The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XI. No. 8. HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1859. Whole No. 502.

Poetry.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Days to Come.

'Mid the constant care and turmoil,
Mid the daily busy hum,
Comes there never o'er us stealing
Mingled thoughts of "days to come?"

When our hearts vibrate with pleasure,
And each chord with music thrills,
Then some note of future sadness
Oft our mind with discord fills.

When our hearts are filled with sorrow,
And each moment seems an age,
Fancy paints a glowing picture
On life's yet unpencilled page.

When our earliest hopes seem blasted,
Pleasing visions doomed to fade,
Deem we not of full fruition,
And of sunshine free from shade?

Does the car of contemplation
Pass o'er years with lightning speed,
Seeking the event to fathom,
Which the hand of fate decreed?

Is not bright imagination
Weaving laurels for the brow,
That may never grace the temples
Which can feel their pressure now?

Yes! we often paint our future
With these tints of glowing hue,
But the hand of calm reflection
Makes the scene a *chequer'd* view.

It dispels the glittering castles,
Based and built on fleeting air,
Shows that earthly fame will perish
With the smile success may wear.

Shows that disappointment lingers
Round the path of daily life,
Urging us to earnest warfare,
Bids us conquer in the strife.

Points us to the goal of glory,
Worthy of our noblest aim;
To a crown which never fadeth;
To a bright and deathless fame.

Thus amid the care and turmoil,
Mid the daily busy hum,
Comes there sometimes o'er us stealing
Mingled thoughts of days to come."

THERESE.

Chatham, Jan. 29th, 1859.

Religious Miscellany.

Charity Refunded.

The Scripture says, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," "and what he layeth out, it shall be paid to him again" The experience of individuals testifies to the fulfilment of the promise. In the changes and chances of this mortal life, how often does the beneficiary become the benefactor. The kindness that is shown to those who sowed it, who thus made for themselves friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness," and "laid up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come." So that if it were only for selfish considerations, we might well determine to do good to all men.

An illustration of this is furnished by the narrative of one of the sufferers in India, which is published in *Bently's Miscellany*.—The followihg extracts suffice for our purpose:

"One evening in March, we were walking on the banks of the Jumna, a river that runs beneath the walls of Delhi. Ellen was leaning upon the arm of her betrothed; my little Will was running before us, or coming back to pluck at my dress. At a place where the path narrowed, a fakir had laid himself with his face to the ground, and stopped the road. Will came back to me in alarm, and the Lieutenant, as soon as he saw the man, bade him get out of the way. The fakir did not stir. 'Lift up the dog and throw him into the water," said the Lieutenant, with the wave of his hand to the four men who constantly followed him. The soldiers hurried up, but I did not give them time to execute the order, for it suddenly occurred to me that the poor fellow had laid himself here to beg. 'Give him this rupee,' I whispered to Will. Will dauntlessly approached the beggar, stooped down, and placed the money between his face and the ground. At this moment the fakir rose, and moved on his knees to the edge of his path, and as Ellen and the Lieutenant had passed him he cried, in a piercing voice, his hand being laid flat on the ground: "The road will soon be free.' My husband and the clergyman, who walked before me, received the following salutation, "The believers in the true faith will triumph to-morrow.' When I came up to him with Will, who was now frightened and tried to hide himself in the folds of my dress, he altered his tone and position, raised his hands heavenwards, leaned back, and whispered the following words, which turned my blood icy cold; 'Poor child, thou canst not ransom thyself with thy alms.' At dinner I repeated the beggars words, and did not conceal the fact that they had startled me. But every one laughed so heartily at my timidity, and the Lieutenant cited so many instances of the impudence and folly of these pretended seers, that I at last joined in the laugh, and soon forgot the circumstance.

"That night the Sepoys attacked the village. After a heroic defence, in which every man of the litter garrison fell, Mr. Hornstreet and William hurriedly collected their party, and hied to the forest once more, for the tigers would be more merciful than the Sepoys. They had reached the verge of the forest in safety, though quickly pursued; the Sepoy trumpet of recall was heard in the village. The villains, balked of their prey, halted in the pursuit, but savagely fired a parting salvo, and Mr. Horstreet and Lieutenant Wood fell mortally wounded.

