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## Religious Miscellany.

**'Take up thy Cross and follow Me.'**  
The way seems long, dear Leader, and my feet  
Are weary, pressing off these thorns—twere  
sweet,  
Methinks, to rest—this heavy cross remove;  
Thou surely meant not thus my love to prove.  
'Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy burden down;  
For earth's short rest, would'st thou lose thy heavenly crown?'

The way is dark, dear Leader; mist arise  
That hid thy blessed presence from my eyes:  
Fathomable on this lonely mountain wild,  
Loving Father! spare me, spare thy child,  
"Dost hear my voice?" thou follow as I bide,  
Thou'rt safe, if firm on me thy trust is laid.

But I am faint, dear Leader, and I sink,  
My steps are well-nigh gone—'upon the brink  
I heave me fall; yet forth thy mighty power,  
And save me, loving Father, in this hour.  
"Drink freely of the brook that floweth by;  
Then lift thy head—thy Leader still is I."

And must it thus, dear Leader, ever be?  
And may we here no resting-place see?  
Thou faint and weary, light or dark the way,  
Press forward 'er, to reach heaven's blessed day.  
"Enough, that as the Master, thou shouldst live,  
Faithful to death, thou shalt the crown receive."  
Onward, dear Jesus! safely by thee led,  
"Faint yet pursuing," still the path I tread;  
Gird me with strength, then 'er my prayer shall be:  
"Father, 'er so, it seemeth good to thee."  
"And as thy days, thy strength shall ever be:  
White heaven's eternal glory watch thee."

**Reminiscence of an aged Disciple.**  
PRAYER IN ALL THINGS.  
In the summer of 1834 one of our horses had  
strayed when he was much wanted to "set up"  
the potato drills, and two of our farm servants  
spent nearly a fortnight in search of him, until  
at last he was found. My husband said to me one  
day, "I wish you would walk with me and  
brook. I'll take my spade with me and  
ascend the hill, and if the horse is anywhere on  
the plain, we shall make him out." I complied,  
and, as I walked behind him, lifted up my heart  
to the God of heaven to prosper our search—  
When he reached the top of the hill he spied all  
round for some time, but had to descend without  
seeing the animal. He said,—"We may as well  
return home. We'll not go the same way. Let  
us walk along the side of the brook, and go  
through the grove to the westward." We proceeded  
until we came to a narrow path which led  
through the thicket to the common. Suddenly  
we heard a rustling among the trees. Our  
approach had started five horses who were there  
sheltering themselves from the rays of the sun,  
one of them being our runaway. My husband  
had a halter with him, and he drove the beast  
out on the common, and with the help of some  
men who happened to be there, soon secured him.  
I had given up all hope of succeeding, and  
concluded that the God whom I served did  
not attend to the voice of my prayers, or that  
it was presumption in me to trouble Him with  
such a request; but, when we had the horse in  
our possession, I could say,—"I know Thou  
hearest me." My simple prayer had accom-  
plished more than the man's search or the spade.

The following spring, a man with whom I had  
been acquainted in my youth as a dealer of my  
father's, came to our port to take charge of a  
saler. He was a professor of religion, but  
seldom spoke of his faith, and his prayers  
entered into the ear of God. In the course of  
conversation I tried to get the above incident  
out of him, and he related to me the following  
other things, related to the above incident. He  
went to the ice on the seventeenth of March,  
and in five weeks returned with five thousand  
seals. When he came to see me, he said, he  
was out three weeks without seeing a seal, and  
gave up all hope of making a voyage. "One  
Sabbath he spent the whole day in his berth  
resting with God, and beseeching Him to have  
mercy upon him, not only for his employer's  
sake or his own, but for that of the poor fam-  
ilies his crew had left ashore. Before dawn on  
Monday morning one of the watch came on  
the deck and said, "Skipper, I think we are in  
the seal. I hear a noise like dogs barking."  
He ran up deck and found the vessel sur-  
rounded with ice-coats. He remarked,—"I  
while I was praying, I thought of the story  
you told me about the horse; and now it seemed  
as if, during the night, a pilot from heaven had  
taken the helm, and steered the ship into the  
harvest-field."  
"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He  
shall direct thy steps." A. R.

The loss of a horse may be to one man a  
more serious matter than the loss of a ship to  
another. If, then, we may pray, or be thankful  
to God in the one case, why not in the other?  
The "religion of common life" must consist,  
in great part, of prayer with reference to the  
things of common life. If, neglecting these, we  
pray only for great and far-off things, we shall  
never tell the full benefit of prayer. Our Sa-  
vour told his disciples where they would find  
the seal, and on which side of the ship to  
cast the net. When we pray, as He taught us,  
for "daily bread," we cannot help having "ways  
and means" in our thoughts. If we would be  
as blessed as He would have us,—"careful for  
nothing,"—there is only one way.—"In all  
things by prayer and supplication, with thank-  
sgiving, let good requests be made known unto  
God."

