Number 4

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

PASSED ON BEFORE. (IN MEMORY OF MISS MARY ALLISON.)

We had only just caught the last echoing chimes of merry bells ushering in the New Year, 1871, when our hearts were suddenly chilled through with the sad news of the death in our very cradles, and through the happy years of childhood and youth we had passed hand in hand-for our paths lay side by side. But suddenly across hers, which, so full of and weakness, asking often in her heart, though brightens only the path of those who love seldom with her voice, if life were so soon to God. be given up. An anxious, devoted mother at once took her away from her native Province, say with us, of our beloved oneacross the great ocean to the genial air of a foreign clime, where, by the blessing of a kind Providence, she was much benefitted, and returned to her loved home, in a little less than a year, overjoyed at having been brought safely back to emphatically "the dearest spot on earth" to her. During the many dark, weary hours allotted to her in these absent months, she was comforted and cheered by the loving presence of a loving Saviour. We regret exceedingly that a package of her highly prized letters has been lost, so that we cannot make exact extracts; but we remember, with great tive health and strength.

For two and a half years she was allowed to length, dwell with her where linger within the quiet but lovely precincts of her native village, endearing herself more than ever, if that were possible, to those who had always loved her, and had watched with deepest interest, the constant evidences, from her earliest girlhood days, of a rare mind, coupled with a correspondingly loveable disposition and

usual power of expression, made her always a reader, are you a child of God? Then death respected? No criminal would be so foolish to delightful companion. As health seemed to be should have for you no fears. "The sting of urge it. But men of intelligence rely upon the returning to her more fully than she had even death is sin." A son of God, a brother of same as between themselves and God. dared hope for, she seemed inspired with a Jesus Christ, there can no evil overtake you in strong desire to do well her life-work. In

one of the last letters she ever wrote she says: "When we were in Mentone, and good Dr. Bennett tohl me to go among the hills and dream, I used to enjoy many delicious hours, heaven. He has impoverished earth, but to the memory of which is very spicy, but I left all those times when I recrossed the wide and kindred are "over the tide." To stay here is stormy ocean, and now, for the most part with to be away from the hosts of a great family. me. 'Life is real-life is earnest '"

above, she was again laid low, and for more distant place, home does not stay behind with than three months her delicate frame was rack- one or two remaining children. Home goes ed by intense suffering and fever, while help- where father, mother, and the family circle go less friends in agonizing suspense-some near Home, to you, brother, is not here, but you at hand, but others far away-vainly waited to der, beneath the cloudless, shining skies of see what human skill could do to relieve her, as heaven, where dwell the Father, the adorable her system was shaken by five or six relentless Saviour, and the mighty hosts of the children. diseases, which followed each other in quick Death, then, should be your triumph. It is succession. Meantime, her soul was peace- only the end of your exile, the signal to join fully "lying right in Jesus' arms," and, finally, the family circle. Then shrink not back at "perfect though suffering," she enters the sight of the stream! Its waters wet the shore wide-open golden gates into the city. And, of heaven. Millions of your brethren, trailing though our human nature is overwhelmed with light from their victorious feet, have left a grief and loss, yet our eye of Faith will peer luminous path across their shallow bed. Live within the closing portals, to see the glorified in Christ. Live joyfully in Christ with death tude and praise. saint she was wont to call by the sacred name in view, and when it comesof Father, as He, joyous, leads her up to Him who had loved them and washed them in His own most precious blood, and who had redeemed them for ever and ever.

"Gone home! gone home! the door through Closed with a jar, and left us here alone.

We stand without, in tears, forlorn and banished, Longing to follow where one loved has gone.

"Oh! human-hearted Saviour! Give us a balm to sooth our ach ng woe; And, if I hou wilt in tender, pitying favor,

Hasten the time when we may rise and go."

