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REST.  
There remains, therefore, a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9.

We often speak of resting  
Beside life's busy road,  
And think we know the meaning  
Of that one little word;  
But are we ever lightened  
Of all the burden borne?  
Feel we a satisfying  
That labor's task is done?

We lay us down at even  
Upon a welcome bed,  
And call it sweetly resting,  
Until the dream is fled!  
But soon the morning brings  
Its sorrow and its care,  
Its strings and its longings;  
There is no resting there!

Day after day declineth,  
And still we hope and pray  
For some sweet blessing  
To rest us by the way,  
But evening falls her features  
Behind the fading west,  
And leaves the heart still longing  
To find a place of rest!

Poor wanderer, worn and weary!  
'Tis but a phantom hope—  
A fast receding shadow,  
For which we wildly grope;  
We'll drop our weary load,  
For there is rest beneath  
For those who love the Lord.

There is no care nor sorrow,  
No toiling and no pain,  
There is no rugged winding  
Along life's eternal plain;  
But voices of sweet hymning  
Swell from the ransomed breast;  
Eternity re-echoes  
Their song of endless rest!

O day of all perfection!  
O morn without a night!  
We're longing for the resting  
In mansions out of sight!  
When life's last eve is fading  
With all the pure and best,  
Dear Saviour, may we enter  
On our eternal rest!

—Central Presbyterian.  
[For the Provincial Wesleyan.]  
EXPOSITION OF CORINTHIANS V. 14.  
The July No. of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* contains an article headed as above, from the pen of Mr. Otis, a lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio. This gentleman maintains that the verse cited has never hitherto met with justice at the hands of translators, and that, as a natural consequence, its true import has been uniformly misconceived. In the Authorized Version the verse reads as follows: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." There is unquestionably a misstatement in this verse, in the rendering of the Vulgate. Anyone versed in Greek, meeting this passage for the first time, would, in all probability, give as a literal version, "For the love of Christ constraineth us having judged this, that if one died for all, then all died."

It may be observed, on passing, that the best manuscripts omit the "all." By this omission the sentence merely loses its hypothetical character without rendering necessary any change in the translating of the verbs. But the translation offered above by no means meets the views of Mr. Otis, nor indeed does any other save his own, which is as follows: "For the love of Christ urges me with irresistible power, having deliberately come to the conclusion that if one died for all then all those who have experienced the benefits of his death should die."

It will be observed that the proposed improvement consists in restricting the meaning of the second "all," the change of tense in the final verb, with the consequent introduction of the sense of obligation, and the change in the same from the tropic to the literal signification. The canons of criticism laid down by Mr. Otis in the investigation of this passage are: "First to ascertain the natural signification of the words themselves and their grammatical structure and arrangement; and secondly, the requirements of the argument of which these words form a part." These canons are unobjectionable, and their faithful observance would have conducted Mr. Otis to conclusions far different from those to which he actually arrives. Let us first examine the grammatical part of his exegesis.

In the original the article is prefixed to the second "all." This, we are told, is intended to restrict its meaning from the "all" of the verse as previously used to the "all" of a particular class, those, namely, who have experienced the benefit of Christ's death. The only argument in support of this position, is the following: "The persons who compose this class must be those who have been rescued through the death of the one. It is wholly unreasonable and illogical to suppose that those who are ignorant of or who feel no interest in this death can be induced to make any sacrifice on account thereof." But in the last part of this quotation there is an undue assumption of the second point at issue for the purpose of proving the first one. He restricts the meaning of "all" simply because such a restriction is needed by the exigencies of his translation of the verb. This is a begging of the question, if ever there was one. And furthermore, it may be remarked that inducing people to do a thing and placing them under obligation to do it, are two widely different things. Did Mr. Otis sever heads of persons who, when placed in circumstances in which they should have died for Christ, could not be induced to do so? As a question of grammar, the article is simply used to emphasize and particularize the "all" previously mentioned, a use certainly very far from being restrictive in our author's sense. Apart from grammatical considerations, it is difficult to conceive that St. Paul should, in the first clause of the verse, use "all," meaning the human race, and in the second, an inference from the

first, suddenly restrict the meaning to those who have actually realized the benefits of the atonement.

