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(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)
PASSED ON BEFORE.
(IN MEMORY OF MISS MARY ALLISON.)

We had only just caught the last echoes of merriment, when the bells ushering in the New Year, 1871, when our hearts were suddenly chilled through with the sad news of the death of one of our life-companions. We had been taken by friendly mothers to visit each other in our *very cottages*, and through the happy years of childhood and youth we had passed hand in hand—for our paths lay side by side. But suddenly across hers, which, so full of promise, had seemed to stretch forward into a bright, beautiful future among loved ones here, a dark shadow fell, even that of the ravager, consumption, and for months she lived in pain and weakness, asking often in her heart, though seldom with her voice, if life were so soon to be given up. An anxious, devoted mother at once took her away from her native Province, across the great ocean to the genial air of a foreign clime, where, by the blessing of a kind Providence, she was much benefited, and returned to her loved home, in a little less than a year, overjoyed at having been brought safely back to emphatically "the dearest spot on earth" to her. During the many dark, weary hours allotted to her in these absent months, she was comforted and cheered by the loving presence of a loving Saviour. We regret exceedingly that a package of her highly prized letters has been lost, so that we cannot make exact extracts; but we remember, with great satisfaction, one note in particular, written when she feared she might not see her native land again, in which she spoke with that assurance of a heavenly home which only the true Christian ever possesses. But she recovered beyond her fears, and we were privileged to welcome her again to these shores, in comparative health and strength.

For two and a half years she was allowed to linger within the quiet but lovely precincts of her native village, endearing herself more than ever, if that were possible, to those who had always loved her, and had watched with deep interest, the constant evidences, from her earliest girlhood days, of a rare mind, coupled with a correspondingly lovable disposition and manner.

In our last few weeks of privileged daily intercourse with her, we were permitted to have a deeper insight into her inner life than ever before, and, as all would expect who saw her outer life, only to enjoy much more elevating images of virtue and fidelity found in the chambers of her soul. The beautiful and true, whether physical, mental, or moral, were duly estimated and highly appreciated by her; and these features of character, added to an unusual power of expression, made her an unusual and delightful companion. As health seemed to be returning to her more fully than she had ever dared hope for, she seemed inspired with a strong desire to do well her life-work. In one of the last letters she ever wrote she said: "When we were in Mentone, and good Dr. Bennett told me to go among the hills and dunes, I used to enjoy many delicious hours, the memory of which is very spicy, but I left all those times when I recrossed the wide and stormy ocean, and now, for the most part with me, 'Life is real-life is earnest.'"

Only a few days after she had penned the above, she was again laid low, and for more than three months her delicate frame was racked by intense suffering and fever, while helpless friends in agonizing suspense—some near at hand, but others far away—vainly waited to see what human skill could do to relieve her, as her system was shaken by five or six relentless diseases, which followed each other in quick succession. Meantime, her soul was peacefully "lying right in Jesus' arms," and, finally, "perfect though suffering," she enters the wide-open golden gates into the city. And, though our human nature is overwhelmed with grief and loss, yet our eye of Faith will peer within the closing portals, to see the glorified saint she was wont to call by the sacred name of Father, as He, joyous, leads her up to Him who had loved them and washed them in His own most precious blood, and who had redeemed them for ever and ever.

"Gone home! gone home! the door through which she had passed, closed with a jar, and left us here alone. We stand without, in tears, far from and banished, longing to follow where our loved one has gone."

Our aching, bleeding hearts desire to know more of the glory which is being revealed to her, and we cry—
"Oh! human-hearted Saviour! Give us a hint to south our aching woe; And, if Thou wilt in tender pitying love, Hasten the time when we may rise and go."
Just twelve years from her last Sabbath on earth, she bowed for the first time at the table of the Lord and received, with a child's simple faith, the emblems of His living love. Scarcely two months previous her home had been made desolate indeed by the sudden removal of her beloved father to the mansions of the blest; and one, who with the crushed widow and orphaned child in the trying hours that followed, mentions a touching incident of her struggle with and victory over temptation. For a long time she would lie completely overcome with sorrow and rebellious feelings; then she would start up, with a flicker of light in her countenance and a tone of triumph in her voice, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, would exclaim, "But mamma, God is here." Again and again was the same expression repeated when circumstances occurred to arouse her deep grief.

In these intervening years she has brightened every circle in which she has moved. In her student life she greatly delighted her teachers and awakened in many an indolent class-mate, at least, a momentary desire to be diligent, by her fluent recitation, her eloquent translation, and, especially, her easy, beautiful style of composition. As a graduate of the "Mount Allison Ladies' Academy," and also of the "Wesleyan Female College," (of Hamilton, Ont.) she was both a credit and an ornament to the institutions.

But in the private and social relations of life, more than any other, did the beauty of her character shine forth, and we know there are not only very many, both her equals and her seniors in age, in each Province of Canada,

but some also in the United States, as well as across the water in England and France, who will truly mourn when they hear of the death of this dear young friend. We trust that all among them, who prevail in prayer, will earnestly implore that comfort, such as no earthly friend can by any possibility impart, may be supplied, from her loving, Heavenly Father, to the widowed mother, thus left so utterly alone, and to other dear friends, who will long miss her gentle companionship. Our deepest sympathy is theirs, and we look for some way in which to prove how our hearts sorrow with them; but only the Divine Comforter with His infinite wisdom and unbounded love can speak to them at such a time as this. May He cause the way, which to our human eye seems so dark and dreary, appear to their spiritual vision to be all-glorious with the light which brightens only the path of those who love God.

We believe those most sorely bereaved will say with us, of our beloved one—
"We miss thee here, yet Faith would rather know thou art with thy Heavenly Father. Shall I then ask thee back, my own? Back—and leave thy Spirit's brightness? Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness? Back—and leave thine angel mould? Back—and leave those streets of gold? Back—from fountains to which He leads thee? Back—to save thy Heavenly Father? Back—to earth and sin? Nay, rather Would I live in solitude! I could not ask thee if I could; But, patient wait the high decree That calls my Spirit home to thee!"

To us all, who knew and loved her—companions, class-mates, friends—she says, "Meet me beyond the river." And oh! if we ever, for a moment, are inclined to turn aside from the path of life, to mingle in the world's vain noise and show, may we see her beckoning hand, may we hear her gentle voice calling us to leave these things and to press perseveringly forward in the narrow way, that we may, at length, dwell with her where
"Time and distance ne'er shall sever
The friends made one in Christ forever,
And crowned with everlasting joy." E.

DEATH.

The saint of God must die. The family in heaven is always recruited from the family below. Death still divides states of being; he may walk in closest fellowship with the Highest, and yet if he looks for the heavenly countenance, he will see between him and the home of his joy the dark and sullen waters of this Jordan. The earthly must end, that the celestial may begin. Death must come, but it will mark the perfection of life. To the saint it must be the crowning victory of his pilgrimage. Dear reader, are you a child of God? Then death should have for you no fears. "The sting of death is sin." A son of God, a brother of Jesus Christ, there can no evil overtake you in all the universe in all the future.

