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Religious Miscellany.

The Three Maries.

John 19: 25.

Who can compare?
Who can thy footstep fill?
Mary the first;
Mary the next;
Another Mary still.

A faithful three
At Calvary,
The wondrous sight behold!
Him crucified—
For them he died?
Can words such love afford?
The mystic plan
For fallen man—
Immanuel! God with us!
Patient they wait—
The murderers' hate
Complete on yonder cross!

His sword shall pierce—
His edges force—
The mother—Mary's heart—
Behold her Son!
The work is done—
She shares a mother's part.
The other Mary,
Now bears a humble share;
She could not stay
Long hours away,
While Jesus suffers there—
Love's work complete—
Companions sweet—
Who now surround the cross.

Christus! thou alone
Himself a spouse—
'Twas she who lov'd Him thus.
Next Magdalene—
How sad'st from sin—
Her lead the Master bore;
With much forgiveness,
From demons seven
Full saved—she loved the more.
O, matchless grace!
For all the race!
Search deep, my eager heart—
O love, so full
To every soul—
Claim each the better part.

Bate Verle, N. B., April 18, 1868.

Christian Sympathy.

Remember them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body. Heb. xiii. 3.

How tender is the spirit of the Gospel. How rich the fragrance that it sheds over the rest of life.

It represents man, not as an isolated being, haughtily contemplating human sin, or retreating to some secluded hermitage, dragging out a lonely wretched existence, striving for fast and penance, and self-mortification to recommend himself to his offended Maker, and to gain an entrance into Heaven,—but, as setting the solitary in families, in neighbourhoods, in communities, it enjoins in loving accents, "Be ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Not such has been the characteristic of the ancient or modern heathen world. Now and then there have been bright exceptions; men who like the generous Roman could exclaim, "I am a man, and whatever concerns humanity concerns me;" heroic instances of patriotism, of filial, fraternal, and friendly devotion, like brilliant sparks, sparkle amid the gloom that enveloped the moral atmosphere,—but in his day, the picture drawn by the pen of the inspired Apostle, in reference to those who yet "sit in the valley and shadow of death," remains too correct a representation. "Hateful and hating one another."

But when Christianity descended from Heaven, it followed, first and fairest in her train, the Angel of Unity. Her mission was to bind up the broken-heart, to loose the captive's bond, to give the "oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Embodied in human form are the charms which commend her to notice.

How simple the record, yet how lofty the mission. "He went about doing good." Trace his steps through those three eventful years of his public ministry,—and see if every spot bespeaks not his infinite compassion.

The sick and the bereaved share alike in his sympathy; the eyes of the blind are opened; the lame man leaps as an hart; and the tongue of the dumb singeth; and the widowed mother's tears are exchanged for thanksgiving as she embraces her son, dead but alive again,—and the Canaanitish woman, as she hurries joyfully homeward, seems to hear again in faith the matchless tones of that compassionate Lord, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt!"

And like its Divine Master the spirit of Christianity is essentially loving. Cruelty, harshness, coldness, indifference, belong not to it. It has sympathy ever ready by kindly word and deed to aid the afflicted. The heart in which it dwells, as it moves, living principle, cannot but feel how binding the claims of a common humanity. No matter how lofty its rank in social elevation,—to what eminence of prosperity it may have attained, it forgets not those who are less highly favored; it devoutly recognizes that "All is of God,"—and not with arrogant boasting, but with supercilious bearing, not for the praise of men, but with lowly love, with thoughtful and gentle tenderness, it goes forth on its mission of mercy, seeking only the approval of the Redeemer, "Inasmuch as ye did unto one of the least of these, ye did unto me."

But to such a course of conduct the Apostle would urge us by yet another consideration. He reminds us that we, too, are in the body, partakers of the same flesh and blood, and liable to the same troubles in which others are involved.

"Ye are born, but not buried, lady," said a poor decrepit beggar, to a young girl who passed her by in all the haughtiness of youth and wealth. Simple words, yet how suggestive, for between these two eras what vicissitudes of fortune may be experienced.