The next and most important feature in this revised and corrected translation is the change of "die" into "should die." In the fourth and fifth verses of the original the second aorist use of the Greek verb signifying to die occurs thrice. It would seem reasonable, therefore, according to the first canon, to demand a corresponding similarity in the English version. Here, however, Mr. Otis falls back on his second canon. Nothing but "should die" will meet the "requirements of the argument," and therefore "should die" is right. To justify this translation, he lays down a principle which he states is "to be found in almost every Greek grammar." "A future action, in view of its nearness, its certainty, its rapidity, or its connection with another action, may be conceived of as now doing, or even as already done, and may be expressed in Greek by the present, aorist, or perfect tense." We have here to do only with the aorist indicative, and with regard to it the statement is wholly untrue, as anyone can find out for himself by consulting "almost any Greek grammar." This may seem to be dogmatic; but there is no other course to be pursued. Mr. Otis has cited no authorities, and has quoted no passages in his favour, although the *onus probandi* rests with him. In other parts of the New Testament when an obligation is to be expressed, the most unequivocal forms are employed. Look, for instance, at the 7th verse of the 19th chap. of St. John's Gospel in the original, where this obligation is to be stated. And this is only one out of many passages that might be cited. But it surely must be obvious to any one that, if St. Paul in a pastoral letter wished to inculcate the obligation we are under of being ready to die for Christ, he would not have used a tense which, immediately before and immediately after, most unquestionably is translated by the past tense of the verb "to die." The duty is too important to have been veiled from the eyes of commentators for nineteen hundred years till Mr. Otis "came to judgment."

The reason why this verb in the final clause of the verse should be understood in its literal rather than its figurative signification is given in the following quotation: "As both these words are in the same mood, tense, and person, and differ only in number, they must be translated in like manner. It is not allowable to translate them any other way. If one describes physical death, the other must describe physical death also." But it is difficult to see how any man, in making one death physical and the other figurative, than in translating the same mood, tense, and person of the same verb first "died," and then "should die." And after Mr. Otis has so strenuously maintained the correctness of this last version, the passage in italics is perfectly superfluous.

After all this, it will not be necessary to follow Mr. Otis in the application of his second canon. If his version is not warranted by grammatical principles, it is useless to talk of the requirements of the argument. It may easily be shown, however, that these requirements do not conflict with the more obvious version which takes St. Paul's meaning to be that if Christ died vicariously for the human race, then the human race died as far as the requirements of God's justice are concerned. "One," says Lange, "has made expiation for the offence of all, therefore all are looked upon as having suffered punishment." In the part of the chapter in which our passage is found, St. Paul wishes to enable the Corinthians to reply to the aspersions which his enemies were casting on him. In verse thirteenth he shows his total oblation of self in the service of God, irrespective of the judgment of his friends or enemies. The reason assigned for this is the (unmentioned) love of Christ towards all mankind which forced St. Paul to the conclusion that love so great "greater love hath no man than this," (&c.) was all-sufficient in its atonement, that consequently the justice of God was as fully satisfied as if all had died, and that therefore all virtually died. The succeeding verse shows the perfect reconciliation intended to result. The statement is complete. Christ and men are so thoroughly at one that henceforth men need have no diversity of interests from those of their Redeemer. Self is to be obliterated in life and all its considerations. Those who previously lived to themselves are no longer to do so. "I," says the Apostle in another Epistle, "am crucified with Christ; it is no more I that live, but Christ, that is living in me; and my outward life which still remains, I live in the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." And thus St. Paul is placed on high vantage ground against his adversaries. He is exonerated from their charges of fickleness and fanaticism, and his conduct is shown to be thoroughly self-sacrificing and consistent, the reverse of that of his enemies, whose boasting is (merely) in the outward matter of sight and not in the inward possessions of the heart. This exposition, it may be hoped, will meet the requirements of the argument. At all events, Mr. Otis will have to sustain his own with a somewhat more vigorous logic if he should wish to ensure its adoption, and, at the same time, will not injure his cause by abstaining from the contemptuous tone he assumes with regard to the most eminent Biblical critics because their opinions chance to differ from his own.

A. D. S.  
BEARING TROUBLE.  
To-day I walked into the room of my dear brother and neighbor, Camp, where the body of his eldest son lay awaiting burial; and I put myself in the father's place. I said to myself, "Suppose it was my eldest boy, suppose it were my Willie that lay there?" And as I looked upon that lifeless form, I said to myself, "How many things I can bear! but could I bear that?" And then I thought, "Can I turn my eyes up, open, frank, clear, cool, and considerate, and say, 'Lord Jesus, do as you please. Here are the boys, take your choice?' No, blessed be God, I could not. But I have no doubt that when the time does come God will give me grace to do it. I feel certain

that if such a trouble came to me I should be able to bear it. From the experience of the past I have a right to the conviction that He that never forsook me, that never broke a promise, that has always done exceeding abundantly more than I asked or thought, will not in my old age forsake me in fresh troubles. I do not believe that He is now going to turn His hand and administer in a different way from that in which He has administered heretofore. And so I got comfort; and I said to myself: "What is the use of shivering, and saying that I cannot bear this trouble? The time has not come for me to bear it; but when it does come, it will be given me by which to bear it."

