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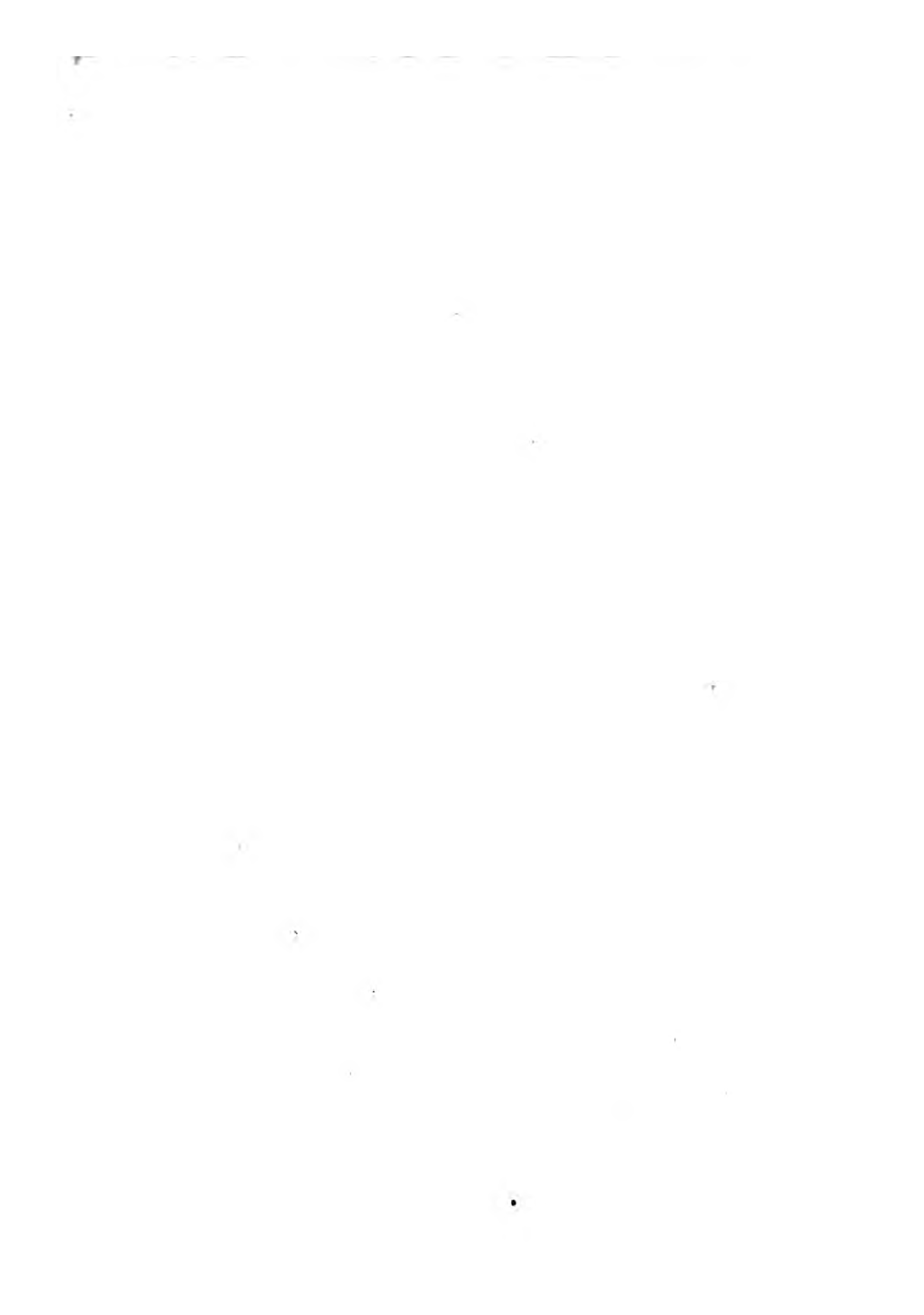


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THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE,

FOR 1863.



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VOL. XII.
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PREFACE.

ANOTHER year has passed away to return no more! We are now at the end of our toils and pleasures in connection with our JUVENILE for 1863. And we feel it a duty and a privilege to address a few words to our young readers in taking leave of them for this year. Very probably many of our young friends have gone the way of all flesh during the year, and probably, nay, certainly, many others will pass away to their long home in the coming year. But what a delightful thought—many who have left us have gone to be for ever with the Lord! And those who next shall follow may be as ready as any who have gone. What a mercy it is, dear young reader, that through the atonement made for our sins by the Lord Jesus we all may get to Heaven. Oh, will you not give God your heart, and his people your hand, and say, I will go with you for the Lord is with you? Heaven is prepared for us all—Jesus died for us all—and if we all flee from sin, say our prayers, love the Lord, keep good company, read the blessed Bible and other good books, and rest our hopes on Christ, we all may meet in glory! Now, my young friends, these are topics which have been before you while reading the JUVENILE during the year. And these will be themes of meditation if we be spared another year. Other things may claim a share of our attention, but these must not be forgotten.

