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CONTENTS

EDITORIALS—Salutatory, Thou shalt say "No!"	1
Work	1
POETRY—Our Dead, Adelaide A. Proctor	2
Prayer and Potatoes, K. W.	4
Alone, yet not alone, Mrs. M. M. Dodge	6
STORY—What a little song can do, Mrs. M. M. Dodge	6
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—New England, etc., in 1800, Prof. E. Pond, D. D.	2
Fire in the Hold, Rev. C. G. McCully	2
Henry Wilson's Schools, etc., Rev. P. N. Peloubet	2
Expository Preaching, Prof. J. M. Hoppin, D. D.	3
Say "Our Father," Rev. Howard Sprague, A. M.	4
The Christian Standard, Rev. A. McGregor	4
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT	7
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT	5
HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT, Myra Myrtle	5
NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES	5
GENERAL NEWS	7
ADVERTISEMENTS, &c.	8

Christian Standard.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1876.

SALUTATORY!

In presenting the first number of *The Christian Standard* to the religious public, we suppose that it will be considered necessary for us, in accordance with the time-honored custom, to make our official bow, by placing before our readers, our *raison d'être*, as well as our plans for the future of the paper. We prefer, however, to let the paper speak for itself, in its present and in its subsequent issues. Let us simply state that, although as its name indicates, this paper will be under Congregational control, still it is our intention to keep its columns of such a character, that it may find its way and be read with interest and profit in any Christian family. It will be "Evangelical always," we trust, but "Sectarian never!" Its corps of contributors will include the names of many prominent clergymen and writers of the different Evangelical denominations. Its editorial columns will be devoted to the discussion of those plain practical truths which relate to the daily life of the Christian, and to such of the questions of the day as are of interest to the Church of Christ. This paper has also been adopted by the Young Men's Christian Association of St. John as the medium of their communication with the public, and it will contain each month an article by some member of one of the Associations of the Lower Provinces, together with a synopsis of their work.

With this simple word of introduction, we send our paper forth as a preacher of the cross. "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," is its motto—presenting Him as an all-sufficient Saviour will be its mission.

God grant that the *Christian Standard* may be so permeated by the spirit of Christ that, "like the diamond, it will cast its lustre in every direction,—like a torch, the more it is shaken the more it will shine,—like a healing herb, the harder it is pressed, the sweeter will be its fragrance."

May He in whose name it has been prayerfully undertaken

"Forgive it if it fail in truth,
And in His wisdom, make it wise."

LEARN TO SAY "NO!"

It is only a simple monosyllable, one of the shortest words in every language, and yet one which persons of all nations find it difficult to pronounce. Neglecting to say "No" has entailed much embarrassment, distress and crime upon mankind since the time that our first parents failed

thus to answer the tempter in the garden of Eden down to the present day. If we inquire into the sources of human misery—if we study the first beginnings of those crimes which are daily brought before us in our morning newspapers, by tracing back an effect to its first cause, we will find that in almost every instance they originated by neglecting to say "No." A young man, for instance, leaves the seclusion of his boyhood's home—the halloved influence of Christian parents, and journeys into a far country. Here he is met by gay companions, who with flattering references to this beautiful world, and the promise he gives of having a high place in its favor, seek to influence him to join them in their dissipation. They sneer at his homespun cloth—at his graceless movements, and assure him that by joining their number he will lead the life of a wild gazelle. The hot blood at first courses to his cheeks at the blasphemous manner with which they refer to his mother's God. He knows that it is wrong for him to join them—that they ought to be resisted, and yet he cannot muster courage enough to say "No!" He goes with them—night after night finds him in their company, participating in what Shakespeare calls "the riot of the tipsy bacchanals." Mother's tear-stained Bible lies where she placed it in his trunk, unopened, forgotten. Loving letters from home remain unanswered. Step by step he perseveres in his course of sin, sinking lower and lower in his own respect, and in the judgment of the world, until at last he breathes out his miserable existence, "unwept, unhououred, and unsung;" all because at the first proposal of the tempter he had not the moral courage to say "No!"

Defaulters are not, as we sometimes think, products of the nineteenth century, caused by men elevated to public offices being suddenly exposed to great temptations. They one and all originated when, in that defaulter's boyhood, he was tempted to purloin a trifle, a few pennies perhaps, and failed to respond "No!" Drunkards, too, are all the result of not replying "No"—when asked to take the first glass—and even that loathsome wretch, languishing in prison upon his miserable pallet of straw, might now have been (God's noblest work) "an honest man," had not his mother lacked the moral strength with which to frame that simple monosyllable, "No!" when asked to grant him an improper indulgence in his childhood.

If the abuse of this little word prove so dangerous, we should be careful when and how we employ it, even as one who is near a magazine of gunpowder needs to take care of sparks. The bad habit too often formed in childhood of thoughtlessly answering in the affirmative, clings to us in after life with the same tenacity that a barnacle clings to the keel of a ship. How often when we receive a courteous invitation from a friend or neighbor, do our lips, from force of habit, frame a pretty little speech "of the pleasure with which we would respond, but"—when perhaps we had no desire to accept the invitation. A simple "thank you" would have been sufficient, and we need not have been rude or lost our self-respect. Are you asked to participate in a questionable amusement—one that you think may lessen your influence as a Christian? Learn to say "No." Remember that a consistent Christian life is the only Bible many of the world ever read, and the copy you present to them ought not to be defaced.

Have you a desire to arise in the meeting of prayer and testify to the love of Christ, and does the tempter suggest "that you have not the gift of utterance, and it is therefore not your duty?" Learn to say "No!"

Are you anxious in regard to the salvation of your soul, and does the tempter urge you to drown your anxiety in worldly frivolity? Learn to say "No,"—and not only to say it, but to mean what you say, and then to stand by what you mean.

Now there are some people who never can say "No," unless they are in a passion. They are easy, affable and courteous, willing to respond in the affirmative to so many demands made upon them that it would soon, almost physically as well as morally, be impossible for them to refuse; and yet at times they startle those who know them best by uttering a blunt, emphatic "No!" This, too, they call "firmness," and enlarging upon the fact of there being occasions when a man must be blunt and disagreeable, they misquote Solomon, by adding, "There's a time to be firm."

This manner of saying "No" is of course all wrong. Then again there are others, persons of dyspeptic temperaments, who are always saying "No," but who are actuated by mere ill-humor. While others, men of more financial ability than principle, instead of considering what they ought to say—what they are bound by a higher law to respond—are always wondering "whether or not it will be to their interest to refuse." Let us not be governed by either of these three motives, but let us resist all improper solicitations from a sense of duty. No matter what the so-called "customs of society" demand—no matter how much the world may jeer at us and call us fanatics—let us be our duty to say "No," let us learn to say "No," to the Lord Jesus for strength, and remembering that

"Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

-WORK!

"And gave to every man his work."

How often we meet people who, after the first glow of their love for Christ has passed away, wonder why it is that they have so soon grown cold, and in a measure indifferent. The cause of their coldness, however, it is not difficult to surmise, for the grand secret of a healthy growth in grace is to be found in constant occupation for the Master, and since their conversion, perhaps, they have been doing literally nothing for Him. They have ignored the fact that to be safe and happy, and consistent as a Christian, one must have something to do—something which is specific in aim and intent, and in the doing of which one would have brisk occupation for mind, and heart, and hand. When our first parent was placed in Eden he was not permitted to live in idleness; but he was required, as necessary to his happiness, to employ himself in the garden where he was placed. A law of labor was then instituted, and that law of labor has never been repealed. It is stamped indelibly upon all nature! God says to all created things, "Perform your allotted task and live; refuse to do so, and death will be the inevitable consequence. The human soul, too, cannot remain in a state of absolute inactivity. It may, like the butterfly, employ itself upon trifles; it may sin by doing that which is forbidden, but it must, of its very nature, employ itself upon some object. And the religion of the Lord Jesus, recognizing this constituted necessity, "gives to every man his work."

