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Literary and Religious.

Twilight Voices.

What are the whispering voices
That awake at twilight fall?
Do they come from the golden sunset
With their haunting, haunting call?
They tell me of breezy spring-times,
And of dreamy summer eves,
And of snow-wreaths merrily shaken
From the shivering ivy leaves.
But the face of treble chastity
To a tender tone, and so
I know that the voices tell me
Only of long ago.

What are the tuneful voices
That of early dawn are born?
Do they come from the orient portals
Of the palace of the morn?
They tell of a golden city,
With pearl and jasper bright,
And of shining forms that beckon
Out of the dazzling light.

Then a rush of far-off harpings
Blends with the vision clear,
And I know that the night is passing,
And I know that the day is near!

—Good Words.

Jottings of Travel.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I propose with your permission to keep up correspondence with the readers of the GUARDIAN during the absence from home of the deputation from the Methodist Church of Canada to the approaching English Conference. Allow me to use the first person singular in my letters, as it will be more colloquial and save room. The present year with me counts for twenty-six of ministerial service in the Methodist Itinerary, and this is my first run to the salt water and the first long breathing spell I have been permitted to enjoy in that time. Dr. Ryerson, the senior member of the deputation, left your city on Tuesday evening, the 23rd, by G.T.R. On reaching Montreal next morning he was met by John Torrance, Esq., and Hon. Jas. Ferrier, whose attentions with those of other friends made the day pleasant for him. The *Mississippi*, our vessel, not having left Montreal, Dr. R. went on board on Wednesday evening, making the run down to Quebec in daylight on Thursday, 180 miles in 10½ hours. This is fast time. Your correspondent, acting on wrong information, rushed through by night train to Point Levi, reaching Quebec on Wednesday morning. This was the Queen's Birthday, but business, except at the Banks and Post Office, seemed undisturbed. Next day was Ascension Day, a *fete d'obligation*, and was kept as a general holiday.

I went to the French Cathedral to witness the celebration of Pontifical High Mass by the Archbishop. The music was superb, and the artistic effect of the ceremonial—I may almost say, resistless. I had witnessed when a boy, some fine displays in the R. C. churches at Montreal, but cannot recall as imposing a pageant as was this. The building was crowded to the doors. Lieutenant-Governor Caron and family, and many of the *elite* of the city were present. The ecclesiastics and assistants, who took part in the service, numbered perhaps nearly, or quite one hundred. At the close of the celebration of mass an address was delivered by a young priest, of fine presence and graceful elocution, whose rich voice filled the large building. I am bound to say that a more devout air I have seldom seen resting on a congregation than during the delivery of this address. Thrown, during my two days' stay in Quebec, into French circles, I could not but admire their respectfulness of spirit, both in regard to the courtesies of life, and also as far as I could observe, in their treatment of sacred things. There certainly was in all this a lesson for Protestants. I contrasted what I saw down here with the *loud* spirit and ways of "Young America" in the west, particularly as seen in relation to matters ecclesiastical and religious—the air of criticism or patronage abroad in some of our congregations, the devil-may-care expression which meets and repels the eye of many a faithful godly preacher as he looks out on his audience. That last word almost starts me off at a tangent—I forbear.

We got our clearance papers from Montreal this (Friday) morning, and have been running down the river at a smart rate, wind and tide both favorable. Montmorency Falls showed well, there being a heavy volume of water coming over the rocks from the melting snow to the North. Speaking of snow, it lies here in all directions still, north of us and south of us; it has not all gone even from the streets of Quebec. We have just passed Grosse Ile, with its white quarantine buildings glistening in the sun; Crane Island, with its lighthouse; a rocky islet near it with a wreck hugging its inhospitable shore; Traverse, with its light-ship and buoys, a place of shoals, where the salt water begins. Owing to the unusual volume of water coming down the St. Lawrence this spring, the salt water is kept well at bay, the fresh gaining several miles upon it, as compared with former years. How bare this country looks; the trees are brown, the rocks are brown, the grass itself, in some places, is not yet green. Now, to the north of us, is Malbaie, better known as Murray Bay. Opposite, on the south shore, is Kamouraska. We are nearing the mouth of the Saguenay, a marvellous river. Twenty-nine years ago, your correspondent reached its now celebrated settlement of Ha! Ha! Bay by a land route, the experiences connected with which journey were more romantic than comfortable. Never shall I lose the impression of my first sight of the Saguenay as it appears some miles below Chateaufort. I had taken schooner in the night—there was then no line of steamers. In the grey of the morning I came on deck. The inkly black river had an exceptional greenness at that early hour, the unfriendly bluffs on either shore so steep and abrupt as to allow the vessel's spars to touch the rocks, Pointe d'Éternité rising to blue heights of over 2,000 feet, the foam of the impetuous depths of water beneath us, with, as it happened, the scudding of dark clouds overhead in an angry sky, all together made a scene, which, for weirdness, these eyes hardly expect again to look upon.

We are taking what is called the North route, leaving Hare Island and Brandy Pot to our right. The country gets wilder as we proceed, particularly to the North, whose shore we keep. The villages grow scarce; Southward and nearly opposite to us are Rivière-du-Loup and Cacouna, to the North is Tadoussac nestling among the rocks.

The *Mississippi* is a brig-rigged steamer of the Dominion Line, length 345 feet, about four years old. She has been running between New Orleans and Liverpool during the winter, has a crew of sixty; Captain Lindall, master. There is not just as much style of outfit, etc., as on the Allan Line, nor as much shoddy and ceremony as on the Cunard Line, but the indications give promise of all needed attention and every required comfort. Your deputation have a comfortable state room, apiece, bath-room at hand, all necessary arrangements for ventilation, heating, etc. Our cargo is chiefly grain and lumber. In my next, if you will allow me, I will write a letter for the boys and girls who read the GUARDIAN. D. S.

P.S.—I mail this at Father Point by the pilot.

Diversities of Glory.

There is a peerage in glory. There are distinctions and diversities among the holy and happy spirits of heaven. They do not all walk on the same dead level of felicity and honor, nor all on the same supreme heights. There are degrees of exaltation and dignity. They are all holy and happy. They all wear the likeness of Christ. They sing one song. But there is still room for a diversity of joy and reward. When John looked in through the open gate he saw some whose garments shone with an exceeding lustre, distinguishing them from their fellows; and he could not forbear asking: "Who are these that are arrayed in white raiment, and whence came they?" And Daniel testifies that "they which turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

It is on this testimony of Daniel that I wish to dwell. Suppose a man converted on his death-bed, his last breath expended on his first believing prayer, and receiving, like the dying thief, as he leaves this world, the pledge of Jesus, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." He goes up, indeed, to the celestial city. He is saved. But he goes alone. None of all whom he has known in the fellowship of this life pass through the pearly gate with him. In how many scenes he has mingled! In how many associations he has walked and talked and labored! But while those ties were on him he was not a lover of Jesus. He has never pleaded with one soul nor prayed for or with one soul, to bring him to the Saviour. He is saved, but nobody else is saved as the fruit of his faithful witnessing for the Master. Must not this fact affect his reward in heaven?

Or, take an indolent or timid Christian, who has for many years been comforted by the hope that Christ has accepted him; who has prayed daily—"Thy kingdom come," and who has helped to maintain Christian ordinances; but who has no knowledge that any soul has ever been brought to repent and believe in Jesus through his personal, direct, efficient interposition, and who goes home to the presence of his Lord in the evening of his days with only this uneventful story of his earthly experience. He may, indeed, cast his crown—with not one jewel sparkling in its golden rim.

