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THE DEAD SPEAKING.

A SERMON BY THE REV. C. B. PITBLADO.

parted good men we intend to speak. While When will such as Donald Cargill who was hung Shirley has ityet alive the God fearing spoke in their hallow- upon a gallows-tree in the Grass Market of Eded lives. The richest and most suggestive in- inburgh, and Margaret Wilson the maiden marformation and the highest stimulus are not things tyr, who was tied to a stake within the tide Or, as Whittier put it the other dayof phraseology. Unspeaking things are force- mark of the Solway, cease to speak. ful, whether connected with matter or with man. Material creation in its speechless things impresses us with sublime ideas of God. His treadings are heard in the rumbling of the rocks. His glory shines in the jewelery of

hero; the poor shepherd, who was never heard of beyond the shadow of the mountain whereon fame was spread through every land, although up to it, put his arms round his neck and wept

THE GREAT AND FAMOUS BEING DEAD YET that horse. SPEAK. They speak by what they did and suf- They speak to us through memory. By mefered. Painters speak to us in the things of mory we can see them now as they looked the Olives," speak to the Christless world sleep saysing on the brink of hell, and to the Christian "All men think all men mortal but themselves." world slumbering with the cry of the Bridegroom in its ear. Jeremy Taylor, Wesley, Chalmers, and Robert Hall are gone-their elo quent tongues are silent now, but their books are speaking mightily for Jesus still. Brave retormers like Luther in Germany, Wickliff in England, and Knox in Seotland yet speak by the boldness of their defence of the " faith once delivered to the saints." Enthusiastic mission

" Nobly their cour e is run, Splend ar is rou dir;
Brively their fight is won,
Matyrd m crown'dir."

Our Loved Ones being Dead yet Speak. The practing of the cascade adown the savage rocks. His glory shines in the jewelery of philanthropists or philosophers or martys, but dear friends disappearing amid the haze of the we loved them. They may never have startled valley, feel the death-rime gathering round born of a woman is of few days, and full of His beauty is seen in the kingcup and the hyawe loved them. They may never have startled valley, feel the death-rime gathering round to the world by the splendors of their genius, or your brow, and the death-weight getting heavitouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is now endless summer time with them; it is the consciousness of it? What is the result of the world by the splendors of their genius, or your brow, and the death-weight getting heavitouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is only early dreary spring time with us. They this unveiling of the glory by God? We all reacinth. His might is told in the building of stars, and his wisdom in the laws that govern comets, thunderbolts and seas. Good men in their lives impress us with enticing and lofty their lives impress us with enticing and lofty ideas of virtue and godliness. The holiest and most hallowed lessons are life lessons. Silent most hallowed lessons are life lessons. Silent virtues are evermore winsome and potent. In nature silent forces are ever potential. There is power not only in the water-spout rising from some to sky, but in the dew that falls silently many unland and less upon rises and sad less upon rises are silent forces are ever potential. There is power not only in the water-spout rising from some unland and less upon unland and less upon rises are ever potential. There is power not only in the water-spout rising from common unland and less upon rises are ever potential. There is power and elements of the grave hold as much truth as contorms and molds us have often gazed—whose hands we have often death hints. Dead! The power and elements of the grave hold as much truth as contorms and molds us are in man. We have all felt the death hints. Dead! The power and elements of the grave hold as much truth as contorms and molds us are in man. We have all felt the death hints. Dead! The power and elements of the grave out in splendid hearses hung with golden trappings to be laid away in fashionable monumental contorms and molds us are in man. We have all felt the death hints. Dead! The power and elements of the grave out in splendid hearses hung with golden trappings to be laid away in fashionable monumental contorns and molds us are in man. We have all felt the death hints. Death of the glory of the Son of God, felt and whose actions we have experienced in the contorns and molds us are in man. We may all truths; noting is a mighty reality; we only have made in the power and elements of the grave out in splendid hearses hung with golden trapping to its power there. How? By taking out in splendid hearses hung with golden trapping to its power that the case of the grave of the g

