

NAHUM 1. 7.

Good is the Lord! His goodness fills
All earth, and sky, and sea;
Good to the loftiest angel,
As good to me and thee.
Who dwell amid these lowly scenes;
Who scarcely know what goodness means.

Strong is the Lord! A stronghold He
When sorrow bows thee low;
When winds and waves are rude and fierce
Trust Him, nor let Him go.
O cold hand! tighten yet thy clasp,
He loves to feel thy clinging grasp.

God knoweth all! He knows who trust
His goodness and his power.
Thou mighty, good, all-knowing One
I trust Thee from this hour.
Through light or gloom; through weal or
woe,
I hold, and dare not let Thee go.

AGNES PARK.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Their peaceable, earnest benevolence, irrespective of creed or country, has taught the world a lesson; and they have sown seed, which, if not developed in the form of Quakerism, will bless mankind with a less trammelled and more vigorous Christianity. The "Friends" are emphatically the friends of the down-trodden African, wherever he was in slavery and chains; and if his fetters are now broken, and the dark sons of Ham are free, it is mainly owing to the undying exertions of the "Friends" on his behalf.

Perhaps no part of their customs is more calculated to impress a stranger than their mode of burying their dead. They have no written or printed form of words; no officiating minister or priest. At the entrance of the cemetery is placed a form or bench, on which are laid crossways three or four strong linen bands of pure whiteness, over these the coffin is laid, and by these the bearers carry it to the side of the open grave. Around the place of sepulture is a low, wide platform, on which the friends and relatives of the deceased stand: the body is lowered in silence, and in silence they look on all that can be seen of the dead. When Mrs. M., of Rochdale, was interred, that silence was broken by the clear but tremulous voice of her eldest daughter. Few persons then present will forget that impressive moment when she gave a testimony to the power of Divine grace in her dead mother's experience.—How it had found her and saved her; that in her last days her Saviour was very precious to her, and faith in Him soothed her passage to the grave; and over that grave gave her the victory. 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

"Strangers at the funeral expected that something would have been said about the many excellencies the dear departed one possessed, for she had been a friend to the poor, and many of them were there to pay their last sad tribute of respect to her memory; but there was no eulogium of the dead. With them 'Christ is all, and in all.'"

"Amongst the many mourners assembled in the 'Friends' burying ground on that day, was one whose feet stood on the very spot where her body was soon to be laid. She was the next that was to fall. Mrs. Y— was one of those unpretending, quiet creatures, that loved to do good by stealth, and was most beloved by those who knew her best. Often have I crossed her path, when on her errands of mercy, and often have the poor and needy, especially during the dreadful cotton famine of (1862-3) received from her, and other 'Friends' she interested on their behalf, sums of money to supply their needs; and when she came with her one, two or five pounds for the poor, how happy she seemed to be. When in the winter she could carry to any of them—and often in the night, for fear of being seen—some little nourishment for the sick, she seemed truly thankful that she could lessen human suffering; and on those visits of mercy it gave her an opportunity to talk to them of what, to her, was the truest source of all real comfort.

"I was one day walking in my garden, when an invalid lady, drawn on a Bath chair, stepped near where I stood: this invalid was my sick friend. She reached out her hand over the low rail fence; I took hold of it with feelings of sadness as I looked into her pale face. She saw I was surprised at her altered looks, and observed, 'Thou seemest much altered, John Ashworth; and I think thou seemest me on my last journey,

for my weakness is greater than I thought. I often think of thee and thy poor people at the Chapel for the Destitute, and the poor suffering creatures at the relief board. Thou sees I am sick, I have bread; and I have also the Bread that cometh down from heaven, which makes my sickness easy to bear. How well it is when the lamp is trimmed and we have oil in our vessels; then the Bridegroom will be welcomed.

"Yes, I replied, "and I do feel thankful to hear you speak with such confidence; the time for true testing seems with you near at hand."

"Yes it is; but I have no fear. Our Saviour will be with me in the valley. Then again giving me her clammy hand, she cheerfully said, 'Fare thee well John Ashworth.'

