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## Religious Miscellany

### Longings.

When shall I be at rest? My trembling heart grows weary of its burden, sickening still With hope deferred. O that it were Thy will To loose my bonds and take me where thou art!

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim With straining through the gloom; I scarce can see. The way-marks that my Saviour left for me; Would it were more, and I were safe with Him.

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill. A rougher path. O that it were Thy will My tired feet might tread the Promised Land:

O that I were at rest! A thousand fears Come thronging o'er me lest I fall at last. Would I were safe, all toil and danger past. And thine own hand might wipe away my tears.

O that I were at rest, like some I love, Whose last fond looks drew half my life away. Seeming to plead that either they might stay With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never shrink From any toil or weariness for me. Not even from that last deep agony; Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord, for when I am indeed at rest, One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface The sternest memories of my early race. Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever crosses I bring. To bring me there. I know thou canst not be Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me! Shall I not toil for Thee when Thou for me didst bleed?

—Church of England S. S. Quarterly.

### Indolence in Prayer.

Many seem to forget that prayer is a mental exercise. They regard it as altogether an inspiration. Holding to the truth that "the preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord," they make this indolence of their weakness an encouragement of their indolence. They forget that the law of blessing, in this as in other things, allies it, in some sort, with struggles of our own. Because a man may pray with the intellect without praying with the heart, they infer the converse that a man may pray with the heart without praying with the intellect. Not a few ministers of the gospel, who would regard it as the highest presumption to appear before their people and to attempt to preach without any previous preparation of their intellect, are not less negligent of their hearts. They forget that the reward of practical effort. When Bishop Patrick was a young man, and the rector of a rural parish, he was eminent for his fervor in prayer. After wearing, however, for a few years, the lawn sleeves and mitre, he was actually constrained to apologize to an old dissenting friend, who his family devotions he one morning led, for his hesitancy and embarrassment. Men cannot have profound feeling on any subject without having previously had upon it sound thought. Truth is a thing that is not to be grasped by the intellect. "While I was musing," said David, "the fire burned; and thus spake I with my tongue." How a minister can have deep and genuine feeling in prayer, when the themes upon which he dwells have not previously been made the subjects of careful thought, we confess, seems to us a physical impossibility.

And this view of prayer is as biblical as it is philosophical. The author of "The Still Hour," after alluding to the remark of Coleridge, "that he thought the act of praying to be, in its most perfect form, the very highest energy of which the human heart was capable," adds: "Many Scriptural representations of the idea of devotion come up fully to this mark. The prayer of a righteous man, that availeth much, which our English Bible so infrequently describes as 'effective, fervent,' is, in the original, an energetic prayer, a working prayer. . . . What else, also, is the force of the frequent conjunction of 'watching' and 'praying' in the Scriptural style of exhortation to the duties of the closet? 'Thus: Watch and pray; watch unto prayer;' 'praying always and watching;' 'continue in prayer and watch.' There is no mental lassitude, no self-indulgence, here. It is a lament of the prophet over the degenerate of God's people. 'None stretch himself upon to take hold on thine.' Paul exhorts the Romans to 'strive together with their prayers,' and commends an ancient preacher to the confidence of the Colossians as one who labored fervently in prayers. There is no nodding or drawing off here."

But, with regard to public prayer, in its connection with worship as an element of sanctuary service, we have one other remark to make; and, though some of our readers may regard it as unimportant, if not trivial, we cannot, ourselves, so esteem it. In entering upon this part of the service of God's house there should be, with every worshipper, a change of physical position, and the assumption of a reverential posture. We say, first, a change of position, to indicate, by some outward act, the inward approach of the soul to God; and, secondly, the assumption of a reverential posture; for such is certainly His law, and even though we were to see His face. Much discussion has been had as to whether the precise posture that a congregation should assume in prayer; but, supposing that regard is had to both of the points just referred to, the posture is reverential, and is a change from that assumed by the assembly in the other parts of service—we cannot regard this discussion as important. Few things, however, are more fatal to worship than that entire passivity which leads a congregation never once to change its posture, from the invocation to the benediction.

—The Still Hour, pp. 70 and 71.

This custom, how so prevalent in many of our religious assemblies, is a twin error to choir-singing. They generally go along hand in hand; the city is said greatly to resemble London. A friend of ours, who has travelled over a great part of the world, said to us that, of all places in the world, he loved best to live in London; but that if he could not live in London, then he should wish to live in Sydney. After these two, he could hardly think of another place worth living in. He was, of course, an Englishman; and a Frenchman's taste might have been different. Dr. Johnson says of Sydney,—"The crowds, the stir, and the gay equipages, would almost lead you to suppose you were in Bond Street, or in Oxford Street; whilst the various public cries of 'fish ho!', 'bread ho!', 'the shouts of Omnibus conductors for 'Paddington,' 'Surry Hills,' &c., and the hall from the driver behind his 'Hansom,' all remind you of dear old London. The only reminders that you are on foreign ground are, that here and there you see, amidst stately vehicles and gay equipages, on the middle carriage-way, a bullock-wagon, dragging its heavy load towards the quay; and that, at the pathways at the sides, you meet rough sun-burnt men from the interior, clad in loose clothing, bound around the waist with broad buckled straps, and wearing muddy leather boots, which reach far up their thighs."