Just twelve years from her last Sabbath o earth, she bowed for the first time at the table of the Lord and received, with a child's simple faith, the emblems of His dving love. Scarce. ly two months previous her home had been made desolate indeed by the sudden removal of her beloved father to the mansions of the blest; and one, who was with the crushed widow and orphaned child in the trying hours that followed, mentions a touching incident of her struggle with and victory over temptation. For a long time she would lie completely overcome with sorrow and rebellious feelings; then countenance and a tone of triumph in her voice, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, would exclaim, "But mamma, God is love." Again and again was the same expression repeated when circumstances occurred to

are not only very many, both her equals and our sermons. It lifts man above himself; our her seniors in age, in each Province of Canada, best of uttered prayers are in its storied speech,

supplied, from her loving, Heavenly Father, Men rest on this their dearest hopes. of one of our life-companions. We had been alone, and to other dear friends, who will long miss her gentle companionship. Our deepest sympathy is theirs, and we look for some way I heard the pastor preaching; God is love; in which to prove how our hearts sorrow with My heart was bleeding, and uprose in doubt, them; but only the Divine Comforter with His Nor could I work the dark enigma out, infinite wisdom and unbounded love can speak Of grief below the stars, and grace above; promise, had seemed to stretch forward into a to them at such a time as this. May He cause Wherefore at night along a neighboring ground to them at such a time as this. bright, beautiful future among loved ones here, to them at such a time as this. Bray the cause the way, which to our human eye seems so I walked, and kneeling on the fragrant sod, a dark shadow tell, even that of the ravager, dark and dreary, appear to their spiritual Lifted my heart and eyes and voice to God—

We miss thee here, yet Faith would rather Know thou art with thy Heaven'y Father. Shall I then ask thee back, my own Back—and leave thy Spirit's brightness? Back -and leave thy robes of whiteness Back—and leave thine angel mould ?
Back—and leave those streets of gold? Back-and leave the Lamb who feeds thee Back-from founts \$> which He leads thee Back-and leave thy Heavenly Father Back-to earth and sin? Nay, rather I would not ask thee if I could But, patient wait the high decree That calls my Spirit home to thee

To us all, who knew and loved her satisfaction, one note in particular, written panions, class-mates, friends-she says, " Meet when she feared she might not see her native me beyond the river." And oh! if we ever, land again, in which she spoke with that assur- for a moment, are inclined to turn aside from Thy bruised heart may rise in prayer and ance of a heavenly homes which only the true the path of life, to mingle in the world's vain Christian ever possesses. But she recovered noise and show, may we see her beckoning Under His chastening thou hast sought His beyond her fears, and we were privileged to hand, may we hear her gentle voice calling us welcome her again to these shores, in compara- to leave these things and to press perseveringly forward in the narrow way, that we may, at

'Time and distance ne'er shall sever The friends made one in Christ forever, And crowned with everlasting joy."

DEATH.

The saint of God must die. The family is In our last few weeks of privileged daily in- below. Death still divides states of being. heaven is always recruited trom the family tercourse with her, we were permitted to have He may rejoice in the renewing grace of God a deeper insight into her inner life than ever he may walk in closest fellowship with the Highbefore, and, as all would expect who saw her est, and yet if he looks for the heavenly coast, outer life, only the purest and most elevating he will see between him and the home of his images of virtue and fidelity found places in the joys the dark and sullen waters of this Jordan. whether physical, mental, or moral, were duly begin. Death must come, but it will mark the or twice, and have respected the rights of my perfection of life. To the saint it must be the fellow-men thousands of times, and I certainly propriating faith, claiming the Comforter as all the universe in all the future.

Multitudes of our brethren, at the Father's word, have moved from this island of probation in the sea of time, to the main land of enrich "a better country." The most of our To die, will be to go home. When the fathe Only a few days after she had penned the and mother and elder children move to some

"Struggle through thy latest passion To thy great Redeemer's breast; To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.
For the joy He sets before thee Bear a momentary pain; Die to live a life of glory;

Suffer, with thy Lord to reign Are you, dear reader, impenitent before God? Our aching, bleeding hearts desire to know Be entreated for your soul's sake. Fly to more of the glory which is being revealed to Christ to be delivered from the bondage and guilt of your sins. Believe on Him who died for your redemption, and you shall be victorious in life, and, victorious in death, have an abundant entrance to an eternal home. - Zion's

THE BIBLE.

