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## REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED ENGLISH VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

The authorized version of the English Bible is very dear to the great mass of English-speaking Christians, the wide world over. It could not well be otherwise. For through the medium of that Book they have learned the secret of the Lord. In the pages of that Book they have studied their lofty lineage and their glorious destiny. By the teaching of that Book they have been made wise unto salvation. It has been a lamp of guidance to them in the depths of the dark night, and a chart of safety to them on the passion-veiled sea. By the light of that Book they have visited the manger, the mount, and the garden, the cross and the sepulchre, and afar off in His beauty have seen the King, in whose favour is life, and around whose Throne cluster the joyful multitudes of the redeemed whom no man can number. In the hours of sadness and agony, they have pressed the consolations of that Book to their heart, and in the time of gladness they have breathed its songs from their lips. It is associated in their memory with every holy and tender recollection of childhood, and with many touching scenes of the death-chamber from which loved ones have passed away. It is full of God, full of Jesus, full of hope and heaven. It could not but be dear to those who know its value, and have felt its power.

The authorized English Bible, as one of the noblest classics of the English tongue, is precious in the sight of English-speaking men of accurate literary judgment. Its simple phrases enchain the attention. Its simple pathos subdues the heart. Its glowing imagery fires the imagination. Its sublimity lifts the soul with awe. Its clear nervous, ringing, masculine Saxon style is worthy the highest admiration of men of fine literary taste. The service it has rendered the English-speaking people in preserving their language from extreme degeneracy is incalculably great. By some of the ablest literary critics it is confidently affirmed to be the most nervous and grand, if not the most literal of all versions of the Holy Scriptures. But the best of all is God has been with it, and it has, in His hand, been the means of saving millions of the English-speaking race.

Nevertheless, for a long time past it has been the opinion of learned men on both sides of the Atlantic that the authorized English version of the Holy Scriptures needs revision. The discovery and collation of ancient manuscripts of the Greek text of the New Testament; the great progress made in modern days in the art of Biblical criticism; the amazing development in recent times of the natural sciences; and the comparatively accurate and minute acquaintance with the topography and natural history of the lands of the Bible now possessed by Biblical scholars, combine to render it possible to produce in some particulars a more accurate version of the Bible in the English tongue than could reasonably have been expected at the hands of British divines in the days of James the First.

Besides, it is affirmed that in process of time certain words occurring in the common English version of the Bible have changed their meaning, and therefore to the ordinary reader they no longer suggest the thoughts they were intended to convey. Some words, too, found in the common version which were current in the every-day speech of the English people in King James's time, have now passed out of use, and it is thought that in this epistemic age some less literal renderings than are presented in the authorized English version might, in certain instances, be judiciously made. For these reasons, and some others, many Biblical scholars have desired to see the authorized version carefully revised by the best Christian scholarship of the day.

John Wesley and Adam Clarke were among those who long years ago desired to see such a revision undertaken by competent persons under proper authority. Quite a number of learned men have by their own work in translating portions of the Bible anew into the English tongue contributed to the task which they longed to see accurately completed. We need scarcely, in this connection, refer to Mr. Wesley's annotated edition of the New Testament. Nor is it requisite that we should allude particularly to certain recent Bible revision movements in the United States. It will be enough to say that from toward the close of the last century to the present moment this question of the desirability of a revised version of the common English Bible has been almost continuously canvassed by the ablest Biblical scholars of the time. But the prominence recently given to this question in the Convocation of Canterbury, both in the House of Bishops and in the Lower House, indicates that the time is approaching when the subject will be taken up in good earnest. The question has also been lately mooted in the Convocation of the province of York. But although that Convocation did not see its way clear to take steps at the moment to aid in the task of completely re-casting the text of the authorized English version of the Holy Scriptures, it is tolerably plain that the movement has taken a large stride forward.