The infant heir, cradled amid luxurious surroundings; "Where curtains dimness delicate So softly tints the shaded room," has often expired on a pallet of straw, in the hut of poverty, unattended and uncared for; between these two eras, the beggar has become a prince, and the prince a beggar; the humble has been exalted, and the proud abased; the wheels of Divine Providence, high and dreadful to human ken, are ever revolving.

"And who can tell to what his life's death tend?" And while in the pride of his heart, so natural to fallen man, one may be saying in effect, as he surveys his rich possessions, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built? Or, like David, I shall never be moved." God's chastening hand may even now be stretching forth to haul him from his high position,—and to prostrate him in humility and sorrow in the dust.

Surely, then, our brethren and sisters in adversity, of whatever nature that adversity be, have claims on our kinder regard. We are to remember them; not to overlook their need; not to pass carelessly with averted eye, as if their sorrow were naught to us; who can tell how soon we may need a similar sympathy and kindness, for never dwelling so closely barred that grief could obtain no entrance; never heart, so fondly shielded, that it may not be wrung with keenest anguish.

To be the means of diffusing happiness even in the smallest degree, to light up a smile on a saddened countenance; to speak a word in season to him that is weary; to sympathize with him who is drooping and despairing; to be the pure consolation of the Gospel to the crushed and bleeding heart;—these are employments worthy angelic spirits, yet, only, assigned to favored mortals.

Thus "serving our generation, by the will of God," loving and beloved, life shall glide sweetly away, and more precious than the costliest trappings of wealth shall be the tear of sorrow, the offering of grateful hearts, that bedew our graves; and the commendation of an unerring Judge shall be our reward, as he pronounces the glad words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dartmouth, April 24, '68.

Prayer in Little Troubles.

We are often greatly affected by things that seem to be too small for prayer. If we had to speak of some grand success, or some sublime calamity; if a host were to march against us; if famines were to stare upon us; some major obstacle were to rise like a mountain in our path, we should think those matters worthy of an errand to the throne; but the trivial round, the common task, the vexations, the annoyances, and "the insect stings of life"—we hardly like to trouble the Master with the story of these, or if we do, it seems to befit the solemnity of prayer to mention them, not in plain language, and by particular description, but only in the dialect of ceremony, and in some inferential way. But, this our way is surely folly. Daily consider what Calvary calls against us; "the little things." Look at little things in their combination. "One single snowflake," it has been said, "is a little thing, but a whole day of snowflakes may block up the roadway, obliterate the landmarks, gather on the mountains, descend like an avalanche into the plains, and thus overwhelm cottages in its fall." In like manner, one single care, a little thing; but a whole day of cares, a week of cares, a life of little cares,—we call that sum total a great thing. The least fact has infinite relations; and as the year is made up of moments, and the world of atoms, life is scattered, and still, as in his day, the picture drawn by the pen of the inspired Apostle, in reference to those who yet "sit in the valley and shadow of death," remains too correct a representation. "Hateful and hating one another."

of all its particulars; his general providence involves his particular providence. Great things are not aggregates of little things, and he attends to the great by attending to the small. Such convictions made Sir Fowell Buxton say—"I feel permitted to stir up my prayers for everything that concerns me, and I am inclined to imagine that there are no little things with God. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the folding and unfolding of a blossom, in the curious squelches by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of a world, and in the laws by which the planets move." "I understand literally the injunction,—'In everything make your requests known to God;' and I cannot but notice how simply these prayers have been met."

Silenced for ever be the spirit that would say—"Trouble not the Master," for the help you ask for relates to matters too insignificant for his dignity to notice. Only a little spirit could slight a little thing. Never let me trifles with trifles. Trifles educate me, trifles wake my temper, trifles color my views of truth, trifles influence my thoughts of God, trifles induce my power of prayer, trifles combined make the very substance of life. I will take to the Master these small perplexities, these little interests, these obscure, indefinite cares that weigh my spirit down, but which are too little to excite the sympathy of man, for they will not be little in the sight of God. It is his glory to notice things like these; and in his care for the little, he proclaims his majesty and maintains his throne.—*Symbols of Christ, by the Rev. Charles Stanford.*

Passing Away.

