to come forward and take our part in the work of the world's evangelisation. The Christians of former ages stood on no such vantage-ground, and incurred no such responsibilities, because God does not prompt his servants to impracticable duty, but gives interpretation of Scripture suited to the peculiar circumstances, and correspondent obligations, of every age. The Report, which was admirably read by Mr. Brocklehurst, was unusually brief; such an abstract is presented at the Annual Meeting, if published in the *Notes for May*, could give the Methodist community full and authentic information of the condition and prospects of the Society, both spiritual and secular, some months earlier than the usual publication of the General Report. The financial statement was the most encouraging that has ever been submitted from the platform of Exeter Hall. The total Missionary income, from all sources, home and foreign, was announced to be nearly £146,000—a point it has never before reached; and that, too, in a year when there has been the pressure arising from the completion of the Fables' effort, now, he had set down his lantern and said, "I must stop; it is all dark there ahead, and I may pitch into some hole," he would have acted just as you are acting. But he went on, and the circle of light went with him. And the light of Christ will go with you, if you only keep moving instead of sitting down to whine and tremble. Hear what he says to you: "When thou goest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Do you want any better insurance on your soul than that?"

"But I may persevere." That, let me tell you, is none of your business. Christ will take care of to-morrow. Now is the accepted time. Leave the future to God. This moment is the only moment for which you are responsible. You have seen a man walking with a lantern at night. Around him was a little circle of light, perhaps twenty yards across. Beyond that was darkness. If now, he had set down his lantern and said, "I must stop; it is all dark there ahead, and I may pitch into some hole," he would have acted just as you are acting. But he went on, and the circle of light went with him. And the light of Christ will go with you, if you only keep moving instead of sitting down to whine and tremble. Hear what he says to you: "When thou goest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Do you want any better insurance on your soul than that?"

"But I've tried to go to Christ, and don't see any comfort." Then go again. Keep going as long as He spurs your life. "But isn't there something else to do?" Nothing, whatever. Throw yourself on him as a guilty helpless creature; and, first or last you are a great

### General Miscellany.

#### How to Live on £30 a Year.

It was cold; and the light of day had gone; the fire burned well in the Queen's Library, as the literary Doctor entered.

"Pray be seated, sir," said Mr. Bernard, the literary Doctor, as he bowed to the visitor, who was the variety of little attentions, showing he felt in the presence of some great and honorable personage.

As soon as the Doctor was comfortably seated, and thoroughly interested in the old musty volume he had in his hand, Mr. Bernard quietly left the library, and went immediately to the King's apartment.

As your majesty wished to know the next time the Doctor was here, I am come to say he is, at this moment, busily occupied with a book. "It is, my lord, the King's." I shall be delighted to have a friendly talk with so extraordinary a man. I'll come.

Mr. Bernard now took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which the King had the key. Being entered, Mr. Bernard started forward hastily towards the Doctor, and whispered to him,

"Sir, here is the King."

The Doctor started up, and stood still. His majesty approached him, and at once was courteously seated, and for some time, they both chatted together on various subjects.

That man who was thus honored by royalty was in the habit of associating on intimate terms with many of the great in the land; he had attended the world by the variety of his literary labors; found himself in his old age surrounded by courtiers, which money alone can procure; and dying, was honored with the presence of the living, and entombed with the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey!

This man was Dr. Samuel Johnson.

If any of our British worthies could have seen the Doctor and the King on such friendly terms, they would not have been surprised to hear that when the Doctor was thinking of coming to London first, he was so poor that it was necessary for him to have some conversation with a friend, about living in a great metropolis on £30 a year.

This was the plan recommended to Johnson by an Irish artist, who seems to have practised the same.

"Ten pounds," said he, "for clothes and living, a man might live in a garret of eight-pence a week; few people would inquire where he lived, or if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found in such a place.'" By spending three-pence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours, every day, in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread-and-milk for a penny, and do without supper on clean-shirt day; he could go abroad and pay visits.

Whether on reaching London, Johnson made thirty pounds do for the first year, may not be

### Secure Your Furs.

About these days, although the March winds battle for supremacy over April's coy, yet alluring sunshine, we all have many an anxious thought concerning our change of restage and consequent "putting away" of furs and winter treasuries. How many a princely set of shabby or regal ermine has come forth in furry subjects because too late enclosed in its canvas or papered guarantee. To be prompt and beforehand is the only guarantee of safe guardianship over your hairy treasures.

The miller moth will be seen on the keen lookout for a dainty nest in which to deposit her mischievous larvae. During this time of reconnoitre lies the principal period when precautions are requisite.

The miller may be seen usually about the middle or latter part of April when the first flush of spring opens your doors and bids her welcome to your hospitality, inviting her, as it were, to the depths of your thrown aside furs, whose stifling odor becomes well insupportable in the sultry softness of a vernal atmosphere. Hide them at once! Shake well; apply a light switch case to the tipper and muff, cap or collar, which has been put on; and, if possible, while the ice-bag held court over his frozen realm. Air them, but do not leave them swinging from an open window. No situation could prove a more direct invitation to the dreaded element. Have your cedar chest or your tightly-closing trunk free from dust; sew up your furs either in linen, or well wrap them in papers, putting in their folds pieces of gum camphor, also wrapped up in paper, to prevent rapid evaporation. Lay them away, not allowing anything very heavy to press upon the skins.

