

British Conference.

Address of the Ex-President to the President Elect, on his Assumption of Office.

The President having taken the chair, Dr. BEECHAM addressed him nearly as follows:—Dr. HANNAH, it now becomes my pleasing duty to invite you to take the chair of this Conference as its President. In the first place, I have to put into your hands the seal of your high office—the Conference seal. I have also to place in your keeping the Pocket Bible which our Great Founder was accustomed to use when he preached in the open air. You will allow me to say that I hail you as my successor in the high office to which you have been called by the suffrages of your brethren with delight and satisfaction. I regard in your person an old friend—the friend of my ministerial life. Our friendship has subsisted through many years, and will, I trust, be perpetuated through eternity. I have also the satisfaction in recognising you as my successor in the highest office of the Conference on the ground of your having been, during the past year, my colleague in office. You have acted as Secretary of the Conference with great ability; and are entitled, for your ability and fidelity in that office, to my warmest thanks which I now tender you in the presence of your brethren. I have also great pleasure in welcoming you as my successor on the ground of your known character and principles, as a faithful supporter of the great system of Methodism. I rejoice to know that our beloved Methodism will be safe in your hands. In these times, it is of the highest moment that the offices of this Body, should be placed in the hands of those whose principles are sound. We all know that while your administration will be kind and courteous to all, it will be firm and unyielding; and I trust that you will receive the affectionate support of your brethren. You are beloved by all your brethren, who have given you another proof of their confidence reposed in you;—and the confidence which inclined them to place you a second time in this high office, will support you in it. Our prayers will be offered to the Great Head of the Church, that he may bless you in your person, in your ministry, and in your office; and that, at the close of the year, you may have to say, that in all respects He has indeed blessed you.

THE REPLY.

The PRESIDENT, in reply, said he thanked the brethren for the confidence they had reposed in him, and for the distinguished honour they had conferred upon him. However unworthy of the office he might be, and however unequal to its manifold duties, yet he reposed for help, with humble and child-like trust, in God. He felt happy to succeed one who was his early friend, and who had discharged the duties of his office in so exemplary a manner. He would endeavour to imitate his example and to tread in his steps. Though he would rather shrink from public life, yet he would not shrink from anything his brethren committed to him: he would rather try to perform it, trusting in God, and in their friendly support. The circumstances in which their dear Connexion was placed were, in many respects, discouraging, but he had not lost his confidence in their principles and in God. It was painful to think of many who had fled from their brethren, in the cloudy and dark day,—of the many impediments which had been placed in their way;—of the reduction of their numbers;—and of evil spirit which prevailed. But he was not yielding to discouragement. No; he would rather dwell on the circumstances of encouragement which arose and multiplied around them. After the harmony which had marked their Committees, and after the opening services of that morning, he could not but anticipate great good from this Conference. One thing he rejoiced to dwell upon. That system of doctrine, derived from the blessed Book of God, and delivered to them by their fathers, was unmarred in its clearness, its fulness, and the power of its administration. He had had opportunities, of late, of hearing some of his brethren in the ministry; and he rejoiced in the fulness and energy with which they