"It was a farewell, as far as regards this world, for it was, as she predicted her last journey. She lay down on her bed of sickness, and for several weeks passed through a very heavy affliction, but endured it with strong faith and patience.—*Life and Labours of John Ashworth.*

An old lady belonging to "one of the sects," on meeting the parish rector, said "Pray, Mr. Matthews, will you tell me what you Episcopalians mean by the 'apostolic succession?'" "Certainly, my dear madam," replied the rector, who was a little given to practical jokes. "You see my name is Matthews, I am descended from Matthew the publican." "Oh!" she answered; that is excellent; how about Mr. James?" "Why, don't you know—James the brother of John, son of Zebedee?" "Why, yes, certainly; but how about Bishop Green?" This puzzled our reverend friend for an instant. He soon brightened, and replied, "Why, Bishop Green derived the succession through his mother's family!"

PLAIN DEALING.

The late John Ashworth was a succorer of many among the poor, and he sometimes gave them advice that was worth more than money. A more generous hearted giver could rarely have been found, but he was not, therefore, to be imposed on.

A man once came to Mr. Ashworth as he stood on his doorstep, and pleaded, with a pitiable look, and in a whining tone, "Please, sir, will you relieve me?" Ashworth detected him at once, and asked the man to exchange places with him, and, imitating his gestures and tone, he stood before him, whining, "Please sir, will you relieve me?" "Please, sir, will you relieve me?" and said, "How do I look?"

The man coloured up, and would have made his escape, but Mr. Ashworth then spoke kindly to him, and told him that, if he had the spirit of a midge, a young man like him, with a good trade in his fingers (a cabinet-maker), would be ashamed to go about whining at people's doors in that way. He advised him to look into God's clear blue sky, shake himself, settle down, and be respectable; gave him a sixpence, and did not expect to see him again.

Some months after, the same man, but very different in appearance and manners, called at Broadfield to thank Mr. Ashworth, gave in a subscription towards the Chapel for the Destitute, and hoped he would serve all such in the same way he served him. The man said he was so vexed he could have thrown the sixpence in his face, but was made so ashamed of himself that he resolved to take his advice. He went to a neighboring town, got work; and now, he said, he had two suits of good clothes, and a few pounds in his pocket.—*Cottager and Artisan.*

THE USUAL PRAYER-MEETING NEXT WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

BY REV ISAAC CROOK.

Did you say it that way, brother pastor, in your announcement on Sunday? Better, if you had omitted to mention it, for that "as usual" came from a sorry sort of feeling in you, because the last was perhaps so dry and small, and long, long slow songs, and longer prayers. Likely the prayers have not yet arrived at their mark. And when you said "the usual prayer-meeting," it raised to the vision of some of the faithful ones a long spectral list of usual—very usual meetings, passed as one passes tombstones in the twilight; while to non-attendants there was likely a feeling of exemption, assuring them you only meant the announcement as a sort of fog-horn notice that you were not going to sink intentionally, but still did not expect them to come. The very spirit of the notice is a notice of your non-expectancy. Now the fact is you are troubled, and

so are the spiritually-minded of your flock, as to what to do for the prayer-meeting. It is, and has been for years, a small affair. Your theory is that it ought to be a large, delightful gathering, where "friend holds fellowship with friend, while glory crowns the mercy-seat." But how can you be glad when so many are away, and about whom the few present complain to the Lord either in word or thought. How can the prayers be short when there are so few to fill up a whole hour!

A few things are practicable which will tend to a cure. Let your faith and resolution turn your next announcement into a trumpet note summons rather than a subdued pipe note. It is well to announce often, but let there be frequent change in the method. Thrust it into your Scripture reading by way of comment; put it on your blackboard in the Sunday-school room, and let it stay a whole week; sometimes with the topic stated; sometimes ask the people to bring their Bibles, and give them, beforehand, the duty of selecting scriptures on a given subject, to be read at the meeting. Sometimes select one, two, or more persons to read and comment on a scripture selection, your own or theirs. Sometimes select a few scraps from our church papers, some of the best utterances, for example, of our editors or their correspondents, and either read them yourself, or get some young person or two, or more, who would otherwise be silent, to do the reading. This is a good way to give the monthly missionary prayer-meeting a send-off. Sometimes go to some of your silent members and tell them you must have their consent to call them out in prayer; and if they utterly refuse, then in remarks or for a reading.

More of them will consent than you now believe, and the frost-line giving way there, it will bring attractive warmth to the meeting. As to singing—don't sing too much, but have the hymns appreciated. Insist on it. Read it, expound it, and teach the people that it is even a more impressive form of worship than prayer itself. Sometimes sing two or three hymns in succession; but "with the spirit and the understanding also."

