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Religious Miscellany.

Christ, our All in All.

I need no other plea
With which to approach my God,
Than his own mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed.
A father's love, a father's care,
Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest
Than one High Priest above;
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew his love.
Through that my faith shall never fail,
Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High Priest is ever near,
On him I cast my care.
To him, him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

I need no works, by me
Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea,
The bliss of heaven to share.
Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place.

I need no prayers to saints,
Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines;
Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,
Yet still, sore burdened, pines.
Christ's service yields my soul delight;
Easy his yoke, his burden light.

I need no other book
To guide my steps to heaven
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given;
And this, when he illumes our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no holy oil
To anoint my lips in death;
No priestly power my guilt to assoil
And bless my parting breath.
Long since those words bade fear to cease,
"Thy faith hath saved thee! go in peace."

I need no priestly mass,
No purgatorial fires,
My soul to anneal, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires.
Christ died my eternal life to win;
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,
I urge no other claim,
Than his unspotted righteousness;
In him complete I am.
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide!
No passport do I need beside.

The Preciousness of Redemption.

BY DR. GUTHRIE.

There is one of the Psalms which opens with an exordium calculated to raise our expectations to the utmost. Its introduction, indeed, is one of the loftiest flights of divine oratory, not yielding in sublimity to the exclamation of one prophet:—"Hear, O heavens, and be astonished O earth!" or the address of another:—earth! earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord!" As if he stood not in a common pulpit, or on that rock from which the Baptist, firm though rugged as it was, launched his thunders on the crowds below, breaking the heads of hypocrites and the hearts of sinners; but as if he stood like the angel of the Apocalypse, in the sun, with the world below for his hearers, the speaker there claims universal attention, crying, "Hear this, all ye people; give ear all inhabitants of the world; both low and high, rich and poor together." "It is the voice of a god!" exclaimed the flatterers of Herod. There can be no doubt this voice is so; and when stilled by it, the din of the world is hushed, and every mouth is shut, and every ear is open, and withdrawn from all sublunary objects every eye is turned upwards, and expectation, raised to the highest pitch, waits in breathless suspense, the speaker announces a truth worthy of such a sublime introduction—this great momentous truth:—"The redemption of the soul is precious."

I. *Because its gain or loss, its happiness or misery is eternal.*—A man has a house to build, and has a choice of sites—the sand-bank which the river, when last in flood, cast up at the foot of a rock, or the rock itself. He cannot build on the last but at the cost of great trouble and expense. Yet, neither deterred by these, nor caring how this house will stand exposed to every storm that sweeps down the glen, he perches it, like an eagle's nest, on the summit of the rock. And why? Ah, he knows that ere many years, or months, perhaps, are passed, thunders will shake the surrounding hills, and a hundred new-born streams, rushing from their riven sides, and mingling their voices with the hoarse roar of the tempest, will swell the river. And where is the sand-bank then? Gone—and where it stood nothing seen now, but a red, roaring flood, that sweeps sand, and banks, and trees, and flocks away; but not the rock that sustains his house, against which the waters boil, and foam, and break in fierce but harmless rage. Wise and happy man! "They that trust in the Lord shall never be moved."

For a foundation, men prefer rock to sand, because it is durable; and to this property gold itself owes much of its value. It does not melt like ice; nor rust like iron; nor burn like wood; nor crumble into dust like stone. On opening, for example, the grave of an old Etruscan king, they found him lying robed and crowned as his warriors had entombed him two thousand years before. An impressive spectacle! but one they had hardly seen when it vanished from their sight. Touched by the fresh air admitted at the open door, body and robes dissolved in a moment; leaving nothing where they had lain but a thin layer of dust. Not so, however, the golden fillet that bound his brows;—of all that funeral pomp, it, and it only, remains unchanged. Not time, nor even fire itself, destroys this precious metal; the flames may cleanse, but they cannot consume it. Now, they esteem themselves happy who have their coffers filled with what multitudes toil, and slave, and even sin to possess; but how happier those who have obtained, in the blessings of a blood-bought salvation, what the Spirit counsels, and I counsel, men to buy,—not that gold, but "gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."