thunder leap from its biding place, but also in the sunbeams tipping the matin hills with gold —thawing into music the rivers and lakes of many a land—warming into life and beauty the golden harvests of northern climes and the ctar dust than we. Thust thou art and unto found the dust than we. Thust thou art and unto forget that whatever else you may forget. All that they dared not look upon him. Moses had been in the presence of the glory, and he wastes and wilds of earth—amid other ways, whether you think so or not, lead that they dared not look upon him. Moses had been in the presence of the glory, and he became a reflector of the glory, but he "wist it trembles! In Thine arms, oh, fold me that they dared not look upon him. Moses had been in the presence of the glory, and he became a reflector of the glory, but he "wist it trembles! In Thine arms, oh, fold me that they dared not look upon him. Moses had been in the field where they fought and of the dust than we. Thust they dared not look upon him. Moses had been in the field where they fought and they can be the dust than we. Thust they dared not look upon him. All that they dared not loo golden harvests of northern climes and the orange groves of southern archipelagoes. There sigh as he leaves his door? He has just observed the flower-pot that his wife set out in orange groves of southern archipelagoes. There served the flower-pot that his wife set out in orange groves of southern archipelagoes. served the flower-pot that his wife set out in the graden the last thing she did before taking lation in its track, but more in the elictrecity sleeping in the raindrop and throbbing in the aurora and working atom, shimmering in the aurora and working speaks to his heart. Do you see that young the horizon and into fury. As in material forces, the flower-pot that his wife set out in the graden the last thing she did before taking the garden the last thing she did before taking the garden the last thing she did before taking the garden the last thing she did before taking the garden the last thing she did before taking the garden the list thou art, and all the proud shall be!"

Dead! Any insignificant force may crack will be wite of his youth, now crumbling in the dust step will only be speaks to his heart. Do you see that young the horizon and glory and blessing." O Jesus may we all, have we been in the glory? Have we reflected the flower-pot that his wife set out in the dust are carrying sailors to their ocean-sepulchres. Everywhere men are sinking into the death riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing." O Jesus may we all, have we been in the glory? Have we reflected the flower-pot that his wife set out in the garden the last thing she did before taking the carrying sailors to their ocean-sepulchres. Dead! Any insignificant force may crack the "golden bowl," an all the the life flow out. She hourisance into fire.

The tiniest hand may loose the "silver cord." and glory and blessing." O Jesus may we all, have we been in the glory? Have we reflected it? so in human forces, the most powerful. Words are often things of shell her husband laid among the roses that nower—nure, hallowed lives always, grand power—pure, hallowed lives always, grand speeches full of tornadoes and cataracts and speeches full of tornadoes and cataracts are speeches full of tornadoes and cataracts and speeches full of tornadoe speeches full of tornadoes and cataracts and to be swallowed by the hungry waves. That hand break the thread on which its beads or as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast purifying and beautifying of humanity; silent, dewy, sunny, electric lives have done more.

Who can tell how much they have done for the ripening of the harvests for the garners of hooks there loved to read, through apple-trees

Seleping in some calm grotto of the sea. The will soil and spoil and shatter man's earthly dead speak through a thousand objects. They life. The puniest touch may snap the thread on which our heart, our family jewels are hung the resurrection. We are glad Wesley could be resurrection. books they loved to read, through apple-trees and let them drop one by one away. Tiny they planted and hymns they used to sing, death forces are everywhere. They are wait-The dead speaking. Man speaks not only in through walks they loved to take and ships they ing in the sand-grain and in the water-drop. for the last time, we kiss the pallid brow in the they loved to gaze and through tidal songs to damp. Little things can kill men. We have coffin and our heart speaks a sad farewell. That which they loved to listen. They are associative of a Roman counsellor who was killed by friend will often, often speak to us—speak to ed with almost everything we see and sound we a hair; of a Greek poet who was killed by a us, when in future years we sigh in the shadow or hear. In our mind they are associated with day grape seed; of a pope who lost his life by a grape seed; of sing in the sunlight. Every grave has a tongue. mouldering into night, with autumn shuddering Every one who ever lived speaks to some heart. into winter, and with spring bursting into bud The beggar's babe, as well as the battle-scarred and butterfly; with stars blinking in the blue, pigeons cooing at the window, and sheep bleating at the well; with pet dolls and fast horses. his sheiling stood, as well as the monarch whose Burke saw his son's horse in the field and going

like a child. His dead son spoke to him through

Inquirer," and James Hamilton in his " Mount | world where Young, in his " Night Thoughts,"

delivered to the saints." Enthusiastic mission aries such as Williams and Vanderkemp, Cape and Judson, Martyn, Morrison, Schwartz and J sian, when in attempting to abolish the Chris- for ever in sunless, loveless, peaceless desola- the way of Cæsar." Standing at the base of tian name all kind of butcheries were resorted tion." Their example and experience are Pompey's statue in the Roman Senate house, we

gotten that at the command of Catherine de gone; your husband, your sister, your brother, Legislator, no street-sweeper but can be well rivers bank the conquerors are singing grander God first we shall have no difficulty in prevail-Medicis, the blood of thirty-thousand Protes- your dear friend is gone. She was Christ-like. enough spared, and very little missed. tants flowed about the streets of Paris? The He was good. He believed in Jesus. She Dead! Everywhere and always men are torious legions of Godfrey or Tamerlane.

