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Religious Miscellany.

The Golden Rule.

By Mrs. E. K. FURMAN.

This is the proudest gem;
The sacred lamp of tender care,
Gives to the bow its crowning gleam,
And beams its beauty, such as angels wear.

O could we know its worth,
The purity and love within it shined,
Would pour such floods of gladness o'er the earth,
As heaven's light has never yet divined!

It measurement and weight
We for ourselves do not freely claim;
But should the balance hold another's fate,
Ah, this is it that must most brightly flame.

For what is it,
With which the golden rule, or power, or fame,
With which we live and breathe and beat,
Or do not die, or cease to have a name?

And we have yet to find
Our own advantage in the golden rule,
And with our neighbor's path the golden rule,
And with our neighbor's path the golden rule.

Then have we truly done,
If it reversed would give a mournful part;
And often wrong most thoughtlessly begun,
Alone to darkest blindness of heart.

So little do we know
The vast extent of reckless pride or power,
And the sad chronic of human woe,
And back, alas, to one black evil hour.

All that too sacrfully
We cannot guard this precept just and true,
And through the press of passions tenderly
Do not obey, we have a heavy load.

Think of the golden rule,
Of our best gifts will for heaven we strive;
And every seeking in the Christian school
Must live by it if he would walk and thrive.

O, how little thing
To wound a heart, or cause sad tears to flow,
Or bash the wing that one would gladly sing,
Though we might dream that men a bitter foe.

And if the faintest one,
So prone to falter toward the better land,
Should ask our pity, would we give a stone,
With cold disdain, or pierce the trembling hand?

Ah, 'tis a fearful trust,
This holy precept—to do and bear,
As brings the consciousness of being just,
With all who share our earthly lot and care.

To cheer the desolate
And by the sympathy to watch and wait,
That in their path may spring the bloom of love,
That in their path may spring the bloom of love.

But often mortals love
In conflict fall, too feeble to attain
This self-denial—only from above
Strength derived, the vantage ground to gain.

Yes, 'tis alone our chart
Of love to God, whom yet we cannot see—
A fount of sweetness swelling in the heart,
For fellow pilgrims to eternity.

—Ladies Repository.

God Honours His Servants.

Some years ago there lived a barber in the city of Bath, in England. For a long time he had been in the habit of keeping his shop open on Sunday. After a while he became a Christian, and then he felt that he must stop breaking the Sabbath, and close his shop on Sunday; yet he was afraid to do it, he thought if he did so he should offend his customers, and lose all his business. He went to consult his minister. He advised him to close his shop on the Sabbath, and trust God to take care of him. He did so; but it turned out just as the barber expected. His genteel customers were offended. Because he wouldn't shave them on Sunday, they refused to come to him through the week. He lost his business; he was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and open a poor cellar—where he barely did business enough to get himself bread to eat. Well, what then? Did God's promise fail in the case of the poor barber? Did he suffer loss, instead of securing profit by shutting up his shop on the Sabbath for the sake of Jesus? Wait a little and see.

One Saturday evening about dark, a strange gentleman, who had just arrived in the mail coach, asked for a barber. One of the ostlers pointed him to the cellar. He came in hastily and asked to be shaved quickly, while they were changing horses, as it would be late at night when he reached the end of his journey. He did not like to break the Sabbath. This troubled the barber's feelings so that he could not help weeping. He asked the stranger to lend him a penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him. The gentleman gave a penny, and said, "I am glad to see you, as you are the person I am seeking. I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will hand over to you, as soon as I am sure that you are the William Reed I am seeking."

The barber went with the gentleman; he had no difficulty in proving that he was the William Reed, and his uncle's large fortune was

soon put in his possession. How strange this was! God brought it about in such a way as to reward him for his faithfulness. When he resolved to shut up his shop on Sunday he was doing nothing for Jesus. It seemed, at first, as if he was going to suffer a great loss for what he had done; but in the end, you see, he was rewarded, more than a hundred or a thousand fold. For, if he had not shut up his shop on Sunday, he would not have lost his customers; and if he had not lost his customers he would not have been in that cellar, so poor as to have to beg a penny to buy a candle, and if it had not been for this, the gentleman who had charge of his uncle's fortune would not have found him out. And so we may say that all that property came to him as a reward for what he did for Jesus when he closed his shop on Sunday. Certainly that barber had reason to say that there is profit in doing for Jesus.

