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Religious Miscellany.

Passing Away.

We are [illegible]

We are [illegible] away

Away from a season of smiles and of tears;
Away from a season of hope [illegible] fears;
Away from a season of sorrow and sighs
Away from a season of strivings within
Away from all seasons of toil and of care;
From anger and turmoil, from grief and despair.

We are almost home

Home to the Bethpage of love and of light;
Home to the harbour of endless delight;
Home to a sure, endless season of rest;
Home to the land of the pure and the blest;
Where the song of rejoicing never shall cease,
In the land of purity, blessedness, peace.

We are passing away:
Away, yes away from the loved ones of earth;
Away from the long endeared family hearth;
Away from the clustering joys of years:
Away from the mingling of smiles and of tears:
Away from the graves where our loved ones lie low;
Away from much that we cherish below.

We are almost home;
Home to *that home* where our Father will greet us;
Home to that home where the ransomed will meet us;
Home to that home where partings are never,
Holy communings and fellowship ever;
Where pleasures, enduring and rare, lie in store;
Home of the faithful! *home evermore!*

We are passing away
Away from the moment which seems to be ours;
Away from the moments, away from the hours;
Away from all that *we have been* and *are*;
Away swift away to the Judgment bar;
Away and away to Eternity's shore
From now and from then to the great Evermore.

We are almost home
O rapturous thought! O blissful desire!
We have almost attained that to which we aspire:
Such fullness of joy! Such fullness of love!
Perfection of peace in that home above!
Filled with the glorious presence of God,
The Spirit Divine, and Jesus our Lord.

Zion's Herald.

The Watchword

In one of the great rock-galleries of Gibraltar, two British soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own iniquities and guilt. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ!" cried out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on. But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery, and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour.

"The precious blood of Christ!" Yes; that was peace! His troubled soul was now at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ!" strange, but blessed watchword; never to be forgotten. For many a day and year, no doubt, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

Christian Influence.

I be related of a gentleman who had been a sceptic from his youth, that his first thought about religion arose from observing the serious deportment of one of whose talents and intellect he had reason to think very highly, and how religion was in his public duties, and in the consistent practice of his every-day life.

"I never remember calling upon him," said he, "without seeing his little clasped Bible lying upon the table, or upon his desk; sometimes, as if he had just been reading it. Hitherto I had thought religion only fit for the poor and ignorant; but my friend was neither one nor the other; so I began to fancy there must be something in it. I told Mr. S—— this one day when I called, and I shall never forget his answer.

"Something," said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, and looking kindly and sadly into my face—for it appears that he had never suspected until that moment how matters stood—"something! there is *everything* in it. Without religion without the gospel of Christ, I cannot imagine how any one can exist."

Long and earnestly did we converse together; and his words sank into my heart, and were blessed to me in future years.

A few days afterwards, I happened to call when I was away from home, and amused myself during my absence in examining the contents of my valuable library; congratulating him, upon so many valuable treasures he possessed.

"But you have overlooked my greatest treasure," said he, and he laid his hand upon a small Bible on the table.

I have since to God thank him, concluded the conversation, "I can now truly say that the Bible is my greatest treasure also; that the gospel of Christ is *everything* to me.

The gifted matron may be watchful in great and likewise in little things. What they do, others will copy; what they say others will repeat; what they approve others will approve; what they disallow, others will reject. If they look serious when sacred things are discussed, others will look serious too; if they turn them into jest others will be quick to follow their example. Even a smile at the wrong time may do mischief; while a word spoken in season may become a word of life to one of the Lord's little ones. The influence of the gifted colors all around, either in light or shadow, and brings a blessing or a curse.

Influence is a glorious possession, if we use it aright; if we use it for Christ; if we dedicate it to him and his work. Are we gifted with eloquence?—let us be eloquent for Jesus. Can we argue with force and brilliancy?—let us argue for God's truth. Is our pen as that of a ready writer?—let us write about him, and make mention of his righteousness; it may be that we may thus win souls to Christ. Have we sweet voices?—let us sing God's praise. But if we can not say what we wish, let us say what we can. If we can not write of Jesus, let us talk about him. If we can not sing hymns, let us act them. "To whom much is given, of him much will be required;" but we may all do something, if we try.