—Becher.  
A METHODIST LOVE-FEAST at the beautiful and spacious Opera-House in Elmira during the late session of the Eastern Wesleyan Conference was advertised for the Sabbath, on the Saturday previous in the *Elmira Daily Advertiser*, and also announced in the Conference-room. Shades of Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell and Nelson, what an announcement! A love-feast is a rare treat.

At the appointed hour, half-past eight, we hastened to the spot, and found, as we passed along the streets, the people rushing thitherward from all quarters. On, on they came, like a mighty host, until pit, boxes and gallery were crowded; every seat filled, and the aisles a perfect sea. In the meantime Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of Elmira, opened the services, referring to his own conversion, and carrying memory back to those days of trial and toil when Methodism was struggling for its very existence. He stated in conclusion that on account of the numbers present the usual ceremony of passing around bread would be omitted. And then followed such a tide of religious testimony and rejoicing song from preachers and people as no former days could ever excel. Not a moment was lost. Sometimes a preacher, sometimes a layman, sometimes a sister, sometimes two at a time, were on the floor declaring the wonderful works of God. Such a blessed influence rested on the people, it reminded us of the latter day glory which God has promised to reveal. Shouts and hosannas were mingled together, weeping and rejoicing, until, had the spirits of Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, and Nelson been present, they would have praised God for a love-feast in a theatre.

Then the sermon. At precisely half-past ten o'clock, Bishop Simpson stepped from the stage to say there never was an actor moved his audience as did the Bishop who on that morning. For an hour and a quarter tears were flowing, eyes were gazing, hearts were burning as they saw the Saviour in the history of the past coming to atone for sin. It was not only a display of matchless oratory, but a most moving and pathetic appeal to become reconciled to God.

Twenty-five hundred people were computed to be inside of the building, and as many more, it is said, were unable to obtain admission. An influence has gone out from that love-feast and sermon throughout Central New York which God only can estimate. We commend the boldness and faith of the Elmira brethren in expending large things. They believed that the power of God could turn a theatre into a Bethel, and it was according to their faith.—*Christian Advocate*.

"THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK."  
The Bible uses every event in nature and history to teach the only lesson man should permanently learn—his soul's salvation. It makes every season preach Christ. That most fruitful, and, as usually treated, most foolish of all themes the weather, in the hands of the inspired penman always becomes spiritual illumination. Does it snow? "He sendeth forth his snow like wool." Does it rain? "He sendeth forth the early and latter rain." Is it cold? "Who can stand before his cold?" Is it hot? "He is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Is it spring? "He reneweth the face of the earth." Is it autumn? "The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved." So it is with every one of us, the weather of the heart. He will thus make these varying hours an Eolian harp that sings divine songs in this devout spirit.

We have passed through a season of violent and unchanging heat. Day after day the sun rises hot and dry, sweeps through arid heavens and over parched soil. Infants faint and perish; invalids pant and die, laborers toil wearily at their tasks. The whole land is sick, and the whole heart faint. Murmurs against the weather climb the sky. God hears these complaints, too often couched in outbursts, rarely couched in prayer.

And yet God intends this very dispensation as one of instruction. He would lead us through this burning to the cooling shelter of his side. He would instruct us by it of the greater heat that falls upon the soul—a heat that burns up happiness in the destroying flames of death; that consumes holiness in the more destructive flames of sin, which burns upon the lowest level. He points us to himself as the only shelter. He proclaims himself "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." How cooling such a shadow is! Go into the treeless pasture, or the dusty and shadeless highway. Let the blaze of heaven, as from a fiery furnace, shoot down upon you. The land is weary. You sink under the shafts of the sun. Before you rises the rock, huge, gray, rough, an object far from beautiful in itself. You hasten to it for coolness and shade. How refreshing! How you cling to its cool side! How you cast yourself under its moist shadow! So come to Christ. The hot sun of temptations beats upon you. The fashions of the world weary you. Its pomps and vanities tire. Its toils and sufferings weary away soul and spirit, no less than the body. In the steady air how refreshing the shadow of this great Rock! Blessed Rock! Divine Rock! Rock of Ages! This Rock is Christ. Come now to him, and find rest and refreshment to your soul. Fly from vain and false speculations; fly from hot temptations and lusts; fly from skepticism, and haste to Jesus. Not especially desirable to the outward eye, he will be most delightful to the soul.

As the rock puts on beauty, so will Christ. Get under his shadow, and be full of rest and refreshment to soul, body and spirit forever.—*Zions Herald*.