Is it many months or years since you first found the Saviour, and are you conscious that you are not growing in grace? Do you sigh as you think of the past,—of your "first love," and like those to whom we referred here, "wonder why it is that you have become cold, while others have left the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and gone on to perfection!"

Seek some avenue of work for Jesus, and you will no longer complain. Act as you do in your business. Do not wait for a task to come to you, but choose some sphere of usefulness, where you may exercise your peculiar talents for the Master; and then give yourself prayerfully to the work until you have accomplished something for Him, not waiting until you can do some great thing; bear some heavy cross, for as good George Herbert quaintly puts it:—

"Who sweeps a room as for His laws,
Makes it, and th' action fine."

Do not depend upon occasional instincts and impulses, but whenever you have an opportunity (and if you have a prayerful consecrated spirit you may make such opportunities) say a word to those with whom you associate in regard to the salvation of their souls, and express a wish that your dear loving Saviour may be their Saviour too."

Ah! there is nothing grander, nothing nobler, nothing more inspiring than this working for Jesus. The painter fastens his dream upon the canvas; his is indeed a noble task, but as the years roll on, the colors enter the fibre of the canvas, and his message is, in a measure, lost. The sculptor chisels his message in enduring marble, that it may speak when he is gone—when his right hand has forgotten her cunning, and lies useless—still. But the ages pass, and the statue totters—falls—and is soon lost in oblivion. They do a grand work for time—for centuries it may be, but we for eternity. And if you are but the instrument of saving a single soul from death—when the *chef d'oeuvre* of the great masters have faded—when the colossal statues of Angelo have crumbled and returned to dust, your work will rise from the dust and live—aye, and it will live forever.

NEW ENGLAND: ITS RELIGIOUS STATE IN 1800.

BY ENOCH POND, D. D.
Bangor Theological Seminary.

WITH regard to the religious principles of the first settlers of New England there can be no doubt. In doctrine, they were Calvinists of the old school; in Church government, they were Congregationalists; in the discipline of their Churches, they were strict and faithful, after the example of the Apostles and primitive Christians. In their relations to the civil power, Church and State were closely connected.

During the first hundred years after the settlement, these churches passed through some changes, but none going to affect their organization or doctrine.

Between the years 1740 and '50, occurred what has been called *The Great Awakening*, brought about through the instrumentality of President Edwards, George Whitefield, and many others. The first marked division among the Congregationalists of New England grew out of that remarkable Revival. A majority of the ministers of that day favored the revival; they entered heartily into it, labored earnestly to promote it, and their churches, in consequence, were enlarged and much blessed. But another portion of the ministers stood aloof from it; opposed and denounced it. They refused to admit Whitefield to their pulpits; and spoke of the work either as a tumult of the passions or a delusion of the wicked one.

It is hardly necessary to say that the churches which favored the revival were not only strengthened in point of numbers, but were much elevated in spirit and character. They set a greater value upon the truths of religion, and better exemplified them in conversation and life. On the other hand, the ministers and churches which opposed the revival were deformed in point of doctrine and spirituality, and gradually sank into a state of coldness and indifference. They retained the name of Calvinists,—at least, many of them did,—but their Calvinism was without life or power, and soon degenerated into a cold, formal, unevangelical Arminianism. Here, now, are two parties, both calling themselves Congregationalists, pretty distinctly developed.

Meanwhile, there was growing up a third division. President Edwards, though a strict Calvinist, had published new statements and explanations of certain Calvinistic doctrines. He sought that these doctrines should be better harmonized and understood, and more logically defended. These modifications were followed out by his son, Rev. Dr. Edwards, and by some of his leading pulpits, particularly by Dr. Samuel Hopkins, of Newport, R. I., Dr. Bellamy, Dr. West, of Stockbridge, and Dr. Emmons. These men were, all of them, Calvinists; but their Calvinism was somewhat modified, and, as they thought, improved. But a portion of their brethren, who had been with them through the great revival, did not think so. They clung to the Westminster Confession and Catechism, not only for substance of doctrine, but in *ipsisima verba*, and would hardly yield the name of Calvinists to those who did not. These were the Old Calvinists of those times; while those who adopted the explanations of Edwards and Hopkins were called Hopkinsians.

These three divisions among the Congregationalists of New England,—the Arminians, Old Calvinists, and Hop-

kinsians or New Divinity men,—had been growing up through all the latter part of the 18th century, and were strongly marked at the close of it; each having its private teachers of theology (for there were no theological Seminaries at that time), to whom it looked for candidates for the ministry. These divisions ran also into churches and parishes, and made it exceedingly difficult often to agree upon candidates for settlement. I well knew one minister, now deceased, who was the fifty-fourth candidate, and another who was the sixty-ninth.

But the present century had scarcely opened, when a disposition was manifested by the Old Calvinists and Hopkinsians to drop their differences and become a united body. Several causes operated to produce this feeling. Revivals of religion began to appear in both classes, which led them to think less of their differences, and more of the great essential truths of the gospel, in which they were agreed. Meanwhile, the Arminian party were evidently sliding backward into palpable heresy. Many of them had become Arians or Semi-Arians, denying the Divinity and the proper Divinity of Christ, though carefully concealing their errors under the cover of silence, or of ambiguous terms. The prospect of a landslide of this great party into essential error, and of the struggle and conflict which must inevitably ensue, led to a closer union between the two other divisions. They felt that it was time for them to combine their forces, that they might present a solid united front to the promoters of essential heresy which were close upon them.

The indications of union, which appeared early in the century, were such as these: the *Panoplist*, a monthly magazine, got up by the Old Calvinists, was united with the *Massachusetts Missionary Magazine*, the organ of the New Divinity men, and performed excellent service for many years, under the editorial charge of Jeremiah Everts. Also, the Andover Seminary, the oldest in the country, was got up on the principle of union; a part of its first teachers being Old Calvinists, and another part Hopkinsians. The three divisions, which had existed for many years, thus became two, the Orthodox and Unitarian, and so they continue to the present time. The Unitarians did not avow themselves until the year 1815, when the cloak of concealment was torn from them in the controversy between the *Panoplist* and Dr. Samuel Worcester on the one side, and Dr. Channing on the other.

To the united party above described New England is chiefly indebted for nearly all of religious interest,—at least among Congregationalists,—which has since transpired. The whole period has been one of frequent revivals of religion, under the influence of which churches have been multiplied and strengthened, and the whole system of religious charitable operations, for which our age is distinguished, has been inaugurated. Bible, Tract and Missionary Societies, foreign and domestic, have come into existence, and are in successful operation. Educational establishments of various kinds have also sprung up, from which pastors and missionaries are furnished. A system of means has been put in operation, such as the world has never before seen, which, if succeeded and blessed, as we hope it may be, will ere long usher in that glorious day, when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters fill the channels of the deep.

Of course, we do not claim the whole of this great system of means as belonging to the Orthodox of New England; but they have entered deeply, heartily into it: they have done their part, as we trust they will do in time to come. The Lord hasten the day of promise, of glorious consummation, in its time!

FIRE IN THE HOLD.

BY REV. C. G. McCULLY, CALAIS, MAINE.

A few years ago a certain ship left Philadelphia, bound for a South American port with a cargo of coal. When in mid-voyage officers and crew were startled by the discovery of signs of fire in the hold. Investigation showed that spontaneous combustion had taken place. Fire had started far down in the great mass of coal. It was impossible to reach it with means of extinguishment. The only hope of salvation for those on board lay in checking the progress of the fire until a port could be reached. Accordingly the hatches were made as tight as possible, while the ship's head was turned toward the nearest land. A terrible position, indeed, was that of the crew. A burning ship was between them and the sea. The hourly increasing heat and the volumes of suffocating gas issuing from beneath

gave dreadful tokens of the destruction that was advancing toward them. Only the careful repression of the dreadful element at work under their feet kept them from immediate destruction.