"How the night passed away the widow never knew; she was restored to consciousness in the morning by the bitter exclamations of her poor orphan boy, who asked food and drink Thus woke the consciousness that she had a duty to perform to the living as well as to the dead; and she was cheered to find that Ellen's mind had not given way again before the accumulated horrors of that dreadful night. But the two women could not leave the scene of the tragedy until they had paid the last honors to the dead, and they set to work with unwearied zeal to dig a grave in the sand, which would at least preserve their poor bodies from desecration.

"At length after three hours of incessant toil, the grave seemed to be deep enough to cover both bodies. Mr. Hornstreet cut off a lock of her dead husband's hair, and placed on his little finger the wedding-ring she had worn so happily—as a pledge of a perpetual widowhood; while Ellen took off William's hand a heavy ring he wore, as a sign of her perpetual betrothal. When this terrible task was completed, Mrs. Hornstreet consulted with her daughter as to their chance of escape, and they decided eventually on making their way to Cawnpore. They set out on their journey.—carrying the boy in turn, but unfortunately they had not gone far ere they stumbled on a bungalo, filled with rebels. A subahdar came up and addressed them ere they could turn to fly, and their speech betrayed them.

"Mrs. H.'s diamond necklace first excited their cupidity, but as soon as the spoil was divided, the party was dragged off to a burning pyre. Nearer and nearer they drew to the fire, and the mother formed the fearful determination of throttling her boy, to save him from the greater suffering, but her hand refused the office. She closed her eyes and prepared for death; she could feel the flames assailing her extremities, when suddenly she felt herself dragged away.—On recovering herself she saw her daughter striving to conceal herself behind her brother, as she cowered on the ground, while over her stood a herculean figure employed in strange gesticulations. It was the *fakir* to whom Willy had once given alms on the banks of the Jumna!

"When the caravan started again, the party were left with the fakir standing by their side. He addressed the Sepoys in a solemn and impressive manner, which produced an immediate effect upon them: they came up and laid before the English women palm leaves, on which they spread rice; others gave fruit; and some even took off their cloaks and threw them over the ladies' shoulders. Then the fakir conducted them into the bungalow, and after spreading them beds of leaves, left them with the recommendation to remain there till some prospect of safety offered itself.—Twelve long days the little party kept concealed, and though at last Mrs. H.'s two children fell victims, Willy impaled upon a wall, and Ellen stifled in the well of fearful memory, yet Mrs. H. herself was preserved as by miracle and has returned safe to England."—*Parish Visitor.*

Extempore Preaching.

A writer in Zion's Herald says, the Rev. Dr. Kirk was met on one occasion, just before entering a church where he was to read a Missionary Sermon, by an intelligent physician of the place, who poured forth a volley of arguments against the cause, refusing all countenance to all such utopian schemes. Mr. Kirk inquired of the pastor if that was a fair sample of the state of his people, and was assured that it was. With the consciousness of this not altogether pleasant state of things, Mr. Kirk entered the pulpit. He thought over the objections—he thought over his written sermon—he knew that it would not dissipate one of them, and so he resolved to lay it aside and *talk*. He rose without any notes before him, and at once threw himself into the whole herd of cavillings. He knew many more than his audience had ever thought of; and he went through with them, answering, defending, explaining and enlightening. Thus he talked for nearly two hours; and, when at the close, the people were invited to advance to the desk and subscribe, they came in a crowd. That was the last of elaborated discourses. There is no doubt that this success inspired Mr. Kirk with such confidence in himself, and gave an impulse to his power for extemporaneous speaking, in which he has since so greatly excelled.

The following anecdote of Dr. Tyng is related by a brother clergymen. He said, "To illustrate what perseverance can do, I must tell you about Dr. Tyng. You know his proud position as an extempore preacher. He has gained it by power of will It was discouraging business to him the first year; so much so, that, during the second year of his settlement at Georgetown, when attempting extempore one afternoon in his pulpit, with distinguished members of Congress present, he became confused, hesitated, tried to regain composure, failed, stumbled on in the midst of embarrassments, finally got for his text, and after ten minutes broke down completely. That was a hard experience for a young man; and on his way home the oppressive silence was finally broken by his wife, saying, 'Now husband is it not clear to you that you should give up this preaching without notes?' 'These words,' said Dr. Tyng to me, 'roused my whole nature,' 'Give it up?' I said, 'No, *never*, with God's help!' and he did'nt."