How different will be with the faithful and untiring laborer who has instrumentally led

many daughters and sons to glory! They will cluster around him amid the groves of the celestial Eden. They will seize his robes and his hands, and hang upon him with every demonstration of immortal love and gratitude. "But for you," they will say, one after another, "I had not been here in this blessed heaven!" "But for you I never had crossed the threshold of the house of prayer!" "But for you I had never left my vices and my follies!" "But for you I had never given up my cold skepticism!" "But for you I had never bent my stubborn knees to ask forgiveness through a Saviour's blood!" "I owe my joy, my crown, my song, my heritage in Jesus and his great salvation, to your fidelity! You would not give me up. I resisted you, and struggled against the light and truth, but you kept your hold of me till I came to the crucifix, and found pardon and peace!" Think of his emotion as he hears such testimonies.

And Jesus will call him near, and thank him, with words sweeter than music, for his unremitting earthly labors in telling the story of the cross, and persuading men to trust that redeeming grace.

Ah! it will be true, in demonstrations more than we can anticipate, that they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. Brethren and friends, don't you covet these heavenly honors and joys? It does not require learning to win them. You need not speak with eloquent lips. Without the influence of place and position you may win this reward! Souls are waiting for you. Salvation is staked on your pleading, praying, and working. Every man in the community it is accessible to you. Begin, and the work will grow more facile and more precious every day. There will be an absorbing taste and relish for it as you proceed. Be not waiting in this earnest time of effort in these burdened and fateful days.—Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D.

The Claims of Science.

AN ADDRESS BY J. H. DUMBLE, ESQ., AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF FARADAY HALL, VICTORIA COLLEGE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The laying of the foundation stone of a great public edifice is always an interesting event. How very interesting then to you and to me must be the present occasion, when after weary years of waiting, and the deferment of hope which maketh the heart sick, we witness the laying of a corner-stone of a Science Hall for Victoria College. To-day I have pleasure in being present here to-day, would not sufficiently express my feelings. I have the satisfaction of experiencing a three-fold pleasure. As an humble contributor to this building fund and a citizen of Cobourg, I am much gratified that my fellow-townsmen have so generously responded to the appeal for aid to construct this building, and as I feel confident it will prove an ornament to our fair town, I trust it will long remain a monument to their public spirit, and appreciation of the noble work, in imparting higher education, the college is now performing, and has been doing for more than a quarter of a century in this country. But, ladies and gentlemen, as I cast my eyes toward yonder venerable pile I am forcibly reminded that once upon a time too was a youth amongst its youth. I see several of my old school-fellows present to-day, and I can call them all to witness that in the many years that have elapsed since we were together I have never faltered in my loyalty and attachment to my *Alma Mater*. As such student I heartily rejoice at this visible evidence of getting out of the old rut of breaking new ground, and of, I trust, increased progress and prosperity. I have also the honor of being, for many years, a member of the College Board; and, feeling the responsibility of such office, I cannot but feel satisfaction and pleasure at this sign of growth and life, and I trust freedom from those peculiar embarrassments which have beset the institution, and which, I presume, are incident to all educational establishments of this description. What such embarrassments were no one knows better than I; and no one knows better how nobly the patrons of this institution have struggled to sustain it in its noble mission, and how, when the contributions of its lay friends fell short, the clergy of the Wesleyan Church, with a self-denial and patriotism unparalleled in the history of Churches, unhesitatingly taxed their scanty income to subsidize the revenue. Governments at times grudgingly aided its sustentation; and again Governments with overflowing treasuries as ruthlessly withdrew their support. The consequence will, I trust, enable us to verify the old adage, that Providence helps those who help themselves; and I sincerely hope that the noble effort, so far successful, made to endow Victoria College will be continued until it is placed on a safe financial basis, beyond the whims of Governments and the caprice of fortune. Thus encouraged, and with your generous aid, the Board have resolved to proceed with the erection of this building; and I am sure not the least gratifying circumstance connected with it is the fact that it will be dedicated to science. I do not mean to decry those orthodox studies which are considered should form the basis of a liberal education, and which the greater men of our time have pronounced to be the most fitting for the culture and discipline of the mind of youth. Yet, as this is eminently a scientific age, and this is a great and growing

country, pregnant with all the elements of material wealth, and needing all the aid that science can give towards its development, I rejoice to see science occupy so prominent a position in relation to this University. [I said this was eminently a scientific age.] It may, indeed, be characterized as an age of scientific research, of philosophical investigation, and, we may add, mechanical achievement. Electricity and steam no longer excite our wonder and astonishment. It seems as if the spirit of science was abroad, and that Nature but feebly resisted its importunity and research. The uttermost ends of the earth, from the tropics to the Pole, are being explored, and fortunate, indeed, the explorer who does not find his discoveries anticipated and foretold, (as did Livingstone), by the philosopher sitting in his easy chair. It is no longer a flight of poetic fancy to speak of putting "a girdle round this earth" in forty minutes; on the contrary, it is a great realized fact of the age; and now the "coarse of the salt deep" holds that girdle which annihilates time and space. It is science that spans the continent with iron-ways, bridges the ocean with mighty ships, and in that land, its cradle, the Pyramids to-day look down upon a great navigable highway, that more than realizes the dreams of their Pharaohs. As the lapidary utilizes the diamond dust to cut and polish the gem, and free its pent-up light, so does science utilize nature's elements to assist in revealing her concealed truths. The ray of light, the quivering sunbeam, when captured by the philosopher in his spectroscopic, is as useful to the astronomer in investigating star-phenomena and matters celestial, as it is invaluable to the analytical chemist in detecting infinitesimal quantity in matters terrestrial; and when the sunbeam's tell-tale task is finished, science coolly and accurately weighs it in the balance, ere setting it at liberty. The air we breathe—the pure air of heaven—when imprisoned and compressed, whether by steam or the tiny rill that trickles down the mountain side, is science's willing slave, to drive the drill and sustain the life that tunnels the river's bed and the stormy strait, or the mountain's range. In its light, the strata of this earth's crust are read as a book at noon-day, and when duly interpreted, it is discerned that the oldest stratum is but the debris of a yet older world. Science calls, and not unsuccessfully, on the sea to divulge her secrets, to tell of her rivers, her shoals, her vegetation, her life, while it sounds with marvellous accuracy her profoundest depths, without the aid of either line or plummet. Such, ladies and gentlemen, is a brief and hurried glance at some of the more recent triumphs of science, of that noble study which is to be taught within the walls of "Faraday Hall,"—aye, and without the walls, for I have but time to tell you that here a stately tower will rear its lofty head, from whose top the astronomer's telescope will survey yon starry heavens, which have ever engaged the attention of mankind, and in the sublime study of which England's Newton has left so imperishable a name. Speaking of imperishable names, I think the authorities of this University may fairly be congratulated on the selection of the name of a man for this Hall, that, for scientific attainments and Christian virtues, will be revered in the old world as it is perpetuated in the new. "Faraday," the blacksmith's son, is a noble example to the youth of this College and of this country. He could truly exclaim with the Latin poet, "I have erected to myself a monument, more enduring than brass. I shall not wholly die: a great part of me shall escape death." May the name of Faraday, as associated with this Hall, ever incite its youth to emulate his Christian virtues and scientific renown. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I assure you will join with me in the wish that Faraday Hall may ever prosper, and our good town of Cobourg ever flourish.

God's Workmen.

