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## Religious Miscellany.

### Thankfulness.

I thank thee, O my God! who made  
The earth so bright,  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauteous and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right!

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
To many gentle thoughts and deeds,  
Gleaming us around,  
That in the darkest spot on earth  
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy  
Is treasured with our  
That thou dost fill our brightest hours;  
That thou dost fill  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
That given us joys tender and true,  
Yet all with wings;  
That we are gleaming on high  
And soaring there.

Thou, Lord, that thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have sought yet not too much  
To long for more—  
As yearning for a deeper peace  
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though simple best,  
Can never die, although they seek,  
A perfect rest;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast.

—*Mildred A. Proctor.*

### Waking Realities.

What I see I love to me,  
Every object forms with me,  
Here, oh my I walk with thee,  
Then into Thy presence die!

There to praise, and there to know,  
Constitute my bliss below;  
—Thou to see, and there to love,  
Constitute my bliss above.

—*Topsy.*

What a glorious waking, after earth's  
unquiet dream! *Wife God!* I have  
been wakened to the life of the  
eternity. I see the things that  
are not seen, and I feel the things  
that are not felt. I am in the  
presence of the great Fountain  
of life, and I am drinking of it  
with gladness. I am in the  
presence of the great Fountain  
of life, and I am drinking of it  
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presence of the great Fountain  
of life, and I am drinking of it  
with gladness.

—*Corr. Pittsburg Advocate.*

### "To Me to Live is Christ."

The expression exhibits a life of entire  
consecration. It is the Apostle's had said: "In me  
Christ is seen; in me he acts; by means of my  
life he more fully knows and understandeth  
the world; and all this by my having received  
the divine life, the heavenly grace, and the  
salvation that is mighty in transforming as well  
as in saving the soul." Christ is the origin,  
centre, vitality, and active power of  
Christianity. Christ is Christianity incarnate  
in one person, and Christianity is Christ  
disseminated, illustrated, living and operative in  
the hearts and lives of men. There is direct  
reciprocity between the cause and the effect by  
which each is known by the other, and in the other  
the sun produces light, and the light in turn  
reveals the sun.

Human systems of Christianity, if the word is  
not a misnomer, are full of the name of Jesus,  
leaving off the name of Christ. This is true of  
Universalism and Unitarianism. They are  
constantly quoting what Jesus said, and referring to  
what Jesus did; and when an infidel undertakes  
to write the life of our Redeemer on earth he is  
designated only by his human name. It is  
invariably the "Life of Jesus" that is written, and  
never the life of Jesus Christ. We need not  
here guard ourselves from being misunderstood  
by admitting the Christ—

"How sweet the sound of Jesus' name,  
That never ceases to be heard."  
But we feel most safe when adhering most  
closely to the very phraseology of Scripture,  
which so constantly couple the name of Jesus  
with the human name of our blessed Lord.  
Infidelity deals with the man Jesus. But we do  
not recognize the honor, but call it false, which  
is given to the name Jesus alone. A faith  
founded and Bible-taught even in its expressions,  
takes hold of the god-man Christ Jesus, who  
gives a sacrifice for our sins. We do not deny  
that the name of Jesus standing alone occurs  
several times in the New Testament in direct  
connection with the announcements of grace,

franchise—to will it be with the soul. It  
has been in corruption. It fastens its root in  
world dark and cheerless, by reason of sin.  
Its immortal fibres are nursed and disciplined amid  
trials and sorrows, difficulties and perplexities.  
It is soiled and degraded with the corruptible  
elements through which it has to fight its  
upward way. But there is a glorious summer-  
time at hand, when the roots that nurtured shall  
burst its mortal coil, and its leaves and blossoms  
shall not only be bathed in the hues of heaven,  
but their every tint will be resplendent with a  
glory reflected from the Great Source of all light  
and joy.—*Madoff.*

### A Brand Plucked.

That Jesus Christ came into the world to  
save sinners—the chief of sinners—is a glorious  
truth, not only declared, but verified in thou-  
sands of instances. One of these "miscellaneous  
of grace" we may here record for encouragement to  
the most abandoned sinner, and also to stir up  
with hope those who seek to save the lost.

Some thirty years ago, whilst the writer, with  
a number of praying men and women, were  
holding a Sabbath evening prayer meeting, a  
man was observed to enter the church, well-  
known to all—but about the last form to be  
looked for in such a place. He was a most  
abandoned drunkard, and every way, and by  
everybody, considered as having reached the  
very lowest stage of degradation and moral  
depravity. This was late, near the close of the  
meeting. We were all standing, after which  
we knelt for prayer. Being in the midst of the  
solar ralling, I observed very soon after we knelt,  
that this man had come quietly forward and  
knelt on the outside of the railing. His face was  
sweating bitterly. Tears flowed down his face,  
until they formed a puddle on the inside seat.

