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Religious Miscellany.

Prepare to meet thy God.

The greatest trials of our race,
Are coming in the latter days;
Prepare to meet thy God!
Prepare to meet thy God!
Prepare to meet thy God!

The afternoon of mercy's day,
Is gliding rapidly away;
Compassion cannot wait delay;
Prepare to meet thy God!

The voice of wisdom, long and loud
Cried vainly to the thoughtless crowd,
Prepare to meet thy God!
Prepare to meet thy God!

They hastened on with swift feet,
Towards the coming merciful meet,
Still hearing Mercy's voice repeat,
Prepare to meet thy God!

Mercy desired to anger turn,
The holy wrath of Jesus burns;
Prepare to meet thy God!
Prepare to meet thy God!

The fearful stroke which quickly comes,
Will strike the guilty with a doom,
But God will take his people home,
Prepare to meet thy God!

O, Sinner! pause in sin's career,
Not yet too late, though judgment's near,
Prepare to meet thy God!
Prepare to meet thy God!

Come, haste to the mercy sinners meet,
Come, thus, a God of mercy meet,
Prepare to meet thy God!
Prepare to meet thy God!

Ye saints of God, who now rejoice,
To listen to the warning voice,
Prepare to meet thy God!
Prepare to meet thy God!

Still triumph in redeeming grace,
Nor dread the coming wrathful day;
Still boldly cry in every place,
Prepare to meet thy God!

G. O. H.

Death-beds Witnessing for God.

NO. 1.

One week-day evening during a season of deep religious interest, a village congregation was favoured with a special service—the Minister taking for his text, those words on the last chapter of St. Peter's 2nd Epistle—"Be diligent, that ye may be found in Him in peace."

It was an hour rich in blessing, they whose aim it was to live in readiness for the summons hence, rejoiced in the glad prospect of being for ever with the Lord, while those who had made no preparation to meet their God, could not but feel most solemnly how it behoved him to consider their latter end.

The minister referred to the striking utterances which frequently fall from the lips of dying Christians; sayings often far beyond anything they have been wont to utter in days of health. Nor can we wonder that they for whom the pearly gates are about to unfold, should be occupied with

"Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;" how the nearness of that unspeakable glory must irradiate the well-nigh emancipated spirit. "Death-beds witnessing for God," are quite as numerous among the pious poor, as among those more highly favoured with opportunities for mental improvement.

"Not death at all, beginning to live," said a poor young woman, dying of consumption, when speaking of her departure, and again "I shall soon be in the arms of Jesus, but I would not be so, even one moment before His time. I have never had a long night since I was converted. I have very weary nights, much pain, they are never long." One day she remarked that hymns were "not so precious as the Word of God; the soul wanted His own sword to rest upon."

"I am so happy; Jesus makes me happy," were the last words of a poor widow, who during a long illness suffered much, and had few comforts, but whose lips were full of praise and thanksgiving. Brought as a little child to the feet of Jesus, He filled her with such peace and joy through believing, it was quite a privilege to be permitted to stand by her dying bed. Day by day she suffered much, but with words to welcome the ladies who visited her with the words "Praise the Lord! Praise Him. Is not the Lord good to me?"

A poor Dock labourer, dying from cancer in the face, was asked towards the close of his illness by a Christian visitor who his instructions he owed much, "Have you any fear left?" "Oh, the lady repeated a few verses from Rom. viii. He was quiet a little, and she asked "Have I made you tired?" for his disease had caused intense suffering, and he was very low. "I've been tired all day, but I shall soon sleep," he answered. "Perhaps you will sleep now," said his visitor, but he replied, "I mean I shall sleep in Jesus." After awhile looking at each person present, he repeated twice "I lie at the foot of the cross, I lie at the foot of the cross, and blessed Jesus, I pass through the dark valley by thy side."

