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Religious Miscellany.

"Forever with the Lord."

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
I feel from the dead in that word
"Thy immortality."

Here in the body part,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high
Home of my soul bow near,
At times, to faith's refreshing eye
The golden gates I press.

Ah! how my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints
Jerusalem above!

But clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect lies;
Like Noah's dove, I sit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At morn and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then, I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state—
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
To its appointed date.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees, as He hath ever seen,
And shall forever see.

How can I meet His eyes!
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's price,
Mercy from first to last.

"Forever with the Lord,"
Father, if thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even now to me fulfill.

So when my latest breath,
Shall reach the veil in twain;
By death I shall escape from death,
And live eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before that throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

Then though my soul enjoy,
Communion high and sweet,
Though worms this body may destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
Shall speak that self-same word,
And Heaven's voice echo through the tomb,
"Forever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep,
That death-awakening word,
The Saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

Then when they upward fly,
That resurrection word,
Shall be their shout of victory,
"Forever with the Lord!"

That resurrection word,
That shout of victory;
O once more, "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be.

The Life of the Believer.

BY R. F. RAWLINS, D. D.

The life of the believer is spiritual. As such it is peculiar. It does not belong to our nature as such, but to our soul as a part of its nature. Its source is separate, from our high. Never has there been a spiritual life not supernatural. Whatever infidel and worldly things may think of it, it is nevertheless a truth that all must accept, who receive "the more sure word of prophecy." The fact however is more eminently worthy of the consideration of those who are searching for the paths that lead to a higher life. This life is to be regarded not as a possibility but as a necessity. The Holy Spirit may not only be obtained but must be obtained; there is and can be no life without it. Observe Christ's own manner of stating this. "Except a man be born of the spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God; nor can he enter into it—expressions of different and important shades of meaning. Here the new life is discovered in its origin. It comes of the Spirit. By it the soul first sees the kingdom and enters it.

When Christ would give the new life to his disciples, he breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." This was not inspiring them in the ordinary sense of that term—inspiring them for some prophetic work; it was rather an invisible operation of the Holy Ghost rather an invisible operation, sanctifying, comforting—illuminating, instructing, sanctifying, comforting his disciples—giving to them a blessing which was typical of that which was to come upon all believers—a blessing of life utterly unknown to the world. "Because ye are sons," said St. Paul, "God has sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts crying, 'Abba Father.' Because, into you would ye be conscious of the life ye have. Here we see that the same spirit that originated this life in the heart of man, comes in to abide, and to be the continual source of life. The fact of the presence of this life-power in all genuine Christians is continually adverted to in the writings of the great apostle. "The love

of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."—he exclaims. And again, He "hath given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." Contemplating the great immortality that looms up to the vision of faith, he says, He that has wrought us for the self same thing hath also given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Noting the importance of the retention of this Spirit by the believer, he declares, for a sublime incentive, that if the Spirit that I raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Jesus from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you. The Spirit of God, in us, is our strength, our light, our breath, our life. It is the Spirit that is our earnest of victory it is, it gives triumph over that continual enemy—the flesh. By it we mortify the deeds of the body and live. It gives current consciousness of our divine adoption; "as many as are led by the Spirit they are the sons of God; the Spirit itself beareth witness." No spirit of bondage comes as in the old life, but one from which wells up the cry, "Abba Father." Then in other phases the same truth is presented. Have we infirmities, the Spirit helps them. Have we the prostration of spiritual weakness, he strengthens us with might in the inner man. So in whatever direction we turn the Spirit is the great essential in the life of the believer. And this Spirit is not an occasional visitant but rather an abiding guest in every believer. "The heathen philosophers," says a good old writer, "exhorted man to reverence his reason as a ray of the Deity; but we can go much higher; we can exhort him to reverence the Saviour, who dwelleth in him, and to act with such purity as becomes persons that are inspired by the Holy Ghost." This is the source of the Christian life. Do not mistake something else for it. "Some persons seem to know so little of religion that they confine it to acts of devotion, and public occasions of divine service; they do not consider that it consists in a new heart and new spirit, and that acts of devotion, prayer and preaching, watchings, fasting and sacraments, are only to fill us with this new heart and spirit and make it the common constant spirit of our lives every day and in every place." Charles Wesley struggled to get from the dark to the daylight of Christian experience. When the struggle was over he saw his difficulties.

"I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine."

