

I am far away from the 'peace which passeth knowledge.' Besides," she added bitterly, "I cannot endure the curiosity of the villagers. They look at me so questionably, as if I had no right to come among them—I, a deserted wife."

"Don't speak so sorrowfully, Emma dear. There must be a light side even to this cloud which shadows your life. Cheer up, and come to the meeting! Perhaps some word will be spoken which will bring a little comfort to you," and she snatched away the fancy-work, and brought Emma's hat and shawl.

"How changed you are, Celia! I never dreamed that you would 'get religion,' and become such a strict little Methodist. You never miss a meeting. I suppose the old brethren and sisters delighted with so zealous a young convert. But don't look so grieved, dear. I'll not tease you." And then added earnestly, "I only wish I might possess the happiness which glows in your face."

"He is also able to save them to the uttermost who come unto Him," whispered Celia.

The little vestry at the village church was filled with devout worshippers that evening—men and women who had come in out of the perplexities and cares of life for an hour's united communion with God. The hymns and the prayers fell unheeded, however, upon the veiled lady in the back seat. Her attention was only arrested when the pastor in words of exhortation, entreated those who were not followers of the Master to take up their cross.

"You are leading a moral but careless life," he said. "Like the young ruler you have kept the commandments from your youth up. You would be Christ's disciple and inherit eternal life, but some lingering selfishness restrains you. Pride, or worldly possessions, or love of a gay life, cause you to turn away from the pleading Voice. The sacrifice is too great; the yoke heavy and burdensome. O friend humble yourself, and make this night a voluntary, absolute consecration of your talents, time and service to your Saviour."

The seed had fallen unawares into the good ground of an awakened conscience. For the first time in her life Emma Thornton's haughty spirit was abashed. Silently she walked home through the fragrant spring air, her heart almost breaking with the intensity of her emotions. In this new, strange humility, she dared hardly look up to the One whom she had so neglected—dared hardly whisper a petition for pardon of past sin. For hours that night, overcome with deep remorse and contrition, she sat with her almost fatherless child in her arms, blindly seeking for light and help. Should she never receive tidings from the young husband she had sent from her? Was Philip's path and her's to be forever separate? Her old pride was swallowed up in the greatness of her love and these first feeble reachings after God.

Was it any wonder that when her guide and friend, the aged clergyman, said, "I have reason to believe a great joy awaits you," that her heart should give a strange leap?

Ten days after, a letter came from a relative residing in New York, the purport of which was, that he did not know whether she cared to hear from her husband or not, but saying that his name was mentioned among the passengers who had come by the Scythia from England that day, and was registered at Fifth Avenue.

For about five minutes she sat almost motionless with the letter in her hand. Then, as the whole meaning dawned upon her, she hurried upstairs, changed her dress, packed her traveling satchel, left little Mara in care of Aunt Susan, wrote a brief note to her father, and took the evening train for S—, thence to New York.

"Which hotel, Mum?"

"The Fifth Avenue."

Arrived in the ladies parlor, she sent a servant to inquire if Mr. Philip Thornton was stopping there. He returned immediately, with the information that the gentleman had left a half hour before for the Grand Central Depot.

Driving rapidly back to the station, she took a rear seat in a car of the train just starting back to S—. Her eyes ran rapidly over the seats before her. He was not there. At the first stopping place she passed into the next car and sat down. Did her eyes deceive her? No! there he was, about midway in the car—a little stouter, a fuller beard, but the same brown eyes, and the same imperious face. Drawing her veil closely she watched him. Her heart almost ceased to beat. Was he going to her? And if so, was he returning the same? Could he still love her? He appeared very restless, was impatient of delays, and seemed wrought up to a high state of excitement, as the cars sped on. Once he walked up and down the car, and passed quite near her, but her veil and the gathering dusk were very friendly.

When the cars reached S—, it was dark. He was the first one out. Tremblingly she followed. Yes! he had taken the train that led to her home. There were but two cars, and he was on the forward seat of the first, seemingly more impatient than ever. They reach the station. She has no baggage, but he must stop and attend to his. She walks rapidly up the street in the darkness. Presently she hears a peculiar, well-remembered step behind her. She is nearing her father's house. Under a tree which had been a trysting place in the bright sunny days of the past, she stops and turns. He is up with her now!

