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Religious Miscellany.

The Price of Truth.

BY REV. H. BOSNA, D.D.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,

Such men give and take from day to day, Comes in the common walk of easy life,

Born by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, and the current price, Bred of the smile, the jest, the perchance of the bow!

It is no tales of daring or of worth, Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,

Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream; But grappled in the great struggle of the soul,

Hard-buffeted with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine; Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;

Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth; Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of grief, and fear, and God, When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,

Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart, And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Winged from the troubled spirit in hard hours Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain;

Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,

And the soul feels it has not won in vain.

Infinite Resources.

Consulting a friend one day in regard to some poor people in the neighborhood, who he had proved to be unworthy of confidence, he said, in the course of the conversation:

"I declare, there is such an endless catalogue of them; I do get sick and tired, and feel as if I hadn't any patience left."

"You call it an endless catalogue; and yet think what a small portion every one of that great whole, even to the smallest details, seeing all the suffering, all the unworthiness, yet bringing it all, gives one an idea of His infinite patience, which is almost heart-rending, for it fairly melts one's soul to contemplate it."

"Yes, His infinite patience; but then we must remember He has infinite resources, which we have not."

He left me pondering his last assertion. That God has "infinite resources," is certainly true; but that through our glorious Saviour these resources are made ours, is true as well.

There is no limit to the supply of grace and power which a Christian may draw from God. He has no right to exhaust His resources for lack of patience, or love or any other grace. In God is all, more than all we need, and it is ours purchased for us by Christ. He bought with His precious blood, poured out to death, an absolute right to these "infinite resources" for us. If we but have faith, which is the hand extended to receive from this treasury, we may have patience which will never fail; courage which will never falter, and will never slacken; and love which shall burn on in still brighter flames, consuming all selfishness, all earthliness in its power, until the glorious day shall come when "we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

This belief is founded upon God's Word. Hear our Saviour's declaration to His disciples: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall be done also." This is not a promise to us of power to work miracles such as He wrought—healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead. Such "works" we cannot do; their age is past; but this word is to us the pledge of a limitless supply of grace to follow Him in His perfect submission, His unwavering patience, His tender love, if we "believe on Him."

Oh, fellow Christians, do you realize that you need never suffer from a keen overwhelming sense of your exceeding poverty and weakness? His riches are yours, His strength your own.

"Let him take hold of My strength," says your Lord. Prove Him, and see if you will not find yourself "strengthened with all patience and long-suffering and joyfulnes." Do not feel as if the thought was presumption. It is not presumption to take God at His word. The Lord told Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." If that strength is made perfect in weakness, it is that strength which is not to be his, the glorious assurance was valueless. But it was his and feeling its full power, he cried, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

That is the secret. Come in utter weakness and helplessness, in absolute self-distrustfulness to Him who is strong. Throw yourself upon His love, His infinite, never-failing love. He knows all. For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." To live to this life of trust and faith, receiving constantly infinite grace and strength, Jesus must be your ALL. You must live to Him, for Him, in Him. He has the key of the storehouse. "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Believing this, claiming the promise, "looking unto Jesus," constantly, unwaveringly, you will say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—*Christian of Work.*

The Moment of Peril.

More than a quarter of a century ago two vessels, in a gale off the Southern coast, were wrapped in darkness of the night, were sailing toward each other. The commanders knew it not until suddenly, from the deck of one of the ships, rang out the trumpet-sound, "Hard-a-starboard!" The officer had caught sight of the approaching craft through the gloom when near the prow of his ship. Instantly was heard in response the thrilling words: "Hard-a-starboard!" Every heart on those ships was still, as the white-robed arms of the lieutenants of the sea were seemed to interlock in a terrific struggle, then part forever. Each swept onward towards its destined port, bearing the pale spectators of the scene.

Those ships had doubtless often been in danger,

but never before nor afterward was such threatened destruction warded off by a breath through the speaking-trumpet, and escaped by so small a margin of deliverance.

We believe that in heaven every ransomed soul will see in the life-voage, among many dangers, encountered, some single peril of decisive import. It may have been the avoiding stopping at the entrance of a theatre, when the forces of evil were in wait for him, turning, as it were, a hairbreadth aside, and the warning tones of the silver trumpet, borne by them, when it is written: "And He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

That escape will have a solitary importance in all the earthly path, and will send up to the throne a strain of highest thanksgiving. Such was its relation to life; to have failed of deliverance was certain ruin forever.