"Jesus is mine, I am saved," were among the last words of one whose final illness brought sore agony. She had peace and joy through believing, but was not without much conflict. Once on awaking very thirsty, she drank freely of toast and water. The devil suggested, "Drink while you can, there is no water in hell for you." "Hell for me," she could answer— "Oh, no! Jesus died for me, get thee behind me, Satan," and to the last she bore bright testimony to the power of Christ to save.

On Sunday morning the daughter of a sick person came to a Bible woman with the message, "Mother wants to see you—she is so happy." When H. arrived, the sufferer said, "My joy is so great, I could not sleep, I am bringing with me the Lamb." Other she said "I hope my Saviour will lay upon me, and to wait His time. I long to be gone and be with Jesus!" Before she entered into the joy of her Lord, she sent for her neighbours and friends,

entering them to seek Jesus, and bring their burden to Him. They said her conversion was delightful. During the last illness of A. D. Jesus was all her theme, and His name seemed to her indeed as "ointment poured forth." Her dying words testified His preciousness to her soul. With a radiant smile she said as firmly as her short-coming breath would allow, "Dear Jesus—my Jesus—chiefest of ten thousand—and altogether lovely"—then with peculiar emphasis, "altogether lovely." She spoke no more, and in an hour afterwards, her redeemed spirit was admitted into His presence, to gaze upon that loveliness for ever.

When in the agony of death a poor woman in Spitalfields said to the Bible woman, "all conflict is over now, 'tis perfect peace."

A poor man who had previously suffered from paralysis, was seized with a fit as his wife was leading him to a prayer-meeting. Eleven days afterwards he died. When the end drew near, it was said to him "You are passing the valley of the shadow of death, have you any fear?" He replied "No, happy, going to Jesus."

These histories we have copied from recent numbers of "The Missing Link Magazine," as well as from an earlier volume of the same work known as "The Book and its Mission;" and as we glanced over the pages, one or two graphic remarks arrested attention, though we cannot give them as dying sayings, for the speakers had not reached the brink of Jordan, much less entered its swiftings.

Some poor mother at their earliest meeting after the first anniversary of the death of the lady whose loving instructions had been most signally blessed to them, begged to sing the last hymn they had sung with her—

"Guide us O Thou great Jehovah," &c.

Their tears fell fast as they sang, and a blind woman observed, "I always feel she is joining with us when we sing the Doxology, for all her prayers are praises now."

At a Bible class of very poor women, a lady was remarking on the comfort believers have in knowing that when called upon to pass through the Prince of Life to carry them through. "Yes indeed," old Mrs. M. responded, "and no fear of Him letting us fall through in the middle."

"I am standing barefoot on the Rock of Ages," said a poor dying man of whom we have heard; how forcibly the words express, assured trust in Christ, and in Christ alone.

Be Not Weary in Well-doing.

BY MARY M. HERRERT.

The path of Christian duty and effort is often a tiresome one. The pilgrim as he commences his journey, has glowing visions of the beauty and variety of the scenes through which he shall be called to pass; his soul, buoyant with youthful ardour and hope, radiant at the difficulties of the way. What radiant anticipations of success attend him; how bright the future that lies beyond, and for a time he realises, it may be, his hopes. Difficulties vanish before him; success attends his efforts; the crooked paths become straight, and the rough places smooth, and animated and joyful, he hastens onward, not doubting but he shall see great things that these.

But steeper paths await him. He is placed in new circumstances, a fresh experience opens before him, he is embarrassed, perplexed, cast down. This is not what he anticipated when he commenced the Christian career. Hemmed in by various difficulties, he sees no way of escape, no "loophole of retreat," and his heart sinks within him.

Yet though cast down, he is not in despair, and remembering his Guide and Deliverer, he still looks trustfully up, and can yet sing—

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to me,
Faith finds its strength in helplessness
And gaily waits on thee."

And soon a narrow path opens before him and he hastens on, but the prospect is changed. Rugged and toilsome the way, what wonder that his hands hang down. Monotonous in its very barrenness, it stretches apparently into a desert land, and he is found exclaiming, "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for naught."

