

A FREE SEAT.

He was old, and poor, and a stranger
In the great metropolis,
As he bent his steps thitherward,
To a stately edifice.
Outside he inquired, "What Church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he hears them say;
"Ah! just the place I am looking for,
I trust he is here to-day."

He passed thro' the spacious columned door
And up the carpeted aisle,
And as he passed, on many a face
He saw surprise and smile.
From pew to pew, up one entire side,
And then across the broad front space
From pew to pew down the other side
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
To listen to gospel truth,
Not a sign of difference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was open'd by generous hand,
The pews were paid for, rented,
And he was a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

As he paused outside a moment to think,
Then again passed into the street,
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone
That lay in the dust at his feet;
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle
In front of the ranks of pews,
Choosing a place to see and to hear,
He made a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting upon the huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the worshippers
A great confusion he sees.
Many a cheek is crimson'd with shame
Some whisper together low,
And wish they had been more courteous
To the stranger old and poor.

As if by magic some fifty doors
Open instantaneously,
And as many seats, and books and hands
Are proffered hastily.
Changed his stone for a crimsoned pew,
And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake after all,
And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard,
Was preached by a humble stone.
Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
That lodged in many a heart,
And the church preserves the sacred stone
That the truth may not depart.

LISTENING TO A COUPLE OF
BOSTON'S GREAT PREACHERS.

BY REV. M. V. B. KNOX.

A Sunday with the Church which I had been supplying for some months, closed for repairs, and the Methodist preachers of Boston off to Conference at Westfield, offered a chance to my wife and me to hear two men of other denominations. The day was rainy, April showers, now and then, making most disagreeable travelling. First we went to Tremont Temple, to hear Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer. This building is a vast pile, having stores and offices below, with the audience room above, capable of holding about three thousand people. This is the place of Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures. It is situated on Tremont Street, a little north of the famous Boston Common, and Park Street Church. Tremont Temple is the headquarters of the Baptist denomination, in and about Boston, and the location of their Book Room. On the day of our visit the audience must have numbered about fifteen hundred, and on pleasant days the great auditorium is said to be full. Agile ushers met us at the door, showed us to a seat, placed in our hands printed slips containing hymns for the day, and notices for the week, so arranged as to be conveniently folded, and kept for reference.

As the organ proceeded, there entered a slight-built, modest-looking man of thirty-five, with dark hair, clean mustache, taking his seat beside a small table on which were some books and an elegant bouquet. "Is that Lorimer?" was the first involuntary exclamation—for this boyish-looking preacher is one of the most noted in Boston.

The services before the sermon were very simple—a psalm read, singing a hymn by the congregation, led by the organ and a quartette near the preacher; then another Scripture lesson, from Jeremiah, followed by a piece sung by the quartette. Then came the prayer, slow, solemn, rather ornate, but full of deep feeling and trust in God. Then singing, a collection by the envelope system, and the sermon. The text was Jer. 36: 22. His argument was that men are cutting the Bible in pieces like the King of Israel; the Latitudinarians in Bunyan's time; Matthew Arnold now, and those who reject the Old Testament, or that and parts of the New. He argued that the Bible was a unit, the New Testament a further development of principles laid down in the Old, and that to reject any of the Bible was, like the king, to throw

it all away. The argument was well wrought out, the illustrations copious, mostly drawn from history, his language easy and well chosen. He had several sheets of notes fastened together by a clasp, slid into the corners of the Bible, to be taken out only as he read some quotations. After the sermon three were baptized in the tank underneath the platform.

As the services closed the natural question was, Where is the power of Dr. Lorimer? From the single service we judge that several elements strongly combine, as they must, to make any man a successful preacher. His sermon showed signs of elaborate preparation. The solidity of the arrangement, the deep thought, the fund of information, the rich illustrations drawn from so many sources, the Scripture quotations, all showed the work of a hard student. He was tremendously in earnest. As he began to speak and unfold his argument he slowly walked from one end of the platform to the other, in full sight of the audience, his arms folded tightly across his breast; gradually he fell into earnest gestures, and in the latter part of the discourse became very free with them. He was trained for the stage, and is master of impressive presence. His voice, naturally deep and full, is led away by the rush of his argument, and gradually becomes rather harsh and grating, to the detriment of his delivery, and the pleasure of his listeners. The great audience sits drinking in the rich draughts offered, forgetting themselves, the surrounding, leaning forward to catch the whole, yet he does not move to tears. Besides these things you feel that the man is aided by a Power above that of himself and is doing duty in his calling. The dress and faces of the audience showed that Dr. Lorimer preaches to the middle classes of Boston's population—traders, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, and the like—there is no display to make you uncomfortable, and the claim is fully met, that it is "The Strangers' Home."