What is Prayer?

About twenty years ago, a little boy was put to bed at dark by his sister. He knelt down by a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and listened whilst he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him; and, as he said them in a very careful manner, with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped, "How sweetly he prays!" whispered the lady. This was all she said; but he heard it, and his heart was filled with gratified pride. He had scarcely thought of God in his prayers yet he went to bed glad and happy—not that he had pleased God, but because he himself had been praised! Was this prayer? I will tell you what he did afterwards, and then you can judge. One day he made a kite, but it would not fly, but turned round and round. After trying awhile to make it rise in the air, he became angry, and dashed it to the ground, and stamped upon it with his feet. No one was near, and he cursed the kite—not loud, but softly, lest somebody should hear him. He did it with the same tongue which the young lady said had "prayed so sweetly." He forgot God when he cursed, as well as when he said his prayers. Had he prayed?

A few years passed away. He was now eight years old, and he often felt much troubled when he thought of his sins. There were no simple instructive books published at that time, to teach young children the way to be saved. He knew that he ought to pray; but he did not rightly understand how Jesus Christ was the Saviour. It is true that he often heard the minister and his mother speak of Him, but no one explained to him in a manner that he could understand, that he should love and trust the Saviour just as he would confide in his father. To quiet his conscience when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. This plan he followed for a time; he then grew careless, and forgot to pray until something alarmed him, when he began again, and, to make up for lost time, he counted up the days in which he had forgotten his devotions, and remained on his knees until he had repeated three prayers for each neglected day. But it was tiresome to stay so long on his knees, and he therefore hastened over them as rapidly as his tongue could move, little feeling that something more was needed than the mere repeating of words. Was this prayer?

Many years more passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother died, and many of his friends beside. There were very few left in the world to love him, and he wandered to another city. He was sad and lonely; he felt that everything worldly was vain and unsatisfying. He had no true happiness here, and had no hope in the life to come. He knew that God was not his friend; God could not be pleased with sinners; and he felt that he was a sinner. On Sunday he went into a church, there heard of Christ in such a way as he never before heard. Overcome with sorrow, he went to his bed-room, and in the agony of his soul, he threw himself upon the floor, and asked the Lord to have mercy on him. He felt that he could not cast himself down low enough before his Maker. He repented that he had sinned so long and so much against the good and holy God, and resolved, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to do so no more. He became a Christian; and then experienced that one moment's enjoyment of the love and favor of the Lord was worth ten thousand worlds. This was prayer. *English Magazine.*

What a young Christian did for Christ.

Seldom have I heard of a more unpromising field of labor than the western part of the town of C——. The inhabitants were deplorably ignorant. No effort had ever been made to raise them from the depths of sin and misery into which they had fallen, and no one had offered to lead them to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." Such was the condition when the family of Mr. H—— came to reside there. On being informed of their arrival, Helen, Mr. H——'s eldest daughter, determined to make this the scene of her labors for the Master for which she had early dedicated herself.

Trusting in her Lord for assistance, she went one morning to gather some of the children, for the purpose of establishing a Sabbath school among them. She was very successful, curiosity prompting many to send their little ones. Helen hired a room in the neighborhood, and at the appointed time had the satisfaction of seeing about fifty children assembled, with some of their parents. With a heart filled with gratitude she began her labours, and was delighted to observe, at the close of the services, that they were anxious to stay longer. During the following week Helen visited many destitute families, and ministered not only to their spiritual but their bodily wants. The next Sabbath the number of scholars had increased to seventy, all of whom appeared pleased and interested with what they saw and heard. In this way Helen labored patiently for four years; her school continued to increase, but as yet, although she wrestled with God both night and day, the chief object, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, had not been obtained. One morning, however, after a season of unusually earnest prayer, she was told that some one wished to see her, and to her surprise, she saw the mother of one of her scholars, who, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "O Miss H——, what shall I do? I am such a sinner." With a full heart Helen directed her to the Saviour, and ere long the troubled sinner was sitting at the feet of her Redeemer, clothed in his righteousness. The Spirit's influence was now felt among the people, and before another year had passed, Helen had the unspeakable joy to behold many as "brands plucked from the burning," safe in the fold of the good Shepherd.