The colonial legislature, the imports and exports, the 'squating interests,' the 'Land Bill,' learned and college-bred sheep-breeders, gold-diggers and Chinamen, the rate of wages for labourers, artisans, and servants,—much the same, it seems, as at Victoria, though for servants rather lower perhaps,—Greenland and its cotton-fields,—on all these subjects the Methodist missionary delegate has interesting information to give; for which, however, we must refer our readers to his volume. As respects religion, he tells us, in conformity with what we stated some pages back, that there is no disposition in the colony to increase the status, or enlarge the power of the dignitaries of the English Church; that it is not regarded as 'the Establishment,' and that, partly on account of the State-aid now rendered to Popery, which is seen in mixed pomp and state in public assemblies and ceremonies, beyond what usually appears in our home country, there is a growing effort to abolish state-aid to religion, which, no doubt, will succeed before long. (P. 162.)

After a stay of nearly seven weeks, our author and his wife left Sydney, on Saturday, March 2nd, for Melbourne, where they arrived at six a. m. on the next Tuesday. They bade farewell to their friends on the following Monday. The Doctor having served in Melbourne, he got his (working) office in Melbourne, but got to Melbourne, on the Sunday, on Wednesday they arrived at Port Adelaide. Being now in the middle of March, it was the very height of the Australian late summer heats, which in South Australia are peculiarly oppressive. The Doctor is the very reverse of a slender figure, and with the thermometer at 107° in the shade, and 124° in the sun, we may conceive the meaning of the following entry in his journal: "It required some exertion to get my luggage safely landed; and though some working men from England, who had known me in Manchester, gave all the assistance they could, yet, by the time I reached the railway station, I was nearly prostrated with fatigue." We languished through the day, scarcely speaking to our kind host, or to the friends who called to welcome us to South Australia. 124° in the sun, however, is a trifle compared to 133° in the shade, a degree of heat commemorated, if we remember right, by Henry Martyn, in his diary, as having occurred during his journey from the coast of the Persian Gulf upwards towards Shiraz. It is remarkable, however, that Dr. Johnson does not seem to have felt the heat in Egypt and Palestine in May nearly so oppressive as in South Australia in March.

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Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1862.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Objections, Replies, and other communications designed for use at any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Commission, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

The Canada Conference of 1862.

We claim an exemption from the duty of preparing a formal editorial for our present issue on the ground of our late return from a long journey, undertaken (as associate with an esteemed brother) to perform an official duty in visiting the sister Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada.

On that visit we had the mournful satisfaction of (we greatly fear) a last visit to our beloved friend and brother, the Rev. Dr. Simpson in Toronto, who is gradually sinking under the painful progress of a fatal disease, which for some months he has laid his side, in painful suffering, from the active duties of the Christian ministry, and his official responsibilities.

On reaching Belleville, the seat of Conference, we found the first day taken up with a constitutional question, arising out of the presence of which was the election to the presiding chair of another old and highly valued friend the Rev. Enoch Wood, D. D. The Rev. Wm. Scott was elected Secretary of the Conference, and on the second day the Conference proceeded to its active and onerous duties.

It was a pleasing sight to see so many brethren assembled together—not less than two hundred and fifty being present—filling the whole body of the Church (which is not large). Nor was it less pleasing to find that although Belleville is but a small town, this large number was accommodated with comparative ease, and with great comfort to the brethren.

We give insertion to the following letter from the Rev. Wm. Arthur, A. M., for two reasons. It will be an acknowledgment of the receipt of his donation to the New Chapel at Paris, to the friend who contributed "the brick" and it may lead to other donations from liberal friends in Nova Scotia who may be disposed to aid so good a cause.

LEEDS, May 28, 1862. MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your kind letter has reached me where I am once more laid up with my old foe, my rheumatism. I have heard of your sorrow, and do pray that He who alone can soothe and heal in such deep afflictions may give you all the fullness of His mercy; and turn tribulation into blessing. Accept my cordial thanks for your Nova Scotia Brick, for our Sanctuary in the metropolis of the God of this world.

Letter from England. America monopolizes the general interest, to the exclusion of foreign politics. The plot is evidently thickening, and we expect to hear every mail of some grand and decisive engagement which will bring this unhappy and fratricidal conflict to an issue.