From the morning service in Tremont Temple we went to the afternoon service in one of the richest churches in Boston, the Trinity Episcopal, Phillips Brooks, pastor. It is in the aristocratic, Back Bay region, near the New Old South, the Art Museum, Institute of Technology, and other prominent institutions. This church, built of stone, cruciform, is most magnificent, reported to have cost about \$750,000. The adornment of the interior is most costly, the galleries and organ loft tastefully arranged, the seats of black walnut, cushioned with red plush, the Bible stand a gilt eagle holding the book on his back; and separate desks for prayer books and sermon reading. The painted windows and frescoing lend an air of richness and quaintness that is indescribable; the chandelier is a vast grouping of brass chains, rods, balls, and ornaments, hanging from the roof a hundred feet or more above you. It alone must have cost enough to have built a good substantial church.

We are all expectancy to see another of Boston's great preachers, the author of "Lectures on Preaching." The body of the house is not nearly full, and in the free seats of the galleries many more could be accommodated. While the organ prelude rises and falls, sending its mellow strains into all parts of the complex interior, the object of our interest enters, kneels in silent prayer, rises, the organ stops, and the ritual of the Episcopal Church is passed through, with feeling, yet with a rush, and swiftness of reading, that make us want extempore prayers to supply those read. Then Phillips Brooks advances to the sermon-stand to read his discourse. He is thick-set, round-headed, showing good living; just past middle age, a bachelor; the parish, he says, is his bride.

His delivery was swift, but distinct, graceful, with free gestures, his robes hanging lightly on him as he warmed in his subject. You want him to throw off his robes and stand free before you that his full figure may aid his words. His text was Matt. 10: 41. His argument opened quickly, being the idea that he who receives any one good or great receives in a measure the goodness or greatness of that one. God fills other lives through those he calls to prophethood. They are reservoirs to

transmit God to others. Hero-worship is valuable in this view, and it was a loss to the rising generation that America had no great men for the youth to take as a model.

His sermon, like Lorimer's, showed the hard student, wide reading, fond of beautiful rather than striking illustrations. Considered as a thing of rhetorical finish, this sermon was superior to the extempore one, but as a present moving power, inferior. It was not tame but prompting—eminently a pastoral sermon, such as one would expect from the author of the lectures before the Yale College Theological Class. Here, in pastoral preaching, is evidently Brooks' power, though his pulpit and platform work are of no mean order. The devotion he exhibits to his parish, and the money there is represented in his audience, can scarcely fail to make him a success. Parishes, whether Episcopal or other, need pastors. Many a man with only modern pulpit ability makes a great success in the ministry because he is a good pastor.

And so we went home, glad of a Sunday of rest, glad of a chance to listen to masters of their profession, to observe their ways, and study their sources of power.—*Western Advocate.*

THE YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME.

BY REV. GEORGE M. BOYNTON.

To make home pleasant for the young; to counteract the attractions of less worthy places—this is a problem over which parents and elders may wisely exercise their wits and patient art. How can it be done? Let us reason a little together.

The first period of life, childhood, is given up to play. No one denies the naturalness of play to little children, or its appropriateness to their time of life. They never learn half as fast again, or have so many new thoughts crowding into their little brains, as when they were doing nothing but amusing themselves, forming acquaintance with ten thousand things which they must know. Now the problem of life is to turn these energies (fostered by and exercised hitherto only in play) to useful work.

There is need of great care during this transition period. It is like breaking a colt to work. You must be very firm, but very gentle, very wise. A single mistake may ruin him for use forever. How to substitute work for play? That is the question. The change must not be too abrupt. It can only be gradually made—this substitution. It ought to be very gradual. It is just when the unaccustomed work begins to press, that the cry of youth for relaxation begins to be most loudly heard. It must be heard and attended to. Where shall this needed recreation be had? Somewhere, the colt, if good for anything, will roll and kick his heels. Shall it be in the safe level pasture, or will you drive him out for fear he will injure the smoothsword, to the steep hillside, or the stony road, or the old deserted quarry? These young people will play—make up your minds to that. They ought to. It is God's law of their life. Shall it be among the safeguards of home, or shall it be in the public ball-room, or the drinking saloon? It is for you to say—you parents, you older ones, you Christian homes. They will go, or want to go, where there are most attractions. And you can, most of you, make your homes so winning that they shall never want to go to less worthy places.