Eight years have now passed, and over that hitherto benighted district the "Sun of righteousness" has arisen, and his blessed influence has been felt in almost every dwelling. Is there not encouragement here for desponding Christians, who fear that they labor in vain? "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not," said our blessed Lord; and who has ever known his promises to fail?

Religious Intelligence.

A Voice from Dixie.

The following communication is from the Rev. T. W. Lewis, of the New England Conference, now laboring, under appointment of Bishop Jones, as a Missionary of the M. E. Church, in the Department of the South, and residing at Beaufort, S. C.:

More than one hundred thousand slaves have been freed in the United States since the war commenced. Twenty thousand of that number are now bearing arms in their country's service. The remaining eighty thousand, men, women, and children, are within the Federal lines, and dependent, more or less upon the Government, and charity for subsistence, and upon Christian missionaries from the north for the bread of life, and the organization of schools and churches. Every victory of our army and occupation of rebel territory will add to the number of freemen, until three millions more will send out the Macedonian cry to Christians and philanthropists to the north, "Come over and help us!"

Did God in his providence ever open such a door of Christian enterprise since the world began? Three and a half millions of human beings, for whom Christ died, at our own door, understanding our language, predisposed to Protestant Christianity, many of them possessing its first principles and its power already, with imploring looks, with bleeding wounds and scars of oppression, emerging from their cruel "house of bondage," saying to us in their ignorance and destitution, "Men of Israel, help!"

Can any Christian evade the responsibility? Will any one respond in the selfish and heartless language of Cain, "Am *I* my *brother's* keeper?"

He that passeth by, on the one side or on the other, and only *looks* at this matter, is the priest and the Levite. But he that hath "mercy on him," and helps him up, or gives "two pence" to start him on his journey of Christian civilization, is the good *Samaritan.*

But what has the M. E. Church to do as her part in this new branch of missionary enterprise? Or rather let every member, official or private, rich or poor, ask the question, "What have I to do?" Four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been appropriated by the proper authorities for the home and foreign missionary work for the ensuing year, and they confidently look to the Church to supply at least that amount. And shall they be disappointed? God forbid! Our foreign missions were never more flourishing than now, and never did we more need men and means to enlarge our work in foreign lands.

But a new door, "great and effectual," is opening to us on our own shores, a mission embracing the whole rebel territory. Thirty-five thousand dollars have been appropriated to send labourers into this vast field. A number have been appointed and are already on the ground, occupying the once rebel and pro-slavery churches; opening Sunday-schools, forming classes, circuits and stations, visiting from house to house, from hut to hut, and plantation to plantation, to bring back the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," to the fold of God and Methodism. Regular prayer and preaching meetings are being established, by the aid of native local preachers and leaders, every missionary being an agent of the general government to establish the principles of education, industry, self-reliance and free labour.

Is not this a glorious work? Will not every preacher as he looks southward feel called upon to make extra exertion this year in behalf of the missionary cause? Will not every brother and sister in the church lay a larger sum than ever on the missionary altar? What worldly investment will pay so well? In a few years this people will doubtless return to the treasury tenfold more than we are now called upon to contribute to their aid.

The "field is white and ready to harvest," and we have the right men for the work in every conference ready to enter it, and could be spared without leaving the work to suffer at home. Now shall the bishops send them? The lack of *means* to give them a comfortable support is all that will *hinder.*

Never was business of every kind more prosperous than now; and never did the great Head of the Church call his people to a more fruitful and extensive harvest field.

Let the ministers of the Cross who are filled with missionary zeal, and are ready to do and suffer, hold themselves in readiness. Let the rich with their abundance fill the treasury, and the poor cheerfully cast in their "mites," and look to God for his blessing. *Methodist.*

France.