Our friends in Canada are mourning now, and I profoundly mourn with them. Those who were present at the missionary breakfast at London, will not forget the stirring address by the Rev. George McDougall. I regret to say that that name is among the Church's martyrology. The last mail from Canada brought the sorrowful news that he had been frozen to death on the plains, and it may be that the snow shall be his winding-sheet until the sun reveals him. He has gasped out his life in a lonely desert grave. But it is a grand thought that God buries his workmen, and yet carries on his work. One of the most interesting things that have come to my knowledge lately, is the way in which God rebukes the natural unbelief and discontentment of his servants. We sent out a young man to the English Church at Calcutta, and he expressed his dislike to go to such a place. He wanted to grapple with heathenism first hand. But he went, and we have no note of dissatisfaction from him now. Since he went, the Lord has been pleased to show him one of the most glorious revelations of His will that he has ever known in his life. He never knew in England such a fervor as he has known in Calcutta, and between forty and fifty of those who went out with the Prince of Wales on board the *Osborne* and *Scotia*, are coming home with trial tickets for membership. And as they were leaving, grasping the young missionary's hand, they said, "It seems as though we were leaving home instead of going home." (Applause) Now, as regards Italy, I want just to take you to

Naples. You know the custom in continental nations in Catholic churches. Men go in and stay for five or ten minutes, and go out again. And they have been doing the same thing as regards our Wesleyan chapel. Our missionary thought he could utilize this, and so he got Gospel leaflets printed, and every person that entered had one put into his hand, containing some truth calculated to bring to his mind the knowledge of his sins, and of Christ as a Saviour, and it has been ascertained that 6,000 have thus gone into our chapel.—Dr. W. Morley Pughon.

Rev. Dr. Green's Address.

On Tuesday, the 30th ult., the venerable Dr. Anson Green, delegate to the Primitive Methodist Conference, was introduced to that body. We take the following report of Dr. Green's address on that occasion from the *Globe*:

Rev. Dr. Green, after explaining that the non-attendance of his co-delegate, Mr. Robt. Wilkes, was due to his absence in Europe, and referring to his own weakness and infirmity from heart disease, said that he had the honor of presenting to them the Christian salutations of more than one thousand Methodist ministers, and about 130,000 Church members, who were scattered abroad through this wide Dominion doing the same work that the Primitive Methodist ministers were doing—spreading scriptural holiness through the land. In some instances they went beyond the boundaries of the Dominion, quite over the high seas. He presented to the Conference their congratulations, saying, "All hail fellow-laborers and fellow-sufferers in the kingdom and patience of the Lord Jesus Christ; children of John Wesley, all hail, love, joy and peace be multiplied among you." He was instructed to present to them the fraternal greeting of the Methodist Church of Canada, and their cordial Christian salutations. If he (Dr. Green) was a stranger to the President, he was not to many of the brethren by whom he was surrounded. He saw many familiar faces—brethren he loved—with whom he had taken sweet counsel, and joined in divine worship under other circumstances and in other places. There was one sense in which they were all strangers, pilgrims on earth, but being fellow-pilgrims they were not necessarily strangers to each other, and certainly not to their common Master. They were told on a very high authority that those who were afar off were made high by the blood of Christ, and he could therefore say, in the language of the great apostle, "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and fugitives, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." They were all members of the one household, and though they might occupy different departments in this household, the dividing walls were so thin that those on one side could hear the hearty amen of the other, and join in their sweet Hallelujahs and joyous Hosannas. He thought he might gratify the feelings of his heart at that moment, and looking at this Conference, say in the words of the patriarch, "All we are brethren." And they were brethren in a very pleasing sense. He knew not any family on this earth in which all the children bore so striking a resemblance to each other as they did as Methodist brethren. (Applause.) They sang the same hymns, they read the same Bible, they preached the same Gospel. The reverend and venerable speaker then proceeded at some length to notice the agreement there existed among the different branches of the Methodist Church. He knew that this body thought they were a little more Primitive than the others were. (Laughter and applause.) He hoped they were, for he loved primitive simplicity, primitive victories and trials, and the more they had of this primitive simplicity the better would the larger body love them. But some in these days had, in indulging their proclivities for the primitive, gone in a different direction to find it—even to the Vatican. (Hear, hear.) He then referred to the trials of early Methodism in Canada—to its arduous struggles for religious equality, and to its steady growth into its present state of prosperity. Before sitting down he wished to congratulate them on two things—

first, that they had now acquired a standing in this country in which they had as much civil and religious liberty as was good for them, and as much rational liberty as could be found in any country on the face of the earth. He congratulated them also that they formed a part of the great Methodist family that now stood out as the largest religious element in this country. It they looked at the census lately published by the Government, they would find that as a religious element the Methodist Churches embraced a little more than one-fourth of the whole population. The second was the Presbyterian, embracing one-fifth, the third Episcopal, about one-sixth; then, at a respectful distance away down, was the Roman Catholic, embracing about one-tenth. There were besides a number of smaller denominations. He concluded by wishing them all God speed.

Rev. Mr. Bee moved, "That this Conference has received with sincere pleasure the fraternal address sent to this Assembly by the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada. The Conference was also gratified to listen to an admirable address from the Rev. Anson Green, D.D. We reciprocate most heartily the expressions of brotherly affection contained in these addresses, and though we cannot see any near prospect of the organic unification of our different

Connections as referred to by our brethren of the Methodist Church of Canada, we trust this fact will not in any measure lessen the sincere affection and willing co-operation which has so long existed between us."

Rev. Mr. Guttery seconded the motion, referring to the kindly sentiments expressed by the "old man eloquent" who had addressed them. As had been said of Lord Brougham, his soul had lost none of its fire in advancing years; his infirmity was only of the body. They all rejoiced in the name of Methodist and in the name of Wesley. Reference had been made to the fact that all Methodists sang Wesley's hymns. It was his opinion that when God inspired Charles Wesley he had made him the poet of Methodism for ever. They had listened with hearty sympathy to their venerable friend's narrative of the trials and difficulties of Methodism; and they could say in all truth that they rejoiced in the victories of the Methodist Church of Canada, and would sympathize with it should its day of trial come. They prayed that God's blessing would rest upon its devoted ministers and members.

The President, Rev. Mr. Lamb, also expressed his sympathy with the sentiments of Dr. Green, but spoke discouragingly respecting organic union. The motion was carried with applause.

Rev. Dr. Green, in the course of a brief reply, said that in all human probability the presentation of the address which he had brought to the Conference would be his last official act, as he felt that his days on earth would very soon be numbered. He hoped to meet them in heaven.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Harris, the Rev. Mr. Bee, the Rev. Mr. Guttery, and Mr. Walker were appointed a deputation to attend the Conference of the Canadian Methodist Church and to prepare an address to be presented to that body.

The New Editor.

The following is from an article by Rev. W. H. Deput, D.D., on the Rev. C. H. Fowler, D.D., the new editor of the N. Y. *Christian Advocate*:

Dr. Fowler is a native of Upper Canada, but came into the States at an early age. His college life was spent at Lima, N.Y., where he graduated at Genesee College, (now Syracuse University,) in 1859. For the next two years he studied at the Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Ill., graduating in theology in 1861. Entering at once the itinerant ministry, in the Rock River Conference, he was stationed at Jefferson Street Church, now Centenary Church, Chicago; then at Clark Street Church, and successively at Centenary, Wabash Avenue, Centenary, and Union. In 1866 he was tendered the Presidency of the North-western University at Evanston, but modestly declined, in order to remain in the pastorate. In 1872, however, when elected a second time to that office, he accepted, and has since continued at that post of service, enjoying the constantly increasing confidence and esteem of its trustees, faculty, students, and friends. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Biblical Institute at Evanston, and was the recipient of the first honor of that kind awarded by that institution. One year ago he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the oldest of our chief literary institutions, the Wesleyan University, at Middleton, Conn.

Dr. Fowler's rare gifts in scholarship, in preaching, in platform speaking, and in executive administration—an acknowledged leader in the above brief record of the important posts of official service to which he has been successfully called by the Church. He is a thorough temperance reformer—an acknowledged leader in this service in the West—a friend of the Bible in the schools, a lover and defender of the old doctrines of Methodism, and by habits of thought and speech opposed to all doubtful innovations in our Church economy; and yet his Western friends declare him progressive on all questions of reform providentially called for by the changing conditions of society and the Church.