When the time arrives for definite action on this long-aggitated question, it is probable that great care will be taken to have the matter dealt with in the most judicious and conscientious manner. Some plan will be adopted, doubtless, to bring together for the performance of the work the very best Biblical scholars of the entire English-speaking race, belonging to the various branches of the great Protestant body. Every step taken will be the subject of anxious deliberation. The matter will not be undertaken hastily, nor executed hastily, but with due consideration of the unpeakably great importance of the work to be done.

Many good men will, no doubt, be distressed at the idea of a revision of that old familiar Bible. It is, perhaps, natural that it should be so. It was so, without question, with many excellent persons when King James's divines began their work of revision. Lord Shaftesbury is greatly alarmed on the subject now, as the readers of the *Wesleyan* were last week informed by its English correspondent. Earl Shaftesbury is an excellent man, and an honour to the British aristocracy; but it strikes us that

perhaps he is not a very competent judge of the question which he expresses himself so strongly. At all events, we believe that the Christian scholarship of our day is as conscientious and trustworthy as the Christian scholarship of King James's day. We also believe that Christianity has nothing to lose from having its sacred writings translated into the English tongue as faithfully and spiritedly as it can possibly be done from age to age.

J. R. N.

## THE FLIGHT TO TARSUS.

In the *College Covenant* of last week we saw a young man, "a lay sermon," addressed to clergy, who upon the slight hold which their sacred office seems to have upon a class of them, Professor Kellogg, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. While he pays a deserved tribute to the "self-denying men who, away from towns and railroads, in bleak backwoods and mountain parishes, are lovingly caring for the scattered and uncultured flocks, preaching every day of the six a more telling sermon than they utter on the seventh, and keeping body and soul in tolerable fellowship on \$400 a year, plus or minus the donation visit," and who cannot be drawn from their work by any worldly inducement or driven away by physical sufferings, he visits his indignant rebukes upon the men of middle age, of good ability and culture, who are restless, self-seeking, dissatisfied, and ever upon the watch for a "decent opportunity to abandon their calling." He represents them, with some grim humor and more sad truth, as "lying in ambush for a vacant chair in a college, ready to be waited on by the committee of some flourishing academy or young ladies' seminary, or as sweeping the horizon for a break in some official berth in a missionary society."

He might have referred to the even more reprehensible and growing custom of an exchange of the pulpit for purely secular positions—the Agencies of Insurance Companies, Patents, and Railroads—political offices—and even general business. The sanctity of the holy calling, and the respect in which it has heretofore been held in the community, have been seriously affected by the presence of strong-bodied clergymen with unusually clear brains, and an agreeable address, in halls of legislation and in houses of merchandise. The effect of this fact also upon young men whose hearts are drawn toward the ministry can hardly be peculiarly unfavorable. There are exceptional cases, undoubtedly, where the providence of God evidently indicates, for the time, the duty of the minister to enter upon a secular office, and leaves no doubt in the minds of Christian people that the Holy Ghost has said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." But as the general rule, neither the convictions of the Church, nor the results of the changes from the administration of "the word of God to serve tables," justifies the retreat from the ministry. With the multitudes of this class, to be found in all conspicuous positions, we wonder not that thoughtful and somewhat interested laymen are ready to cry out, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan."

A little professional jealousy crops out, perhaps, in the elaborate argument upon which the writer of the article referred to above enters to show that the previous training of a clergyman peculiarly unfits him for the office of a teacher. The memory, however, of Arnold of Rugby, of Temple, a successor in the same great English school just now raised to a bishopric amid the regrets of affecting demonstrations of his pupils, and of the great company of reverend schoolmasters in Great Britain and in this country, whose fame as educators has even shadowed their reputation as ministers, evidently brings our earnest Professor out a little upon his mettle, and forces from him the declaration that an array of renowned names of this class would not silence him, as no one could pretend to tell how their eminent fitness for the calling of instructors is due to their training for the ministry, or how much of it has been attained in spite of it. Of this, one may be well assured, that a pecuniary reason simply (as the occupants of the highest chairs in our academic institutions are now paid) cannot draw a successful pastor from his pulpit, the warm sympathies of a loving people, and the blessed work of preaching Christ, to the somewhat secluded and confined circles of a college faculty.