A PROFESSION OF RELIGION.  
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—Judging from appearances, it doesn't in some cases mean much. It may be done for various reasons. The pressure of affliction under which the world for the time being looks dark, may induce one to take this step. Our sympathy with companions who are about to make a profession may lead to it. The minister may have suggested the duty. There may be impatient conviction without conversion, which is interpreted as a call to this consecration. Thus affected by these various influences, a person becomes a member of the visible church. In such a case, the individual finds himself in a somewhat embarrassed position. He cannot enter spiritually into the duties and privileges of membership. He partakes of the sacrament, and he has no faith in the blood which it symbolizes. He cannot enter cordially into the prayer-meeting services. His heart is not right in the sight of God, and yet he is regarded as a professor of religion and a disciple of Christ. He feels his awkward position, and secretly perhaps wishes he had not made a religious profession. But what shall he do? He can't get back into the world again without the stigma of apostasy; and so he goes on to the bitter end until the midnight cry is heard, and he finds himself with the lamp of a profession, but no oil in his vessel.

How many such professors there are none but God can tell. But from the fact that so few comparatively show any spiritual life or zeal for Christ, it is to be feared that their number is not small. "Dead-heads" they may be called. They contribute nothing to the stock of spiritual workers. They drift along the sluggish current until they are startled by the call of death.

Professor of religion, ask yourself, "Am I a living, active, working member of Christ's Church? Have I consecrated myself, soul and body to him? Is it my meat and drink to do his will? Is my love to him such that I can say

Jesus my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee,  
If such be your views and feelings, then have you made a good profession? But if you entertain a conviction that you have no right to the place you occupy—that your heart has never been occupied, bringing you into spiritual sympathy with Christ and his people, what then is to be done? Some might say, give up your profession and go back to the world where you belong. No; that is not good counsel. We say, Give your heart to Christ at once; though you had never made a religious profession. How many have said, "I have made a profession, but I knew not then what true religion was; God gave me light, and now I have fellowship with Him and with His people." The way to the cross is as open to you as to any other; and though mistaken as to qualification for church privileges, they are as freely tendered to you, if prepared to receive them, as to any other person. Make in heart a new profession, and God will accept you.—*Christian at Work*.

"IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION."  
My Saviour said, "Take up thy cross and follow Me where I may lead; Count every earthly treasure dress, And losing, find thy life indeed!" I raised my burden; it was light; Alas! how heavy it has grown! O toll me now! O cruel height! Lord, can I bear my cross alone?

My foes, unnumbered and unseen,  
Press sadly round me day and night;  
I have no friend on whom to lean,  
I sink in sorrow and afflict!

O blessed voice! I hear Him say,  
"Lo, I am with Thee till the end;  
Thy strength shall fail not through thy day,  
And I am thy eternal Friend."

The burdens of the world He bore,  
And shall I shrink from bearing mine?  
Alone He walked in anguish sore,  
But me uphold with love divine.

His grace can smooth the roughest road;  
The way He halloved I will take;  
How heavy, yet how light the load  
Through tribulation, though His dear sake!

Through tribulation, though He lead,  
He leatheth self-denial sweet,  
My life I lose each day indeed,  
To find it at my Saviour's feet!

—Ladies Repository.  
LOTTIE'S HUNGER.  
Lottie had a hungry heart. Ever since she was old enough to think at all, her thoughts never satisfied her—there was not enough to feed upon. For the needs of her own mortal body Lottie had sufficient—that is, she had coarse bread and fish, or salted meat, with occasionally a few wild berries gathered at the expense of a long, warm walk. For she was a fisherman's daughter, and that was the reason she had a hungry heart. Her father lived in one of those huts which stood in a row on the end of a rocky point by the ocean. Her mother was dead, and Lottie kept the house as best she might. With care upon her she had grown older than her age in feeling, and so the rough games of the fisherman's children had no attraction for her. After the work was done at the house and she had full half an hour before the fisherman's boats would be seen far off upon the ocean, she would wrap a great shawl about her and slip away down to the shore among the rocks. There she would sit and look off upon the water, and think, and think until she was hungry. Not for want of meat and bread, but for want of understanding what the waters of all about her could mean. She studied the ebbing and flowing of the tides, but all she could make of it was that at one time the beach was bare, and then covered with the tiny shells as they washed ashore, but they

were strange to her, and she wondered where they grew. The sea weeds and the delicate mosses floated near her, and she held out her hand for them, but they were nothing after all but wet, coarse grass clinging to her fingers. The fish were brought in and placed upon the shore, where they sparkled in the warm sun.

She would pass a tiny finger over the bright scales and along the fins, and wonder if they were formed only to be torn away, as she had watched the fishermen tear them away many and many a time. She wondered and grew hungry most of all in a storm when she stood upon the beach and saw the waves lash themselves, then dash upon shore. She feared over and over again that they would sweep up into the village and overwhelm everything; but no! something drew them back continually, and so the hunger after the reason and cause of all this came more and more to Lottie's unsatisfied mind.