To the cedar or camphor-wood chest I do not think any reliable virtue can be attached. If the grub of the insect has been deposited in the fur before depositing therein I opine that like murder it "will out" to the destruction, partial if not complete, of the skin. Camphor, we know, is not favorable to insect life; but the moth appears of all depositors to be the most insidious and long-lived. To keep them out, means that they shall not be in, and to secure this, put the milled articles out of harm's way before the winter moth can be up and doing to their destruction. It is well to keep a trunk or chest impregnated with the camphor from year to year, in which to store all woolen, flannel, fur or cloth not to be used during the warm weather, and it is wise to occasionally peep into this receptacle to let eye-sight confirm your mental faith in their safety.

### Give It Wings to make it Fly.

Those who receive the Gospel are led by its influence to impart it to others. Religion makes its subjects happy, but does not want to be merely in singing and shouting, nor in praying. To pray for an object without being willing to do it, is no prayer at all. Giving must accompany praying. We fear there are hundreds of churches in which nearly the whole membership would give to make it fly. This was very well illustrated by the following incident:—

Old Aunt Dinah was a shouting gospel saint, and who would sing at the top of her voice and cry "Glory" above all the rest. It was common at the missionary prayer-meeting of the colored people to take up a collection while singing the hymn,

"Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!"

In the midst of which Aunt Dinah always threw her head back, shut up her eyes, and sang away lustily till the plate had gone by. The sable collector observed her habit, and one night stopped when he came to her, and said very bluntly,

### A Chapter on Mistakes.

Persons who write long articles for family newspapers, make a great mistake, when they expect them to be generally read.

2. Writers who select subjects of controversy, are greatly mistaken if they suppose that a protracted discussion will interest a majority of readers.

3. Writers who extend obituary notices much over half a column are greatly mistaken if they imagine that they secure the attention of one half the general readers.

4. Those who write only a few lines to indicate respect for the deceased, are greatly mistaken if they suppose their brief notices will be overlooked.

5. Writers of careless habits, are greatly mistaken if they suppose an editor has nothing to do, but to correct their miserable punctuation and orthography, and remodel one half their clumsy sentences.

6. Writers of indolent habits, are greatly mistaken, if they think that printers can decipher scrawls as readily as they can well formed letters.

7. Writers of verses are greatly mistaken when they suppose that an editor will always think highly of their productions as they do themselves. His taste may be in fault.

8. A writer whose article may be declined, is greatly mistaken when he charges the editor with prejudice and partiality.

9. Any reader who may suppose we mean him in any one of the above paragraphs, will be greatly mistaken, as we write not with individual reference.

10. Unless we are greatly mistaken it will be well to stop at this point.—*Methodist Post.*

### Better than Gas.

"It is now ascertained," says a scientific journal, "that the ocean contains one hundred and sixty thousand cubic miles of magnesium—a quantity that would cover the entire surface of the globe, both sea and land, to a thickness of eight feet. Three years ago all the chemists who had obtained magnesium had probably not obtained an ounce among them. One year ago its price was more than five hundred dollars a pound. Now, owing to improvements recently introduced, magnesium wire is sold at six cents a foot." If these statements be accurate—and they are made on apparently satisfactory data—there is reason to believe that in another year or two the cost of the light produced from magnesium will be very far below that of gas. As to the superiority of the light itself, there can be no question. It is purer and more intense than that of the flame of any artificial light that has yet been discovered, does not alter the natural colors of things, and can be regulated with the utmost ease. By the adaptation of proper mechanical contrivances, some progress towards which has already been made, it can be rendered available for domestic purposes without any risk of its affecting the sight. Its adaptability for street illumination has been equally demonstrated. Once, therefore, the economical question is solved to the satisfaction of capitalists, we may look for some reduction in the rates of illumination.

### Nothing New.

Some one has said that no man is capable of originating a thought. However absurd this may seem at first, yet there is much in it. Any one who will observe the action of his own mind will find that however active it may be, whatever thoughts may pass through it, they all spring from or grow out of some other one. There are no skips in the mind's movements; and whenever a change of thought does take place, this change is suggested by something else.

Let any one try and think of something that has never had a being—wholly unlike anything that exists—and he will then begin to arrive at his ideas, and will also understand, perhaps, what Solomon meant when he said "There is nothing new under the sun."

You may show me a grain of wheat and call it new, but though of recent production, is it new? Is it not an offspring of a grain planted by our first parent, when he realized that "in the sweat of his face he was to eat bread?" We have now a great variety of fruits, but who were they all produced by skillful grafting and culture. No one believes that new species are being now created. So, while seemingly new ideas are starting the world, yet they have all grown up from those instilled into the mind when "God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life and he became a living soul," or have been suggested by something or other acting upon the mind through one of the five senses.

And as man has no power, to originate anything new, neither has it the power to suspend its own action. I shall never forget the first time I was brought to realize this. I was about twelve years of age; our school teacher one afternoon offered a bright half dollar as a reward to the pupil who would spend one minute, while awake, without thinking of anything. I never felt as sure of a prize in my life. I was almost ready to go up and claim it, but for fear some other boy would get it before me, I did not speak up and say, "Why I can do that easy." I was told to try it, and if I succeeded the money should be mine. I did try it, and the more I tried to quit thinking, the more I could not, and the better satisfied was I that it could not be done. If I was not thinking of something else, a half dollar was in my mind, and I thought how hard it was to win it when it seemed so easy.

Actions spring from thoughts, and take their color and character from them; and as thought

### Look a-beeh, Aunt Dinah!

You needn't be singing, 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,' if you don't give gothin' to make it fly!"

One very soon learns that there are thousands of "Aunt Dinahs" among the white Christians of the land. They have very little sympathy with that good minister who was asked to pray at the close of a missionary sermon, and immediately began to look about for the contribution box on being told that he was asked to pray, he answered, "I know it, but I haven't given anything, and I cannot pray until I have given something." He made his offering, and then his prayer. Let us all go and do likewise.

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