Sometimes a skeptic has to confess in spite of himself the truth and beauty of the word he ordinarily denies. Mr. Parker has said some of the worst words against the Bible ever written. Here are those of a contrary sort :-

The Bible is read of a Sunday in all the thirty thousand pulpits of our land. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up week by week. The sun never sets on its she would start up, with a flicker of light in her gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the seas without it-no ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets, mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The affi-In these intervening years she has brightened anced maiden prays God in Scripture for every circle in which she has moved. In her strength in her new duties; men are married student life she greatly delighted her teachers by Scripture. The Bible attends them in their and awakened in many an indolent class-mate, at sickness : when the fever of the world is on them, least, a momentary desire to be diligent, by her the aching head finds a softer pillow if its leaves fluent recitation, her eloquent translation, and, lie underneath. The mariner escaping from especially, her easy, beautiful style of compo-shipwreck clutches this first of his treasures, sition. As a graduate of the "Mount Allison and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the Ladies' Academy," and also of the "Wesleyan peddler in his crowded pack, cheers him at Female College," (of Hamilton, Ont.,) she eventide when he sits down dusty and fatigued, was both a credit and an ornament to the insti- and brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born, gives But in the private and social relations of life, names to half Christendom, rejoices with us more than any where else, did the beauty of has sympathy with our mourning, tempers our her character shine forth, and we know there grief to finer issues. It is the better part of

but some also in the United States, as well as wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs pray- mouth, and private letters to my friends, care- consciousness, I do not know. I must wait till called a horseblock, on many a one of which

We believe those most sorely bereaved will And lo, a sound of wings-I bowed in fear: Then some one litted up my fainting head, And in a low, melodious music said,

"O thou of doubtful heart, what brings thee here?" And I made answer: "Can he hold me dear Whose bitter rod yet goads me to despair?"

'God chasteneth thee in love," he said-"look And all the wood was luminous far and near.

With that he raised the golden mace he bore And smote a flower that blossomed at my feet Its gushing fragrance filled the whole retreat, And rose to heaven from every rifted pore; · So, God smites thee," he said, "that more and more.

Look up, O heart of little faith, adore!"

There at he vanished, but the wood was bright With splendor, and strange sweetness in the

And as I prayed, the syllables of prayer Trembled to praise and accents of delight; For still I heard along his upward flight, His smiting here but driveth thee above;" So let Him smite," I answered, "He is

And lo, the east was all aflame with light. NELSON STUTSON.

AN UNAVALING PLEA.

But obedience can never cancel disobedience. We have only done our duty when we obev in every act. If we fail in one act, obedience ever after will not change the fact nor obliterate the guilt. That sin will stand forever changed never be made anything else than a sin.

REFLECTING.

Look back, O my soul, upon the year now past! Of the mercies God has bestowed, how He stood forth as my Saviour, all radiant

made in the Book to be opened by and by.

remembering that thou art akin to all who call perhensible, necessary and universal. The last preaching round these parts, there were a num-

were well that thou shouldst review the past love had the three first named characteristics, truth, I was equally ignorant on the subject. and take thought for thy soul's health in the future. So shall it be well with thee when the contrary of which was as unthinkable as the an- asked Barbara, smiling at Alec's innocence. Master calleth for thee. Blessed is he who. when his Lord cometh, shall be found diligent culiarity remained more than forty days, after I have, and I have heard granpa say how the n business, fervent in spirit, going about doing which I had hours in which I could conceive bulls used to toss little dogs up in the air, and good, and waiting patiently for the end .- N. the contrary of the proposition, "Christ loves how"-