This country, full of gay people as we sometimes suppose, is a vast field to be recovered for our Lord. That there is great need for missionary labors in France, more indeed than in any so-called Christian country, see the following article, furnished from French authority by Dr. McClintock:

The rural districts of France are plunged in the deepest ignorance. Three fourths of the population can neither read nor write. The women do not even know how to mend their husbands' and children's clothes. They have no desire even to better their condition: "We can neither read nor write, and yet the land has always supported us; it will be the same with our children." Such is the real state of feeling of most of these peasants. In many districts the municipal authorities themselves do not know how to sign their names. "Between the ignorant, greedy, and egotistical population of our country," say the teachers of the Basses Alpes, "and those whom instruction has reached, there is the same difference as exists between civilized nations and savage tribes." And all agree on this point: all bewail the fatal influence of this intellectual night on the progress of agriculture. It is this ignorance which still upholds the power of the fortune-teller and the influence of empiric cattle-doctors. It attacks the heart as well as the mind. There is something in the air in our rural districts tending to diminish parental authority and filial love." Ominous words. Superstition is everywhere; religion nowhere. "The peasant has no longer any faith; he remains a stranger to religious duties. He has no virtues, but many vices, both apparent and secret. *The teaching of the Gospel is a dead letter.* There is an immense deficiency in the social life of the people." This is extracted from the reports on the Pas-de-Calais, and is true of all the departments in general. "We talk much and are very proud of our progress and civilization. Listen: "A faithful picture of the life of the peasantry would frighten every one. I have seen mothers, accompanied by their little children, spending the day in bar-rooms. Woman is in the same state of inferiority as in pagan lands." The immorality is fearful. "Parents have long been accustomed to speculate on the future of their children at the expense of their health, of their education, and even of *their morality.*" "When they first come to school," says one teacher, "the children are like savages; most of them do not even know how to cross themselves."

China.

An American Methodist Missionary, labouring in China, after detailing his discouraging trials in connection with the Mission Schools, thus writes:—

The friends in America have never conceived of such a state of things in a mission school, but these are the naked realities such as make up a large part of missionary life. O how my heart sunk within me. What a trial of one's faith. What should be done? Give up the Chinese? Go home to America and leave the poor, deceitful, devil-possessed Chinamen to serve the master in whom they are well pleased, and whom they so much resemble? Such thoughts did rush through my mind. I believe the devil sent them, and I fancy the same devil has suggested similar wicked thoughts to more than one good Christian in America who may chance to read this story. In such an hour as that how good it is to fall back upon the sure and certain promises of God, the words of the blessed Jesus. Light, a flood of light, breaks upon the soul. Christ has done a good deal more for us than we can possibly do for this poor people. They have souls. Christ died for them. Jesus pities them. We won't give it up so. No, trusting in God, we'll try again. Troubles we had many and constant, and expect to have to the end; but the Lord has been gracious, and already the school has produced precious fruit to the glory and praise of God. To-day one of our most intelligent, eloquent and useful native preachers is a graduate from this school; another is a valuable assistant in our printing establishment, and will soon be able to act as foreman in the business. Of the thirteen boys now in the school, ten have been received into the Church, and are growing, promising young Christians.

General Miscellany.

President Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln is in the strictest sense a man of the working classes. All his advantages and abilities are those of a man of the working classes; all his disadvantages and disabilities are those of a man of the working classes; and his position now at the head of one of the most powerful nations of the earth, is a sign to all who live by labor that their day is coming. Lincoln was born to the inheritance of hard work, as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in our fields. At seven years of age he was set to work, axe in hand, to clear up a farm in a Western forest. Until he was seventeen his life was that of a simple farm laborer, with only such intervals of schooling as farm laborers get. Probably the school instruction of his whole life would not amount to more than one year. At nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans as a hired hand on a flat boat, and on his return he split the rails for a log cabin and built it, and enclosed ten acres of land with a rail fence of his own handi-work. The next year he hired himself for twelve dollars a month to build a flat boat and take her to New Orleans; and any one who knows what the life of a Mississippi boatman was in those days, must know that it involved every kind of labor. In 1832, in the Black Hawk Indian war, the hardy boatman volunteered to fight for his country, and was unanimously elected a captain, and served with honor for a season in frontier military life. After this, while serving as a postmaster, he began his law studies, borrowing the law books he was too poor to buy, and studying by the light of his evening fire. He acquired a name in the country about, as a man of resources and shrewdness; he was one that people looked to for counsel in exigencies and to whom they were ready to depute almost any enterprise which needed skill and energy. The surveyor of Sangamon county being driven with work, came to him to take the survey of a tract off from his hands. True, he had never studied surveying—but what of that?" He accepted the "job," procured a chain, a treatise on surveying, and did the work. Do we not see in this a parable of the wider wilderness which in late years he has undertaken to survey and fit for human habitation *without* chart or surveyor's chain?

In 1836 our backwoodsman, flat boat hand, captain, surveyor, obtained a license to practice law, and, as might be expected, rose rapidly. One anecdote will show the esteem in which he was held in the neighborhood. A client came to him in a case relating to a certain land claim, and Lincoln said to him, "Your first step must be to take thirty thousand dollars and go and make a legal tender—it of course will be refused, but it is a necessary step."

"But," said the man, "I haven't the thirty thousand dollars to make it with."

"O, that's it. Just step over to the bank with me and I'll get it."

So into the bank they went, and Lincoln says to the cashier, "We just want to take thirty thousand dollars to make a legal tender with. I'll bring it back in an hour or two."

The cashier handed across the money to "Honest Abe," and without a scratch of the pen in acknowledgment he strode his way with the specie, all in most sacred simplicity, made the tender, and brought it back with as much nonchalance as if he had been borrowing a silver spoon of his grandmother. His honesty, shrewdness, energy, and keen practical insight into men and things, soon made him the most influential man in his State. He became the reputed leader of the Whig party, and canvassed the State as stump speaker in the time of Henry Clay, and in 1846 was elected representative to Congress. Here he met the grinding of the great question of the day—the upper and neither millstone of slavery and freedom revolving against each other. Lincoln's whole nature inclined him to be a harmonizer of conflicting parties rather than a committed combatant on either side. He was firmly and from principle an enemy to slavery—but the ground he occupied in Congress was in some respects a middle one between the advance guard of the anti-slavery and the spears of the tire-eaters.

Little did the Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President know what they were doing. Little did the honest, fatherly, patriotic man, who stood in his simplicity on the platform at Springfield, asking the prayers of his townsmen and receiving their pledges to remember him, foresee how awfully he was to need those prayers, the prayers of all this nation and the prayers of all the working, suffering common people throughout the world. God's hand was upon him with a visible protection, saving first from the danger of assassination at Baltimore and bringing him safely to our national capital. Then the world have seen and wondered at the greatest sign and marvel of our day, to wit, a plain working man of the people, with no more culture, instruction or education than any such working man may obtain for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world. The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats of dukes, earls, scholars, statemen, warriors, all turned on the plain backwoodsman, with his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incorruptible honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements with unpretending steadiness, striving to guide the national ship through a channel at whose perils the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant courts of Europe leveled their opera glasses at the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had bony hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomatists were shocked at his system of etiquette, but old statesmen, who knew the terrors of that passage, were wiser than court ladies and dandy diplomatists, and watched him with a fearful curiosity, simply asking, "*Will* that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through? If he does it will be time for us to look about us."

Sooth to say, our own politicians were somewhat shocked with his State papers at first. Why not let us make them a little more conventional, and file them to a classical pattern? "No," was his reply, "I shall write them myself. *The people will understand them.*" "But this or that form of expression is not elegant, not classical." "*The people will understand it,*" has been his invariable reply. And whatever may be said of his State papers as compared with the classic standards, it has been a fact that they have always been wonderfully well understood by the people, and that since the time of Washington, the State papers of no President have more controlled the popular mind. And one reason for this is, that they have been informal and undiplomatic. They have more resembled a father's talk to his children than a State paper. And they have had that relish and smack of the soil, that appeal to the simple human heart and head which is a greater power in writing than the most artful devices of rhetoric.