"Emma, my wife!"

"O Philip, will you, can you for—?" and the words cease, the limbs yield, and the wife lies fainting in her husband's arms.

Brightly dawned the Easter Sunday the next morning, and very great was the surprise of all when the two long-separated walked up to the old pew, little Mara shyly clinging to her mother's hand. The aged clergyman's eyes grew moist under his spectacles, and his voice trembled in spite of the gladness in it, as he read his text—"Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

The service over, by a spontaneous impulse both go forward to the altar, and after the greeting, in the presence of the great congregation, the husband and wife, hand in hand, repeat the vow made six years before on that sacred spot.

The Lord had indeed risen in the hearts of both. It was the resurrection morning of a new life and a new love. *Zion's Herald.*

#### WAR IN ITS MORAL ASPECTS AND RESULTS.

By THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

The origin of war lies not in Nature, properly so called. Commonly but a duel on a gigantic scale, there is something monstrous, unnatural, in human wars. God has accommodated the body to the habits of the creature, and with such unerring skill, that from a single bone Cavalier could construct or conceive the whole fabric of the animal, and tell whether it belonged to a peaceful or destructive class! But is there in man's form, or frame, or aspect, anything which fits him for purposes of destruction? Peaceful-like, he comes into the world armed with no powers—furnished with no instrument of destruction. His smiling lips conceal no serpent's fang. He has no lion's paw—no eagle's talons—no roar or spring like that with which the hungry tiger from the crashing jungle bounds on its alarmed prey. "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." He stepped upon this earth a being of beauty—music in his voice, mind throned on his lofty brow, with an eye of sympathy, a heart of love, a hand and fingers formed for skilled and peaceful labour, and a frame in all respects the fitting shrine of a soul moulded in the image of Divinity. God did not even arm him with weapons of defence against the stronger creatures,—before the Fall these yielded him a voluntary obedience; after it, this was his shield.—"The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea: into your hand are they delivered." We talk of wild beasts—we speak of savage animals—but where does nature, in her most savage aspects, present any scene analogous to a field of battle? A thing, in truth, so unnatural in war, that men would stand astonished to see the brutes copy their example, and outrage nature by a sin so monstrous. Let our eagles gather from their different glens, and

sweeping in clouds along the sky, let them meet in the fields of air to plunge their talons in each other's breasts, and cover the ground below with their slaughtered carcasses—let our cattle leave their pastures, the hills and scattered fields, and led on by some lord of the herd, charge each other's columns, and amid hideous bellowings, bury their bloody horns in each other's sides—why, men would think that creation had been struck with madness;—they proclaim a prodigy, and stand as much astonished as if to-morrow's sun were to rise where he sets to-night. It is to sin, not to nature, we owe war. But for sin, iron might have been forged into a ploughshare, never into a sword. Human depravity is nowhere exhibited in such frightful colours as on the stage where this tragedy is acted.

Human life is a sacred thing. If, in that medical theatre where blood is shed, and the quivering limb mutilated for the very purpose of preserving life, there were a surgeon of distinguished skill, who never ventured near a vital organ, nor laid hands upon the knife till he had spread them out in prayer to God—if, in that court where the verdict of "guilty" has just fallen on the ears of a hushed assembly, the judge's voice is trembling, and his eyes are weeping while he sentences one fellow-creature to the gallows—and if, when his time is run, and the procession has taken its way to the scaffold, and the death-bell tolls, it is an awful spectacle to see that solitary man, with his feet on the drop, and the white cap on his eyes, cast away the handkerchief that launches him into eternity, how much more awful the field which witnesses a becomb of victims! Imagine that field, on Borodino's banks, where one thousand cannon added their thunders to the long rattle and ceaseless roar of musketry, while forty thousand cavalry are charging on the living squares, or meet each other in the fearful shock of war. To say nothing of the wild uproar of the fight, the gasty wounds, the groans of the dying—the mangled bodies of the dead how revolting to a Christian mind, to think of men boiling with passion, many with curses on their lips, many of these the outcasts of society, the neglected youths of our streets, miserably prepared in any circumstances, to die, being hurled at every volley into the presence of their Judge! In the dark days of old, when God's scattered people had met for worship in one of our lonely glens, and the signal was hardly given by the watch on the hill when the persecutors were on them, and they had but time to close their bibles and draw their swords, the preacher, ere his voice was drowned in the ringing volley, had but a few moments to raise his eyes and hands to heaven, and cry, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe!" If they only died on the battle field who were ripe—who were ready—who were fit to die; if we could believe that all these gallant, were gracious men united to a martyr's faith; if amid the cannon that pealed, and the bells that rung the victory, no pious father or widowed mother sat in their lonely room, and cried, oh, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, oh! Absalom, my son, my son!"—the battle that leaves a thousand dead bodies on the field, and hurries a thousand souls to judgment, were a much less awful, much less distressing spectacle.