From Zion's Herald. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Our readers will take great pleasure in readin great power. People flock from all sides o hear him, and so glorious results attend hi word. The light of the glory of God shines upon him. We have heard of other like expeiences of late. The baptism of power is rearning upon the clergy and the churches. Let come. Nothing settles the whole controversy about sanctification so completely as the outpouring of the Spirit. That brings all who experience it into the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. May all the ministry and membership be thus endowed with power

of a friend only, and since another editor in of- vate. At the time of writing, seven weeks from gentry used to ride herseback, an' their, ladies ering his candlestick, has afflicted a Western the first manifestation. the ecstasy had subsidollege president with the suggestion that said ed into a delicious and unruffled peace, rising called a pillion, an' in every market-place vellous works of the Lord. I have hitherto longer accuse myself of unbelief the root of all been content with a daily confession with the sin. What may be in me, below the gaze of ladies used to mount their horses. This was corder.

across the water in England and France, who ed. The timid man, about awakening from this fully refraining from any appearances of seek oc asion shall put me to the test. It would not Wesley used to preach. will truly mourn when they hear of the death dream of life, looks through the glass of Scrip- ing to be lionized in the public prints. Bu my be wise for me to assert that all sinful anger— Alec having expressed himself satisfied with of this dear young friend. We trust that all ture, and his eye grows bright; he does not fear friends urge me to run this risk for the strength- there is a righteous anger-is taken away till I the explanation, Barbara resumed. among them, who prevail in prayer, will ear- to stand alone, to tread the way, unknown and ening of my brethren in this age, when a subtle have passed through a college rebellion, or "Well, as I was saying, Wesley mounted nestly implore that comfort, such as no earthly distant, to take the Death Angel by the hand skepticism respecting Christian experience is something equally provoking. If sin consists the horseblock on Tipton-green, and began to friend can by any possibility impart, may be and bid farewell to wife, and babes, and home. poisoning and paralyzing myriads of professed only in active energies, I am not conscious of preach to the ranting, roaring crowd o' revelfollowers of Christ. At my conversion thirty such dwelling within me. If sin consists in a lers. He told them o' the sin o' cruelty, an' Lord has done for his soul, or what he knows

" Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears. A howling wilderness.'

But an evangelist with moderate pulpit talent, professors and to bring sinners to the foot of nestly the same great gift, but could not exer- of fire flame upon their heads. cise faith till I had made a public confession of my sin in preaching self more than Christ, and in being satisfied with the applause of the Church above the approval of her divine Head. immediately began to feel a strange freedom daily increasing, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to seek old Bible yours must be." the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for ages-"He shall abide with you forever," I took the promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you."

poral blessings, not because I did not believe in it ever so long ago." them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in Upon the promise I ventured with an act of aphours I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley's hymn-

" Jesus Thine all victorious love.

Shed in my heart abroad." I then ran over in my mind the great facts i Christ's life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary, His ascension, priesthood, and all atoning sacrifice. Suddenly, I became a blot, a shame upon the soul, and shut it out conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself of heaven, unless washed away by the blood of upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations Christ. A sin can never be recalled, never be though not of a nervous temperament in good health, alone and calm, were like those of elecand its guilt must stand so long as the sin tric shocks passing through my bosom with slight but painless shocks, melting my hard exists. Our Creator and Redeemer alone has the power to relieve us from this guilt, and does t only on condition of repentance and faith. dropped all earthly good, reputation, property, friends, family, everything in the twinkling of an eye. My soul crying out-

" None but Christ to me be given, None but Christ in earth or heaven."

great is the sum! They are more than can be His loveliness, "the chief among ten thousand. numbered. They are not to be reckoned in Yet there was no phantasm or image or uttered gold for value. It is He who has lengthened word, apprehended by my intellect. The afout thy days and crowned them all with His fections were the sphere of this wonderful phegoodness. His favors have been every me- nomenon, best described as "the love of God man," ment renewed, and have called for hourly grati- shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost.' It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the loadthe days of the year gone by. And few of them ward into the sky. O how vivid and real was more. canst thou remember compared with the record all this to me. 1 was more certain that Christ faithful and true to those near thee; to par- prehended Christ. My college class were just talking to herself rather than to us, she told then discussing the subject of the intuitive cog- us how she came to possess the only treasure -restraining impatience and anger and petul- nitions. I began to apply Sir Wm. Hamilton's that she prized on earth. ance: ministering to the needs of every one- tests of these, viz., that they are simple, incomadjective, of course, could not apply to the in- ber o' wicked men called bullots, and-Thou wilt read these lines near the close of tuitive belief of one individual. But my con- "Barbara," interrupted little Alec, "what one year and the beginning of another, and it sciousness testified that my certainty of Christ's do you mean by bullots?" And, to tell the that it was to me even a necessary truth, the nihilation of space. The last remarkable peme." On such occasions my firm conviction of His love was not an intuition, but an inference him, "a bullot was a man who used to take trom my past experience together with the ab- care of the bulls, and tie them to the stake to sence of any feeling of condemnation. I no be baited. My poor father was a bullot longer doubt Wesley's doctrine of the direct once." witness of the Spirit, as distinct from the testing this letter of Bro. Steele's. His preaching many of my spirit discerning the fruits of the of such a hero of the olden times, but he kept Spirit and interring His presence and work. 1 silence. cannot to this day read the promises without "Barbara continued: "On a certain wake