As to long prayers, this is an old, well-rooted evil, only occasionally growing out of devoutness, generally an exponent of spiritual death; the process of dry machinery working up a devotional feeling. You will need all your grace, all your skill, great love, and sometimes immense courage to break it up; but you have to do it, or it will keep your meeting dead. I suggest two devices: First, set a good example; second, often say "We will have two or three short prayers before we rise." Then call on your voluble brethren, and the lack of sea room will suggest a straight line to the harbor. The prayer-meeting has solved some practical difficulties concerning our "General Rules." I found it hard to "read once a quarter." It got so frequent I shut my ears, and the people, morally speaking, their eyes and ears too, while I rushed it through and we sighed a relief when the matter was over, and they went on to doubt especially the young folks, the "good" of those rules. Indeed many has been the struggle with the young people who have taken some of these rules and thrust them as bars to their own entry into the church.

Resolved to cure this I selected the rules as prayer-meeting topics—not telling any one of so formidable a purpose beforehand. I took a whole forenoon each week for hard, prayerful study, to select the scriptures on which the rule is based. I then went to prayer-meeting and put the people, young and old to reading, and talking and praying over these condensed statements of practical godliness.

I have had no trouble with any of those folks on the scripturalness or usefulness of our general rules. And how the prayer-meetings did flourish as we went on! We are now going in a similar manner through that grand epitome of doctrine under which we are all baptized—the "Apostles' Creed"—and find too much in any one clause for any given evening to exhaust. Of course, this requires study and management to keep it from chilling or stiffening the meeting. We do not spend so much time in praying, but often half the time or less. Even ten minu-

es in prayer based on the truth so portrayed does more to refresh and strengthen us than a whole hour of routine wordiness. So that in announcing the prayer-meeting on Sundays, it does not strike me as the key of a funeral notice, but the psalmist's language comes naturally: "I was glad when they said, Let us go up to the house of the Lord."

The *Guardian* of last week in its report of the closing exercises at Victoria College says:

The agent of the University, the Rev. J. H. Johnson, M. A., presented his annual report, which was highly satisfactory to the Board. The amount of cash collected was about \$7,700, and notes payable at the bank, obtained in settlement of subscriptions, \$3,500; in all, \$11,200,—to which may be added \$8,500 obtained in new subscriptions. All this during a year of unprecedented financial depression. It was ascertained that Mr. Johnson had raised by subscriptions for the Endowment Fund, during the four years of his agency, about \$54,000, and \$20,000 for Faraday Hall, making \$74,000 in all for the benefit of the College, and collected nearly \$32,000 in cash. He was unanimously reappointed agent by the Board.

A very pleasing incident occurred during this session of the Board. A deputation of two young gentlemen, students of the institution, from the Science Association of the University, were admitted, who laid before the Board a scheme just adopted by the Association, by which to raise amongst the Alumni the sum of \$10,000, the sum of \$100 to be subscribed by each of one hundred persons, payable in five installments of \$20 each, the money to be collected by a committee of the Association and paid to the Treasurer of the College for the purpose of properly furnishing Faraday Hall and supplying it with any necessary additional apparatus. This proposition, which was perfectly spontaneous on the part of the young gentlemen composing the Association, was received with enthusiasm by the Board, a resolution of thanks, proposed by Dr. Nelles, being seconded by the venerable Dr. Ryerson in an eloquent speech. A pleasing episode in the proceedings was a request from Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Brouse, M. P., of Prescott, to be enrolled amongst "the young men" as subscribers to the proposed fund.

From the list of degrees conferred we clip the following:

D.D.—(Hon.)—Elliott, Rev. Jas. (Kingston), Sanderson, Rev. G. R. (St. Catharines), Smith, Rev. Gervase (London, Eng), Ward, Rev. C. D. (London, Eng.).

OBITUARY.