Some Christians can now look back upon this moment of dark and awful peril. Multitudes are daily passing safely, or making shipwreck at such critical moments in probation.—*Am. Mes.*

My Crown.

Laid up, prepared for me! And this my crown has long been preparing—laid up in heaven? Yes, laid up, but not finished. Its jewels are not, all set yet, neither do all its stars sparkle now, but Jesus is gathering and treasuring them, and will take care that no precious stone is lost. Every one will occupy its true position and gladden the hearts of those who are in their appropriate places. Some of these have already been borne by angel hands in heaven, and by the grace of my dear Saviour, I am seeking to lay up other treasures of gold. Also there will be fully set apples of gold in pictures of silver in my crown. But though these jewels of grace are wrought in it, my crown is the gift of my Saviour, and is incomparably more precious than the jewels which adorn it. It is unique. There is no crown like it on earth. It is a crown of righteousness. There is no stain upon its purity. It is clear as the sun and white as the light. And it is a living crown, a crown of life. I shall never be able to lay it aside, neither will it ever be taken from me. The more I possess it, the more I love it. Wearing it, I shall enjoy perpetual youth, and be exempt from sickness, pain, and death, and shall reign with my Saviour a king and priest forever. And there are many similar crowns, for Jesus says to each of his disciples, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

You, dear reader, may have a crown like mine, fitted to your brow. I hope you have one in preparation. If you love Jesus, you have, if you do not, you have not. The apostle could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."—*National Baptist.*

A Wholesome Rebuke.

A good story is told of the celebrated White. Look and his servant who appears to have been able to preach on occasions as well as could his master, and sometimes to his master. When Whitehead was about to embark as "Cromwell" Envoy to Sweden, in 1655, he was much disturbed in his mind as he rested in Harwich, on the preceding night, when he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in an adjoining bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust to Him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitehead had nothing to reply, and turning about, he soon fell asleep. Great men are probably quite likely to underestimate their own ability and to overestimate their own.

Who Can Spare Them?

These fathers and mothers in our Israel, who can bear the absence of their gray hairs, wrinkled brows, and furrowed cheeks? By years of hopeful, trustful service they have won and wear a crown of glory. Who so ready as these to rise up and bless him who cometh in the name of the Lord? How can we spare these living links of the past? Long have they kept between porch and altar in the agony of prevailing prayer. There is inspiration in the steady look of those dim eyes fixed on him who speaks the living Word to dying men. They take no easy rest in God's house. Not rest and sleep they seek. Not like him, who, full of words, sits in God's house, counting gains of "another six days work," or plans for days to come; who with eyes on ceiling, wall, window, door, pulpit, or in deeper thought, or depressing doings turn inward, and stops, or goes on behind close lids, in dreams of plenty or of pleasure. Not to see with bodily eyes we cannot spare. It is their silent lips move. And as the chiming bells on Aaron's robes in the inner temple spoke of prevailing prayer, so these trembling, moving lips bring hope and inspiration to the preacher's heart, for these prayers prevail.

Blessed saints of God! Too soon the messengers of God will miss you from His house; too soon the Church will mourn her loss. But dear ones await their coming in paradise, where He who redeemed and led them, will crown them with the mantles of double portion of their power with God.—*Zions Herald.*

A Story of Sabbath observance in Scotland.

The intensity of the religious feelings of the people of Scotland, as well as the honesty of its expression is well illustrated by the following incident which is strictly true:

A young American, who afterwards became a distinguished member of the Senate of the United States, was sent by his parents for a year to the University of Edinburgh. Like other young men returning in that interesting city, he took lodgings—which simply means he hired a snit of rooms in a private house, and had his meals prepared by the landlady. She was an excellent woman, and he was a good specimen of the young American, so the two got on most harmoniously together. But by and by he began to see a shade of trouble on the old lady's countenance. Day by day it grew deeper and darker. He could not help observing this, and was quite at a loss to account for it. Some times he thought the might be in want of money, but he was behind-hand with 100 rent, and the landlady pressing her for the money. His first thought was to offer her means to meet such difficulty, but knowing the spirit of independence possessed by the Scotch people, he hesitated to do so. But finally one Sabbath morning, as he was eating his breakfast, the old lady came into the room. If she had looked sad before, she was tenfold more so to day. He was fairly alarmed as she came in. Springing up from his chair he said: "My dear madam, what is the matter? If the want of money troubles you, my purse is at your service, and I beg you will avail yourself of it." "No," she said, "it is not money matters that sile me; it is the commandment, sir. You can see as well as I that the commandment says, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Not only are we to do it, and our sons, and our daughters, our men servants and maid servants, and our cattle, but the stranger within our gate, and I am implicated in your guilt if you do not keep it holy. Do not think you mean to break the Sabbath and thus young men from the college come to see you on the Lord's day, and keep you from