To the durability of its properties the diamond also owes much of its value. A summer morning sows the meadows, and hangs every bush on the moor, and tree of the woodland, with liquid gems; and never diamond sparkled brighter, on royal brow or woman's bosom, than the dew-drops that fill the cup of every tiny flower, and top the spikes of grass. But, emblems of a goodness that passeth away—that is born not of grace but of nature—these are not durable; and it is to the gem, therefore, and not to the dew, that believers are compared. Would to God that, taken by Christ out of a world that lieth foul in wickedness, and washed in the lava of a true regeneration, and purified by the hands of the Holy Spirit, and polished, though it should be on the rough wheel of painful providences,—we may be of that happy number regarding whom it is said: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

II. *Because it is the one subject on earth which most engages the interest of heaven.*—This world of ours was once considered the centre of the whole created universe—the point around which like a wheel about its axle, revolved the sun and moon, and all the stars of heaven. In consequence of the discoveries of modern science, our globe has now shrunk into comparatively small dimensions—dwindled to such a speck in the boundless realms of creation as to be no more missed, perhaps, were it annihilated, than a drop from the ocean, or a leaf out of the forest. Yet as far as science has sunk our world in physical, revelation has raised it in moral, importance.—It has been the scene of events of unparalleled magnitude and unparalleled majesty. Here God appeared in the human form; here the divine glory, revealed in the face of Jesus, presented itself in a new, most astonishing, and most attractive aspect; here dust and divinity, time and eternity, the Creator and the created, met in one; here events happened to whose scenes, were they revealed to other worlds, and a means of communication opened up, travelers would appear from the most distant stars—to see the race for whom God became incarnate, the fields he trod, and the sea he walked on, the skies that sung at his birth, and the rocks that were rent at his death, the town where he was born, and the city that saw him die.

But the importance and preciousness of redemption may be measured, not by what might be, but by what certainly has been. It was settled in the counsels of the Godhead and of eternity; it was accomplished on the cross where Jesus hung dying, the just for the unjust, that we might be saved; it was crowned by the resurrection which declared Him to be the Son of God with power; and now it forms the grandest interest in heaven—engaging the sympathies and employing the wings of angels. Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation? They crowd the chamber where a good man dies. They come to bear his spirit away in their loving arms to the realms of glory and the presence of his Lord; and to their presence, discovered by eyes that death is purging, may be due the heavenly expression that has irradiated the dying face, as the curtain was falling on time and rising on eternity. What joy there is among them over one sinner that repenteth! Careless of events that agitate society and shake the world—how political parties triumph or are defeated—how great battles are lost or won—how ancient monarchies rise or fall,—intent on other battles and a nobler strife, and the interests of a kingdom that shall endure for ever, they rejoice in every accession which it receives—in the lowest, poorest, vilest wretch who casts himself at the feet of Jesus, and cries, "Lord, save me, I perish!"

Would to God that what interests them, interested us as deeply! Alas, that it is otherwise; and that so many for whose conversion they are watching, and preachers are laboring, and anxious friends are praying, and the Holy Spirit is moving, are like that body, plucked from a watery grave, which kind friends are using every effort to re-animate. They hang over him; they clasp the cold form in their warm embraces; they pray; seeking pity and help of heaven; they ply every means to recall heat to the icy limbs and color to the pallid cheeks, and the only one there whose lips breathe no prayer, and whose face wears no expression of anxiety, is the person most interested in the result. How precious his recovery to the father, mother, brothers, sisters, who, agitated between hopes and fears, crowd the room, and hang about his couch! But more precious still our redemption, not only to the Father of our spirits and the Saviour of the lost, but to the good angels that leave their native skies to hover over the house of God. With what eagerness they watch the issue of Sabbath sermons and Sabbath services! Would that we never met within the walls of a house of God, but that they had to bear to heaven the glad news that some poor sinners, counting the redemption of their souls to be precious, had closed with offered mercy—gospel mercy—mercy through the blood of Christ—full, free, present mercy to all that are "ready to perish."