Beautiful and bright are the mornings which come to the young, and hours of gladness follow, and thus for successive years, until at length a day comes, the rising of whose sun was as bright as that of ever preceding it, and yet, before its close, an incident has occurred, almost unlooked for as a gleam of lightning in a cloudless sky. The unexpected cease has been for the first time noticed in the hitherto polished groove so faultlessly smooth; and the unwelcome condition fits across the mind that youth is "passing away." A while later, and the cords and reins begin to stand out on the back of the hand, and we instinctively draw it in, as if afraid our friend might also notice that we were "passing away."

Next, the hateful crow-foot disfigure the corners of the eyes; we walk around an obstacle rather than clear it at a bound; we let down the bar rather than scale the fence; we are not so hot for argument as we once were; we rather sit in silence than contend; we become less compromising in our opinions; our assertions are less dogmatic; our incentives less sweeping; we become more considerate; more disposed to "make allowance" for the faults and foibles and the crimes of others, as if growing more in unison with the sentiment,

"That mercy to others show,
That mercy show to me!"

And as if we felt that, in the "judgment" we were "passing away." Then again a tooth or two has fallen out, and we instinctively take a seat at the window when about to read the morning paper; we look more for facts, less for opinions; men's characters are measured by their conduct rather than by their profession; we are more anxious to learn what men do than what they say; and we consider what is in the heart of all our judgments, we are more deliberate as we become more sensible that there is less ability and less time to correct mistakes, for that we are "passing away."

The streets are now less full, and so are the churches, of the friends of our school-days; of whom in the whirl of business we have regretful thoughts, and feel of some one more distinctly remembered, "Oh! how I would like to see him again;" or, as to some other one, known to be living, we determine we will write a letter and talk of old times, and make a thousand inquiries about mutual classmates and friends; but in another hour business engagements crowd in,—the letter is never written; and the next we hear—"he is dead." Then comes the feeling, with an overwhelming force, that we also are "passing away!" And so wears, dear reader, but be it our care, that while the physical life is letting go his hold on this mortal life, the spiritual shall grow stronger day by day, rising above the ebb and shadows of the mortal frame, preparatory to being disengaged from it altogether; and at the instant of its complete disengagement, the vision of "the substance of things hoped for" so long breaks in upon the ravished sight, and we have "passed away" to Heaven!

How to Overturn the Pulpit.

It might be done by putting empty-headed men in the pulpit—men who had nothing to say, and said it; or frothy feathery men—men who would introduce a joke in the pulpit for joking's sake, and who, not being particularly conscious of any other mission in the world, made themselves generally agreeable, and were thought that sufficient. Iron men, too, were thought dangerous in the pulpit—men who, in preaching the wrath of God, did it without a tear—men who could discuss and wrangle, clear-headed, but cold and hard like a snowy night with the moon shining. Then there were idle men. Idle students were had enough; but idle men—what should be said of them? They were not because they were called men of putty—men who were so called because they were not influenced by everybody, and having no opinion, but those of the last person who he met. There were starch brethren, men who were dignified, who came from the pulpit, and walked down the aisle, their minds absorbed by heavenly contemplations. Finally, there were weak brethren—men whose religious opinions were in the prevailing religious current in their neighbourhood—men who, in their time, had bowed the spiritual current in their direction toward the North Pole. Of course every spoke of these as curiosities; probably no one present had ever met them. He then spoke of some of the qualifications for pulpit efficiency; an unflinching faithfulness to ourselves and to others, whether saints or sinners; an increasing spirituality, a prevailing predilection of the spiritual element in our nature; intense labor;