For the glow of youthful ardour has subsided; his brightest hopes have faded; his best grounded expectations proved futile, some of the loved, with whom he once took "sweet counsel," and whose words of encouragement cheered him onward—have fallen by his side, "weary with the match of life," and others, who promised well, have turned aside into pleasure's flowery track. What wonder then should he become, "weary in well-doing." "Sighs," as one has well remarked, "is not apt to get the uppermost hand," and the things temporal, closing around, about out the view of the things eternal.

No longer on Pisgah's mount he catches bright glimpses of the promised land; but far down in the dark ravine, or narrow valley, the pilgrim tends wearily, so disheartened with the difficulties of the way, that he almost forgets the glorious goal to which his steps have been hitherto directed.

For life, unless sanctified by high Christian aims, cannot fall at times to wearisome.

The deeper the heart, the more unutilized its yearnings. Still the soul flits from one object to another, and still with the same inquiry "Who will show us any good?" As eagerly sought after as the Philosopher's stone, and as vainly too,—the spirit, ever cheated, in its search for happiness, re-echoes the wise man's sentiment, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Nor these alone, who seek satisfaction in law, and sensual, and sordid gratifications, are disappointed. Though immeasurably superior, and worthy an immortal training of the intellect, the accumulation of knowledge, the well-earned renown of studious literary effort, bid away, when the glow of achievement had died away, when the glittering chaplet of Fame encircled the brow, even then, closely following the song of triumph, even then, a low voice is heard whispering, "Is this all?"

"Is this all?" exclaimed the traveller, as standing at the source of Egypt's mighty river he realised, in the discovery of that silvery still, the hopes that had led him to encounter all the perils of the way. He had left home and

friends, crossing the burning sands of the desert, exposed to pestilence and savage cruelty, and all for what—

"No more than this! What seemed it now,
First by that spring to stand,
A thousand streams of jeweller flow
Rushed his own native land;
Whence far o'er waste and track,
Their wild sweet voices called him back."

But if the rewards of knowledge fall on the taste, the bliss of social intercourse, the sweet communion of congenial hearts, the affections that cluster around the domestic hearth, surely these are sources of pure and holiest enjoyment? Yes, but might we not add also, of deepest anguish.

"Friends how mortal, dangerous the desire."
"The worth of a heart may be measured by its capacity for loving," said an old French writer, and alas! in proportion to that is its capability for suffering!

And so, in the midst of its most sacred earthly treasures, the soul trembles with anxiety, anticipating the moment when they shall be snatched away, and when memory shall engrave on the tablet of buried affections, the mournful inscription, "Loved and Lost."

How literally suggestive of unutilized yearnings and keener mental anguish, is the language of the ill-starred poet of undying fame,

"Count o'er the joys that hours have seen,
Count o'er the days that anguish free;
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better thou hast been."

How strangely in contrast to the sentiments of this man of rank, wealth, and genius, is the inspiring strain of the self-devoted and sainted Wesley,

"With us no melancholy void,
No reason lingers unemployed,
Our unreproved lives,
Our weariness of life, none,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only Him to know."

"Who mean if nothing crowns the race?" was the inquiry of a sad and dispirited worker, and truly, if nothing crowned the race, then inactivity would be the truest wisdom, and selfish gratification the highest aim of existence.

But is it so, oh faithful laborers in your Lord's vineyard, whatever sphere of duty you may occupy, though oppressed by the burden and heat of the day, though discouraged by varied conflicts, do you believe that "Nothing crowns the race?" Alas! no! "Faint yet pursuing," is, and shall still be your motto. And though there may be moments in your experience when your sinking heart is ready to say "I shall one day perish by the hand of mine enemy," more closely grasp the arm of your invisible yet ever present Protector, and thus press onward, and press upward.