Multitudes of our brethren, at the Father's word, have moved from this island of probation in the sea of time, to the main land of heaven. He has impoverished earth, but to enrich "a better country." The most of our kindred are "over the tide." To stay here is to be away from the hosts of a great family. To die, will be to go home. When the father and mother and elder children move to some distant place, some does not stay behind with one or two remaining children. Home goes where father, mother, and the family circle go. Home, to you, brother, is not here, but yonder, beneath the cloudless, shining skies of heaven, where dwell the Father, the adorable Saviour, and the mighty hosts of the children. Death, then, should be your triumph. It is only the end of your exile, the signal to join the family circle. Then shrink not back at sight of the stream! Its waters wet the gold of heaven. Millions of your brethren, trailing light from their victorious feet, have left a luminous path across their shallow bed. Live in Christ. Live joyfully in Christ with death in view, and when it comes—
"Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord, to reign."

Are you, dear reader, impatient before God? Be entreated for your soul's sake. Fly to Christ to be delivered from the bondage and guilt of your sins. Believe on Him who died for your redemption, and you shall be victorious in life, and, victorious in death, have an abundant entrance to an eternal home.—Zion's Herald.

THE BIBLE.

Sometimes a skeptic has to confess in spite of himself the truth and beauty of the word of God. Mr. Parker has said some of the words of the Bible ever written. Here are those of a contrary sort—
The Bible is read of a Sunday in all the thirty thousand pulpits of our land. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the seas without it—no ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets, mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her new duties; men are married by Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness; when the fever of the world is on them, the aching head finds a softer pillow if it leaves the underneath. The mariner escaping from shipwreck clutches this first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the peddler in his crowded pack, cheers him at eventide when he sits down dusty and fatigued, and brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born, gives names to all Christendom, rejoices with us, has sympathy with our mourning, tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our ourselves. It lifts man above himself; our best of uttered prayers are in its storied speech,

wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs pray. The timid man, about awakening from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way, unknown and distant, to take the Death Angel by the hand and bid farewell to wife, and babes, and home. Men rest on this their dearest hopes.

UNDER THE ROD.

I heard the pastor preaching; God is love; My heart was bleeding, and averse in doubt, Nor could I work the dark enigma out, Of grief below the stars, and grace above; Wherefore at night along a neighboring grove I walked, and kneeling on the fragrant sod, Lifted my heart and eyes and voice to God—"Can it be true," I cried, "that Thou art love?"

And lo, a sound of wings—I bowed in fear; Then some one lifted up my fainting head, And in a low, melodious music said,
"O thou of doubtful heart, what brings thee here?"
And I made answer: "Can he hold me dear Who his bitter rod yet yields me to despair?"
"God chasteneth thee in love," he said—"look thence!"
And all the wood was luminous far and near.

With that he raised the golden mace he bore, And smote a flower that blossomed at my feet; His fashing fragrance filled the whole retreat, And rose to heaven from every rifled pore.
"So, God smiteth thee," he said, "that more and more,
Thy bruised heart may rise in prayer and praise,
Under His chastening thou hast sought His face.
Look up, O heart of little faith, adored!"

There at he vanished, but the wood was bright With splendor, and strange sweetness in the air;
And as I prayed, the syllables of prayer Trembled to praise and accents of delight; For still I heard along his upward flight,
His smiling here but driveth thee above;"
"So let Him smite," I answered, "He is love!"
And lo, the east was all aflame with light.
NELSON STUTSON.

AN UNAVAILING PLEA.

Suppose a criminal indicted for theft should offer this plea: "I have obeyed more laws than I have broken. I have stolen only once or twice, and have respected the rights of my fellow-men thousands of times, and I certainly ought to be acquitted." Would the plea be respected? No criminal would be so foolish to urge it. But men of intelligence rely upon the same as between themselves and God.

But obedience can never cancel disobedience. We have only done our duty when we obey in every act. If we fall in one act, obedience ever after will not change the fact nor obliterate the guilt. That sin will stand forever a blot, a shame upon the soul, and shut it out of heaven, unless washed away by the blood of Christ. A sin can never be recalled, never be changed, never be made anything else than a sin, and its guilt must stand so long as the sinner exists. Our Creator and Redeemer alone has the power to relieve us from this guilt, and does it only on condition of repentance and faith.—Morning Star.

REFLECTING.

Look back, O my soul, upon the year now past! Of the mercies God has bestowed, how great is the sum! They are more than can be numbered. They are not to be reckoned in gold for value. It is He who has lengthened out thy days and crowned them all with His goodness. His favors have been every moment renewed, and have called for hourly gratitude and praise.

Thy sins! How many and how great are they! Sins of thought, of word, of deed! how they come back on the heart as thou dost recall the days of the year gone by. And few of them canst thou remember compared with the record made in the Book to be opened by and by. Hast thou been kind, and gentle, and loving, faithful and true to those near thee; to parents, companions, children, servants, friends?—restraining impatience and anger and petulance; ministering to the needs of every one—remembering that thou art akin to all who call God "Our Father."

Thou wilt read these lines near the close of one year and the beginning of another, and it were well that thou shouldst review the past and take thought for thy soul's health in the future. So shall it be well with thee when the Master calleth for thee. Blessed is he who, when his Lord cometh, shall be found diligent in business, fervent in spirit, going about doing good, and waiting patiently for the end.—N. Y. Observer.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Our readers will take great pleasure in reading this letter of Bro. Steele's. His preaching is in great power. People flock from all sides to hear him, and so glorious results attend his word. The light of the glory of God shines upon him. We have heard of other like experiences of late. The baptism of power is returning upon the clergy and the churches. Let it come. Nothing settles the whole controversy about sanctification so completely as the outpouring of the Spirit. That brings all who experience it into the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. May all the ministry and membership be thus endowed with power from on high.

Dear Brother—Since you have unhesitatedly set upon your tall candlestick my farthing candle, designed to shed a ray upon the heart of a friend only, and since another editor in overlooking his candlestick has afflicted a Western college president with the suggestion that said small taper came from his mould, I think it best over my own signature to show forth the marvellous works of the Lord. I have hitherto been content with a daily confession with the

mouth, and private letters to my friends, carefully refraining from any appearance of a seeming to be lionized in the public prints. But my friends urge me to run this risk for the strengthening of my brethren in this age, when a subtle skepticism respecting Christian experience is poisoning and paralyzing myriads of professed followers of Christ. At my conversion thirty years ago, through weakness of faith, the seal of my justification was impressed so slightly that the word Abba, my Father, was scarcely legible. Yet in answer to a mother's prayers, in my infancy, consecrating with conscious acceptance, her son to the Christian ministry, I began to preach, but called with a shout upon me, "instead of an 'anointing with the oil of gladness.' I will not dwell upon the unpleasant theme of a ministry almost fruitless in conversions through lack of an union from the Holy One. My great error was in depending on the truth alone to break stony hearts. The Holy Spirit, though formally acknowledged and invoked, was practically ignored. My personal experience during much of this time consisted in—
"Sorrow and sin, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness."

But an evangelist with moderate pulpit talent, but extraordinary power to awaken slumbering professors and to bring sinners to the foot of the cross, came across my path. I sought to find the hidings of his power, and discovered that it was the fullness of the Holy Spirit enjoyed as an abiding blessing, styled by him "Rest in Jesus." I was convicted. I sought earnestly the same great gift, but could not exercise faith till I had made a public confession of my sin in preaching self more than Christ, and in being satisfied with the applause of the Church above the approval of her divine Head. I immediately began to feel a strange freedom daily increasing, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to see the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for ages—"He shall abide with you forever," I took the promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall confess the Father in my name, He will give it you." The "verily" had to me all the strength of an oath. Out of the "whatsoever" I took all temporal blessings, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I included myself. Then writing underneath these words, "to-day is the day of salvation," I found that my faith had three points to master, the Comforter, for me, now. Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right, the name of Jesus as my power, and my faith I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley's hymn—
"Jesus Thine all victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad."