III. *Because of the price paid for it.*—We often mistake the true value of things, spending our money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which profiteth not—not a whit wiser than yonder poor savage, the victim of the white man's cunning and cupidity, who barters gold for beads; a handful of gold for some bits of colored, brittle glass. How must it astonish the angels to see a wretch under sentence of death reject a pardon, and with scorn repel the offer! In their eyes what savage ignorance, what utter madness, like his who chooses a passing pleasure rather than eternal happiness; who sets a higher value on what perishes than on what endures; who, putting off his salvation to some future day, ventures his immortal soul on the haphazard of a to-morrow! What man ever made a choice so unwise? Who ever built a house on such an unsafe foundation? What shall learning, or wealth, or fame, or honors, or all that the world pursues, avail us if we are lost! Oh! for the wisdom of him who said, "I count all things but loss that I may win Christ!"

In the story of the wreck of a steamer, I read the account of an incident that struck me with extreme astonishment. The boat, fixed on a foaming reef, was fast breaking up, presenting many strange scenes, and some touching ones: here a father, in whom selfishness had overcome the parental affections, having shaken off his child, was climbing the mast, regardless of the pitiful cry, "Father! do not leave me, oh! my father!" here a mother, true to nature, though engulfed in the roaring sea, with her arms stretched out of the water, held up a babe in her dying grasp—a moving, though mute appeal for pity; here a man is lashing the fainting form of his wife to himself—they shall swim or sink together; here a family group who despair of life, though not of God's mercy, are on their knees, and with arms lovingly entwined, calmly wait the next roller that, bursting on the deck, shall sweep them into the sea—lovely in their lives, in death they are not to be divided; here, dreading to meet their God, and overwhelmed with despair, some dash themselves frantically on the deck, or, plucking out their hair, fling it in handfuls like their hopes, on the wind. None, however, amid that dreadful tragedy, acted a part so strange as a woman, who, instead of clutching at a spar, a life-buoy, anything by which she might hope to float, wasted these last moments in the graceful arrangement of her attire. Incredible, yet true! Oh, how should we have said to her, with the tomb in every wave yawning at her feet, "My poor friend, dress is nothing, life is everything now, your business is, though half drowned, to reach yon blessed shore; up, and get some bold swimmer, with one hand fixed in your flowing hair, to buffet these billows with the other, and bear you alive to land." Who among us does not see her folly? Would to God that the eyes of many were as widely open to their own; and that careless, prayerless, Christless sinners learned to set such value on their redemption as He did who spared not his own Son, but gave Him up to the death that we might live!

We are redeemed not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot or blemish." The blood of Christ! that was the price, and what a price was that! Ask it of heaven, where the saints, done with grief and toil, and sin and sorrow, have entered into rest; ask it of hell, where, like the troubled sea, ever moaning on the bar, or dashing itself on the beach, they never rest; ask it of the cross where Jesus hung, a spectacle of wonder and of woe; ask it of the dying when this world is fading and another is rising on their view; ask it of the living who have embraced the Saviour, and would not barter their hopes for a thousand worlds; ask it of all but him, the adversary, the enemy of souls, who smiles but to seduce, and promised but to deceive, and they will tell you that the redemption of the soul is precious, exceedingly, and unspeakably precious. That great truth sounded forth in the cry of Calvary. I hear it sung in the anthems of the blest; I hear it muttered in the moans of the lost. It is written by the finger of God on the page of inspiration, and was written on the cross in the blood of his dying Son.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Religious Intelligence.

West Indies.

DEMERARA.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John Greathead.

Enclosed I forward you the income of class and ticket money for the March quarter, 1868. We have increased at every place, on some stations more than double. This improvement in finance is not the result of any sudden or spasmodic effort; but it arises from the blessing of God attending our diligent labours during the whole of last year. We have had gradual increase every quarter, and during this present quarter we expect further increase arising from the labours of Mr. Taylor. We have upwards of five hundred candidates on trial for membership, and the Lord is carrying on His work. Enclosed I forward you the Circuit plan and the Home Mission plan. We have eighteen open-air services in the city every Sabbath afternoon, at four o'clock. Sinners are invited to Trinity and Kingston for the night services; and we preach to crowds. I therefore thank God and take courage. This is a most important crisis in the history of our church in this colony; and I earnestly solicit an interest in your prayers.

Letter from the same.