Religion a Natural Need.

Notwithstanding all philosophy, man is a being born to believe, to reverence and adore, as well as to think and feel; and the more the faculty of extra belief, (i.e., belief which does not rest on pure reason) is crushed out of a man's being, the more fatally it will reappear in the conditions of daily life, or in superstitious occurrences. There would be neither scope, nor depth, nor progress in human life, if the intellect of human beings were forever wrapped in the tightest swaddling clothes which metaphysicians and analysts can prepare. The poetry of life is perpetually bursting out, and neither in the affairs of this world nor the next can the spirit of a man be restricted from believing and hoping and imagining more than it can either see or know. Religion has been in all ages, races, and climates, a universal instinct of mankind; it has been the basis of laws, of governments, of customs and institutions, and hastened and lacerated society in all its forms. We may denounce its particular manifestations, but that the spirit of man cleaves to the world to come, is as true as that he stands erect in this.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.

The Family Treasury.

Indian Gems.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT—VERSIFIED BY

Wise men heed not wealth and pleasure—these be
perishing, though fair.
Daily live they, as if death's fingers twined already
in their hair.

Truly richer than all riches, better than the best of
gold.

Wisdom is—unbought, secure, once won, none loseth
her again.

Bringing dark things into daylight, solving doubts
which vex the mind.

Like an open eye is wisdom; he that hath her not is
blind.

Childless art thou? dead thy children? leaving thee
to grief and dool?

Less thy misery than his is—who is father to a fool.
One wise son makes glad his father, forty fools avail
him not.

One moon silvers all that darkness, which the host of
stars but dot.

Ease, and health, obedient children, wisdom, and a
fair-voiced wife.

Thus, great King, are counted up the five felicities of
life.

For the son the sire is honoured; though the bow be
bowed true.

Let the strained string crack in using, and what ser-
vice shall it do?

Nay! and faint not, idly sighing, "Destiny is might-
iest!"

Ereasmun holds oil in plenty, but it yieldeth none un-
pressed.

Ah! it is the coward's babble, "Fortune takeeth, For-
tune giveth!"

Fortune! rate her like a master, and she serves thee
like a slave.

Two-folds is the life we live in—Fate and Will together
run.

Two wheels bear life's chariot onward—will it move
on only one?

Look! the clay dries into iron, but the potter moulds
the clay.

Deathly to-day is master—man was master yesterday.
Worthy ends come not by wishing! Wouldst thou?

Up! and win it then.

While the hungry lion slumbers, not a deer comes to
his den.

—Reverend.

Answers to Prayer.

We take the following from Dr. W. W.
Patton's remarkable answers to prayer.

"Frankie and the Orphan House at Halle, Germany, on a small salary, and no property but his books. He conceived the project of an orphan asylum for the children of the poor. In due time it was opened, and he had seven hundred children depending on him for food, clothing and education, and no other resources but the voluntary gift of the benevolent. When his treasury became exhausted, he was in the habit of reporting the fact to the Lord, and asking for the needed aid. This was sure to be given, and it will aid faith to hear a part of his testimony:—

"Our funds were exhausted, and I knew not where to look for the necessary supplies. Some person, who is yet unknown to me, put into my hands a thousand dollars for the orphans. At another time, when our stores were exhausted, we laid our case before the Lord, and had scarcely finished our prayer when there was a knock at my door, and a letter was handed in with fifty dollars in gold. Twenty dollars soon after came, which fully supplied our wants, and we were taught that God will hear prayer almost before it is offered. I sent a ducent to a poor, afflicted woman, who informed me that it came in time of need, and she prayed God to give my poor orphans a heap of ducents for it. Soon after, I received from one friend two ducents; from another, twenty-five; from two others, forty-three; and from Prince Paul, five hundred. When I saw all this money on the table, I could not but think of the prayer of the poor woman, and how literally it had been fulfilled."

"Louis Harms and His Missions. About 1850, Louis Harms became the pastor of a humble Lutheran Church, at Hermannsburg, Germany. From spiritual deadness he stirred the whole region into life. He established a training mission house, built and sustained a mission ship, sent out and supported a large number of missionaries, set up a printing-press for religious books and tracts, published a monthly missionary magazine, and founded several local reformatories. In six years his expenses amounted to 115,676 crowns (a crown being a little more than a dollar); while his receipts were 118,694 crowns. He commenced with nothing. He said: 'I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in His hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room, "Forward now, in God's name!" From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind.'

"It is wonderful, when one has nothing, and 10,000 crowns are laid in his hand by the dear Lord." . . . "To the question, Shall we print? Certainly we can; but we cried to the Lord, "Grant it to us," and we immediately received 2,000 crowns. We had only to take and be thankful. A short time since, I had to pay a merchant, in behalf of the missions, 550 crowns, and when the time was near I had only 400. I prayed to the Lord Jesus for the deficiency. Soon three letters came: one with 20, one with 25, and one with 100 crowns—all anonymous. A laborer brought me 10 crowns, so I had not only enough, but five over. A medicine-chest was greatly wanted for the mission. Before I had well begun to commend this matter to the Lord, an anonymous letter came, accompanied with a medicine-chest, begging that it might soon be sent to the heathen." In 1858, he wrote: 'I needed for the mission 15,000 crowns, and the Lord gave me that, and sixty over. This year I needed double, and the Lord gave me double, and 140 over.'

"George Muller and the Bristol Orphan House. The wonderful story of Muller, in his connection with the Bristol Orphan House, is before the world. His Thirty-Sixth Annual Report comes down to May 26th, 1875, which year commenced with about \$20,000 in the orphan treasury, which was soon reduced to enough for a single month. Yet one month later, and the money came in so as to leave a balance of \$48,000. He adds: 'What cannot God do in answer to believing, expecting prayer? I have walked, by God's grace, in this happy road for forty-five years and six months, out of the forty-nine years and eight months during which I have been a believer; and on these principles, "Trust in the living God and

pray," this institution has been carried on for forty-one years, and without applying to any one I have received, simply in answer to believing prayer, the sum of £685,000 (\$3,325,000). The results from the use of this money he gives as follows: '46,400 persons taught in schools wholly sustained, besides tens of thousands in other schools assisted; 96,000 Bibles, above 247,000 Testaments, and 180,000 smaller portions of the Scriptures, circulated; above 53,500,000 tracts and books, in various languages, distributed; many missionaries, of late years over 170 annually, assisted; 4,677 orphans cared for; and five large houses built, at a cost of \$373,000, able to accommodate 2,050 orphans. As to spiritual results, I will here say nothing; indeed, eternity alone can unfold them; yet, even in so far as God has been pleased to allow us to see already the result of our service, we have reaped most abundantly, and do so, more and more every year, while going on in the work.'