The Middle Level Deluge though not increasing is yet assuming a more threatening form every day. Hundreds of houses are under water, with nothing of them visible but chimneys. Thousands of people are thrown out of work, and as all prospect of a harvest in that neighbourhood must be given up, it is to be feared that many more must be reduced to want.

The death of the mother of Prince Louis of Hesse,—the affianced husband of the Princess Alice will probably delay the marriage which was to have taken place at the end of next month. We shall sorely regret an event which permits us to retain a little longer a princess who has won all our hearts. The Queen has received an invitation to visit the Austrian court during her proposed stay in Germany.

ing fact that the young King of Portugal would not allow the Portuguese bishops to leave their dioceses. He saw clearly enough, what everybody else knows, that the canonization of Japanese martyrs was a sham; the real object of the Pope being to secure a great object of the Church of Rome. Victor Emmanuel has returned from his triumphant progress through Sicily and Naples, and is now safely housed in his own capital.

The French have been left to themselves in the Mexican expedition, and are probably dictating terms at this moment in the city of Montezuma. There has been no rupture between the English and French authorities; but the former did not feel free to go beyond the limits of the convention, and force a monarchical government on the Mexicans.

The inauguration of the partly restored and partly new memorial erected over the grave of John Bunyan, in Bunhill Fields Burial-ground, took place last week. The length of the tomb is seven feet, and the height something over four.

The celebrated Dr. Warren whose name will always live in the annals of Methodism, in association with the great secession of 1835, died in Manchester, on Friday last, at the age of 82. He has been, for more than a quarter of a century, a clergyman of the Established Church, but his influence has always been very limited.

Expulsion of the London Missionary Society's Agents from Tanna. The British Standard Sydney correspondent gives an account of the arrival in Sydney of the Rev. T. G. P. Paton, one of the society's agents, with a terrible tale from Tanna.

The monitory of the House of Commons was a few evenings since by a clever stroke of policy on the part of the upholders of the "vote by ballot" scheme. Taking advantage of a thin House, and at a moment when one dreamed what was coming on, Mr. Berkeley introduced his pet bill, and pushing it to a division before due notice could be given to members who were recreating and refreshing themselves in the neighbourhood, obtained a majority in favour of a second reading. The House will not be so caught again.

The Commission appointed to re-consider the scheme of fortifying our dockyards and arsenals has just issued their report. Some time since a grand meeting for a general and complete reform of the light houses upon naval stations by the Government to pass before commencing operations, and secure the opinion of the ablest naval and military engineers in the country. This opinion is now published, and it will be looked upon as perfectly decisive. The commissioners conclude that guns can be constructed and mounted on stone forts which will be capable of sinking any iron vessel that can be built.

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The Annual Report of the Postmaster Genl published, is a most interesting document. It appears that there are now in the country 14,304 receptacles for letters. In the carriage of letters 150,000 miles are traversed daily. The present number of letters exhibits an increase of 317,000,000 over the number issued in the corresponding year of the old postal system. 72-

300,000 new papers were posted last year, and 12,300,000 book packets. Money orders were issued to the number of 7,250,445. The Japanese Ambassadors are going everywhere, and opening their eyes wider and wider as they go. They stick at nothing in the way of adventure, and were highly delighted with their underground inspection of a coal mine. Mr. Peabody, the American gentleman who gave the original impetus to the coal trade in this country, has been present at the funeral of Lord Lyndhurst, the patriarch of the "Lords" has just entered on his ninetieth year. It is said that he is just as capable of giving an adversary a drubbing as ever.

A very interesting ceremony took place yesterday, in connection with the departure of a thousand non-conformist emigrants for the new colony of Albertland, New Zealand. They were publicly addressed by several ministers at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle on Monday, and yesterday were solemnly commended to God on their outward voyage.

The inauguration of the partly restored and partly new memorial erected over the grave of John Bunyan, in Bunhill Fields Burial-ground, took place last week. The length of the tomb is seven feet, and the height something over four. The carved effigy of the glorious "tinker" in stone reclines on the top, with a book in his hand, and his head on a pillow. One side of the tomb exhibits in relief the picture of a "Christian" starting on his pilgrimage,—while on the other he is represented as reaching the Cross and laying his burden. The day being unfavourable, the open air ceremony was very brief. Immediately after the uncovering of the tomb the company adjourned to the City-road Chapel, which is exactly opposite. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and interesting addresses were delivered by several ministers and gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Spurgeon, who seemed perfectly at home, even in the Cathedral of Armagh.