But is there no danger of enthusiasm and  
self-deception? Perhaps so; but more danger  
of the practical infidelity which virtually rejects  
the doctrine of a particular Providence which  
numbers the hairs of our head, and without  
which not even a sparrow falls to the ground—  
which not even a matter of care may, legitimately  
and scripturally, be matter of prayer. Answers  
may not come, in temporal things, just as we  
expect; and therefore our petitions for these  
should ever be in submission to His will who  
knows what is best for us. How often do Chris-  
tians feel that their prayers are heard and an-

swered in worldly matters, though not in the  
mode they anticipated. Our cry must be,—  
"Help—if it be Thy will, O God, but help!"  
And, whether in praying or blessing, "He that  
will mark providences shall never want  
providences to mark."  
"When we turn our cares to prayer,  
He'll turn our prayers to praise."

**"To Communicate, Forget not."**  
The following timely article is from the *Watch-  
man and Reflector*:  
At a public exhibition of a panorama of the  
Holy Land, a few years ago, as the picture of  
Jerusalem was passing before the eyes of the  
deeply interested audience, a voice suddenly  
cried out,—"Where is Calvary?" The effect  
of the question, even upon that promiscuous as-  
sembly, was electrical. A deep solemnity fell upon  
all, and in the dim light, tears could be seen  
glistening in many eyes. And so, we think, if  
the Lord's Supper should cease to be administered  
in the churches, many a loving soul would cry  
out,—"Where is Calvary? Show me Calvary!"  
But very many seem to undervalue this ordi-  
nance; and to such we appeal.  
Are you of this number?  
If so what cause can you give?  
1. You cannot say, "It is not commanded."  
Here is Christ's own word,—"This do in remem-  
brance of Me." Never was duty plainer.  
2. You cannot say, "It is hard to perform."  
Not often than once a month is the Supper  
observed. And will you not once in a month  
take the trouble to go and see your Lord's broken  
body? Then you cannot care much for Him.  
3. Perhaps you say, "He that eateth and  
drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh dam-  
nation (condemnation)," and you feel unworthy.  
But this does not refer to unworthiness of char-  
acter, (for all are unworthy) but to a rebuke to  
those who perverted the Supper to a scene of  
gluttony and drunkenness. It was an unwor-  
thiness of conduct at the Supper.  
4. Possibly you say, "I have had feelings to-  
wards a brother, and cannot fellowship with him."  
But you do not go to commune with your  
brother, but with Christ. And again, how im-  
proper to show your disapprobation of a brother  
by obeying Christ! See Matt. v. 24.  
5. Perhaps you say, "I get no good in go-  
ing." How do you know this? Christ said,  
"This do," and is there no good in obeying  
Him? In examining ourselves? In handling the  
sacred elements? In setting awhile in sight of  
Calvary?  
6. Perhaps you may say, "I have to stay at  
home with my family." But perhaps one of  
your 'first loves,' you would not have staid away  
for this. And if so, what does it prove except  
that your love to Christ is grown cold; that  
you are a backslider? And God says, "Return,  
O backsliding daughter, and I will heal thy back-  
sliding."  
Time was, when devout Christians, even wo-  
men, would walk many miles to be present at the  
appointed feast, rather than be once absent. But  
now, how sadly, fearfully it is neglected! What  
trifling excuses prevail! How many forget when  
communion day comes! Success is as readily  
absent for months in succession! Some come  
not for a whole year! Alas, how great a sin!  
Has it come to this, that Christians forsake the  
assembling of themselves together, even at the  
Supper?  
Think of these things, dear brother or sister.  
You are wronging Christ, wronging your own  
soul, setting a bad example before your family  
and others, and grieving your brethren by neg-  
lecting the communion. You seem to undervalue  
Christ's death; to care not to meet with  
Him; you care not to think upon His precious  
remembrance, you care not to take His cup, you  
care not to eat. At His farewell he said, "Take this  
cup upon it, and let it recall My presence and  
My love." O, who would be faithless to His re-  
membrance, who dares to be remembered if not  
He? Who has loved us so much and done so  
much for us?  
A father once kept a cancelled bond for his  
family to look upon and see how he had paid a  
heavy debt, through much self-sacrifice to make  
himself happy. Christ cancelled the claim of jus-  
tice against us, "sailing it to His cross." In  
the Supper, His family look upon this bond.