I then ran over in my mind the great facts in Christ's life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary. His ascension, priesthood, and all atoning sacrifice. Suddenly, I became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations though not of a nervous temperament in general, health and calm, were like those of electric shocks passing through my bosom with slight but painless shocks, melting my hard heart into a fiery stream of love. Christ became so unexpressably precious that I instantly dropped all earthly good, reputation, property, friends, family, everything in the twinkling of an eye. My soul crying out—
"None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven."

He stood forth as my Saviour, all radiant in His loveliness, "the chief among ten thousand." Yet there was no phantasm or image or uttered word, apprehended by my intellect. The affections were the sphere of this wonderful phenomenon, best described as "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the lodestone of my soul, was so strong that it would be drawn out of my body and through the college window by which I was sitting, and upward into the sky. O how wild and mad was all this to me. I was more certain that Christ loved me than I was of the existence of the solid earth and the shining sun. I intuitively perceived Christ. My college class were just then discussing the subject of the intuitive cognitions. I began to apply Sir Wm. Hamilton's tests of these, viz., that they are simple, incompressible, necessary, and universal. The last adjective, of course, could not apply to the intuitive belief of one individual. But my consciousness testified that my certainty of Christ's love was to me even a necessary truth, the condition of which was as unshakable as the architecture of space. The last remarkable peculiarity remained more than forty days, after which I had hours in which I could conceive the contrary of the proposition, "Christ loves me." On such occasions my firm conviction of His love was not an intuition, but an inference from my past experience together with the absence of any feeling of condemnation. I no longer doubt Wesley's doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit, as distinct from the testimony of my spirit discerning the fruits of the Spirit and inhering His presence and work. I cannot to this day read the promises without feeling a sudden but delightful shock of an invisible power sweetly applying them to my heart. Thus much I think is due to those who would study this manifestation of the Spirit from the stand point of theology and mental philosophy, a point of view I myself have often wished that remarkable experiences could be seen from. But language is wholly inadequate to express a manifestation of Christ which did not formulate itself in words, but in the mighty, overwhelming pulsations of love. The joy for weeks was unexpressable. The impulse was irresistible to speak of it to everybody, saint or sinner, Protestant or Papist, in public or in private. At the time of writing, seven weeks from the first manifestation, the ecstasy had subsided into a delicious and untroubled peace, rising into ecstasy only in acts of special devotion. I no longer fear of man nor of death. I can no longer accuse myself of unbelief the root of all sin. What may be in me, below the gaze of

consciousness, I do not know. I must wait till occasion shall put me to the test. It would not be wise for me to assert that all sinful anger is a righteous anger—just taken away till I have passed through a college rebellion, or something equally provoking. If sin consists only in active energies, I am not conscious of such dwelling within me. If sin consists in a state, as some assert, I infer that I am not in such a state, from the absence of sinful energies flowing therefrom and more especially from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. I have had no other direct witness than that attending Christ's love to me. My personal friends do not need to be informed that the doctrine of entire sanctification as a specialty has not been my hobby, but rather my abhorrence in consequence of the imperfect manner in which it has been inculcated and exemplified. Hence if there is anything in this experience confirmatory of that doctrine as a distinct work, considering my former attitude toward this subject, my testimony is something like that of Saul of Tarsus to the truth of Christianity. If I have any advice to give to Methodists, it is to cease to discuss the subtleties and endless questions arising from entire sanctification or Christian perfection, and all cry mightily to God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This is certainly promised to all believers in Jesus. Methodism is not in the pulpit and pew would be the mightiest Christian power in our country and in the world. O that every minister and layman would inquire the way to the upper room in Jerusalem, and there abide till tongues of fire flame upon their heads.

DANIEL STEELE.
Lima, Jan. 2nd, 1871.

BARBARA'S LEGACY.

"Barbara," said little Alec, "what a very old Bible yours must be."
"Yes, Alec, it's an old Bible sure enough," rejoined Barbara, as she sat wiping her spectacles; "but pray what put such an idea into your little head?"

"Why," answered Alec, glancing as he spoke at the well-worn volume on the window-sill, "it looks so brown and faded outside, and the leaves are all so yellow, and—and I've heard grandpa say Mr. Wesley wrote his name in it ever so long ago."
We were seated—Barbara, Alec, and I—in the old woman's cottage, on the outskirts of what is still called, by a strange misnomer, Tipton-green, and through the little diamond panes of the window we could see the wood-crowded hill extending the ruins of Dudley's once famous castle. The cottage had a clean and pleasant look about it, but its scanty furnishings told that Barbara was poor. And Barbara was very poor; although, unlike many at her station, she never paraded her poverty. A happy face, though age had wrinkled it, was Barbara's, and not the wealthy iron lord whose equipage made a clatter in the street during our quiet talk, had, on the whole, a happier life than this good Methodist woman of threescore years and ten.

"Aye, aye, little Alec," rejoined the old woman with a pause, "it's an old Bible, as you say, and Mr. Wesley's name is in it, but how I got it, and why I treasure it, would be a long tale to tell."
"O do tell it, Barbara," pleaded little Alec, and I, who had come to glean from the old woman some grains of Methodist lore, supported the plea, and secretly drew out my pocket-book to chronicle the wished-for story.

Barbara smiled, without replying, and motioned to me to pass her the old Bible. Turning to the fly-leaf, she sat looking at it in silence. The inscription was written in a bold, plain hand: "John Wesley, 1767. He delivered me from mine enemies; yea, thou liest me up above those that rise up against me; thou hast delivered me from the violent man." As Barbara sat looking at it, a flood of old memories seemed to stream upon her, and I know not how long the pause might have remained unbroken, had not little Alec, in his childish impatience, pleaded once more.

"O do, please, tell us the story, Barbara." Then the old woman's wandering thoughts came back again, and in a low voice, as if talking to herself rather than to us, she told us how she came to possess the only treasure that she prized on earth.

"In the days when Mr. Wesley came preaching round these parts, there were a number of wicked men called bullocks, and—
"Barbara," interrupted little Alec, "what do you mean by bullocks?" And, to tell the truth, I was equally ignorant on the subject.

"You've heard o' bull-baiting, I reckon?" asked Barbara, smiling at Alec's innocency.

"O yes, Barbara," rejoined Alec, "indeed I have, and I have heard grandpa say how the bulls used to tussle till dogs up in the air, and how—"
"Well then," resumed Barbara, stopping him, "a bullock was a man who used to take care of the bulls, and tie them to the stake to be baited. My poor father was a bullock once."

Alec looked back reverently at the daughter of such a hero of the olden times, but he kept silence.

"Barbara continued: "On a certain wake-time in Tipton, when the bulls were bawling, and the dogs were growling, and the cocks were crowing, and crowds of wicked men and wicked women were attending like bees on Tipton-green, Mr. Wesley, wearing his three or four pious Methodists from Wednesday, marched right through the crowd to the horse-block, on which he stood up and began to speak."

"What is a horse-block, Barbara?" again interrupted little Alec, whose interest in the story was fast increasing.

"Why," explained the old woman, "when I was young, and there were no railroads, a heavy gun used to ride horseback, an' their ladies rode behind them on a kind of double-saddled called a pillion, an' in every market-place there was a block of wood about a yard high and three or four yards square. Steps led up to it, and it was here that the gentlemen and ladies used to mount their horses. This was

called a horse-block, on many a one of which Wesley used to preach."