But ministers, it is not to be denied, do somewhat eagerly seek these positions, and other places outside of the purely evangelical work. Why is this? In our Church, without doubt, the itinerancy exposes a somewhat sensitive and studious man to the constant temptation of looking for some respite from the biennial or triennial change, and the renewed effort to adjust himself to the conflicting tempers of a new body of official men. Particularly in these days, when demonstrations of a *person* ministry are so common, and more uncomfortable than that of one subject to the elastic provision of an established itinerancy. With all the disadvantages which have been brought, largely by the ministers themselves, into our system, but not necessarily incident to its wise administration, even a modest and sensitive man will find that he has rushed from known and endurable troubles to unfamiliar and keener ones, in leaving the pulpit, unbidden by the divine Voice, for any semi-secular office in the gift of the Church or the world. It was better to preach the word of God, lonely and friendless, in the great and wicked city of Nineveh, less in the great and wicked city of London, than to be tumbled into the belly of a whale. Taking and to repent in the belly of a whale. Taking the severest view of ministerial sacrifices, with all its present and eternal compensations, there is no position to which the Master calls men so

much to be coveted. Instead of turning aside, fretted and discouraged by the temporary torments that are not foreign to any station in our probationary life, and crying out with uplifted hands, "I pray these have me excused," a young man may humbly but joyfully respond, "As he proceeds, the very energy of his aims is inspiring. The clearest atmosphere of the higher region breaks the sinews of the soul, cleanses the notes from his spiritual eye, and flashes his heart with a keener joy. He is stronger now and in a healthier frame that he has exercised his nobler faculties and risen to loftier seats of vision and desire."

It is here above the world that the riches of the heavenly grace are more fully revealed. Flooding in the confined air of the manufactory or the counting room, shut in by the dingy city habitations, a man can realize little of the freshness and beauty that lie on the glorious works of God. Glimmers of the green fields, the sweet sky, and the clear waters may, indeed, come to him in memory; and his thought may wander beyond the murky atmosphere in which he dwells, to the golden landscapes that stretch amid the distant hills. Yet, it he would taste the inspiration of the scene, he must go up where his eye can command the prospect that is revealed afar. So respecting spiritual things and the spiritual world. Pressed by the cares of business, and confined to a close intercourse with what is simply material, the Christian, though doubtless conscious of the fullness of his Father's house, does not get the inspiration that comes from ravishing sights of the divine glory and the abundant provisions of the gospel.

He must get apart now and then to commune with himself and with his Lord. He must scale the mountain in holy aspirations that lift the soul to the apprehension and converse with love that redoubles and purifies and saves. Here, held to the heart of Him who is his life, how his inner eye opens to sights that refresh and comfort him! how the glorious truths of "Jesus and the resurrection" shine all around the glowing heavens! what an effulgence lies on the destiny of the soul as the face of the Crucified shines upon it! and what possibilities of attainment, beautiful joy giving, rise afar in the delighted vision! Yes, reach for earnest prayer these mounts of precious communion and discovery, and you are more and more amazed at the sublime spectacle of Calvary, you are touched into a deeper contrition, are more and more enamored of the beauty of the King and of the life that is hid in him. Then the forbidden world is not only assumed its proper place in your regard, but the promised world widens and glows in the embrace of a horizon whose light is the smile of God. The heart learns the mystery of trial, is fortified to endure patiently, discovers the deepest malignity of sin, tastes the savor of Christ's indescribable sweetness, and comprehends the meaning of life as it is spheres in the awful splendors of eternity.—*Independent.*

## ALWAYS BEGGING.

A poor boy stood, day after day, at a certain corner of the street and held his thin hand for the alms of the passers-by. His pitiful face and shivering, half-clad form appealed more loudly than any words he could utter to the sympathies of the benevolent. Many were touched by his distress, and gladly gave a trifle to relieve his want. But one lady who passed the boy each day, grew annoyed at his persistence in keeping to his post; so she said one morning, sharply:

"Every morning when I pass this way you never fail to ask me for a penny," adding a severe rebuke for his importunity.