There have been times with many, of impetuous impatience, when our national ship seemed to lie water-logged and we have called aloud for a deliverer of another fashion,—a brilliant General, a dashing, fearless statesman, a man who could dare and do, who could stake all on a die, and win or lose by a brilliant *coup de main.* It may comfort our minds that since He who rules in the armies of nations set no man to this work, that perhaps he saw in the man whom he did send some peculiar fitness and aptitudes therefor.

Slow and careful in coming to resolutions, willing to talk with every person who has anything to show on any side of a disputed subject, long in weighing and pondering, attached to constitutional limits and time honored landmarks, Lincoln certainly was the *safest* leader a nation could have at a time when the *habeas corpus* must be suspended, and all the constitutional and minor rights of citizens be thrown into the hands of their military leader. A reckless, bold, theorizing, dashing man of genius might have wrecked our Constitution and ended us in a splendid military despotism, when honest Abe has only walked off with our rights as he did with his bag of specie from the bank, on his simple promise to bring them back when he had done with them.

Among the many accusations which in hours of pick have been thrown out upon Lincoln it is remarkable that he has never been charged with seeking, or selfish. When we were in doubt and in darkness, and looked doubtfully towards the presidential chair, it was never that we doubted the good will of our pilot—only the clearness of his eyesight. But Almighty God has granted to him that clearness of vision which he gives to the true-hearted, and enabled him to set his honest foot in that promised land of freedom which is to be the patrimony of all men, black and white—and from henceforth nations shall rise up and call him blessed.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

President Jefferson Davis.

The following sketch of Jefferson Davis, is from Colonel Freemantle's *Three Months in the South*:—Mr. Jefferson Davis struck me as looking older than I expected. He is only fifty-six, but his face is emaciated, and much wrinkled. He is nearly six feet high, but is extremely thin, and stoops a little. His features are good, especially his eye, which is very bright, and full of life and humour. I was afterwards told he had lost the sight of his left eye from a recent illness. He wore a green coat and grey trousers, and he looked what he evidently is, a well-bred gentleman. Nothing can exceed the charm of his manner, which is simple, easy, and most fascinating. He conversed with me for a long time, and agreed with Benjamin that the Yankees did not really intend to go to war with England if she recognised the South; and he said that, when the inevitable smash came—and that separation was an accomplished fact—the State of Maine would probably try to join Canada, as most of the intelligent people in that State have a horror of being "under the thumb of Massachusetts." He added that Maine was inhabited by a hardy, thrifty, seafaring population, with different ideas to the people in the other New England States. When I spoke to him of the wretched scenes I had witnessed in his own State (Mississippi), and of the miserable, almost desperate situation in which I had found so many unfortunate women, who had been left behind by their male relations, and when I alluded in admiration to the quiet, calm, uncomplaining manner in which they bore their sufferings, and their grief, he said, with much feeling, that he always considered silent despair the most painful description of misery to witness, in the same way that he thought mute insanity was the most awful form of madness. With regard to the black-flag and no-quarter agitation, he said people would talk a great deal, and even go into action determined to give no quarter; "but," he added, "I have yet to hear of the Confederate soldiers putting men to death who have thrown down their arms and held up hands." He told me that Earl Russell confessed that the impartial carrying out of the neutrality laws had pressed hard upon the South; and Mr. Davis asserted that the pressure might have been equalised, and yet retained its impartiality, if Great Britain, instead of closing her ports, had opened them to the prizes of both parties; but I said that perhaps this might be over-doing it a little on the other side. When I took my leave about nine o'clock, the President asked me to call upon him again. I don't think it possible for any one to have an interview with him without going away most favourably impressed by his agreeable, unassuming manners, and by the charm of his conversation.

Ministerial.

Pulpit Styles.