AMHERST.—On Tuesday evening last the Amherst Reform Club were favoured with a rich treat in the shape of a first-rate Temperance Lecture by the Rev. Mr. Temple. The reverend gentleman "is a host in himself" on Temperance. He portrayed the terrible effects of the drinking usages on individuals and society; the necessity of society arraying itself against the traffic for its own protection. He showed the benefits and gains of prohibitions which would accrue to communities and nations in the money saved and lives prolonged, now wasted and destroyed by this terrible curse. The learned lecturer interspersed his address with occasional anecdotes to make it more suitable to popular taste. It was sound and solid throughout and must be promotive of good. It would be well for the cause of temperance if there were more of the same stamp.—*Amherst Gazette.*

A General Conference on Missions, an intending to represent all Protestantism, is announced to be held in London, Oct. 31. of this year. The object of it will be to consider "the present position, labors, and prospects of Protestant evangelical missions in foreign countries." A meeting of this kind was held in Liverpool during the year 1860, and was attended by 120 representatives of Christian missions and missionary societies. Much information was gathered, methods of work were compared, and altogether the results were most valuable. The Conference this year is called by a meeting held last June in London, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

An absurd incident at the Rosbery-Rothschild wedding is thus piquantly alluded to in the *London World*: "O ye sons and daughters of men, when will you give up worshipping false gods? During the marriage service last Wednesday, when Miss Hannah de Rothschild was being transposed into the countess of Rosebery, and the whole congregation was kneeling devoutly in prayer, the Prince of Wales tried to slip in like an ordinary mortal, conscious of being late. The moment he was espied, the public forgot it was a congregation assembled in the Church of England, rose en masse to its feet, causing quite a disturbance in the midst of the solemnity, and began courtesying and whispering until H. R. H. found shelter 'neath the ample shadow of Lady Countess Lindsay's wing." There were, by the way, representatives at the wedding of the leading Hebrew families of London—Montefiore, Cohen, Mocatta, and some of whom have made little changes in their names, of whom it was once said by the head of the Frankfort house, "Although they can change their names, they can never change their noses."

The Chautauqua Sunday-school meetings for this year will begin July 23 and close August 5. At Ocean Grove there will be religious and temperance camp-meeting, beginning on July 9 and closing on July 19; a song jubilee from August 1 to August 6; and the annual camp-meeting from August 19 to August 29.

It is quite well known that the government of China has sent to the United States more than a hundred picked young men to be educated at the cost of the empire for the public service. The present number of the students is 112; their work is done in Hartford, Connecticut, where the Chinese government has erected for their use a large house at a cost of \$50,000. In this building their Chinese education is carried forward; their American training is received in the schools of Hartford and its neighborhood. The history of this Chinese educational commission, as given in a public lecture by the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell before the Yale Law School, is stranger than fiction. Yung Wing, its projector, was a pupil in a Christian mission school in China, and was brought in 1847, by the Rev. S. R. Brown, a missionary of the American Board to the United States. In 1850 he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself in English composition and graduated in 1854. While at college he formed the purpose of returning home and inducing the government to send young men to America to be educated. He was without friends or patronage in China. It cost him sixteen years of unsparring exertion to reach a position where he could influence the minds of the emperor's advisers. At length in 1871, his scheme was approved, and the sum of \$1,500,000 appropriated for its execution. Two commissioners direct the education of the young men. It may be added that Yung Wing has long been a decided Christian.