and a David Braidner cross the Atlantic, and there they sleep on their bundle of straw by night, live on the coarsest fare by day, traverse on foot swamps and rocky wildernesses and trackless forests, where the gloom is as that of night—and all for what? To amass gain? To achieve renown? No; to have souls—to preach Christ to the tribes of the Red Man. We might well list by hundreds of names. For what sea has not the missionary crossed? What shore has not been visited? Everywhere do we find his footprints amid the palm-groves of the tropics, and the ice and snow of the arctic circle? And around these footprints what a verdure springs up? There is seen, in the very heart of the desert, the beauty of Eden. All along, where these blessed feet have passed—through the wasted, blackened wilderness—there lies a track of glory. It needs but to multiply these heralds of mercy, and the whole earth would be clothed with the light of heaven; and the bestial vision which illumines with its celestial splendour the closing pages of the Bible would be realised before the eyes of men. And such shall one day verily be the aspect of our world. But while we are exulting in the blessed prospect, and read the sure sign of its coming in every new convert and mission field, in steps the Ritualist to remind us that our hopes are baseless, and that we commit a great mistake if we suppose for an instant that these men are ministers or missionaries of Christ. Oh, no! they are, standing up in his painted coat, and speaking to us from the midst of his lighted candles, these men are no missionaries of Christ; they never did, nor never can, convert any one; they lack the apostolic succession.—*Christian Times.*

Know Your Minister.

One said to me of her pastor, "I do not feel that I know him." He had preached to her twenty years, she being at the time she spoke thirty years of age.

I told her that there were several ways of accounting for this. "Is he a repulsive man?" "Far from it; he is very agreeable, always speaks to me when we meet. He would do anything to serve his people, the humblest of them."

"Then," said I, "we must explain it in one of two ways. First, you may never have been in circumstances to let him show you his inmost heart. Have you been in affliction?" "No," she replied. "Had you been?" "No," she would have made you feel that you knew him. One more question: Have you ever done anything to manifest a personal interest in him, ever showed him an act of kindness or attention?" "I do not remember that I ever did."

"Then," said I, "we need go no further. Your souls have never been put in communion one with another. Some deeply interesting event of joy or sorrow must happen to you to admit him into your heart, in which case you will feel that you know him; or, you must draw him out by doing some kind act toward him. You will then get a special visit from him, or a letter of acknowledgement; when you meet there will be a magnetic communication between you; soon you will begin to wonder why you have never understood him, never appreciated him, never known that he had so much heart."

"Now," said I, "I will give you a Scripture on this point," for she had replied that she had rather felt that it was incumbent on him to seek after and endeavour to become better acquainted with her.

"But Paul says, 'But we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord.' (1 Thes. v. 12). It is incumbent on every parishioner to know his minister. Whatever the minister's duty may be, this does not abrogate the parishioner. If the minister has failed to make you know him, remember this inspired injunction: draw him out; use the ordinary methods of getting acquainted, and you will soon have no occasion to complain of having a minister whom you do not know."

I once heard a minister say that one of the pleasantest introductions which he believed he had ever had to a parishioner was in the case of a poor and lame woman, who walked several miles to bring him five eggs in a little basket, the produce of her own hen. It established a life-long intimacy between them, which was as ardent on her part as on his; and no wonder. He said that years afterwards the recollection of those eggs among the fresh grass in the little basket would bring tears to his eyes as he wrote his sermon and thought of his people. This woman was never heard to say that she did not know her minister.

Let every parishioner who reads these lines, ponder the above passage, 1 Thes. v. 12, and practice upon it.—*Cor. of N. Y. Observer.*

Religious Intelligence.

Ritualistic Charity.

There is no disguising it. To this issue, without doubt or denial, does the matter come. The Ritualist may be perfectly sincere; they may be following most conscientiously the light they have, and applying to the best of their ability the principles of Christianity, as they understand them. We are impugning neither their character nor their motives. What we affirm is, that in the execution of their duty, they are, in fact, following the most conscientiously the light they have, and applying to the best of their ability the principles of Christianity, as they understand them. We are impugning neither their character nor their motives. What we affirm is, that in the execution of their duty, they are, in fact, following the most conscientiously the light they have, and applying to the best of their ability the principles of Christianity, as they understand them. We are impugning neither their character nor their motives. What we affirm is, that in the execution of their duty, they are, in fact, following the most conscientiously the light they have, and applying to the best of their ability the principles of Christianity, as they understand them.

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Christianity in India.