declared those saving truths, on which their fathers loved to dwell. Whatever else might be said, it was certain, that their great system of truth—the science of salvation, was still taught and maintained in all their pulpits. By the blessing of God there was power there. The brethren were proclaiming the truth and love of God with power from Heaven. Let them still maintain it, in its energy and its fulness, and God would be with them. Another consideration he would mention. He spoke confidently when he said, that the system of discipline, delivered by their fathers, and for which they were called to contend, still continued; and this system, by the grace of God they were determined to maintain. He knew that this great system was susceptible of many applications to the varying circumstances which arose, but, in its own great principles, it must,—and by the blessing of God, it should,—be maintained. He loved words of peace; but, to use a scripture expression, "words of peace and truth;" and he would seek to "maintain truth in love," and love in truth. He would yield in every possible way, to any arrangements in which the claims of truth were not concerned,—but then, never. He indulged no feelings of harshness or severity towards those who had injured the Conference; he prayed that the God of truth and love might enable them to maintain the charity which "beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." But they must please to understand, that whilst they placed him in that honourable position, they must support him in maintaining the truth of their doctrines and the purity of their discipline in all its bearings, striving to maintain it in all circumstances which might arise, firmly resolving that they would not change its essential principles. He felt particularly soled and cheered by the Wesleyan spirit which prevailed amongst them. He trusted they were prepared to maintain what was right in a right tone and spirit, and to seek those effusions of grace which would strengthen them in all circumstances. For himself he had found it more easy to obey than to govern. He had learned to obey, but was not skilled in the art of governing. Would they please to help him by their regular attendance,—by cutting off exuberances of speech, by friendly courtesies to one another,—and in every way by which their own kind hearts would suggest? If so, they would do well, and have a good Conference. He was delighted by what his friend the President (not to-day) had said the previous evening. He had expressed his belief that they should have a good Conference; and he concurred with him. Let them expect it,—let them pray for it; and might it please the God of all truth and love to grant it.

Family Circle.

Be kind to each other.

"Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and wife and brother
Perchance may be gone."

"Go away Willie, I do hate to be teased when I am reading," said Annie Mason to her brother, who was begging her to get him a drink of water.

"But, Annie, I cannot get it myself, and I am so hot and thirsty; please do."

"I tell you I don't want to go down stairs now; can't you wait for Bridget, she will be home soon?"

"O, why can't you get me some water?" cried the poor child impatiently, and, bursting into tears, he threw himself sobbing on the floor.

"I won't get you a drink now, because you are cross, and cry for it," said his sister; and she tried to believe that she was behaving very properly, in punishing her little brother for his fretfulness.

Annie went on reading her book, and soon forgot all about little Willie, who after crying bitterly for a while, fell into a troubled sleep. His face was flushed, and the breath came quick and hot from his parched lips.

The children had been left at home for a day with the nurse, while the mother visited a friend in the neighbourhood. Annie was ten years old, and Willie was nearly

five. She was quite old enough to take charge of her little brother and amuse him; and this she was generally quite glad to do, for Willie was a merry, happy child, and loved his sister dearly. They almost always were good-natured and happy; but sometimes Willie was fretful, and sometimes Annie was selfish, and did not like to take trouble; and when she was cross, Willie was ten times worse than if she had been good-natured.

After a long time Bridget returned from her errand, and found Willie still lying on the floor asleep. She took him up and laid him on his bed in the nursery. When Mrs. Mason came home she found her little boy in a high fever; he could not be roused up, but lay in a heavy stupor. He was immediately put to bed, and everything done for him that was thought likely to relieve him. In the morning he was no better, and a physician was sent for who pronounced him in a dangerous condition. He had all the symptoms of scarlet fever, and was quite delirious. Annie stood by anxiously watching to hear the doctor's opinion; and when he told her mother that the child was very ill, and would need the most careful attention, she could not help sobbing aloud. The doctor told her not to be frightened, for he hoped her little brother would soon be well. Annie did not cease crying at these comforting words, for she could not forgive herself for her unkindness to her brother. O, how her heart ached when she thought of her cruel neglect, and how many times she said to herself, "She never would be so unkind again!"

For two days Willie lay in great suffering—he did not seem to know any one; even his mother, whom he loved so dearly, called him in vain. He never spoke to them again; and on the morning of the third day he died.

No one knew, when Annie threw herself with a wild despairing cry, on the bed beside her dead brother, how hopeless and bitter was the sorrow of her heart; for he knew that never again in this world could she atone for her cruel words—those last words that Willie had ever heard, so cold, so selfish, and cruel. O! that was indeed the bitterness of death. If he had only lived to speak to her, to tell her he forgave her unkindness, to give one kiss of reconciliation and love, she thought it would not have been half so hard to see him go down to the cold grave. But now all was over. The little brother she had loved so well was gone forever. All his pleasant ways and loving words came thronging back to her heart, and she could only remember her own selfish cruelty to him when he was sick and suffering. She tried to comfort herself by saying, "Oh! if I had only known he was sick—if I had only thought to look at him, I might have seen that he was not well, and then I am sure I would have done every thing for him. Oh! how thoughtless, how selfish, how cruel I was!"