We are going on most satisfactorily. Efforts are being made for our chapels on every station in this circuit, and I shall raise £1000 this year for these purposes. As I have said before, we have ample resources, and by right management we can get money for every purpose we want. I have always done it. In every Circuit I have made large sums, and increased the class and ticket money. I have adopted the plan of consultation with the Leaders, holding Society Meetings, and going into particulars; and when once the people are convinced that a thing is right, they will help, and they have the means to help with. I often wish we could have a deputation to visit this colony. It cannot be classed with the islands in the West Indies. We have none of the poverty they have in Barbadoes. The whole matter is in the hands of the Missionary; and if the Missionary can only combine the spiritual with the temporal, a good revival prayer meeting, and then a thorough examination of the class papers, and Society Meetings, by the blessing of God the work will go on. I cannot tell you how much I love this great country and the people; and Methodism is just the thing to bless them and make them happy. My health is as good, and I am as strong to labour as the day I left England. During the last year, as I saw the increasing congregation and the gradual improvement of all matters, I felt my spirits rise, and my physical strength increase.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Thos. Broadbent.

During the whole of 1867 we were cheered by witnessing conversions to God in nearly every place, and from the commencement of the present year the work went on very encouragingly. A Sabbath very seldom passed away without additions being made to the Church. Still we pleaded and waited and believed for a greater work. Our physical and mental strength was taxed to the uttermost, and we seemed as if we wanted a little more help, and the Lord in his great mercy sent us the Rev. W. Taylor at the right time. The influence he has exerted in this city and throughout this colony will live for many years to come; and there are numbers who I doubt not will be "the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord:" in fact, some who got converted through his instrumentality have already joined the Church triumphant. The services, both in the town and country, were largely attended, and in every service sinners were awakened, and very many professed to find the Saviour.

Our day service at Mocha was one never to be forgotten. We had the chapel crowded at 11 o'clock in the morning, and the services lasted between four and five hours. About fifty persons sought the Lord with cries and tears, the communion rail was soon surrounded, and we had to clear pew after pew to find a place for the penitents. On the following Sunday I preached at this place, and had just as many penitents; and now we hardly get an unconverted person at our services in this village; so that we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

Whilst we rejoice over the great work, we rejoice with trembling, because we feel how much care and pastoral oversight these new converts will require. We are specially anxious for our young men; and we have endeavoured to find employment for them in the vineyard of the Lord by establishing open air services, on the Sunday afternoon, in the yards and streets of the city, and by cottage prayer-meetings: thus we seek to carry out the Home Mission movement on a foreign missionary station. Last Sunday we had nineteen open air services, conducted principally by these young men, accompanied however by a responsible Local Preacher or Class Leader; and there have been several additions to the Church already, as the clear result of these services.

MAHAICA.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. George F. Swimnerton, Mahaica, British Guiana.

Mr. Taylor's visit to this circuit has been made a great blessing both to myself and Mrs. Swimnerton, and to the Societies and people around us. He arrived here from Berbice on the 28th of March. His time, from the 28th of March until the 1st of April, was well filled up.

In every chapel where he preached congregations were large, and sometimes excessively so. As far as we are able to judge of results, his labours were the least successful at Mahaica. Four services were held here, and about twenty persons professed to find peace with God. But when it is remembered that forty or fifty persons had been brought in before Mr. Taylor's arrival, that the opposing forces of immorality are stronger here than in any other part of the Circuit, that the weather was unfavorable, and that the mosquitoes, in number like the flies in Egypt, nightly besieged us, it will be considered a matter for great thankfulness that so large a number was brought to God, while many others were awakened, and believers revived and sanctified.

At other places in the Circuit we have had such signal displays of the converting power of the Spirit as it is seldom our privilege to witness. In the prayer-meeting in Virginia nearly the whole congregation were in tears, while about thirty persons simultaneously came forward, bent their knees in penitential grief before God, and afterwards openly professed to have obtained pardon through believing in Jesus.

At Stanleyville, after a calm and cogent application of the principles and truths of a lucid, simple and beautifully illustrated discourse on the Law, the Spirit of God moved upon the congregation, numbers were pricked to the heart, and came weeping to the communion rail, and crying for mercy. Just at this moment a wicked woman, as the instrument of the devil, began to shriek and bark like a dog, and would have caused the name of Jesus to be blasphemed, but Mr. Taylor checked and rebuked her. She was carried out, and we rejoiced over about thirteen persons being converted to God.