A correspondent of the Methodist Recorder furnishes the following:—In Calcutta the anniversary of the various religious societies are of necessity held during the cold season; and consequently the meetings follow each other in rapid succession. With the setting in of the warm weather, what may be termed the Bengal Mission Meetings (held in January and February) come to a close. The attendance, interest, and liberality manifested by the Calcutta Christian public at these gatherings have been greater than in former years. The present year began well with us. On New Year's morning a crowded congregation, consisting of ministers and members from all the various non-conformist churches in this city, assembled in Union Chapel and together united in the worship of God. The sermon for the day was preached by the Rev. J. H. Broadbent, B.A., and the after sacramental service was conducted by the senior missionary of the London Society. It was truly pleasant to see so large a number of Christ's disciples beginning the year in the house of God, and there marking all minor distinctions in the great duty of commemorating their common Saviour's love. The week of special and united prayer was also observed; the early morning prayer-meetings were remarkably well attended, and in some instances crowded. A minister of the Church of England conducted the meeting in our chapel, and one of our ministers in turn conducted the devotional exercises at the Church Mission-rooms. The public meetings which excited the largest amount of general interest were in connection with Sunday-school work, city mission operations, and the Pan-missionary Conference. The city mission meeting derived considerable interest from the presence and speech of Dr. Macleod. The Sunday-school meeting was an agreeable gathering of the Sunday scholars connected with different denominations; a thousand scholars with 150 teachers were arranged in the centre of the Town-hall, the available space on either side being filled by the parents and friends of the children. Several pieces selected for the occasion were sung with spirit and harmony; the addresses delivered were listened to with attention. A few days later the scholars were taken by a special train to Barrackpore, and on their arrival at the station they were met by the Vicary's band and escorted to his Excellency's residence, where they met with a kind reception from Sir John Lawrence and family, and spent the day in a most enjoyable manner.

In connection with our own cause here, the most noteworthy services have been—First, the Watchlight, when we had a crowded chapel and a grand illumination; and the other at the latter end of January, when we held the first Wesleyan missionary anniversary in Bengal, and we were greatly encouraged by the result. At the public meeting cordially fraternal addresses were delivered by representatives of the Baptist, London, and Wesleyan Missionary Societies. The meeting was a good one, and the immediate pecuniary result of the anniversary was a contribution of £30 to the funds, while increased interest in missionary operations were exhibited.

One noticeable feature of the season just concluding is the unprecedented number of persons who come to India as visitors, some for scientific purposes, others on a shooting expedition, or a wedding trip, or for change of air, &c. The visit, however, which has excited the most interest has been that of the Scottish mission deputation. Dr. Macleod has been compelled to leave India sooner than he at first intended, and is now returning to England in company with Lady Lawrence, who kindly offered him a passage in the Vicary's steamer.

Calcutta March 2.

General Miscellany.

My Lottery Tickets.

WHAT THEY COST AND AMOUNTED TO.

It was Saturday night, and the little woman who bears my name and mends my stockings, was sitting in her low chair by the fire, zealously putting a patch upon the knee of little Tom's trousers, turning the piece of cloth this way and that, and holding her head on one side to watch the effect. But the stripes would all run the wrong way, while the colors were provokingly bright compared with the faded garment.

"Never mind that Mary," said I, "have a chance to throw away your patch. Hurray! chance for a lovely country seat on the Hudson, fifty shares of bank stock, a house in town, and anything else you wish and all for a dollar!"

"Now Thomas," said she, and when her wishes

to be particularly severe she always calls me Thomas, "what are you talking about?"

"A gift enterprise, Mollie, tickets only a dollar, and sure to draw a prize." I read the heading and displayed the long list of prizes. "What do you think of that?" I asked her triumphantly.

"I think," she said, laughing, "that if you make so much noise you will wake the baby." Then seeing that I looked annoyed, she added: "But I do not think that lotteries are just, especially for church members. Do you?"

"O nonsense! I never saw a church fair in my life that did not have grab boxes and lotteries. I shouldn't dare to say how many dollars I have spent on them, and never drew anything either."

She looked rightly at me. "Don't you think then, you are most too old to begin?"

"It may as well be as any one, and its no great matter, only a dollar."