Nebat.

Here is quite an enigma. Nebat is mentioned at least eighteen times, in three different books of the sacred history, and in such associations as one would shrink from as an infamous entail on one's name; yet his life and character are as utterly unknown as if he had never existed! For a man to attain immortal dishonour would seem to require at least one enormous crime, or one flagitious trait to descend with his name. When Erostratus could devise no other way of getting his name into history he set fire to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus. But though Nebat is as immortal as the Bible, not a trace of his life, not a feature of his person, or character, not a word that he uttered, not a line that he wrote, is recorded or preserved in any manner.

The sad but instructive solution of the riddle is, Nebat was the father of an ungodly child. He is a historical monument to illustrate the proverb, "A foolish son is the calamity of his father;" and to show that "such a son" "causeth shame and bringeth reproach to his parents, even when they may not be alive to feel the stroke, and though they may not, as in Eli's case, have winked at the iniquity; for Nebat was dead before the wickedness of Jeroboam was developed in the form which has confirmed his disgrace; and there is no record that impeaches the parental faithfulness of Zeruah, Nebat's widow. But the dishonoured father is now inseparably linked with the corrupt and corrupting child, simply because of their relationship. It was "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," who lifted up his hand against the king;" it was "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," "who did sin, and made Israel to sin." It is the fate of the house of "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," which is held up as a warning against rebellion and idolatry. The sins of the son became proverbial, but the father's name is part of the proverb. It seals the character of fifteen kings of Israel, that they walked in the ways of the son of Nebat, and those ways at length brought the whole kingdom into captivity and disgrace.

It should certainly have some weight in a parent's mind that the character of his children will reflect either honour or the contrary on his own name. He may be gone from the world long before this effect is produced; but there is a natural desire in all virtuous hearts to have even their remote descendants, whom they shall never see, receive and transmit an unspotted reputation,

A Beautiful Incident.

William IV. expired about midnight, if we remember right, at Windsor Palace.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed" with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle and made his way with all possible speed to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess (already, by the law of success, Queen) Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the princess. She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the demise of William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. "The sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen." She was, *de jure*, queen of the only realm, in fact or history, "on which the sun never sets." She was deeply agitated at "the formidable words, so fraught with blessing or calamity." The first words she was able to utter were these: "I ask your prayers in my behalf." They kneeled together; and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young king of Israel in olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude."

The sequel of her reign has been worthy of such a beginning. Every throne in Europe has tottered since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned.—That of England was never so firmly seated in the loyalty and love of the people as at this hour. Queen Victoria enjoys a personal influence, too,—the heart-felt homage paid to her as a wife, a mother, a friend and benefactor to the poor, a *Christian woman* incomparably wider and greater than that of any monarch now reigning. She is loved at home and admired abroad. In America there exists a more profound and abiding respect for Victoria than perhaps for any other living person. Being a practical people, we recognize and appreciate the value of her example to rulers and the ruled.—*New York Ledger.*

Religious Intelligence.

Special Services.

The age in which we live is an age of great cities. So far, at least, as old England is concerned, the tendency of population in our largest towns and cities is to increase, while the population of small country towns and rural hamlet remain stationary. It is a cheering indication of the progress of religious zeal, that a much greater degree of attention is being awakened in regard to the moral and religious condition of the thronging multitudes who inhabit these huge centers of commerce and industry. So long ago as the year 1851, a census of all religious denominations was taken, by order of Parliament; a step which, forty years ago, in the deep religious torpor wherein the leading men of Britain then lay, would never have been thought of; a step which has been followed by the most beneficial consequences, in the arousing not of our political men merely, but of the professing Church of Christ in these realms, to a juster appreciation of their duty.