What shall you do? Show your sympathy first of all with their recreations and amusements. Hide your annoyance at the noise and confusion they bring in, rather than drive them out for fear of troubling you. You will get used to it. Open your doors to your children's friends; let them bring them freely to your homes. It is your very golden opportunity to see with whom they associate, to encourage good friendships, and to win from evil companions.

Spend your evenings in the pleasantest room in the house, cheerfully warmed and lighted. Why, the poorest dens of vice allure hundreds to ruin every year, simply because they are bright and warm. Don't expect your boy to keep out of them, if you offer him as his only alternative, a gloomy corner in a chilly room, and Fox's Book of Martyrs, seven evenings in the week.

Plan something for their diversion often and with ingenuity. Study their tastes, gratify and elevate them. Let them do almost anything which is not positively at home, rather than form the habit of taking their diversion, even though it be innocent, away from home. The company, the general tone, the atmosphere, the sense of an unseen restraint, is far more important than the special forms of diversion.

In a word, make home pleasant with little surprises, with inexpressive dainties, with great liberties, with wise and

reasonable limitations. Only provide for the recreation and entertainment of your household, and especially of the younger members of it. Keep these boys and girls at all hazards under your eye, within your sympathies, close to your eye, within your heart. If they prefer the street or the saloon, it will be because they find them pleasanter than home. It will be because the fathers and the mothers are too busy, or too selfish, or too blind to see the need of making home pleasant, and of providing, not simply a bed to sleep in, and food to eat, but entertainment for the active minds and recreation for the restless bodies of their sons and daughters.—*Christian Weekly.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. CATHERINE TUTTLE. A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT.

Catherine Tuttle, was an eminently virtuous woman—widely known throughout the county of Cumberland, and the adjoining county of Westmoreland, N. B. Her parents, whose name was Read, were among the Loyalists, who first settled in Tantramar, as early as the year 1783. Born three years after their arrival in this country, she had reached the advanced age of 92 years. She had seen our country in its infancy—a vast wilderness—without roads, bridges, school houses, educational institutions, or churches. She had literally grown up with its growth; and her character had unfolded, with a marked and beautiful symmetry, with the unfoldings of its civilization and its culture.

Early in life she was married to Mr. Joseph Thompson, an independent farmer of Tantramar, as upper Sackville was then called, by whom she had one son whose demise took place some years ago. Left a widow in comparatively early life, she married Mr. Tuttle, whose father had some years previously come to this country from Canada, on a surveying expedition—and in the interest of British colonization, we have been informed. Acting under the Government he had a large tract of land assigned to him at the head of Wallace Bay. Here he subsequently settled with a large family; and for many years fulfilled the offices of Local Magistrate and Surveyor.

After Mr. Tuttle had married Mrs. Thompson, he removed to Tantramar where he resided for some years. Before or subsequently to his father's death, he returned to Wallace, occupying as his share of the paternal estate, the homestead; and dying at an advanced age about forty years ago, leaving to his numerous descendants the heritage of an unblemished name and a Christian example.

Mrs. Tuttle had but one son by her second marriage—Mr. George Tuttle—with whom and his amiable wife, she lived in great retirement during the greater part of her widowed life. In the death of Mrs. Tuttle, the last link that connected us with our ancestors is severed. We only claim space Mr. Editor for a brief notice of her religious life, so far as its development is known to us, and her general appearance and habits, so far as I have been able to learn. She was early connected with the Methodist Church in Upper Sackville; being on intimate terms and enjoying church fellowship with the earliest Methodist preachers who came to the country. How many interesting incidents, connected with "the planting and training" of the Methodist Church in this county, might the historian of Methodism have learned at her feet. How much of interest, too, was she able to communicate, of the early growth of other churches? How neglectful is this generation, of treasuring up the wisdom of its ancestors? There is reason to believe that she retained her religious emotions—the beginning of her confidence to the end. One testimony given at a recent visit is precious. Speaking of the goodness of God to her, during all her long life, she remarked with much emotion, "O! He is so good; but I am an unworthy creature! Why can't I feel more of his goodness?"