One afternoon Lottie was in her usual seat, and as she read her usual book, she was suddenly spied in her nook, among the rocks, Lottie the fisherman's daughter. She came up immediately, and seeing the intent eyes fixed upon the shells, and wishing to catch the expression in them, said, very gently, "What is it, little girl?"

Lottie did not start, but as she had wished, looked straight up into the lady's face with all the hunger in her eyes, and pointing to the shells, asked: "Where did them grow?"

"She saw the water in the child's hair, and dropping down beside her, and taking up a shell she told her of them. She talked until the child's eyes were fixed with wonder upon her face. Of the strange creatures of the ocean, the beautiful sea mosses, and their formation, of the land beyond the great sea, where the little shells lay thick upon the shore; of the coral reefs and the tropical climes, and of the great creatures of the deep; speaking with simple language, which the child's mind could grasp, and from her abundance to the child's hunger. She sat there with two brown hands clasped about her knees, and drank it all in as one who is tamed—drank it all to serve as refreshment for days and weeks to come."

Finally the beautiful lady—her face was like that of an angel to the child—was called by the rest of the party, and arose to go; but the child sprang toward her, and cried out, with her whole body moved and trembling, "One thing more—why do the waves come so far and no farther? Why are the storms stayed before we are swept away?"

The sweet face changed instantly, and she set down again. They might call in vain—she would teach—the latest thought of profound scholars on the deep study of tides and tidal laws? "Ah, no!" It was the beautiful story of God's care and providence which she taught to the longing soul.

"The kind Father in heaven is watching over his sea, Lottie," she said, "and over you, and all of us. He looks in his care all the earth, and when you hold in the waves and see them go back without any harm, remember that it is because your Father's hand is over all, and he will keep you safe. He has said that he has 'set a bound to the waves that they may not pass over it, lest they turn again and cover the earth.' A holy man said of him, O Lord of Hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee! Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them." "They called the beautiful lady angel, but she did not go; she had yet one more drop for Lottie's cup. It was a story now of a ship in a storm, of the Lord lying upon a pillow; of danger, distress, fright and sorrow. "His disciples awoke him," she told her, "and his great Lord, feeling for their fear, lifted his mighty hand over the waters, and said, 'Peace, be still.' And there was a great calm."

That was all. The lady was gone. Lottie watched the carriage from the highest rock, holding her hand above her eyes that she might see it better, and when it was out of sight set down again and thought it all over. Do you think she went home hungry? I think not. She was never hungry—just as much as—again. She had the knowledge which made the sea and land perpetual books to read, and above all, she had the strong abiding sense of the goodness, and tender mercy, and love of our God.

And the sheltered place in the rock, where night and day the roar of the breakers was so plain, and around which the wind whistled and blew became to her what the dearest treasure you have on earth is to you. So, God who sent the raven to the starving prophet, filled this hungry soul with food.—*Christian Advocate*.

A STRIKING INCIDENT.  
One Sabbath morning a singular lapse of memory befell me, which I had never before and never shall again experience. When I rose from sleep I could not recollect any portion of the discourse which I had prepared the day before; and what was more strange, I could not even remember the text of the prepared sermon. I was perplexed, and walked out before breakfast in Kensington gardens. While there a particular text occurred to my mind, and my thoughts seemed to dwell upon it so much that I resolved to preach from that, without further

attempting to recall what I had prepared—a thing which I had never ventured to do during all my ministry. From this text I preached, and it was, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I preached with great liberty, and in the course of the sermon I quoted the lines:

Beware of dearest steps! the darkest day—  
Live till to-morrow—will have passed away.  
I afterward learned that a man in despair had died very morning gone to the Serpentine to drown himself in it. For this purpose he had filled his pockets with stones, hoping to sink at once. Some passengers, however, disturbed him while on the brink, and he returned to Kensington, intending to drown himself in the dusk of the evening. On passing my chapel he saw a number of people crowding into it, and thought he would join them in order to pass away the time. His attention was riveted to the sermon, which seemed to be in part composed for him; and when he heard me quote the lines I alluded to, he resolved to abandon his suicidal intention.—*Life of Dr. Lefkoid*

LITTLE THINGS.  
The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than by B. F. Taylor in the following:—"Little words are the sweetest to bear; little charities fly furthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew-drops. Everybody calls that little which he loves best on earth. We once heard a good sort of man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she was a perfect little bit of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed two hundred pounds! We were surprised! But, then, it was no joke—the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what was she but little?"