J. B. Gough's Appeal for Prohibition.

I heard a young man in a railway carriage tell his own story, while conversing on the Maine Law. Said he: "My father was a drunkard for years; my mother was a strong-minded, energetic woman; and with the help of the boys, she managed to keep the farm free from debt. When my father signed the pledge, that which pleased her most; next to his having signed it, was that she could tell him that there was not a debt nor a mortgage on the farm. My father used to drive into the city, about eight miles distant, twice a week; and I recollect my mother saying to me, 'I wish you could try and persuade your father not to go any more. We don't need that which he earns; and, George, I am afraid of temptations and old associates.' 'Oh,' said I, 'don't think of that; father's all right!' One evening we had a heavy load, and were going towards home, when father stopped at one of his old places of resort, and gave me the whip and the reins. I hit the horses, tied up the reins, and went in afterwards. The landlord said, 'I am glad to see you; how do you do? You are quite a stranger. How long is it since the temperance whim got hold of you?' 'Oh, about two years,' said my father. 'Well,' said the landlord, 'you see we are getting on here very well, and they chatted together for some time. By-and-by he asked my father to have something to drink. 'Oh, but I have got a little temperance bitters here,' said the landlord, 'that temperance men use, and they acknowledge that it is purifying to the blood, especially in warm weather! Just try a little.' And he poured out a glass and offered it. I stepped up and said, 'Don't give my father that.' To which he replied, 'Well, boys aren't boys hardly now-a-days; they are got to be men amazing early. If I had a boy like you I think I should take him down a little. What do you think, Mr. Meyers? Do you bring that boy to take care of you? Do you want a guardian?' That stirred the old man's pride, and he told me to go and look after the horses. He sat and drank till ten o'clock; and every time the landlord gave him a drink, I said, 'Don't give it to him.' At last my father rose up against me—he was drunk. When he got up on the wagon I drove. My heart was very heavy, and I thought of my mother. Oh, how she will feel this! When we got about two miles from home my father said, 'I will drive.' 'No,' said I, 'let me drive.' He snatched the reins from me, fell from the wagon, and, before I could check the horses, the forward wheel crushed his head in the road. I was still midnight getting his dead body on the wagon. I carried him to my mother, and she never smiled from that day to the day of her death. Four months after that she died, and we buried her." "Now," said the man, after he had finished his story, "that man killed my father—he was my father's murderer."

There is no publican can take your brother, your father, your son, into his dram-shop to-night, and make him drunk in spite of your entreaties and prayers, and kick him out at midnight, and you may find his dead body in the gutter. All you have to do is to take the body and bury it, and say nothing about it; for you have no redress, no protection. Now, protection is what we want. Come and help us—
The Alliance.

"More Cry than Wool."

Some time ago I sat listening to Mr. Spurgeon as he preached in a favorite and fashionable watering-place in Wales. A well-dressed and, apparently, well-to-do man sat next to me upon the platform; indeed he seemed such an important person that I made way for him, gave him my chair, and betook myself to a form close by. I don't think that I ever saw a man evince more interest, more delight, more strong and varied feeling while hearing a discourse. All through the service he was deeply interested. He joined in the singing with great enthusiasm; Mr. Spurgeon's well-known running comment which he gives as he reads the Scripture so delighted him that he knocked the platform vigorously with his walking-stick, and several times cried out "Hear, hear." During prayer I was much disturbed by my neighbor's pious ejaculations. Then came the sermon, and a good sermon it was, as Mr. Spurgeon's generally are. My neighbor was a great study to me. I fear that I was more observant of him than mindful of the discourse. The preacher was humorous, my neighbor laughed right heartily; the preacher was pathetic, my neighbor drew out his handkerchief, and applied it again and again to his streaming eyes; the preacher was eloquent, my neighbor looked and listened in an ecstasy of wonder, admiration and joy; and when it was over he blessed God and three times cried—Amen! Mr. Spurgeon, in his discourse, said some excellent things about liberality, which appeared in an especial manner to approve themselves to my neighbor, who repeatedly looked round toward me, remarking, "Good, good—that's good—very, very good!" In all that Mr. Spurgeon said about meanness, selfishness, niggardliness (and he did say some scathing, scathing things), my neighbor seemed fully and entirely to sympathize. Well, the sermon over, then came the collection. I watched my neighbor. It was an unmanly thing to

do, but I did it; and my apology is this—that, partly at my request, Mr. Spurgeon had travelled far to preach for a charity in which I was much interested. So I watched my demonstrative, enthusiastic neighbor. I did not expect much, for I thought of the proverb—"More cry than wool." Still, I thought this man, who had been so enchanted by the discourse, and who had very distinctly declared, in my hearing and in the hearing of many others, that were the whole realm of nature his, it would be a present far too small—I thought he might be good for half-a-crown; especially as he had wept profusely when Mr. Spurgeon, in feeling terms, referred to the object for which he pleaded. I saw my neighbor pick, from a handful of silver and gold, a shilling, which he put upon the plate. I said to myself—well, this is a hypocritical humbug! But I further saw that, when my neighbor put down his shilling, I picked up off the plate a sixpence and five pennies, one by one, which he put into his pocket. I hope he did not take more; but for the eleven pence out of the twelve I can vouch, and then the mean wretch had the cheek to roar out another "Bless the Lord," and another "Amen" at the benediction.—Rev. H. Stowell Brown in Plain Talk for March.

A Gentleman.

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man.

To be a gentleman it is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits.

A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems others better than himself.

Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knight-hood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water that was to quench his mortal thirst in favor of a dying soldier.

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think of these things."

And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works, before a profane world."

A Forgotten Guide.

One morning Mrs. Vickers received an anonymous letter from a district visitor, giving her the address of a woman whom the letter stated to be one of the worst characters in Brighton, and a great corrupter of others; so bad, indeed, that no respectable person had thought of entering her house for many a long year. But as the writer had been told that Mrs. Vickers did not shrink from visiting the vilest, would she go and see her? adding, that could any impression be made on her, it might be the means of saving souls.

The same day saw Mrs. Vickers on her way to the house named in the letter. The door was opened by the very woman, and Mrs. Vickers at once boldly stated the errand on which she had come. "I have no time to hear about such things," the woman answered roughly; "religion is all very well for you gentlefolks, but poor folk can't afford it; one must live."

"And we must all die too," Mrs. Vickers said solemnly.

"Well, that's true, and I know all about that," said the woman with an odd boastfulness. "I am not so ignorant as some; I wasn't always like what you see me now; why up there," she added, pointing to a top shelf, "I have got a beautiful large Bible I bought with my own money—years ago it is now."

"A beautiful large Bible!" exclaimed Mrs. Vickers; "how I should like to see it; do you think you could get it down for me?"

"Well, ma'am, I'll try; but I'm afraid it will nigh mother you with dust; for it is right on the top shelf where I can't get at it with the duster."

So, with the combined help of a table and a chair, she managed to get the Bible down. Alas! the dust stood so thick on it, that in Whitefield's strong words, she would have had no difficulty in writing damnation with her own finger on the whitened cover. But wiping it carefully with the corner of her apron, she laid it triumphantly on the table before Mrs. Vickers.

"Well, that is a beauty!" exclaimed Mrs. Vickers, "and what beautiful print too! can you read it?"

"Read it, I should think I can, indeed; at least I can when I have got my glasses; but unluckily I happened of an accident with one of them."

"Can you find them? for if you will give them to me, I will get them mended for you." "Well, I can't say as how I know exactly where they are, but I think I can lay my hand on them somewhere," she said, proceeding to rummage in several drawers.

Mrs. Vickers joined in the hunt, and during the search for the glasses the ice seemed to melt, and they got quite friendly.

"Here they are," exclaimed Mrs. A., producing them at last, from among a heap of odds and ends.

"And a capital pair of glasses, too," rejoined Mrs. Vickers; "this one is cracked and we must have a new glass for that eye, but the other is all right; just try it," she added, opening the Bible.

So putting the odd glass to her right eye, the woman read a few words.

"You do read well! why you are quite a scholar!" and so Mrs. Vickers kept on turning over the pages, and getting her to read one verse over after another, till she found the passage she wanted, viz. Isa. i. 18.

"There is nothing amiss with that glass, is there? Read this."

Slowly she read the solemn words through the one odd spectacle-glass; but, as she read, Mrs. Vickers felt one great warm drop after another falling upon her hand, which rested on the open Bible. "Come, let us reason together; your Father loves you; He is knocking at the door of your heart now; 'Come,' he says, 'let us reason together.' Oh! why will you perish, when He says, through me, 'Come to Me, and though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow?'"

