

plastic minds which will be a crown of rejoicing to you when the present state of human affairs forever cease.

You have given evidence during the current week where your treasures are. At the commencement of this Convention you did not forsake your post because the prospects appeared gloomy. But, like men who understand their profession, you went to work, knowing that success depended on your own efforts. And with some of the good people of this village, who, on all occasions, manifest a philanthropic spirit, you have succeeded in keeping up the credit and interest of our Convention. You have manifested that disinterested, self-denying spirit throughout the whole proceedings which characterize you every day. You have allowed no pleasure parties, no regatta, no picnic amusements to draw you from a place like this.

We are happy to congratulate the lecturers on the success they have had in that capacity. We have been surprised at the facility with which many of you can explain subjects, and are proud to find we have those amongst us as teachers, whose influence, example and talents are worthy of our fine country, worthy of our children, and worthy of the highest confidence and respect from parents, guardians and trustees.

### DOING GOOD.

That doing good should be the great object of our lives, all, I trust, will be willing to admit, but many I fear have yet to learn its true philosophy. A life of practical goodness alone will demonstrate it; and those who live for self only, if such there be, have yet to learn the advantages accruing from such a life. The Philanthropist, who bends the noblest energies of his soul in seeking out the sorrowed and oppressed of earth—who strives to alleviate sorrow, by pouring in the balm of consolation upon the heart, or by supplying the demands of suffering humanity—feels a satisfaction within, a consciousness that he has fulfilled in part the object of his creation. The Christian who spends a life of self-denial—who labors to secure the happiness of perishing souls, by leading them to the river of eternal life, whose streams make glad the city of our God, knows "that with such sacrifices God is well pleased." The poor widow, as she casts her last mite into the treasury of the Lord, feels of a truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive. So we see that doing good is not only attended with unalloyed pleasure to us, but it is carrying out, in part, the great principles taught us by our Savior, who went about continually doing good.

There are many ways by which good may be accomplished. It may not be

necessary to sacrifice our possessions, our enjoyment, or our lives; but by gentle words and little acts of kindness we may disseminate an influence the most salutary—we may throw a talisman around the hearts of some who could not be met under other circumstances, however auspicious their character. To accomplish this, our lives must be circumspect, our characters unblemished, and our hearts adorned with love and purity. Changed, indeed, would be the aspect of the earth if all hearts were engaged in such an enterprise—how conducive it would be to our present enjoyment, and the endless felicity of the world to come.

### FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom or put to death by the sword, at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Phillip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body by a lance, near Malabar, in the East Indies.

It is not plainer preaching, certainly, it is not a clearer Bible you need; but it is a clearer eyesight, a power of sharper discernment, and a more perspicuous insight into yourself. This "opening of your eyes," this exaltation of your faculties, God alone can give.

The gospel drops nothing but marrow and fatness, love and sweetness, and therefore God looks in these days that men should grow up to a greater height of holiness, heavenliness and spirituality than what they attained to in those dark days wherein the sun shone but dimly.

### LITTLE AND PRECIOUS.

Everything is beautiful when it is little. Except souls; little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of.—Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest to hear, and little charities fly furthest, and stay the longest on the wing. Little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dew.

Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said *veni, vidi, vici*—I came—saw—conquered—but dispatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little that they love best upon earth. We once heard a good sort of man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed two hundred and ten; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what *could* she be but little?

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, because Nature deals in littles almost altogether. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all; day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars. *Multum in parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember longest.—*Chicago Journal*.

A humble soul can never be good enough; it can never pray enough, or hear enough, or mourn enough, or believe enough, or love enough, or fear enough, or joy enough, or repent enough, or loathe sin enough, or be humble enough.

Full vessels will bear many a knock, many a stroke, and yet make no noise; so Christians, who are full of Christ and full of the spirit, will bear many a blow, many a stroke, without murmuring.