There is a story of a certain prince who had a wonderful ring, which pricked his finger whenever he was doing anything wrong. It was given him to help him always to keep upright and go; and he was told that so long as he wore it he would prosper. At first he set great store by the ring; but in time he began to be vexed at being so often checked by its pricking, and so often stopped from doing what he wished. One day he had set his heart upon something that he was yet well aware was wrong, and he was about to do it in spite of the warning of the ring; but it pricked him so sharply that he drew it off his finger in a passion and threw it away, and from that moment he fell into many misfortunes, and came at last to a very sad end.

Now this is only a pleasant little story; but it is meant to help us to understand a great truth. We have all of us something like the prince's wonderful ring, which checks us when we do wrong, and makes us uneasy. Any one of us knows quite well that, if we say a thing that is not true, or do a thing we know we ought not to do, and that we are afraid of being found out to have done, we feel something within us uneasy, and seem to whisper to us that we are guilty. This is conscience. Conscience is like the wonderful ring.

A boy once stole a half-sovereign; nobody saw him or suspected him; but he felt so unhappy, so uneasy, and ashamed of himself, that at last of his own accord he told what he had done, and brought the money back to the owner, begging to be forgiven; and after this he was much relieved, and once more comfortable in his mind. It was conscience that would not let this boy be at peace. His conscience was troubled till he had done all he could to repair his fault. Happy are those who have a conscience at ease, and happy are those, too, who, like this boy, listen when conscience tells them they have done wrong, and as like him, confess their fault, and repair it as well as they can.

It is quite possible to neglect attending to what conscience keeps whispering to us till we silence it and lose its help altogether, and then, when we have lost this good warning guide, we must grope, as the prince did, worse and worse, and come at last to some sad end.

When people go on doing what they know is wrong without caring, they come to such a state as last as hardly to know what is wrong, and what is right; their hearts become hardened. Pharaoh's heart was hardened; and he went to his own destruction.

Even now in our time there are cases like Pharaoh's. We hear of dreadful deeds sometimes. Perhaps some wretched man has committed murder, and is going to be hanged. If only he had begun by keeping off from lesser sins at first, or if he had but listened to the whispering voice in his own heart when he first did wrong, and repented and tried to make amends, he would not have been led in the end to commit that last dreadful sin. Perhaps if the boy who, in an evil moment, stole the half-sovereign, had not told his sin and repented of it, he might have ended in being hanged; for it is very likely he would have done something of the same sort again; and it is always found very easy to go from bad to worse, to slip down lower and lower, when once a person has got so far as to do any one bad deed without feeling sorry about it.

If any one of us has done something wrong that he knows quite well to be wrong, and do not like to think about, and wish with all our heart he had never done, there is a cure for his uneasiness in confessing the fault, whatever it is, honestly and boldly, where it is possible to do so. We shall be surprised what relief will come to us when we have told it, and said we are wrong. And until we have done this in some way, we have no right to look for the favor of God, who has seen the sin that may have been hid from the eyes of men. To seek knowledge out of fault will be the first beginning to make amends; it will restore us to peace, and will help us never to do the like again; and it will give us the right to "come boldly to the throne of grace," and ask God to strengthen us to fight the battle of life bravely against sin, the world, and the devil, as Christ's soldier should fight it.—Our Children's Magazine.

"Always, Always Flowing."

It is related of a late eminent servant of God, who resided in the north of Scotland, that in his youth he was once employed in tending a flock of sheep. The pasture to which he led them from day to day was in a field pleasantly situated near a river. Once, as he lay on the bank of the stream admiring the ceaseless flow of the waters, he suddenly recollected having heard somewhere in a sermon that a river was like eternity. He felt now, as he had never before, the force of the illustration. Still gazing on the constant torrent, he said to himself:—"When I die, I must go either to heaven or hell. If I go to heaven, my happiness will be like the river—always, always flowing; and if I go to hell, my misery shall be like this river—always, always flowing." The thought along to his mind, as hour after the stream flowed calmly by. It was the crisis of his life. No loud call from heaven, no alarming providence, no pathetic appeal stirred his soul; nothing but the still small voice from the bosom of the tranquil river. At length he returned home, but he could not shake off the impression. The Holy

Spirit awoke him to the consciousness of his immortality, and constrained him to ponder whether that immortality should be an endless river of pleasure at God's right hand, or a ceaseless stream of anguish from the lake of fire. Day after day he returned with his flock to the pasture, but every fresh glance at the river recalled to his mind that one towering thought—ETERNITY.