The situation represents the condition of men who hold in their own hearts the elements of uttermost misery. Every soul not subdued and cleansed by the Holy Spirit contains within itself forces that are able and fitted to work its destruction. The evil passions of the human heart are a repressed fire. They are seldom allowed free play in the present state of existence. Various restraints, such as fear, interest, and social customs, keep men from exhibiting all that is in their hearts. Only occasionally is there a display of the terrible might of human passions. Then we have an intimation of what would take place if all restraints were removed and men allowed freely to act out all that is in their hearts. Contemplate any instance where anger, lust, jealousy or other base passion has been allowed to gain dominion. What degradation can be lower, what misery more bitter than that to which the subjects of such passions are reduced. The exhibition shows the tendency and natural result of the evil dwelling in germ, at least, in every heart. Were it not for the merciful restraints that are graciously thrown about evil in this world, it would be far more fierce and destructive than it ever is. Wicked men carry the elements of deepest misery within themselves. Their own base feelings and desires are a smouldering fire ready at any time, when opportunity is given, to burst out and consume them. God's grace alone can extinguish it. Every one needs to invoke and receive that grace before the evil in the soul becomes without remedy.

OUR DEAD.

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled:
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our Dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere:
No true crown of honor can be given,
Till we place it on a funeral bier.

How the Children leave us: and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone; and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces, long ago.

When our joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past remains;
Save with some strange, cruel sting, to make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow, fond regret;
We shall find, in some far, bright to-morrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own?
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead Hearts forsake us never;
Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
Consecrating Love our own forever,
Crowning it eternal and divine.

So when fate would fain besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, O Angel, comes in love and pity,
And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

HENRY WILSON'S SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL- MASTERS.

BY REV. F. N. FRIEDMUT, NATICK, MASS.

In one sense no man is *self-made*, unless we except those of whom the Maker ought to be ashamed. Bad men, I own, are *self-made*—

"My respect for my Maker, supposing a skill,
In his works which they would answer but ill."

In another sense *all* men are *self-made*, if they are made at all. Schools and colleges do not make men. Teachers and books do not make men. They are only the helps by which men can be made.

But we call those men self-made who have become men without these aids; who have gone out into the world and found other schools and other teachers, with longer terms and different books. They can work or shirk as they will; they can play with their books, or study them as they please; they can neglect their teachers, or learn of them, and there is none to find fault or discipline.

This world is a great University, with teachers and schools for all who come into it, and where not one need fail of graduating with the title of A. M.—“A Man.”

And there is always a peculiar interest in the life of those who, without the usual aids, have gained an education and attained to success. We like to know the process. We like to know what teachers they chose; what schools God sent them to, and how they used them, what books they learned their lessons from. And this is largely the interest that attaches to the life of Henry Wilson. A poor boy, with almost no early advantages, he walks from New Hampshire to Natick, Mass., seeking for work. He learns how to make shoes. As “the Natick cobbler,” he enters into political life and reaches the next highest office in the gift of his nation.

“With conquerless will,
He climbed from the base to the brow of the hill.”

But what chiefly concerns us is *how* he climbed! Where did he learn his lessons of life, and who were his teachers?

I do not propose to state much that is found in the published story of his life. But there are many incidents floating around in this place where he lived so many years, and where the companions of his youth are still living, and we would gather up some of these to show who were his schoolmasters, and what were his schools.

1. Henry Wilson was a great reader from his earliest boyhood. He had to work all day long, and he said that all the spending money he had before he was twenty-one years old would not amount to one dollar, all told. And yet he had read seven hundred volumes before that age. Very few of them were novels, most of them were the leading works of British and American authors. They were borrowed from friends, and read evenings. After he came to this town he changed his boarding place so that he might be in the house where the village library was then kept. And it is said that he never forgot what he read. Indeed his wonderful memory was one of the necessary elements of his success.

There is no question but that the way a young man spends his evening hours is an almost infallible prophecy of his future life. While others were lounging around corner groceries, or ranging the village streets, Satan's own schools, where the devil's schoolmasters are training very many for uselessness or infamy, Henry Wilson was going to school, evening after evening, to the greatest minds, and studying the best literature of his day.

2. Soon after he came to town he joined with others in forming a lyceum to debate the questions of the day. There are not a few now here who were members with him, and some were more ready debaters. Since he died some of them have said to me that no one at that time would have marked him out for pre-eminence. But he had read more and remembered better than the others, and was always mighty with his facts. He owed much of his later power to what he gained by his faithfulness in preparing for these lyceum debates. As the Duke of Wellington, looking at the playground at Eton, said, “Here the battle of Waterloo was won,” so Henry Wilson might have said that many of his triumphs in Congress were gained in this village lyceum.

3. One of the chiefest differences among men, more than natural talent or circumstances, is the *power of hard work*. This Henry Wilson had in an eminent degree. He was accustomed to work or read fifteen or sixteen hours a day. There is a story here that he once set out to make fifty pairs of shoes without stopping to sleep, more than two days work, and he nearly accomplished it. He never seemed to tire. He worked in the same untiring way all through his public life, and those that were with him sometimes complained that he thought they could work as long as he could.

One time while he was sick he watched some carpenters at work on a neighbor's house, and pointing them out to me, he expressed great indignation at their lazy manner of working, and wanted me to preach a sermon on *stealing*, for the benefit of all such workmen.

4. But more than all these, his *moral principles* attributed to his success.

I do not know that he had any vices or foibles that weak-

ened him in body or mind. He had none of that pride which makes so “many self-made men worship their maker,” and no one would think of writing his biography with a series of I I I I I I I I I I as once was done of another. On the contrary he was one of the people, and seemed to treat all alike. He had almost no regard for money, and was always very free in giving it away. In him our temperance organizations and Young Men's Christian Associations have lost one of their largest supporters.

But it is the adoption of unpopular principles, or in circumstances which make them cost something, that tests a man's character. Any body can wear them, as the Crusaders wore their crosses on their shoulders, as soon as they become popular. As Harry Hotspur said of the popinjay, “But for these vile guns, He, himself, would have been a soldier.”

No doubt a principle is just as good when it is popular, but it is not as good a test of the man.

Now Wilson stood up for the right when it was unpopular. He adopted principles when his adherence to them would seem to crush his aspirations and shut the gates of success in his face; when the fiery darts of the Apollyon of temptation assailed him on every side. He could not, like Jacob, see the glory above the steps of his vision; but only the lower steps, named *Duty*, obscured above by clouds and storms, in which the steps seemed to end. But God taught him, and us through him, that—

“The path of duty is the way to glory.”
“Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land;
Till in all lauds, and in all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory.”

For he that receives great principles into his life, for which he is willing to sacrifice all earthly gain, takes up a heavy cross, but one that carries him more than he carries it. He bears his principles, but they bear him on to success, like Christophorus bearing the Christ child across the river, he receives courage and power from his burden.

Henry Wilson never could have succeeded without these principles of temperance and anti-slavery which, when he accepted them, seemed the one invincible bar to his success.

His religious experience: In his early life here he was much interested in religion, but did not become a member of the church until about ten years ago, when a member of the United States Senate, he was home on a visit. But he was an intimate friend of his minister from the first, and always deeply interested in all the religious affairs of the town, and knew all about them.

While he was a candidate for the House of Representatives, he said to a friend one Sunday that he must go home and write political letters. She urged him not to. But he assured her that it was a critical time, and he would lose the election if he did not. But she persuaded him to keep the Sabbath and trust in God. He yielded; but his sagacity was not at fault; *he lost the election*. Then he asked her if that was the way God treated those that did right and trusted in Him. She bade him wait, for he had not seen the end. In a short time the State Legislature elected him to the United States Senate, which it would not have done had he been chosen representative. After his election this friend then asked him, “How now about trusting in God?”

Till he was enfeebled by his last sickness he was often at the prayer meeting. There are those here who have been with him to the house of a friend, and all knelt together in prayer as they were trying to lead him to Christ.

The night before our church was burned we held an adjourned meeting to continue a discussion as to our best methods of work during the year, and he took an active and earnest part in the discussion.

