

ly ignorant and fearfully wicked. The sound of the church-going bell was never heard in that God-forsaken place, in which were two public taverns and three private grogeries. Instead of Sabbath prayer and song, the drunkard's oath and revelry and blasphemy of rude children broke on the ear of the missionary. His heart sank within him. On enquiry he is informed that he must hold his services in the schule house, a distance of half a mile. Leaving his now wearied horse in charge of the tavern keeper, he wends his way thither, plashing knee deep into mud, and stumbling through the darkness in the mud, and once rolling over.

The place for evening service is reached, a rude log school house, excessively dirty and dingy, and dimly lighted with one dip candle stuck in a box of sand to keep it upright. The congregation, consisting of thirty or forty persons, scarcely distinguishable through the faint light, joined in the service heartily. And the poor missionary, from the associations of time, place, and weather, spoke feelingly and appropriately, at least to himself, from the text, "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind."

The Sabbath day's task is done—the wearied, jaded missionary goes back to the tavern, where a wretched bed of stale straw has been prepared. He retires to rest wearied, but the peace of God which passeth all understanding is diffused through his heart and mind, he sinks into a sweet, refreshing slumber, and pleasant dreams flit round him in sleeping vision of Him whom he had often found as an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as the

shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Oh ye inhabitants of the gay, luxurious and wealthy cities, ye richly appointed stewards of the earthly treasures of God, will ye not, from your fulness and plenty, give liberally to lighten and lessen the labors—increase the comfort and diminish the sorrows of the hard working servants of Christ in the Backwoods of Canada.

Remember the poor missionary of the "BACKWOODS."

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CHURCH PARTIES.—A man who is repairing the "towering topmost height" of the English Cathedral was interrogated as to his party, when he looked down with surprise at the questioner, and answered: "I belong, sir, to the *evangelical high church*,—same as the Bishop; could'n't think of anything *lower* at present." Just then the Editor of the *Church of Old England* came away!

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The moral theories of Thales (who was born 639 B. C.), however inadequately argued upon, were noble and exalting. He contended for the providence of a God, as well as for the immortality of man. He asserted vice to be the most hateful, virtue the most profitable of all things. He waged war on that vulgar tenacity of life which is the enemy of all that is most spiritual and most enterprising in our natures, and maintained that between life and death there is no difference—the fitting deduction from a belief in the continuous existence of the soul. His especial maxim was the celebrated precept, "know thyself."