At last he could endure it no longer. He fled for refuge to the Saviour, received the sense of forgiveness through a believing apprehension of his cross, and thereupon found the thought of future endless existence a source of comfort rather than alarm. Subsequently he was called to the ministry of the word of the gospel, and became a distinguished blessing to the church. The circumstances which, under Divine guidance, originated his career, gave the tone to all its subsequent course. He habitually dwelt not upon the seen and the temporal, but upon the unseen and eternal.

A Dead Church.

It is said that when Napoleon I. invaded Egypt, he encountered a force reckoned in a mud fort that effectually defied all his efforts to reduce it. If it had been built of rock, he could have blown it up with powder, or shattered it with artillery. If it had been wood, he could have fired it with rockets. But it was a huge mass of mud, in which his iron missiles stuck fast, and rather increased than diminished its powers of resistance. He therefore left the place in despair, and turned his attention to more practical operations. Now, what this mud fort was to Egyptian soldiers, a cold dead church is to the world of ungodly men. They are effectually protected behind this mass of carnality, and utterly defy all the moral artillery of the Gospel. The heavenly missiles sink fast in this intervening obstacle, and never reach their mark. O, when will our churches learn that where the spirit and mixtures of the world crush out their spirituality, they are nothing but sects and "synagogues of Satan"? When will they learn that they can only exist to do good; that whatever the spirit of godliness disperses, their candlesticks will be removed, the light in them become darkness which envelops the world, and they become nothing but stumbling-blocks to the very classes whom they are commissioned to lead to Christ? One of the most impressive symbols used by our Lord to indicate the living energy of piety in our hearts, "If the salt," says he, "has lost its favor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is henceforth good for nothing." How many things cease to be profitable for some purpose, but when the sharp and elastic qualities of salt are lost, of all substances in nature it is most useless. It is "good for nothing but to be trodden under foot of men." So, when the vital energy of Christianity is lost in a church, it becomes "aavor of death unto death." O, let the priests of the Most High weep from the porch and altar; let the few names that have not departed their garments give him no rest till he directed to strengthen the things that remain, and that are ready to perish!—Christian Index.

Good for a School House.

"Rather poor accommodation for a family there, I should think," said a friend, as we rode past a small one-story building, in one of the rural districts of New York.

"It is a school-house," I replied.

"That evening at the prayer-meeting, I heard a Christian say, 'This is a dreary world. I wonder that I should ever feel attached to it. Friends fade away, riches take to themselves wings, pleasures have a concealed sting. Everything here is transitory.'"

Dreary I thought, yes dreary enough as a dwelling-place, but is not very good for a school-house? And that is the only purpose for which God ever meant it.

Riches, friends, pleasures pass away." To be sure they do. So do poverty, enemies, troubles, for all these are only school-books, and when we have learned all the lessons any one of them can give us, our teacher, God, takes it away, and gives us another book. Earth is changeable and ought to be. Do we want to be kept always in the lowest class, because, if we enter a higher one from riches to poverty is often, as God looks at things prominent.

I saw another man not long after, a professor of religion too. "Well," he said, "give me a good farm well stocked, and I'll risk all the danger of it. Why shouldn't a man have the good of the world while he is in it?"

He was making the same mistake. "The good of the world," he said, and forgetting that it is good only as a school-house, he was trying to make easy chairs of its benches, and leaving tables of its desks. He was filling it with household stores, and wholly neglecting the lessons set for him to learn in it. I trembled as I thought of his examination day.

With a sadder sense came the thought that this world is only a school-house. As I stood by the death-bed of an aged Christian, and heard her whisper, "All that we can enjoy of this life is very uncertain, but we know,—ere her voice failed, and I completed the sentence,—

"We know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"That," she whispered again, "is my comfort now."—Nat. Baptist.

Universalism.

A Universalist preacher, Mr. Kidwell, delivered a very eloquent sermon from the text, "Peace on earth; good-will to men." The drift of the sermon was that the gospel of peace, good-will, will not terror nor hell fire.