Reader, have you been disappointed in the expectations of a Christian life? It is different, not so much, as you anticipated? O look for the life—the Spirit—go beyond ordinances and forms. Ask, Have I received the Holy Ghost since I believed? I almost envy you the blessing that is in store for you. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."

"How Shall I Honor Jesus To-day?"

BY REV. JAMES SMITH.

Awaking from a comfortable night's rest, strengthened and refreshed in body, before entering into the business of the world a few moments may be spared to ask a very necessary question—How shall I honor Jesus to-day? That we should aim to honor the Saviour, suppose no one will deny, seeing he hath redeemed us by his precious blood, called us by his everlasting Gospel, sanctified us by his Holy Spirit and thus delivered us from a dreadful but deserved hell. Our obligations to Jesus are infinite, and our gratitude to Jesus should be deep, constant and operative. I can honor him to-day. If I do not I shall dishonor Him; I shall grieve the Spirit, bring guilt on my conscience and injure His sacred cause, let us, then, sincerely inquire, How shall I honor Jesus to-day?

First—I must anew dedicate myself unto Him. I must surrender myself, body, soul and spirit, into His hands. I must present my time, talents and property at His throne, beg His acceptance of them, and beseech Him to give me grace to hold them for Him, look upon them as his, and use them for his glory. The Saviour not only purchased our persons, but our all; so that not only are we not our own, but nothing that we possess is our own. We are the Lord's, and all we have is the Lord's. But we do not sufficiently realize this. Therefore we do not feel as David did, when he gave to the building of the temple such stores of wealth. "Of thine own have we given thee." If I hold all I have as the Lord's, if I daily dedicate all I have to Him, then I may dismiss my cares, encourage my confidence and feel the peace of God rule in my heart. Holy Spirit give me grace, that morning by morning, I may anew dedicate my person, property and all I value to my Saviour's service, and day by day use it all to his praise.

Second—I must look to Him for all I need through the day. Wants will arise, but Jesus will supply them. There is not a blessing we need, but Jesus has it. Nor is there a blessing Jesus has but he is prepared to give it to us, if we are prepared to receive it. He says "All things are delivered unto me of my Father" and again, "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." It is therefore both my privilege and duty to go to Him for everything I need. And if I go to Him first—if I go to Him in faith, if I ask of Him with confidence—I honor Him. But when I look to creatures instead of Him, when I depend on means—instead of depending on Him through the means—I dishonor Him. If I would honor Jesus, I would look to Him for all I need, both temporal and spiritual. I must carry everything to Him, whether great or small. I must make everything a means of communion with Him; so shall I pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.

Third—I must imitate Jesus in all I do. He is proposed to us in His word as our great example; we should therefore strive to imitate Him. My object should be to think as He thought, to speak as He spoke, to feel as He felt and to act as He acted. Often, very often, should we pause to ask, "Is this like Jesus? Would He behave such a temper? Would He employ such language? Would He encourage such thoughts? Would He do as I am doing?" Or at a loss what to do at any time, we should ask, "What would Jesus do? How would He act in these circumstances? What would He say? What temper would He display?" This would often send us to His Word. We should become familiar with His life. We should be well acquainted with His character. And what a privilege it would be to be like Him! He has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. He says, "Do as I have done." If, therefore, I would honor Jesus, I must make it my study and I must daily seek grace that I may imitate Him in all I do, at all times and in all places. O! to be like Jesus in my family, in my business, in the church, and when alone with God. If we do not make it our aim and daily pray to be like Jesus on earth, can we expect to be like Him in heaven? Are we not here made meet to be partakers of the saints in light?

Fourth—I must speak of Jesus to all I come in contact with. I must speak of Him to all I come in contact with. He loves us to think of Him and speak of Him. He loves also to hear us speak of Him. We should speak of Him to sinners that they may come to him for life. We should speak of Him to backsliders that they may return to His fold. We should speak of Him to believers to stimulate, encourage, reprove or comfort as the case may be. If I speak of any one at all, surely I should speak of Jesus. I cannot speak of Him in vain. It must be useful in some way. It must accomplish some important end. How much there is to talk about if we only set our hearts upon talking of Jesus! What else opportunity often offers if we were only prepared to take advantage of and improve them? We should talk of Jesus to all about us, to all we meet with, to all we visit. We should talk of His glorious person and finished work, of His glorious words and wondrous deeds, of His holy and painful death, of His triumphant resur-

rection and ascension, of His prevalent intercession and anticipated advent. We may sometimes speak of his death, but much oftener of his love. We may talk of his invitations to sinners, and how he wept over them; of his promises to sinners, and the delight He takes in them. O! for grace to speak of Jesus, to speak for Jesus, to speak like Jesus!