There are many other reminiscences, but this article is already too long. We can only say that his trust to the last was only in Jesus Christ, and in “The Changed Cross,” his constant companion at last, many precious passages were marked, which show his feelings.

After the death of his wife and son he did not care to live, except to finish his book on the History of Slavery. He would rather have done that than to be re-elected as Vice-President, so set was his heart upon it. But he did not finish it, though it was so far done that other hands have it nearly completed.

These lines read to him on his death-bed express his feeling:—

“But after all these duties I have done,
Must I in point of merit then disown,
And trust in Heaven through Jesus blood alone?
Through Jesus blood alone.”

EXPOSITORY PREACHING.

BY REV. J. M. HOPKIN, D. D.

Professor of Homiletics in Yale College.

If it should be asked what style of sermonizing we would mainly recommend, not by any means as the exclusive one, but as the most ordinary method of preaching, year in and year out, for a pastor's regular work of instruction from the pulpit, we should answer, without making it a dry exegesis of the Scriptures, and without a narrow bibliolatry, the *expository*, or, rather, what might be called the “textual” as contrasted with the “topical” style of discourse. We use textual here not precisely in its technical sense. A “textual” sermon, technically, is one that follows in its treatment closely the words of the text—clause by clause and word by word—winding and turning with all the convolutions of the text. We would employ “textual” rather in the sense of “text-preaching;” that is, making the text the absolute subject of the sermon, and not an abstract subject evolved from the text; holding firmly to the text, drawing the real material, the real thought, and the real inspiration from the Scriptures. It is, in fact, “Biblical preaching,” instead of “theme-preaching.” It takes a long time to be emancipated from the tyranny of the topical, or theme-sermon, which has domineered over our pulpits. This, we grant, has done a noble work, and will continue to do so—the most cultivated audiences are best pleased with it, and also profited by it—but its exclusive use has engendered many errors of preaching, and has sometimes led astray from the true object of preaching. It has above all, spoiled variety and freedom. Topical preaching, as has been hinted, draws from the text a particular theme, or, what is often the case, takes a topic before taking a text, and makes that topic the subject of the sermon. Here is its unity. It requires an artistic handling like an oration, or a piece of sculpture. It is a perfect discourse formed upon the rules of art. It is something, after all, outside of the text, though it should be in strict accordance with it. It requires brief texts containing complete themes, and themes capable of didactic development. But this style of sermonizing is very apt to lead to a neglect of the Word of God. The sermon, in fact, hangs on the proposition, or topic, instead of the text: and many wrong topics, such as the text never taught, have been drawn out to serve as themes of this kind of sermon—*c. g.*, by a German preacher who made the subject of Acts xxvi. 24: “*Petrus said, with a loud voice, Paul thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad.*”—“The doubtful and perilous character of religious enthusiasm.” A sermon should spring up from the word of God within the circle of pastoral studies, needs and requirements, and sometimes the topic will be suggested before the text (though we think this is not a good rule), and there should be all proper freedom here since the pastor has two books to study, his Bible and his people; but when the text is once chosen, however, and whenever done, then it should be treated with honor and thoughtful attention, as the utterance of God upon the specific duty, or subject in hand. Topical preaching is needed for the wants and emergencies of the pulpit, and will continue in vogue, and all will follow it who aim at a high standard of scientific excellence in sermonizing; but uniformly pursued, it will present the human side of preaching, predominantly; will hide Christ and injure the cause of Christian truth; and a return to nature, to Biblical preaching, to the teachings of the “Spirit of Christ,” will constitute a real reform.

Textual preaching, in the sense in which we have explained it, where the text forms the actual basis of discourse and is immediately and mainly treated of, enables the preacher to interpret the word of God more closely, which course is in harmony with the main theory already advanced, that preaching is primarily interpretation—interpretation not of a dead but living sort, adapted to spiritual awakening and persuasion. It also enables the preacher to employ texts that comprise longer or shorter portions of Scripture, and this is the beauty of this method that the texts may be longer, and thus embrace a wider range of truth, like the parables of our Lord, or like the extended figures in the 15th chapter of Luke, 1 Cor. ix, 24-27, Eph. vi, 15-17; or narrative and historical texts; or texts containing some important subject fully treated as 1 Cor. 13, in Mark x, 33-50, where humility is the underlying lesson of the whole passage; or meditative texts, as many of the Psalms, in which the inmost religious life of the writer is set forth. The textual discourse honors the word of God, by thus keeping near to it and dwelling ever upon it. It

gradually develops the riches of the text, following it out in its details, not perhaps running into a formal proposition and argument, but at the same time not disregarding the good-truth of the passage (*his in-eris Factori*) the essential unity of the thought, the broad generalization which comprehends the whole. It has a true subject which may be usually defined by some general title, such as "The Centurion's Faith," "The Healing of the Blind Man," "The Golden Rule," "The New Commandment." Thus the teaching is brought directly out of the Scriptures in a fresh original way, in all its spiritual power, with nothing as it were of human invention intervening between the living word and the living hearts of men. This is apt to be edifying preaching, feeding souls upon the bread of life.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

BY R. W.

"And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

We live alone.

I care not though our souls are linked,
By closest bonds of heavenly forging!

We are alone.

We live alone.

No other soul can read our real history,
The fondest searcher finds but mystery.

We are alone.

We live alone.

Our sternest toils no hand on earth can share,
Our bitterest sorrows we *alone* must bear.

We are alone.

We live alone.

Our actions day by day, for weal or woe,
Have motives which no closest heart may know.

We are alone.

We live alone.

Though 'neath us lie the fairest scenes of earth,
We vainly strive to give our rapture birth.

We are alone.

We live alone.

The hills of God o'erwhelm our souls with awe,
Could pen explain by what most subtle law?

We are alone.

We live alone.

The sunset's glow incarnadines the West,
Could words translate the feelings of our breast?

We are alone.

We die alone.

We have no partner in the pangs of death,
Amidst our loved we draw our parting breath

Alone? No, not alone.

SAY "OUR FATHER."

BY REV. HOWARD SPRAGUE, A. M.

THE doctrine of prayer has gained new interest of late in both the religious and the learned worlds. It is indebted for this to the asserted inconsistency of prayer with natural laws, whose universal and unyielding empire every day's discoveries illustrate more and more. Prayer, they say, is a superstition in the utterance, and an impossibility in the answer. And they are so sure of their position, that they challenge believers to a practical test.

No intelligent Christian denies the prevalence of law or quarrels with its control. He believes it would be ill for this world and for men if this were otherwise. He knows that the sins and miseries of men come largely from their ignorance of law or their disdain and defiance of it. He holds that law exists in the spiritual as in the physical realm, and is as stern in morals as in matter. He subscribes with entire heartiness to Emerson's saying, "The day of days, the great day of the feast of life is that in which the inward eye opens to the Unity in things, to the Omnipresence of law." But he does not, therefore, admit that the power of prayer consists in its influence on the hearts that make it, and that it has no actual power in the world of God. Its influence on the heart depends on the belief that it is pleasing to God and prevails with him. Destroy this and you destroy that. And he, the intelligent Christian, cannot believe either that any illusion can, in God's universe, be a source of greater comfort, of surer victory over evil, of greater purity of heart, than a knowledge of the facts could give; or that, in a revelation of the moral order of the world, God could so trifle with the creatures made in his image as to say, "In everything let your requests be made known, and the peace of God shall keep your hearts," if he were held back by his own laws from answering earnest prayers.

Apart from this feature of the case, what that is new can be said about the nature, need, or power of prayer? As for its necessity, in all ages and countries men have prayed. It is an instinct of the human heart, in times of trial at least. The avowed Atheist, with flippant tongue denying and deriding the being of a God, in the sunshine and prosperity of the voyage, has fallen on his knees to entreat the mercy of that God, when the storm grew terrible and the breakers reared a-lee. And as for its efficacy, from him who in the night, and by the lonely river, prayed and prevailed and was called a "prince of God," down to this very year of grace, the experience of praying men has proved that prayer is strength in trial, light in darkness, peace in sorrow, the staff of the daily road, and the light of the valley of death. While human hearts remain as they have ever been, prayer can never go out of date. Let the speculating and sceptical intellect find what plausibility it will in the suggestions of science, the voice of the heart can never be silenced, and, while the world stands, care and grief and sin will bring their daily burdens to the God that answers prayer. And this deep-heaving heart of humanity which ever "crieth out for the living God" is stirred, as no other voice can stir it, by that word from the Galilean hills, "When ye pray, say Our Father."