"I know, Tom, and the wise little woman, looked grave, but we haven't many dollars to throw away, and she held up the baby's socks with a good sized hole in each heel. "And little Tom's school bill comes in next week."

"I laid down my paper and tried to speak very convincingly. "Now, Mollie, it's all very well for a man to jing on day after day earning and spending just too much, but he likes to make a venture once in a while just for the excitement of the thing, if for nothing more."

"Yes; but Tom don't you remember the share in the oil well?"

"Yes, yes," said I slowly, for it was rather an unpleasant topic of conversation to me. I had invested the little sum left me by a maiden aunt in an oil company, against Mary's good judgment. Capital a million dollars, more or less; oil well fished night and day on the land of the next company, just over the fence. I was very much elated, and promised Mary, among other things, a new black silk dress we had seen displayed in some shop window. Well, they bored and bored throwing up a great deal of dirt, and a greater deal of water, but not a drop of oil; and just as they were about to begin in a new spot the treasurer, or some one else ran away with the funds, and that ended the whole affair. Mary, like a good little woman, never reproached me; but when I came home one day and found her turning her old merino inside out and up at the throat I felt—well I can't tell just how; but I thought of that black silk dress.

"And oh!" she continued, "don't you remember the patent for the four-sifter?" and she laughed outright. So did I, when I thought of the spectacle I presented when I chanced to turn the crank the wrong way, and the flour flew in every direction.

But I had made up my mind to buy one of these tickets, so though Mary sighed, she said no more. I invested on my way down. I thought I might as well buy one for Mary and one for little Tom, too. I showed them to her when I went home to dinner at noon.

"Not three! O Tom, how could you?" and she looked really griefed. While I, thinking it a pity if I must account for every penny I spent assumed the dignified air which the occasion seemed to demand, and the meal passed on in silence. I went home at night to find her sewing as usual. My conscience gave an uncomfortable twinge as she looked up pleasantly, and then turned to the great basket of work. If she had a sewing machine! Perhaps I should draw one, and I grew quite happy over the thought, imagining her surprise when I went it home unexpectedly. She would not think me unwise then in having bought the tickets.

Little Tom interrupted my reverie with—"O father, old Susan will work for us—has been here to-day. She has burned her hand so she can't do anything. Mrs. Smith gave her a dollar. Mother said she couldn't give her any money, but she put some salt on her hand and Mary but contrived to turn Tom's thoughts into another channel."

Not was I any more comfortable on passing through the hall the next day, to overhear her conversation with a friend.

"No," she was saying, "I shall not subscribe to the reading club this winter. I can't very well spare the two dollars."

Well, the days went by without our saying anything more about it. I grew a little nervous as the time for drawing the prizes drew near and opened my morning paper with some trepidation. At length my eyes were greeted with a long list of fortunate numbers which had drawn the largest prizes. I read them all over carefully from first to last. But in vain; my numbers were not there.

In a day or two another list appeared which I read with the same result. At last among those who drew a prize worth less than one dollar I found my own.

"Tom," said a friend whose office was next to mine, "don't you think Jones was fool enough to buy a ticket in that gift enterprise?"

I inquired, but said nothing, and he went on. "What do you think he drew? A dandy print or a Washington, and a pair of eighteen carat brass sleeve buttons! He consoles himself with the adage, live and learn, but I think a fool and his money, &c. more appropriate."

I made some reply and left him. I thought I would not carry home the newspaper that night. I was ashamed to have Mary see it. But as we sat before the fire after tea—

"Why Tom," she said, "where's your paper?" I had intended to say that I forgot it. But I defy any one to look into Mary's clear, brown eyes and tell a lie. So I just told her the whole truth.

It has been, after all, a good lesson, but I think it will be the last, as it was my first experience in lottery tickets.

The Beautiful Lady.

There is a gentle lady, very fair;
Her looks are saintly and her voice is rare;
She walks through all the town,
Nor fears to sell her gown.

They say this lovely lady's not afraid
Of any being that the Lord has made;
She sees her Father's look
Within the meanest nook.

And so she walks serene through every lane,
Where hunger struggles fierce with sin and pain
And angry curses leap,
In passion wild and deep.