After the funeral, when they had returned home, and Annie had sat by her mother in the still evening, she told her with many tears and sobs, how unkind she had been to her little brother on the first day of his sickness, and how very dreadful it was to know that she could never ask his forgiveness, never hear his sweet voice to tell her he loved her again.

Her mother wept bitterly too; but she told Annie that her little Angel brother could feel no sorrow or pain; that he loved her even better now than he did when he was on earth; for he was redeemed from all sin, and could feel no anger or resentment, but that his heart was full of compassion and love.

After this confession, and her mother's comforting words, Annie felt more composed and resigned than she had before; but she never could quite forget and never cease to regret the last harsh words her darling brother had ever heard from her lips. It was a lesson to be remembered forever, and its influence was felt by her through all her life. When she felt tempted to speak unkindly, she thought that "these may be our last words" would come with a pang to her, and she was humble and gentle as a lamb.

Years passed by, and Annie grew to be a woman, loving, and beloved by all, but in her heart she never forgave herself for her last words to Willie.—*Friend of Youth.*

The First Untruth.

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a truthful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee.

Remember, 'tis no common task,
That thus to thee is given
To rear a spirit fit to be
The inhabitant of heaven.

So much has been said and written on the subject of education and the training of children, that it seems hardly possible to advance a new idea. Some propose one age to begin the mental culture of a child, and others think another the right age. From my own experience, I would say, begin the education with the life of the child. It is impossible for any one of us to say at what age a child begins to understand and reason.

The foundation of an education may be laid in a quiet, easy way. Listen to, without interfering with your children's prattle; when a wrong pronunciation occurs, correct it; when a wrong principle or moral is drawn from the child, correct that also.

Furnish your children abundantly with picture-books; these by being read and explained, will teach the child to seek for more information. Impart to a very young child as much knowledge as he will seek, but force nothing, or you will be foiled with your own weapons, and produce disgust and satiety. In this way, without either the parent or the child feeling it, he will imperceptibly be acquiring much useful information, while at the same time he will become disciplined for the more serious and laborious course of his future education. Above all, never allow the most trivial departure from truth to pass without a severe reprimand. A child will always judge of the enormity of its offence by the amount of its punishment.

Never shall I forget the first falsehood told by my only son, he whose entrance into life had nearly been marked by the departure of his mother. He was my spring-child; he came with the flowers, and like them, was bright, happy, and joyful. The wealth of our first parental affection was lavished on that boy; and how great was my grief when I found that the purity and innocence of childhood had departed, and he had told his first untruth! That I considered an epoch in his life; and laying all work aside, I took the child upon my knee, while mildly and gently, but in strong language, I explained to him the meanness and cowardice of a lie, and the great sin he had committed against God and man. He was set apart, and not allowed to associate with any for a length of time. His little heart was almost breaking, he was asleep in his little bed; but oh! what tears I could have shed when I thought of the first sin that had entered into his heart.

On the second night after this occurrence, as I leaned over my child and talked to him before he slept, I said, "My precious child, have you asked God to forgive you for the falsehood you told yesterday?"

He answered, "Yes, mamma; I had forgot it when I said my prayers, but I asked him after I was in bed." Anxious to know what the child's feelings were, I asked him what he had said. Putting his little arms around my neck, and drawing my face close down to his, he whispered, "I said, Please, Goodman, forgive me for that story I told yesterday." Then I asked, "And so you think, he has forgiven you?" He readily answered, "Yes, mamma, I feel as if he has." My tears of sorrow were turned into tears of joy. My child had sinned and been forgiven. He had offered his first voluntary prayer, and he felt that it was accepted. Some time after, while at play, I noticed that he was inadvertently about to misrepresent it something, but instantly checking himself, he remained silent for a long time; and I saw that my lesson was remembered; the seed had "taken root, for it was sown upon good ground."—*Presbyterian.*

A Smile.

Who can tell the value of a smile?—It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A