As we arose, my mate hit me—I was struck  
with his wretched look. With a bitter cry, he  
he entreated—"O, pray for me!" We asked  
him some questions to ascertain the purpose of  
the man—for he was brought up and educated  
a Roman Catholic—asking him if he had faith  
in Jesus as able and willing to save him; he  
cried out, grasping on the railing with his  
desperation—"I see nothing but hell before me—  
—the flames of hell are already in my bosom—  
nothing stands between me and the fiery gulf  
but this altar!" We prayed for him, counselled  
and encouraged him as well as we could—but  
with little faith, as we supposed poor A. would  
be the next day as he had been for months and  
years, full of that earthly hell—bad whisky.

But to our surprise, and to shame our want  
of faith, next morning he appeared at our home,  
humbled as a little child, weeping for his sin—  
declaring that he had that morning taken the  
last drop of ardent spirit he should ever drink.  
We did not think proper to touch his pecu-  
liar faith or creed. He was endowed with a  
good natural mind, had read considerable, and,  
on the whole, was an intelligent man. We be-  
lieved that if the Holy Spirit had the work in  
hand, this lost soul would be brought into the  
right way. His wanted rest to his soul from his  
depression. That was enough for a good foundation.  
We admonished him to break off all his sinful  
associations—to pray earnestly and continually  
to our merciful God and Saviour for pardon.

We saw him every day that week; and the  
good work progressed very hopefully. We invited  
our new friend to our next Sunday class meet-  
ing. With great humility he related his experi-  
ence; he felt, he said, quite at home with us,  
like a lost sheep finding shelter from the wolf.  
You may be sure this roused some of the  
sleepers in Zion. A few Sabbaths after, he  
came, with the deepest sense of abasement and  
humility, to be admitted as a member of the  
Society. From this time he grew stronger and  
stronger. He was soon brought into the liberty  
of the sons of God. He was a mighty man in  
prayer. This was to be expected, as he was  
ever praying. The closest was the place where  
he wrestled and cried to God; from this time  
he was saluted with a face beaming with the  
joy of salvation. Many many a night would  
he rise, cast a blanket or sheet around him, and  
remain kneeling, and weeping and praying the  
greater part of the night. He was truly a  
"wonder unto many." The best part of all, he  
continued steadfast unto the end. He died,  
and his end was peace.—*Corr. Pittsburg Advocate.*

### Sabbath Observance.

Blackstone has tersely said that "a corrup-  
tion of morals usually follows the profanation  
of the Sabbath." Lord Macaulay, who was  
not so much addicted to Puritanism, has left his  
testimony that, "if the Sunday had not been  
observed as a day of rest, we should have had  
at this moment a poorer people and a less civil-  
ized people than we are." The brilliant Robert-  
son of Brighton (whose name is often quoted,  
very unjustly, on the side of Sabbath desecra-  
tion), has vehemently protested that "to reck-  
lessly loosen the bond of a nation on the sanc-  
tity of the Lord's day, would be most mischiev-  
ous; to do so willfully, would be an act almost  
diabolical." Nearly every scollar at the Sabbath  
has his patry jess for the "Puritans." Now,  
for one, I am not an enthusiastic admirer  
of the society-shandlers Puritans, but I hold that  
it was in no small degree the result of their  
Sabbath-keeping, Sabbath-keeping usages,  
that became the stoutest adherents of God,  
virtue, and civil liberty that our modern times  
have witnessed. Mr. Stowe never wrote any-  
thing more worthy of a Beecher than when she  
said, "The Sabbath of the Puritan Christian  
was a golden day. All its associations were es-  
sentially distinct from the ordinary material  
life, that it was to him a sort of weekly trans-  
lation from this world, to sojourn for a day in  
a better; and, year after year, as each Sabbath  
set its seal on the completed labours of the  
week, the pilgrim felt that one more stage of his  
journey was completed, and that if he was one  
week nearer to his eternal rest." It was most  
chose between a P-ritan Sabbath or such a  
day as Gettysburg and French battles, and  
give us, we cannot hesitate. The one opens the  
sanctuary; the other opens the hearth-  
—Puritanism holds the day sacred; rationalism  
professes it to revelry. Puritanism uses it to  
Sabbath to save souls; rationalism uses it to

demoralise and corrupt souls. The tendency  
of the one is to fill the churches and the mis-  
sion schools; the tendency of the other is to fill the  
drawing-rooms and the clubs, the police-stations  
and the prisons. Which shall we prefer to  
have?—*Cayler.*