church, as well as lead you into conversation that is not profitable or proper on the Sabbath. "What would you have me to do?" was the young man's immediate inquiry. "Go to the house of God." "Where do you go?" "Oh, you would not like my man; he is one Thomas McCrie; but you would like Mr. and Mrs. and here she went over a long list of ministers who preached the truth. But her young guest asked his hat and insisted on going then and there with his worthy hostess to the old-fashioned church where the guest, Dr. McCrie (the biographer of Knox) held forth to attentive audiences. He could not help admiring the genius of the preacher, and during his stay in Edinburgh he attended his ministry with the utmost regularity. The dark cloud disappeared from the old lady's face, and they ever after continued the best of friends.

changed into the same image, and will try to honor him by acts of kindness to him in the person of the sick, the suffering or the stranger; by making known the glad news of his salvation to many who might remain ignorant of this free and wonderful gift.

Can we not do more than we have done to show him our gratitude and believing love? When time with us shall be no more, and at the call of our Lord we lay down every earthly care and labor, shall we not think of many a soul neglected, in which we might have done something for Him who has done all things for us? When at the last day we, with hearts trembling with happiness, shall see him on his throne of glory and judgment, shall we regret any effort made for him in this rebellious part of his kingdom? Let us now, while it is called-to-day, work harder.—*From a lady in Am. Messenger.*

Nobody Spoke to Me.

An intelligent lady, relating her christian experience to the church, said: "I was deeply convicted of my sinfulness, and went mourning many days. My soul thirsted for the waters of life, and I earnestly wished that some person would address me on the subject of religion; but nobody spoke to me. I sought the society of church members; but they talked of other things, and said nothing to me about my soul. I went to the house of the Rev. Mr. H., in hope that he would converse with me but he made no allusion to the subject, and I returned home sadly disappointed. I do not relate this to reproach any one but to suggest that Christians should seek opportunities to speak with the unconverted about their spiritual welfare, and I believe they will find persons who they may benefit, and who will thank them for their faithfulness.

A prominent member of the church said: "This is like my own experience. When I was thirteen years old I felt myself a sinner, and tried to pray in secret, and wished that some Christian would talk to me, and tell me how I might be saved. I might thus have been preserved from the life of sin and folly that I afterwards lived.

There is little doubt that many persons are prevented by diffidence from revealing their feelings, who, by the influence of kind friends, might find the light, and become decided Christians; but being neglected, their feelings die away, and they again become indifferent, some of them remaining a long time in darkness.—*American Messenger.*

Religious Intelligence.

British Honduras.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Edward Spratt.

I am sure you will rejoice when you learn that shows of blessing are being poured upon us in Belize. Within the last six weeks not less than ninety-five persons professed to have obtained the salvation of their souls. Many of the number are scholars in our day and Sabbath schools, and are members of catechumen classes. It was delightful to see the teachers pointing to the Saviour the children of their charge, for whose salvation they had so earnestly labored and prayed. Night after night our large and beautiful chapel was crowded, and a most gracious influence rested upon us all in private service. I am happy to inform you that the good work is still going on, and that our ordinary services are very largely attended. There have been some cases of conversion of peculiar interest. One night a young person who was enabled to believe in Jesus to the saving of her soul, began at once to feel concerned for the salvation of the members of her family; and her to its quality. The Methodist are supposed by some, to have a patent for a prayer-meeting. My neighbor Holdfast certifies that, in their meetings, he saw, do well in certain circumstances. If they have a revival, and there is either interest or excitement in the place, it goes on well enough; but as soon as this subsides, the meetings flag at once, and very possibly die. Or in a city, where there are multitudes of the brightest young men, cultivated, at least, in the way of a business education, meetings of alternate talking and praying to edification may be carried on indefinitely.