The boy turned his thin, pinched face towards her, and answered in a tone which only faintly knew:

"Every time you pass by you give me no penny."

The charitable had not relished his begging. It was left for one who never relieved his necessities to complain of his importunity. Do we not find it much the same in the church? The grumblers over the frequent collections are those who drop only pennies into the plate. Those noble rich men who gladly lay down their thousands at the Lord's feet do not form when the home mission cause comes round again, or peevishly say it is "always 'give give,'" when the Bible agency steps in. The poor widows who work the hardest to board their misters for the blessed cause of Jesus, rejoice when the glad day comes that they may cast in their little offerings. It truly seems to be the height of ill nature to complain of the frequent calls made upon our benevolence when it is so entirely a voluntary matter. It is certainly not more disgraceful to pass by an opportunity to give than to get angry and complain at the application. Such persons have much the spirit of the dog in the manger. Not content with declining to give themselves, they would prevent all others from having the opportunity.

## PAUL THE APOSTLE.

He went forth like an old athlete to the great race-course for glory, and for a while calmly watching the guided runners, he counted the cost and the toil. And then did this poor world do its best to beguile him from the narrow way. Pleasure smiled on him in her wondrous beauty, and whispered her incantation. And honour waved an enchanted wand, and to his right eye rose an enchanted perspective of earthly splendour. And riches and power, and lusts of the flesh, and the pride of life, wrought upon his heart with spells almost omnipotent. Yes; and then in the contrast, such labour and sacrifice and suffering, even unto death, were to be endured for the Master. And the narrow way up to the skies looked so cold, and thorny, and desolate, that it may be, for a little moment, the heart of the persecutor faltered ere he tightened the girdle of his garment and sprang toward the goal. But it was only for a moment. Right out of the blue heavens as they bent over the far heights of the course, flashing to the eye of faith the light from the towers of the City of Holiness, and down from their shining spires stole the voices so sweet of that "cloud of witnesses." And it was enough. As cords from the limbs of the roused Samson, the poor entanglements of earth fell from his spirit. Away! away! he

is bounding! Make way for him, ye weaker runners. A giant hath sprung to the race, and is pressing towards glory. And will he falter now on the course? Can the world tempt him to falter? Gold, pleasure, honour—can they hinder his swift feet? Paul pause—can he falter? With heaven opening on his full soul, and death and hell following hard after, and the cloud witnesses surrounding, and the ground under his feet sounding hollow, and stupendous visions of eternal gloom and eternal glory breaking round him, will he pause for mortal toys?

Ah, no, no! As well tempt an angel from its throne with a babe's pail playing. "This one thing only would he do."

And methought I saw him at last as the race was ended and the crown was won. Like the angel standing in the sun, he stood colossal in outline at the radiant goal. There was a halo round his head, and uncreated glories fell on him as a garment. Then there seemed a flash as of gates of pearl moving to soft music, and the outburst of seraphic voices in joyous welcome. And, alas for me! I felt home-ache for glory as I saw him no more. His race for glory ended. *His one thing done.*

## PARSONAGE AND PULPIT.

The calamity which I stand in dread of, and which is, next to the withdrawal of the Divine blessing, the greatest a church can suffer, is that the rising talent, genius and energy of our country may leave the ministry of the Gospel for other professions. "A scandalous scandalous ministry," Matthew Henry says, "makes a scandalous truth." "The poverty of the parsonage will develop itself into the poverty of the pulpit." I have no doubt about it. Granted poverty, to which some ministers are doomed, it is one of the greatest evils under the sun. To place a man in circumstances where he is expected to be generous and hospitable, to open his hand as wide as his heart to the poor, to give his family a good education, to bring them up in what is called genteel life, and to deny him the means of doing so, is enough, but for the hope of heaven, to embitter his existence.