"Work done for God it dieth not."
No labor of love however insignificant in the eyes of men has gone unobserved by your Father in Heaven, nor will fail of its due reward. "Is this all?" will never be the exclamation of one of the redeemed multitude who through the deepest yearnings will be fully satisfied, yes, far beyond the widest power of imagination to conceive, will be the felicity of that immortal state.

Then "Be not weary in well-doing," but on time running the Christian race, until the goal at length gained, the gates of the Eternal City shall be lifted up, and like your triumphant Master, ye, the ransomed of the Lord, returning to Zion with songs of joy, shall enter in to go no more out for ever.

Dartmouth, April 14, 1868.

The True Victory.

Victory over self is victory over the world. It is not the outward enemy, but the traitor within, that storms or undermines the citadel of spiritual life. Alas, that the gates are so often unbarred for the hosts of evil to enter, and suffer itself to be laid waste! As in the conflicts of nations, the conquering army reinforces its own strength by the munitions of war taken from the vanquished foe, so does the victorious soul gather new force from every temptation.

Yet the victory is gained—not by self-confidence and spiritual pride, but by humility and self-abnegation. The humble soul alone is truly strong, and safe from all. What outward power can abuse him who, while he reverences the nature God has given him, still is lowly in his own eyes, "esteeming others better than himself?" What circumstances or condition of life can be adverse to him whose will is merged in the will of God? On the strength that grows from self denunciation! Oh the peace that flows in upon the will subdued, when the man, though "lord of himself," through entire mastery over his affections and passions, feels that all his "strength is in God" and "the might of Him who overcomes the world!" To him the soul should so easily surrender, and suffer itself to be laid waste! As in the conflicts of nations, the conquering army reinforces its own strength by the munitions of war taken from the vanquished foe, so does the victorious soul gather new force from every temptation.

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Such lives are led by God's best children here below. Loved, evermore grant us the peace that springs from victory over selfish aims, and the absorption of our wills into thine.

Sanctification.

I do not know anything better, more orthodox, and truly Methodist, than the following from Mr. H. A. Rogers. He says: "I wrote several times in the night, praying for sanctification. O the depth of unbelief and pride! These were seen only the roots of many other evil branches. O my God, I feel my heart as a leper at thy feet. I believe the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. But when I would come to the fountain, I would seem to be ignorant and helplessness. Again: 'I would seem to be filled, deny me not; for how much better glory to save me now; for how much better could I serve thee! It is true, I have no plea but thy mercy! the blood of Jesus, thy promise, and my own grace! O save me fully, by an act of free grace! I now take that which believeth shall be saved.' I now take

that by thy word; I do by faith cast myself on thy promise—thou cannot deny!" Again—

"Ah! why did I ever doubt thy willingness when he gave Jesus! Gave him to destroy the works of the devil—to make an end of sin!—The hindrance was in me, not in Him. He desired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes—accursed sin! But now, Lord, I do believe; this moment thou dost save. Yes, Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all; I am at the feet a helpless, worthless wretch; but I take hold of thee as my fortress. Everything that I want thou art—Thou art wisdom, strength, joy, holiness—yes, and thou art mine. I am empowered and enabled by love. Thy love slinks me into nothing; it overflows my soul. O my Jesus, thou art all in all. In thee I behold and feel all the fulness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; the intercourse is open; sin, inbred sin, no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own."

O the depth of self-love my soul now felt,
But not so much rapturous joy as at justification it was,
And all the silent hours of love.

She says: "I now walked in the clouded light of his countenance; rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks. I resolved, however, at first, I would not openly declare what the Lord had wrought; but it was seen in my countenance; and when asked respecting it, I dared not deny the wonder of his love! I soon found that respecting his goodness confirmed my own faith more and more. And so did the Lord bless me in declaring it, (yes, and blessed others also) that I was constrained to witness to all who feared Him—

His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me."