Now I have known two instances of a prayer-meeting in the way following, from year to year, with the best success. The pastor was always present, and always conducted it. He always read each hymn sung. He always read on persons to pray by name. He always read, and commented on a portion of the Scriptures, as the leading exercise. He then gave opportunity to those to speak; and sometimes they did, and sometimes did not, just as they felt. Now these meetings were attended for two years, each by more persons than composed the respective churches to which they belonged; and for ten and one case twenty-five years, never flagged in interest or attendance; the numbers present in a church of from one hundred running to three hundred and fifty, being from eighty to two hundred and fifty. This is the most successful prayer-meeting ever known to this writer. And yet with other people, in other conditions, it would be advisable to vary it considerably. A wise man will use all the tools he has, in the best way he can.—*Cor. Evangelist.*

Work Harder.

Such was the dying message of a dear sister who has just been called above to those who had been associated with her in the care of the orphan and caring for the wants of the destitute. She repeated the above words earnestly: "Tell them to work harder; to do more for the little orphans I am, they will see so many things they might have done! We are not wanting in the world to please ourselves, but to do good to others."

These words would have fallen with little weight from one who had been idle or listless; but she had been herself an efficient follower of Him who "went about doing good."

Dear sisters all, we have but one short life to spend on earth. Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law. We have now but to live our thanks. He that hath Christ as his hope will be glad to keep near him, that he may be

cried and tears" which gushed from hearts humble and contrite before the cross, and then from the outburst of joy of the near-born soul. O that this mighty shaking may continue, until to many who might remain ignorant of this free and wonderful gift.

Can we not do more than we have done to show him our gratitude and believing love? When time with us shall be no more, and at the call of our Lord we lay down every earthly care and labor, shall we not think of many a soul neglected, in which we might have done something for Him who has done all things for us? When at the last day we, with hearts trembling with happiness, shall see him on his throne of glory and judgment, shall we regret any effort made for him in this rebellious part of his kingdom? Let us now, while it is called-to-day, work harder.—*From a lady in Am. Messenger.*

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Alfredo F. Gilma.

The Spanish work here, and at Caserojo presents one of the most encouraging as well as flourishing Gospel fields I have seen. The Spanish-speaking population attend regularly and in large crowds to every service I hold forth. Both on the Lord's day and at the week services, and notwithstanding all the great opposition that the Jesuit Priest can exert here against us, still, I am happy to say, there are many, and by far the greater number, who long to be saved, and who will be glad to be baptized, and to see for themselves if the things I preach to them are really so. Many of these have believed, and are now in the possession and enjoyment of the truth, which has made them free from the bondage of sin and Satan, as well as from the superstition and idolatry of Rome. Most of the people here have got Bibles and tracts from Mr. Fletcher, who has been very active and zealous in spreading the Gospel among them.

In order that the Gospel might have a safe and strong hold on the mind and heart of the people, I have preached once a week in the houses of those who have believed, and thus I have had the privilege of seeing most of them, and I believe they will find persons who they may benefit, and who will thank them for their faithfulness.

A prominent member of the church said: "This is like my own experience. When I was thirteen years old I felt myself a sinner, and tried to pray in secret, and wished that some Christian would talk to me, and tell me how I might be saved. I might thus have been preserved from the life of sin and folly that I afterwards lived.

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Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

Among the acts of ecclesiastical justice which are confidently expected from the present Parliament is the removal of a disability, which, though it affects comparatively few, is more onerous upon those few, and more unjust than any of the disabilities which still remain. Our law differs from that of every civilized country, in forbidding a widow to marry the sister of her husband. This difference was, however, in its late origin, quite accidental. The prohibition of this particular union got into the Prayer-book on account of the divorce of Katherine of Aragon by Henry the VIII, and because it was useful to establish Elizabeth's legitimacy. But until the year 1835 such marriages could only be made by a suit instituted during the life of both parties—should no such suit be entered and decided before the death of either, the marriage was held to be good. In 1835, however, a bill brought into the House of Lords late in the session, and for some other purpose, was transformed into an act forbidding these marriages in future. The act specially legalized all the marriages which had been contracted up to that time, but made all future marriages void. Even then, however, so little did public sentiment endorse the law, that it was customary for the couple to be married abroad, where such marriages were legal, and they were recognized as legitimate in this country by the rule that they were so in the land where they were contracted. A few years since a judicial decision set this rule aside, and thousands of persons who had believed that they were legitimately married, found their union to be illegal. Over nearly all the rest of the world they would be regarded as man and wife; every moral consideration goes to justify them in standing in that relation to each other; the sentiment even of the English people and of all sections of English society, with a few pedantic exceptions, recognize them as duly joined together in an union which no man should under; but this half-superstitious and half-accidental law visits their offspring with the penalty of illegitimacy.