In relation to attendance upon public worship, the population of England may be divided into three tolerably equal parts; those who can not attend, those who do attend, and those who neglect to attend. In the first named class are included infants, and sick and aged people whose attendance is impossible; these may constitute about a third of the population. Of the remaining two-thirds, the numbers of those who frequent the sanctuary, and of those who do not, are nearly equal; and the whole may be shortly summed up, with sufficient accuracy for general purposes, thus: of the eighteen millions of the people who inhabit England—Ireland and Scotland not being included in this calculation—there are six millions who do attend, six millions who can not attend, and six millions who will not attend.

This looks bad enough; but in particular parts of the kingdom, especially in London the case is much worse. It may be doubted if so many as one-tenth of the working men of London are in the habit of attending God's house with anything like regularity. The remaining nine-tenths spend their Sundays either in laziness at home, or in drinking and dissipation. Two years ago, the Young Men's Christian Association of London, infinitely to their honour, projected and carried into effect a scheme for holding twelve special services on Sunday evenings, for working men, the preachers to be selected from various denominations The success was complete; the vast area of Exeter Hall was thronged upon every occasion; public curiosity was excited, and peers of the realm might be seen sitting side by side with drayman and coal-heavers. All these services were conducted by nonconforming clergymen; the rigid etiquette of the Established sect not permitting them to define themselves by sharing in such services by their non-established brethren. Many of their ministers, as individuals, would have been glad to burst the bands of bigotry, and join heartily with other true disciples of our common Saviour, in this great attempt to bring the semi-heathen multitude within hearing of the Gospel message; but their old traditions of ecclesiastical order, and the fear of censure, proved too strong for them, and they kept aloof.

Shortly afterward, however, some clergymen connected with the Established Church, commenced and carried out a series of services in Exeter Hall, which was repeated the next winter with good success, though not without strenuous opposition—from whom? From infidels, Papists, or drunken mobs? No; but from the Established clergyman of the parish within which Exeter Hall is situated.

The next step was the opening of Westminster Abbey—that exquisite monument of medieval art, whose arched and pillared nave had never yet resounded, during the seven or eight centuries since it arose to adorn the northern bank of the Thames, with the prayers and praises of "the multitudes of the people," collected from Sabbath to Sabbath within its walls. The organ is here played with surpassing skill; the music is such as to fascinate the ear; but the preaching, generally, is not well adapted to the purpose of calling the negligent multitudes to the house of God; and accordingly, about five-sixths of the great congregation gathered in Westminster Abbey on Sunday evenings appear to be regular church-goers belonging to what are technically called the non-respectable classes.

The opening of Westminster Abbey moved the authorities of the great Cathedral of St. Paul's, situated in the very heart of the city. The grandeur of this cathedral, in the interior especially, can not be imagined by any who have not seen it. Its colossal dome, rising above the spectator's head to a height of nearly four hundred feet, its vast proportions and spaces, and the solemn stillness which prevails around, impress the most unfeeling with emotions of awe which it is difficult to describe, and impossible to suppress. In the central part of this vast temple four thousand chairs are placed, for the accommodation of the public at the new Sunday-evening service; the cathedral has been fitted up with gas; and a choir of five hundred voices gives effect to the hymns and psalms. At present, however, there has been nothing very striking in any of the sermons delivered. The sermon of the Bishop of London was remarkable chiefly for good intentions; Dean Milman, was scarcely audible; Dr. Hook, generally esteemed a half Papist, and Mr. Cadman, a warm millenarian, preached such sermons as, in point of ability, might be expected from a second or third-rate Methodist preacher; still, the movement is a good one; it has been well intended, and we heartily pray that the directing and effectual blessing of the Holy Ghost may attend it.