And brother Groan offers a prayer full of re-"He being dead, yet speaketh." Heb. xi. 4. "killing times" of Scotland are not voiceless. loved Jesus. Do you not feel the power of his sinking out of sight—crossing as Shakespear Not dead! As they stand up yonder above we ever find it. This is the utterance of Paul concerning Abel When will it be forgotten that the covenanters example upon you? Don't you feel the influ- says .-and his faith. You know Abel was the first were chased from their churches and homes, and of the Church and wonders when there are their in the presence of God would have upon us dition of the Church and wonders when there are their in the presence of God would have upon us dition of the Church and wonders when there man who ever got the martyr's crown; the first slain to the number of about eighteen thousand, and rectitude and heaven? Fragrant and About every thirty years nine or ten millions. man who ever stood up among the angels in many of their bones being left to whiten on the balmy as lately-mown bay in the meadow is the ot our fellows disappear from earth. Every sun heaven. Abel was a good man, and about demountains and moors of their native land. Every sun the shores of the pious dead. As the poet sets on seventy or eighty thousand newly made the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Adriatic, the women and glory of the Lord, are changed into the same the shores of the blue Ad

"The actions of the just Smell sweet and bl. ssom in the dust."

clasped—the throbbings of whose heart we have plus in the dew that falls silently upon upland and lea, upon rice-swamp and heather hill. There is power not only in the lighting flashing in the skiey blaze, dealing death to the old woodland king and bidding the thunder leap from its hiding place, but also in the leap from its hiding place, but also in the leap from its hiding place, but also in the water-spout rising from the dew that falls silently upon upland and lea, upon rice-swamp and heather hill. There is power not only in the light and whose actions we have experienced in that falls silently upon upon upland and lea, upon rice-swamp and heather hill. There is power not only in the light in the dew that falls silently upon upon upland and lea, upon rice-swamp and heather hill. There is power not only in the light in the dew that falls silently upon upon upland and lea, upon rice-swamp and heather hill. There is power not only in the light in the brow of a rainbow, and likeness.

They speak to us through unnumbered objects. Do you see that young mother turning in its glossy bosom, are not more kindred to the dust than we. "Dust thou art and unto forget that whatever else you may forget. All they did, not otherwise. They have received the throbbings of whose beart we have felt and way in tashionable monument all cemetries, or in rustic waggons without the "Church, or of the glory of the Son of God, and then whose actions we have experienced in the time that falls silently upon the son of son in the lit is gone and feed me they did, not otherwise. They have received but in so far as it is transforming us into its lit is gone as they did, not otherwise. They did not o

shell speaks to her and sings to her of him now flowers were strung. Just so the weakest force out the dead." Our dead shall rise again. They are lurking in the zephyr and in the nightgnat. "Be ye also ready."

beauty they have hung all about the world. Or- first time, and the last time we ever saw them. "move this first in case of fire." It contained shining chairs all round the skies, chanting ators speak in the words of fire and force they We can hear them speak words of cheer, and nothing but a few baby toys. The father missuttered in days of other years. Poets whose words of love, and words of warning. We can lyres are unstrung and broken, charm the world hear them singing about the house as they did hear them singing about the house as they did words of love, and words of love, and words of warning. We can hear them speak words of cheer, and did and treasured up its play things. but none thought of his dead child but himself. lyres are unstrung and broken, charm the world still, by the music they made long, long ago. when all was summer in our hearts. Again we Warrior kings now sleeping in their marble sarcophaguses with the wrecks of their once splener as in dewy days of yore. Again we kneel