At the close he invited any one to ask questions, or make any reply he might wish. A young man, who had been something of a John Randolph, rose and said:

"Mr. Kidwell, you answer me two questions?"

"Well certainly," was the reply.

"Well, sir, did Paul preach the Gospel before Felix?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did Felix tremble?"

"He did."

The young man took his hat, bowed politely and saying, "Good night, Mr. Kidwell," stepped out. The audience immediately followed him, most of the gentlemen bidding Mr. Kidwell "Good-night."—Religious Herald.

Giving.

I have been young, and now I am old, and as I stand before God to-night I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. O, no! it is the riches we keep that perish; that which is given away abides with us for ever; it impresses itself on our character, and tells on our eternal destiny; for the habit of charity in this life will accompany us to the next. The bud which begins to open here will blossom in full expansion hereafter, to delight the eye of angels and beautify the paradise of God. Let us, then, now and on every occasion hereafter, practice that liberality which in death we shall approve, and so republish the parimony which we shall then condemn.

Religious Intelligence.

Montreal Missionary Anniversary.

The first of the series of public meetings connected with the Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada was held in the Great St. James street Church, in Montreal, on Monday evening of last week. Hon. James Ferrier, M.P.P., an esteemed layman of the Church, and formerly mayor of the city, occupied the chair. Rev. J. Elliott and G. Douglas conducted the opening religious exercises.

After a brief address by the chairman stating the purpose of the meeting, J. A. Mathewson, Esq., secretary of the society, gave a summary of the work accomplished during the year. The domestic missions of Canada extend from Cape in the East to St. John's, in the West. At present there are about 14,000 members of the Wesleyan Church upon 140 domestic missions, and 193 missionaries. 70,000 persons are estimated to be under the influence of the agents of this society alone, seven different languages being spoken by the missionaries. The auxiliaries had five branches—Hudson's Bay territory, Indian missions, German, French, and among the Chinese in British Columbia. The work, on the whole, might be considered to be progressing favorably. The total amount raised in the Montreal Centre Church last year, including the breakfast, was \$3,652.35.

SPEECH OF REV. MR. BORDLAND.

Rev. Mr. Bordland delivered the first address. He felt the necessity and responsibility of the work, which, however lightly thought of by the world, was not lightly esteemed by God. He urged all to reflect on these things, which, when accomplished, would give a power to the Church never had yet seen.

At the close of the speeches a collection was taken up, and the meeting adjourned.

Protestant Prussia.

The sudden rise of Prussia to be head of the German nation, and one of the leading powers of Europe, awakens a new interest in her history. We may profitably instruct our younger readers, and refresh the memories of those that are older, by a few facts and figures. In the tenth century the Borussia, a heathen tribe lived on the southern shore of the Baltic sea. They were one of the many wild clans which inhabited that region. They were converted to Christianity and at once began to rise in civilization and power. After various wars with the surrounding heathens, and some reverses, they secured in 1466, at the peace of Thorn, a large accession of territory, and being united with Brandenburg, Borussia, now softened to Prussia, became a province of the great German Empire. It was, however, still one of the feeblest provinces inferior to Saxony, Westphalia and many other principalities.

In the days of Luther, Prussia became Protestant. The descendants of the converted Borussia were reconvered to the doctrines of the Reformation.

During the thirty years war the Electors of Brandenburg, as the rulers of Prussia were then called, joined Gustavus Adolphus and fought for religious liberty, by the side of the Swedes and Saxons.

When Louis XIV. evoked the edict of Nantes, many French families, called by his brutal despotism, fled to Prussia, introducing there valuable arts and manufactures, strengthening the Protestant element, and adding to the wealth and intelligence of the Province.

In 1701 the Elector of Brandenburg became King of Prussia, but his kingdom was comparatively small, numbering only about 2,000,000 inhabitants.

Frederick the Great, grandson of the first king, overthrew the Austrian, whose power was the most energetic and talented ruler of his day, and he made Prussia, for the first time, one of the powers of Europe. Yet, even at his death, in 1786, the population of the kingdom was only 6,000,000.

In the long wars with Napoleon, Prussia showed the effects of the military training of Frederick the Great. Her troops turned the scale on the field of Waterloo. By the treaties of 1815 she received a part of Saxony and other provinces, and became the second power in the German Confederation. She was, however, still over-shadowed by Austria, whose population was as large as her own, and who held the Presidency of the Diet at Frankfurt.