A word about her appearance. Exceeding tall in person; yet well proportioned; and erect at 92 as when she stood a bride at the altar. Eminently matronly in her bearing; her countenance glowed with warmest sympathies of our nature; and her eye shone with more than ordinary intelligence—the most extensive and varied reading and long experience and observation. Enjoying ample means of support and freedom from earthly care she literally devoured books. What would life have been to her without books? For many years she moved and had her being in them. Altogether she was above ordinary women; and her life was full of suggestive wisdom. Never did a woman more fully "rule her own spirit."

This sketch would be imperfect without a reference to her character. Upright as the palmtree—her beautiful symbol; mild, gentle as the breath of morning, who ever saw her even ruffled? Who ever saw her speak invidiously with her lips? Who ever saw anything but sweetness and true

womanly dignity in her character and bearing? She might have ruled an empire with the dignity of an Elizabeth. My picture is not overdrawn. When I heard of her death, a great sorrow fell upon my heart. I grew up under the shadow of her sweet and precious life. I feel I shall live again under its sweeter influence and light, when that which is perfect shall have come.

It may be interesting to many friends to state farther that Mrs. Tuttle leaves one sister—the amiable Mrs. Dockrell—whose late husband was, till incapacitated by age and infirmity, a trustee and class-leader in the Methodist Church of St. John, N. B. Besides a large family, she has a son—the Rev. Charles Dockrell, in the Methodist ministry of New Brunswick. Another sister early married a Mr. Jeffery. But both are long since deceased. They have a daughter surviving, and a son, the Rev. William Jeffery who is a respectable clergyman of the Church of England, in the Parish of St. Mary's, Fredericton, N. B.

G. W. T.
River Philip, May 9, 1878.

LINA FISK.

Died at South Brookfield, Queens Co., N. S., on the 7th Feb., Lina Fisk. For several years her health—never robust, was extremely precarious. Early in the present year symptoms graver than usual appeared, and it was speedily apparent our young sister was not long for this world. Mercifully she was spared the necessity of having to seek to a change of heart upon a sick bed, where weariness and agonizing pains were her all but constant companions.

The varied refinements of manner, mind, and principle which elementally are formative of the truly filial character, were her's in no small degree, and that from early childhood. Yet her training and personal conceptions of religion prevented anything like substitution of exemplary outward deportment for inward and spiritual piety. Though always and naturally disposed to whatsoever things were pure, lovely and virtuous, a strictly religious profession seems only to have dated from the autumn of 1874. At that date a blessed revival was gladdening the hearts of God's people, and then Lina with several other members of the family united with the Methodist Church. This was under the pastorate of Rev. Caleb Parker.

Henceforth her path was that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day. The supporting power of Divine grace was beautifully conspicuous in her patient, cheerful demeanor during her last illness. These days were a fitting complement to her life of faith. Addressing kindly, comforting words to her sorrowing parents and sisters, and leaving tender messages of love for her absent brothers, her ransomed spirit returned to God who gave it, on the date above mentioned, and in her twenty-fourth year.

"Sister, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us is gain."

MR. NIMROD ROUTER.

Bro. Nimrod Router emigrated to this country from Cornwall, England, about sixty-five years ago. When, where, or under what special influences a change of heart was experienced we have not been able to ascertain. The probabilities are however that for a great part of a lengthened life his heritage was that of a child of grace. The mental, more than the physical decay of latter years, has largely prevented the gathering of many personal reminiscences which from a Methodist point of view, would doubtless have been of great interest to survivors.

A few weeks ago we saw and conversed with him for the last time. Though the mental faculties, weakened to the last degree, seemed only capable of dwelling on by-gone scenes, it was peculiarly interesting to note the kindling of the eyes, and an expression of sacred gladness settle on his countenance when mention was made of Christ's infinite love, or preserving and sustaining grace.

No special malady hastened his end. Nature's props were painlessly but gradually decaying, and "the weary wheels of life" stood still at last, on Tuesday afternoon, May 14th, 1878. His age cannot be accurately determined, but would probably approximate 95 or 100 years.

HAVELOCK BEALES.

Drowned accidentally on May 7th, at N Brookfield, Queens County, N. S., Havelock, youngest and beloved son of Mr. Isaac Beales, aged 20 years. In common with another family who lost their only son on the same sad occasion, brother and sister Beales have the unfeigned sympathy of the whole community.

MCA.

The churches of Columbus, Ohio, having proved too small to accommodate the crowds attending the preaching of Mr. E. P. Hammond, a tent large enough to hold 3000 persons has been set up.