when all was summer in our hearts. Again we gather with them the primrose or the mayflowhearts joyful as if no child had ever died. How
ty is not absorbed, but retains its individualidid dynasties about them, speak in the laws they around the same family altar, and breathe the made and the battles they won. Patriots speak same prayer to our Father." Again we sit tomade and the battles they won. Patriots speak same prayer to our Father." Again we sit toin what they did for their country. Sparta had gether in the "house of God," and listen to the in what they did for their country. Sparta had gether in the "house of God," and listen to the its Leonidas, Switzerland its Tell, Scotland its preacher telling "the sweet story of old." baby" and then closed its eyelids, moved its Lethe. Wallace, America its Washington—these being Again we see them sinking and wasting away; head upon the lap of death. Sitting under the again hear the dull clods rumbling on the coffin; again we see, by faith, an angel form standing the sweet story of old."

We hands for the last time, and laid its sunny head upon the lap of death. Sitting under the shadow of the cypress, your heart waking from again we see, by faith, an angel form standing the sweet story of old." manity. Wilberforce and Buxton speak in liber- by the grave and hear him crying, "I am the its stupor asked, will baby nevermore come back? ated millions. John Pounds speaks in ragged schools; Robert Raikes in Sabbath schools; Dabelieveth in me shall never die"—" Blessed are believeth in me shall never generated dungeons. Sanctified geniuses speak The seasons thus passed with the departed of milgenerated dungeons. Sanctified genuses speak | The seasons thus passed with the departed plied, "forevermore." You bowed your head lions, its mean seems a grand, requiem dirge: For if it were burning, then surely in the books they have left. Baxter in his "Call to the Unconverted" and in his "Saint's Rest." ces. There is much real living in such thoughts.

The arms of your soul were stretched toward not in its caverns, but have launched their to the Unconverted and in his Battle and Progress of Relig- Where rightly used, they tend to lift us to high- the skies: surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the direction is the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the skies is surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the skies is surely you felt a b the skies: surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the dirge is changing in the skies: surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the dirge is changing in the skies: surely you felt a balm drop fall down barques upon the glassy sea, the dirge is changing upon your heart as you seemed to hear Jesus ed to peans of victory. As we lay one ear Progress," Wilberforce in his "Practical View of Christianity," Leigh Richmond in his "Dairyman's Daughter," Pike in his "Persuasives lected realities. We need to be Early Piety," Angel James in his "Anxious in his "Night Thoughts."

upon your neart as you seemed to near Jesus and to peans of victory. As we say one ear upon the hollow earth, we seem to hear the my Father which is in heaven." But while you were sighing over your little coffin or tiny grave, and lay the other upon the sky, we seem to hear the tread of a thousand funerals, but as we we rise and lay the other upon the sky, we seem to hear the tread of a thousand funerals, but as we we rise and lay the other upon the sky, we seem to hear the tread of a thousand funerals, but as we we rise and lay the other upon the sky, we seem to hear the tread of a thousand funerals, but as we we rise and lay the other upon the sky, we seem to hear the tread of a thousand funerals, but as we we rise and lay the other upon the sky, we seem to the sublimest and often most negroup in his "Night Thoughts." All men think all men mortal but themselves."

unmissed by the world. Even men of power with Jesus here manifested. The one commendation our blessed Lord gives to Mary is thought the natural attractiveness of eloquent through the natural attractiveness of eloq We need to have spiritual realities brought and genius, however useful and beloved, are an an amount of the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear Jesus say, as He looks into the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear Jesus say, as He looks into the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear the white-robed throngs re-echo,—may be lightnings, and thunders, and contented to stream wagon?

They dropped their pebble into the lake of Burke and the preacher like Whitefield, the welldone," and the echo of the immortal hills, where the preacher like white-robed throngs re-echo,—may be lightnings, and thunders, and contented to stream the an amount of the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear Jesus say, as He looks into the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear the white-robed throngs re-echo,—may be lightnings, and thunders, and earth-make the modern properties that she is contented to stream the state and contented to stream the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear Jesus say, as He looks into the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear Jesus say, as He looks into the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear Jesus say, as He looks into the eyes of the conquerors,—"welldone." We seem to hear Jesus say, as He looks into the eyes of the conquerors,—"we light that she is contented to stream the state white-robed throngs re-echo,—
"we light that she is contented to stream the eyes of the conquerors,—"we light that she is contented to stream the eyes of the conquerors,—"we light that she is contented to stream the eyes of the conquerors,—"we light that she is contented to stream the eyes of the eyes of the conquerors,—"we light that she is contented to stream the eyes of the eyes of the conquerors,—"we light that she is contented to stream the eyes of the eyes of the conquerors,—"we light that she is contented to stream the eyes of the eyes o They dropped their people into the lake of Burke and the preacher like Whiteheld, the welldone," and the echo of the immortal hills, political, social and spiritual influences: its forces are moving parliaments, homes and souls forces are moving parliaments, homes and souls Albert, are not long or much missed by the eternity,—welldone.