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Expulsion of the London Missionary Society's Agents from Tanna. The British Standard Sydney correspondent gives an account of the arrival in Sydney of the Rev. T. G. P. Paton, one of the society's agents, with a terrible tale from Tanna. Our readers will remember the martyrdoms of the Rev. Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, in Erromanga, some months ago. The natives of Erromanga, finding that they could murder missionaries with impunity, went over to Tanna, and urged the savages of that island to murder their missionaries. The idea was taken up and the deed resulted upon. The conspiracy among the heathen portion of the population soon became general, and the Christian portion at once prepared to go to war to defend the missionaries and execute vengeance. The missionaries, though knowing their lives were in danger, induced the Christian natives to lay aside their spears and clubs for a time. One of the chiefs of the heathen party then prophesied that he would kill the chief who defended the missionaries, and would bring a hurricane and destroy their property. Strange to say, two days afterwards, the chief alluded to died, and a few days later a hurricane came. The storm, however, was not so merciless as the savages, and the mission property was spared; but the fruit trees and property of the savages were blown down and destroyed. Nothing could now restrain the desire of the Christian natives for vengeance; and the other party thirsting for the missionaries' blood, a collision ensued. The missionaries, acting on the advice of their friends, barricaded their house, and remained within while the combat raged without, the house being sometimes surrounded by one party and sometimes by the other. This was repeated for several days, till it became known that the heathen party determined to break through the house and murder the missionaries, when the latter made for the bush in the night, and remained there several days till they were nearly starved. When the heathen found the missionaries gone, they burned and destroyed the entire property, to the value of £1,000. After innumerable hardships and hairbreadth escapes the devoted missionaries were at length rescued. A pair appeared in sight, signals of distress were made on the island, and in due time an armed boat was sent to the rescue. The Rev. Mr. Paton and the Rev. Mr. Matheson and Mrs. Matheson were taken to Anson, and after having a consultation with the brethren there, it was thought desirable that Mr. Paton should come on to Sydney, to lay the case before the Church here, and procure a small vessel by which he might carry on their labours on the islands in the vicinity of Tanna, till a favourable opportunity should present itself of prosecuting the good work among its benighted islands. The noble exponents of the Gospel have been driven back, but they are not dismayed. They are determined to return to their charge as soon as possible.

British and Foreign Bible Society. The anniversary was held in Exeter Hall, London, on Wednesday, May 7. The report of its doings for the past year shows an aggregate issue of 1,595,248 volumes, of which number 999,997 were issued from the home depot, and the remainder from the foreign ones. The number circulated in several parts of the foreign field are specified thus: In France, 88,000; from the depot at Cologne, 11,000; from Frankfurt, 83,000; in Denmark, 16,000; in Sweden, 91,000; in Prussia, 29,000; from Madras, 52,000; at Shanghai, 23,000; at Canton, 7,000; at Ningpo, 7,000. The total issues of the Society for its origin in 1804 have amounted to 49,910,474 volumes. The receipts of the Society for the year were £168,413, equivalent to \$842,000. Provision has been made to bring the Scriptures under the notice of the multitudes of foreigners who are now in progress, and is a truly magnificent design. It is to be capable of receiving one hundred coffins.

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Plan of Preaching Appointments of the E. B. A. Conference, HALIFAX, N. S., 1862.

Table with columns: PLACES, NAME OF MINISTER, PLACE OF ABODE, NAME OF STREET. Lists appointments for Brunswick Street, Grafton Street, City Street, and Dartmouth.

little dreams about the glass which answers conversation, will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he delights. Intemperance ever comes with noisome sleep, and blinds the first cords to light to be felt. The truth of mournful experience should be treasured by all, and should influence the arrangements and habits of social and domestic life in every class of community.—Dr. Channing.

Obituary Notices.

MEMORIALS OF THE LATE REV. W. C. MCKINNON, FURNISHED TO THE WRITER CHIEFLY BY THE AGED, AFFECTIONATE, AND PIOUS FATHER OF OUR DEAR BROTHER DEPARTED.

WILLIAM CHARLES MCKINNON, eldest son of John McKinnon, of North Sydney, C.B., was born on the 19th April, 1826. Before he had attained his sixth year he manifested an intense thirst for knowledge. Books, rather than the frivolous sports of youth, seemed most congenial to his ardent mind. Directed by parental love and wisdom, he read many good authors, especially the Holy Scriptures, which he daily perused with more than usual attention. His education was limited to the usual branches taught in a country school house. But this is generally sufficient to furnish a key which will open to the persevering student all the treasures of human wisdom and knowledge. And, truly, in his case success crowned indefatigable efforts, for before he was 30 years of age he was able to correspond in one of the classic languages with a brother minister. But even before he was 16 years of age, while at home, he gave proof of literary talent as an author, first in a descriptive poem of the "Battle of the Nile," and afterward another poetic essay, on "The Steep of Fame."