feeling a sudden but delightful shock of an in- time in Tipton, when the bulls were bellowing, to express a manifestation of Christ which did speak." not formulate itself in words, but in the mighty. overwhelming pulsations of love. The joy for terrupted little Alec, whose interest in the weeks was unspeakable. The impulse was irre- story was fast increasing. and set upon your tall candlestick my farthing sistible to speak of it to everybody, saint or sincandle, designed to shed a ray upon the heart ner, Protestant or Papist, in public or in pri- I was young, and there were no railroads, the legacy to me."

of my justification was impressed so slightly such a state, from the absence of sinful ener- phemy, an' how God was agree wi' the wicked done, how can a revival of religion be expect that the word Abba, my Father, was scarcely gies flowing therefrom and more especially every day. At this the crowd began to bawl ed, when men and women in churches who prolegible. Yet in answer to a mother's prayers, from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. I and blaspheme afresh, an' when the few pious in my infancy, consecrating with conscious ac- have had no other direct witness than that at- folk near the horseblock started a tune, the parents, children and neighbours perishing; ceptance, her son to the Christian ministry, I testing Christ's love to me. My personal rest began to mock in chorus:was called to preach, but called with a "woe friends do not need to be informed that the docunto me," instead of an "annointing with the trine of entire sanctification as a speciality has oil of gladness." I will not dwell upon the not been my hobby, but rather my abhorrence until they drowned the voices of the psalmunpleasant theme of a ministry almost fruitless in consequence of the imperfect manner in which singers, while one of the boldest of the misconsumption, and for months she lived in pain vision to be all-glorious with the light which creams began to pelt Mr. Wesley with stones a mistaken idea for church members to think the Holy One. My great error was in depend- if there is anyting in this experience confirm- an' mud. My poor father was one of the lead- that it they give some of their means which ing on the truth alone to break stony hearts. atory of that doctrine as a distinct work, coners of the mob, an'he was a party to a conthey can spare, without hurting them, for

> but extraordinary power to awaken slumbering baptism of the Holy Spirit. This is certainly very common sport among the wicked crew. the cross, came across my path. I sought to ism thus anointed in the pulpit and pew would tack when the mob had got fully incensed find the hidings of his power, and discovered be the mightiest Christian power in our coun- against the good servant of the Lord. It needthat it was the fullness of the Holy Spirit enjoy. try and in the world. O that every minister ed but the lifting of a finger to turn a host of ed as an abiding blessing, styled by him "Rest and layman would inquire the way to the upper hell-hounds on the leader of that godly band. in Jesus." I was convicted. I sought ear- room in Jerusalem, and there abide till tongt es but, to everybody's wonder, my father made everybody began praying for the whole world.

> > DANIEL STEELE. Lima, Jan. 2nd, 1871.

> > > BARBARA'S LEGACY.

"Barbara," said little Alec, "what a very

"Yes, Alec, its an old Bible sure enow." ejoined Barbara, as she sat wiping her spec- same time." tacles; "but pray what put such an idea into your little head ?"

"Why," answered Alec, glancing as he

once famous castle. The cottage had a cle

'Aye, aye, little Alec," rejoined the old how I got it, and why I treasure it, wauld be a long tale to tell."