Finally—If I would honor Jesus I must walk with Him. I must have Him for my companion, I must make Him my friend. I must go nowhere if I have no reason to believe that Jesus will go with me. I must engage in nothing if I cannot expect Him to look on and sanction me. I must prefer the company, the smile and the approbation of Jesus above everything else. This would be the truest and the best way to honor Him. He would be like an endeavor to render again to Him according to what He hath done for me. O! Spirit of Jesus, come down into my heart; fill me with thy grace, and teach me to make thee honor the great end of my life—the great end of every action!

Reader, do you wish to honor Jesus to-day—every day? If so, this is the way—walk ye in it. My soul mourns before God that I have honored Jesus so little. Let us pray, pray right heartily, that God would give us grace to dedicate Him to Him every morning, to look to Him for all we need day by day, to imitate Him in all we do, to speak of Him to all who will listen to our conversation, and to walk with Him in peace and holiness. O! what blessed encouragement we have to honor Jesus, seeing he has said, "Them that honor me I will honor; but they that despise me shall be despised." Sinners, beware how you despise Jesus. None can save you but He. There is no hope for you but in Him. If you despise Him in times, He will justly punish you in eternity.

Religious Intelligence.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

The Revival at Hamilton.

BY REV. GEORGE W. KNOX, D. D.

The revival at Hamilton has been of such proportions and in some respects so remarkable characteristic, that a more extended and minute account seemed to me due to the people of the place and the members, both professors and students of the University. The work has continued for some six weeks, and is still in progress. The gracious work is yet descending upon the Baptist church and congregation, though the daily meetings and preaching have ceased, while they are going on with success in the direction of a somewhat noted evangelist in the Congregational and Methodist churches in conjunction. I will speak first of the preacher, second the agencies, and third the results. Elder Jacob Knapp, the veteran and well-known evangelist, visited Hamilton on his way from California to his home in Illinois, in the latter part of January. He came on business, not expecting to stay but a few days. He preached two or three times, and such indications of the presence of the Spirit attended his preaching that the unanimous and earnest request of the church, and the faculty and students of the University, was consented to remain awhile, though anxious to return to his family, from whom he had been absent some two years. He held about five weeks, preaching generally twice a day to crowded assemblies, and truly his ministrations of the Word of life were attended by the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven. Hamilton had been destitute from previous showings of heavenly grace, but never at any time before, I think, did the saving truth of the Gospel reach so many hearts of every age, or so widely influential in its effects upon the entire community. I have no words of fitting commendation to bestow upon the preacher. He needs no endorsement from man. His manner of preaching and personal peculiarities are too well known in a public ministry of nearly forty years, over so wide a territory and in so many places, to require any description. In his preaching that of the Gospel of Christ, and so preach- ing that a great multitude believed and were saved by trusting, through the word proclaimed, in the atoning blood and righteousness of "the Lamb of God, which takes away the sin of the world." More powerful than the "truth" as it is Jesus, so clear, so discriminating, so uncompromising, so pungent, and so solemnly and awfully impressive, have been rarely heard from human lips. "By manifestation of the truth did he commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." There were frequent, indeed, utterances and illustrations, and peculiar forms of phrasing not accordant with the standard and tone of a cultured and refined taste, but the effect of these was soon overborne by the plain and penetrating power of the living truth of a present God, so evidently uttered "in the demonstration of the Spirit." The Word of God indeed proved to be "quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword." A personal allusion may be allowed in this connection.

ELDER KNAPP AS A PREACHER.

Elder Knapp is now seventy years old. He has reached the bound allotted to man, and yet shows not the least decrease of physical or intellectual energy. "His eye is undimmed and his natural force unabated." The fire and vigor of thirty years ago still remain apparently unaltered, but to these it seems to me were added a love, patience, tenderness and gentleness not so conspicuously characteristic of him in earlier days. It was a special wonder to us how this aged evangelist could preach so continuously for so many days, and with so much energy and earnestness, adding after every sermon personal labors and frequent prayers with and for the anxious, sitting by hundreds together in the front seats of the church to which they had been invited, and show so weariness of body or mind during the whole period of his presence among us. He left us apparently as strong and vigorous as when he came to enter immediately upon a like series of labors at his home in Rockford, Ill.