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.  
We published lately an article on the course pursued by some of these Associations, with which exceptions have been taken by an officer of the Boston Society. The article was written by one of our most experienced ministers stationed in one of the largest cities in New England. Perhaps the evils he complained of are more local than general, though we fear they are not altogether confined to that city. Mr. Rowland, of the Boston Association, defends it from these charges. He makes some interesting and needed statements. Great is the good being done by these Associations. The author of the article recognized it as the Whitfield of the age. Let it cling closely to the Whittfield, and let the Church cling closely to it.

He says, "We have always made it our first duty to a stranger young man to see that he becomes a member of a church, which needs young men, if a Christian, and if not a Christian, a member of some congregation where they will take an active interest in a stranger. To this end many of our Associations have a printed form of introduction to churches, and Sabbath-schools of churches."

We do not know of a single member of this Association that holds to the "idea that the only way for any other church than the Association" I never heard any young man express this in word or "living."

The "young converts" would be glad to have the older members of the churches take this church work in hand, and allow those who, as the writer says, "are as yet but babes in Christ, and need to be fed with the sincere milk of the word," and "would be more profited by the instruction of the sanctuary than by Home Mission work," to be fed. But that this Mission work needs to be done, and done in earnest, can be granted by all, and if the older members will not do it, the "young converts" will be found doing it, we hope and pray. It has been too long neglected. The young men of the Association who attend these meetings for work are at these meetings publicly reminded of their duty to invite the stranger at their side to go with them to the evening church prayer meetings in the evenings, and many are being induced to attend. Four strangers asked the undersigned where there was a meeting at the close of our common service last Sabbath.

Very many of these converts are fresh from the country home, where for long years the loving parents have agonized at the throne of grace for the conversion of their child, and when at last he writes the glad tidings of his "new birth" they urge his uniting with the same church of which they are members, and at a proper time removing to it. Another fact is, that many of these converts are brought to Jesus before they secure a situation, or go to other cities, but we are able to follow them into many of our churches, and see them become working members.

We have always found that if a young man was in our Association, he was a worker in his church. His pastor could always depend upon him. If he does not amount to anything in his church, he is the same here. Any feeble church that needs young men, if you have one young man send him to our meetings for re-union in earnest. Let me give this one fact—A young man united with a church in this city which had no other young men. He was a constant attendant at our evening prayer-meetings, and was constantly watching for young men, and was constantly watching for young men to our church. Taking a stranger by the hand he would say, "Where are you going to church, come to my church with me next Sabbath. We need young men, and my pastor loves them, and will make you welcome." At the end of two years he had secured twenty-three young men who had united with his church. The constitution of all these Associations require a young man to be a member of an evangelical church in good standing before he can be an active member of our Association, and this has been strictly adhered to since the earliest period of our history. We always have held and

taught the doctrine that the church is a divine institution, and as such comes first. We believe our place is to take the same relation to the church that the Sabbath-school maintains. Their work "the children;" ours "the young men." Our work for the church; ours the church; and we as members of the Christian Association hold that it is the church that has organized this department for its young men to work for their own class better than they could without it.

Our success depends upon our full sympathy with, and earnest activity in, our churches, and we believe the church is doing a work through this channel that would otherwise be almost entirely neglected. May we not hope for the full sympathy, active co-operation, and prayers of the older brethren of the churches, and that these facts will set at rest any doubts in the minds of the brethren in reference to our plans.—*Zions Herald*.

METHODISM AND POLITICS.  
We gave last week a long extract from a late address of Dr. Wiley, in which he said that "the Methodism of the future will be a great political power." The italics are his own. We do not object to the phrase, but it is one which needs grave qualification. Dr. Wiley gives that qualification so far as to deprecate the formation of political parties in the Church, and claims that she has the right only to denounce the follies and corruptions of parties. Every sentence of his speech will bear a satisfactory construction, and yet may be liable to misinterpretation. We are glad, nevertheless, that he has spoken on the subject. We need more reflection on it as a Church; for the relation of religion to party politics is so vague in this country that we must all feel the need of more determinate discussion of the question.

The American people concede too much liberty to the Romanists in this matter, and too little to the leading Protestant denominations. The former may be pronounced a definite political party. They are so nearly all on one political side as to leave no doubt that their Romanism is the central motive and reason of their party affiliation. Meanwhile it is obvious that if any leading Protestant body, like the Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians, were to stand out from this political ground, the nation would have serious grounds of alarm—would emphatically protest—and the denunciation would be denounced as corrupt and dangerous to the country. What if the Methodist controlled the elections in this city and our other chief political centers as the Papists do? What if they usurped nearly every office; if they managed to get the chief charitable and educational appropriations; if they made nearly all the laws, and filled with their poor or criminal members our almshouses and prisons? Would not this Church be morally proscribed by public sentiment? And would it not deserve to be? Why, then, do the American people tolerate this outlandish ecclesiasticalism in its arrogance, and its usurpation of power and emolument? Is it not time that it were stopped? Is it not time that the other Christian bodies of the nation should demand of our politicians that such a monstrous anomaly in our public policy, such an enormity in our political morals, should be resolutely arrested and eradicated?

