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Religious Miscellany.

On Hearing a Clock Strike at Midnight.

Heard you that knell?
And is time dead? I thought
I knew him old, 'tis true,
And he had been in front,
But I was looking on as Hercules—I saw him
Gaze the oak, fall—the tower, it crumbled,
And the lofty stone—the monument that marked
The grave of fallen greatness, ceased
In pompous strain, as time came by—
Yes, he was strong, and I had thought too strong
For death to grapple—but I remember now
His tread was light—and though he moved
At rapid rate—yet on adamant,
His footsteps were never heard:
And there was something ghostly in the thought,
That in the silence of the midnight hour,
When all was hushed as death, and not a sound
Broke on my chamber's stillness, or broke
The echoes slumbering there—in such an hour
He trod my chamber, and I heard him not.
And I have heard my breath, and listened close
To catch one footfall as he glided by,
But not a murmuring sound awake or sigh,
And I have thought that One whose step
Was all so noiseless, like the world unseen,
Would soon be fit for other worlds than this,
Fit for high converse with immortal minds
I favored by the flesh, unchained to earth.
How's movements, ah! how fleet and yet how
still,
Till as the morning sunbeam when it kissed
The blushing flower, but shook not even the
tears of night,
The lingering dew-drops from its leaves,
Nor woke the wild bee, slumbering on its folds.

Preaching in an Inn.

In a wayside inn I had been reading, thinking,
and waiting—and talking a little too, for the
landlord's wife, a restless, anxious, hard-worked
woman, bustling out in, had brought upon my
sympathies till I asked her how she was getting
on.
"And perhaps," she said, with a gentleness
of diction I had hardly expected to hear, "I do
not rightly understand your meaning, sir? If
you mean the house and business, it's not much
we have to do; it is only my own and then a stranger,
travelling in his way, comes here to rest,
and the house is not doing much, the
more's the pity."
"But it's not that I mean. How is it about
the soul, the life within, the divine life, Christ
in you the hope of glory?"
She paused in her work, and turning upon me
an anxious, but thoughtful, earnest gaze, she
answered:
"Oh, if that's what you mean I would like to
say that it's little I have to say."
"Oh, come, let me hear you say all up, and
scarcely a minute do I get to read, or think, or
pray. But I believe and know that God has
sent his Son, and he is my Saviour in whom I
trust."
"That's good; and whoever believeth in
him shall not be confounded. Your foundation
is sure if you are on him; and I hope you are
duly becoming more and more like him in heart
and life, in word and deed."
"You are very good to say so, sir, but it is
a poor account I should give if I were now called
to answer for my way of getting on toward
heaven. Tell me something to help me. You
are the first one who has spoken to me on these
things since we came to this out-of-the-way
place. I was a church member, but I am far away from
the life of one who is something to help me
on."
"Why, man, your heart and life are all
very much alike, and I should tell you the ups
and downs of the life, as you would doubtless
say and feel that it is the same experience with
you. No one shall pluck them out of his
hand. But the price of victory through him
is constant struggling on our part. We are to
watch and pray. You believe that God sent his
Son. Then it is easy to believe that he who
gave his Son will, with freely give us all
things else we need. You are tempted by the
care of the world, swallow up your thoughts,
and banish the Saviour. Others are tried by
their own sinful tempers; they get mad very
easily, and sin with their tongues, or in their
hearts. Others have pride; the fashions and
follies of the day absorb their souls. They are
making no progress heavenward. And some
have easily breathing sins, which they would not
name to their nearest friends; and which set out
the life of the soul; and keep the heart cold,
carnal, and useless. If you would have Christ with you,
your help, your companion and friend, all sin
must be cast out. You love it, but the more
you love it the worse it is, and the more dangerous
and deadly. You might as well expect
Christ to live with the devil as to abide in you,
while you cling to that darling sin. Fight
it out. Kill it. You will, or it will be the death
of you."
"You talk to me, sir, as if you had known
me always, for I have all these inward conflicts
year after year, and such temptations as you
do not know; but all that you say meets my case,
and helps me already. You enjoy religion, I
am sure."
"Enjoyment, my dear woman, is of very
little account in this world. If it comes after
being good and doing good it is well, and God
be thanked for all we get of it. But that is
nothing new; enjoyment is to be ours when the
victory's won, and we sit down in our Father's
kingdom. To-day we are not our own, but he
who bought us with his blood to be servants of
God. To overcome the world, the flesh, and the
devil; to live by faith on the Son of God; to go
about doing good, having the same mind as
which was also in Christ Jesus, and so living to
glorify our Father in heaven; that is the work
of the present, and joy is the harvest at the end.
I do enjoy the service of Him whose yoke is
easy; and the only burden that was very heavy
was not one that he imposed. Your enjoyment
is not in fighting against sin, but if you fight
you will certainly win a victory to be celebrated
with palm and song. But I am preaching, and
will stop."