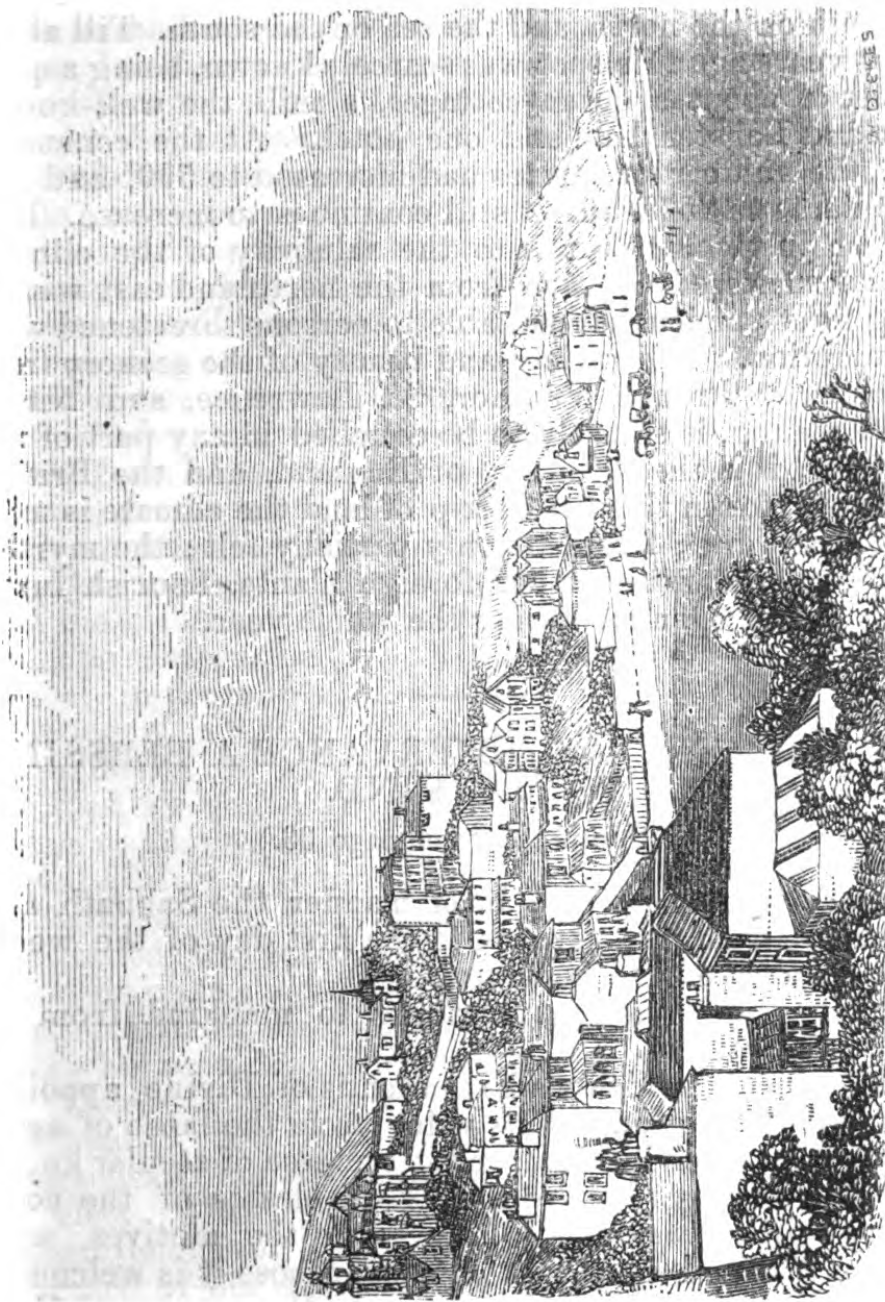
We hope you have profited by the reading of your Magazines already, and we trust you will ask the Lord to help us and our kind correspondents to send you many good articles next year. We intend to give Scripture lessons, and explanations of difficult texts of Scripture during the coming year; and we shall try to please and profit you as much as we can. We are much gratified that we have the privilege of speaking to so many of you every

month, and we feel it to be a responsible matter, but we desire to enlist your co-operation in endeavouring to gain access to a still larger circle of readers. Will you ask your young friends to become subscribers for the JUVENILE of 1864, and tell them we will do our best to let them have *sixpennyworth* a month for their *penny*? We want to issue 50,000 JUVENILES next month, and to have to print the same number for each month of the year. If our young friends, and others, will help us, it can be done. We thank all our friends for their kind assistance, and now wish them all, in the best sense of the words, "A Merry Christmas, and A Happy New Year!"