She did not say much more, but left, taking the glasses with her. As soon as they were mended, she returned to the house with them. The moment the woman saw her, she exclaimed, holding up both her hands, "I've done with it! I've done with it! I have never been able to get the verse out of my head. Not another day of this dreadful life will I lead, if I can help it."

Mrs. A. is now living with her brother, conducting a small business, having been known for many years as a respectable woman and a most earnest Christian.—From "Work Among the Lost."

Self-Examination.

"Know thyself" was truly a wise saying for a heathen philosopher. Better for a man to be ignorant of a thousand things deemed important than to be ignorant of himself. How can man know himself without some standard or rule to which to bring himself? Two things are to be considered—motives and actions. Men are always acting; but with what motive?

Now it is just the motive that gives the moral complexion to every action of every mortal agent. Let a man aim at great wealth, or high promotion amongst men, and his every action should tend that way. The love of riches or distinction is, to such a man, the great motive that guides or governs him. And he knows it. His every action is in that direction. Now it is from this standpoint that such a one must be viewed. We keep his aim before us, and judge of his course of action with reference to it. If he give evidence of having wealth as the single object of his ambition, we need not examine him, nor exert him to examine himself, with reference to the great end of his plans and operations. They are indeed too apparent as to the object in view. Now, as to the wisdom, or folly of a life thus spent, all depends for a proper decision, upon the object sought. If it justify, in reason's eye and ear, the means expended, then life has been well spent. If it should not, the folly is too apparent to leave a doubt as to a life ill-spent. There is but one remedy for all this folly, and every man may have the benefit of it. Let a man propose an end or object worthy of himself, and then let him seek it ever in a prescribed way.

Now, the gospel proposes to put man in possession of eternal life, as the ultimate object that is to make him an heir of the universe, conjointly with all the saved, and with Jesus Christ himself as his elder brother. But there must be a fitness for the promised inheritance. No one can fall of this inheritance whose desires, tastes and endeavors are heaven-ward. He seeks it by continuance in well-doing. His motives, when examined, are always right. Now, in so living, consists his fitness for heaven. For such an one is in the faith, and in him dwells Jesus Christ; the hope of glory. But there are those who think that because they have the faith, they must therefore be in the faith. This is a mistake. Many have the gospel testimony—apprehend and believe it—and yet are not in the faith. They do not walk in it, nor live by it. That Jesus died for sins—was buried and rose again, and ascended to heaven, and now sits at the right hand of His Father—may be apprehended, and faith professed therein, and yet the individual not be able to say, "I believe that Jesus died for me—shed his blood for my sins to redeem me from ruin." Or if he can say so in good faith, may he not postpone its acceptance, and presume to say that to-morrow at another time will do?—Dr. A. W. Campbell.

Russia.

A Scotch gentleman, visiting in Russia, found a Sunday-school already in operation. The lady who conducts it is one of the nobility, and has almost unlimited means at her disposal. Her three grandchildren, one of whom is a prince, speak English as well as Russian; many of the children in Russia have this facility; because it is the fashion to employ English nurses, who are much esteemed on account of their honesty. These women are generally true Christians; so that the first religious ideas of the children, are generally a reflex of the piety of these women. On Sunday afternoon, the elegant drawing-room of the chateau assumes the appearance of a Sunday school-room, is hung with English prints and charts, on Scripture subjects, and is prepared for the reception of the village children (60 or 65), who are marshaled in by the village school-master, each carrying his own Testament. After the children have read a portion from the Bible, they are catechized upon it. Upon examination they were found to be fully as well informed, at least upon New Testament subjects, as are the children in our average Sunday-schools. They are anxiously looking for a collection of hymns, which their conductresses have sent for, for use in their Sunday-school. It seems strange after this to learn that this noble lady is a Roman Catholic.

In the south of Russia there has arisen a new sect called the Sundists. The movement commenced in the following manner: Two large congregations turned out their priests, and announced their intention of receiving their spiritual instruction directly from God's Word. They called themselves "Bible Sundists," meaning Bible students, since shortened into "Sundists." The government did not insist upon restoring the priests, but sent a Lutheran to investigate the matter. The consequence is the movement is progressing. The enlightened government is spreading schools everywhere, and has authorized an admirable translation of the Bible into modern Russian; and the rapid spread of English books, papers, and magazines throughout the country is wonderful. All these signs would seem to predict the spread of a free Gospel at no distant day throughout this great, and to us comparatively unknown, empire.—S. T. Times.

For the Young Folk.

What They Say.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

What does the brook say, flashing its feet
Under the lilies blue, between the bow?
Brightening the shades with its tender song,
Cheering all drooping and sorrowful souls?
It says not "Be merry!" but, deep in the wood,
Kings back: "Little maiden, be good, be good!"

What does the wind say, pushing slow sails
Over the great troubled path of the sea;
Whirling the mill on the breezy height,
Shaking the fruit from the orchard tree?
It breathes not "Be happy!" but sings, loud and long:
"O bright little maid, be strong, be strong!"

What says the river, gliding along
To its home on far-off Ocean's breast;
Fretted by rushes, hindered by bars,
Ever weary, but singing of rest?
It says not "Be bright!" but in whispering grave:
"Dear little maiden, be patient, be brave!"

What do the stars say, keeping their watch
Over our slumbers the long, lone night;
Never closing their bonnie bright eyes,
Though great storms bind them and tempests fright?
They say not "Be splendid!" but write on the blue,
In clear silver letters: "Maiden, be true!"
—St. Nicholas.

Little Kindnesses.

A little boy had a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asked him if he thought he could learn it. The boy thought when his eye glanced over the hard words and strange figures, that it would be too difficult for him, and at first he hung down his head at the teacher's question, but after a few moments' consideration he looked brightly up, and said, "I think I can do it, sir, if you will allow my sister to help me."

"Oh, certainly, my dear; if your sister will assist you, she may."

"Oh yes, sir, she is always so glad to help me." That is right, sister, help your little brother; and when you are doing so, you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum; but brother will show me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't stop it."

The little girl's face is flushed and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety while she replaces the naughty stitch.

"Oh, I am so glad," she says as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner, the next time, and then it won't get so bad," said the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her, she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did, than to say, "Oh, go away, do not trouble me!" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favor.

Little kindnesses cost nothing, and beget much love.

Bait your Hook.

"I once had a lad for a scholar who was as bright as a new dollar, but I could never make the least impression upon him. My words fell on deaf ears. He was not badly behaved, but he was the most provokingly non-receptive boy I ever met; and as I knew he was smart, I was convinced that this non-receptiveness was deliberate and intentional. I guarded myself not to exhibit impatience, nor even dissatisfaction, and set myself to learn how I might get beneath the thick skin of insensibility with which he encased himself. After a long and at times very disheartening study, of his temperance, his tastes, etc., I found that he was a great marble player, a sort of Napoleon of marbles, I may say. Well, the idea struck me, 'Charlie and I have at least one taste in common—may I not reach him through that avenue?' For I should say that when I was a lad I was a famous hand at marbles. So I went to work to get my knuckle in again, as the boys say, and diligently practised playing night after night. It was the hardest work I ever did, for I found that jumping up and down from the floor as often and as spryly as was required was a very different thing for a man when he was fifty from what it was when he was a boy of ten or twelve. Still I persisted, and I think I never felt more triumphant in my life than when I found out that I retained all my old skill with marbles. I had always been in the habit of having the boys of my class meet at my house one evening in the week for conversation and study, and from these meetings Charlie was commonly absent. So one evening I said to the boys that I had become convinced that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and proposed to have our meetings on this wise: the regular evening of one week should be devoted to study and conversation as usual, and the alternate evening to amusement—fun one week and work the next. When our first evening for amusement rolled around, Charlie was there bright and early, and filled with curiosity; as indeed were all the boys. We first discussed some nuts and apples; then I showed the boys a splendid collection of marbles I had been making. They were of all sorts, and in particular I was very strong in 'Spanish Alleys' and other famous kinds that would 'stick' splendidly. Charlie's eyes glistened over them, and I could see that his fingers itched to handle them. By and by I proposed a game, in which we all joined, Charlie and I soon leading all the rest and playing an equal hand. I soon found that we were pretty evenly matched, but that I could beat Charlie at shots from 'taw' while he could beat me at short range. When we had finished that night Charlie was victor, but only by the skin of his teeth, and another trial was proposed for the next 'play' night. Of course Charlie could not very well reconcile it to himself to come to the meetings on play nights only, and he was on hand as promptly as the rest on the study night. And so the thing went on for some time, Charlie sometimes beating me, and sometimes beaten by me, both being so evenly matched that the interest was kept alive. To make a long story short I reached Charlie's feelings—aye, his very heart—through marbles. He became one of the