In the afternoon of April 1st, Mr. Taylor gave an address to believers at Mahaicony. At night he preached to a crowded congregation. When the invitation to come to Christ was given, it soon became evident that, like the disciples, we had cast the net on the right side of the ship, for every part of the chapel near the communion rail was crowded with men and women under conviction of sin. Before this great work began, a woman, smitten by the Spirit of God, cried at the top of her voice:—"O my sins! my sins! help! help! O Jesus help me!" Scoffers laughed, but they did it tremblingly, and soon made their exit. And the work went on gloriously, and about forty persons stood up as witnesses of the saving power of Christ.

Mr. Taylor visited the Leper Asylum in this neighborhood in the afternoon of the 2nd of April, and delivered a lecture in Mahaica chapel, in the evening, to a large and respectable audience. The prayers and good wishes of many in this Circuit will follow him to the end of life. Since his departure the good work has been going on steadily, and much of my time has been spent in selecting proper persons to take charge of the new converts.

Death of Missionaries.

On no former occasion have we had the duty of recording in one Number the removal of so many of the Missionaries who were among the early pioneers of the work. The late Rev. T. H. Squance embarked for India in the year 1813 The late Rev. Edward Edwards was appointed to Namaqualand, in South Africa, in 1817. The late Rev. Thomas Jenkins was one of the settlers of the Albany District in 1820; and had therefore resided in South Africa, the scene of his labours and success for more than forty-seven years. At the same time it is most remarkable that we have to report the lamented death of a Missionary within a few weeks from the time of his appointment, and before he had reached the end of the voyage to his station.

The Committee's Minute on the death of Mr. Squance is subjoined.

THE REV. THOMAS H. SQUANCE.

To the record of the dead the Committee have to add another beloved and venerable name, that of the Rev. Thomas Hall Squance. Mr. Squance was the last survivor of the honoured men who, in 1813, accompanied Dr. Coke to India. For ten years he fulfilled the arduous and responsible duties of a Methodist Missionary in Ceylon and Continental India, with a zeal, fidelity, perseverance, and cheerfulness which secured for him the confidence and admiration of all who knew him. For upwards of forty years he travelled in some of the largest Circuits in England. As a faithful pastor, an earnest preacher, and an able advocate of Missions, he will be long and gratefully remembered. He died at Portsmouth, April 21st, 1868. To the bereaved widow and family the Committee offer their unaffected sympathy and condolence.

THE REV. EDWARD EDWARDS.

The Jubilee Service of the arrival of this devoted Missionary in Africa was observed at Stellenbosch, on the 14th of December, 1867, when his fiftieth anniversary was duly celebrated. It was remembered that his first appointment was with the late Rev. B. Shaw, in Namaqualand. In 1820 and subsequent years he laboured in Cape Town, visiting the Koranaas of the Vaal River in 1824. For ten years he laboured in Namaqualand. In 1848 he returned to Stellenbosch, after three years service as Colonial Chaplain at Cradock's Kloof. At Stellenbosch he dwelt among his own beloved people; but was suddenly called to his eternal reward from Mowbray, while on a visit to his son-in-law; dying with a calm reliance on the atonement of Christ, deeply regretted by a large circle of persons of various tribes and nations, who had profitted by his ministry.

THE REV. THOMAS JENKINS.

The useful career of this veteran Missionary closed on the 2nd of March, 1868, at Emfundisweni, in Pondo-land, South Africa. His mortal remains are deposited in the common burying-place of the Station, among those of his flock who had gone hence before him. The Burial Service—by his own previously expressed desire—was read in the Kaffir tongue. By his family and colleagues, and by the whole Pondo tribe, Chiefs and people, he will long be remembered as a faithful, laborious, humble and devoted follower of the Cross.

THE REV. JOSIAH CART.

This promising young servant of Christ embarked for his first appointment in February, 1868. The vessel on which he was on his way to Belize received some injury on the voyage, and put into St. Thomas for repairs, in a leaky state. Mr. Cart resumed his voyage by the Mail, and arrived in Jamaica on the 21st of April, hoping to get a passage from thence to his destination. At this time he was apparently in good health; but was subsequently seized with fever, and expired on the 8th of May, deeply lamented.

A correspondent of one of the Jamaica papers thus notices a sermon preached by Mr. Cart, probably the last sermon he delivered.