But the preacher would have been powerless had it not been for the agencies which sustained and co-operated with him. The supreme, all-pervading and controlling agency was manifested, from the beginning, the Spirit of God. So

dearly was this fact realized by both preacher and people, that every breath was moved spontaneously to exclaim, on witnessing the wonderful changes wrought, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be all glory. We are poor, helpless, sinful wretches, but God is all in all. Work in us and through us for Thine own glory. O thou all conquering Lamb of God." But it is not important to speak here of the visible human agencies which the Divine Agency was pleased to use. Rarely has there in any great revival been a stronger, more united human instrumentally employed. Dr. Harvey, the supply for the pulpit during the absence in Europe of our beloved pastor, Dr. Brooks, labored faithfully, assiduously and effectively in prayer, exhortation and occasional preaching. He greatly endeared himself to the church and congregation by his fervent prayers and his earnest and loving appeals. The members of the faculty, without exception, gave themselves with all their hearts and activities to the gracious work. They united personally and cordially with Elder Knapp and Dr. Harvey, and the devoted members of the church, in visiting from house to house, in conversation and prayer with and for the impatient and serious, in earnest appeals with individuals, moving about the streets through the congregation. But especially were they faithful to the unconverted and backslidden students, visiting them at their rooms, talking earnestly and affectionately with them, and praying fervently for them.

Another great moral power was the pious among the students themselves. They were thoroughly aroused and in entire sympathy with the work of God. Scarcely a student was there who was not a fervent and faithful laborer for their unconverted fellow-students, they conducted prayer-meetings in the public houses and saloons in the village, and in other ways were a most important living element in the great movement. In the meetings there was no suspension of the regular exercises in the Institution except two days devoted to fasting and prayer in conjunction with the church. The chapel exercises were turned into a general prayer meeting, led successively by the professors in their turn. Lessons were shortened and the hour of recitation changed in some cases to give the students opportunity to attend the meetings in the village. Otherwise the regular order was undisturbed. There was no boisterous excitement, at any time. There was no excitement. It would have been no work of God had there not been. There was the deep and pungent feeling of conviction, and the joy and peace of conversion. But all went on solemnly, "decently and in order." There was nothing that could be termed machinery in this revival. After the preaching the anxious and those desiring to be saved were called forward to the front seats, and their names were presented to the throne of heavenly grace. Requests for special prayer were urged to be made by individuals for themselves or their friends, and these requests were regularly mentioned and pressed in prayer. The pastors and leading members of the Congregational and Methodist churches joined heartily in the good work for a considerable time, and subsequently commenced separate meetings in conjunction, which, as I said above, are still going on with interest.

RESULTS OF THE WORK.

And now lastly of the results. Eternity alone can disclose their magnitude and preciousness. There have been up to this date (March 13th) over two hundred hopeful conversions. The Baptist church has received into its membership some one hundred and thirty, one hundred and thirteen by baptism, and other churches about fifty or more. Backsliders and excommunicated have been reclaimed and returned as prodigals to their Father's house. Their confessions were heart broken and deeply touching. Their conversions have been from all ages—from seventy down to eight. The children of the Sunday school, under the faithful superintendence of Professor Lewis of the University, were signal- ly blessed. It was truly affecting to hear the little ones speaking of the love of Jesus in their hearts and their determination to serve Him all their lives, for they "felt He had pardoned all their sins" and "made them His children." The Female Seminary was graciously visited and nearly all the young ladies brought into the fold of Christ. The University has received a copious blessing. Some twenty-five out of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty students were not of Christ at the beginning of the revival. More than half of these have been converted, leaving only eight or ten without a hope. Prayer is unceasingly offered still for these. Of the newly converted some are among our "brightest and best" for talent and sobriety, who have abandoned their purposes and aspirations after worldly fame and distinction, and consecrated their lives to Christ. But along with the salvation of these precious souls, the far reaching results of which you can tell, came an other blessing hardly less to be prized. It was the spiritual quickening of the Christian portion of the body. A mightier teacher of theology came into our midst than any of us or all of us together, even the Spirit of God, who graciously condescended to impart to our dimmed visions and languishing affections new light and life. Many experienced a new "baptism of the Spirit," giving them clearer and more living apprehensions of the truth as it is in Jesus, and largely shedding abroad His love in their hearts. They were renewed in the spirit of their minds and made to feel as never before the unutterable preciousness of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. This blessing cannot be appreciated at too high a value. There are over one hundred and twenty students for the ministry connected with the University and Seminary. It is too much the tendency in formal and exact instruction, both in regard to teachers and pupils, to make intellectualization in the apprehensions of truth, even of the highest nature, O what a blessed power is that which makes the truth of God a living thing in the soul's central consciousness! This wondrous power has been felt among us—Another incidental advantage to students for the ministry with us from this revival is the practical illustration afforded to them of the kind of truth and the manner of preaching it, that the Spirit of God honors and blesses in saving souls. The personal peculiarities of the preacher are not likely to be imitated. They cannot be. They belong to the man, and any affected attempt at imitation would be