About the same period, he almost completed a work on Ornithology, which has not yet been published. Astronomy, Navigation, and Cosmology, at this time, were studied with much devotion; but, in after life, no science except Divinity, engrossed so great a share of his attention as Geology. His attainments in this department of human research were very respectable indeed, as was manifested by various articles from his pen, some of which were written but a short time before his departure from earth. Possessing a very retentive memory, he treasured up in his mind a large amount of knowledge on a variety of subjects, which in after life was sanctified for the great Master's use.

In May, 1846, he removed to the town of Sydney, and commenced publishing a paper, the only one at that time in Cape Breton. From this period his worldly sorrows commenced.—Without any experience of the world, and but little acquainted with human nature, he soon forgot the counsels of a pious father, and the important caution suggested in that forgotten declaration of the Book of Truth, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." He became quite dissipated, and expressed in his papers such strong republican sentiments, that his friends withdrew their aid, and the enterprise failed. Determined to see the only land of true liberty, he thought where men may say and print what they please, he visited Boston in 1851, where he was engaged for some time in writing for some of the leading Magazines; but, in consequence of ill health, returned home.

Previous to this he had written several tales and legends of Cape Breton, but without much success in a pecuniary point of view. But now he seemed determined to make more effort as a novelist, and accordingly wrote "St. George; or the Canadian League" the last fiction which he ever wrote—a work which caused him much pain after his conversion. Many a copy has been thrown into the flames, heartily wishing that all were consumed. In 1852, he went to Halifax, expecting to meet with more encouragement, in his literary efforts, but was doomed to disappointment. Every project failed, till at last he perceived and felt that God was angry with him, and had better work for him to do. In his distress, he turned to the Lord in prayer,—read the Bible, which he had greatly neglected, since his youthful days,—thought of the unnumbered agonies of his father, confessed his sins before God with penitential tears,—sought by faith in the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of his sins, and soon became a happy Christian, full of love to souls, and ready to obey the will of his Heavenly Father. He soon engaged in the glorious work of calling sinners to repentance. The Lord granted tokens of approval, and being encouraged, and directed, by Bro. R. E. Crane, then on the Sydney Circuit,—he gave himself up fully to the work of the ministry.

His first appointment was Guysborough, where he laboured with great acceptance and success. He was entirely consecrated to the work,—travelling incessantly and everywhere preaching Christ. Yet finding time to pursue with surprising diligence, a variety of studies bearing directly upon the great work to which he voluntarily gave up all his energies. His deep devotion to God, was manifested in his daily prayer, and in his constant study of the Bible.

His Superintendent once speaking of him to another Minister, testified, that Bro. McKinnon, was the holiest man that had ever come within the range of his acquaintance. The writer well knows the sentiments of the Guysborough people in reference to the subject of these sketches. Many young men of late years have laboured on that extensive Circuit, but none have left an impression of the right kind,—deeper and more hallowed than Bro. McKinnon. Sometimes his mind was so absorbed in study, when travelling, that he seemed almost to forget that he was still flesh and blood. As an illustration, we give the following fact. With a book before his eyes, and the reins of the bridle on his horse fastened to his arm, he proceeded slowly on one of his journeys,—after a time the bridle slipped off the head of the pony,—which was fonder of grazing than of the inanimate life, under the not over attentive, yet very kind superintendance of his master. However the anxious student, unconsciously of the liberty of the animal, pursued his way at least one mile, before he became aware of the fact, that the possession of a bridle does not always imply the security of the horse, upon retracing his steps, he lost interest in study, he found the innocent creature cropping the grass with great satisfaction.

Methodist Preachers are expected to manifest considerable attention, in the care of their horses, I have heard of some who exceeded excellence in this respect who with difficulty could keep them out of the pulpit, and of others who, have won the name "fast drivers," neither of these facts belonged to Bro. McKinnon. His second station, was Margate, formerly a part of Quebec Circuit, P. E. I. Here he was blessed and made a blessing, as many witnesses can testify. Many an article from his pen, appeared in a paper commending about that time, with a design to defend Protestant truth from the insidious attacks of Romanism and designing politicians.

His next Circuit was Middle Musquodobit, not a Methodist soil, where his fidelity, talents and piety have accomplished much, for the advancement of vital godliness. A beautiful and well deserved tribute of praise, was recorded to his memory, in the pages of the Provincial Wesleyan not long since, from the neat and ready pen of Bro. L. Gatz, the youthful minister who succeeded him, and who rejoices in witnessing the upspringing of the seed sown by his faithful predecessor.

His last appointment, Shelburne, received by a small share of his labours. The Master laid him aside, and after a few months' affliction, whispered to his soul, It is enough. "Come up higher." An account of his last illness and death, having already appeared in the Wesleyan, I need not repeat the facts.

As indicative of the state of his mind, and interest in the work of the ministry, the following extract from a letter to his father, is sufficient evidence that his heart was right with God, and his evident pathway of duty congenial to his soul.