But Prussia had enlightened rulers, a pure Christian faith, religious toleration, constitutional freedom and public schools. Hence she grew in all the elements of national greatness, until Austria—with her bigotry, despotism and popular ignorance—could overshadow her no longer. Their mutual jealousy led to the recent conflict and the power that was numerically the weaker, but morally the stronger, is victorious. Out of the Christianizing of the wild Borussia in the tenth century, and the Protestantizing of their descendants in the sixteenth century, has arisen a great constitutional monarchy in the nineteenth century, which will benefit our world and mould the German nation, in fact, will be that nation, and exert, as we hope, a mighty influence in behalf of truth and freedom in Europe and the world. Politicians and infidel historians may deny that religion had anything to do with the

rise of Prussia or the decline of Austria. But Christians will see in these overturnings the hand of God. They will see also in this triumph of the nation which has the purest system of religion, a foreshadowing of the great final triumph when Christ shall have dominion from sea to sea.—Christian Herald.

Commerce of the World.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, jewelry, watches, paper, perfumery and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essence, dye stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, zinc, paintings, engravings, mosaic and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woollens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wines and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woollen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, waxes, tallow and cattle.

Austria exports minerals, raw and manufactured silks, thread, glass, grain, wax, tar, nut-gall, wines, honey, and mathematical instruments.

England exports cotton, woollen, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linen, lard, hides, wax, ducks, cordage, bristles, fur, potash and tar.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchors, silks and woollens.

Mexico exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, fustic, campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dyestuffs.

Turkey exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, camlets, shawls, and morocco.

Hindustan exports silks, shawls, carpets, opium, saltpetre, pepper, gum, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds, pearls and drugs.

China exports tea, rhubarb, silk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, filigree works, ivory ware, lacquered wares and porcelain.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums, mahogany and India rubber.

West Indies exports sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dyewood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, rubber, wax, ginger and other spices.

Switzerland exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, lime, silks, velvets, lace, jewelry, paper and gunpowder.

East India exports coffee, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzoin, sulphur, ivory, rattans, sandal wood, zinc and tin.

United States exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, produce of all kinds, lumber, turpentine and wearing apparel.

The World's Fair.

The Paris correspondent of the New York World furnishes the following description of the magnificent structure on the Champs de Mars, for the exhibition of the world's products next spring:

For a moment you can make of all this flash of colors and mingling of shadows no more congenial than of the eternal babble and roar of men and beasts and spindles and steamers that come out of the valley like the sparks and smoke and hammering of Vulcan! The city, sweeping far behind and on the flank of the specific and extraordinary congregation, looks like absolute quiet in the comparison—unpopulated and unnoted. Pasting a moment till the eye has mastered the emotion, you will see out of this chaos the greater components liberate themselves. The exhibition building resolves to concentric circles, or ellipses, rather, of iron, stone, and glass. Of these concentric ellipses there are eight, and within the innermost or eighth one, beneath a suspended roof of wire and crystal, lies the great middle garden, checker-boarded with stately, flashing with fountains, and into which all the cafes of the place open. Crossing the eight ellipses like so many radii, are sixteen great avenues which serve to divide the edifice into the compartments intended for the respective races and nations. Of these two great transverse avenues are of equal height with the exterior and interior ellipses, but none of them cross the central fountain space. There the loud hum of all quarters ceases, and the warring visitors around the leaves of green ferns and spreading flowers, may taste the separate cuisines of every nation on the globe. American beef-steak cakes and Bourbon compounds mixed in Bostonia, will alternate with Egyptian coffee, Smyrna sherbet, and household rats, a la Chinese. It is the rule of the exhibition that each cafe shall sell only refreshments indigenous to its nationality. Out of this monster building sixty arches open into the Palace Garden, which are representative of the architecture of all the countries, variegated with towers, cloisters, offices, fountains, cascades, bowered lakes, grand slides of trees, minarets, mosques, observatories. The grand portal to the exhibition is built of Paris limestone, carved with the arms of the empire, and the motto of welcome, made of the colossal arches, the middle of which is lighted with a grand rose window, greater than Notre Dame's. The outer and inner ellipses of the edifice are thrown open to the roof; the whole is magnificently lighted with crystal chandeliers. And where the whole fabric stands, the greatest in size, as the most perfect in ornament of any such building ever designed, there was not, six months ago, any green growing thing. Eight thousand trees have been in their full height, transplanted here; six thousand workmen have wrought the great ribs of the building; fifteen thousand men have prepared the grounds; two thousand six hundred masons have set the stone foundations; eleven hundred carters and teamsters have driven twenty-eight hundred tons of stone and iron to this preparation. The cost of this edifice proper has been sixteen millions of dollars, and the transformation of the grounds specific and outlying, has cost \$6,400,000. Whoever would see the whole world in one coup d'oeil, as if he beheld it from some far star, fanning and smoking with its own inherent passions, and ringing with the sledge and axes of its anxious habitants, should stand here, in the disappearing frosts of next April, to see this stately crystal