"He gave me back the bond."  
It was a heavy debt;  
And as He gave, He smiled, and said,  
"Thou wilt not forget."  
"He gave me back the bond."  
The seal was torn away;  
And as He gave, He smiled, and said,  
"Think thou of Me always."  
"That bond I still will keep,  
Although it cancelled be;  
It tells me what I owe to Him  
Who paid the debt for me."  
"I look on it, and smile;  
I look again and weep;  
This record of His love to me  
Forever will I keep."  
"A bond it is no more;  
But it shall ever tell  
That all I owed was fully paid  
By my Emmanuel."

**Family Prayer.**  
Father, do you pray with your family? Do  
you, every morning and evening, collect around  
you the precious gems of your household? Do  
you read them the Word of life, and "lifting  
up holy hands," do you offer up prayer and  
supplication to God? If you do not, fearful is the  
responsibility you assume.  
It is a lamentable fact that many professing  
Christians entirely neglect this solemn and im-  
perative duty; they never mention the subject  
of religion to their children; never thank God  
for the many inestimable blessings they enjoy,  
nor ask for guidance and direction from on  
high, to aid them in the fulfilment of the great  
and important responsibilities involved in the  
parental relation.  
How can you pass along through life profes-  
sing the religion of Jesus Christ and never thank  
the Author of your existence for the many  
blessings and privileges and enjoyments bestow-  
ed upon you as a parent, by His bountiful  
hand? How can you assume responsibilities  
which run on through eternity in their conse-  
quences—responsibilities that involve the souls  
of your most sacred interests of your children,  
and never ask for the grace of

God to rest upon them, and strength and wisdom  
to guide you in the discharge of your duties?  
Very few are aware of the great influence  
exercised by family worship, by the prayers, ear-  
nest and heartfelt prayers, of father and mother.  
It associates with religion all the sweet memo-  
ries of childhood and all the endearments of  
home. It gives to parental counsel and advice  
the sanction of religion and restrains the way-  
ward passions of the soul by the remembrance  
of a father's care and of a mother's tenderness.  
It teaches, by example, dependence and reliance  
upon God, and inspires the soul with longing  
for a blissful immortality.

All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, be-  
lieving, ye shall receive." Blessed God, thy  
promise! Ask that your family may be an honor  
and a blessing to society; that they may be  
loving, faithful, and devoted followers of Christ;  
and believing, it shall be granted. Before you  
go to the labors of the day, to its cares, tempta-  
tions, and anxieties, ask for God's power to up-  
hold you, His counsel to direct you, His Spirit  
to sanctify you, and His presence to cheer you;  
and when the shades of evening gather round  
you, when you look back and review the past, when  
you see how many sins cluster round you, how  
many wrong impressions have been made upon  
your tender minds of your children, and how  
little you have done for yourself, for your  
family, and for God, then pour out your soul  
in earnest prayer, that God may forgive you, and  
that He may give you strength for the morrow.  
Commit your precious charge to Him who is  
true God to do you wrong and to wise to err.  
Ask that you and your family may be shielded  
from temptation, purified in heart, trained  
for usefulness, enlightened in your views, and  
loving and faithful, holy in your aims, con-  
tented in your circumstances, peaceful in death,  
and glorious in immortality beyond the grave.

**Sacred Hymns.**  
Two great classes of men are aptly but unde-  
signedly described by two hymn writers whose  
sweet words we often sing. The one is repre-  
sented by a single verse of Dr. Watts; the  
other by a single verse of Charles Wesley—  
Indeed, these verses speak the distinct and pec-  
uliar characteristics of these celebrated men.  
Watts sings this stanza:  
"Could I but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape from his height,  
Nor Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood  
Should fright me from the shore."  
Ah! the descending Dr. Watts! There was  
a mountain called "H" to be climbed, and he  
stood looking at it from a distance, humming his  
plaintive dole, down among the mists of Jordan.  
He was chill and fearful for the mist of Jordan.  
See him; he walks up, he looks up, and yet  
undetermined, measuring himself with another  
man, and afraid of even that comparison, he  
lingers and tremulously sings:  
"Could I but climb where Moses stood!"  
Well, he could, if he had tried, and did at last,  
and sings the song of Moses and the Lamb to-  
night.  
But hark! Down from a mountain-summit  
rings another song, waking echoes in every val-  
ley like the notes of a bugle. It sounds brighter  
and clearer than the sobbing wails of Jordan,  
richer and sweeter than the plaintive psalm of  
Dr. Watts. It is Charles Wesley, chanting a  
hymn of triumph, warmed and exultant by the  
very effort that carried him upward:  
"The promised land from Pisgah's top  
I now can see;  
My hope is full of glorious joy,  
Of immortality."  
My friends, which song do you sing to-night?  
Which is the song of your daily life? Are you  
standing still in the valley of indifference, and  
trying to praise God in a hymn that your very  
shivering prevents you from singing "with the  
spirit and the understanding," or are you rising  
up to the clearer atmosphere of mountain sum-  
mits, meeting heaven's light and reaching after  
heaven's falling benedictions?—Rev. Alex. Clark.