abortive, grotesque and ridiculous as in most cases of conscious attempts to imitate the peculiar manifestations of a strong and original character. But the truth which he proclaimed, and the positive, fearless, uncompromising and fervent mode of preaching them may be made available to others, and greatly help them in "making full proof of their ministry."

General Miscellany.

There is no Death.

There is no death! the stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! the dust we tread,
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss that bears;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the vireless air.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, though wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away—
And then we call them, "dead!"

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

For where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

Though passed beyond our tear-dimmed sight,
'Tis but a larger life to gain;
We feel their presence oft—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there is no dead!

The Tender Chord.

AN ILLUSTRATION, AND AN EXAMPLE.

Surely that is Miss Murray, said Mrs. Steedman to herself, laying down her knitting and tapping on the window pane.

Were you really going to pass, she asked in slightly reproachful tones, as an elderly lady turned and met her at the front door.

This is "visiting" day, said Miss Murray, and I was purposing to take tea with you when my work is over.

Aye, do, said Mrs. Steedman, following her friend into the cool sitting room. Grace is "visiting" to-day too.

Miss Murray sat down on the sofa, and commenced to fan herself vigorously with her pocket handkerchief. It's dreadful work this "visiting," she remarked.

Very fatiguing in warm weather, Mrs. Steedman supposed.

The weather is nothing, said Miss Murray. It is the worry and toil that would kill a horse.

Dear, dear, murmured Mrs. Steedman, taking Miss Murray's parasol.

You have no idea of these creatures, continued Miss Murray. It's quite impossible to make an impression upon them. I've worn myself to a shadow amongst them, and they are as bad to-day as they were five years ago; indeed, worse, I believe, than when I began my labours.

You have a rough district in "Sandgate," Grace says, observed Mrs. Steedman. Perhaps if Dr. Murray were to preach a special sermon to your district.

I have preached a thousand sermons, Mrs. Steedman, replied Miss Murray solemnly, but they are too hardheaded for that.

Grace says intemperance is the great evil she finds, said Mrs. Steedman.

Of course it is, replied Miss Murray. There's hardly a sober individual to be seen in Sandgate.

I don't know why people are so hard to convince, said Mrs. Steedman. Grace says you must come near them, and help them by example.

One must keep up their dignity with that class, said Miss Murray; if you didn't make them feel the difference between high and low, they would make themselves on an equality with their betters.

Grace has joined the temperance cause for an example to her district, said Mrs. Steedman.

If precept is despised, I don't see that example will have any effect, said Miss Murray. However, it's easy for Grace to give up wine. She has nothing on her mind, and she behaves beside.

She always looks at the bright side, said Mrs. Steedman, and she is willing to try every means for good.

Well, Mrs. Steedman, when I was at my age I saw things in rainbow colours too, sighed Miss Murray. Youth is a rosy season, and hope glides the future.

So it does, responded Mrs. Steedman, taking up her key basket; but you must take a glass of wine before you set out on your trying "visitations."

I must see first I have a "peppermint." Mrs. Steedman, they are a sharp set in Sandgate, and they must have nothing in their power, said Miss Murray, sighing.

We can hardly ask others to do what is too hard for ourselves, said Mrs. Steedman, with a smile.

It's no use asking them to do anything but what they like in Sandgate, said Miss Murray, as she finished her brandy, (Miss Murray was bilious, and couldn't take wine), and slipped a "peppermint" into her mouth.