She says: "I dared not to live above a moment's delay; and that moment by faith in the Son of God. I never felt till the full meaning of those words: 'In him we live, and move, and have our being.' Now will we not take the above as our motto—come right to the point, and at once cast ourselves on the mercy of God, for a full salvation from all sin! May God help us all to do so.—Rev. D. King

The Sunday Stone.

In one of our English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off, these become hard, and form limestone. This stone would always be white, like marble, were it not that some are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another layer is formed, and so on alternately, black and white, through the week, until Sunday comes. Then if the miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before.

There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and all Sunday, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if they work on the Sabbath they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it, "The Sunday Stone."

Perhaps, you may now break the Sabbath word to try to spend it better if there were "Sunday Stone" where they could see their unkept Sabbath with their black marks.

But God needs no such record on earth to know how all our Sabbaths are spent. His record is kept above. All our Sabbath deeds are written there, and we shall see them at the last.

Be very careful to keep your Sabbath pure and white, and not allow the dust of worldlyness and sin to tarnish the purity of the blessed day. "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."—Christian Treasury.

Religious Intelligence.

Religious Liberty in Italy.

The Italians are Roman Catholics, and practically know no other religion. They have been trained and educated in a reverence for its forms, and ceremonies and superstitions. Victor Emmanuel is himself a Romanist, and this, too, is the avowed faith of the Government. Yet one of the principles of the constitution is that every subject shall have liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. This liberty is also extended to aliens and strangers. This is, no doubt, very gallant to Rome, and hence the priests fret and chafe about it; the bishops by scores have refused the oath of allegiance, and have fled from their now vacant sees, while the Pope hurls anathemas and excommunications at the head of the recent King and Government. Yet still there is the law, and the Italians may be expected to have the Government of evangelists if they please, as far as the law is concerned. Evangelical agents, with an open Bible in their hands, have not only been permitted to enter Italy, but have been protected in their work by the law and its administrators. It is known to all the administrators of the law that the Government stands firmly by this principle of the constitution. In fact, a Protestant missionary may do in Italy what he dare not do in Ireland. The Government of Ireland is more afraid of offending the priests than the Government of Italy is, and having seen the working of evangelists in both countries, we do not hesitate to say that there is more actual religious freedom in Italy than in Ireland. And amid all the needs of Italy at this time, that which above all is most pressing is its need of the Gospel. Its revolutions was now owing as much to the light of the Bible as to its hatred of the intolerant despotism of Rome. How low other Christianity than that which Rome professes, it has fled from as the foe of liberty and progress, and in its danger of rushing headlong into the dark and wretched scepticism, Italy, with the Bible closed against it, has known nothing hitherto of the Christianity which it teaches. We wonder not that it has turned away in disgust from the hideous caricatures which Po-

try has given of it, whose chief exhibition of the Divine Author of Christianity is as a baby Christ or a dead Christ, instead of that of a living, atoning and triumphant Saviour. It practically humiliates the Redeemer and defiles the Virgin, and putting the Church in the place of Christ, imposes, as by its authority, heresies and obnoxiousness under the weight of which poor humanity staggers and falls, and in its helpless prostration sighs out its miseries and sorrows. Only give to these long-buried people the Bible and the preacher of its truths, and establish through the length and breadth of the land schools for its middle class and poorest population, and in a few years Italy shall have a brighter history than she has ever known, and shall yet surpass the days of her classic glory. But she has only yet partially learnt what her great want is. Here and there men are awaking from the stupor of ages, while evangelical agencies are raising up instruments of future usefulness. She does not require, at least in great numbers, missionaries from us. Already the missionaries have more evangelical agents from her own people, who have the means of supporting. At present she only asks at our hands more Bibles, an evangelical literature, and men to support a missionary agency, until her people shall in sufficient numbers have been enlightened by the Gospel, so as to become missionary churches to those of their countrymen still remaining in the darkness of Popery and idolatry. Italy has a claim upon our forbearance, sympathy, and help, and we trust that claim will not be disregarded, but by the Wesleyan Methodist Church.—Meth. Rec.