That word lifts our thoughts adoringly to the Personal God, the only satisfying object of worship, trust, and love. There is no other portion for the soul. Atheism looks abroad over all the world of life and beauty, and up into the solemn heavens, investigates the laws of matter and mind, observes the adaptations that everywhere prevail, and says "there is no God." All things from an atom to a sun, all beings from a mole to a man, according to the folly of Atheism, have simply happened to be. But "Atheism is without hope, without glory, as it is without reason. It has its own terrors with nothing to calm them. It gives the soul no security against the direst conceivable evils, and it takes away every moral reason for believing in any ultimate triumph of truth and goodness. Such a hope illumines the darkest aspect of theism; clouds and darkness are round about him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

No better for man is that fascinating theory, fascinating to destroy, which professes to worship God, but adds the explanation that all is God; or that God is that spirit of life and motion and beauty which impress the universe, and has no being apart from it, a

"Something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And reels through all things."

Between Atheism and Pantheism the distinction is more verbal than real. The influence on character and life, on the man and the world, must be substantially the same.

Nor is there more of strength and hope for man in that dominant philosophy of to-day, which removes God's action as far back into the past,—makes the field of his action as narrow, and reduces himself as near to nonentity as possible, and retain his name at all; which relegates to rude and superstitious times all faith in a God who "in the beginning created the heavens and the earth," and still presides over all, governor of the world, guardian of the child; and which, instead of this Father of the bodies and Father of the spirits of men, exalts the idol of a universal law, and calls in all, on pain of being branded fools, to fall and worship. Who would not utter against such an attempt upon his intelligence and feeling Wordsworth's earnest protest.

"I'd rather be a pagan
Suckled in a creed outworn
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have light of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

"Our Father!" Son of the Father, we thank Thee for that word. It tells of pardon for our erring past; it professes strength to our failing hearts; it whispers comfort in our time of grief; and to our brief and burdened lives it promises heaven and home.

BEAUTY is admired, talent adored, but virtue is a woman's crown. With it the poor are rich; without it the rich are poor. It walks through life upright and never hides its head for high or low.

How beautiful, great and pure, goodness is! It paints heaven on the face that has it; it awakens the sleeping souls that meet it.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"—JAMES ii. 15, 16.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes.

And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.
She said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not much mind to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good;
But never for once of potatoes.
He asked her at once what was her chief want;
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give his hoarded potatoes.
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head;
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness, and grace;
But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said
He heard, or thought he heard, in its stead
That same request for potatoes.

Deacon was troubled, knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so,
And about those carnal potatoes.
So, ending his prayers, he started for home.
The door closed behind; he heard a deep groan,
"Oh! give to the hungry potatoes."

And the groan followed him all the way home.
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"Oh! give to the hungry potatoes."
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut;
But there she sat in the old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, same wan air.
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was pale and haggard no more.
"No," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."
And he knelt him down on the sanded floor
Where he had poured out his goodly store;
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed.
No longer embarrassed, but free and full
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul;
And the widow responded a loud "Amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying prevail?
Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds.
Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for their peace and grace, spiritual food;
For wisdom and guidance—all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes!

THE "CHRISTIAN STANDARD."

BY REV. A. M'GREGOR, YARMOUTH, N. S.

A WORD or two, touching the expectations naturally raised by the adoption of the above, as the name for this paper. It is not simply a standard, but The "Christian Standard." The dictionary definition of a standard is, "an ensign or flag in war; a kind of banner borne as a signal for the junction of the several troops belonging to the same body." The qualifying word in this title, plants "The

Standard," in the sphere, where the battle is not "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." There, rules "The Prince of Peace," and His Standard invites all its followers, "to seek peace and pursue it."

In displaying this Banner, because of the truth, it may come to pass, that the lot of its standard-bearers, may, like that of the Royal Psalmist, fall upon troublous times, which, notwithstanding their peaceable dispositions, may forbid them to "hang the trumpet in the hall and study war no more." In the conflict, however, between Truth and Error, Light and Darkness, THE STANDARD'S aim will be, to unite, animate, and inspire, so that the weak ones that fall, may be upheld, the erring, guided into the right way, and those that are "ready to perish," be strengthened, with "good and comfortable words." Christ, in the supreme divinity of His person; the all sufficiency of His atonement; His ability and willingness to save, as well as in the infinite resources of His grace, will be held up for "an Ensign of the people."

Four hundred years ago, Columbus, as he stepped upon this Continent, planted a banner, marked with the Cross, upon its yet untrodden soil, an earnest, we would fondly hope, of its universal consecration, at no distant day, to God, its rightful Lord. Indeed, in this Centennial year of that portion of it, already the vital factor in its prosperity, we discern the promise of America's coming glory, as in the folds of the Banner of the Cross, the past is converted into a legacy of good, and the present in its elements of power and enjoyment, is made the antepast of its future.

"From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
'Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed."

With the blessing of the Lord upon it, we expect THE STANDARD to be helpful in ushering in the time, when the tribes of the whole spiritual Israel of God, shall rally round the Divinely bestowed banner, and shade their differences, as together they lift it on high, until it wave triumphant, until

"The fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow."

Young Men's Christian Association.

EDITED BY J. M. STEARNS, ESQ.

This column will contain each month, items of interest in regard to the work of the different Associations in the Lower Provinces.

THERE are in the Maritime Provinces about thirty of these Associations, doing more or less work for the Master, by seeking to win young men to Jesus and promote union among Christians of all denominations, for the one grand object of the salvation of souls and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. They are located somewhat as follows: Nova Scotia nineteen or twenty; New Brunswick seven; Prince Edward Island four.

In Halifax, St. John and Charlottetown, fine large buildings are owned by these several Associations, and much good work is being done; but the cry from all sides is for more earnest labourers,—men to whom Jesus is indeed "the chiefest among ten thousand," altogether lovely; whose only motto is, "Jesus only," and their constant attitude of soul, "looking unto Jesus."

In the St. John Association the weekly meetings are as follows:—Sabbath evening a service consisting of prayer, praise, reading the Word and short addresses, from 7.45 to 9. This meeting is always followed by an after meeting for greater nearness to Jesus, and conversation with anxious souls. Many souls have here found the Saviour and been led to connect themselves with some one or other of the various churches in the city. The attendance at the Sabbath evening service will average about 700.

On Tuesday evenings there are social meetings of the members and their friends; and once a month a musical entertainment is provided by the Literary Committee.

On Thursday evening a prayer meeting is held from 8 to 9, at which the exercises are similar to the Sabbath evening service. The attendance varies from thirty or forty to sixty or seventy.

On Friday evening a fellowship meeting is held from 7.30 to 8.30; and on Saturday evening a Bible Class from 8 to 9, at which the international series of S. S. Lessons are regularly studied.

To each and all of these meetings, "whosoever will" may come and welcome. Although a young men's Association, all, old or young, men or women, are cordially invited.

A good deal of outside work is regularly and steadily

carried on by the Tract and Mission Committee. Service is held every Sabbath morning both at the Three Mile House (Coldbrook), and also at the Breakwater in Carleton. The attendance at the former place being from twenty-five to forty, and at the latter from forty to sixty. The young men who conduct these meetings esteem it a great privilege to be bearers of the glad tidings of such a glorious Gospel, and their hearts often burn within them by the way as the Master walks with them, and reveals, by His Holy Spirit, the wonderful things of the kingdom.

The Evangelical Alliance, having purchased a lot of land on Sheffield Street, erected a Mission House thereon and decided it to the Y. M. C. A. for Mission purposes in that locality. Three services a week are held there, viz.:—on Sabbath, Monday and Friday evenings.