Alec having expressed himself satisfied with the explanation, Barbara resumed—
"Well, as I was saying, Wesley mounted the horse-block on Tipton-green, and began to preach to the ranting, roaring crowd o' revelers. He told them o' the sin o' cruelty, an' the sin o' drunkenness, an' the sin o' blasphemy, an' how God was angry w' the wicked every day. At this the crowd began to howl and blaspheme afresh, an' when the few pious folk near the horse-block started a tune, the rest began to mock in chorus—
Mr. Wesley's come to town
To try and pull the churches down,
until they drowned the voices of the psalm-singers, while one of the boldest of the miscreants began to pelt Mr. Wesley with stones an' mud. My poor father was one of the leaders of the mob, an' he was a party to a conspiracy that had been got up to handle Mr. Wesley more roughly yet. On the borders of the Green, nigh where you see those great an' narrow, (the old lady pointed as she spoke to the giant forges of Pershouse Parkes,) there was in those days a horsepond, in which it had been arranged to 'duck the parson,' then a very common sport among the wicked crew. My poor father was to give the signal for attack when the mob had got fully incensed against the good servant of the Lord. It needed but the lifting of a finger to turn a host of bull-boys on the leader of that godly band, but to everybody's wonder, my father made no sign. Standing by the horse-block, he had heard a word or two of truth that pierced his heart like steel, an' he stood trembling for very fear, and he felt too great a coward to do the devil's work."

"A good sort of cowardice, that," I remarked.

"You're right there, Sir, resumed Barbara, "but he had a worse sort o' cowardice at the same time."

"What was that?" I inquired.

"Why, Sir, he was afraid to show the white feather before his old comrades, and for a while the struggle within him was so fierce that it seemed uncertain which way he would turn at last. But after a little while a mad-brained bullock named Hoosey, seeing my poor father hesitating, gave the signal, and the furious mob was all aroused to action. It was now or never with poor father. For a moment he looked on the mob as it drew nearer, and then, to the wonder of everybody, he jumped on the horse-block, and standing in front of Mr. Wesley, he flourished a stick of gnarled oak, such as the bullocks always carried, and vowed vengeance on the first man who dared to draw nigh. The mob was taken aback at this, and as for Hoosey, he seemed struck dumb. 'Come on if you dare,' shouted my father, but the first as lays a finger on this honest man shall feel the weight o' my bullock-stick—and he flourished it right well. 'For you know, lads, he went on, 'it's agin our rules to strike a man until we hear what he's got to say for himself.' At this many o' my father's friends, drunk as some of them were, set up a cheer, an' even Hoosey shouted, 'Well, comrade, that sounds like John Bull, an' I'm willin for one to hear what the gen'lman's got to say.' At this Mr. Wesley stepped forward on the horse-block, an' spoke to them in such a sweet an' gentle voice that some of their hard hearts were quite melted, an' as for my father, the tears began to trickle down his dear honest face. But Hoosey was unmoved, an' he kept nudging his followers an' saying 'Now, lads, don't take on like children,' glancing as he spoke to my father and others who were moved by the tender, touching words of the great evangelist. Hoosey saw that his chance was fast going, an' he prepared to make a dash. My father was quite as determined to defend Mr. Wesley. Then the trial of strength began. Hoosey and his followers, armed w' mud, stones, dead cats, rotten eggs, an' the like, made a rush forward. My father put his strong arm in Wesley's and led him through the surging multitude. He, too, had brave followers and defenders. The fight was short but fierce, Hoosey and my father being what you may call the generals. They conveyed Mr. Wesley to my father's house but by the time he reached it his silver wig was torn away, and his coat was covered with dirt and eggs, and his arms of his courages he would have had some broken bones, no doubt. The mob then surrounded the house, smashed in the window-panes, and even tried to strip the roof, which they would have done, but that one of their leaders fell from a top window-sill, and hurt himself badly. Meanwhile Mr. Wesley and his brave defenders were on their knees in prayer. The good man prayed for his enemies and persecutors, asking God to bless them and to change their hearts. The scene was wonderful. Wicked men, who but an hour before were full of the revelries of wake-time, became penitent seekers for mercy, and my father, was among the number. The burden of his song was—
The vile and fall of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
Nor did he leave that little homestead until he sang, as heartily and as earnestly as the best among them, the hymn only written, as Mr. Wesley said a month before (I think it came from Germany), which began—
Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be dismayed,
which hymn they sang, as Paul and Silas sang, at midnight."

"And they, too, were in a prison house," I said.

"Yes," said Barbara, "and it was not till the dawning that the crowd of warriors went away, and they were set free. Then Mr. Wesley made good his escape to Birmingham, but not until he had given this old Bible as a memorial of his deliverance. My father gave it me, as he lay upon his dying pillow. It was his only legacy, he said, but it has been a precious legacy to me."

Barbara paused, overcome by the exertion of her narrative, and little Alec and I crossing her withered hand with silver coins, quitted her clean though humble fireside, not a little thankful that we had been privileged to listen to the story of Barbara's legacy.—Methodist Recorder.

HINDRANCES TO REVIVALS.

A writer in the Canadian Baptist gives expression to the following thoughts, which are worthy of earnest consideration:
"He is not a Christian at all who cannot in some way tell a friend or neighbour what the Lord has done for his soul, or what he knows of the great salvation. Where this is not done, how can a revival of religion be expected, when men and women in churches who profess to love Christ can see wives, husbands, parents, children and neighbours perishing; and yet, though living under the same roof and on the most friendly terms, never speak a word to them about their souls. How can people expect sinners to value that which they themselves do not seem to value? It is a mistaken idea for church members to think that it gives some of their means which they can spare, without hurting them, for the support of those who publicly preach the Gospel, that they do all that is required. Those who act in this way might as well keep their money, for while the preacher is seeking to draw to Christ, they, by their coldness, worldliness, and indifference, are driving them back."

In this way they paralyze the efforts of the pulpit and strengthen the natural prejudice of the ungodly against divine things, and yet wonder how it is they have no revival in the Church.

An English paper says that when the daily noon prayer meeting was started in London, everybody began praying for the whole world. About the second week, the prayers began to be limited, in the main, to Europe; the third week, in England; the fourth, in London; and about the fifth week, the burden of prayer began to be, "O Lord! have mercy on me; break up the fallow ground of my soul; give me a broken heart."—And then, and not till then, God's Spirit came down upon the meetings in power.

"A HALF PINT OF BEANS"—QUEER WAY OF RAISING MISSIONARY MONEY.

At a recent Primitive Methodist missionary anniversary held at Catfield, in the Great Yarmouth Circuit, England, the sum of £81 was reported by a layman (Mr. J. Riches), who stated that the whole of it was the product of "half a pint" of beans. Mentioning the names of twelve others who had assisted him in growing the beans, he told his story thus:—
"Three years ago, while driving to meet Rev. F. Goodall, who was coming to attend our missionary service, as I was passing through Ormsley the thought came into my mind, 'What are you doing for the missionary cause? Is there nothing more that you can do?' Then my thoughts went home to look over what I might devote to the good work; and then it came before my mind to give some of the beans. In this way arose the idea of selecting a half pint and sending them to the meeting with a request in a note which was attached to them for some two persons to grow these in succession for three years, and give the entire proceeds to the Missionary Society. The beans were equally divided. I offered to take half. That half was planted with the following result: I had 356 to plant the first year, they produced 11 pints. The 11 pints produced 9 bushels of beans in such a week as to melt, and I had 11-2 peck. This year, 9 bushels [11-2 peck produced 69 coombs, 2-1-2 pecks, to which have to be added about 6 coombs, making the entire produce in three years 74 coombs; and I have the great pleasure of presenting £81.14.9d. (over \$400) to the mission fund for Africa as the fruits of the half pint of beans."