How shall it be done? Is that the great question. But this the answer is not so difficult as may suppose. The greatest difficulty about it is the despondent, the cowardly admission that it is so difficult. Public opinion is omnipotent in this country. Public opinion should sternly address itself to this intolerable political nuisance of the Celtic, the Papistical church of our politics. It should take such a positive form of expression that the American party leaders who have dared to bring the vote of these foreigners, and to thus bring an ecclesiastical element into our politics, shall be made to cower before the consequences of their conduct. The religious press of the country can form and direct this public opinion. In this city for example, this press should not only mourn over the immense appropriations of money to the Papists, and their usurpations of office, their mobs and crimes and perjuries, with the consequent intolerable taxation of all our industries, but they should call the Protestant population together in public meetings; they should seek to organize an overwhelming force of American sentiment against these evils; they should force the legislature with remonstrances and petitions; they should remonstrate with the Romanist clergy, and hold them responsible for the face of the whole nation for the scandalous conduct of this people—a people more and more their moral guides and control than is any other religious class of the nation subject to its religious teachers. Memorials and remonstrances, signed by hundreds of thousands of New York citizens, should be presented to the Archbishop of the Papal Church in this city, citing the statistics of our courts, prisons, almshouses, and demanding of him that, if he wishes his claims as a Christian ecclesiastic to be respected, he and all his clergy must explain and correct these terrible proofs of the demoralization of his Church. And when such remonstrances fail, as they will, then should every Romanist citizen go to the polls to vote directly and exclusively against this Romanist political corruption. We have all been onwards before this foreign intrusion; we have but to sweep around and persistent determination to show the arena and restore the true American fair play of the polls, and the independent political and non-sectarian rectitude of our municipalities. But we shall never succeed in any measures of reform while we cowardly admit the evil to be irreparable, and simply submit to its depredations.

The comparative statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church (aside from other branches of Methodism) and the Romanist Church show that the former is at least one-third greater in population than the latter throughout the Republic. The combined Methodism of the nation is twice as large, numerically, as Romanism. The country has a right, therefore, to look to Methodism for some efforts towards its redemption from the evils mentioned. Were our discommodated press, pulpits and conversations to project some beneficial measure for the purpose, the best Protestantism of the

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The Family.

WAITING.

While we wait for our ships to come from sea, Let our trees and flowers be growing; In our dreams of life that is to be, Let no present joys be going.

It is foolish to dream o'er the "might have been," Or to think what the years are bringing; When the sweet flowers bloom, and the trees are green, And the cheerful birds are singing.

Your thoughts may flee to the far away— To your castles in the distance, But to your neglect of the grand to-day The heart should make resistance.

You may gaze afar on a shining star, And forget some fair sweet blossom; But it is nearer your heart than those things afar, And is longing to rest in your bosom.

The clouds that hover near the earth In the sunset are full of beauty, And over the clouds of this lower birth Shines the Evening Star of duty.

As the light of heaven and earth are twined In the rainbow's shining pinion, So the mingled light of soul and mind Make for God a fit dominion.

It is only a few short rolling years, That these faint lights will deceive us; Then let us banish all night and tears, And the shattered hopes that grieve us.

And while we are waiting for fulfilled dreams— For the goal for which we're longing, Let us not forget the bright sunbeams, And the blossoms round us thronging.

Let us gather up in our quiet path Each beautiful bud and blossom, And a peace which no selfish spirit hath Shall come to each weary bosom.

For I know there shall come a day of rest When the soul will cease its yearning— When the human heart shall at last be blest, And the hale-fires cease their burning.

THE SISTERS.

"Mother, isn't Lotty to come to school this morning?" At this question, Mrs. Brandram turned half round from the great wooden trough, full of dough she was kneading into loaves, and looked doubtfully at a little girl sitting on the step, her head leaning against the doorway, and a book in her lap.

ored prints, which she was fashioning into patch-work with the best ability of her small fingers. "Look, Carry, at what mother has given me—all these, and these. There are enough for you, too, if you will have some."

"Keep them yourself," answered Carry, sullenly, and passed on with hardly a glance at what the child offered her. To the flame of such wrath as this was nursing, Lotty is hardly ever wanting; even this little incident added bitterness to hers.

"When I asked mother one day for some bits for patchwork, she said she had none," she thought. "She could find them for Lotty, it seems."