JOHN WYCLIFFE'S memory was honoured by a quinqucentenary celebration on the 22nd of March. Churchmen and Dissenters appropriately took part. The precise event of the reformer's life which was selected for commemoration was his trial by the bishops of Lambeth. Wycliffe was, when a student, a commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; in 1361 he was elected warden of Baliol College; and in 1372 he became a Doctor of Divinity. His theses against transubstantiation drew upon him the wrath of the Church. The Pope issued bulls against him; the monks persecuted him; in 1377, and again in 1378 he was cited before the bishops, who condemned him for heresy. In 1382 he was expelled from the University of Oxford; he then retired to his parish church of Lutterworth, in the diocese of Lincoln, where, in 1384, he died. His entire translation of the Bible was printed only thirty years ago.

On the commemoration day an early morning sermon was preached in St. Anne's church by the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple. He reminded the people that Wycliffe had been called "the morning star of the Reforma-

tion." After the sermon there was a public breakfast, with addresses. At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a lecture in Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, followed by more addresses. Among the speakers was the Hon. John Welsh, our minister to England. A five o'clock meeting was held at Devonshire House, Bishopgate Street, over which Mr. Welsh presided. He said as he came from the city founded by Penn, he was proud to take the chair in that venerable meeting house of the Society of Friends. The festival closed with a mass-meeting in the East London Tabernacle. Among the speakers and lecturers of the day were the Rev. Dr. Punshon, Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, Mr. Osborne Morgan, Sir Thomas Chambers, and other distinguished men.

#### OBITUARY.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,

only daughter of William Andrew and Maria Louisa Fulmer, born at Economy, N. S., August 8th, 1860, died March 8th, 1878. About the beginning of the present year her parents discovered in Florence an indisposition which they considered was only the effect of a cold that would pass off in a few days. Her medical attendant did not consider her case dangerous. For about five weeks she continued partly to discharge her domestic duties, and attend the Sabbath and week evening services. Three weeks previous to her death the disease assumed the form of gastric fever, from which she was thought to be recovering until within a few days of her departure, when her disease took a more malignant form accompanied by delirium, after which she sank rapidly. During the four days of severe suffering she had many lucid moments. Her articulation was imperfect, but the words that could be understood were fraught with comfort to her parents and friends, and gave the assurance that she died firmly trusting in Jesus. On being asked, "Do you know the Saviour?" she replied, "The old, old story—glory." At another time she clasped her hands and said "Let us pray." Shortly afterward she added

"Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face."  
The last words she was heard to utter were, "The Lord's will be done." All through her sickness she manifested extreme patience and entire resignation. Her amiable disposition, gentle and kind deportment, and promising abilities made her a universal favorite in the village where she resided, as well as amongst her relatives and friends. The funeral services conducted by the writer, assisted by the Rev. F. Arford, (Episcopal) and J. Rose, (Congregational) were attended by a large number of sympathizers—the procession being one of the largest we have witnessed during the term of our ministry. J. C.

RICHARD C. TURNER.

Died at Three Brooks, March 16, 1878, Richard C. son of Abner and Helen A. Turner, in the 22nd year of his age. His death was unexpected. He had only been sick ten or twelve days. When first taken ill, it was thought that it was nothing serious; his friends looked for his speedy restoration to health and strength; but alas! how often are human hopes blasted; instead of his getting better, fever set in, he grew worse, and it soon became evident that time with him would soon be exchanged for eternity. Though not a member of our church, he was a regular attendant on the means of grace. He was a young man that was very highly spoken of by all who knew him. To his parents he was a kind and affectionate son. He endeavored in every way to contribute to their happiness and comfort. Some four or five days before his death, when asked if he had been thinking about his soul's salvation, he said that he had but not as much as he ought, but from that time till his death, he sought earnestly the salvation of his soul, and the pardon of sin. The night before he died he called to his bedside, his friends, and urged them one and all to seek the salvation of their souls, and not to delay it till a dying hour. He closed his appeal to them by quoting a verse of one of our hymns—

"Come sinners to the gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath hidden all mankind."  
A short time before he died, he said to his father, "I am going to wear a crown of glory." He died trusting in Jesus. While his dear friends mourn their loss, they sorrow not, as those who have no hope; but believe their loss to be his eternal gain. May the Lord sustain and comfort the hearts of his parents in their sad bereavement.

C. E. M.  
Arthurette, Vic. Co., April 16, 1878.