MISSION FIELD.

All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.—Num. xiv. 21.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.—The Syrian Mission has been honoured recently with many distinguished visitors. Rev. Dr. Jessup, writing from Beyrout to a friend in New York, says—
"Dr. Bannister and his companion, the beloved and lamented Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Church, whom the Lord called so suddenly to the heavenly Canaan just as he was about embarking on the earth, were among the distinguished persons who had recently visited him. The letter published in the Evangelist closes thus:—
"The last visitors to Syria, to whom I shall allude before closing this eminently personal letter are Rev. Dr. Duff, Missionary from India, and now convener of the Board of Missions of the Free Church of Scotland, and Rev. Professor Lumsden. They came to examine into the propriety of sending out from Scotland a Free Church minister to take the entire charge of the common schools, known as the Sullebeys Schools, or Lebanon Schools, and until now under the charge of a voluntary special Committee in Scotland. They have travelled over our whole missionary field from Tyre to Tripoli via Damascus, and through Mount Lebanon. Yesterday all the members of our Mission and the Professors of the college assembled at their request to confer with them on the whole subject of missions and mission agencies in Syria. Rev. Dr. Hogg, of the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, and the Rev. J. Robertson, of the Jewish Mission of the Kirk of Scotland to Beyrout, were also present. We had two sessions of about three hours each. The Conference was full, free and fraternal. Nothing was kept back, the most entire harmony prevailed. One of the results of the Conference was the unanimous approval by the Syrian Mission of the sending out of such an ordained Free Church minister to superintend these schools and a Normal Training School, leaving founding of churches to the native Syrian Evangelical Church already existing. Our Scotch brethren also expressed a deep interest in the college, and favored the idea of a Professorship of the English Language and Literature in the Syrian Protestant College, to be endowed and manned from Great Britain."

LIFE LESSONS.—We should let God turn over the leaves in the book of life, and be content to read what is written there. It is enough to know that we have a Father who will watch and protect us unto the end.

Obituary.

MISS MARY ALLISON.

Shortly before midnight, on Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1871, the spirit of Miss Mary Allison went up "out of great tribulation" to the presence of God and the Lamb.

She was the only child of the late C. F. Allison, Esq., of blessed memory, the founder of the noble Educational Institutions at Sackville, N. B.

From her earliest infancy, Miss Allison was, on the part of her parents, the object of the most affectionate Christian care.

They were deeply impressed with the magnitude of the trust committed to her keeping, and with the necessity of Divine grace to render the efforts put forth on her behalf their child successful in her religious training, and in her full and final salvation.

Amidst the earnest prayers of her father, and by the unhesitating faith of her now doubly bereaved mother, she was unreservedly dedicated to God, and the covenant ratified in His own baptismal ordinance.

This act was thereupon followed by the careful illustration of Scriptural truth, and by all the hallowing influences of holy example.

The honour thus rendered to God was soon and abundantly honoured by Him. At three years of age Miss Allison delighted to learn of the blessed value of the precious promises made unto salvation.

At ten, she sat in her lot with the people of God, by commencing to meet in her father's class. About a year afterwards, when that excellent man was called to his heavenly rest, his daughter took his place at the table of the Lord, and was left behind the record of her earliest experience on that memorable occasion.

From that time it is believed she walked in the fear of God and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, until she was summoned to rejoin her parent in the skies.

Possessing a mind of more than usual vigour, and being favoured with the choicest educational advantages, she made rapid progress in learning, and on the completion of her studies had acquired a richness and breadth of intellectual culture, such as few at her age enjoy.

do for him, was done. Yet gradually, almost imperceptibly, life retired and death approached.

When the solemn truth of his bearing the grave first dawned upon him, it brought with it an anxiety as to the well-being of the immortal part. We were witness to his subdued earnestness as the stern question met him in full significance.

What of the concealed hereafter? By cautious advances, he neared the Saviour, until with confidence, which was beautiful in its expression of contentment and language, he went down, led by the Rod and the Staff, into the Valley.

Death met but little to oppose his purpose. Of body there was but a shadow; the soul had already found a refuge in God. Death had no sting; the grave obtained no victory.

We administered the ordinance of Baptism to Rupert some weeks before his death. His resolute though weary expression then, as in an attitude of devout posture, as he awaited for the solemn rite, has often recurred to our mind since.

It was almost his final effort to retain an upright posture. His relatives miss the invalid son and brother, but they know Who hath claimed him, and he is not lost.

A. W. N.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1871.

IS THIS AN AGE OF PROGRESS?

Is this an age of progress? Progress in what respects?—progress as compared with the condition of men and things in what other age? In some particulars it would be folly to expect progress beyond the point attained by civilized nations in the past.

throughout our land. What would our beautiful but over-curious mother Eve felt and thought could she have even dreamt of the exhaustless resources of the millinery of the distant future?

And Adam, great in primeval horticulture, would it not have been a delightful treat to him to have anticipated, in thought, the contents of an agricultural implement warehouse of the latter half of the nineteenth century?

Surely, what would the old Romans, proud masters of so large a part of the world, have given for the secret of the magnetic telegraph—sub-oceanic or otherwise—to flash their commands quick as thought from the banks of the yellow Tiber to the frontier of Parthia, the verge of the great Sahara, the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, the shores of Brittany, and the foot of the Grampians?

Of the progress made in the cruel art of war, let the painful and wonderful record of the Franco-German struggle furnish illustrations. It will be enough for us to say that no army that ever previously took the field was so powerful an instrument of war as the great German army that has brought such lamentable desolation upon France.

Are there great men now though, after all? We stand too near the chief men of our time to estimate aright their comparative elevation. We need some of that distance which lands enchantment to the view.

But God always finds the men He needs to do the work designed. In 1870, He especially used two men who must, in all coming time, take rank among the greatest men of their respective classes.

The memory of these men will be execrated and venerated for generations by respective millions of their fellows. By many the motives of the one will be denounced, the strategy of the other will be anathematized.

But the existence and labours of Bismarck and Molke demonstrate that some of the ablest of our race are counted with living men.

J. R. N.

Circuit Intelligence.

CHARLOTTETOWN CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Among the most noteworthy events of our Island Capital for some time past, have been the Bazaar in Christmas week, in aid of our New Day School, and the opening of this Institution on Monday last with appropriate devotional and dedicatory services.

The former, held under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieut. Governor and Lady, in our Spacious Market Hall, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the Trustees by His worship the Mayor, and most tastefully decorated with evergreens and banners by the young men of our congregation, assisted by some of their friends.

The display of fancy and useful articles took everybody by surprise. The variety, beauty, richness and intrinsic value of the goods arranged as were their great taste, elicited much admiration and praise, and the skill and enthusiasm of the ladies who had got up so highly creditable a Bazaar was the subject of general remark, and probably not one among the many hundreds of visitors felt himself able to understand how it was possible that beauty and utility could be so happily blended and how there should be presented for sale, what had just seemed to anticipate the needs of all corners.