All the ships lying at the wharves, on either side of the harbour, are regularly visited every Sabbath morning, and tracts and papers distributed. This engages a band of six or seven earnest workers.

The City and Marine Hospitals are also visited weekly, and an occasional service held at the Alms House.

In each and all of these various spheres we endeavour faithfully to sow the seed. It is for God to gather the fruit: if not to-day it will be to-morrow: if not by us it will be by others. We would not be too much taken up with our work lest we forget our Master; but taken up with our Master we cannot forget our work: if our hearts are filled with His love our hands cannot be otherwise than active in His service.

Let us look to Him with a more and more unwavering glance, thus waiting for the hour when, "having finished our course and fought the fight," we shall receive the crown, and be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

News from the Churches.

CONGREGATIONAL.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—The Union Street Congregational Church received seven by profession and one by letter at its last communion, making thirty-four in all, that have been added to its membership during the past four months, twenty-four of whom were admitted on profession of their faith.

SHEFFIELD, N. B.—Mr. Joseph Barker was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church at Sheffield on Thursday, July 13th. Charge to the Pastor by the Rev. Mr. Sykes, of Keswick Ridge, N. B.; charge to the people by the Rev. Alex. McGregor, of Yarmouth, N. S.; ordaining prayer by the Rev. Chas. B. Woodcock, of St. John, N. B. The Methodist minister of Sheffield also took part in the ordination service.

KESWICK RIDGE, N. B.—(Rev. Mr. Sykes, Pastor)—The new Church at Keswick will probably be dedicated early in October.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—The Tabernacle Church (Rev. Alex. McGregor, Pastor) has been renovated and painted, and its already pleasant interior made still more attractive.

CHEBOGUE, N. S.—The people at Chebogue are hard at work upon their new parsonage, which they hope to complete during the summer. Their next anxiety will be to secure some one to fill it. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

LIVERPOOL, N. S.—The Pastor of this Church preaches a quarterly sermon to the young. A quarterly "Scripture examination" on one of the books of the Bible, is a feature in the Sunday School work. The contents of the different chapters, and the circumstances under which written, may indicate the range of questions asked. Prizes are awarded to those passing the best examination. The object is to gain a more thorough acquaintance with the Word of God, and to secure a greater expertness in localizing Scripture incidents and passages.

MILTON.—The Church here is still without a Pastor. Mr. McGregor, of Liverpool, at present preaches occasionally and administers ordinances until a Pastor is secured.

MAITLAND CHURCH.—At the regular quarterly communion, on the 25th ult., three persons were received into Church-fellowship. Since the organization of the Church (Nov. 25, 1875), the membership has increased from nine to nineteen.

SOUTH MAITLAND CHURCH.—This is by far the largest and most flourishing Church of our order in the County, having a membership of fifty-three, and sustaining two regular weekly Prayer Meetings and two Sabbath Schools.

NOXEL CHURCH.—On the 1st, the Rev. Alex. McGregor, of Yarmouth, preached to a large congregation, from Col. i. 28, after which the hand of fellowship was given to three members, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered. This Church, which is united with the Churches at Lower Selmah and Moose Brook in pastoral support, is at present without a minister. Meanwhile, three new Church edifices are in course of erection.

BROOKLYN, N. S.—Rev. H. Peckorn, Pastor. Fifteen have recently been added to this Church on profession of their faith. The Sabbath School is well attended, and the Prayer Meetings full of interest.

Housekeeper's Department.

BORROWING A RECIPE.

BY MYRTLE HAZARD.

"Jerusha! Jerusha! A I live there's a boy coming in at the garden gate, and I've just whitened the silver knocker, the door knob, and scrubbed the front steps and sill—put your head out of the window and see what he wants before he tracks a cart-load of mud over the house."

"Yes'm. He says, Miss Slocum sent him over to see if you wouldn't let her have the recipe for that cake you had at the last tea meetin in the Town Hall—she expects the Parson to tea to-morrow night."

"She might as well send and ask me to loan her my head, for I have all my recipes safely stowed away there. Some folks can't get a meal of victuals, or for that matter turn themselves around, without sending for a neighbor, or spending a whole afternoon studying a cook book. A cook book indeed! I'd as soon rely on the advice of an old maid on how to bring a child through the measles, as to depend on one of those cook books. You can't tell me! No sensible housekeeper would ever waste her time writing such trash—calling good pure milk "crème," or an old-fashioned sponge cake "shilly-shally biscuit," or some other such outlandish name. But that's neither here nor there. Tell the boy to scrape his shoes well—rub them on the door-mat, brush himself with the broom standing in the kitchen porch, and then step into the kitchen and take a seat while you write down the instructions for his mother, for I suppose it's Mrs. Slocum's son, she that was Sal Shiftless. It seems very dark and mysterious to me why Providence should permit such creatures to get married and take upon themselves the burden of raising a family, when they are scarcely able to take care of themselves. But, dear me! if I keep on, I'll soon be talking about my neighbors, and if Parson Goodliver is to be there, it's, of course, my religious duty not to refuse.

"So get pen, ink and paper and be quick about it, for I can't afford to waste a whole morning for Sal Shiftless, with five city boarders in the house to be provided for. Well! let me see! my marble cake is the first thing that will tempt Parson Goodliver's appetite—write, marble cake: 1 cup butter, 2 cups powdered sugar, 3 cups flour, 4 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar sifted with the flour. Tell her that when the cake is mixed to take out about a teacupful of the batter, and stir into this a great spoonful of grated chocolate, wet with a scant tablespoonful of milk. Tell her to fill her mould about an inch deep with the yellow batter, and drop upon this, in two or three places, a spoonful of the dark mixture. Give to the brown spots a slight stir with the tip her spoon, spreading it in broken circles upon the lighter surface. Pour in more yellow batter, then drop in the brown in the same manner as before, proceeding in this order until all is used up. When cut, the cake will be found to be handsomely variegated. Or she may color the reserved cupful of batter with enough prepared cochineal to give it a fine pink tint, and mix it as she did the brown."

* * * * *
I am spending my summer vacation in a pretty white cottage at "Croakersville." A letter was lying before me from the editor of the *Christian Standard*, asking me to edit the Housekeeper's Column of his paper, when I accidentally overheard the above dialogue between the esteemed matron whose boarder I am, and her hired servant.

Having partaken of her "marble cake," I know its full value. I have taken down the dialogue and recipe verbatim, thinking that what Parson Goodliver would so heartily recommend would be of interest to the lady readers of the *Christian Standard*. Am I right? Good-bye until next month.

WHAT A LITTLE SONG CAN DO.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A gay young visitor said to me the other day: "M—, do you remember that little English girl, who made dresses for me last summer?"

"Yes," I replied: "she usually worked by the corner window of your sitting-room; a delicate, fair-haired girl, wasn't she? seemed to be a rapid sewer,—what of her?"

"Why, I heard her story lately, a terrible story; and do you know, it seems so strange to think that during all those days, when she used to sit and sew for me, I never once thought of her as an individual?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. She never appeared to me in the light of an individual. She was just the dressmaker; and whenever I thought of her, it was only in connection with fashions and mantua-making. I remember noticing, sometimes, that the sunshine fell brightly upon her head as she sat sewing, and that she had a shy, trembling way with her. But it never occurred to me that she had interests apart from her work,—personal affairs you know, such as you and I have. It's awful to say it, but it's really true: I don't believe it ever crossed my mind that she cared for any thing but making dresses. And oh! such a terrible life as that poor girl endured! She's dead now; and I'm glad of it, poor thing. Good-by!"

"Wait a moment, Lu!" I cried: "what a strange child you are! You surely will not go without telling me more?"

"Yes, I must. It's time for my music lesson. Good-by, dear: I'll come again soon;" and off she ran, lightly humming a tune as she hastened down the stairway.