Mrs. Brandram's family was large, her life a very busy one—too busy for her to be able to give that best of her children's various moods which a careful mother knows is necessary. She had five or six sons, but no daughter older than Carry, so that she had little assistance in her many household labors except what the latter could give her, out of school hours.

On this afternoon she suddenly called to her eldest daughter as she was sullenly poring over a book on her knees—"Carry, I want you to go with this basket to the Acres Farm. I promised to send up this butter as soon as it was made."

"Is the basket heavy?" asked Carry, getting up slowly. "Can't Lotty take it?" My head aches from the sun this morning."

"I don't think it too fat for Lotty," said Mrs. Brandram, hesitating. "It's not a mile, and she's not been to school, so she can't be tired, and the sun isn't hot to hurt her now," Carry went on, as her mother looked undecided.

"Well—well, tell her to take the basket, and go at once, then," And Mrs. Brandram hurried away again, too busy to give the matter much consideration after all.

With spiteful pleasure which she would justly have detested herself for at another time, Carry hastened to take Lotty from her picture-books and her patchwork, and send her forth on her mother's errand.

to learn something from the faces of the women who came and went from the room. At last it came. The little one was not dead—was sensible—able to speak—had asked for her mother. When Carry heard this, the tears that hitherto seemed to have been frozen up at their source rained down at last in torrents. She dashed away from the kind, detaching hand of the woman who had told her, and went out to see the face of the kind neighbor who had spoken to her before.

"My dear, your sister is asking for you," she said, quietly; but there were traces of tears on her face, and her voice was grave and low. "O, Mrs. Weston! I hardly deserve to see Lotty!" burst from Carry; "do you know that I pushed her into the water? Yes, I didn't mean to do it; but I was angry. If she had not been saved! If she had been drowned! If I had lost her!"

"Hush, my dear; now, come and see your sister." "Is mother here?" Lotty going home?" asked Carry as she followed her. "Going home?" repeated Mrs. Weston; "yes, Carry, your sister is going home."

"Something in her voice and manner sent a thrill through the girl; she said no more, but followed her, trembling, and the scarce knew why. Little Lotty lay raised high among pillows, her dark eyes opened and wistful.

They turned on Carry as she entered, and something like a smile came to the parted lips. One of her hands was folded in her mother's breast, who knelt with bowed face beside her. She lifted the other as Carry came near, and feebly drew her sister's face down beside her.

"There was a hush in the room; no one moved, no one spoke. Presently the little hand round Carry's neck slipped from its resting-place, and those who looked on, knew that Lotty had gone home.

Children who read this story, children who are what Carry Brandram was—sensitive, jealous, passionate—be warned by Carry's punishment. None of us can venture to linger on the coast of a word spoken—a deed done in anger; none of us can cherish bitter thoughts, and say they shall never bear fruit in deeds.

As for Carry, humbled, broken-hearted, sorrowful Carry, she must be laid beside Lotty in the quiet church-yard, before she will forget that play which her sin overtook her.

Many days—months—had to pass before she could be suddenly reminded of her lost sister, without passionate bursts of grief. Long on every stool by the hearth, the vacant place on the chimney, or sister's tears. For long she would rise up wildly from her bed at night, and creeping to the little cot where Lotty had lain, sink sobbing on her knees beside it, and sometimes worn out, fall asleep so with her head on the pillow where her sister's used to lie.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac.

SEPTEMBER, 1870. First Quarter, 2nd day, 9h. 45m. morning. Full Moon, 9th day, 9h. 57m. afternoon. Last Quarter, 17th day, 9h. 57m. morning. New Moon, 25th day, 9h. 57m. morning.

Table with columns: Day, Sun, Moon, H. Tide at High Water, H. Tide at Low Water. Rows for 1st to 30th of the month.

The Tides.—The column of the Moon's South gives the time of the setting of the Moon at Halifax, Cornwallis, Horton, Hanport, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 30 minutes after that at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 44 minutes later, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, 1 hour earlier, than at Halifax.

For the LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

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HOW ABOUT THE OLD DITCH. Our neighbor over the way has been complaining these five years that the wet weather came so soon after having that he was unable to do that job of ditching for which he was waiting an opportunity.

Four weeks have passed since he oiled up his mowing-machine for the last time, and when night came, told the boys they could go fishing the next day, as the mowing was done; and yesterday the ditch was not touched; and when we suggested to our good-natured neighbor that time was passing, we found he was waiting for a cool weather—"could not work in the ditch—it was so hot."

When the rain comes, the cool weather will come, and then Farmer Slack will console himself by saying: "We'll tackle it first thing after haying next year."

When they have buried the procrastinating old fellow, some Irishman who buys the farm that his children, as slack as himself, cannot hold, the ditch will be dug—never before.

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