most attentive of my scholars, and he is the one friend to whom I am most attached on earth, and I am sure he loves me as dearly as I love him, though he long ago learned of my strategy to win his boyish regard."—Christian Intelligencer.

Baboon Warfare in Africa.

A woman belonging to a settlement of about 150 souls went one day to gather some wood, and left her child on the ground to take care of itself. While the mother was gone a female baboon appeared on the scene, and, copping the child, approached and began to fondle it. The child was allowed to partake of the baboon's milk, which deprived it of any appetite for its mother's. When the mother returned, she noticed that the child was carefully covered with leaves, and had lost its hunger. This was done for several days before the mother ascertained who performed the unthankful act. When the mother did find out the deed, she induced the men of her tribe to lie in wait for the baboon the next day. The animal noticed the men raise their weapons to fire, and began to wave her hand, or paw, as if asking them not to kill her, and at the same time, pointed to a young one at her breast. But the natives killed her. No sooner had they done so, however, than the male baboon put in an appearance, and by a loud shout, summoned others of his tribe to the spot. Then, in a body, the animals attacked the natives, and forced them to flee to their huts for safety. One of the baboons tracked them to their settlement, and the next day they were visited by about 500 baboons, who assaulted them with cocoa-nuts, and compelled them to run away from their homes. The animals kept a watch over the huts for several days, and prevented the natives from returning to their dwellings.

"Cutting a Dido."

This is a phrase older than most people imagine. Do you call to mind the story of Dido, Princess of Tyre? Her husband, Acerbas, priest of Hercules, so runs the legend, was murdered for his wealth by the King Pygmalion, brother to Dido. The widowed princess succeeded so well in hiding her sorrow, that she was enabled to escape from Tyre, bearing with her the wealth of her husband, and accompanied by a number of disaffected nobles.

After a variety of adventures, they landed upon the coast of Africa, where Dido bargained with natives for as much land as she could inclose in a bull's hide. Selecting a large, tough hide, she caused it to be cut into the smallest possible threads, with which she enclosed a large tract of country, on which the city of Carthage began to rise.

The natives were bound by the letter of their bargain, and allowed the cunning queen to have her way; and after that, when any one had played off a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a dido." That was almost 3,000 years ago, and the saying has come down to our day.

The Little Ones.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath four sandals;
I, nearer to the way-side inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road.

O little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule or long;
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throbb and beat
With such impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless strong desires,
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fire.

O little souls, so pure and white,
As crystalline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source divine!
Retracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears;
How lurid looks this sun of mine.
—H. W. Longfellow.

A Snow-Storm in the Sierra Nevada.

I will give you a slight description of a snow-storm in the Sierra Nevada, as witnessed by me this winter. It is one of the wildest scenes ever witnessed by a human being. The first approach of a storm begins by a gentle, low murmur among the mountain-pines, increasing hour after hour until it reaches what is called here a Washoe zephyr. The Washoe Valley is very wide in comparison to the narrow divides between the mountains where this zephyr has to pass. When all is ready for a full blow, the zephyr, like a giant, jumps, tips, screams, splits, doubles up, dives under, comes up, diving, whirling, churning, and stretching out, until hill and mountain are one vast sheet of wild commotion. It takes weeks for a storm of this kind to spend itself. If any other country can scare up a storm that will beat this Alpine storm of America, we would all like to hear of it.

A short time since a young lady of cultivated manners came into the depository and inquired the price of Bibles. She said she wanted the finest Bible she could get for about two dollars. I showed her one at that price; it suited her, and she said she would take it, and call in the afternoon for it. She returned in the afternoon looking very sad; she looked at the Bible, and said after visiting every place where they purchase such articles, she could only realize one dollar and twenty-five cents, and this was all that she could pay. I replied, "Most certainly, under such circumstances, the lady shall have the Bible." I then asked her if she had a Bible of her own. With a good deal of hesitancy she said she had not. I presented her with a Bible also. With many expressions of gratitude she left, declining to give the name of the lady who had sold her hair to purchase a Bible.

polished and adorned with useful information that of his brother Charles, and that helped to make Whitfield the power he was; but the system originated by Wesley far transcends any direct influence of those that proud seat of learning can boast. Those who say Methodism is opposed to higher learning, talk of it in vain and unavailingly. The earliest first Wesley, then, his teaching and practice, and ever since in his followers in both Europe and America, has associated sound learning with vital piety. Knowledge and religion with us join hands. Wesley commenced the establishment of literary institutions, which have grown in numbers and influence ever since. The dedication of this new hall about to be erected, is evidence, we think, that we are occupying a high ground occupied by the Methodist Church. The requirements of the Province, of the Dominion, of the Church, its home work and its foreign missions, all demand an advance in that direction. Speaking of Victoria College as a local institution, he said it not only gave material aid to Cobourg, and furnished facilities for education here of the highest order; but what was some- thing more, it was a great stimulus to Cobourg. The town is known abroad, principally as the seat of the University of Victoria College. He thought the old college buildings should at once be renovated and invested with a new dress. There was too much appearance of decay, and this should be remedied. And could he gain the ear of the patronizing Conferences, he would strongly assure them that the properties of Victoria College, and urge these conferences all efforts for its success. He spoke strongly also of the influence of the Alumni upon the great future of the institution.

The Rev. Dr. Jeffers being called upon, excused himself by the lateness of the hour, and the proceedings yet to take place in the open air; but the Convocation and the Cobourg audience, with all of whom the speaker is greatly interested, were not without pleasure of address. Yielding to entreaty, he came forward and spoke with force and eloquence on a variety of interesting topics. He congratulated all present on the success of the entire proceedings of the day, and of the improved and improving prospects of Victoria College. He spoke of the noble contributions made by the town, and especially by the students, and the noble contributions of the students, and the noble contributions meant more than money. It meant appreciation, esteem, affection for an institution with whose present operations they must, of all persons, be the most intimately acquainted.

of the church—\$3,500—which are not included in the above, it makes the actual contributions of the congregation for Christian and benevolent purposes in one year (from May, 1875, to May, 1876,) for the above sum of \$8,141.59. We are inclined to think this amount is excelled by few town churches in Ontario of any denomination. The united and harmonious action of the congregation with the pastor has been accompanied with gratifying success. Some forty-five members have been added to the classes during the year.

perceived the converting grace of God, and thenceforward proved faithful unto death, a period of about seventy-three years of Church membership. She, as one of the early pioneers of Canada, suffered many privations and difficulties, but had the satisfaction of forming the acquaintance of many of the early Methodist preachers, and of listening with pleasure and profit to the Gospel as proclaimed by such worthy men as Loe, Dunham, Crowell, Ryan, Lorenzo Dow, Elder Case, and others of that early day; although frequently obliged to travel with a yoke of oxen, or on horseback, ten or twenty miles through the woods and across creeks, taking one or more of her children with her, and being deprived of the blessed word of life. During the war of 1812 and 1813, her husband being called away to do duty for his country, not only the care of a family of small children (in the lone woods without any neighbors' house in sight) but the care of stock and providing of winter's fire-wood devolved upon her. But possessing a healthy constitution, and imbued with a spirit of true heroism, she bore her lot bravely, the British flag and British connection, sustained also by her religious convictions, she uncompromisingly discharged her arduous duties till the invader was repelled and her husband restored.