"O do tell it, Barbara," pleaded little Alec, and I, who had come to glean from the old woman some grains of Methodist lore, supported the plea, and secretly drew out my pocket-book to chronicle the wished-

tioned to me to pass her the old Bible. Turning to the fly-leaf, she sat looking at the

As Barbara sat looking at it, a flood of

"O do, please, tell us the story, Barbara."

"In the days when Mr. Wesley come a-

"You've heard o' bull-baiting, I reckon? ful. Wicked men, who but an hour before were "O yes, Barbara," rejoined Alec, "indeed

"Well then," resumed Barbara, stopping Alec looked half reverently at the daughter

visible power sweetly applying them to my and the bears were growling, and the cocks heart. Thus much I think is due to those who were crowing, and crowds of wicked men and at midnight.' would study this manifestation of the Spirit wicked women were swarming like bees on from the stand point of theology and mental Tipton-green, Mr. Wesley, attended by three said. philosophy, a point of view I myself have often or four pious Methodists from Wednesbury, wished that remarkable experiences could be marched right through the crowd to the horseseen from. But language is wholly inadequate block, on which he stood up and began to away, and they were set free. Then Mr. Wes-

"What is a horseblock, Barbara?" again in

years ago, through weakness of faith, the seal state, as some assert, I infer that I am not in the sin o' drunkenness, an' the sin o' blas- of the great salvation. Where this is no

The Holy Spirit, though formally acknowledged and invoked, was practically ignored. My my testimony is something like that of Saul of Wesley more roughly yet. On the borders of the Gospel, that they do all that is required. personal experience during much of this time Tarsus to the truth of Christianity. If I have the Green, nigh where you see those great an- Those who act in this way might as well keep any advice to give to Methodists, it is to cease chor works, (the old lady pointed as she spoke to discuss the subtleties and endless questions to the giant forges of Pershouse Parkes.) there to draw to Christ, they, by their coldness, arising from entire sanctification or Christian was in those days a horsepond, in which it had perfection, and all cry mightily to God for the been arranged to 'duck the parson,' then a promised to all believers in Jesus. Method- My poor father was to give the signal for atno sign. Standing by the horseblock, he had About the second week, the prayers began to

> heart like steel, an' he stood trembling for very " A good sort of cowardice, that," I re-

marked. "You're right there, Sir, resumed Barbara "but he had a worse sort o' cowardice at the

"What was that?" I inquired. "Why, Sir, he was afraid to show the white feather before his evil comrades, and for a