In the dread of this, in many daily ministrations—meeting, perhaps, some old acquaintance who he dare not ask to his table, lest his more prudent wife should frown upon his extravagance—in harassing fears of what will become of his wife and children when his head lies in the grave, a man of cultivated mind and delicate sensibilities has trials to bear more painful than the privations of the poor.

It is a bitter cup, and my heart bleeds for brethren who have never told their sorrows, and are still there, for that that gnaw at their vitals.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

## "ONLY THE CHISELLING."

A Christian mother lay dying. Beside her a loving daughter stood, smoothing from the death-damp brow the matted hair. Prolonged suffering had made deep lines on her once beautiful face, but still there rested on those features a calm, peaceful expression, which nothing but a hope in Jesus could give. Tears fell upon the pallid face, from eyes that were closely watching the "changing of the countenance." Conscious of the agony that caused them to fall, the mother, looking heavenward, whispered, "Patience, darling, it is only the chiselling." Reader, the Master Sculptor "seeth not as man seeth." There are many deformities that must needs be chiselled off before thou canst find a place in the gallery on high.

## THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

From an appeal just issued on behalf of the Primitive Methodist Theological Institute, Sunderland, we gather that the Institute is free of debt, and that half of its annual expenses are met by the fees of the students. Last year twenty young men were trained; this year, the first half twenty-four; and the second twenty-one. If room and funds were forthcoming, several more would enter. But to meet present expenses, £200 per annum are required, besides what the students pay. "The constant aim of the Institute is to make the young men thorough-going Primitive Methodist preachers. Hence, they are required to visit in turns, in different parts of the town and neighborhood, to preach before the Principal and family and their fellow-students, and to supply appointments in various places, as opportunity serves. One or two places they have to work entirely, and their labors have been signally owned of the Lord. Those who have gone to stations send cheering accounts of their success in the soul-saving work."

## REV. WM. MORLEY PUNSON.

This distinguished minister visited St. Louis last week, preached once and delivered his famous lecture, "Daniel in Babylon." His greatness is unquestionable, and those who make remarks derogatory to such a character and fame only expose their own weakness. Mr. Punson is a man of fine physical proportions, eminently English in his form and manners. He is an honest man, having moral convictions of his own, which control all his actions. He speaks from the heart and makes the impression always that his object is to do the hearer good. He has a fine voice, full, rounded, flexible, and under thorough control. He has cultivated his voice until his mastery over it is complete, and he uses all his great power with good judgment. He has strong common sense, and does not shock one's sense of propriety by grotesque gestures, absurd positions and vulgar performances in the pulpit or on the platform. He has noble intellectual endowment which enable him to put in logical forms the grandest thoughts and then to set them forth in language of great simplicity and force. He has cultivated his mind until it is stored with the grandest ideas and grasps easily and dissects speedily the most abstruse truths. He has so assiduously cultivated his imagination, taste, memory and judgment that he is able to give the highest finish to his discourses. His sentences are marvellous for beauty, correctness and force. We have heard him several times, and have

never heard a faulty sentence from his lips. The highest advantages and the most earnest and persevering application are necessary to the attainment of so great excellence. In the perfection of his diction he was very much resembled Dr. Post of this city, whose use of language is marvellous. We do not know of any orator in America who so uniformly speaks as well as Mr. Punson, unless it be Charles Sumner. Nearly all of our ministers and other professional men have contracted bad habits in early youth which subsequent education and effort have failed to remove. We have heard but few men who in the course of a speech an hour, would not blunder some. Punson does not make mistakes. His efforts may be tedious, but they are nevertheless exceedingly fine in diction, spirit and force.