I have not seen her since, or I should, perhaps, be able to tell you the poor sewing-girl's story. But I can relate an incident that came vividly to my mind, even before the sound of Lu's light, receding footsteps had died away.

One lovely day, in the spring of 187—, I made a startling discovery. Just when the fields were putting on their brightest green, and the fruit trees were wreathing themselves with blossoms, I suddenly became aware that I needed raiment. All my last year's stock seemed shabby in contrast with the vernal freshness of things. In short, as my friend Helen Fitz tenderly hinted, there was nothing left me but either to look like a fright or to get some new dresses.

Then arose a new trouble: the mantua-makers were in the height of their busy season. Not one could I find who would take in another order. What was I to do? The Flora McFlimsy within me grew faint. If I should make the dress myself, it wouldn't have a particle of *style*. So my best friends assured me, with a mysterious shudder which made me feel only too thankful that my humble aspiration had been nipped in the bud.

(All this time Nature was laughing with her blossoms, and slipping so softly and easily into her new spring dress!)

Well, the only plan open to me was to employ a visiting mantua-maker. After what seemed, at the time, an endless succession of vexations and disappointments, I succeeded in hearing of that *rara avis*,—a dressmaker who not only could but would make a dress,—a visiting dressmaker, and a "perfect treasure" as Helen declared, such a "good hand at conjuring," could "fit" admirably; her only fault was that she was slow. If I could stand that, Mrs. Bond was the very person I wanted; and, wonderful to relate, she had a few disengaged days. So I sent a messenger, and received word in return that she would be with me early on Monday morning.

Was I satisfied then? Not quite. A strange unrest came over me; an unrest that increased as the interval of waiting diminished.

To make this thing clear, I must confess that I am of a peculiar temperament. Employees of all kinds hold a mysterious power over me. I shrink from my waiter-girl, and feel condemned in the presence of my cook. Sometimes I am almost tempted to say, "Excuse me, Ann; forgive me Kitty. It's not entirely my fault that some must work while others play. I know you are far more

clever at washing windows, ironing, and cooking than I should be. I never, in the world, could 'wait' at table, or answer the door-bell as patiently and cheerfully as you. I'm afraid I shouldn't have the fortitude to rise before daylight, on snowy winter mornings, and attend early mass before commencing a hard day's work. I'm not sure that I could deny myself as you do, in order to send money across the water to bring my cousins over. In short, Ann and Kitty, if life seems hard to you, if my kitchen is dreary, and my visitors too many, forgive me, bear with me. You might, either of you, have been a poor, helpless lady yourself, you know.

The same feeling comes when with those who, higher in the social scale, still serve me; for all mankind are, after all, servants in some sense. I always submit my pulse deprecatingly to my physician, fearful lest my case be too unimportant for so august a personage; wonder what I *should* do if I had to consult a lawyer; and in church I sometimes feel crestfallen and ashamed, that, if the sexton were not so very like the Lord Chamberlain in suppressed greatness and noiseless sublimity, I would, during the service, ask him to step up to the pulpit, and tell Dr. Blast that, if my particular case of sinfulness aggravated him, I would willingly get up and go home.

Even shopmen are formidable creatures in my eyes. When at Stewart's, I never can throw off the impression that the clerk who is waiting upon me owns the entire establishment. But all this is nothing to the appalling influence of fashionable milliners and dressmakers. Only the thought of the lilies of the field can sustain me when in their presence.

What wonder, then, that I dreaded this particular Monday? It came, all the same, however; and when, just before breakfast, the door-bell rang, Ann, who answered the summons, was a grander, lighter-hearted young woman than her mistress, who stood in an upper room bracing herself to meet the coming presence.

In a moment Ann came up, saying mysteriously, "She's down-stairs, mum, and she's had her breakfast. My! but she's the square-looking old crature, though!"

"Show her up, Ann."

She entered,—a quiet-looking, mild old woman of seventy!

I had not expected this. Fancy had conjured a dressy, fussy young person, with a manner as quick and snipping as her scissors, and a roll of fashion-plates in her hand—somebody with an iron will, who knew the exact size that a lady's waist ought to be, lungs or no lungs.

But this quiet, sober old body, clad in dingy black, how *could* I ask her to make up my finery?

"Good-morning. Is this Mrs. Bond?" I asked, half hoping that it was not.

"I believe it is," she answered, with a pleasant smile, taking off her shawl and bonnet as she spoke, and adjusting her spectacles carefully, so as not to tear her simple white cap. "Shall I sit here, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, certainly!" and somehow, before I knew it, the old lady was cutting out a lining, and I was up-stairs again (after having taken a hasty breakfast), and seated near her, running up the breadths of a skirt, everything just easy and natural as possible.

Yes, she *was* slow; but I think it was because she took so much interest in her work that she rather lingered over it. It was wonderful to see how she would turn a refractory bit of goods this way and that, until at last it would fit in exactly where it was needed; wonderful to see her stitch, stitch, in such a steady, resolute way, and all the time with that placid expression on her face, her wrinkled little mouth pursed up, and her gray eyebrows arching mildly over her spectacles.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, without looking up from her work, she said: "Mrs. D—, would it be asking too much if I wanted a cup of tea at lunch-time? It keeps me awake for the afternoon, and I can do better justice to the work."

Awake for the afternoon! Poor old soul!

"Certainly! not at all!" I exclaimed in a startled way. "We always have tea at luncheon; but, whether or not, you should have it and welcome. Why not lie down a while, though? Please do. Rest yourself, now, on that lounge."

"Oh! no, no, indeed! thank you!" and she laughed a quiet, sober little laugh, with a tear in it. "The tea'll keep me up now, ma'am," she added cheerily. "If you'll please get busy to try on, I'll be through in a minute."

She staid with me for three days, working steadily and slowly all the time, kept awake by the tea, and resolutely resisting my entreaties that she should take an occasional nap. One peculiarity puzzled me. On several occasions, when, after a brief absence, I entered the room, I saw her quietly slip something into a little covered basket, which sat on the floor beside her, and resume her work as I approached. Otherwise, she sewed as steadily as though she were moved by slow machinery.

But if Ann and Kitty awoke apologetic emotions within me, how much more this patient, silver-haired old lady. I could hardly bear to see her working for me; and it was only by planning various trifling benefits for her that I could feel in any way reconciled to it. She was so old, poor soul! and yet she so firmly thrust away the infirmities of age, as if saying constantly to herself, "That's right—back, keep straight; eyes, keep strong; fingers, keep nimble, for I have this dress to make."

Ah! if trouble were to come upon her, I thought,—a real, heart-rending sorrow,—she could not be like this. For it so happened that I had one great trial to bear, and I knew what important allies were youth and strength. But I did not understand her yet.

On the third day—I hardly can say how it came about—she told me the story of her life, or rather it seemed to slip from her as the work slipped through her fingers; and what a life it was! Trial upon trial, sorrow upon sorrow; prosperity at first, then misfortune and poverty; then sixteen years of married life, and three or four little graves; sickness; the prop of the home smitten down, a helpless invalid; then widowhood, with four children to support and educate; next, one of the children a hopeless cripple—labor, ceaseless labor; then sorrow and trouble in a married daughter's misfortune; then her two daughters widowed and in delicate health, and with several young children, all upon her hands, she their only help and refuge! Her youngest, an only son, she had bravely educated through it all. He had finally joined the Union army, without a word of opposition from her. At that very moment he might be lying wounded on the battle-field, or his bones might be gathered in some nameless grave, for she had not heard from him for months. And there had I been consulting with her about my sleeves!

"And you support them all,—children, and grandchildren?" I asked, making believe to search for a spool of cotton, for I felt too fidgety to sew.

"Yes, deary, mostly" (she had given me this name on the second day). "Aunie's laid up with her side most of the time; and what with grieving, and taking charge of the little ones while I'm off working, poor Esther don't earn much, though she's a fur-maker by trade. Now, ma'am, I'm ready for this shoulder again."