spoke at the well-worn volume on the window- while the struggle within him was so fierce that sill, "it looks so brown and faded outside, and it seemed uncertain which way he would turn at The "verily" had to me all the strength of an the leaves are all so yellow, and—and I've last. But after a little while a mad-brained oath. Out of the "whatsoever" I took all temhesitating, gave the signal, and the furious mob We were seated-Barbara, Alec, and I-in was all aroused to action. It was now or never the old woman's cottage, on the outskirts of with poor father. For a moment he looked or the promise, not to exclude others, but to be what is still called, by a strange misnomer, the mob as it drew nearer, and then, to the sure that I included myself. Then writing un- Tipton-green, and through the little diamond wonder of everybody, he jumped on the horsederneath these words, "to-day is the day of panes of the window we could see the wood-block, and, standing in front of Mr. Wesley, he Suppose a criminal indicted for theft should offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer the salvation of salvation of salvation." I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws of salvation," I found that my faith had three offer this plea is the salvation of salvation o and pleasant look about it, but its scanty fur- on the first man who dared to draw nigh. through Ormesby the thought came into my nishing told that Barbara was poor. And Bar- The mob was taken aback at this, and as for mind, "What are you doing for the missioncrowning victory of his pilgrimage. Dear ought to be acquitted." Would the plea be my right in the name of Jesus. For several her station, she never paraded her poverty. you dare, shouted my father, but the first as do?" Then my thoughts went home to look A happy face, though age had wrinkled it, was lays a finger on this honest man shall feel the over what I might devote to the good work; Barbara's, and not the wealthy iron lord whose weight o' my bullot-stick'-and he flourished it and then it came before my mind to give some equipage made a clatter in the street during right well. For you know, lads, he went on, of the beans. In this way arose the idea of our quiet talk, had, on the whole, a happier life 'it's agin our rules to strike a man until we selecting a half pint and sending them to the than this good Methodist woman of threescore hear what he's got to say for himself.' At this many o' my father's friends, drunk as some of them were, set up a cheer, an' even Hosev oman after a pause, "it's an old Bible, as shouted, 'Well, comrade, that sounds like John you say, and Mr. Wesley's name is in it, but Bull. an' I'm willin for one to hear what the gen'leman's got to say.' At this Mr. Wesley stepped forward on the horseblock, an' spoke to them in such a sweet an' gentle voice that some of their hard hearts were quite melted, an' as for my father, the tears began to trickle down his dear honest face. But Hosey was inmoved, an' he kept nudging his followers an' saying ' Now, lads, don't take on like children,' glancing as he spoke to my father and others who were moved by the tender, touching words of the great evangelist. Hosey saw that his faded yellow autograph for some time in chance was fast going, an' he prepared to silence. The inscription was written in a bold, make a dash. My father was quite as deterplain hand: "John Wesley, 1767. He deli- mined to defend Mr. Wesley. Then the trial vereth me from mine enemies; yea, thou lift- of strength began. Hosey and his followers, est me up above those that rise up against armed wi mud, stones, dead cats, rotten eggs, me; thou hast delivered me from the violent an' the like, made a rush forward. My father put his strong arm in Wesley's and led him through the surging multitude. He, too, had olden memories seemed to stream upon her, brave followers and defenders. The fight was Thy sins! How many and how great are stone of my soul, was so strong that it would and I know not how long the pause might short but fierce, Hosey and my father being they! Sins of thought, of word, of deed! how be drawn out of my body and through the colthey come back on the heart as thou dost recall lege window by which I was sitting, and upin his childish impatience, pleaded once ed Mr. Wesley to my father's house but by the time he reached it his silver wig was torn away, and his coat was covered with dirt and eggloved me than I was of the existence of the so- Then the old woman's wandering thoughts stains from collar to flap. But for the brave Hast thou been kind, and gentle, and loving, lid earth and the shining sun. I intuitively apcame back again, and in a low voice, as it arms of my father's courades he would have had some broken bones, no doubt. The mob then surrounded the house, smashed in the window panes, and even tried to strip the roof, which hey would have done, but that one of their leaders fell from a top window-sill, and burt dia, and now convener of the Board of Missions himself badly. Meanwhile Mr. Wesley and his of the Free Church of Scotland, and Rev. Pro-

> Vile and full of sin I am. Thou art full of truth and grace. Nor did he leave that little homestead until he sang, as heartily and as earnestly as the best subject of missions and mission agencies in Syamong them, the hymn only written, as Mr. ria. Rev Dr. Hogg, of the UnitedPresbyteri-Wesley said a month before (I think it came

from Germany). which began-Give to the winds thy fears Hope and be dismayed.

which hymn they sang, as Paul and Silas sang,

the dawning that the crowd of warders went ev made good his escape to Birmingham, but not until he had given this old Bible as a memorial of his deliverance. My father gave it me, as he lay upon his dying pillow. It was his

Barbara paused, overcome by the exertion of rode behind them on a kind of double-saddle her narrative, and little Alec and I crossing her withered hand with silver coins, quitted her mall taper came from his mould, I think it best into ecstasy only in acts of especial devotion. I there was a block of wood about a yard high clean though humble fireside, not a little thankover my own signature to show forth the mar- find no fear of man nor of death. I can no and three or four yards square. Steps led up tul that we had been privileged to listen to the

HINDRANCES TO REVIVALS

A writer in the Canadian Baptist gives ex pression to the following thoughts, which are worthy of earnest consideration;