"I had the pleasure of hearing at Wesley Chapel, on Sunday evening last, an excellent discourse. The preacher—to me a stranger, and a very young man—dealt with his subject in a logical and masterly manner, and there are not many who were there present who will soon forget the grand and striking description he gave of the immortal soul of man. His language was appropriate and chaste; his manner composed and serious; and his entire bearing marked by the most admirable modesty. Though it was evident that praise-worthy attention had been given to the preparation of the sermon, there was not a shade of vanity discoverable in the delivery; and the solemn and impressive character of the prayers, and the correct and emphatic rendering of the lessons and hymns, made the whole one of the most delightful and profitable services I ever attended It is hoped that this young preacher, whoever he may be, will be retained in the city, as I believe him calculated to attract around him numbers of the young men of our community."

"The preacher above alluded to is the Rev. Mr. Cart, who arrived here in the last steamer on his way to Belize, where he has been appointed to labour. We regret, from what we have heard from many sources, that Mr. Cart is not going to remain among us."—*Missionary Notices for July.*

General Miscellany.

A Look at the Queen of England.

I have given myself a whole holiday—which is not often the case. Hearing the Queen was expected to review the troops at Aldershot, I left my home at Hampstead at 8, and at 11 was marching beside a column of infantry to the inspiring music of bugles and drums. The long line of red-coats sweeping across the moors, golden with their blossoms of the yellow gorse, had a charming effect, which was increased by a brilliant sun, in whose rays helmets, swords, and bayonets flashed like brilliant stars. And a walk of four miles brought me to the top of a hill called Cæsar's Camp—an old Roman, post which still bears traces of their military skill. Beyond this, troops were drawn up, and during the interval before the Queen's arrival lay stretched on the heather, reposing after a long tramp in heavy marching order under a hot sun. I took up my post on a hillock commanding a wide prospect, so that I might see the direction of the Queen's approach. By and by a salute of guns announced her arrival from Windsor Castle. Far away I see the flashing of helmets. Now the royal cavalcade is clearly distinguished It is coming my way. I have but to stand upon the top of a bank overlooking the road. First a few dragoon guards, with scarlet jackets and burnished black Grecian helmets, then an open carriage drawn by four white horses. In it is a middle aged lady, very plainly attired in deep mourning. What stranger would take her to be the Queen of Great Britain, Canada and Australia, and Empress of India. She looked very well, and cheerful too, though her countenance showed evidently the record of deep sorrow. At her side was the Princess Louise, dressed in thoroughly English prettiness. The little boy in Highland costume is Prince Leopold. On the "dicky" behind is the famous "John Brown," the Queen's favorite Highland gillie, her constant attendant. Very atrocious have been the things said in connection with him in some low vulgar quarters; but no one whose opinion is worth a straw regards such talk with any feeling but disgust. With noble simplicity, innocence and kindness, the Queen speaks of him in her "Life in the Highlands," as her most faithful and trustworthy servant.

A brilliant staff of officers surrounded the carriage. One of them is a mere boy of about eighteen, in the uniform of an artillery officer. He rides a magnificent horse, and rides it well. It is Prince Arthur, a student in the Military Academy at Woolwich. There were few persons where I stood; but I started a good 'three times three,' which her Majesty very pleasantly acknowledged. She was soon at her post. And now in one long red line, straight as a wall, the infantry were drawn up, with their bands which played "God save the Queen," the troops saluting. Then the marching past. The mounted bands drew up opposite the Queen and their trumpets filled the air with music, as horse-artillery, dragoon-guards, heavy guns and military trains marched past. Then the infantry following, each brigade accompanied by its own band. Afterward the calvary came by at a trot and then at a gallop, causing clouds of dust, in which the Queen must have been nearly smothered. This was all. From an eminence I watched the columns, as in different directions they marched back over the undulating heath. On an eminence called the Ancient's Hill, I accosted an old peasant, who had been gazing thoughtfully at the vast expanse of country and the moving columns, he told me the last time he saw the Queen was more than forty years ago, when she was lifted as a child out of the carriage; and that he once lived in a cottage where now the great barracks stand. What is now a vast camp and populous town was then a wilderness. I gave him a book, and tried to speak to him of "another king, one Jesus." He seemed to consider he "brought up ten children, and made them all scholars, when there was no school within three miles."