As long as physical strength permitted she was a regular and earnest attendant upon the means of grace, faithful in her home duties, serving as a living epistle, a steady light-bearer. For some years past she had been unable to attend the house of God, but spent much time in reading the Bible and religious literature. During the past year, from "age and feebleness extreme," she has been confined most part of her time to her bed, but continued kind and patient, and aspiring for glory, frequently expressing her love to God and her confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Redeemer. Thus peacefully she fell asleep in Jesus on the 4th ult., at the residence of her grandson, Mr. C. B. Souten, Earnestown, in the 90th year of her age, having lived to see thirty-seven of her grandchildren and fifty-one great-grandchildren. Her remains were laid in the West Mt. Church Cemetery, her death being improved on last Sabbath by the writer from 1 Thier 16, 17.

A. McCANN.

Sarah Jane Way, wife of Wellington A. Way, of Amelinsburg, county of Prince Edward, was the daughter of Eliza and Catherine Harte. She was born in the township of Hallowell, 1811. From childhood she was trained in a pious home in the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Church. At the age of nineteen, at a camp-meeting held near Cherry Valley, she sought and obtained pardon of sin through the blood of atonement, and at once united with the Church. Her religious life was marked by a very extraordinary piety, and she was known to great advantage where she was best known.

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CHARLOTTE SALT,
Was born at Lac La Poudre, H.B.T., on Sunday, May 28th, 1855. From her childhood she was naturally timid and of a feeling heart for the poor and aged. She did not express her love to the Saviour publicly, but she was often seen while the ringing praises of the hymns were being sung, and her face was beaming with joy. While attending the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, she wrote to us stating that she had joined with other young ladies in class and prayer-meetings in the college and derived much good from them. The cards she received from the college were all of good moral deportment. It may be allowable to state here a portion of the correspondence between the W. F. C. College together, and I love her more for it. In her sickness she was resigned, and thought she was going too, like her sister Emma. She desired her mother not to weep, saying, the Lord's will be done. Prayers offered were means of comfort to her. The last words she uttered, were heard by the bereaved mother and others, "Jesus, Jesus." And with a smiling face, and without a groan or struggle, died of diphtheria, on Sunday, the 8th of August, 1875, at Monsey Mission Parsonage.

A. SALT.

EMELINE RYMAL
Was born in Watford, August 16th, 1849, and on the 26th of February last she peacefully entered that "rest which remaineth to the people of God."

Our departed sister was converted at the early age of ten; and by a consistent life thence to her death, gave unmistakable evidence of a truly regenerated state of heart. For about nine years she was a member of the choir, and took a deep interest in the singing of songs on the subject. She constituted a part of true worship. Ere she departed, the earnest desire was expressed, that all her companions in the choir should join her hereafter in the nobler praise of the celestial sanctuary.

Brother Richardson and I visited her frequently; we always found her mind "kept in perfect peace." Though her sufferings at times were most acute, yet, no murmur escaped her lips; she could fully acquiesce in the Divine will, and cheerfully say, "My Father's hand doth mix the cup, and what He wills is best." She manifested great anxiety for the conversion of her father and eldest brother, and very affectionately and earnestly addressed them on the subject. The former promised me in his presence, a short time before her death, that he would give his heart to the Lord; and the latter came forward at a meeting, which was held after his sister's death. A few days before her departure, she purchased Bibles for all the family; in the gift of which to each one she prayed, they would meet her in heaven.

JOHN T. SMITH.

SARAH JANE,
The beloved wife of James Hall, of Owen Sound, departed this life in the full assurance of faith, on the 24th of April, 1876. She was the fourth daughter of Robert and Julia Hoath, of the township of Sydenham, and was born in the year 1848. She was united in marriage to her now sorrowing husband in 1873. She leaves two small children, the youngest an infant babe. Her death was quite unexpected, and is a loud call to be always ready, "for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." She was converted to God in July, 1871, and continued steadfast in the faith until death. She was rather reticent in her habits, but living in spirit. Her sudden and early death was improved by the writer last Sabbath evening, to a large congregation, in a sermon from, "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

J. G. LAIRD.

SOPHIA A. MONAGUE,
Daughter of the writer, was born at Alderville, Ont., Feb. 1st, 1848. She commenced meeting in class with her now bereaved mother when she was twelve years of age. She experienced the power of divine grace at Christian Island when quite young. Her last letter to us written before she was taken sick I thought was remarkable; it was made to say, Sophia is a real Christian. She wrote about her trust and love to the Saviour, and of her life in heaven. She was one of our Indian sisters of Christian Island, M. N. Assance, says of her, "When I was bereaved of my children, I went astray; but Sophia was the person who led me back by her religious words to love the Saviour." Others of this mission speak of similar things about her. Her sickness was short; she died at Christian Island of spinal disease, August 5th, 1875, leaving three children.

A. SALT.

PETER KADAHKEQUON.

A veteran of 1812, whose age was about eighty-three years, died at Christian Island, April 4th, 1876. As far as I have known and heard he was a consistent and faithful Christian for about forty years. Soon after he moved into his sugar camp, he was suddenly taken very sick. On my way to see him I heard that his spirit had gone. One of our leaders was with him who heard him say, "I am about to die, the Lord has done much good for me, I thank the Munedo." How wonderful the grace of our Lord, for a man to express thankfulness to God while dying.

ALLEN SALT.

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FRESH TEAS! FRESH TEAS!
CROP 1876.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Victoria Tea Warehouse,

THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE TEA HOUSE IN THE DOMINION.
38 King Street East.
SIGN OF THE QUEEN, HIS ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS.
EDWARD LAWSON, in returning thanks to his numerous customers for their very liberal patronage in the past, begs to inform them and the public that he has just received a full assortment of the FINEST NEW SEASON'S TEAS (Crop 1876), which is the finest in quality that has been packed for several years, and having the air scent, bouquet for cash during the season in the New York and English tea markets, in consequence of which he is now packing much finer Teas at the same prices. You can select from the following list, comprising over 50 varieties, grades and mixtures, put in 1, 2, 10, 15 and 20 lb. Cansisters and Carries, as imported in bulk, and also in original packages of 20, 40, and 60 lbs., at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.
GREEN TEAS.

No. 1 Hyson Twankey 40c.
2 Fine Moyune Young Hyson 40c.
3 Superior do 40c.
4 Extra Fine do 40c.
5 Curious do 40c.
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10 Superior Gunpowder 40c.
11 Extra Fine Gunpowder 40c.
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13 Extra Imported do 40c.
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17 Natural Japan 40c.
18 Fine Cultivated Japan 40c.
19 Fine Imported do 40c.
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21 Extra Fine do 40c.
22 Finest Imported 40c.
23 Finest Imported 40c.
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50 Fine Mandarin Mixture, which has been selected by EDWARD LAWSON also calls attention to his famous

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Made in one minute without boiling, put up in 2, 4, 10 and 20 lb. tins, at 30c. and 35c. per lb. Guaranteed superior to all others.

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