building creak with the cargoes of all our tribes. Then all energy of description will be needed; all clearness of sight and memory imperative to keep apart and perceptive the innumerable wares, models, trifles, glories, that stand in all the crevices of color, space, and power to compute for the reward of the highest in intellect among men. And when they are all revealed and measured, we doubt not that the beholder will walk without, and, looking at the noble proportions of this incomparable palace, say, "This represents them all, as it contains them all!"

Obituary.

Deaths on Port Mouton Circuit.

DEAR EDITOR,—The year just closed has been one of much religious joy on some parts of this Circuit, because of the great good the Lord had done for us, but our rejoicing has often been chastened by afflictive visitation. Death has thinned our members—and here a remark may be necessary—multitudinous duties have prevented an earlier notice of their removal from our midst.

In the early part of the year Mr. West, of White Point was removed by death. She had been for many years a consistent member of the Church. During her last illness, the writer frequently visited her, and there was a holy serenity in her appearance and converse which betokened a ripe and blissful experience in grace. She was tenderly ministered unto by an affectionate daughter-in-law, who waited with joyous expectancy the coming of the Lord. The deceased left ample testimony that she is "forever with the Lord."

Mr. James Smith died on the 22d of June. He had reached the advanced age of 80 years. He was a true and good man—simple in disposition, and unassuming in life. The house of God—the means of grace he ardently loved; which was shown by his uniform and consistent attendance there. He was no bigot, but was warmly attached to the Church of his choice. His whole life was proof demonstrative of the power of abounding grace to save to the uttermost all that fully believe in Christ. As he lived, so he died. He has left a numerous family, may his walk be his steps.

Mr. George Smith has also been taken to the reward of the Lord. He was the son of John Smith, Esq. of Hunts Point. He was brought to God in early life through the instrumentality of Methodism—joined the Wesleyan Church, remained within its rich pastures, and called to the highest worship of the redeemed. He held offices of trust in connection with Methodism for many years, and always seemed pleased when he could render the cause of God any real service. The sickness of which he died was severe, but the "Faithful and True One" did not fail him in any of his distresses. He was very happy through all his illness, and with holy confidence entered into rest, July 20th, aged 54 years. He has left a father, mother, and a wife who are only waiting the welcome word—"come!"

How oft repeated and how true the saying—"The old must, but the young may die." Death has passed upon all, says an apostle. Mr. Samuel Lesley, aged 27 years, was taken down by consumption, followed by dropsy, and soon as in his death's embrace. He had lived a moral, but not a strictly religious life; but during his sickness he repented. One Sabbath evening, whilst family devotion was being conducted, he made joyful in God. He lingered sometime after this happy event, retained the blessed consciousness of pardoned sin, and died full of peace and hope.

Mr. Gideon Arnold, died June 3rd, aged 22 years. He was the youngest son of William and Henrietta Arnold, and much beloved. He had a severe attack of sickness whilst in one of the West India ports, from which he never recovered. Shortly after he was taken sick he went to the hospital. A Spanish doctor was in charge, and the treatment the deceased received, worked more against him, than the disease itself. He was not allowed a drop of cold water for any purpose, although he was there several weeks. He rallied so much, however, that he undertook the homeward voyage, via New York; and after much suffering and patient endurance, he reached his home. Now satisfied that this much desired haven was gained, he seemed quite content, and in some degree convalescent; but it was only of short duration, for in one brief week from the time he entered his earthly, he entered his heavenly home. He was highly respected, and his decease was deeply regretted by all who knew him.