**Religious Intelligence.**  
**Moravian Missions among the  
Esquimaux.**  
During the summer of 1867, the ship *Harp-  
mony* made its yearly trip to Labrador. The  
missionaries in charge of the Hopedale station  
write:  
"Once again we united in praising our God for  
His watchful care of our missionary ship, and all  
on board.  
A review of the closing ship-year calls for  
loud thanksgiving to the Lord for all the mercies  
He has permitted us to enjoy. There has been  
abundance of food for our people, for the  
unusually productive seal-bunt more than made  
up for the deficient supply of fish caught in the  
last summer and autumn. Our garden crops  
were also more plentiful than usual, so that we  
could afford to send vegetables to our brethren  
at Zoor.  
Early in January several settlers began to  
make their appearance, chiefly for trading pur-  
poses, but, as they attend our services and hear  
the Gospel truth from us privately, we trust that  
they go hence with profit for their souls. They  
gladly receive Bibles and tracts in the English  
language, for a valuable supply of which we are  
most thankful to the British and Foreign Bible  
Society and Tract Society.  
Our native helper, Daniel, having for some-  
time felt the desire to go and tell his brethren  
countrymen in the far north of the vastation that  
is provided in the blood of Jesus, brought the  
matter to the notice of the brethren assembled  
in conference at Nain. Another native helper,  
of the Hebron congregation, Gottlieb, had ex-  
pressed a similar earnest wish, and the confer-  
ence gladly accepted their proposal. Daniel left  
his place on July the 8th with his family, having  
been commended to the Lord's protection and  
guidance at a meeting of the congregation on  
the previous evening, on which occasion he ad-  
dressed the meeting with great earnestness—  
The whole of our people assembled on the beach,  
and joined in singing a benedictory verse, as the  
company set sail in their boat; a farewell  
of this kind had never yet taken place in this  
land. We have great reason to be most thank-  
ful for this new movement for we believe that  
with God's blessing it will tend to the glory of  
His name. It entails no slight sacrifice for our  
Eskimo, for he is by nature so attached to his  
country, he loses patience and makes a row. This

we dare say, must be wrong; but let it at least be  
the rudest Englishman never disturbs  
professed Roman Catholic, or Jewish, or Mor-  
mon, or any other place of worship, and that  
when he disturbs a ritual service, it is not on the  
impulse of his religious bigotry, but of his sense  
of natural justice.  
One thing appears to us abundantly plain.  
Sir Robert Phillimore and Lord Westbury, were  
they the ablest lawyers that ever pronounced  
a judgment, will not be able to bring  
the Protestant Church of England and the  
Protestant Church of Scotland into peace-  
ably, normally, beneficently assert her character,  
and throw off at once ritualism and Neologism,  
by becoming free, but in no other way."  
*Christian World.*

**Reformed Church.**  
Rev. J. Mayon, of the Arcon Mission, India,  
writes concerning recent converts:  
The seven baptized at Vallambri were converts  
from Romanism, and have been a long time  
under instruction, some of them over three years.  
These Romanists were much worse than many  
heathen in their conduct, and the power of  
Christianity will be exemplified if they become  
good, honest, and faithful in their domestic  
relations. They have been kept back for some  
time, in order to test them, and having done so,  
and showing a number of times after he came to  
the training and perfection of believers, I re-  
ceived them upon their profession of faith in the  
Lord Jesus.  
In heathenism there is no law, in Romanism  
not much, if any in some places, and it is no  
wonder if they are described in the Epistles of  
Paul. To reclaim these to order, sobriety, and  
purity is our object and aim, and if they fall into  
their former sins at times, we must not be sur-  
prised, but help them out as best we can with  
kindness and discipline. The power of the keys  
has been given to the Church for this purpose,  
and is used for the correction of errors. I had  
to suspend two persons at the same time I was  
receiving the others.  
Of the four baptized belonging to the village  
of Sevor, one is a pensioned invalid, or officer  
in the native army. He learned much re-  
specting Christianity during his residence in  
various places, and was predisposed in his favor.  
I met him a number of times after he came to  
Bhavilga, and urged him to become a Christian,  
and gave him books to read. He was then  
struck to leave the religion of his relatives. He  
finally made up his mind more than a year ago,  
and placed himself under my instruction. As  
he was an intelligent reader, it was easy for him  
to receive instruction. He has been instrumen-  
tal in bringing with him three brothers and their  
families. He had no sooner joined us than his  
eyes were opened, and he was enabled to keep  
himself in his difficulty, by the kindness sent  
from the Western churches. He is now study-  
ing with me, and goes with me to the villages.  
Since my return from the Hills, I have re-  
ceived the pledge of twenty-three families in  
seven different villages to forsake heathenism or  
Romanism; eleven families in villages already  
under our care, and twelve families in three other  
villages. To-day, I have just received the pledge  
of the Roman Catholic priest of this place. He was  
a man of over fifty years of age.