SACREVILLE, July 3, 1862. "The ordination services took place on Wednesday evening, I engaged then in solemn obligation to preach the gospel of the Kingdom, and to glorify God, 'by my body and my spirit, which are his,' until the end of my earthly career. Several others also were set apart to the same glorious work. I look before me and see a prospect of eternal glory. Before that glory dawn, I shall endure the intervening night of tears, I am well content to do so. My Saviour bore the cross before he wore the crown, oh! shall I not bear every cross, if at last, when this weary strife is ended, and the aching head quiet, and the beating heart still, I shall behold my King, I shall adore my God, I shall serve my dear Redeemer in His Kingdom. Will not before earthy ties exist, are now severed, if not before, I can truly say, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. O my God qualify me by sanctifying grace for the great work.'

After this period, he was united in marriage to the daughter of a departed minister, whose widow still survives, (Mrs. Crane, of Pugwash.) In her he found a help-meet, living happily together, as "heirs of the grace of life," until he fell asleep in Jesus. Two children with the best of parents, were born to him, the first, a son, named, "Journey on, to meet him on the best shores of immortality."

No man ever loved more ardently than our Dear Brother, the work of the ministry. His whole life subsequent to his conversion, exhibited most clearly the strength of his attachment to the cause of his Saviour and Lord. His burning love to souls often caused him, to disregard the just pleading of humanity for rest. Nor till the physical system utterly refused obedience to the dictates of the willing spirit, could he be induced to refrain from laborious toil. His ministerial career, from beginning to end, was a beautiful illustration of the apostle's declaration, respecting himself and colleagues, "For the love of Christ constraineth us." &c. And yet, an unknown writer in the St. John Globe, in noticing the death of Bro. McKinnon, not only insinuates, that he took upon himself the office of the ministry merely to obtain a livelihood, but states positively, that the work was not congenial to his mind.

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Our Children's Corner.

Rest Beyond.

ST. ALDEGONDE'S MOTTO. Laborer in the Master's vineyard, Toller in His harvest field, Does thy hand at times grow weary, And thy spirit almost yield?

When the race is run with patience, Not till then, can be the crown; When the "course" and "fight" are finished, Not till then, the prize is won.

Can the summit rest be gained; Not till finished are earth's duties, Is the rest of heaven obtained.

Then when comes the welcome summons, Calling thee to thy reward, Thankful find the rest remaining For the people of the Lord.

A Talk in the Night. A little girl who in the night, and put her arms round her mother's neck. After cooing her while she spoke out: "I thank God every day for such a dear, kind mother."

"But if I should be taken away, what would you do then?" the mother asked. "I should keep on thanking Him, and try to be good, and come and see you in the beautiful mansions."

"And you think little children will know their mothers in heaven?" "Mother," said Minnie, "does a soul have eyes to see with in heaven?"

"The Bible says we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known," was the mother's reply. "My eyes won't ache there, will they, mother?"

"No, dear, there will be no sort of pain in heaven." "And my eyes won't cry, too, will they?" "No, God will wipe away all tears."

"But if I should fall down and hurt me?" "There will be nothing to hurt in all God's holy mansions." "Is heaven a mountain, mother?"

"Heaven is likened to every beautiful place and every glorious thing. But does my little daughter think she is fit to enter the holy heaven where God is?"

"I shall be ready," she replied, "when Jesus puts on me the beautiful garment you told about; how glad I shall be not to have the eyes ache any more!"

"No, and the beauty of the heaven is that we shall not want to do any wrong thing. Go to sleep now, child, to wake up bright in the morning."

"Shall I have to go to sleep in heaven, mother?" "There will be no night there, but we can trust God for what we shall have to do; can't we, darling? We know it will be all pleasant, for we shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness." - Sunday School Times.

The Clouds. One day John and Mary took a walk with their father. It was a very warm, sultry day, and far up in the sky were many, many clouds.

"Just look, papa," said John, "what big clouds!" "O, yes," said Mary, "I wonder what the Lord has made the clouds for?"

"The clouds are very useful," said the father. "The Lord has made them because He loves us. The clouds are big curtains." "Curtains?" exclaimed the children, astonished.

"Yes, truly," answered the father; "don't you know what we use curtains for?" "O, yes," said Mary, "I know. When the sun shines too strongly, we pull down the curtains to keep off the heat."

Agriculture.

Position of Agriculture.

Agriculture is a science more vast than that which is called learned professions. It, in fact, embraces all the other sciences. The farmer, of all other men, should be able to investigate the constituents of his soil, analyze his crops, and understand the laws of nature that govern them.

His occupation requires more intellect and more science than any other, and yet too often find farmers talking of educating their sons for other professions, and but few of educating them for farming.