Welldone," and the echo of the immortal hills, quakes, but it was in the still, small voice that the prophet heard Hin. And it is so still, the prophet heard Hin. And it is so still, the prophet heard Clergymen sould heart to an object of his care. forces are moving parliaments, homes and souls still. They were living centres that sent out fresh pulsations which are beating in the world to-day. They were stars that emitted borrowed to-day toforces are moving parliaments, homes and souls Albert, are not long or much missed by the eternity,—welldone.

forth to unmarked graves. Out on the sea in row way" are to-night in the summer land, not," Yes, while all saw it and feared it, he Begins to sink ! O Saviour hold me! the still and the storm-vessels on the Atlantic. the still and the storm—vessels on the Atlantic, vessels on the Indian ocean, vessels on all seas are carrying sailors to their ocean-sepulchres.

So cold and dark! Oh! shine upon me! thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice,—Worthy cannot truly have been in the presence of His

VEN. The bedies of the departed are in the men made perfect." "Absent from the body." Dead! To die is to be forgotten. The dead they are present with the Lord." They have gone to live at home in Paradise. Not in the are missed by the few, who loved them, but Paradise of the poet where souls slowly walk soon forgotten by the many who may have known them. When your canary died you their solemn circles, or sweep on in brilliant rotation, lost in the general blaze, round an abmissed it, but the ornithologist did not miss it stract Diety; not in the Paradise of the painfrom the kingdom of the feather and the song, ter with its golden mist and rosy haze covered As with birds so with men. They are scarcely with smiling winged faces; not in the Paradise As with birds so with men. A wealthy gentlemen of the theologian, where millions of radiant had inscribed upon an iron safe, these words,--- ghosts bathed in impalpable splendors, sit is

Hath evil wrought, The funeral Anthem is a glad evangel. The good die not. a dream." your soul cried, "is my child gone waves are the winding-sheets and its shelly,

George-Herbert say to his wife,—"I have pass-ed a conflict with the last enemy, but I have

| Penetrated ner very sour, and controlled ner very source America. Indeed, so parpably is parochial work an essential element of ministerial suctors; these old time martyrs speak and say, "The grace of God is sufficient in the fire and on the grace of God is sufficient in the fire and on the grace of Jesus is the charm and the music and gion of Je grace of God is sufficient in the fire and on the rack, in the arena of wild beasts and on the torch-pole, under the saw and on the cross."

grace of God is sufficient in the fire and on the rack, in the arena of wild beasts and on the torch-pole, under the saw and on the cross."

gion of Jesus is the charm and the music and who professed to be his friends; lifting our the initiated and instructed one, who has learned to hear as the learned," that is, times and places. It is much the habit among cess, that no preacher suddle and whith speak of it as though it had no place, or no other than a tasksome place, in his calling as a torch-pole, under the saw and on the cross."

To you near I nomas Scott snouting reneth mine ear to hear as the learned," that is, times and places. It is much the habit among the interest except religion. An unnature to hear as the learned," that is, times and places. It is much the habit among the interest except religion. An unnature to hear as the learned, the initiated and instructed one, who has learned to hear. Then, and not till then, we shall be common interest except religion. An unnature to hear as the learned, the initiated and instructed one, who has learned to hear as the learned, that is, times and places. It is much the habit among the dwith twenty-three wounds, inflicted by those speak of it as though it had no place, or no other than a tasksome place, in his calling as a torch-pole, under the saw and on the cross." torch-pole, under the saw and on the cross."