No, no; go on!

But I said no more. Thinking that the Master
once preached to our women only, and that
a blessing followed, I resumed my reading with
the quiet hope that this short discourse would
not be altogether lost.—New York Observer.

Do you pray for your Pastor.

A lady who was complaining of the remissness
of her pastor, and that she did not enjoy his
preaching, was asked by an elderly gentleman
present, Do you pray for your pastor? Her
reply that she had not thought of that, is but
a fact in regard to many other Christians.
Have you not been in a praying circle where
supplication was made for many other objects,
near and remote, but no request offered for the
overburdened, anxious pastor? And yet does
he not have temptations to struggle against?
Does he not have to be faithful to the
weighty responsibility of the souls of his charge?
Does he not have to be a minister not in his
study, and dispirited, and nearly dejected,
to abandon his work in that place, feeling that
his labors were fruitless and unappreciated.
In the next room, two or three little girls
were playing. Bye-and-bye he thought he heard
the voice of prayer, and listening closely, this
petition fell on his ear, "God bless our dear
pastor!" Much moved, he took up his hat to
attend the afternoon prayer-meeting, and while
there a voice tender and earnest, was heard again
pleading for the shepherd of the sheep. After
service, there were tears to be seen in the
pastor's eyes, but also a new resolve, a more fixed
purpose; and that prayer was the bringing of
the most precious revival ever known in that
church.

Reader, do you see faults in your pastor, and
do you fail to recite the benefits which you de-
sire from his ministrations? Pray for him!
Do you know how it will warm your heart
towards him? He will begin to see your added
interest, and it will save as an excellent stim-
ulus in the study!
Don't find fault with him, but love him and
pray for him!—S. S. Times.

The Conflict with Doubt.

It is an awful moment when the soul begins
to find that the prop on which it has blindly
rested so long, and many of them rotten, and
begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel
the nothingness of many of the traditional
opinions which have been received with implicit
confidence; and in the heretic insecurity begins
to doubt whether there is any thing to believe
at all. It is an awful hour—let him who has
passed through it say how awful—when the life
has lost its meaning, and seems shrouded into
a span; when the grave appears to be the end
of all, human goodness nothing but a name,
and the sky above this universe a dead expanse,
black with the void from which God himself has
disappeared. In this fearful loneliness of spirit
when those who should have been his friends
and counselors only frown upon his misgivings,
and professedly bid him get away from our
faith by the lowering of Christ to the character
of a mere man. An exceedingly good man
they tell us, but withal a mere man. One
chosen of God to be a perfect example of un-
wavering obedience toward himself; given power
to work miracles and introduce a new dispensation
wherein Jew and Gentile are alike taught
that according as they here live they shall be
rewarded and punished hereafter.
Yet in their own assertions this doctrine car-
ries its refutation. Claiming Jesus of Nazareth
to be no less subject to the prejudices and igno-
rance of human nature than was Peter, David,
Abraham, or Adam, why have these latter never
approached even the shadow of the former's
sinless life? The apostles strove after a perfect
walk; they suffered persecution and martyrdom
for the truth's sake; why did they not attain at
least unto the Nazarene's height of purity since
he was not less a man nor more a God? Why
should God choose one only of those struggling
against the temptations of sin and permit him
to stand unblemished? If we are told that this
is God's merciful arrangement, permitting one
man to atone for the sins of many, still there is
an inconsistency in this method of atonement of
which our wise Creator is incapable. "All
have sinned," saith the unerring Book; and so
says the Unitarian; and if Jesus the son of Mary
be likewise born in sin how is it possible for
a part of that weak nature to expiate the crime of
the whole. God is a just God, else not a judge.
Then ask in what does this explanation consist?
It is answered, "In the hard, toilsome
life of Christ, together with his ignominious
death." And yet if he be not divine we must
needs feel a torturing sense of the imperfection
of all our manifold sins being atoned for. For
why do we know that the poverty and degrada-
tion of this good man is not one of the many
occurrences of nature; surely it is natural that
the poor carpenter's son should not be rich, but
miserable and godlike that he is. All Father's
Sins are atoned to man's estate, and an ex-
ception of infinite divine love that should stoop
to the poverty of that estate. Nay, man
was formed in the image of God, but he fell
to raise himself; that power belongs only to
divinity; and Divinity was merciful, came, and
saved us. Such mercy is consistent with justice.
The Unitarian may pray if he will—"God we
thank thee that thou hast made this vile human-
ity its own saviour," but we would rather pray,
"God, our Saviour, we thank thee."
Some seeming to tear the scriptures of eter-
nity, still worship him, and adore him, and
look upon him as the link connecting Christ-
ianity and Heathendom; there is still another link
and it is the worship of the Messiah as a mere
man. "The Infidel endorses," says Jeremy Tay-