Thus, within two years we have had three vast congregations arise, of four or five thousand each, in our great metropolis.—To these is now added a fourth, with the commencement of the new year. St. James' Hall, a new and suburb building, has been engaged for special services for the working classes, and the first sermon of the series was preached on Sunday evening last by Rev. W. M. Punshon.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain, the Hall was densely thronged. It is said to accommodate more people than Exeter Hall itself. Of the preacher it is needless to speak in England; and his fame has reached the shores of America. Several years ago, in writing to the Western Christian Advocate, we predicted his coming eminence, at a time when it was very much the fashion among those who perhaps consider themselves the more orderly and intellectual of our people to speak disparagingly of his abilities, to find fault with his excessive rhetorical ornaments, his rapid declamation, his fondness for long and unusual words, and so forth. No doubt he was to some extent faulty in these respects—but they were faults of exuberance, not showy contrivances to hide mental poverty: his ardent mind, like a rich tropical soil, gave forth a vegetation so rich and gorgeous that it might sometimes appear wild, disordered, and extravagant. But these fault-finders are mostly silent now. As Mr. Punshon grows in years, he grows both in gifts and in grace. Chastened by sore afflictions and bereavements—deprived in a few short weeks, of a child, a mother, and a beloved wife, he has enough to counterbalance his immense popularity; and the fathers of our connexion rejoice in seeing one arise among them, equal in power and in renown to the mightiest champions of their own or of their fathers' days, yet humble as a child, devout withal and prayerful, genial, and friendly—a man whom those who knew him best are best prepared to recognize and admire as a true man of God, who preaches not himself, but Jesus Chsist the Lord.

The sermon preached by Mr. Punshon on Sunday evening is a splendid production, and if the published reports of it should reach America, in anything like correct copiousness, it will amply repay the study of young ministers especially. It contains much hard thinking, sound reasoning, clear definition, beautiful illustration, and resistless appeal. His text was 2 Cor. iv. 1–2, and the sermon is a beautiful exhibition of the law of God and the Gospel of Christ, in its good, old, true simplicity; while at the same time it grapples wonderfully with the hearer's conscience, and deals heavy blows at some of the follies and errors of the day. May the great Head of the Church, whose high province it is to send forth laborers into the harvest, give to his Churches, on both sides of the Atlantic, a multitude of such men to lift up the standard of truth!—*English Corr. of Western Chn. Advocate.*

There are, says an American cotemporary, nine Protestant crowned heads in Europe, not one of which has ever been exposed to the assassin's dagger. There are seven Roman Catholic thrones, the principal occupants of which have all had narrow escapes from assassination, and live all the time in fear and trembling, constantly surrounded by satellites to protect them against attempts on their lives by co-religionists.

SELF-CONTROL.—Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed that thou mayest govern.—*Augustine.*

Protestantism in Austria.

We find in the *Evangelical Church Gazette* of Professor Hengstenburg, of Berlin, an article on Austria, which furnishes a new proof how much Protestant Churches often suffer from their connection with the state, and into what weak hands the reins of Church government are frequently placed. A missionary of Switzerland, it says, who had been stationed for several years at Christianburg, in Africa, and had recently returned to Europe for the sake of strengthening his impaired health, took up his abode at Carinthia, near Villach, where his parents-in-law lived. Here he hoped not only to be benefitted by the most healthy climate, and the beautiful mountain scenery, but at the same time to be of service to the fifteen evangelical congregations which are scattered in this small province. He wished, of course, to speak in particular of the missionary duties of the Church, and of his own experience in the pagan world. As all foreigners are forbidden to preach in Austria, without a permission of the consistory of Vienna, he went there to get a *licentia concionandi*. He first applied to the Reformed Councilor of the Consistory, (Consistonalrath,) a well disposed and active man, who however, had to refer him to the Lutheran Councilor, as the congregations of Carinthia are under the jurisdiction of the superintendent of the Confession of Augsburg, (the Lutheran Church) With him the missionary found anything but a friendly reception, and after a delay of several days, during which the Consistory was consulted about the case, he received the reply that the license could not be given to him, because there was danger that missionary sermons would be regarded as a means of making converts from the Catholic Church.—The councillor was also of opinion that the congregations of Carinthia had too much to do with their own affairs to concern themselves about the pagans, and that, as a special permission was required for taking up a missionary collection, it was much better to give up the whole plan. The missionary tried to refute these arguments, and not in vain. "You may be right, dear friend," his opponent remarked, "but let me tell you one other thing. The congregations of Carinthia sleep; let us not awake them. I assure you it is much easier to deal with them when they sleep." These remarks put an end to the conversation. The missionary returned to Carinthia, and when he was placed under the superintendence of the police, to Switzerland, but before his departure he remarked that among the pagans of Africa he had found a greater susceptibility of the Gospel than among the pagans of Austria. *Chris. Adv. & Jour.*

Biographical.