Moderns who laid down their lives for the truth speak. The Waldensian martyrs speak from the mountains and ravines of Piedmont where the man a tasksome place, in his calling as a uninister of Lord hath given me the tural reticence is cultivated, and, once grown into strength and not till then, we shall be common interest except religion. An unnatural reticence is cultivated, and, once grown into strength and not till then, we shall be common interest except religion. An unnatural reticence is cultivated, and, once grown into strength and not they passed through thirty-five bloody persecuwey passed through thirty-five bloody persecutions, being either slain by the fagot. The fires of Smithfield kindled

by the lack Man in the speak for Jesus amid the gen
wey passed through thirty-five bloody persecutions, being either slain by the fagot. The fires of Smithfield kindled

Holy examples speak for Jesus amid the gen
wey passed through thirty-five bloody persecuthan to speak, to learn places of resort, of the views, feelings, and exspared. We are each but in the way of some
the dawning glories?—"The battle is fought;
the dawning glories?—"The battle is fought;
the dawning slories?—"The battle is fought;
the Holy examples speak for Jesus amid the gen-by "by "bloody Mary," keep not silent. From that death-field John Rogers, and Lawrence Saun-Parted—what a power there is in it! It has no friends, there is no "must" about it; there weath-neid John Rogers, and Lawrence Saunders, Ridley and Latimer, Hooper and Cranmer, and nearly three hundred more were sent
into eternity on wings of flame. St. Bartholointo eternity on wings of flame. St. Bartholointo eternity on wings of say has a voice. When will it be for
mer, and nearly three hundred more were sent
into eternity on wings of flame. St. Bartholointo eternity on the end of the short it; there
is no "must" about it; there
is no "mus

victory songs, than were ever sung by the vic- ing with men. So Jacob found it after the depressing to others and disgraceful to himself.

graves. Since this service began between three and four thousands have "gone the way of all busbands, and fathers and brothers home from upon an unveiled face. Reader, are our faces on the same of the bord, are changed into the same on the same of the bord, are changed into the same on the same of the bord, are changed into the same on the same of the bord, are changed into the same on the same of the bord, are changed into the same of the bord, are changed into the same on the same of the bord, are changed into the sam the earth." "We spend our years as a tale the toil and the sea; far away among the Alps of unveiled? We have an unveiled Christ, an unthat is told. "Our days upon earth are a glory, and along the celestial shores yonder veiled glory; He has taken all veils away un. as Christians we hold ourselves in constraint "God c lls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly What He has given.

They live on earth in thoughts and deed a stude of the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome there is a veil still too often upon our hearts—

that is toid. Our days upon earth are a fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the shadow." The Eagle may sit upon the rock and gaze upon the sun fair a round century.

They live on earth in thoughts and deed a trule of the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome there is a veil still too often upon our hearts—

there is a veil still too often upon our hearts—

who are afraid of "society? Let us remembered to the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and blessed ones are singing our welcome to the rock and gaze upon the sun fair and gaze upon What He has given.

They live on earth in thoughts and deeds as truly As in His heaven."

They speak to us of dyiny. As we think

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The Lagie may sit upon the rock home. Our souls can almost hear their songs there is a veil still too often upon our hearts—

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They speak to us of dyiny. As we think Our Loved Ones being Dead yet Speak. about their "being dead," we can hear them mers. For four hundred years the Elephant tidings of the daparture of some one we knew a glass darkly." But we are thankful and glad know. We often hear of people holding My land lies fallow: Master, till me l and loved. Everywhere men are being carried we can see Him at all, Halleluiah! We may all truths; holding is a mighty reality; we only My heart lies empty: Master, fill me!

" IS YOUR LAMP BURNING ?"

Say is your lamp burning my brother I pray you look quickly and see, For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall bright upon me

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter. And oft I fall out by the way :

THEY SPEAR TO US OF VICTORY AND HEA- There are many and many around you, Who follow wherever you go; Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

> Upon the dark mountain they stumble They are bruised on the rocks' and they ward

To the clouds and the nitiful sky There is many a lamp that is lighted; We behold them anear and afar:

ing,

But not many among them, by brother,

Though from the four quarters of heaven The winds were all blowing about. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadly blage in a line. Wide over the land and the ocean

They would never burn down or go out.

What a girdle of glory would shipe How all the dark places would brighten How the mist would roll up and away! How the earth would laugh out in her glad-

To bail the millennial day!

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; Some beam would fall bright upon me -Friends Review

AT JESUS' FEET.