A motion without a mover, a circle with- out a center, offer without a cause, a thing form- ed without a former, time without eternity." The Humanitarian endorses redemption without a redee- mer, salvation without a savior, a sacrifice without a lamb. Revising the principles of this faith we feel that to believe in them we should wander such a distance from our Heavenly Fa- ther as to make return difficult.

To feel that the Holy Trinity gave no part
of itself towards human redemption, in very low
words would be to build a barrier between the Great
White Throne and our panting souls that should
never be over-leaped. To feel that it was not in-
deed the Holy Christ's arms that enfolding little
children, would be to let them die in deep des-
pair; for then it is not God that said, "Of
such is the kingdom of heaven." In vain may
we touch the hem of any human garment, there
is no virtue in man to go forth and heal us.
We are sick, and there is no balm found among the
sons of men, no physician among the children
of men. But Jesus of Nazareth, passeth by,
and we raise such a cry as to this him, not
to mere man, "Jesus, thou son of David, have
mercy on us." Our faith shall save us in that
"Christ the Mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin."
—Methodist.

Indwelling Sin.

How can ye, in all your professions and avowed
loyalty to the cross, the accused thing which
God abhors, and which obedient believers
detest, and yet plead for its life, its strength, its
constant energy, so long as we are in this world?
We could better bear you if you were a band
of robbers, or a crew of pirates, or a set of
the mean of life; but when you are in the
necessary continuance of sin in the heart?
Is it not enough that this murderer of Christ and
all mankind rambles about the walls of the city?
Will ye still insist that he must have the
citadel to the last and keep it garrisoned with
fifty lusts, base affections, bad tempers, or "Di-
abolicalia," who, like prisoners show themselves
at the gate, "like snakes, toads, and wild beasts,
and the fiercer for being confined?" Who has
not the destroyer, or the keeper, and who has
not the destroyer, or of our corruption? If be-
lievers are truly willing to get rid of sin, but not
adamsine Christ has bolted their hearts with an
adamsine decree which prevents sin from be-
ing turned out; if he has irrevocably given
leave to indwelling sin to quarter for life in every
Christian's heart, as the King of France in the
last century gave leave to his dragons to quar-
ter for some months in the houses of the poor
oppressed protestants—who does not see that
Christ may be called the protector of indwelling
sin rather than his enemy?—Fletcher.

The God Deserted Man.

Such was the title of a sermon by Mr. Pan-
thorpe, published more than a year ago in the
Methodist Recorder, London. We make the fol-
lowing extract:—