H. C. AVARD TAYLOR.

For several days the countenances of the members of "The Young Men's Christian Association" in Boston, had been sad.—From faltering lips fell, low-toned, the words—"Dear Avard," "Brother Taylor," while tears trembled their sympathy or flowed their silent parallels of grief.—Men wept! Entering the Reading Room on the evening of the 16th Dec, accompanied by the Treasurer, the first object that met my view was the memorable death charge of the lamented Tyng. It was printed in large black letters and suspended at the farther end of the room.

STAND UP
FOR
JESUS.

Pointing towards it, he said,—"Avard placed that there," adding with emotion, "He was greatly beloved by us all—we miss him very much." *Where* was he? Who was he? This sketch will tell. He was "absent from the body," but "present with the Lord." His lifeless form lay coffined for the tomb! This was the sixth day since it slept in death.

He was the son of Thomas and Sarah Taylor, truly pious members of the Wesleyan Church in Fredericton, N. B. His father some years ago joined the spirits of just men made perfect. His mother bows in sorrow beneath the unexpected stroke which has bereaved her of her youngest born. They brought their children to Jesus, presented them in faith to their covenant God, in baptism. The minister, possessing the Spirit of Him who said,—"Suffer the little children to come unto me," prayed that Heaven's peculiar blessing might rest upon the child, and delivered him to his mother. The obligations of christian parents were deeply felt; the important duties they involved prayerfully observed. Avard was trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. As his mind gradually unfolded, a disposition of peculiar sweetness won the affections of all who knew him. He soon gave promise of the refined spirit and moral dignity which were afterwards so nobly developed. Among his first composition exercises was "An Essay on the meanness and guilt of profane language."

At an early age he went to reside with his sister, Mrs. Beveridge, in a newly settled part of the country. The city, the seminary, the sanctuary, the home of childhood, and its altar-fires left behind, surrounded by and exposed to new temptations with fewer restraining influences, without the accustomed advantages of *regular* public worship on the Lord's day; yet he forgot not the instructions of a father nor forsook the law of his mother, but became distinguished for his exemplary deportment. Subsequent residence in Miramichi and Richibucto, extended the circle of his *moral* influence, increased the number of his friends, while his unquestionable integrity secured the most unbounded confidence of his employer, and won general esteem.

In the Spring of 1851 he went to St. John. While here he became more decided in the long cherished purpose of his heart to become a follower of Christ and identify himself with the Church. Yielding fully to the influence of the Holy Spirit, whose gracious operations had placed him among such of whom it might be said "one thing thou lackest," he embraced with a penitent, appropriating faith the atonement, as the only hope of the sinner, rested more implicitly in a personal Redeemer, received a clear attestation of the pardoning mercy of God, and found a new life and Divine power in religion. This happy circumstance he quickly communicated to his mother in the following letter, written one holy Christmas morning, beautifully illustrating the benefits of rightly discharging parental obligation in early dedication of children to God

MY DEAR MOTHER—* * * "My imagination is carried back to the time when but an infant I was taken to the House of God to have the sacrament of baptism administered in the name of the Holy Trinity; and methinks I hear the voice of the pious minister saying,—'May God bless you, Avard!' and my dear parents responding—'Amen,' as I was received from his hands, and then, methinks, as his prayer went up before the throne of the Most High, and the Amen from your lips was heard in Heaven, the holy angels who continually surround the throne, caught the sound, and 'Amen' resounded through the ranks of the heavenly host.

But O, a *Mother's love!* its unwearied efforts in behalf of its objects. Memory now goes back, when but a child, previous to my going to school, you would have me by your side repeating after you the Creed and the Holy Commandments, that I might have them impressed upon my memory, and be useful to guide me as I grew in years and went forth into the world. Again, I look back to the time when about leaving home; the prayers which were offered for me at the *family altar*, and, when bidding me farewell,—can almost hear my dear parents as they pressed my hand say,—'Avard, be a good boy and give your heart unto the Lord.' Mother, a few years have passed since then, and we have been separated; your watchful eyes could not see me, nor your kind admonitions chide me when I went astray; but, I knew I was not forgotten in your prayers, and He who is a Father to the fatherless heard your petition. He who never slumbers, never sleeps, watched over me when there was no eye to pity, and frequently admonished me through the influence of the Holy Spirit; and, although I have often, very often, broken His laws, disobeyed His commands, and grieved his Holy Spirit, yet he never left me. He hath never forsaken me.