**Anarchy in the Church.**  
What is the ecclesiastical world of England  
coming to, in the ecclesiastical world, we mean,  
as it is recognized by statute, and forms part  
of the British Constitution? In one word, there  
are things tending to in the Church of Eng-  
land? Our spirit in putting the question is  
friendly but we cannot disguise the fact that  
the aspect of affairs is startling. The peace  
and quiet of the olden time have given place  
to a scene of tumult and dissension such as has  
not been witnessed in England for two cen-  
turies. Better even this than the torpor of  
religious indifference which reigned so long in  
the Church; but we have much mistaken the nature  
of Englishmen if a state of chaotic anarchy will  
not be deeply felt by them to be an unfit and  
unnatural condition for a Church of Christ.  
The Church that they cannot exist together on their  
present footing, and each party is rushing to  
the courts of law to have it determined whether  
she do not take to the arbitral cannot be  
turned out of the Church. Mr. Mackenzie is  
being prosecuted in the Court of Arches;  
number of new Colonies cases are looked for-  
ward as a cry that some one or other of the ad-  
vanced Liberal clergy is to be proceeded against;  
and the ritualists, adopting the tactics which  
has so often been tried in France, are said to be  
about to launch their thunderbolts against some  
noted Evangelicalist for taking liberties with the  
Rubric—whichever, if we believe the ritualists,  
as a flagrant as any which can be alleged against  
themselves. "In a word," to quote from an  
evening contemporary, "each of the three great  
sections of the Church of England appears to  
have decided on the expediency of ascertaining  
its position so far as it can by appealing upon  
Cæsar, in the shape of Sir Robert Phillimore to  
the Privy Council, and the Archbishop of Can-  
terbury. So far as this completely agrees with these lit-  
erary, and, think they are in the right. They  
cannot act harmoniously together, and they are  
bold in declaring, each and all, that their ad-  
versaries must be thrust from the Church. The  
man who believes that, as a priest, has a power  
of working invisible miracles and absolving  
sins, has an essentially different view of Chris-  
tianity from the man who believes that he, the  
minister of a Protestant church is invested with  
no mystical power whatever, and is strong and  
potent, not from his priestly attributes, but  
from his preaching the truth. Nor is there like-  
ly to be much unity of sentiment between either  
of these and an Ultra-Liberal clergyman like Co-  
leno, who preaches sermons to prove that the  
narrative of the Temptation has no historical ba-  
sis. If these cannot agree to differ, they will  
agree in grasping fiercely at the weapons of con-  
flict, and Evangelical, Ritualist, and Neologian,  
mimicking the quarrels of the French de-  
partment, will at this moment declare, The Church,  
"I am the Church." Meanwhile the rough Eng-  
lishman out of doors had clear convictions of two  
things and two only, first, that the Church ex-  
isted by law and maintained by the nation's  
money was not originally, and ought not now to  
be, Popish; secondly, the law, laws, and debates  
interminably, but gives him no tangible argu-  
ment that the Church not and shall not be Re-  
formed. Firm in his conviction on these points,  
our rough-and-ready friend infers that there  
is, or there must be, one method left for his ad-  
option. If a man attacks him in the street, and there is  
no policeman to defend him, he knocks his assail-  
ant down; if a Church of England minister plays  
Papist before his face, and law gives him no re-  
dress, he loses patience and makes a row. This

is the purpose did unfulfilled. Out from the  
room they slipped, slamming the door, locking  
it, and shouting, "Stay in here!"  
Now was the time for action. This disagree-  
able invitation was not accepted. Out upon the  
piazza-roof the metaphorically weakest of the  
sexes was hurled, and in the spottish garment  
which alone had been left, seizing a watchman's  
rattle I jumped from the window of the second  
story, and gave the startling signal of alarm.  
The leap might have been dangerous, but the  
one that would have been most sensible of this,  
said this verse came to her mind and removed  
all anxiety. "He shall give his angels charge over  
thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear  
thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot  
against a stone." The unbidden guests were  
evidently disturbed by this unexpected flank  
movement. They had taken the precaution to  
leave open every rear door, and through one,  
the with great expedition they departed. In the  
shadow of stone walls and trees they made their  
way to their boat, and got clear with their plunder.