The lesson that we may learn from his example is that constant, persevering study, with the very highest models before us, may lead us to excellences we have not yet attained. We hope none of us are too old to learn. Another thing we may learn, and that is, that men of high moral convictions impress others more than mere actors. We like proper attitudes, gestures and words, but these without heart and little good. Punson is a true, noble, eloquent minister of the Lord Jesus. He left on the minds of the people here a hallowed impression, and is followed by the good wishes of the many hundreds who heard him.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

## ENTHUSIASM FOR JESUS.

It is related that during the terrible battle of Mission Ridge a delegate of the Christian Commission met four soldiers bearing from the field a wounded colour-sergeant. Approaching the sufferer, he enquired, "Where were you hit, my boy?" "Near the top, six inches up." "The reply, 'No, no, sergeant, I mean where were you wounded?' 'Not more than twenty rods from the summit, almost to the top.' 'Think of yourself, now, sergeant,' replied the delegate, 'just think of yourself, and tell me where the shell struck you?' and as he spoke he turned down the blanket thrown over the wounded man and exposed his shoulder, which he had almost reached. Even so may we be inspired. Let us forget all else but the fight, the flag, the victory. Let alone sin and Satan; the blood-stained banner of the Cross; the victory over death and hell; these shall absorb our every thought and purpose.

Finally, let everything be for Jesus; may all our plans, all our preparations, all our labours centre in him. Ralph Walls, at a late session of his Grace Mission Sunday-school, had on his black board these words:

"See that Jesus gets it all."

What did they mean? Little Emma, a child of the mission, brought into the school four years before, from a low dance house, lay dying. Her parents were very poor. Left alone with her grandmother, she said to her, "Granny, you bring me my purse?"—a gift from the school at the last Christmas anniversary. The little purse was brought to her, when, counting out therefrom forty-eight cents, she said, "Granny, this is my money that I have saved for Jesus to give to the mission school; dear Granny, see that Jesus gets it all!"

And now, regarding the good things which we have gained by our attendance here, let us see what we did each other farewell and go hence to our fields of duty, bear in mind this injunction, and see that "Jesus gets it all."—*D. A. Barr.*

One Sunday afternoon, a lad, so lazy in his motions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation were coming out, said to the first man he met: "What is it done?" "No," said the man, "it's all said, but I think it will be a long time before it will be done."

## Obituary.

MR. SAMUEL JORDAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Jordan family has been long and favorably known to the Methodists of St. John. Its older members have, however, been recently passing rapidly away from our midst. The last who was summoned home was whose name appears at the head of this article. Several months have elapsed since that event; and though a variety of circumstances has prevented an earlier notice, yet the writer feels that it is a sacred duty to place on record, even now, some particulars of the triumph of Divine grace in our departed brother's experience.

While very young he was inclined to attend the worship of God among the Wesleyan Methodists, and there received such impressions as were of the highest value to him during his entire subsequent life. It was not till he arrived at man's estate, however, that with true penitence of soul he yielded a perfect submission to the obedience of faith. Being constitutionally diffident, and fearing that his experience was not sufficiently joyous to be a benefit to others, he some time afterwards withdrew from the fellowship of the class-meeting, and so continued for a number of years. This was deeply to be regretted, and in the concluding years of his life he did so regret it himself. In that means of grace he latterly found great comfort, and the very counsel, encouragement, and strength for which in solitude he had previously pined.

But though not so happy or useful as some others he might have been, Mr. Jordan was, through all those years, a God-fearing man. Amidst much and varied trial, he "endured as seeing Him that is invisible." The principles of his life were those of the Divine law. He loved the habitation of God's house; and sought that, in all his dealings with the world, integrity and uprightness might preserve him.

And though he loathed whatever was time-serving, dishonest and profane, he was pre-eminently considerate and kind to all around him.

His family circle was large, but for several years he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing every member of it united to Christ and to His people. To him this was a source of the greatest comfort. His home hours were the rest and the reward to which he was accustomed to look forward in the battle of life; and he sought no greater joy than that of increasing the happiness of his own loved and loving household.