I much enjoyed a seven miles march to the railway station; in the course of which I came up with an old woman in a little donkey cart.—She said she had got amongst the artillery, and her donkey took it into his head to run across the road, and wouldn't get out of the way of the guns. A very picturesque sight was this clean, sagacious-looking old lady with her clever, willing donkey—a contrast to the royal cavalcade which would pass her in a few minutes. The Queen would be sure to notice her, and perhaps give her a line in her diary. Presently I came to a part of the road where postillions and horses were standing, and a few women and children. I found the Queen was to change horses here, so I halted. Soon she arrived, and for a few minutes I had the opportunity of a very close inspection of the royal lady whom Americans love, and not Englishmen alone.—How kindly she returned the respectable greeting group around. And when Prince Albert made his military salute, and galoped off with his staff to take the cars to return to Woolwich, with what pride and affection the mother and sister gazed after him.—*Rev. Newman Hall's Correspondent with the New York Independent.*

A Call to the Ministry.

Wanted! this way!
A man who does preaching for very small pay,
Who is young, learned and brilliant, with graces endowed
For pleasing the critics and drawing a crowd.
Wanted, this way!

No more ado!
Be off with the old love, and on with the new!
The way must be cleared for the in-coming man,
And the present incumbent must shift as he can.
No more ado!

Send him away!
No matter how meanly ye stinted his pay,
How grudgingly gave, when the reckoning came,
A sum that should crimson your faces with shame
Send him away!

Hustle him out!
He has wasted his life in your service, no doubt
Has sown his best years in an ungenial soil;
And this is the reaping that follows his toil—
Hustle him out!

Set him aside!
What though, with his blessing, he gave you your bride,
O the brow of your children the chrism is laid,
And when you were smitten, wept over your dead.
Set him aside!

Yes, turn him off!
Make duty a by-word and honor a scoff!
Turn your back on the past when these memories wake,
And tread on his heart-strings, nor heed if they break—
Yes, turn him off!

Yet, one moment, stay!
Those years of self-sacrifice, what shall repay?
What guerdon a life-long devotion receive?
For love so unstinted, what boon will you give?
One moment stay!

Ye may well blush for shame!
When gratitude comes to be merely a name;
When childish pursuit of the gay and the new,
Can make you cast from you the tried and the true.
Ye may well blush for shame!

What Fanny Fern Thinks.

The secret of Fanny Fern's success is that she is very much of a woman. We heard a person described, the other day, as very much of a lady, and was told that the phrase was highly expressive, so we use it. She says just what the great mass of womankind feel, and would say if they knew how, and had the courage. Not that she has not her individual opinions, which may be peculiar to herself or to a limited number, but in her sympathies and feelings she is essentially womanly, and in her writings she appeals to something in the heart of every woman. And there is a piquancy in her style, which, barring an occasional tendency to the use of slang or fast expressions, is quite attractive.

Folly As It Flies; Hit at by Fanny Fern, is the name of the latest collection of her writings, which is published by G. W. Carleton & Co.—The dedication is sufficiently characteristic:—"To my friend, Robert Bonner, Editor of the New York *Ledger*. For fourteen years, the team of Bonner and Fern has trotted over the road at a 2.40 pace, without a snap of the harness or a hitch of the wheels. Plenty of oats, and a skilful rein, the secret."

This is what Fanny thinks about preaching, and it seems to us that she is not far from right:

"Oh! if clergymen would only study their fellow-men more! If they would less often try to unravel some double-twisted theological knot, which, if pulled out straight, would never carry one drop of balm to a suffering fellow-being, or teach him how to bear bravely and patiently the trials under which soul and body are ready to faint! If, looking into some yearning face before them on a Sunday, they would preach only to its wistful asking for spiritual help, in words easy to be understood—in heart-tones not to be mistaken—how different would Sundays seem, to many women, at least, whose heart-aches and unshared burdens none but their Maker knows. "Heavy laden!" Let our clergymen never forget that phrase in their abstruse examination of text and context. Let them not forget that, as Lazarus watched for the falling crumbs from Dives' table, so some poor, harassed soul before them may be sitting with expectant ear, for the hopeful words that shall give courage to shoulder again the weary burden."