Many will spend their last dollar to educate a favorite son for Master of Arts, or Doctor of Divinity, when it is a thousand times more important to the world that they should become masters of agriculture, and understand the laws that govern the tillage of the earth and its productions.

Agricultural knowledge should be made a part of our common-school education, and no man should have a college diploma unless he was thoroughly acquainted with the science of agriculture.

The secret lies in the fact that labor is looked upon as incompatible with the highest social position—and, unfortunately, that idea is becoming more and more prevalent.

When the best becomes the State or Government, by its governmental policy, encourages such an idea, no matter by what name it may be called—the days that Government are numbered, and it must speedily fall from the wrath of God as manifested in the violated laws of man's moral nature.

Mark, then, the man who would brand labor with dishonor. Mark him as an enemy to the State, for he is undermining the Government itself.

I hope and trust that the laboring men of this country will see it that no violence is done to the great principle that labor is honorable. Even the Almighty did not deem the cultivation of the soil dishonorable—for he "planted a garden eastward in Eden."

On the preservation of the soil, the farmer who labors in honorable dependence the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout the world—and we should to his work who would lay sacrilegious hands upon this ark of our covenant with the God of our fathers.—Gen. L. V. Dierce.

DRILLING BETTER THAN BROADCAST.—Drilling in field seeds is becoming quite common, but not enough so. Too many still adhere to broadcast sowing greatly against their own interest. It certainly stands to reason that twelve stalks of wheat, or oats, or other grain, will do better if each grows on a plot three inches square than if one such plot contains three or four stalks crowded together, while another plot has none.

But this happens very frequently in a field sown broadcast. Again, if one seed be covered half an inch, and the next one be worked down three or four inches by the harrow teeth, the two will come up unevenly. Air and sunlight are important agents in promoting the growth of plants, and the full effect of these can only be secured where the stalks are growing at distinct intervals like uniform distances apart. The expense of a drill is the main objection to its introduction everywhere. But a single bushel more of grain per acre on a ten or twenty acre field will go far to meet the cost of the drill, or at least pay a very high interest on the cost. And who doubts that much more than the extra bushel will always be secured by judiciously using a seed drill.—American Agriculturist.

The shoots of potatoes exposed to light contain solanum—a powerful poison. The tubers of potatoes which are covered with earth from the light never contain this poison, but if exposed when growing they become green on the skin, which is a sign that this poison has been developed in them. On no occasion should green potatoes be eaten by persons or animals.

THE PEACH CROP.—Those who are much interested, and who are competent to judge in such matters, predict a large crop of peaches the coming season. The winter has been most favorable, and the critical period is said to be passed. One of our exchanges says: "We are certain that it will pay farmers to raise fruit, and the better the fruit the better the pay. No portion of a man's farm is quite so profitable as a well-cared-for orchard. The crop is less as certain as any other, and requires much less work to raise it. Farmers should give a little early attention to their fruit trees."

CAUTION ABOUT SEED-CORN.—We observe this season an unusual quantity of corn sown on the ear. It will be remembered that some seasons back there was immense loss to corn-growers by the failure of their seeds to germinate. They should look carefully to this matter now, and select their dearest corn, and such as has been least affected by the weather. We have seen many ears of corn just from the stock, the germ of which has started and pushed its way through the body of the grain, sometimes making half an inch of growth, and again, scarcely perceptible, by a green streak on the surface. When one such grain is apparent a great many may be started, but not yet visible, and almost the whole ear might be unfitted for seed. This occurs with ears otherwise perfectly fair and sound, and much loss may result if care be not used in selection.

MEMORY OF A HORSE.—A milk-dealer in the vicinity of New York some thirteen years ago sold a horse to a man in that city, for some little time previous to the sale had been driven in a milk wagon, and had become familiar with the several stopping places about the city. The citizen who purchased the horse has kept him for a family horse the past thirteen years, refusing at one time the sum of \$600, on account of his good qualities. A short time ago the horse, now over twenty years old, was returned to the milk-dealer, and is again used upon the old route. The very first day the horse appeared to be at home, and stopped of his own accord at all the places he had been accustomed to stop at thirteen years ago.

TO BOIL RICE AS A VEGETABLE.—Wash several times in cold water, otherwise in cooking the rice grains will stick together. Let water boil very fast, say two quarts for a quarter of a pound of rice, and throw in the latter, still keeping the water rapidly boiling; let it continue to do so for a little more than a quarter of an hour or a grain will rub away between the finger and thumb; then throw the rice into a colander to let the water drain thoroughly away; then put it back into the saucepan, throw in a teacup of cold water, keep it covered for a few minutes; then turn it out, and every grain will separate, one from the other.

Notes & News.

The Interior of Australia.