Mary sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his words. We have in this the secret of all true

the night and the river, they seem to beckon us In 2nd Cor. iii. we have the effect that being after a long pause, bemoans the stagnant con-

prairie solitudes, the dead are being carried to hell. All those only who took the "nar-became a reflector of the glory, but he "wist it It trembles! In Thine arms, oh, fold me joining in the choral symphonies of the "ten knew it not. The moment the glory on our Is sinking fast! Lord, lock upon me l

> In this chapter the apostle speaks of the Unfit to die! O God, prepare me! ministration of life and glory which is committ- So weak! On eagles's wings, oh, bear me d to us. and the result of this administration | So comfortless! Lord Jesus cheer me! gives us by God through the Spirit is that we So lonely! God of love, draw near me! may become, wherever we go, administrators By sin accused! Good Lord, acquit me! of that glory. It is this blessed, secret inter- Unfit for heaven's pure service! Fit me! course in the Holy of Holies, that we need to Unfit for work on earth! But use me! cultivate in the present day, if we would stand Oh! come and fill the hungry with good things for God and with God in the trials of the days For thou hast all I need, Thou King of Kings in which we live; for truly we are in "perilous proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents unthankful, unboly, having the form of godliness, but denying the power of it." Let us, God will assuredly come, when we have sought little real parish life of thrift, so little that, if With their white, pleading faces turned up and found the secret place of power; for He his voice be silenced, all the hands in the con-

What is the hindrance to this glorious rewhere the Spirit of the Lord is. The Lord never so faithful and wise. leads us into the full realisation of this liberty, And on whom does parochial labor properso that basking in the sunshine of His love, our erly tall? Evidently first of all on the minister.

FREEDOM IN PRAYER-MEETING.

spiritual power. The spring of weakness is for a prayer meeting, they so often make a know him, to love and honor him as their friend However much we miss our dear ones when the saints singing, as they gather round the happy the want of the individual and lowly tellowship dead failure? Where is the loose screw by and spiritual counselor. For be it observed, grave is closed and the funeral over they are wondering voyagers, stepping from the ferry- with Jesus here manifested. The one com- reason of which this means of grace is allowed there are two kinds of "drawing;" one that is

grets and self-despising, and brother Weep,

EVERY-DAY WORK.

Can a church attain its proper measure of then, seek the reality and the power which can success under the mere preaching of the word? be found only in His blessed presence. Let us We answer, no. The preacher may excel in learn to be much alone with Him, to "shut to eloquence and pulpit attractiveness, and many the door." The outward manifestation from may flock to hear him, and yet there be but himself will reward us openly, as He has promis- gregation hang down with feebleness, and the ed, both here and hereafter; for those who parts fly assunder like steel filings when the bonor Him He will honor. The great object magnet is removed that held them together; so God has had in view has been, that we should little that though his voice be not silenced, there through eternity be reflectors of His own glory is many a hearer hungering for the answer to and that as individuals we should now reflect the question of his heart, pining for Christian Christ's image as we go about among our fel- fellowship, and either sorrowful or imbecile because he stands in no fixed relation to the household of faith.

sult? It is that we have not yet buried our The craving for recognition, contact and redesires: the new wine has not taken the place sponse, to be a something and somewhere, is to of the old; we have not come to Kibrothhat- be observed not less, and probably more, taavah, the graves of our own desires. Let us among a company of worshippers than anygive up seeking our own ways, and following where else. If it be absent in any instance, it our own thoughts, then we shall be able to say is the exception in which wealth, or ambition, to the Lord, "Come into thy garden and or the pleasures of secular life, have stifled the gather thy pleasant fruit;" we shall be filled longing. Besides, the life of the true believer with the sweet fragrance of his love, and our cannot flow out to regenerate and sanctify the course will then be "from glory to glory," unbelieving through the narrow channel of a "from strength to strength." All is liberty pulpit proxy, though the preaching in itself be

path may be as the path of the just, that is as He is a preacher, but a pastor as well. He the shining light which shineth more and more cannot preach suitably without knowing the inunto the perfect day-the day of his coming to tellectual, moral, and affectional condition of gather us all together unto Himself, when his people. He can thunder, and blaze, and We shall be forever with the Lord."-The rain, and therein to do some little good; but he cannot speak home to the heart, warning, reproving, encouraging, enfolding suffering, doubting, mis-led souls in his own heart, as he is commissioned to do. He can "draw" peo-Why is it that when Christians get together ple with the right kind of drawing, only as they or otherwise taking discourse, which has no re-There are several causes which often tend to lation at all to the heart; and the other is that make the modern prayer meeting unprofitable. of the divine truth, addressing itself to a needy