"There is illustrated again in this subject the
terrible power of conscience. That there is in the
world a faculty of conscience, remaining faithful
long after other faculties had betrayed their trust,
—like an incorruptible warder whose colleagues
have been bribed, a point I might fearfully call
upon every one of you to prove—you feel it within
you—you know that upon every action it holds
its scales and pronounces its decisions. When
the heart is renewed by grace, and the Holy
Spirit bears its direct and glorious witness to
adoption, the conscience becomes an occasion
of joy, and in the witness which it bears to fidelity
sends a thrill of gladness through the soul.
'This is our rejoicing, the testimony of our con-
science, that in simplicity and godly sincerity,
not with fleshy wisdom, but with the grace of
God, we have our conversation in the world.' On
the other hand, it is impossible to exaggerate the
suffering which an accusing conscience works with
in the mind of a sinner. It has been acutely ob-
served that very much of human misery and
human infelicity spring from the workings of
an evil conscience. A conscience aroused but
not appeased, may be a powerful prompter of
the frantic endeavor to efface the monitor which
it cannot still. And just as the main-spring of a
watch, disordered, sends irregularity through
the whole of its machinery, so it is impossible for
the conscience, pronounced faulty for ourselves,
to keep its office of directing the rest. And who
shall tell the horror of the man whom an ac-
cusing conscience harasses? It will banish Bar-
thasar's cheek before the seer's lips trade
out the mystic characters which blaze upon the
front. It will startle Herod in sudden tremor, as
he deems the murdered John the Baptist to be
risen from the dead. It will break up the foun-
tains of Marah within the breast but true-souled
Apolonia send Peter out to weep bitterly for
his sin. It will bound the traitor Judas to his
dark tray with death within the fold of blood
And so in the case of Saul. His conscience had
fore-doomed him. His insatiable desire to penetrate
the future was but the gambler's last chance
when the wealthy fortune goes, he risks the sil-
ver piece, it is so small. His greatest enemy was
within—the wounded Spirit, a more dreaded foe
than all Philistia's armies; the dogs of re-
venge, more furious than the dogs of war—and
so it is always with the sinner. Speak I do
not to night to those who are forbidden, but to
you consciences have spoken to you, and you
could not choose but listen. You have tried,
perhaps, to be an infidel, to just away the au-
thority from the Bible, or to bind the government
of God in slumber.

Religious Intelligence.

The Spanish Revolution.

The easy accomplishment of the revolution in
Spain, speaks the extent and depth of the popu-
lar hatred of the displaced government. The
heart of the nation had long been awaiting such
an event, and when it came, it came with a
force which it would be madness to face.
Nothing remained for the last reigning Bourbon
but to obey the common doom of the dynasty,
fly her kingdom, hurl back the *brutum fulmen*
of a protest, and join the French and Italian
brothers of the family. But the common sense
of the Spaniards, and the sense of honor, the
thirty thousand soldiers that he had prom-
ised to send to the Pope's aid, sent her there,
and will themselves stay at home to insure
Spain a Spanish in place of a Romain govern-
ment.

Spain and Portugal.—The movements of the Armies in Spain and Portugal were re- ported. In view of the probable opening in these countries, and the deficiency in the Funds of the Society for a few years past, the Com- mittee anxiously looks for early payment of sub- scriptions, and prompt remittance of all sums collected for the Mission, and an augmentation of contributions in every form to the Funds of the Society. The attention of Ministers, Offi- cers, Collectors, and Friends, is respectfully and earnestly requested to this important subject.

THE REV. THOMAS HODSON.—The Rev. Tho-
mas Hodson, Chairman of the Mysore District, took
leave of the Committee. The Indian Mis-
sionaries who were present in the Committee took
part in the conversation, and Mr. Hodson re-
ceived from the President and Secretaries, and
other members of the Committee, the assurance
of their confidence, and their prayerful interest
in his welfare and the success of his work. All
judges were made to the vast changes, almost
miraculous, which have taken place among the
nations of India since Mr. Hodson was first ap-
pointed as a Missionary to that country forty
years ago; the enlightenment of the native mind,
and subsequent abandonment of idolatry by
large numbers; the formation of the Society
called the Brahmo-Somji; the progress of fe-
male education; the alterations in the practice
and laws of marriage, and in the laws of in-
heritance, &c.; all resulting directly or indirectly
from Missionary labour and influence. Mr.
Hodson was then commended to God in earnest
prayer by the Rev. E. J. Robinson.

Quarterly Paper.

The view of the
Mission premises in Calcutta occupies the first
page of the "Quarterly Paper" for December.
The history of India, from 1756 to 1766, the
later the year of the horrible tragedy of the
"Black Hole" of Calcutta, is the most mar-
vellous in the annals of the world. The world
was never so divided, and the progress of the
Christian religion in India, compared with the
wants of the vast population?
An advocate of Missions, in a recent publi-
cation, emphatically asks four questions, which he
calls "The Four Whos?" "Who will go to the
heavenly lands?" "Who will give for the
support of Missions?" "Who will pray for
Missionary success?" "Who will work as col-
lectors and advocates of the cause?" Let our
readers ponder these questions, and answer
them, as they can answer to God.