(How blithely she spoke! I had been rather low-spirited of late,—I with my one illumined sorrow, she with her load of crowding cares!) As soon as the shoulder was arranged, I went into the entry to speak with Kitty concerning dinner. When I reopened the door I saw that mysterious movement again. My dressmaker was slipping something into her basket.

"Oh!" she said, with a slight jump, "what a little thing starts me! I was just reading my little song."

"Your little song?"

"Yes; it's a bit of writing I've had four or five years, the greatest comfort of my life; almost," and she lowered her voice,

"like my Bible. It kept me when I do believe nothing else would."

She said this in such a cheery way, while picking out the basting-threads, that I hardly knew how to reply. But at last I said, stupidly enough,—

"Don't you ever get sick, Mrs. Bond?"

"No, not often; leastwise, not enough to make me lose my day. Thank you, deary, I'll go on with that sleeve if you hain't finished it, and you can take up the corling."

"It's wonderful," I said, tacitly following her direction, "really wonderful, to think of your supporting all your family so, and on two dollars a day."

"Sometimes I do wonder," she said quietly, "how I do it; but God helps us, and then, you know, I have my little song. I'll take them black hooks, please."

We sat silently working for a few moments. At last I said, softly and reverently,—

"Mrs. Bond, will you teach me your little song?"

She looked up with a surprised—"What, deary?"

"That little song you were speaking of. It would do me good, too, I am sure. Will you teach it to me?"

"You, child! You don't need it,—young, bright, and happy. It's only for tired old bodies like me."

"Ah! but perhaps I do," I persisted; "life is very vexing to me sometimes."

She bent down, and, lifting her little basket, slowly raised the lid, then took out a folded piece of paper, worn and dingy. She opened it tenderly as she handed it to me.

"This is my little song, deary. I know all it says; but it always helps me to read it, especially when things comes into my mind that oughtn't to."

I had expected to find one of the sweet old hymns that tell of comfort and joy to come, as a reward for sorrow suffered here. But the verses that I saw surprised me.

"Where did you find this poem?" I asked. "I didn't find it. The Lord sent it to me sort of mysterious. A young girl read it out once in a room where I was sewing; and when I had a chance, I asked her to write it down for me. I don't take to such things, generally; but this song is kind o' by itself."

And so it was. For the poem was Adelaide Procter's "One by One."

"I have a whole book of verses written by the same lady," I said, still looking at the paper; "shall I bring it, and read you a few of them?"

"No, deary, I thank you kindly; but most like I wouldn't understand 'em. This little song'll last me out well enough. As you're looking at it, deary, would you mind saying it for me out loud?"

For the first time during our conversation, she laid down her work, and leaned back in her chair, while I read, in a voice that tried not to tremble:—

"One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elude thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

"One by one (bright gifts from heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

"One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

"Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

"Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

"Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

"Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done."

A CONVENTION of "Liberal Leagues" was one of the numerous meetings in Philadelphia from July 1 to 4. Its object, stated in brief, is the "complete secularization of the state." To this end the leagues call for the abolition of Sunday laws of every description, of the public expenditure of feasts and thanksgivings, of the maintenance of religious worship in public institutions, and the expulsion of the Bible from public schools. The members are neither numerous nor influential, but the bold enunciation of this programme is a sign of the times.

ATTENTION has been attracted in Continental Europe to the American and English mode of observing the Christian Sabbath. A Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, under the direction of the British Branch, is announced to be held at Geneva for the purpose of promoting a better Sabbath observance among the people of the Continental states.

It is not usual for a charitable Society in the United States to have an auxiliary in England, but this advantage is enjoyed by the American Missionary Association. It is known as the "Freedmen's Mission Aid Society." At the anniversary held in London, contributions for the year amounting to £2,012 were reported, of which £1,750 had been sent to America. Dr. Moffatt presided on the occasion, and the Jubilee Singers added to its interest by their rendering of American slave songs.

FIVE murders have occurred within one week in the Ottawa district.

The experiment of employing Chinese laborers is not proving successful. A large number will be sent back from North Adams, Mass., to San Francisco.

The Extradition Treaty of 1812 between England and the United States has, in consequence of the result of the Winslow case, been declared a dead-letter.

Great preparations are being made in France for the forthcoming Exposition of 1878.

The twenty-first annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States and Canada, met in Toronto on the 12th inst. Russel Sturgis, jun., of Boston, was elected President, and J. V. L. Graham, Baltimore, Recording Secretary. Very interesting public meetings were held, and considerable business transacted.

Disasters are conflicting in regard to the Eastern war, but the general conclusion is that the Turks have not made much progress yet in the reduction of the Servians. European intervention on account of excesses of the combatants, is thought to be probable.

The Governor General is on a trip to British Columbia.

Don Pedro of Brazil was one of the hardest workers in sight-seeing at the exhibition, and one of his aids declared that an American crowd is the best mannered of any he has seen out of Brazil.

Mr. JAMES BARRIE, well known by the manliness of his contributions to the Church of Scotland, died on the 21st inst., at Cambusdown in Ayrshire, at the age of 74.

It was an old statesman who said to a young one, "With the revenues of a whole people for a sea to fish in, you should never be without money." At Rome they have brought this art of drawing in revenue (do they call it there apostolic?) to its highest perfection. In June, 1877, the Pope will have completed the fiftieth year of his accession to the episcopal office. It is proposed to celebrate the event with unusual splendor. The faithful have spread before them the following festival scheme:

"1. Ardent and united prayers for the preservation of the precious life of the Holy Father, Pius IX.

"2. To prayers alms are to be added for the Vicar of Christ reduced to poverty and made prisoner by the revolution, to be presented to him as an 'obolus' of filial love on the solemn day of his episcopal jubilee.

"3. The loving children of Pius IX., in addition to their 'obolus,' are to send gifts, the products of their talents in the art or trade they follow. To receive these offerings a

selection Exhibition will be opened in Rome. Medals and diplomas are to be awarded by properly appointed juries among those who contribute to the Vatican Exhibition."

A Catholic World Exposition, with all the goods and objects of art exhibited turned over to the papal treasury, will indeed solve the griefs of the "Vicar of Christ reduced to poverty and made prisoner by the revolution."

The decree promulgated by President Guzman, of the republic of Venezuela, declaring the establishment of religious liberty and the separation of church and state, is of the most radical character. In some particulars it is extreme, but in all such shows the marks of a deadly conflict with Rome. The

first article establishes religious liberty; the second renits the support of religion to the voluntary contributions of believers. The fourth article declares that Venezuela will not admit "to its territory archbishops or bishops, ecclesiastical chapters, or any ecclesiastical hierarchy, as it considers them incompatible with the rights of independence and the sovereignty of the country." Churches and religious associations are forbidden to acquire landed property. Article six declares that it shall "not be allowable to purchase, circulate, or execute within the territory of the republic any syllabus, bull, brief, rescript, encyclical, pastoral, or edict from any ecclesiastical authorities of any religion whatsoever." The decree has been approved by the Venezuelan Congress.

PUBLISHERS NOTICE.

THIS

Christian Standard,

A CONGREGATIONAL MONTHLY.

REV. CHAS. B. WOODCOCK, Editor-in-Chief.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF

Rev. ALEXANDER MCGREGOR, Yarmouth, N. S.

Rev. DUNCAN MCGREGOR, Liverpool, N. S.

The CHRISTIAN STANDARD is issued to meet a want long felt by the Religious public of the Lower Provinces, of a wide-awake religious Journal. No pains will be spared to make the STANDARD first class in every respect.

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REV. F. N. PELOUBET, Natick, Mass.

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etc. etc. etc. etc.

The Children's Column will be under the charge of ROY CARTRIGHT, who will contribute a short Serial for the Children.

A short Synopsis of the News of the Month will be given in each issue, carefully compiled by an Attaché of the Daily Telegraph.

The Young Men's Christian Association of St. John have adopted the STANDARD as their means of communication with the public. This Department will be edited by D. M. STEARNS, Esq.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.—In this Department items of interest will appear concerning the Churches of all denominations. Each number will contain a carefully prepared synopsis of the News of the Month.

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