THE INTERIOR OF AUSTRALIA.—After repeated unsuccessful attempts the island of Australia has been nearly traversed by European travelers. Not less interesting than this fact is the information that its interior, heretofore regarded as a mere desert, consists largely of fertile regions, with some likelihood of a gold region existing in its Northern coast. The latest exploring journey was made by Stuart, who was compelled by the hostility of the natives to retrace his steps on a former occasion, when he had advanced as far northward as 18 deg. 45 min. south latitude. This time he reached a point only 17 deg. south, which is within ninety miles of the coast, but was prevented from proceeding further by his provisions running short. It is expected that a naval expedition, composed of Bushmen, will pass around the coast, and penetrate the interior, so as to complete the exploration made by Stuart.

It is now shown that the great desert which was believed to extend up to the Gulf of Carpentaria, opposite to the island of New Guinea, does not proceed as far westward as was supposed. In this last journey, Stuart found belts of arid wilderness, alternated with broad bands of habitable country, enabling a horse to be sustained the whole distance. This traveler speaks of the purpose; and should the impression that gold exists here be proved correct the interior of Australia may shortly be dotted with flourishing cities.

COMPLEXION OF THE HUMAN RACE.—Mr. Abelin, a learned French traveler, declares the complexion of the human race to be so entirely dependent on the mode of nourishment, that he has beheld in Nubia whiter races of negroes, who, from the entire use of animal food, present as fair a carnation as the inhabitants of Europe. In Algeria it has long been the subject of remark that the butchers, generally negroes of Kulu, are as fair in complexion as the European settlers, although still preserving their woolly hair.

GOOD ADVICE.—A blacksmith was lately summoned to a county court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied: "I told the fools to settle, but they would not take their coats, the lawyers their alms, and if they got into your honor's court you'd skin 'em."

HOLINESS.—If it be heaven toward which we journey, it will be holiness which we delight in, for if we can now rejoice in having God for our portion, where is our meanness for a world which God is to be all in all, for ever and ever.—Melrose.

ALPHABETICAL CONVENTIONS.—Why is the letter A like the meridian? Because it is the middle of day. Why is the letter B like fire? Because it makes oil boil. Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because, by its association with E, it becomes a devil. Why is the letter E like the end of time? Because it is the beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like death? Because it makes all fall.

NO RETREAT.—Among the prisoners taken captive at the battle of Waterloo, there was a Highland piper. Napoleon, struck with his mountain dress and silver limbs, asked him to play on his instrument, which is said to sound delightful in the glens and mountains of Scotland. He played a pibroch, and Napoleon said the Highlander played it so well that he would like to see it done. "Play a retreat," "No, na," said the Highlander, "I never learned to play a retreat." "No retreat" should be emblazoned on the standard of every Christian warrior, as he goes forth to battle.—Not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must do so step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence; he who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little contentions, little kindnesses, pleasant words, gentle smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action, but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is this life full of beauty and goodness.—Christian Treasury.

ONE MIGHT AS WELL BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS BE LOVED BY ONE IN IT.

HOUSEKEEPING. CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Almost every one is interested in knowing how to make corn cakes most palatable, since so much of it will be used in these straightened times. The following is said to be an excellent recipe.—Soak in night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt; and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp. Skinnings, there meat has been boiled, is best for frying them with Fry slowly.

PRIZE CORN BREAD RECIPE.—The prize of \$10, offered by Mr. Orange Judah, the publisher of the American Agriculturist, for the best corn bread loaf, was awarded to Mrs. James O'Brien of Carick, Pennsylvania. The recipe for making the bread is as follows:—To two quarts of meal add one pint of bread-powder; water sufficient to wet the whole; add half a pint of flour and a tablespoonful of salt; let it rise; then knead well for the second time, and place the dough in the oven, and allow it to bake one hour and a half.

A very good substitute for tracing paper may be manufactured with ordinary paper by the help of a little benzole. A sheet of ordinary Bath paper, moistened with this oil, renders the material perfectly transparent; the tracing may be effected, and within a short time the volatile fluid has evaporated and left the paper perfectly opaque and clear as before. The drawing sustains no detriment by this operation.

CHEAP PEASOUP.—To one gallon of water put a pint and a half of split peas (if the water be hard, add half a teacupful of carbonate soda). Wash a head of celery, cut up small, and put it into the pot. Let this simmer without boiling till the peas are completely blended with the water. Cut a few onions into thin slices, put them into a frying pan, with two ounces of beef or mutton drippings; dredge or sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour over them, add a teacupful of water, and fry till the mixture is nicely brown. Then pour all into the boiler; season with pepper and salt to taste, stir well, and let the whole boil for about five minutes, when it will be ready for use. A little common mince, dried and powdered, may be sprinkled over it, if agreeable.

TO FRY EGGS.—Use plenty of butter or oil, and take care not to let them be overdone. If ham or bacon is fried with them, it must be done first, and the eggs afterwards.

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