No doubt the noble project of supplying a first class Protestant School, long felt to be an urgent want in this city, where Convent Schools have been doing so surely and steadily their previous work of proselytism, did much to induce evangelical Christians generally to favour us with their countenance and support, but apart from this so good judgment had been manifested in providing for the most exquisite taste as well as for the strictest utilitarianism, that but little more than the bland smiles of the fair ladies who presided most gracefully at the respective stalls, was necessary to effect more or less sales with everybody, especially as very moderate prices, ruled on each of the three days of the Bazaar. The season of the year was favorable and the weather moderately good. Santa Claus was disposed to be unusually generous among the young folks and mutual Christmas gifts gladdened the hearts of many of the older ones.

A somewhat novel feature showed itself in what was termed the department of the "Bachelors' Club."

Here under the direction of clever salesmen whose beards indicated they had not tarried long enough at Jericho or any where else to become very greatly disgusted with the sweets of social life, quite a brisk trade was carried on in Bachelors' Cradles, Easels, according to a plan obtained in the U. S., but somewhat modified. It is heated by steam and thoroughly ventilated on the latest and most approved principles.

In the basement there are two rooms for classes 12 feet by 12 feet and a music room, each 12 feet by 12 feet, and a room for apparatus &c. In the first floor three classrooms for boys, 1 Trustees' Room and 1 Teachers private room. On the 2nd floor there are 4 school rooms and one private room for teachers. The 3rd story is occupied by the Lecture Room 52 feet 8 inches by 42 feet 4 inches and a music room, each 29 feet 7 inches by 20 feet 8 inches, all of which are furnished with high class room furniture.

Favourable mention might also be made of the good management of those who had charge of the Refreshment and Cake Tables and whose ample supplies of the good and substantial as well as of the more delicate and sumptuous viands would have done credit to professional caterers and which, well gratifying the most fastidious appetites, added very considerably to the receipts.

The entire net proceeds amounted to within a small fraction of a thousand pounds, and is regarded financially as a great success. The whole affair passed off most pleasantly, to produce which the gratuitous and efficient services of Galbraith's Brass Band on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings contributed not a little. It is well when such devotions as was manifested by the ladies of our Bazaar committees has its deserved reward and for their sakes as well as the Trustees, we give God thanks.

The School was opened on the 9th inst. A select audience comprising very many of our most influential citizens crowded the spacious Lecture Room. The Superintendent of the Circuit who is ex-officio, a member of the Board of Trustees presided. After the singing of a suitable hymn, Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, A. B. T. C. Rector of St. Pauls read select scriptures and Rev. John Davis (Baptist) and Rev. E. Evans offered prayer.

principles, without coming into collision with denominational predilections or sectarian prejudice.

He also called upon the audience to engage with him in dedicating the Institution to God in the language of Christian devotion. He had no imposing ritual in which to ask them to take a part but he desired them to do what he believed they would think not less important, to commend by earnest prayer the Board of instruction and the Trustees to the Divine favour and blessing, that great and lasting peace and fellowship to the community and the Island generally.

He concluded by saying that he was happy to announce that a Principal had been obtained in Canada West highly recommended by Rev. Drs. Taylor and Ryerson, who would enter upon his office in a few weeks.

Another Hymn was sung after which Doctors Fraser (Presbyterian) and Johnson offered prayer. The devotional exercises were now brought to a close. The Teachers and about a hundred pupils retired to separate classes, after which Hon. George Boyd by request of the chair, presented in a brief but neat address high gratification at the extraordinary success which had attended the efforts of the friends of the Institution. Several impromptu addresses followed.

Charles Palmer, Esq., was pleased with the fair prospects with which the Institution had been opened with which at least in peculiar respect very favourably connected. When first contemplated it was hoped it would be conducted under the auspices of the different Protestant churches but as the attempt had failed he was glad that the Wesleyans had taken the matter in hand and by great zeal and perseverance had succeeded in procuring a building and the principles set forth in the opening address and with the description of Teachers who had been engaged and if he had been among those who had hitherto stood aloof, as a parent and sound Protestant, he would feel it his duty henceforth to give the Institution his hearty support.

Efforts had been made to establish schools of another kind in our midst. It was now the duty of all Protestants to unite in supporting this one.

D. Laird, Esq. regretted the circumstances that rendered it necessary for the Wesleyan body to undertake the school, which he thought reflected very unfavorably upon the successive Governments and Boards of Education, but while he regretted the state of things he rejoiced that they could point to this Institution as a credit to our city and he wished it and its friends all possible success.

The Prince of Wales College has done good by the Provincial Institution, the Roman Catholics deserved great credit for their schools but now that our public city schools were so disreputable he was glad the Wesleyan Day-school was instituted, and he would have great confidence in a Principal as they had heard recommended by Dr. Ryerson.

Rev. Messrs. Fitzgerald and Davis, in a few good-natured remarks, defended the Board of Education.

The Chairman observed that perhaps all were right, and at all events as things had turned out it might prove all for the best, as out of the apathy of the citizens generally had sprung the present promising Institution.

midst. Its size is thirty-two feet by fifty; and has a spire seventy-seven feet high. The structure is of wood, and the style Gothic. It is called through—two corners of mouldings being entirely around the building. The roof is beautified by three moulded circles, with leaves, &c.; from each of these chandleries depend. There are three ranges of pews, finished without doors, which are reached by two aisles; and will accommodate about two hundred worshippers. The church is well warmed by two coal stoves, one in each of the front corners, the pipes running along the side windows to the farther corners, and from thence entering a separate flue, these both unite in one as they ascend. Between these flues is struck a beautiful Gothic arch with mouldings, and forming a recess for the pulpit seats. The pulpit is a simple front of three Gothic panels, with sides of one panel each. A circular communion rail encloses the whole. The speaker stands only three stairs high; but commands a good view of the entire audience.

All the wood-work is beautifully painted; and the noble ceiling, coquina matting carpet, the aisles, the communion floor is carpeted, the table cover is of crimson cloth, and the pulpit cushions of velvet. The large gilt-edged Bible is the gift of the Hon. Judge Young, of Charlottetown; and the hymn-book to match is the contribution of a few members of our catechumen class.

It was decided that the dedicatory services should be held on Christmas-day. The Revs. G. S. Milligan, our beloved chairman, E. Evans, and F. W. Moore, were to officiate at the three services. Our choir, with the organ, were to be present. Sabbath prepared themselves to lead the congregation in the service of song. Everything was ready. On the evening preceding the Sabbath, it was found that the loose ice in the river, between us and the city, rendered it impassable. However, hopes were entertained that the ice was freezing intensely, and the ministers would be present. Sabbath morning came—the church was being filled—the trustees advised to wait awhile—an hour after the time of opening elapsed—and then, your correspondent, the most disappointed of all, had to open the church himself. He did so, in the name of the Holy Trinity, invoking the abiding presence and blessing of the great Head of the Church. The opening hymn was sung—

"These walls we to thy honor raise, Long may they echo thy praise," &c.

In the dedicatory prayer we felt in very deed, the descent of the divine Spirit. After unitedly pleading in song for a blessing on the reading of God's Holy Word; part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, were read; &c. The sermon was based upon "the wise men" coming to worship the infant Jesus, and presenting gifts of gold, &c. The birth of Christ—our wisdom in seeking the Saviour—the duty to worship—the privilege of presenting our gifts—and the present opportunity of offering to Jesus on this Christmas morning, a *birth-day present*; were some of the topics of discourse. The trustees were pleased to find several pieces of gold in the collection plates, in imitation of the "wise men." The collection amounted to about ten pounds. "The best of all was God with us." We parted hoping the ministers might arrive in the afternoon.