### China as a Mission Field.

We extract the following from an able speech  
delivered by Bishop Thomson, at the Mission-  
ary Anniversary of the Methodist E. Church,  
recently in New York—"The Chinese must  
see the superiority of our civilization. They  
reflect that they stand in arts, science, agri-  
culture, and manufactures, where they did  
when France was barbarian, England under the  
Saxon Heptarchy, and the United States un-  
known, while these nations have risen to the  
mastery of the world, they must feel the neces-  
sity of changing their stationary civilization for  
a progressive one.

China is in a condition to meditate upon the  
reproach of Confucius, which sounds like a  
rebuff from Isaiah's harp. "In process of time  
a holy one shall be born, who shall redeem the  
world. The nations will wait for him as fading  
flowers desire the summer rain. He will be vir-  
gin born, and his name will be Prince of Peace.  
China will be visited by his glory, its bowms will  
penetrate to the depths of savage lands, where  
no ship will ever come."

Be not discouraged. The gospel introduced  
by miracle is left to work its way by ordinary  
forces; but these have more than ordinary pow-  
er—the Word, the Cross, the Spirit.

Though it took the Church three hundred  
years to overcome the Roman empire, and six  
centuries more to spread the faith over Gaul,  
Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, it should not  
take long in this age to light everywhere the  
lamps of the divine temple. Then will the  
seventh angel sound, and great voices in heaven  
will proclaim, "The kingdoms of this world are  
become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his  
Christ, and he shall reign forever. Amen."

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.  
The labours of these servants of God have  
been blessed in St. Louis. We would  
have been glad to see more signal, over-  
whelming displays of divine power, but are  
witnessing the silent and purifying effects  
working out their true results. One of the hap-  
piest results of the meetings has been the  
earnest Christians in the work of God.  
We trust that the friendship thus begun will  
spread and spread until the Methodist Episcopal  
Church and the Church South will be one. We  
are in these meetings and others which we have  
attended the true method of union. It is by  
courtesy and Christian love breaking down all  
barriers that keep the people apart. We would  
not say that the real differences should not still  
be regarded as important, but in personal  
associations they might be ignored.

We should go on with our work with all pos-  
sible vigor doing all we can to spread salvation  
in the South.

We shall bring about union quickest by  
the utmost diligence and liberality in the South.  
These revival meetings have proved that the  
really pious members of both churches can  
labour together.

We are not able to sum up results, but we  
are glad to see the real differences should not  
be regarded as important, but in personal  
associations they might be ignored.

—*Central Advocate.*

### The Clergy of Canada.

From the *Canadian Almanac* for 1897, pub-  
lished at Toronto, we gather the following  
statistics of the number of clergymen belonging to  
the various religious denominations in Canada.  
We are not sure that the statement is correct  
in a few of the names, by reason of  
official position sometimes appear in two places;  
but for all practical purposes the enumeration is  
accurate enough. The statement, we may fur-  
ther say, embraces not only the ministers in  
actual service, but those retired, supernumerary,  
or for official reasons, not now employed. Their  
number, however, is not large; here are the fig-  
ures:—

|                                   |       |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Church of England,                | 420   |
| Roman Catholic Church,            | 908   |
| Methodists,                       | 1,003 |
| Presbyterians,                    | 415   |
| Congregationalists, (independent) | 70    |
| Christians, (two sections)        | 71    |
| Baptists,                         | 230   |
| Evangelical Churches,             | 29    |
| Lutherans,                        | 21    |
| United Brethren,                  | 22    |
| New Jerusalemites,                | 5     |