The First Bible Woman.

In the city of London there is a quarter known as St. Giles', or the "Seven Dials." The city of London is called a Christian city; it has been so called for many hundred years; there is a Bishop of London; there are churches, many and fair, in that great city; there are Christians of every name and denomination, churches and chapels, and it is but a few weeks since I heard of an altogether new Christian church, there a different one from any that the world had ever known. And yet, this quarter of which I speak, is one of the worst places, I suppose, on the face of God's earth; a place full of thieves, murderers, and degraded persons of every name. Not many years ago, there was growing up in this place, from girlhood to womanhood, a poor, neglected, forsaken child, an orphan, yet not altogether neglected, not altogether forsaken, for her mother, it seems, had been able to plant in her soul some seeds of God, and she found one friend there, a kind-hearted old man, who had taught her to read. She had been, in some sort, providentially protected against the pollution of the streets. Sometimes she would pass whole nights sitting on the steps of her poor dwelling to escape the sights and sounds that would have assailed her within. The old man, deathly, you don't read the Bible; I will teach you to read, but I don't want you ever to read that book, for it is full of lies; and amongst other lies, this chief one, that there is a God." "Now," said he, "you must know yourself, that that is a lie—there can be no God, as any one who lives in St. Giles' must be very sure of. There is no God," he said, "no God, certainly, who cares anything about us here in St. Giles'." It however proved that there was a God even in St. Giles'. The poor girl grew up to womanhood, and was at last decently, though humbly married. She was passing by one of the mission houses, and some words that the preacher was reading caught her ear—words out of that forbidden book, and somehow the words not only caught her ear, but they stirred her heart. They were somewhere from the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that glorious chapter in which the writer speaks of the triumph which have been wrought in the world by believing men. Perhaps it was the sentence in which the writer speaks of God having provided for us a better country and built for us a better and heavenly city. The poor woman must have thought there was some need of that, but whatever it was, the words stirred her heart. She went in and begged for a dose of the book. They gave it to her, and she was studied it and became a believer in the God of whom that book tells us, and she was the first Bible woman in the city of London; the first one of those women who go about among the poor, among the people of their own class, and who are able to reach them as no others can; and she succeeded in doing a great deal in elevating the poor wretched people in that St. Giles', where, as the old man said, "there is no God."—Rev. Rufus Ellis, in the Christian Register.

General Miscellany.

Success.

A shrewd, intelligent man of the world, and one, too, who had been eminently successful—both in a small beginning he had risen to the highest place in the department to which he had been attached, and made the fortunes of his whole family—brothers, sons and nephews, as well as his own—convinced me that "over-sensitiveness is a great mistake in a public man." He might have said in all men who desire to succeed in life. Now, I wish to be understood, that what is expressed by the word "over-sensitiveness" does not signify over-scrupulousness. Be as scrupulous as you will. Do nothing that will give you a single pang of conscience. Keep your hands clean. If you cannot do this, sink into the abysmal depths of failure unsoiled and unspotted, with skin clear and white as a little child's, and be clean. But do not be over-sensitive on the score of pride and vanity, or dominant egotism. Every successful man, you may be sure, has had much to mortify him in the course of his career. He has borne many rebuffs, he has sustained many failures. What if he does not understand you, what if he does not understand you, what if he does not encourage you, and exercise the privileges of your superior position; bear with it all, juveniles, your time will come; you may take your chance out of the world when you are a little older. Bah! how does it hurt you? "Hard words break no bones," saith the proverb. And they break no spirit that is not the feeblest. The world may laugh at your failures—what then

Try again, and perhaps they will not laugh—Try once again, and perhaps it will be your turn to laugh. "He who may laugh," saith another proverb, "you have the right stuff in you, you will not be put down."

To the Memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

(From the Express of 15th inst.)