There is no pillow like the words of Jesus af-  
ter such a scene as this, "Come unto me," He  
says, "and I will give you rest." He does so,  
and we sleep as sweetly as if our rest had never  
been thus abruptly broken.  
**A Beautiful and Touching Inci-  
dent.**  
The Bible tells us that woman is to be a help-  
mate to man, and the man is to be the support  
of the woman. To make married life the source  
of happiness, affection must rule the hearts of  
both. The married must be mutual helpers one  
to the other. Then the conjugal state becomes a  
smooth and pleasant road, fringed with fragrant  
flowers, which bloom even in the depth of the  
winter of adversity and sorrow!  
"I have read," says the author of a recent  
work, "a beautiful illustration of this point: A  
lady travelling in Europe, visited, with her bro-  
ther, a town in Germany, and took lodgings  
with a remarkable couple, an aged man and wo-  
man. They were husband and wife. They  
lived by themselves, without child or servant,  
subsisting on the rent accruing from the lease  
of their parlor and two sleeping rooms. The  
lady, in giving an account of the persons, says:  
"When we knocked at the door for admittance,  
the two aged persons answered the knock to-  
gether. When we rang the bell in our bedrooms,  
the husband and wife invariably came, side by  
side. And our requests and demands were  
received by both, and executed with the utmost  
accuracy and exactness. The first night, having  
arrived late by the coach, and merely requiring  
a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to  
understand the reason of this double attendance."  
When the time to retire came, the lady was  
surprised to see both the husband and wife at-  
tending her to her chamber, and on looking,  
with some seriousness, toward the husband, the  
wife, noticing her embarrassment, said to her,  
no offense is intended madam, my husband is  
stone blind." The lady began to sympathize with  
the aged man, and his aged partner, and  
having a husband quite blind. The blind man  
exclaimed: "It is useless for you, madam, to  
speak to my wife, for she is entirely deaf, and  
hears not a word you say." Says the lady  
boarder, "here was an exemplification of the di-  
vine law of compensation. Could a pair be  
better matched? They were indeed 'one flesh.'"  
He saw through her eyes, and she heard through  
his ears. Ever after it was most interesting to  
watch the aged man and his aged partner ex-  
ercise their complete *inseparableness*. Their sym-  
pathy with each other was as swift as electricity,  
and this made their deprivation as nothing!"  
This beautiful domestic picture would only suf-  
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**Expanding the Lungs.**  
Step out into the purest air you can find;  
stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders  
back, and then, fixing the lips as if you were  
going to whistle, draw the air through the lips  
into the lungs. When the chest is about half  
full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them ex-  
tended with the palms of the hands down, as if  
you were to suck in the air, so as to bring them over  
the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then  
drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forc-  
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verse the process by which you draw your breath  
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be repeated immediately after bathing, and also  
several times through the day. It is impossible  
to describe to one who has never tried it the  
glorious sense of vigor which follows this exer-  
cise. It is the best expectorant in the world—  
We know a gentleman the measure of whose  
chest has been increased by this means some-  
three or four inches during as many months.—  
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**Bread Cast upon the Waters.**  
A young man living in New York at the time  
of the discovery of gold in California, was led by  
the prevailing excitement to sell all he had here  
and travel to that land of promise. He arrived  
safely, made his way to the mountains, and  
worked hard for months, but with little success.  
Soon his money was gone, his clothes nearly  
worn out, and he must either starve, or find his  
way back to New France, and get employment  
with a farmer. He started on foot, and slowly made his  
journey. One afternoon he came to the bank of  
a stream which must be crossed. A ferryman  
was ready with a row-boat. "What is your  
charge?" asked the traveller. "One dollar a  
trip." "Well, I shall have to foot it up the stream  
until I can find a crossing place." "Are you hard  
up?" asked the ferryman. "I'm dead broke," was  
the deploring reply. "Jump in—I'm not the  
man to send a fellow sick," and with a few  
vigorous strokes they were soon in the middle  
of the stream. Here the boatman stopped row-  
ing, and looking in his face, asked, "Is your  
name Jones?" "Yes, replied the other, with a  
start at finding himself recognized.—"Didn't  
your father belong to the church in—street?"  
"Yes." "I thought so," said with that he drew  
out gold pieces, I have made five hundred  
dollars by ferrying passengers; here are three  
hundred of them for you. You can pay me  
when you are *flush*; or if that don't happen,  
then all right. You think I'm crazy, perhaps,

and the purpose did unfulfilled. Out from the  
room they slipped, slamming the door, locking  
it, and shouting, "Stay in here!"  
Now was the time for action. This disagree-  
able invitation was not accepted. Out upon the  
piazza-roof the metaphorically weakest of the  
sexes was hurled, and in the spottish garment  
which alone had been left, seizing a watchman's  
rattle I jumped from the window of the second  
story, and gave the startling signal of alarm.  
The leap might have been dangerous, but the  
one that would have been most sensible of this,  
said this verse came to her mind and removed  
all anxiety. "He shall give his angels charge over  
thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear  
thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot  
against a stone." The unbidden guests were  
evidently disturbed by this unexpected flank  
movement. They had taken the precaution to  
leave open every rear door, and through one,  
the with great expedition they departed. In the  
shadow of stone walls and trees they made their  
way to their boat, and got clear with their plunder.