As yet the church was again filled; but the pulpit again empty. The writer again preached; subject, Jesus the true foundation. At night there was a vast crowd, and we had a glorious service. For the third time the same preacher discoursed, and this on the Angelic Christmas Anthem. Notwithstanding the disappointment of day, we expressed our pleasure that a second Sabbath of opening services had been decided upon, and the ministers from the city, as well as helping friends would be present. But who would believe it, New Year's Day arrived, without the ministers and preaching. And having preached on the evening before the "Watching" service, the writer again preached three more opening sermons! But the Lord was our helper; and in the morning we preached from the words, "They began on the first day of the first month to sanctify." In the afternoon, "Come and let us join ourselves unto the Lord in a perpetual covenant, &c.," after which the covenant was renewed, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered. In the evening we preached from, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." The opening services of Pownal Church, will be long remembered, if not by others, most certainly by the writer. Grateful to our heavenly Father for His timely assistance, we are encouraged to throw all our powers into his blessed service. We are having service every night during the week of prayer, and intend to continue them for some weeks. May the Spirit be poured upon us from on high.

THE PEWS DISPOSED OF.

On the first morning after the opening services, the church was thronged by persons desiring pews. A rent of fifteen shillings per year was put upon each pew, and the preference of the church was not to be persuaded our excellent trustees that the church was not large enough; and even on this occasion, the auctioneer was requested to leave some pews towards the door on one side, and begin again at the other end; so he did; but he sold away, down to the door, and had to sell the whole, and then there were not pews enough, and many more could have been disposed of. So after all the church is not large enough, and two hundred pews were bid upon the preference of the pews; and we are quite sanguine that when he accounts are balanced we shall not be much in debt. We thank God and take courage. O, that there may be showers of blessings; so that crowds may be born for glory here.

J. WINTERBOTHAM.

AVONDALE AND KEMPT CIRCUITS.

Institute upon their latest and best effort. We wish them success, and trust we may have the good fortune to be present at their next. The Institute has now a membership of 125. A library of several hundred volumes, and gives indication of a happy and prosperous future.—Recorder, 18A inst.

FESTIVAL OF THE BRUNSWICK WESTLEYAN COLORED SCHOOL.

We had the pleasure of being present at a very interesting meeting held on Wednesday evening in the basement of Brunswick Street Church, the occasion being a special to the children of the Colored School in connection with the Church. About one hundred children, and as many visitors, sat down to tea at 6 o'clock, and our readers can imagine the result. It needed to be seen to be appreciated. One instance as an illustration for all. An interesting looking little darkie, of the *first* grade, having disposed of a fifth cup of coffee, having disposed for the sixth time, to be only half-filled, the lady who presided, however, sent it full, upon the recipient indignantly replied, "I only asked for the cup half-full; I'll drink this now, and take the half-cup next time." Another was heard to remark, "Never mind the color of your dress, as long as the pocket's full." Full of fun, it seemed to bubble out from their smiling faces in a constant stream of original phrases, and each seemed to vie with his neighbor in making the most of the occasion. After tea, the youngsters were called to order by the Superintendent of the School, W. B. McNair, Esq., for the second part of the programme, the "fast of reason and the flow of song." Singing in chorus, duet and solo, and conversation by boys and girls, were rendered as only colored children can render them, and as each one came forward and made his best, some of which were not among the least amusing features of the evening's fun—the applause was uproarious. Special mention must be made of the singing, which was all exceedingly good. Indeed we were surprised at the compass of voice and clearness and sweetness of tone, of one or two of the girls, whose voices were quite beyond the average.

The children were addressed by the pastor of the Church Rev. J. A. Rogers, and by other gentlemen, and after a most pleasant evening's enjoyment separated about 9 o'clock for their homes. The School is attached to the Brunswick Street Wesleyan Church, and meets every Sabbath morning before the regular service. The scholars number one hundred, we believe; the attendance is regular, the attention good, and the School well managed.—Recorder.

DARTMOUTH Y. M. C. A.

The Annual Meeting of the Dartmouth Young Men's Christian Association was held at the Association Rooms last night. A number of reports from various committees were read and adopted. From the financial report it appears that the expenditures of the Association during the past year have been \$130.46, and its receipts \$132.51, leaving a balance of \$2.05 in the Treasurer's hands. Several accounts remain still unpaid, but the subscriptions now due with other sources of income, are sufficient to meet them. From other reports it appears that the library contains already some 300 volumes, and the reading room is well supplied with periodicals, and at both are resorted to by the young men of Dartmouth. A prayer-meeting is held every Sunday afternoon, with an average attendance of nearly 100. A Bible class is held every Thursday evening, and a prayer-meeting after it. A literary meeting is held on Friday evenings, at which essays are read and interesting questions, not excluding political, discussed with spirit.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Chas. Robson; Vice-President, Daniel Johnson, Alex. Lawlor, S. Chesley, and J. W. Johnston; Secretary, Matthew Knight; Treasurer, Peter Kuhn; Librarian, S. Crimp; Committee, J. Black, R. Carter, B. Weston, E. Thorne, J. Angwin, J. Smith, B. Russell, and R. Kent.

MR. DESBRISAY'S LECTURE.

The Rev. A. S. Desbrisay lectured on Wednesday evening of last week, in the basement of the Wesleyan Church, on "Broken Columns." This literary effort occupied about an hour, and was delivered altogether from memory. It would be difficult to convey any faithful idea to our readers of its peculiar merits. For beauty of metaphor, terseness and force of language, pungency, elevated wit, and fidelity to the best principles of the literary art, we have rarely ever heard anything to equal this deliverance. In defiance of physical defects, which would have seemed to have but little chance of success as a public speaker, Mr. Desbrisay, though yet a youth, enchained the attention of his audience from the commencement, and by that wondrous magic which only men of rich mental resources combined with oratorical fluency, can exert, releases his hearers only with the final sentence.

General Intelligence.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Family.

MARY MAGDALENA.

"Magdalen" Exalted.—HERBERT MEAKING.

BY L. A. A.

She waked at last—the wanderer 'midst the tombs.

From the dark night, the sevenfold chain of woe.

To the deep mystery, of being, waked At Jesus feet, to wash them with her tears;

And ere the memory of that long night Of woe and anguish passed away forever,

The song of Mary's heart rose up to heaven.

"I heard thy voice in its deep pity poured, Jesus of Nazareth, when round my head

The snare of evil gathered, then I knew Not thee, nor light, nor holiness, nor truth,

Whiter wider darkness 'er my helpless head Gathered its horrors, yet thou wouldst have

saved Me even then from woe and guilt and shame.

"But I have sinned,—how deeply, deeply sinned Thou only knowest, my Father's God—

Lifting rebellions arm against thy mercy And Jesus thine all unclean! unclean!

But made thou hast marked thy weary wanderer— Thy light has pierced my darkness, thou hast led

Mary bow down her head into the dust To wash thy feet with tears, anoint thy head

for burial.

"O, my Saviour, thou hast called Me blessed—I the vilest of the vile—

Hast made my name a monument of hope To those who shall from error look to thee

From woe as fearful as my soul hath known, And thou hast chosen me—even me—to tell

Thy resurrection from thy grave and death, Thy smile was bent upon me when the gates,

The living gates, gave way to make thee welcome.

"And thou ascendedst to thy Father's throne;—

Still, Jesus, smile, and lowly at thy feet Will Mary Magdalena weep and pray."