His last illness was but of short duration, and came upon him with great suddenness. Seized during the night, he scarcely hoped to see the morning. But the peace of God kept his mind and heart continually: He rallied, and for a few days it seemed as if recovery would take place. Then, in a moment, paralysis supervened, and the "strong man bowed himself." For a few days longer he lingered, scarcely able to articulate at any time, and for the most part unconscious of all that was passing around him. He could occasionally, however, be roused, and for this purpose nothing was so potent as the voice of Christian sympathy. Whenever he became conscious he gave the clearest, strongest testimony of his faith in the Redeemer, and his joy in God; and long after the lips were powerless to convey their expressions of confidence, the trembling but increasing grasp of the hand proclaimed a hard-fought but victorious conflict—that even far Christ was precious and all was right! On the morning of Tuesday, 21st September, 1869, he entered into rest, having sojourned on this earth a little more than the allotted three score years and ten. C. S.

## THE LATE REV. P. MOWAN.

Many will regard the announcement of this minister's death with feelings of deep sorrow. This is not the time, nor is mine the pen, to sketch a career or eulogize the character of this man of God, who has lately entered into rest. I only wish to speak of the last few months of a singularly active and successful ministry. After his retirement from the full time of a Methodist preacher, Mr. Mowan settled in the King-street Circuit Bristol. His coming amongst us was warmly welcomed by our quarterly meeting, and many hoped that though they would no longer be able to see the burning flame of youthful years, they might be cheered by the steady brightness of a Christian's old age. But from the first it was plain that his work was done. He had desired, with his wife, now well stricken in years, to have enjoyed the friendship of former days, and in the seclusion and beauty of the neighborhood to have found a quiet resting place before they entered the land that was far off. Providence ordered otherwise. The shadows of coming trials fell thick on the path. No public acts of service could be undertaken by our friend, who would often say to me, "How I wish I could preach again, and help you in your work." Still, he did what he could. He visited the sick. He took a keen interest in the families of our people. He loved to hear and to talk of the work of God. His wife's death was a severe loss, and even the eyes of affection could not be blind to the fact that the separation could not be long. His resignation and submission under the severe disappointment, by which all his plans for spending a few years in calm retreat were broken up, were most touching. A youthful affection, which age could not chill, ran through all his words concerning his wife; and on all his thoughts fell the light of another world than this. He loved to see the friends of his youth, and to be reminded of the work that the end drew near. It was my privilege to see much of him through this season. All was profoundly tranquil. Several times he said, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." "I am on the Rock," "Christ is all the world to me," he would repeat. "How simple is the way of salvation! I never saw more than I do now." One Sunday evening I told him I was going to preach. He called me back to his bedside for his disease was then cruelly laying him low, and pressing himself, he said, "My dear young friend, exalt Christ, exalt Christ. This is the ministry that converts sinners and glorifies God. Hold up Christ. I shall never do it again, but exalt Him while you can." One morning he said, "All my sins came back last night to my mind—things I had long forgotten, boyish peccadilloes—little things, hardly sin. I did not think I could have remembered them." But I said, "You felt that the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed you from all sin." "Yes, yes; if it were not for that I should be lost, but I am on the Rock." His complaint rendered him comparatively careless as to outward things, and he bewailed that he was unable to repeat verses of hymns and Scripture; what he did say, was, therefore, doubly valuable. "I have been thinking," he said once, in a tone that declared he was now thinking aloud, "what a blessing it is that my life has not been mis-spent. I might have improved it more, but it was in the Master's service that I spent the greater part of it. It is not that I profane His goodness? May I not say that the confidence in the ministry is a token of His gracious approval of me? I am His servant. What a blessing!" At another time, when he had long lain quiet, he said, "I am praying, praying, and meditating." I will not draw out at greater length what my own impressions of that death are. I knew that a single-minded minister of Christ was going to his reward. One or two things I must say. Once he said, when a Christian friend came to see him, "Is that you? I am gushing into life." On the night on which he died he said earnestly, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." This he repeated three times, and then said, "He will," and then emphatically, "He is come." He said, a little after, "Precious Saviour, rest us." Thus he passed to the beatific vision, leaving us to comfort ourselves with the passage chosen by himself to accompany each memorial of his death as it falls into the hands of his friends. "Then also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Bristol, Feb. 16. F. E. T. —*Methodist Recorder.*