We rejoice with our author, that the following picture is not so frequently seen as formerly; but the "minister's wife of the olden time," or rather the churches which manufacture such, are not quite extinct. We have seen them:

"'The minister's wife' of the olden time, where is *she?* The ubiquitous 'minister's wife,' who must make and mend, and bake and brew, and churn, and have children, and nurse and educate them, and receive calls at all hours, with a sweet smile on her face, and thank everybody for reminding her of what they consider her shortcomings; who must attend funerals, and weddings, and births, and social prayer-meetings, and 'neighborhood-meetings,' and 'maternal meetings;' and contribute calico aprons for the Fejee Islanders, and sew flannel night-caps for the Choctaw infants, and cut and make her husband's trowsers; and call as often on Mrs. Deacon Smith, and stay as long to the minute, as she did on Mrs. Deacon Jones; and who must call a parish-meeting to sit on her new bonnet, if so be that the old one was pronounced by all the Grundys unfit for farther service. The minister's wife, who was hunted through the weeks and months and years by a carping, stingy parish, till she looked like a worn-out old piece of fur; behold her now!"

Fanny Fern has strong opinions—we should say, feelings—in regard to tobacco. It is doubtful whether any refined woman ever felt otherwise concerning it until she had "got used to it," and it may be questioned whether, in getting used to it, she doesn't unconsciously lose a portion of her refinement. We can conceive of scarcely any greater incongruity than exists between the pure instincts of a cultivated woman and the "bar-room odor" of stale tobacco.—Tobacco is bad enough every way, but its use ought to be restricted to bachelors, who don't live at home with their mothers or sisters.

"*I hate tobacco.* I am a clean creature, and it smells bad. Smells is a mild word; but I use it, being a woman. I deny your right to smell bad in my presence of any of our clean sisterhood. I deny your right to poison the air of our parlors, or our bed-rooms, with your breath, or your tobacco-saturated clothing, even though you *may* be our husbands. Terrible creature! I think I hear you say; I am glad you are not my wife. So am I. How would you like it, had you arranged your parlor with dainty fingers, and were rejoicing in the sweet-scented mignonette, and violets, and heliotrope, in the pretty vase on your table, forgetting in your happiness, that Bridget and Biddy had vexed your soul the greater part of the day—and in your nicely-cushioned chair, were resting your spirits even more than your body, to have a man enter, with that detestible bar-room odor, and spoil it all? Or worse: light a cigar or pipe in your very presence, and puff away as if it were the heaven to you which it appears to be to him."

Clerical Costumes in Scotland.

A Scottish correspondent of an American paper thus writes respecting the marked differences between clerical costume in the two countries:—

Perhaps you are not aware that every man who writes reverend before his name is expected to dress in black, with a white neckerchief. During the week a little license is given, and one who is less careful of punctilio may tie a strip of black silk beneath his chin; but he must doff it when he officiates. So universal is this that I never saw a preacher in the pulpit otherwise dressed. The ordained ministers have the Geneva gown, which is made of black silk and is tolerably capacious, and on the whole comfortable, especially, when underneath it there is the cassock—a close fitting jacket of the same material, which allows the preacher to throw aside his coat, and leaves him more at ease.

But what is still more peculiar, and seems to have struck two Americans whom I met lately with astonishment, is the bands, which are only worn by ministers who are settled, and are never, in any circumstances, put around the neck of an ordained man. They are two strips of fine muslin, about a couple of inches broad, tied around the neck and lying on the chest, some being six inches long, some more so, and diverging more from each other as they get nearer their lower extremity. My American friends fancied they were a part of the preacher's neckerchief. Gowns and bands are never worn by Independents or Baptists, but they are universally worn among Presbyterians and Episcopalians. If I have been retailing what we call piper's news in this country—that is, news known to every one, I have been led into it by the wonder of your countrymen.

Books for Young People.

Dr. James W. Alexander attributes his love for the British classics to the act he well remembers often climbing the bookshelf to reach—for the sake of the pictures at first—but afterwards he became familiar with their more solid contents. He says the daily converse with a child with such works, even if he finds many things above his apprehension, is more profitable and far more delightful than the perpetual drawling over penny volumes, written on the plan of making everything level to the meanest cap