General Miscellany.

Growing Old.

We perused an article in one of our ex-
changes the other day under the above cap-
tion, in which the writer lamented the inevitable
decay that sets upon the milestones of the years
behind us, brings us nearer to the silent close
of our journey. To us the thought suggested a
different train of reflection. We do not feel
that it is a sad thing to grow old.

What are the bells saying?

"What are the bells saying?" asked an in-
quisitive little squire, as he hovered about in
the heights of the elms, gently stirring the leaves,
every now and then, in a lazy, make-believe
kind of way. Herd by an old cathedral near
his way, and then, as he saw the bells
ringing, he was reminded of the people of the
town that they must put their work away for a
time, and keep high festival. But the squire,
who knew nothing, and cared still less—if pos-
sible—about national affairs, felt himself unable
to account for this unwonted burst of
eloquence.
"What are the bells saying?" he asked again,
rather impatiently this time.
"Saying!" exclaimed a solemn jockdaw, who
had overheard the inquiry—"Saying! Well!
really! begin to think that about questions
will never cease. They are saying nothing at
all, only making a noise. What should they
say?"
The squire pondered awhile over this sage
reply, rustling the leaves, meanwhile, from
habit. But the jockdaw's ideas on the sub-
ject did not content him; and presently he
asked again:
"What are the bells saying?"
"They are saying that time is short," said
a grave old rook, perched high on a further
gargoyle. "That time is short; and that
death, and change, and decay; they are speak-
ing those people down there to have done with
trifles, and to get ready at once for the grave,
and for the world which lies beyond it. But the
people are foolish, I am afraid, for they don't
seem to attend, or to take alarm, or set about
mending their ways, while they have time."
"Dear dear!" exclaimed the squire—"This
is sadly puzzling! Now which am I to
believe of these very opposite accounts? If I
dared to trust to my own judgment, I should
believe the rook; but that is exactly what I am
afraid to do. I must see what the rest of the
world think about it." So again he inquired:
"What are the bells saying?"
"They are telling us to be merry, one and
all!" cried two bright butterflies, who were
chasing each other to and fro, their yellow wings
glittering in the sunshine. "To make the best
use of this fine weather, and while we can, re-
joice. They are calling to everybody and every-
thing to sing and dance, and fly about, and be
cheerful; and they are wishing, no doubt, that
they could get out into the open air, and amuse
themselves, like us. For my part, I wonder how
they can chime on so merrily, scooped up in that
stuffy old place all day."
Away the vociferous butterflies flew; and again
the squire pondered. But apparently he felt
that the truth was still hidden from him, for he
long the same question came again:
"What are the bells saying?"
"They are saying how much there is to be
done in the world," said a bee, as he buzzed
past, "and how important it is that everyone
should stir himself up at once, and find out his
own work, and do it. How many books remain
to be written; and pictures to be painted; and
kingdoms to be conquered; and people to be
clothed and fed; and lives to be stored; before
we allow ourselves even to dream of rest, and
still less of amusement. They are calling to us
all—men and beasts, and birds and insects—to
be busy, and do what we have to do quickly and
well."
He hastened away to fulfil his own task, and
set out his own interpretation; but the squire
was not satisfied—yet yet. He thought it over
a little while, as was his custom; then once more
inquired—rather pitiously now, as though he
would beseech some one or something on whose
testimony he might certainly depend, to come
and answer him:
"What are the bells saying?"
"They are speaking of Heaven," said a lark,
"of the light and glory there. They are advis-
ing human beings to look up to the sky, and to
mount in heart, as I mount on my wing; that
so, seeing by faith the Golden City, and the New

There Comes a Time.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering and chillingly;
And locks are gray
As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say:
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There Comes a Time.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap as leaping the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoners in his dungeon chain;
And down of day
Hath passed away,
The moon bath unto darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say:
"There comes a time when we grow old."
There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years;
And beauty fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears;
And then how dark!
But, oh, the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray;
And fond affections, lingering say:
"There comes a time when we grow old."
There comes a time when laughing spring
And golden summer cease to be;
And we put on the autumn robe,
To tread the lead decedivity!
But now the hope,
With rosy hose,
Beyond the sunset we behold;
Another dawn with fairer light;
While watchers whisper through the night:
"There is no time when we grow old."