There is no pillow like the words of Jesus af-  
ter such a scene as this, "Come unto me," He  
says, "and I will give you rest." He does so,  
and we sleep as sweetly as if our rest had never  
been thus abruptly broken.  
**A Beautiful and Touching Inci-  
dent.**  
The Bible tells us that woman is to be a help-  
mate to man, and the man is to be the support  
of the woman. To make married life the source  
of happiness, affection must rule the hearts of  
both. The married must be mutual helpers one  
to the other. Then the conjugal state becomes a  
smooth and pleasant road, fringed with fragrant  
flowers, which bloom even in the depth of the  
winter of adversity and sorrow!  
"I have read," says the author of a recent  
work, "a beautiful illustration of this point: A  
lady travelling in Europe, visited, with her bro-  
ther, a town in Germany, and took lodgings  
with a remarkable couple, an aged man and wo-  
man. They were husband and wife. They  
lived by themselves, without child or servant,  
subsisting on the rent accruing from the lease  
of their parlor and two sleeping rooms. The  
lady, in giving an account of the persons, says:  
"When we knocked at the door for admittance,  
the two aged persons answered the knock to-  
gether. When we rang the bell in our bedrooms,  
the husband and wife invariably came, side by  
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hundred of them for you. You can pay me  
when you are *flush*; or if that don't happen,  
then all right. You think I'm crazy, perhaps,

continued he, observing the astonished looks of  
the traveller, "but I was never in better senses  
in my life. When I was a little boy, and my  
mother was a poor widow, many a time has  
your father visited our home, and when he had  
gone, somewhere about about the room we  
would find money for a barrel of flour, or for  
the rent, when we knew not before where it  
was to come from; and as long as I live, if I  
have only a crust, when I find one of my boys  
in want, he shall get the biggest half! The  
loan was gratefully accepted; by its aid the tra-  
veller was able to reach San Francisco, earn  
enough to repay his benefactor, and return safe-  
ly to his home. This story, with the exception  
of the name is a true one, related by the tra-  
veller himself, illustrating the precept, "Cast thy  
bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after  
many days."—*American Agriculturist.*

**Sing Away Your Grief.**  
We can sing away our cares easier than we  
can reason them away. The birds are the ear-  
liest to sing in the morning; the birds are  
more without care than anything else I know of.  
Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing  
that the robins do. When they have done their  
daily work, when they have flown their last  
flight and picked up their last morsel of food,  
and cleaned their bills on a napkin of a bough;  
then on a top twig, they sing one song of praise.  
I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream  
music; for sometimes in the night they break out  
in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note,  
started by their own voice. Oh! that we might  
sing all the way through. As I was returning  
from the country, the other evening, between  
six and seven o'clock, bearing a basket of flow-  
ers, I met a man that was apparently the tender  
of a mason. He looked brick and mortar all  
over! He had worked the entire day, and he had  
the appearance of a man that would not be  
afraid of work. He was walking on with a light  
step, and singing to himself as he passed down  
the street, though he had been working the  
whole day, and nearly the whole week. Were  
it not that my thoughts always come too late, I  
should have given him a large allotment of my  
flowers. If he had not been out of sight when the  
idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him  
and said, "Have you worked all day?" "Of  
course I have," he would have said. "Are you  
singing?" "Of course I am." "Then take that  
blessing of mine to you."  
Oh! that we could put songs under our bur-  
den. Oh! that we could extract the sense of  
sorrow by song. These things would no  
poison so much. Sing in the house. Teach  
your children to sing. When troubles come, go  
at them with song. When griefs arise, sing  
them down. Lift the voice of praise against  
care. Praise God by singing; that will lift you  
above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They  
sing in heaven; and among God's people upon  
earth, song is the appropriate language of Chris-  
tian feeling.—

4th verse, and read what the blessed Virgin says: "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Who did the Virgin Mary say was her Saviour?

Did at Let's Mountain, in the Montclair Circuit, N. B., on 29th February last, Robert Maddison, Esq., in the 60th year of his age. He was born in the County of Durham, England, and emigrated to this Province about thirty-seven years since.

Our deceased brother was converted to God in a powerful revival which took place in the faithful ministry of Rev. G. M. Barratt, about twenty-four years ago, at the old chapel in the village of Coverdale.

Obituary

ROBT. MADDISON, ESQ., WESTMORLAND CO., N. B. Died at Let's Mountain, in the Montclair Circuit, N. B., on 29th February last, Robert Maddison, Esq., in the 60th year of his age.