It is my painful duty to record the demise of Mr. Merrey Fralick, of White Point. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Daggert. Mr. Daggert himself has been called for a number of years, and his widow has been called to pass through many and severe afflictions. During the ministry of Bro. Howie on this Circuit, Merrey, with others, became the subject of grace, and in due time she assumed visible communion with the Church; and to the praise of God be it spoken, whilst several allowed their good to dwindle away and die, she maintained a lively trust in Christ. True religion will make any one happy, and she was happy, as she lived in delightful union with the Saviour. One year ago she, with her now bereaved husband, stood at the hymenal altar, and entered the holy conjugal state. But how soon do earthly flowers fade! A few months only sped away when implicit consumption had seized her. It made rapid progress, despite affectionate ministrations, and all that the healing art could do. Mrs. Fralick soon became convinced that her sickness was unto death; but there was no tormenting fear awakened with this solemn thought. Her spirit ripened and metened for the holy service of the eternal world. The Good Shepherd blessedly sustained her, and on the first Sabbath of December her sanctified spirit left the earthly body to associate with the pure on the bliss-bathed mount of God. The interment took place on the following Wednesday, and a sermon was preached from the words—"Her sun is gone down whilst it is yet day." May the Lord sanctify the affliction to all, but especially to the bereaved husband and widowed mother.

R. W.

Port Mouton, Jan. 2nd, 1867.

The Family

Beautiful Hands

BY MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES. Such beautiful, beautiful hands, There's neither white nor small, And you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair at all.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands, Though heart were weary and sad, These patient hands kept telling on, That children might be glad.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands, They're growing feebler now, For time and pain have left their mark On hand and heart and brow.

How can I say, "Now I lay Me" Last week I told you of a little girl who spent a night upon the cars; now I am going to tell you about a little boy who is the same.

Well, Grandma's best cakes had been pressed down into the lunch basket until it refused to hold another one; then her best kisses were pressed upon the cheeks and lips of the travelers.

Charlie was glad when the sun went down and the misty twilight came on, so that he could cry without anybody seeing him.

Then he recollected that if he had not said his prayer that night, and if he had not asked God to take care of him, how could he feel sure that he would do so?

Then his brain ceased its troubling, there was no more fear in his heart; for he had given himself into God's care for the night.

Some little children once had a pet lamb. They had taken care of it since it was very small. It ran after them, and played with them, and sat under their hands.

It would do you much good now you have found her, I reckon, said the boy. "There's my master; he bought her this morning, and I am going to take her to the slaughter-house."

THE SPIDER AND THE WASP

A friend was recently telling me of a curious encounter which he witnessed between a spider and a wasp.

"Come to Jesus," Little Mary had been in her trundle bed, when her mother heard her crying.

"O mother," said she, "I have been thinking about Jesus, and it makes me so happy that I cannot help crying."

Does not this illustrate how many are disappointed in overbearing bad habits? They make strong efforts, and when they think the evil habit is destroyed, like the spider they grow careless and negligent.

THE GREAT WORM SUPPLIED. It is a well known fact that Physicians have long sought to discover a vegetable purgative as a substitute for Calomel, and that would cleanse the Alimentary Canal of all diseased and retained humors.

THE GREAT PURGATIVE. The celebrated Prof. Dr. J. C. H. WOODRILL, Lecturer on Chemistry in the College of Pharmacy, states that Calomel is the "Great Purgative," and that only four or five other cases of cases of cholera, typhoid fever, and dysentery, small-pox, typhoid fever, bilious fever, their action being nothing but purgative.

Rollers versus Hinges. Barn doors on hinges are almost certain to get out of order, and are difficult to manage when the wind blows, often also injure themselves, and do not frequently injure the boys or animals that happen to be in the way.

Improving Manure. We are making a crude use of the old barn manure, and it is a pity that we should do so. It is on the top of the manure on the wettest parts of the barn yard. It was established at the first, it absorbed the moisture and made a drier surface for the cattle far sooner and better than a good layer of straw.

THE PET LAMB. Do you know what a volucer is? It is one who helps another out of any trouble or difficulty, or punishment, by paying the penalty in his stead.

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