What Are the Bells Saying?

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and answer him:
"What are the bells saying?"
"They are speaking of Heaven," said a lark,
"of the light and glory there. They are advis-
ing human beings to look up to the sky, and to
mount in heart, as I mount on my wing; that
so, seeing by faith the Golden City, and the New

Jerusalem and the Home, they may take heart, and press bravely on toward them."

"Ah!" the pleasantest solution of all," said
the squire, after his usual meditative pause,
"but perhaps it isn't the true one; and I want
the true one. So I think I'll ask again."
"What are the bells saying?"
"They are regretting former days," replied a
falling leaf, just ready to drop from its stem.
"Calling back the past, and lamenting because
the past makes no response. They are telling
of beautiful faces once accustomed to enter
through the cathedral door; and glorious sun-
sets, whose beams fell through the old stained
windows; and sweet voices that, intoning or
chanting, re-echoed from aisle to aisle; and
their tears were mournful, because all these things
—faces, sunset, voices—are gone; forever gone."
And the leaf, in its short summer spent, fell from
the tree; floating sadly away, to mingle with
the mould.
The squire was sorry; but he felt that he had
no time, just now, to waste in useless lamenta-
tions. The leaf's solution did not appear to him
to be more reliable than the rest; and he had
to reiterate his question:
"What are the bells saying?"
"They are saying that God is good," cried a
happily-busied bee, good, and glorious, and im-
portant, and full of love; always watching over
his world, as a father over his children, and
waiting to bless it evermore. They are record-
ing His mercies, calling on men to acknowledge
them, to rejoice in them, and to be thankful."
This answer pleased the squire; but he felt
still unconvinced. Suddenly, however, a gleam
of light broke forth on his perplexities.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see how it is!
You have all answered out of your own hearts,
not out of the bells." This cathedral close is
a puzzling place; there are so many different
voices, each one inclined to think itself right,
and the others in consequence wrong. How-
ever, what I want is truth, not opinion; yet how
shall I know where truth lies? I think I'll
go up into the belfry and ask the bells them-
selves."
So away—even to the very summit of the
spire, whose meaning he craved—floated the
unhappy little squire; to be satisfied at last.

A Womanly Deed.

A gentleman who styles himself "The Wan-
derer," recently furnishes the following to the
Saragotian.
When the train halted at Saragot, among the
passengers from the West came a man about
thirty years of age, showing his way through
the crowd and bearing in his arms a child. He
was a poor man; his clothes were poor; he
looked poor. Beside him was a little piece
of soil, and some straw. It was evidently all
the mourning his scanty means would permit,
for the mother of the child was dead. This man
was rough in his exterior, yet his face was an
honest one. He handled the baby awkwardly,
yet there was a tenderness in his sad look that
showed the purity of a father's love. The little
fellow lay asleep on his crumpled old knee; a
strong sunbeam glanced across its tired face.
They were both tired, the father and the child;
for they had come from the Far west; and as
he placed his hand, tall-worn hand to shield it
from the golden rays, there was in his look a
mistake of sadness and care, as if his past-
feelings had been crowded back into the inner
cell of his heart that even tears could have been
no relief to the hidden anguish that was making
his life a misery.
The poor child cried; it might be the little
thing was tired, it might be it missed its mother;
perhaps it was hungry; perhaps it was sick;
it cried. The tears roll down its cheeks; the
child wiped away the dew drops as they fall,
and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward
with the bottle—his hand was a life of toil
and hardship, and he knew not how to give his
darling its nourishment. As he made effort
effort to suck the child and check the tears of
a motherless babe, how must he have missed
his own life of labor and privation had been
his solace and comfort. An unbidden tear start-
ed to his eye, but he brushed it quickly away.
All who saw him pitied him. At length a woman
richly apparelled, with an infant resting on
the lap of her nurse beside her—she had been watch-
ing the man, said in a gentle voice, "Give me
the child." The poor fellow looked at her with
a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's
tenderness in her voice. With humble resigna-
tion, as though it were pain to part with him,
even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The
woman took it; its soiled clothes rest on her
bosom; its tiny head was soon beneath her
shawl, and in a moment all was still. Like the
Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars
of her starving father, so did this man
suffer from her breast feed the hungry child,
when on her gentle bosom the little one lay in
its calm and untroubled sleep the awed shawl.
The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He
said, as a tear swelled in his eye, and his voice
was thick with emotion, "Thank you; I'll take
him now." Then the woman's mother spoke
forth, as she gently answered, "Not yet; you
will wake him," and for miles after miles that
noble-hearted woman held that poor man's child,
and it was not until her own babe required such
nourishment as only a mother can give, that the
gentle rose and placed the stranger boy with his
father.
If that man never prayed before, if no sup-
plication from him went upward before this
honest, truthful application rose from his soul;
angels bore it through the upper air, and if ever
truth found its way to Heaven, the Almighty
heard the poor man's prayer, that He would bless
that woman. And if the spirit of the dead
look back; if they can pierce the dark cloud
which hides their world from our world; if from
sternity they will gaze on time, and see the
mother of that child have rejoiced at the
stranger's kindness, her poor orphan, and if
she could speak, her words would have been
"God bless you, sister."
May the child, with the nourishment it drew
from that noble breast, grow up with the kindly
nature which prompted the generous offering;
and may the woman be long spared to adorn a
world which has but few such ornaments; and
the world, good as it is, will not refuse the tribute
which is justly hers, and may we say "pray,
"May God bless her."