Total,  
3,192  
The aggregate will give one pastor to every  
thousand souls; but deducting one-third from the  
population for infants and children of tender  
years, there will be a minister to every 666 per-  
sons capable of receiving religious instruction,  
and allowing 4 persons to each family, one min-  
ister to every 133 families. There are, however,  
several small religious denominations not rec-  
orded in this table; for instance, the "Disciples,"  
the Jews, Quakers, the Plymouth Brethren, the  
Irvingites, and probably half a score more, which  
when taken all, will make up a respectable  
figure, and reduce the average of souls under  
the population to be put down as either utter  
neglecters of religion, or inhabiting parts of  
the country not yet blessed with churches or pastors

we think the actual number under the charge of  
every minister cannot be over 400. Now, a  
country where there is a minister of religion to  
every 400 persons willing to avail themselves of  
his instructions, cannot be said to be destitute of  
the gospel; and it is therefore worth while to  
make it known abroad, that in respect of Church  
privileges, Canada is not far behind the most  
favored communities in the world. Deducting the  
908 Roman Catholic pastors from the aggregate  
of 3,192, we have 2,287 Protestant ministers;  
and adding to these, say 63 for the Protestant  
denominations not enumerated in the list, we  
will have 2,350 in a Protestant population of  
1,890,952, or one in 800. With respect to the  
Roman Catholic Church, which is not cut out  
sections, we have 905 pastors to 1,201,304 in-  
habitants; or one for every 1,300 souls.

—*Central Advocate.*

General Miscellany.

### Elihu Burritt on Abraham Lincoln.

Elihu Burritt, the learned smith, now in Eng-  
land, has just published a characteristic treatise  
on "The Mission of Great Sufferings," which  
is represented in English papers as a work of  
singular interest. One says: "It discourses of  
suffering, its mission and its power, with won-  
derful profundity, intelligence and pathos." In  
the last chapter, Mr. Burritt comes naturally to  
the tragic events of the present day, among  
which an appropriate place is given to

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LINCOLN.  
—*Central Advocate.*

Let us look to it, and neither be afraid of being  
"strait-laced" or too particular, but decide  
whether it is not better reserved in conversation  
books as we choose our companions. The net  
that was cast into the sea gathered of every  
kind, but he who caught them did not eat them  
all; some he kept, and threw the bad away.—  
*New York Observer.*

### Obituary.

MARY ANN HODGSON, OF EAST BRANICE,  
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The subject of this brief sketch was born  
Nov. 1st, 1843. Early instructed by religious  
parents in the great truths of Christianity, and  
operated upon by the Holy Spirit, she was led  
to consecrate her life to the service of God in  
the 14th year of her age, and it is believed that  
she never for a moment withdrew any part of  
that offering from the altar of consecration.  
Somehow timid and reserved in conversation,  
in reference to her religious experiences, her  
Christian character revealed itself chiefly in the  
purity of her life, in the earnestness with which  
she entered into any work of benevolence, in the  
regularity with which she attended all the means  
of grace, as pupil and then as teacher in the  
Sabbath School, in her lively sympathy with the  
sorrowing and bereaved, and in the meekness  
and demeanour in the home circle; yet a long  
correspondence with absent members of the  
family, and a number of "reflections" on various  
passages of Scripture, written at different periods  
of her religious life, clearly show that she lived  
near to God.

Early in the spring of the year just ended, she  
had a very severe illness from which she never  
fully recovered. Although she was able, during  
the early part of summer, to occupy her place  
in the sanctuary and the Sabbath School, and to  
minister to the comforts of the family by a thou-  
sand acts of sisterly kindness, till early in  
August, when she had another attack of disease,  
attended by intense suffering. She so far re-  
covered from this as to ally, to some extent, the  
anxiety created in the minds of her parents and  
friends; but other attacks ensued, increasing in  
frequency and violence, till soon it became evi-  
dent to all that, notwithstanding all that medical  
skill could avail, she would, ere long, be removed  
from earth. To say that, during these attacks,  
she suffered, conveys no adequate idea of the  
truth. She spent days and weeks in such bodily  
agony as none could realise but those who wit-  
nessed it; yet, during the whole, a word of im-  
patience, or a murmur never escaped her lips.  
She felt very much on account of the anxiety of  
her parents and friends, and frequently asked  
that her mother should be taken out of hearing,  
when conscious of the approach of a period of  
pain. In the intervals of comparative ease, she  
was very weak, but spoke clearly of her ap-  
proaching dissolution. Till the very day before  
her decease she evinced unshaken confidence in  
the merits of her Redeemer; but, for a moment,  
she asked, with great earnestness, "Am I really  
his, or am I not?" and immediately turning to  
her mother she said, "Help me up." On being  
lifted, she knelt by the bedside, and earnestly  
besought God for a renewed—a fuller mani-  
festation of Himself; but in a few moments she  
exclaimed, "I am my God's, and He is mine,"  
and then sang the verse, commencing—  
"My God, my Father and Redeemer!"