Yes, my dear mother, your prayers have been answered. Yes, I have obeyed His voice. I have given myself to the Lord, thrown myself on the sacrificial atonement, I am forgiven, pardoned, ransomed, ransomed by the blood of Jesus! Yes, I *know*

'My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father cry!

My dear Mother, I can imagine you reading this letter, your eyes suffused with tears, you pause—cannot proceed. But are they tears of sorrow, tears of anguish, tears of lamentation or mourning? Ah, no! they are tears which angels might weep; they are tears of joy, of love, of gratitude—Praises be to the Most High! well may you rejoice and be glad my dear mother to see all your family brought to know the Lord, whom to know is life eternal. Your prayers are answered, your work is accomplished; you can say 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' &c. How thankful we ought to be for such kind and pious instructors as you and dear father have been to us; how we should rejoice that our names are all enrolled in the Lamb's book of Life, and we have foretastes of that happiness we expect beyond the grave."

"The thoughts of such celestial bliss
Should constant joy create."

AVARD.

From the day of his spiritual birth he sought to glorify God in all things, his path was that of the just, visible, progressive and useful, and, before his removal from St. John, the following year, he had become strong in the Lord and valiant for the truth. The last six years of his life were spent in the U. S, where he exhibited a character of genuine christian excellence and entire, *active* consecration to his Divine Lord.—Unassuming but not backward, he never sought for position, never shrunk from duty or shunned responsibility, but, ready for every good work he laboured for God—cheerfully, faithfully, constantly. Before his conversion he was amiable and did no harm, he was now Christ-like and sought to do good to all. Before, he was almost neutral in the world's great moral battle, now he girds on the whole panoply of God and ranges himself in the armies of the Lord of Hosts. He sought not the place in the conflict where he could be most at ease, but where he was most needed and where he could do the greatest service. His weapons were always bright with constant use. He was made the head of a Mission Sunday School in New York, commenced a young men's prayer meeting in Portland, and, with a band whose hearts the Lord had touched, established and sustained meetings where they had none, near Boston. As a Bible Class Teacher he was punctual, devoted and persevering. Prayerful preparation gave an interest to the class lessons, and gained the confidence and esteem of all its members. By continuous efforts he sought to augment the joy of angels by thinning the ranks of the alien host, and as he gathered the spoils he laid them at the feet of his adorable Redeemer, whose joy was his strength and reward. For an encouragement and example to young men we thus present some pages of his useful life, and now turn to the last—recording his sickness and death.

He was away from home! he had no dear mother's form by his bed side, her voice to fall like soft sweet music in his ear, her gentle hand to cool his fevered brow.—No loving sister's attention and care,—the intelligence of his illness reached them too late to bring them to his side. But kind brothers of the Association watched over him, were untiring in their efforts to promote his comfort. And *one*, kinder than all—JESUS, was there, pillowing his head, and breathing sweet promises in his ear, made his dying bed a scene of peaceful, quiet and holy joy.

"Do you now feel happy, happy in the approach of death?' asked one: smiling, he replied—"I am surprised that *you* should ask such a question. You know what religion was to me in health; but I never felt *so much of its power as I do now.*" "The power of religion" had led him forth to labour, to self-sacrifice—had sparkled in his eye and lighted up his smiling countenance with joy—had given him a "Tongue of Fire," in exhortation and prayer, moving many souls; but what must have been its power as it thrilled through his soul on the bed of sickness and death?

"What shall I pray for?" asked a Christian brother. Avard replied,—"First for the Church; secondly, for young converts; and then for 'The Young Men's Christian Association.'" No petition for himself—restoration to life, or easy death—but all for others.

In this last conflict he calls no comrade from the ranks to bind up his wounds, and bear him from the place, but requesting one to kneel beside him, bids him supplicate the God of battles to sustain his fellow soldiers, and lead them on to glorious victory. He sought to win yet another captive from the enemy—to save another soul from death—"Meet me in heaven; promise me you will,"—nor was his grasp relaxed till the young man whose hand he held, gave the promise—now recorded on high.