We have said nothing about the argument supposed to be derived from Scripture. The Mosaic law forbade the men of a polygamous nation to take a wife's sister to wife while the first wife lived, and it is this prohibition which, by a miserable inversion, is made to do duty against marriages with the sister after the wife is dead.

The mere fact that all these Churches which make the most of Scripture words are in favor of the change, is a sufficient reply to those who misquote scripture against it. One other argument is that it makes the wife's sister free with her husband—less at home in their home—were the possibility that she might succeed the wife present to all. There are, however, only few persons thus living together who thus speculate on each other's death, and the few who would do so are not those whom this law would hinder from marrying one another if they were so inclined. But the chief argument against the law is, that it is not borne out by the sentiment of society. As the Archbishop of Canterbury has said, "considered in a religious, moral and social point of view, such marriages are unobjectionable, while in many instances they contribute to the happiness of the parties and to the welfare of the motherless children." When a working man loses his wife it is most natural that he should look upon her sister as her most proper and legitimate successor. For the order of his home and the welfare of his children she is more likely to be all he needs than any stranger. The memory of the past belongs to them in common, and all the tender associations which linger around the dead are felt by each alike. Observation and experience confirm, as a rule, the poor that no second marriage, as to the welfare of the children, so those who are in question, and the popular sentiment is therefore entirely on their side. To go out of the way of all Christian nations to strike such marriages with a legal ban, which can never be made a social ban, is not merely a cruelty and an injustice, it is a grievous impolicy and a mistake. It

teaches disrespect for a law which is thus associated with injustice. It is a perpetual lesson, taught by pedantry and enforced by prejudice, in the justice and morality of setting the law at naught. There is, however, much reason to hope that Mr. Chambers will have such a majority in the new House of Commons for the repeal of this unjust and impolitic law, that his bill will go to the Lords with the irresistible and conclusive argument which such a majority brings.—*London Daily News.*

A Baby's Adventure

A Nashville paper, of January 1st gives an account of a child having been caught up and carried off two miles by an eagle, from a farmhouse near McIngvill, Jackson county, Tenn., on the afternoon of the day before Christmas.—It seems that during its parents' absence from home, the child of Mr. Whiteside just old enough to walk a little, was left asleep in its cradle a few minutes by the servant, while milking at the barn, and waking, made its way out of doors, when a large grey eagle passing over made a downward swoop and just as the servant came out of the barn, took it up with apparent difficulty and flew off across the tree tops of a neighboring wood, toward the Cumberland river, which was almost two miles away. The girl grew dizzy, it is stated, at the dreadful sight, and fell but the chilly wind blowing into her face soon revived her, just as the eagle was disappearing across the wood. A wild impulse of affection at once seized her to save the child, and she made her way like a deer across the fences and into the thick and tangled wood, and feeling that the eagle's flight would be in a straight line, she took a straight course without looking for foot paths.