Sandgate was a low neighbourhood. O what a blessed power is that which makes the truth of God a living thing in the soul's central consciousness! This wondrous power has been felt among us—Another incidental advantage to students for the ministry with us from this revival is the practical illustration afforded to them of the kind of truth and the manner of preaching it, that the Spirit of God honors and blesses in saving souls. The personal peculiarities of the preacher are not likely to be imitated. They cannot be. They belong to the man, and any affected attempt at imitation would be

and sin and wrong. They were far removed from polished humanity, but in every rough rugged bosom a living heart throbb'd responsive to a soul's divinity. It was hardly possible to believe it however, and Miss Murray declared she would never recognize a common class with a Sandgate creature. She laboured amongst them, because her conscience told her it was a duty; but she let her superiority be felt by every man, woman, and child in her district.

She did no good, but she was not disheartened, and when once again, after a vain effort to reform erring heads of families, she gathered up her skirts and rustled out of Sandgate, it was with no intention of giving up her hopeless mission.

There was nothing in common with us, said Miss Murray when she got back to her friend's house. They have no natural affections, sympathy, or refinement.

Perhaps if we knew the TENDER CHORD, said Grace Steedman, resting her calm brown eyes on Miss Murray with a look of deep meaning.

I only wish you had my district, Grace, said Miss Murray. You wouldn't find any chords of feeling there.

Oh, yes, in every human beating heart, said Grace Steedman.

Perhaps intemperance deadens the soul, said her mother. Strong drink steals the senses, and I have no doubt the affections too.

My experience is melancholy, said Miss Murray, stirring her tea. There's Jones, the father of a young family, five all under ten, and one blind, that man has not been sober a week at a time for two years; and a great powerful fellow, who could work like a steam engine if he liked, continued Miss Murray. However, he is a confirmed drunkard now, and I have given him up.

In these no hope, said Grace Steedman? None; and as I had a chance to-day, I just told him plainly it would be a blessing for his family if he were dead.

Oh! how could you, said Grace.

They would be better without him, said Miss Murray. His wife is an industrious person, and something would be done for her and her children. I don't think the blind girl will live, continued Miss Murray, with air of satisfaction. She seems to decline.

Grace Steedman's eyes filled with tears. She thought of a little blind sister who slept in the old churchyard at the end of the town.

I don't intend to fight with Jones any longer, said Miss Murray. He will never reform now, and I hope for the sake of those poor children that he will make quick work of himself; for his wife, foolish woman, won't leave him, and the family will go to wreck and ruin with his example.

Could you not appeal to his heart as a father? asked Grace.

The man has no heart, said Miss Murray.

Ah! Miss Murray, there is a tender chord somewhere.

Will it Miss Murray, tried out with her thankless efforts, slumbered on her easy pillow, Grace Steedman lay awake thinking of the five little children she wished fatherless.

Miss Murray was not malignant, and though she said sharp things, she had no ill will to the person whose feelings she wounded. It was with the intention of doing good she cut to the quick, but she sometimes went too deep with the knife.

In the darkest shadow of "a court" a man covered, as one hides after crime; his eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his brow was heavy with gloom. He seemed absorbed with some over-whelming reflection. He looked stealthily round, and buttoning his shabby coat tight about him, he darted up the alley. In his haste he nearly stumbled over two children running in the opposite direction. Ah, father, look here, cried the girl, holding up a splendid bouquet of fresh flowers.

The boy who some fine fruit in his pinafore. A lady sends these flowers to "Aunt," said the girl, with Grace Steedman's love, for she once had a little blind sister who was fond of flowers. The lady was seeking our house, father, and she gave me the flowers to take home.

Aye, and what more did she say? asked the father, with a bitter laugh.

She said Charley was a brave fellow, not to cry when he fell, and she hoped he would be a great man yet; and she bade Charley tell you, father, that Grace Steedman said your brave little son would be an honour to you some day if you gave him his father's care.

Who was she, father? asked her father.

I don't know, father. I think she was our Alice's angel, for she kissed me and Charley, and went away soft, soft.

Did you hear what the lady said, my man? asked his father.

Yes, father, you've to make me a great man the lady said, and I'll give you all my apples.

Go home now then, like good children, said the father, darning out of the alley.

Grace Steedman was confined to her room for a month with a severe cold, but one fine balmy afternoon she set out for Sandgate. It was Saturday, and the streets were crowded, but she got there at last, and found the home she sought.

The family were at tea, and she stood hesitatingly at the door.

Mother, mother, here's the lady, here's Grace Steedman, cried one of the children, upsetting the stool she was standing on at the table.

Pray, do not let me disturb you, said Grace Steedman, as if she had been addressing her equals. I merely come with a few flowers to the little blind sister.

Oh, if you please, ma'am, come in, said the mother, looking as if she were going to faint.

If you please, ma'am, said