STEPHEN MACK, ESQ.
Our departed friend was born in Mill Village, Sept. 21st, 1792. In early life he was upright, industrious, and sober, but does not appear to have been decided in religious matters, until he was upward of forty years old. At that time during a series of special services, the Holy Spirit which had often striven with him before, now so powerfully wrought on his heart, that he was brought under deep conviction and he was led earnestly to seek for mercy. But something appeared to stand between him and his Saviour, a dispute with a neighbour, had caused a bad feeling in his heart towards him, and he could not receive the blessing of pardon until that was removed. He therefore went into the woods to plead with God to take it away; after wrestling with God for some time he felt somewhat easier, but not being fully satisfied, he pleaded again three or four times, at length he felt it all gone; now his eye of faith could see Jesus, and instantly light broke in upon his soul, so bright that he said, he could not otherwise describe it, but as of a person coming from a dark room into the light of day, and that evening at a public meeting he rose to tell what God had done for his soul, and his first words were, "I know that my redeemer liveth." From that time, to the day of his death, he appears never to have lost the evidence of his acceptance with God. Mill Village at that time was only visited occasionally, by Methodist ministers from the Liverpool circuit; ultimately a class was formed here, and our departed friend and his venerable partner who still survives him, and was ever a true helpmeet, joined with him in class, and he has ever since been a steady, and constant member, and a liberal supporter of the cause of God. His house has ever been open to receive the ministers of Christ,

who were always welcome to the best he had.

His piety was evidently deep, though he did not often give utterance to his feelings yet at times after reading the experience of pious persons, he would say, "I know it all I have experienced it myself." He was regular in his attendance on the means of grace, until age and infirmity prevented; then he appeared cheerful and resigned to the will of God. His was indeed "a green old age," retaining its calmness and placidity to the last. The visits of his minister were always welcomed. He would often speak freely of the blessed hope he had of eternal life, and stated that he rested alone in the merits of his Saviour. Toward the close of his life he said little, but his few utterances were cheering. To the writer he said I have no fear of death, and to one of his daughters who asked him if he felt Jesus precious, he said he did. In this peaceful manner surrounded by his family and friends, he passed away to his eternal rest May 16th, 1877, in the 85th year of his age—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

June 8th, 1877. JOHN S. ADDY.

IN MEMORIAM.

The subject of this brief sketch, Mrs. Matilda Spencer, departed this life Jan. 9th, 1877, aged 43 years.

She was converted to God when 17 years of age, and from that period to the last, strove to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things, her ripeness of Christian experience, and devotion to the Master's service, early secured for her the post of class leader, which office she held with much acceptance for some years.

Her family were among the first sufferers from the outbreak of diphtheria, a beloved daughter of 17 was first laid low, and while attending on her child the mother caught the contagion, and in four short days, followed her to the grave, and, sad to relate, the father also has since, succumbed to the dread malady, thus leaving four orphan children to mourn their loss.

Though her last hours upon earth were of the most painful kind, she was upheld by "a strong consolation," having fled for refuge to the hope set before her in the one great Atonement. Almost her last words were, "all I want is Christ and Him crucified." Thus confident in God she calmly exchanged mortality for life eternal.

W. KENDALL.

Diphtheria has well nigh disappeared from this place; two mild cases only to date (May 21st). Forty-seven have died since Xmas, including about thirty day and Sabbath-school children. Many esteemed members of the Church have died, in one class four deaths are recorded. Some families have been fearfully invaded, one has lost five children, two others have lost four each, four others have lost three members each, including in one case both parents, many others have lost in some cases two, in others one.

Those brief statements will convey some idea of the amount of suffering in this place of about 800 souls during the past winter. But every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger could not depict it were he to try.

Were it not for the unfailing Word of God, despair would sit on many a soul; but with it there is yet a gleam of hope, a voice is heard through the thick darkness, exclaiming "I am the resurrection and the life." This voice like music has entered into the inner ear, and calmed the troubled spirit, so that now those who wept weep no more, as of oldtime, but wait with chastened expectancy, the grand reunions of the resurrection morning.

W. K.

SISTER ANNA GIFFIN

was the daughter of Jasper and Elizabeth Harding, and was born at Port Le Bear in 1802; at the age of 18 she was converted to God under the ministry of the Rev. Sampson Burnybee, and cast in her lot with "the people called Methodists," and from that time to the day of her death it has been said of her, she was forbearing, persevering, faithful; her life was a complete sacrifice, it was her chief joy to do good either to the bodies or the souls of all with whom she came in contact.

For the last eight years of her life her presence could only gladden her own home, owing to an attack of paralysis which obliged her to desist from more extensive usefulness.

My personal acquaintance with her was very slight; this I regret, for from what I have learned from those who were best acquainted with her, her society was to be appreciated as that of one whose presence gladdened the hearts of all she met.

After a very painful affliction she departed this life in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life," at Louis Head on the 19th March, in the 75 year of her natural and the 57th of her spiritual life.

WM. ANLEY.

Lockport, N. S.