After calling her brothers and sisters around  
her, and exhorting each to meet her in heaven,  
she said, "Now, mother, I am all ready; I see  
Jesus reaching out his hand to receive me."  
She lived some hours after this, singing such  
verses as, "Jesus I know, he hath redeemed me,"  
"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," or, mur-  
muring, between periods of partial insensibility,  
Jesus—the name—precious name, and passed  
away. Her memory is fragrant.  
—*January 24th, 1897.*

### Reading Bad Books.

Reading seems to be a part of the business of  
life; everybody reads; not only the business  
man in his counting-room, but the workman at  
home; the carman or hackman on his stand;  
the boy as he walks the street. And so the  
people absorb much, both bad and good.

There may be such a thing as too much read-  
ing; and an hour spent in a circulating library  
would tempt one to think so. For instance, one  
man says: "I have from two to three thou-  
sand subscribers, and for many of them the no-  
vels do not come out fast enough. We have at  
least two a week, and they read all the old  
books they can get, and devour the new ones."

You see them come in—young girls, pale and  
sickly; women in middle life, who ought to  
have the work of life to do; old women, who

should have con- to more serious things; all  
crying out for something new, "something ex-  
citing." And on Saturday two books. Alas!  
this is the way in which the Sabbath is to be  
spent?

Such reading is distasteful, and the appetite  
grows by that it feeds on, like that for stimu-  
lant—opium, tobacco, or something stronger.—  
Habits are easily formed, and stimulants are  
hard taskmasters. I looked at some of these  
readers, young girls, who wanted hard, vigor-  
ous exercise, and who should have been helping  
to a hard-worked mother at home; married  
women, ought to have something better to do;  
and older people, whose time and example and  
wisdom were wanted for the work of life.

Dr. Ray traces many cases of insanity to this  
pernicious reading; the unnatural and undue  
excitement of the imagination, of the feelings  
and of the passions, the weakening of the mind,  
and also of the body, by the hours of weak,  
self-indulgent idleness.

Suppose we are careful as to our companions,  
and yet careless as to our books. With certain  
persons we would not associate; we should fear  
their influence upon us; but with the same per-  
sons, in books, we spend hours, days, and think  
it no harm. They are "true to nature," are  
they so much the worse; the more danger-  
ous. You read the record and the oaths of a  
profane man; your thoughts take the same  
tone, an oath is much nearer your lips. You  
read of the daily and hourly drum-drinking  
of some of Dickens's men, for instance; and  
brandy and water, or a rum-punch, becomes  
very familiar and innocent drinks. You read  
of those whose words grew on impurity and your  
own thoughts are strained.

It is a question whether it is wise for young  
people to associate with those in books whom  
they could not associate with in daily life; and  
if not to decide, but if we make these people  
our associates, we shall be influenced by them.  
Some men, good men, go to a den of evil, to  
look on and see for themselves what the evil is.  
But if they should sit down with those men,  
their associates, and handle their cards, they  
would not come out pure from the contact.

Let us look to it, and neither be afraid of being  
"strait-laced" or too particular, but decide  
whether it is not better reserved in conversation  
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muring, between periods of partial insensibility,  
Jesus—the name—precious name, and passed  
away. Her memory is fragrant.  
—*January 24th, 1897.*

### Reading Bad Books.

Reading seems to be a part of the business of  
life; everybody reads; not only the business  
man in his counting-room, but the workman at  
home; the carman or hackman on his stand;  
the boy as he walks the street. And so the  
people absorb much, both bad and good.

There may be such a thing as too much read-  
ing; and an hour spent in a circulating library  
would tempt one to think so. For instance, one  
man says: "I have from two to three thou-  
sand subscribers, and for many of them the no-  
vels do not come out fast enough. We have at  
least two a week, and they read all the old  
books they can get, and devour the new ones."

You see them come in—young girls, pale and  
sickly; women in middle life, who ought to  
have the work of life to do; old women, who

should have con- to more serious things; all  
crying out for something new, "something ex-  
citing." And on Saturday two books. Alas!  
this is the way in which the Sabbath is to be  
spent?

Such reading is distasteful, and the appetite  
grows by that it feeds on, like that for stimu-  
lant—opium, tobacco, or something stronger.—  
Habits are easily formed, and stimulants are  
hard taskmasters. I looked at some of these  
readers, young girls, who wanted hard, vigor-  
ous exercise, and who should have been helping  
to a hard-worked mother at home; married  
women, ought to have something better to do;  
and older people, whose time and example and  
wisdom were wanted for the work of life.

Dr. Ray traces many cases of insanity to this  
pernicious reading; the unnatural and undue  
excitement of the imagination, of the feelings  
and of the passions, the weakening of the mind,  
and also of the body, by the hours of weak,  
self-indulgent idleness.