Provincial Eclectic

During the last two or three months brief notices of gracious revivals in various parts of these Provinces have appeared in our columns; and we think we have a communication from Caymans' furnishing an account of a very decided work of grace in that town, in which, we are happy otherwise to learn, different churches are participating.

Religious Revival

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the United States contain very remarkable and cheering accounts of revival seasons in the various Evangelical churches.—Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist and Methodist—and these seasons of revival are noted as occurring in nearly all the States of the Union, and in several hundreds of instances, resulting in the ingathering of many thousands of persons into the several churches.

Revival intelligence is published from sixty-two Presbyterian churches, and in fifty of these the number of converts is one thousand three hundred and thirty-five. In Illinois the churches of sixteen different towns rejoice in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In fifty Baptist churches one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven conversions are reported, while in thirty-four more, revivals are in progress.

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Bermuda Correspondence

MR. EDITOR.—We readily acknowledge the justice and propriety of the explanation given in relation to the evils which we spoke in a former communication. We see that neglecting to mention the peculiar position of Bermuda as a Military and Naval station, our statements were calculated to mislead the readers, who are not informed in relation to the character of Bermudians as a whole.

Our Children

Many complaints are made by professing Christians in regard to their children; and little wonder that there should be, under the usual discipline in Christian families, "so called." Men study the variety of soil, season and seed—the variety of disposition in their customers, servants and horses, and adapt their movements in accordance with these peculiarities; but who studies the peculiar disposition and tastes and susceptibilities of his child?

Revival in Guysborough

MR. EDITOR.—We commenced special services in our Vestry on the third of February. They were attended by few during the first week; the second week we were more encouraged; the third week we had a still better attendance; several persons professed to be converted; and the Church was very much cheered.

False Maxims

While many important truths are crystallized in the form of popular proverbs, a multitude of bald errors likewise assume the same preparedness. Even, if we admit with French that proverbs in the main "rage themselves under the banners of the right and of the truth," and that "very far more are children of light and of day than of darkness and of night," we cannot forget that there are still many of those whose teaching is injurious to the best interests of the spirit.

THE CANTEBRIDGE CONVOCATION

It is hard to imagine a spectacle in every respect so unedifying as is presented year after year in the city of Cambridge. True, the debating club, which starts from no premises, arrives at no conclusions, and performs no other function than that of diminishing the respect that still felt for the dignity of its corporate capacity.

THE NEW PREMIER

To-day brings with it a new sensation. We are living under the Premiership of Mr. Disraeli. The author of "The Two Roses" and the "wondrous tale of Alroy," the "gentleman of Hebrew extraction" who took to writing novels to relieve the tedium of a lawyer's office, the revolutionary Radical whose reverses failed to inspire despondency with alarm, chiefly because it supplied them with the ardour of inexhaustible laughter; the "frisky" aspirant youth who essayed in his maiden speech to establish a new era in the art of rhetoric, and happily broke down—this is the statesman who is to be the first Prime Minister of England.

TESTIMONIAL TO REV. W. M. PUNSHON, A. M.

We are not surprised to find that the coming departure from this country of the Rev. W. M. Punshon, A. M., has suggested the advisability of some acknowledgement of the services he has rendered to Methodism and to Protestantism in large.

ANGLICANISM AND METHODISM

In regard to the recent proposal of Archbishop Hamilton at the York Convocation to bring about a union between the Church of England and Methodism, a correspondent of the Nonconformist says:—"Does not the last instructed of the 'great army of the priesthood' know that the doctrines, the tenets, the government, and above all the doctrine and practices and habits of the Wesleyan Body, are the very Antipodes of the Established Church?—so singularly and so pointedly!

DEAN ALFORD IN THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Amongst recent deliverances, written or spoken, on the subject of Christian union, by clergymen of the Church of England, nothing more noticeable has appeared than an article in the current number of the Contemporary Review, by the Dean of Canterbury, entitled, "The Union of Christendom in its Home Aspect." Considering the ecclesiastical position of the writer, and the fact that he has been a scholar and divine by his *Hulsean Lectures*, his *Sermons* and especially by his *Greek Testament*, the paper referred to is sure to attract general attention.

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Spirit of the Press

This letter on Ireland from the *shelved and settled* Whig, Earl Russell, was expected to be something novel, startling and revolutionary; and an excellent performance of one sect with the earnest strile of the other; the Lenten superstitions of the one with the *Class-meetings and Love-feasts* of the other; the formal platitudes with the familiar illustrations; the stiff reserve with the social freedom, and you are drawn to the admission that no Convocation can ever hope to bring the two denominations so widely severed into one union, but he has been a scholar and divine by his *Hulsean Lectures*, his *Sermons* and especially by his *Greek Testament*, the paper referred to is sure to attract general attention.

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