The wood, it is stated, was fully a mile and a half wide, but she made the run to the further edge without feeling the least fatigue. Beyond it and between it and the river, lay a space of cleared ground, partly marsh and partly corn field, filled with old stumps. Entering this open ground, and having a clear view, she saw the eagle showing signs of alighting with his burden somewhere near the river. This gave her new hope and courage, and she ran forward with fresh speed. It luckily happened that there was a man hunting in the neighboring marshes, and that just at the instant, the eagle touched the ground a shot was heard so near him, that the hunter was twenty yards away, behind a clump of bushes, with his back toward the spot where the eagle descended—that he rose into the air again suddenly without the child. The girl in pursuit was filled with joy, but fearing the eagle would return to its prey, she began a vigorous shouting as she ran, which attracted the hunter's attention in that direction, and he, seeing the eagle near, and a woman running toward him with screaming hair and garments, and shouting wildly, concluded at once there was something wrong, and began hallooing fiercely, and hastily loading his gun. This caused the eagle to hesitate, and then wheel around, and wing himself across the river, and disappear. When the girl came up to the hunter, she fell helpless, and was not able to indicate to him what was the matter. But while he was endeavouring to restore her, he heard the crying of a child, and going toward the place from which it came, he found a fine baby, with torn clothes, but unhurt, sitting on a log, upon his little feet, and with tears running down his piteous cheeks. The hunter took up the baby and carried it to the girl, who was now sufficiently recovered to understand that it was safe, and she clasped it to her bosom, kissed it, and over, and wept for joy. Meanwhile, the parents of the child came home, and finding it empty, with no signs to indicate where the infant was, and a bucket of spilled milk on the floor, and a woman running toward him with screaming hair and garments, and shouting wildly, concluded at once there was something wrong, and began hallooing fiercely, and hastily loading his gun. This caused the eagle to hesitate, and then wheel around, and wing himself across the river, and disappear. When the girl came up to the hunter, she fell helpless, and was not able to indicate to him what was the matter. 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ibly working themselves out, we call the one transaction trifling, while the other, from the amount of money it transfers, we call important. Indeed the outward result form but a poor index to the true value of actions, while the hidden and inner effects work with an energy, that could we but witness it, would correct our judgment concerning what we habitually call great and small.

Small things constitute the greater part of life. The holidays, or great days, are but a fraction of the year. Existence is made up of simple repetitions of the thoughts, conceptions, objects seen, words uttered and actions done in one single day; and what we call critical occasions are but the rare exceptions of life. And yet, as we look back on a life completed, how momentous, for good or for evil, it appears. Some of the most efficient men, however comprehensive their minds may have been, have been men of detail. Napoleon Bonaparte, among the most effective men of all modern times, while his plans were more vast, various and difficult than those of any other man, had the talent which filled every up particular of their execution with promptness and precision. To another man, his plans would have been but visions, but to his mind every detail was present, the numbers were supplied, the space passed every, and the work was accomplished.

Detail is an element of success that no breadth of plan or enthusiasm of desire can dispense with. Emphasis in learning can only be attained through patient drudgery of daily study. The most solid fortunes are gained by small and gradual accumulations, and minute but constant acts of frugality, industry and toil. The great advances in civilization, in science and in art, are made by small instalments. The trees and the corn do not leap into maturity, but climb upward, little by little. So, by following our daily drudgery, trifling though they may appear, and putting into them the whole vitality of their nature, men become truly efficient in every sphere.

In men's relations to others, the same truth is equally potent. Many would leap into the sea, or rush into the flames, to save a life of a dear friend, but the thousand opportunities of anticipating the happiness or comfort of that person are more eloquent proofs of affection. No one can pass a single day without numerous opportunities of adding to the happiness of those around him by little acts of words, which, though they may seem trifling, are in reality the material which is built the great edifice of mutual affection. It is sometimes more difficult to be faithful in little things than to be bold in what we call great ones. It has been said that it requires less piety to be a martyr for the truth's sake than to maintain a perfect and guileless integrity in the common transactions of life. The ordinary sphere of daily life, the small duties of the office, the shop, the school, the family, are more calculated to promote religion in the heart, if its principles are carried into them, than any artificial or extraordinary occasions of excitement. Character can only accomplish its stature by growing. The every day duties of life are the soil, and the true principles of right which would guide them are like the sun, which ripens and perfects the fruit. No grand or admirable characters have ever been formed without filling well the ordinary and smaller offices of life.

These are the opportunities that are open to all, while genius, talent and rare gifts are but the possession of the few. He who never thrusts himself on public notice by any signal act yet may attain a commanding influence and leave a lasting impression on the world. A carelessness of honor, truth and goodness in humble things is a stronger proof of uprightness than the most distinguished acts or sacrifices. The weight of confidence and respect that such a life insures is a most powerful agent, noiseless and not suddenly appreciated, but gradually shining on all, because full of light, rebuking evil, strengthening good, and spreading its moral influences in all directions.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1869.

The Highest Aim.