We have before our mind three different preachers of our acquaintance, each differing from the other in pulpit style. The first is a weighty thinker. His sermons are elaborate and instructive, being generally ingenious discussions of curious doctrines. Many of the doctrines introduced from Sabbath to Sabbath are obsolete, the systems of which they form a part being even unnoticed in standard polemics; but they are apparently none the less fascinating to his mind, as he preaches upon them as earnestly as on conversion if in the midst of a revival. After listening to him some time ago on one of these curious questions, dissected after the finest style of the anatomist, we remarked to him that we thought his people did not seem to comprehend him well, or follow him closely. He very complacently replied that the trouble was, they had not been accustomed to listen to subjects of that kind, and it was to them much like reading Greek; they had to be educated to the style. He also proceeded to set before us a new course of sermonizing he was preparing for the future. In a series of sermons the entire body of systematic theology should be discussed, beginning in his next appointment. On God, he would take the attributes in order, showing the false and true views in regard to each; on Christ, his person, incarnation, and offices; on the Holy Spirit, a similar course; and so on through the evidences, doctrines and duties of the whole system. It would cost him much labor, but he would be amply repaid in the benefit it would confer upon his people. Perhaps so, we thought, leaving him with the determination of talking with him about interesting his hearers at the earliest opportunity.

The second is a different make of man and preacher. He knows little and cares less about creeds of early fathers, controversies on Arian, Sociniansarian, Sabbatarian, and such like questions. Systematic theology, with him, is a plague to be shunned. He knows his bible well, though, especially its poetical portions, its history, and, above all, the four gospels of our Lord's doings and sayings. He is a poet, though he never wrote a verse. His sermons are songs, and his divisions are stanzas in every variety of meter. To hear him talk of Moses in the wilderness, or Joseph sold and in prison, and then ruler, or of Abraham and Isaac, or of our Lord's miracles, parables, and suffering, would not only interest but melt the hardest heart. We would like to hear him once a month on that inimitable parable of the Prodigal Son. He's not profound upon it, but oh! oh! it touches the heart so deeply, and makes us feel just as though we saw the original, and were personally interested. True, his hearers say his success depends wholly upon the connection of his feelings. He is deeply pious, but gives to despondency; and if much perplexed, is very tame and commonplace, as emotion is his sphere. When we have enjoyed the privilege of hearing him, we have always wished sickness and cares might keep far from us, and thought we might crowd his pathway at every sacrifice, that he might ever do his best. I ought we love him so much, and desire always, when possible, to hear him, he is not just our idea of what a preacher ought to aim at. Our reason is immediately.

Our third man differs greatly from both of these. His preaching is an exposition and application of the principles of Christianity to those questions and modes of action which concern the present of all classes in every-day life—in the market, family, and closet. He is vigorous and learned as the first, without his obsolete and speculative generalities; tender and imaginative as the second, while he far excells him in instructiveness and personal application to the gospel. When he selects a doctrinal subject he does not detain his congregation fifteen minutes removing theological rubbish and giving the people to know his philological lore, but modestly, briefly, appositely gives them the result, and in an eminently practical manner proceeds with the business of the hour. He argues chiefly by illustration, drawing [illegible] every [illegible]. His sermons are direct addresses [illegible]. Were he to preach to another [illegible] he says he would be obliged to [illegible] nearly every sermon. Most [illegible] practical; and no passage [illegible] troduced with profit [illegible] passed. When we say that his [illegible] practical we do not mean [illegible] chiefly to the duties [illegible] whether he selects [illegible] or character, or possesses [illegible] time, as attention are chiefly [illegible] volved, making it personal [illegible] congregation and their times.