Obituary

Mrs. James Savage, Of Williamstown, Carleton Co. N. B. fell asleep in Jesus Dec. 29th 1868 in the thirty-fifth year of her age.

Provincial Wesleyan

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1869.

Danger of Grieving the Holy Spirit

We note in one of our religious exchanges a paragraph relating to the effect produced upon the heart by resting the strings of the Holy Spirit, worthy of being pondered deeply by those who are living without personal consecration to Christ's service.

This congregation had been visited last winter with a powerful revival that was many to Christ from the ranks of sin, but many were left in their former sinful condition.

The foregoing is solemnly admonished. We do not question the fact stated in regard to those who on a former occasion resisted the movements of the Holy Spirit on their hearts.

Christmas, the great holiday of the nation—and I might say of the world—has passed with its usual, perhaps its usual, with increased attention.

In the literary world, we have some valuable contributions to biblical and historical literature. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have issued a "Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible."

With the young also, the danger exists of resisting the power of the Spirit of God, at a time when to yield to that Spirit would result in the formation of habits of piety, and would prove a sure preparation for a useful and happy life.

Letter from the United States

A NEW BOARD OF EDUCATION. The last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, organized a Board of Education, to consist of six ministers and six laymen, for the purpose of promoting the interests of education in said Church.

to times; (1) to aid young men preparing for the foreign missionary work of the M. E. Church; (2) to aid young men preparing for the ministry of the Church; (3) to aid our Theological Institutions; (4) to aid our Universities, Seminaries, and Academies.

CHANGE OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

The old Light-street church in Baltimore, with its parsonage is about to be sold, and the avails to be used in purchasing a church property in a more central position.

A NEW PAPER.

A new paper is to be started immediately at Atlanta, Ga., to be called the "Atlanta Christian Advocate." It is to be edited by E. Q. Fuller, Presiding Elder of Atlanta District, Georgia.

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Briggs and Port de Grave, Nfld.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The last of this year's series of Missionary meetings has just been concluded; and with gratitude we record that, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, the liberality of our people has suffered no deterioration.

spell." Mr. Narraway then referred to the religious consequences likely to ensue from the admission of the working classes to a share in the government of the Empire.

THE DISSENTING CHURCHES.

The disestablishment of the Church of England, and the disendowment of the nonconformist churches, are subjects which have of late years attracted much of the public attention.

THE ACTION OF THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT.

The action of the Austrian Parliament in favor of civil and religious liberty was commented on by the Rev. Mr. Narraway in his address.

LEGISLATION IN FAVOR OF HINDOO REFORMS.

Mr. Narraway directed the attention of his congregation to the legislative measures in India in favor of the Hindoo religion.

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The discovery of vast antiquities in Southern Africa, and the renewed tropical explorations of the interior of the continent, were mentioned by Mr. Narraway.

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it, though it is commonly held that he should not do it. It is the people's service, and should be conducted by one of themselves.

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General Intelligence

Colombia. The Amherst Gazette says that the late August daughter of Mr. Edward Gordon, Rev. Philip, eight years of age, was bitten on the hand by a dog while she was endeavoring to stop a light in which the animal was engaged.