Suppose we are careful as to our companions,  
and yet careless as to our books. With certain  
persons we would not associate; we should fear  
their influence upon us; but with the same per-  
sons, in books, we spend hours, days, and think  
it no harm. They are "true to nature," are  
they so much the worse; the more danger-  
ous. You read the record and the oaths of a  
profane man; your thoughts take the same  
tone, an oath is much nearer your lips. You  
read of the daily and hourly drum-drinking  
of some of Dickens's men, for instance; and  
brandy and water, or a rum-punch, becomes  
very familiar and innocent drinks. You read  
of those whose words grew on impurity and your  
own thoughts are strained.

It is a question whether it is wise for young  
people to associate with those in books whom  
they could not associate with in daily life; and  
if not to decide, but if we make these people  
our associates, we shall be influenced by them.  
Some men, good men, go to a den of evil, to  
look on and see for themselves what the evil is.  
But if they should sit down with those men,  
their associates, and handle their cards, they  
would not come out pure from the contact.

Let us look to it, and neither be afraid of being  
"strait-laced" or too particular, but decide  
whether it is not better reserved in conversation  
books as we choose our companions. The net  
that was cast into the sea gathered of every  
kind, but he who caught them did not eat them  
all; some he kept, and threw the bad away.—  
*New York Observer.*

Obituary.  
MARY ANN HODGSON, OF EAST BRANICE,  
CUMBERLAND.  
The subject of this brief sketch was born  
Nov. 1st, 1843. Early instructed by religious  
parents in the great truths of Christianity, and  
operated upon by the Holy Spirit, she was led  
to consecrate her life to the service of God in  
the 14th year of her age, and it is believed that  
she never for a moment withdrew any part of  
that offering from the altar of consecration.  
Somehow timid and reserved in conversation,  
in reference to her religious experiences, her  
Christian character revealed itself chiefly in the  
purity of her life, in the earnestness with which  
she entered into any work of benevolence, in the  
regularity with which she attended all the means  
of grace, as pupil and then as teacher in the  
Sabbath School, in her lively sympathy with the  
sorrowing and bereaved, and in the meekness  
and demeanour in the home circle; yet a long  
correspondence with absent members of the  
family, and a number of "reflections" on various  
passages of Scripture, written at different periods  
of her religious life, clearly show that she lived  
near to God.

Early in the spring of the year just ended, she  
had a very severe illness from which she never  
fully recovered. Although she was able, during  
the early part of summer, to occupy her place  
in the sanctuary and the Sabbath School, and to  
minister to the comforts of the family by a thou-  
sand acts of sisterly kindness, till early in  
August, when she had another attack of disease,  
attended by intense suffering. She so far re-  
covered from this as to ally, to some extent, the  
anxiety created in the minds of her parents and  
friends; but other attacks ensued, increasing in  
frequency and violence, till soon it became evi-  
dent to all that, notwithstanding all that medical  
skill could avail, she would, ere long, be removed  
from earth. To say that, during these attacks,  
she suffered, conveys no adequate idea of the  
truth. She spent days and weeks in such bodily  
agony as none could realise but those who wit-  
nessed it; yet, during the whole, a word of im-  
patience, or a murmur never escaped her lips.  
She felt very much on account of the anxiety of  
her parents and friends, and frequently asked  
that her mother should be taken out of hearing,  
when conscious of the approach of a period of  
pain. In the intervals of comparative ease, she  
was very weak, but spoke clearly of her ap-  
proaching dissolution. Till the very day before  
her decease she evinced unshaken confidence in  
the merits of her Redeemer; but, for a moment,  
she asked, with great earnestness, "Am I really  
his, or am I not?" and immediately turning to  
her mother she said, "Help me up." On being  
lifted, she knelt by the bedside, and earnestly  
besought God for a renewed—a fuller mani-  
festation of Himself; but in a few moments she  
exclaimed, "I am my God's, and He is mine,"  
and then sang the verse, commencing—  
"My God, my Father and Redeemer!"

After calling her brothers and sisters around  
her, and exhorting each to meet her in heaven,  
she said, "Now, mother, I am all ready; I see  
Jesus reaching out his hand to receive me."  
She lived some hours after this, singing such  
verses as, "Jesus I know, he hath redeemed me,"  
"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," or, mur-  
muring, between periods of partial insensibility,  
Jesus—the name—precious name, and passed  
away. Her memory is fragrant.  
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