" He is not a christian at all who cannot some way tell a friend or neighbour what the fess to love Christ can see wives, husbands, and yet, though living under the same root and on the most friendly terms, never speak a word to them about their souls. How can people expect sinners to value that which they, their own friends, do not seem to value? It is worldliness, and indifference, are driving them back. In this way they paralyze the efforts of the pulpit and strengthen the natural prejudice of the ungodly against divine things, and yet wonder how it is they have no revival in the Churche

An English paper says that when the daily noon prayer meeting was started in London, heard a word or two of truth that pierced his be limited, in the main, to Europe; the third week, in England; the fourth, in London; fear, and he felt too great a coward to do the and about the fifth week, the burden of prayer began to be, "O, Lord! have mercy on me: break up the fallow ground of my soul; give me a broken heart."-And then, and not till then, God's Spirit came down upon the meetings in power

A HALF PINT OF BEANS "-QUEER WAY OF RAISING MISSIONARY

At a recent Primitive Methodist missionary nniversary held at Catfield, in the Great Yarmouth Circuit, England, the sum of £81 was reported by a layman (Mr. J. Riches), who tated that the whole of it was the product of half a pint" of beans. Mentioning the ames of twelve others who had assisted him

in growing the beans, he told his story thus: "Three years ago, while driving to meet Rev. F. Goodall, who was coming to attend meeting with a request in a note which was attached to them for some two persons to grow them in succession for three years, and give the entire proceeds to the Missionary Society. The beans were equally divided. I offered to take half. That half was planted with the following result: I had 256 to plant the first year, they produced 11 pints. The 11 pints produced 9 bushels 1 1-2 peck. This year, 9 bushels 111-2 peck produced 69 coombs, 2 1-2 pecks, to which have to be added about 5 coombs, making the entire produce in three years 74 coombs; and I have the great pleasure of presenting £81 14s. 9d. (over \$400) to the mission fund for Africa as the fruits of the halt pint of beans.

MISSION FIELD.

All the earth shall be filled with the g'ory of the AN INTERESTING LETTER .- The Syrian Mission has been honoured recently with many distinguished visitors. Rev. Dr. Jessup, writing from Beyrout to a friend in New York,

" Dr. Bannister and his companion, the beloved and lamented Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Church, whom the Lord called so suddenly to the heavenly Canaan just as he was about embarking from the earthly," were among the distinguished persons who had recently visited him. The letter published in the Evangelist closes thus ;-

"The last visitors to Syria, to whom I shall allude before closing this eminently personal letter are Rev. Dr. Duff, Missionary from Inbrave defenders were on their knees in prayer. fessor Lumsden. They came to examine into The good man prayed for his enemies and per- the propriety of sending out from Scotland a secutors, asking God to bless them and to Free Church minister to take the entire charge change their hearts. The scene was wonder- of the common schools, known as the Sulleebey Schools, or Lebanon Schools, and until now un full of the revelries of wake-time, became peni- der the charge of a voluntary special Committent seekers for mercy, and my father was tee in Scotland. They have travelled over among the number. The burden of his song our whole missionary field from Tyre to Tripoli via Damascus, and through Mount Lebanon. Yesterday all the members of our Mission and the Professors of the college assembled at their request to confer with them on the whole an Mission in Egypt, and the Rev. J. Robert son, of the Jewish Mission of the Kirk of Scotland to Beyrout, were also present. We had two sessions of about three hours each. The Conference was full, free and fraternal. Nothing was kept back, the most entire harmony "And they, too, were in a prison house," I prevailed. One of the results of the Conference was the unanimous approval by the Syria Mission of the sending out of such an ordained Free Church minister to superintend these schools and a Normal Training School, leaving founding of churches to the native Syrian Evangelical Church already existing. Our Scotch brethren also expressed a deep interest in the college, and favored the idea of a Pro-"Why," explained the old woman, "when only legacy, he said, but it has been a precious fessorship of the English Language and Literature in the Syrian Protestant College, to be endowed and manned from Great Britain.

LIFE LESSONS .- We should let God turn over the leaves in the book of life, and be content to read what is written thereon. It is enough to know that we have a Father who will watch and protect us unto the end.