And, by the River's turbid train;
Slow moves the long funeral train;
Mark, how each breast is wrung with pain,
Ah, me! it seems a ghastly dream.

Would that it were a ghastly dream!
Then might we happily wake to find,
Nought but a phantom of the mind,
And grief were spared such piteous theme.

Young Nation! where his Pier? Oh, where!
Never—by Patriot Victim paid—
Upon this altar shall be laid,
A sacrifice, of cost more rare.

Car'd be the wretch—too vile to name,
Whose fendish vengeance brought this woe;
What floods of tears must vainly flow,
For one foul murderer's deed of shame.

From list'ning crowds his voice no more,
Shall nightly draw the rapturous cheer;
No more, his pen, to nicest ear,
Attune the lays that charmed of yore.

Tendly his record we retrace,
Through effort struggling on to light,
Till Wisdom purged his inner sight,
And nobler deeds to dreamt gave place.

High on his country's proud scrolls,
Shall stand, henceforth, his honoured name;
'Twas more than genius gave him fame—
More than his words that stirred our souls.

His was the warm, Milesian blood,
The soaring fancy,—flashing wit—
And gifts that largest minds befit,
But gifts, devoted, most to God.

Untaught he, by list of greed,
He loved to toil; his usefulness part;
Wide was the room in that wide heart;
Manhood, to him, was more than creed.

When factions, maddened, rushed to war,
When rancorous sects stood face to face,
'Twas his to lift, with matchless grace,
From Reason's path, 't' opposing bar.

With kindly eye the Wrong to scan,
To point to Right—the truer course;
To Justice—better far than Force,
And Charity, from man to man.

Ah! Glorious Work—cut short too soon,
The Workman claimed, too soon, O Grave!
Yet thank we God, to us who gave—
And gave the world—to such a boon.

Illustrations:—through all Time—
Thy great example, looming high,
From scrolls since shall purify,
And lead men up to such sublime.

J. A. B.
Halifax, 13th April, 1868.

"I Wait for Thee."

The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamps are light,
The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, home—thy task is done;
The clock ticks listlessly;
The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
The warm chair to the fire-side drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, home—thy deep-frown'd eye
Looks round him wistfully;
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if to welcome thee were nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain; he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine
So earnest, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain—
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss the here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam
No hand will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like these will wait thy home.

At last along the crisp walk fast
That well-known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes home!

Backbiting.

Backbiting, pleasant enough to the bitter at the time, is painful enough afterwards, even if it is not found out. It lowers his self-respect, it injures his peace. Supposing him not to be "past feeling," the reflection must come home to his heart, that this kind of thing is not noble, dignified, or beautiful. He becomes not loveless, but certainly less lovable in his own eyes; and there is no punishment like that. God has constituted our nature so wondrously, that self-interest is not the worst of our enemies, even the envy of the masses. We get that, and I question if it equals the dull gnawing pain of a disapproving conscience.

Backbiting is much more terrible to some people than to others. There are amazing sensitive persons, who are almost slaves to the estimates formed of them by others. I think it was Byron who said that "the praise of the greatest of mankind could not take away the sting from the conscience of the meanest." On the other hand, there are those who go on their way little disturbed by it. It is told that one that B. said so and so of him. "Did he, though?" is the answer. "Well, I cannot keep watch and ward over my fame; I have enough to do to look after my character."

Yes, and it would be well if we could all do that. Let a man set thus, and his fame will come all straight and smooth. What a wonderfully good thing it is that, my friend—He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgement as the noonday."

I have said that backbiters in the end get found out. More than that, they get a price put upon them. People not only discount as they go on, but the backbiters' criticisms are like cheap, fly-bitten articles in shop windows—they are not commonly thought of much account. People that know Jesus do not estimate at much value his backbiting or his backbiting; in fact, so far as my observation has gone, the backbiters are most formidable to those that fear Him—When once you take into consideration that he is most probably, a known man amongst his acquaintance, you can let him