And Mary's song grew deep in light and truth, Till Jesus saw the perfect image given;

Then fled the weary wanderer to the throne Above all accents—and all tears.

—From New Dominion Monthly for January 1871.

THE LAST DECADE.

With the 31st of December, 1870, closes a decade of years that can be said, without exaggeration, to stand unrivaled in the known account of time with respect to the importance of the events that make up the sum of its history.

"O, if I had only a praying father to pray over me that night, and ask God to keep his son from going astray, I would have been where I am to-day."

"After the first sin it is so easy to add a little more. By learning to swear more boldly I was thrown into the company of boys who were still more wicked, and it was not long before I found myself planning, with others, to rob orchards and hen-roosts."

"From this I went on until, by the time I was a man, I was ready to undertake almost any sinful deed it strong inducements were held out. But I will not weary you with my story; it is a long and wicked one. What I want to impress on this little boy's mind is, never begin to do wrong."

"We went away and left the old man; but his story was not forgotten."

THE BOY THAT STUCK TO FARMING.

Farmers' boys are not the only ones who make thrifty men, though to begin with they have much in their favor. A writer in the Farm Advocate does not like the idea of so many boys getting sick or ashamed of agriculture, and despising the old country homestead when they grow up.

"When I was a boy my first savings of ten-cent pieces, earned by Saturday afternoon work for school kept half a day on Saturday then—were expended in buying a better calf. Then I worked on and paid my father a certain sum each month for keeping."

"When the calf was one year old I traded it for two steer calves, and now I had to put in good and strong to pay for their keeping; but I occupied all my spare time in teaching these calves to work in the yoke, and at one year they would give and haul as well as old oxen, and my father paid me for their use in leading the team for breaking in his two and three-year olds."

"Again, I had a piece of ground each year after I was fourteen, that I could work and plant on shares; and if I wanted help, why, I had to give two days of my time to the hired man's one day. I grew just what my fancy and reading dictated, and from the proceeds I dressed as well as any boys now."

"I always had some time to play, time to read, and now look back with love and pleasant thoughts to the old farm and the farm hand who taught me how to use tools, and whipped me when I neglected to drive the team out straight at the end of the furrow in plowing."

"This remembrance of my own boyhood has always induced me to favor all items of encouragement to boys on the farm; and I believe, if agreement at home was generally practised, we should have more good farmers, and less broken-down merchants, or loafing, hanging-on, time-serving clerks, ready for anything except honorable labor and usefulness belonging to the highest order of civilization."

"Are you going to have a new one?" "No, mother says my old one must answer this winter, with a little repairing, and I think it will, myself."

"You will be the only girl in the meeting-house with an old bonnet on," continued Hattie, "and that will make you feel badly."

"No, it will not make me feel badly at all," said Nellie, "I like your new bonnet very much, and at the same time, I am contented with my old one."

"Well, I should be afraid that people would laugh at me when everybody else had new bonnets," responded Hattie, "I want to look as sensible as"

"Mother says it is cowardly to be afraid of

what people will say about us, if we are doing what we think is right."

"Then there are a great many cowards in the world," said Hattie, "and I suppose I am one. But you mean to be brave, and wear your old bonnet," and Hattie smiled as she said it, for she evidently meant to ridicule Nellie's idea of bravery."

"I don't think it necessary to be very brave to wear a last year's bonnet," replied Nellie. "I am sure that it is not a great cross to me, although I do not like to be laughed at by anybody than you do. Mother says she can't afford a better one, and that is enough for me to know, to be satisfied with what I have."

"Now, Nellie did not really know, that she was a brave girl in deciding to wear a bonnet that she had worn for a year. But she was the bravest girl in the neighborhood. Hattie—poor little mincing coward—was afraid somebody would laugh at her if she did not have a bonnet as good as a peacock's tail, and be in height of fashion. She had no courage to say, 'Let others think as they please, I shall do what others think best.' Poor weak thing! Suppose every body should take it into their heads to go without bonnets, she, of course, would not dare to do otherwise, and so she would go bareheaded. How much nobler is Nellie, who dares to follow her mother's counsel, though she may not appear quite so fashionable! Yes, she is the genuine brave girl, unlike thousands who stop and ask, 'What will be thought of this or that? What will Mrs. A. or Jimmie B. say about me if I do this and so?'

"I am sure that it is not a great cross to me, although I do not like to be laughed at by anybody than you do. Mother says she can't afford a better one, and that is enough for me to know, to be satisfied with what I have."

"I see you have your little boy with you," said he, "and I would like to tell you something of my story, for my downward course commenced when I was no older than he. I had a good mother, but she died when I was very young, and although I remembered some of her teachings, I did not have her hand to guide me when I went astray. One day I was playing marbles in the street with some of my playmates, when one of the boys said,

"Let's play for keps! So we began the game, and it was not long before I had lost all my beautiful marbles."

"I was very angry, and got up and swore that I would have my marbles back again. It was my first oath, and there commenced my downfall. I had often heard my playmates swear, and I had heard my father swear; but my mother had taught me how very wicked it was, and her memory had kept my mouth clean. I had no sooner said the words than I felt ashamed; but one of the boys exclaimed,

"Bully for you, Tom! I didn't think you had pluck enough to talk like a man."

"So for fear they would think I was not the real interest of history is concentrated at and some few periods, during which events take place that forever alter color and control the world's course. Such periods were the decade of years that began with the crossing of the Rubicon by Caesar (c. 50-40); the decade in which occurred the fall of the kingdom of Granada, the discovery of America, the first voyage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, the intermarriage of the royal houses of Austria and Spain, and the invasion of Italy by the French (1490-1500); the decade that began with the meeting of the Long Parliament (1640-1649); the decade that followed the passage of the Stamp Act (1765-1775); and that which followed the last meeting of the States General of France (1789-1799). All these periods were full of events, great in themselves, and greater in their consequences; and yet the most striking of them all—that which marked the fifteenth century closed—was not so rich in events as the decade that is just being added to the sum of departed time. There hardly anything that can move the sympathies of men, or excite their wonder, that has not occurred since the beginning of the year 1861. Many empires have been overthrown, old dynasties have fallen, great interests have been uprooted, the most ancient of temporal politics has ceased to exist, new nations have been created, wars of unparalleled proportions have been waged with new weapons, and on new military principles, continental railways have been laid down, obstacles to maritime commerce have been cut through or removed, remote nations have been brought into daily intercourse through telegraphic cables that lie at the bottom of the seas and over which men once were afraid to sail, and great discoveries and inventions in science and in art have added vastly to the means at man's command to reclaim that earth over which he has the promise of dominion on condition that his exertions shall show him worthy of such supremacy. To match the seventh decade of our century, it is probable that we should have to take the greatest of modern centuries, even the sixteenth, to which belongs the Reformation, and which saw the beginning of those changes the fruition of which was reserved for our own time, and for the next age.—C. C. HAZELWELL, in Harper's Magazine for January.

HOW HE FELL.

A Gentleman who remembers visiting a State prison with his father, when a boy, writes to the Central Advocate, the following sad story of one of the inmates, who told it for his benefit.

"One old man particularly attracted our attention. He seemed to wish to talk to my father, so we sat down."

"I see you have your little boy with you," said he, "and I would like to tell you something of my story, for my downward course commenced when I was no older than he. I had a good mother, but she died when I was very young, and although I remembered some of her teachings, I did not have her hand to guide me when I went astray. One day I was playing marbles in the street with some of my playmates, when one of the boys said,

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