"That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ." This apostolic utterance, given in relation to the exercise of public worship, applies with equal force to all the labours of the Church of God, and to every action of the Christian life. The great purpose of the Most High, in all things, and no less in Redemption than in Creation and Providence, is to reveal His glory before His intelligent moral universe. This object was one of the most magnificent in the estimation of the Lord Jesus. He came not to do His own will, but the will of the Father who sent Him. In this aim was comprehended every other which Christ contemplated in all His undertakings for the recovery of our lost race. His prayer, in immediate prospect of the tremendously awful scenes of His passion, was, "Father, glorify Thy name." "Father, the hour is come, glorify Thy name, that they also who have believed in Thee may know that Thou art the Father of the Son, and that they also may glorify in Thee." "That purpose which was seen by Christ to be of so much consequence in His redeeming work, is kept in view in the bestowment of grace upon His people. Hence the disciples were encouraged to expect enlarged measures of His blessing in answer to believing prayer, that in holiness and usefulness they might show forth the praise of God to His end the promise was given, "Whosoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father also will glorify in the Son." There was to the oldest of the Colony which Methodism has been long so highly honoured as a witness for Christ, in the exemplary life and hopeful death of so many of the Lord's people.

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Some time before the church was commenced, a building fund was originated, and various sums were paid. This unusual plan was prudently adopted because the work, most urgently needed, was felt to be too great for the limited resources of the congregation, and the Trustees were anxious that the least possible debt should exist, when the church should be completed.

Building materials in St. John's have to be mostly imported, which of course increases the cost of edifices. But the church was built, and it has been most happily used by a united and devout congregation for several years. A considerable debt, however was unavoidably incurred. Only a few steps distant stands the massive Cathedral of the Church of England, the seats in which are free, and the services are highly attractive. The respected leader of the choir in the Methodist church, being fully competent to play an organ, obtained his desire, and a very excellent instrument was purchased and set up. The organ and the choir are generally accompanied by the whole body of worshippers, whereby the singing of our incomparable hymns, is rendered popular and effective.

Besides, it had long been felt that the parsonage was too old for the comfort, or even to preserve the health of the family who should occupy it. A new and commodious house for the Superintendent minister was therefore also erected. To all these, the people had contributed largely. The times were comparatively favourable and the belief was generally entertained that the excess of cost over contribution might be collected in a few years.

It is now matter of painful record, that in Newfoundland, the fisheries in recent years, have yielded less than the average of former seasons, and the country has neither a thriving agriculture, nor many mines, and no manufactures. The two winters before the last, as in these provinces, were unusually long and cold. Consequently the circumstances of many families became greatly reduced. Some who were yet able, proceeded to other lands. Hence the indebtedness of the Trustees had been scarcely if at all, relieved, while many of the people who remain, are less able than formerly to contribute largely for their purpose.

Distinction in St. John's culminated in the last winter. Two workhouses were established for the charitable relief of the poor. In the eastern during the two months ending March 13th, 500 persons were daily furnished with a breakfast of tea and bread, and 420 persons with a second meal. In the western workhouse 500 men and boys were fed daily, whilst 200 women were each given three biscuits of hard bread to take home.

And yet the hearty Methodism of the Society in St. John's, is demonstrated by their steady contributions to the funds of our Connection. As an example, the amounts reported in the Minutes of Conference for the year 1868, may be adduced. If these be examined and compared with those from other portions of our Connection, it will be seen that the only circuit which give more largely than the St. John's circuit, is the Maritime, consisting of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, and the Halifax North Circuit. If, therefore, liberality to the most cherished objects of our Connection can establish a claim on the consideration of our societies generally, that of our church in St. John's is second to few others. Very lately a Home Missionary meeting has been held there, at which the collection amounted to nearly \$70.

The kind and thoughtful manner in which the preachers and their families have been received and sustained in St. John's for a long time, will never be forgotten by those who have laboured in that city. Many of these are now resident in these Provinces. Surely they will most gladly give publicity, in their respective neighborhoods, to the claims of the ladies of St. John's for assistance from our people, as well as prepare and forward at the proper time suitable expressions of their remembrance of our unhappy but useful days spent in the capital of the oldest of the Colonies, in which Methodism has been long so highly honoured as a witness for Christ, in the exemplary life and hopeful death of so many of the Lord's people.

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Halifax, May 3, 1869.

Methodism as a System.

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