Though dying in the early strength of manhood—away from mother, sisters and brothers,—no complaint fell from his lips; no lingering glances towards earth were seen, no sighs of disappointed hopes heaved; the end of life was gained. He had fought the fight; he had kept the faith.

He called for "Poetry,"—"Music,"—and indicated his choice for that mingled song of earth and heaven,

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above."

And catching at the last strain, the dying man repeated

"Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be vanished, his sceptre be gone,
Joyfully then, I shall witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home."

Raising himself upon his shield, he shouts the victor's shout, "Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! I'll praise him again when I pass over Jordan." The body sank—life was ebbing out—he breathed his death tones—The ear of watching friends caught their joyous utterance—"To die is gain!" "Hallelujah to the Lamb!" His voice was hushed. There was the noise of angel's wings—upon his spirit bright the morn of eternity dawned. AVARD *was at home. Here* they said, "He's gone!" *There* they said, "He is come!"

The interment of the body was delayed for the arrival of his brother, Rev. J. Taylor, from Cornwallis. It took place on Sabbath, 19th Dec. An appropriate discourse was delivered in North Russell St. Church, by the pastor, the Rev. H. W. Warren, M. A, from Numbers xxiii. 10. It a was time for memory, and for tears.

A number of young ladies, members of his Bible Class, and Sabbath School Teachers, showed an affectionate respect for his memory by following the coffined form.—The Young Men's Christian Association attended in a body; over 400 walked in procession, and, gathered close together among the vaults under St. Paul's Church, they made the arches ring as with a resurrection shout, singing his favorite Hymn,

"Joyfully, joyfully onward I move."

As an illustration of this Scripture,—*Them that honour me I will honour;* and as an inducement to young men to *seek first the kingdom of God*, the following Resolutions are subjoined.

BOSTON, Dec. 15th, 1858.

At a monthly meeting of the Board of Managers of the "Boston Young Men's Christian Association," held at their Rooms on Monday evening, Dec. 13th, 1858, in view of the afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence in the removal by death of our late brother and Librarian, Mr. A. C. Avard Taylor, who "fell asleep in Jesus" on the evening of the 9th inst., a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Board.

Resolved, That in the decease of our brother, we mourn the loss of one always faithful in the discharge of duty, prompt for every good word and work, and ever ready to "stand up for Jesus," thus endearing himself to the members of our Association, and leaving as a precious legacy a memory and example worthy of being held in long and "good remembrance."

Resolved, That we will attend in a body the funeral of our late brother, thus testifying our respect to his memory.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the Records of this Association, and a copy of them, signed by the President, Recording Secretary, and Tresurer, sent to the immediate relatives of the deceased.

FRANKLIN W. SMITH, *President*,
S. S. BLANCHARD, *Recording Sec'y.*
STEPHEN G. DEBLOIS, *Treasurer.*

At a full and special meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association Praying Circle," the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, it has pleased our Divine Lord and Master to remove from our midst our dearly beloved President, and highly esteemed friend and brother in Christ, A. C. Avard Taylor,

Therefore Resolved, That while our hearts throb with deep abiding sorrow at his early decease, as we reflect upon his worth, merits, and virtues as a man, his strong, fervent, all-pervading piety as a Christian, and his ever ready sympathy and love as a brother and friend, yet, though the tear will flow as we speak his name, and think of our own sad loss, we strive to say in the spirit of resignation he ever manifested in his spotless life,—"Thy will, oh God be done!" And as travellers towards that "Better Land," within whose Crystal Portals we all hope to pass, among our fondest anticipations is the privilege of bowing with him before our Heavenly Father's Throne, and singing with him as we have often done in this life, yet in a nobler, loftier strain, the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Resolved, That the relatives of the deceased, who by this dispensation of Divine Providence are plunged in grief, have our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow, and shall ever be remembered in our petitions at the Throne of Grace.

(Signed by the members.)
GEORGE H. WORTHLEY.
Secretary.

To his Pastor I am indebted for part of the foregoing sketch, and also for the following extract from the funeral sermon:—

"Bear for him no broken column, for his life was rounded and finished. Christ made *service* the true end of life; and he touched