She does not even tremble at the sight;
She stands and gazes, like a lily white,
Till, waded to peace, they see
Her spotless purity.

She stays beside the couch when all have fled,
And lays upon her breast the dying head,
And sings away all fear,
With voice serene and clear.

She takes the little children in her arms,
And gives them bread to eat, and mildly calms
Their throbbing hearts that beat,
And wipes their bleeding feet.

Dear children, tell me, will you go with her—
This lovely lady—such her messenger,
And bid the orphans come,
And have with her their home?

Her name, I think, is Charity below;
But when her bright, immortal wings do glow,
The angel there above,
In heaven, will call her Love.

Obituary.

JOSEPH OXLEY, ESQ., OF FUGAWASH.

The excellent man whose name stands at the head of this article, forms a connecting link between the introduction of Methodism into Nova Scotia, and our present position in the Province. In the latter part of the last century, four English families of the respective names of Black, Denkin, Wells, and Oxley, mostly from Yorkshire, emigrated to Nova Scotia, and settled in the County of Cumberland. A fifth family by the name of Treaman also came about the same time.

Methodism in England was then scarcely twenty-five years old; yet had these families heard the solemn verities of the Gospel enunciated from the lips of the Apostolic Wesley, which truths having been the means of their own conversion, they brought with them, and to the extent of their ability, made known to others in the then "far west," the land of their choice and adoption.

In the year 1776, the Black family arrived in Halifax, in which were four sons; William, J. Ann, Thomas, and Richard. These were the fathers of the same families who had been members of the Wesleyan societies in England. Such seems to have been the case with that excellent and pious woman Mrs. Oxley, the mother of our deceased friend, who has the honour of being mentioned in Mr. Wesley's journal. While Mr. Wells in the year 1779, is called an old Methodist, which certainly conveys the idea of his having been a member in his native land.

These emigrant families were then peculiarly situated; they had no church to attend, no Pastor to preach to them or watch over them, "no man cared for their souls." Besides, the country was then a forest, and the necessities of life were with difficulty obtained. Moreover the revival of the Wesleyan was then raging; the friends of the Government in the County of Cumberland, were disarmed by the rebels, and the little garrison in Westmoreland was for a time in a state of siege. In the midst of these trials, this little band of Methodists were not unmindful of the cause of religion, nor were they forgetful of the instructions they had received from the Rev. John Wesley, and the preachers in connection with Methodism, had the impressions made upon their minds while under their preaching passed away. On the contrary, they might be seen on the Sabbath day, and often on week evenings, assembled in little groups in each other's humble dwellings, praying with each other, and exhorting each other to faith in God, and perseverance unto the end.

The house of Mr. Oxley, the father of our departed friend, was one of those places where prayer was wont to be made, and it was under his roof, that some of the first awakenings and conversions to God in connection with Methodism took place in the Province. It was here that the Rev. William Black, at the age of nineteen years, was awakened to a sense of his lost state, and was led to seek for, and subsequently under the same roof he obtained the pardoning mercy of God. This interesting fact Mr. Black detailed in a letter to the Rev. John Wesley, and which was recorded in his published journal, and that the same will be read as a matter of history in all future time. For the information of those of our readers who may not possess these journals, we extract the letter in question.

Under date of April 15, 1782, Mr. Wesley gives this letter, introducing it with these words, "I had now leisure to transcribe a letter, wrote last May from Amherst, Nova Scotia, by a young man whose father, some years since, went thither with his whole family—

"In the year 1779, I saw, if I would go to heaven, I must lead a new life. But I did not know I wanted an inward change, or I was the miserable state I was in by nature, till I saw a

plumage, and she always calls me Thomas, "what are you talking about?"

"A gift enterprise, Mollie, tickets only a dollar, and sure to draw a prize." I read the heading and displayed the long list of prizes. "What do you think of that?" I asked her triumphantly.

"I think," she said, laughing, "that if you make so much noise you will wake the baby." Then seeing that I looked annoyed, she added:

"But I do not think that lotteries are just, especially for church members. Do you?"

"O nonsense! I never saw a church fair in my life that did not have grab boxes and lotteries. I shouldn't dare to say how many dollars I have spent on them, and never drew anything either."