Now, while the first man is instructive and the second charming, this is our man, for he combines these good qualities, and more than these. We confess a positive disrelish to the first style of preaching cited. To us much of it seems the trifling; though not so to our friend, for he is a man of great earnestness. Two years of such sermonizing would relume the best congregation in the land. We could wish our second brother much more, and would be no slight sufferer change if he was in a worldly assembly. Even in this one could preach alternately with [illegible] who would soundly instruct, the [illegible] "Tis delicious to feel the thrilling [illegible] pathetic heart, and listen to the [illegible] exquisitely fine voice, but, unhappily, [illegible] alone in the pulpit do little towards informing sinners. The man who devotes his Sabbaths to the exposition and application of spiritual principles to every-day life, is, in our judgment, the model man. In the first man, rarely; the second, always, if he has excitement of some kind; the man, invariably, if he talks at all. And why is this? The answer is, he talks to people of themselves, and they will listen. They become angry some times, yet they want to hear again. Again, he never lacks variety. The first man exhausts his systematic theology, and if permanently located would be obliged to repeat himself, as some we wot of; the second man's heart and voice remain, but he pictures from history, parable and miracle are soon disposed of, and he loses interest; but to the last man variety is endless as the weeks of his life, for he draws his inspiration from facts and circumstances, as well as from all parts of the Bible. One subject is about as new as another. And, finally, we like this preaching because it is like that of Jesus and the Apostles. They were always fresh, and full of variety. Jesus always had a pungent truth of the most practical kind to throw into the hearts of his hearers, that it might take root at once. His aim was to assault the consciences of his auditors, and arouse them to *present* action. So his Apostles did; so may all their successors do.—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

Obituary.

MR. EDWARD LOVELESS, CORNWALLIS.

To a more than ordinary extent, it has been my duty within the last few months, to record the removal by death of several members and friends from this circuit.

A few weeks ago there appeared in the *P. Wesleyan* a short obituary of Mrs. Edward Loveless of Scott's Bay; and now we must add to the number of the departed, her husband. Our Brother Edward Loveless, who died on the 14th of this month, in the 49th year of his age. Bro. L. united himself to the Methodist Church at Scotts' Bay, during the latter part of Rev. T. Taylor's stay on this circuit. For some time his health had been declining, and on the day of his wife's funeral I felt much impressed with the thought that the impressive scene in that sacred place, would soon be repeated in reference to himself. From that time he appears to have entertained the conviction that his time was short. In his class his christian experience was more clear and cheering, and his leader was much impressed with the fact. He soon became confined to his house, and subsequently to his bed. By his special request the sacrament was administered, and the last time he enjoyed communion with his brethren and sisters in this precious means of grace, his joy was ecstatic, while with amazing strength of voice he sang the praises of his God, and related his joyful hope of a glorious immortality. His house was set in order, all worldly matters carefully arranged, and after repeated messages to his friends he arising out of eternal interests, and giving with his latest breath, appearance of his confidence in God, he calmly slept in Jesus, leaving three little children, whom the inscrutable providence of God has bereft of both father and mother. His mortal remains were laid beside those of his departed wife, in the presence of a large company of friends. May the Lord sanctify these events to our bereaved people; and may those for whom prayed and eternal welfare, he was so deeply anxious, remember his affectionate admonitions.

JOHN G. HENDERSON.

Canning, Feb. 17th, 1864.

MRS. [illegible]

Died, at Digby, on the [illegible] in peace, Jane, the beloved wife of Capt. James P. Dunham, aged [illegible] years. Mrs. D. was a native of Nova Scotia, and was converted in the witness of the Spirit [illegible] 10 years ago. Shortly after she joined herself with the Wesleyan Church, and was baptized, together with her first born, then an infant, on the first Sabbath in January, 1848. Her name was accordingly active and [illegible] tioned thereto. These were [illegible] exercise in the church, [illegible] involved in the [illegible] which were performed [illegible] as also in zealously co-operating with [illegible] and projects, by whomsoever originated, for the prosperity of the Church of her choice. Her [illegible] and earnest sympathies in personal affliction to the comfort of the ministers appointed to the Circuit, as also, in kindness to those who occasionally enjoyed the hospitalities of her happy home-circle.

The sympathies and fervent prayers of all these will be called forth on behalf of her sorrowing bereaved husband—(now with his second family)—and the six motherless children.

When the conviction that her illness was unto death was first entertained by her, it [illegible] was somewhat oppressive [illegible] faithfulness to the claims of a heavenly Father, and the non-improvement of the grace he had