She looked rightly at me. "Don't you think then, you are most too old to begin?"

"It may as well be as any one, and its no great matter, only a dollar."

"I know, Tom, and the wise little woman, looked grave, but we haven't many dollars to throw away, and she held up the baby's socks with a good sized hole in each heel. "And little Tom's school bill comes in next week."

"I laid down my paper and tried to speak very convincingly. "Now, Mollie, it's all very well for a man to jing on day after day earning and spending just too much, but he likes to make a venture once in a while just for the excitement of the thing, if for nothing more."

"Yes; but Tom don't you remember the share in the oil well?"

"Yes, yes," said I slowly, for it was rather an unpleasant topic of conversation to me. I had invested the little sum left me by a maiden aunt in an oil company, against Mary's good judgment. Capital a million dollars, more or less; oil well fished night and day on the land of the next company, just over the fence. I was very much elated, and promised Mary, among other things, a new black silk dress we had seen displayed in some shop window. Well, they bored and bored throwing up a great deal of dirt, and a greater deal of water, but not a drop of oil; and just as they were about to begin in a new spot the treasurer, or some one else ran away with the funds, and that ended the whole affair. Mary, like a good little woman, never reproached me; but when I came home one day and found her turning her old merino inside out and up at the throat I felt—well I can't tell just how; but I thought of that black silk dress.

"And oh!" she continued, "don't you remember the patent for the four-sifter?" and she laughed outright. So did I, when I thought of the spectacle I presented when I chanced to turn the crank the wrong way, and the flour flew in every direction.

But I had made up my mind to buy one of these tickets, so though Mary sighed, she said no more. I invested on my way down. I thought I might as well buy one for Mary and one for little Tom, too. I showed them to her when I went home to dinner at noon.

"Not three! O Tom, how could you?" and she looked really griefed. While I, thinking it a pity if I must account for every penny I spent assumed the dignified air which the occasion seemed to demand, and the meal passed on in silence. I went home at night to find her sewing as usual. My conscience gave an uncomfortable twinge as she looked up pleasantly, and then turned to the great basket of work. If she had a sewing machine! Perhaps I should draw one, and I grew quite happy over the thought, imagining her surprise when I went it home unexpectedly. She would not think me unwise then in having bought the tickets.

Little Tom interrupted my reverie with—"O father, old Susan will work for us—has been here to-day. She has burned her hand so she can't do anything. Mrs. Smith gave her a dollar. Mother said she couldn't give her any money, but she put some salt on her hand and Mary but contrived to turn Tom's thoughts into another channel."

Not was I any more comfortable on passing through the hall the next day, to overhear her conversation with a friend.

"No," she was saying, "I shall not subscribe to the reading club this winter. I can't very well spare the two dollars."

Well, the days went by without our saying anything more about it. I grew a little nervous as the time for drawing the prizes drew near and opened my morning paper with some trepidation. At length my eyes were greeted with a long list of fortunate numbers which had drawn the largest prizes. I read them all over carefully from first to last. But in vain; my numbers were not there.

In a day or two another list appeared which I read with the same result. At last among those who drew a prize worth less than one dollar I found my own.

"Tom," said a friend whose office was next to mine, "don't you think Jones was fool enough to buy a ticket in that gift enterprise?"

I inquired, but said nothing, and he went on. "What do you think he drew? A dandy print or a Washington, and a pair of eighteen carat brass sleeve buttons! He consoles himself with the adage, live and learn, but I think a fool and his money, &c. more appropriate."

I made some reply and left him. I thought I would not carry home the newspaper that night. I was ashamed to have Mary see it. But as we sat before the fire after tea—

"Why Tom," she said, "where's your paper?" I had intended to say that I forgot it. But I defy any one to look into Mary's clear, brown eyes and tell a lie. So I just told her the whole truth.

I believe if she had scolded, or said, I told you so, I should have put on my hat and left the house, but her only remark was—"Never mind Tom, we'll look better another time."

Do you wonder that I think her a wonderful little woman? I made a great resolve that night, and I have not bought a

The Family

Moses

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