EDITOR.

London, December 1st, 1863.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Youths' Department.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THIS fast rising and celebrated watering place is situated near the eastern portion of the Undercliff, the narrow strip of land of about half a mile in width, extending from Bonchurch to Blackgang Chine (a distance of about seven miles), between the wall-like precipice of rock, about 600 feet high on the north, and the sea on the south. Till about thirty years ago this spot was scarcely known, being a quiet hamlet of about a dozen cottages, a mill, the well-known Crab and Lobster Inn, and one hotel. At the census in 1851, the number of houses had increased to 500, and the inhabitants to 2578, and it still continues to increase. This may be justly attributed to the salubrity of the climate and its sheltered position from the north and east winds, being thus particularly suitable to persons threatened with consumption. The variety and beauty of the scenery from Bonchurch, through Ventnor, St. Lawrence, and Niton, to Blackgang, is scarcely to be equalled in any part of the kingdom; it is the "Garden of England, and the British Madeira;" for in this little strip of land the climate is mild and the soil dry; frosts are only partially felt; the myrtle, geranium, and many other foreign plants, flourish luxuriantly in the open air during the whole year.

THE SABBATH: ITS OBSERVANCE A BLESSING TO MANKIND.

(Continued from page 33.)

HAVING thus noticed in a brief manner the Sabbath and its change from the seventh to the first day of the week, I shall endeavour to consider,

Thirdly, the blessings accruing to mankind from its proper observance.

The Sabbath, which we have seen is of Divine appointment, has lost nothing of its value from the lapse of ages, the progress of civilization, or the increase of secular knowledge. It is regarded by almost all classes of the community with pleasure. Whatever be the motives with which it is hailed, as a day of physical repose it is welcomed by all. But those who observe it in the service of God, retire at the close of it with an approving conscience, with

spiritual blessings of an invaluable nature, and a strong belief that God's smile will be upon them during the week. Hence the propriety of the following lines,—

“ A Sabbath well spent, brings a week of content,
And health for the cares of to-morrow ;
But a Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.”

The advantages accruing from the observance of the Sabbath are very great. In the first place, there are physical advantages. Physically, the Sabbath supplies man with relaxation from labour. The prospect of uninterrupted toil, would be little better than the prospect of uninterrupted pain. In this condition, a gloom thick and dense as that which broods at the midnight hour, would gather and settle upon the hopes and prospects of the labouring classes. But this sacred day is interposed between the waves of worldly business ; it allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and softening the rigours of our earthly condition, it enables us to anticipate a more perfect and enduring Sabbath, compared with which the earthly one, valuable and sacred though it be, is but an imperfect type. Indeed, if we had not one day at intervals for rest, man's days would be considerably shortened. And from experience it has been found that both man and beast can do more work by resting one day in seven, than by working the whole of the seven days.

But, waving all other temporal advantages, we will glance at the blessings of the Sabbath spiritually.

The observance of the Sabbath forms one of the most impregnable bulwarks of the nation: it is the strongest pillar of the state. Take away this, and an inundation of ignorance and vice would instantly overspread the land; and effects would follow far more injurious to Christianity than all the writings and blasphemies of infidelity. To prove this, we need but refer you to those countries where the Sabbath is in part, or altogether disregarded; to France, for example, with its balls, its theatres, and its open shops. Nay, we need not go so far away, the spectacles we have at home in those who disregard it, tell us what would be the consequences were it banished.

Therefore, we say mankind is benefited by observing the Sabbath. For it is on this day that the mighty moral agencies of the Christian religion are brought to act on society. On the Sabbath we repair to the sanctuary for the acquirement of spiritual knowledge. There we are informed of our diseases, and pointed to a cure; we are also reminded of the duties we owe to God, ourselves, and our

fellow-men. We are instructed and exhorted to be sober, chaste, upright, and diligent; yea, we are taught everything calculated to elevate us in virtue and holiness, and thereby make us good members of society.

Prayer is one of the exercises of the sanctuary, and there is a power in this exercise which must not be overlooked. "Prayer," it is said, "can move the hand that moves the world." On the Sabbath, thousands of ministers, as the mouthpiece of myriads of their fellow-men, are engaged in besieging the throne of grace, with earnest supplications for the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind. And is it too much to suppose that their prayers are sometimes answered? To suppose the contrary would be dishonouring to God, as well as undervaluing the efficacy of prayer. All, then, may be participators of the temporal and spiritual blessings sent in answer to earnest prayers. Verily, "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Again, consider what a mighty influence for good is exercised by our Sabbath schools. And remember that these glorious institutions, with all their moral, intellectual, and religious influences, owe their existence to that one day in seven, which frees man from the tasks of worldly business, and allows him leisure to make acquaintance with his Maker. Thousands, through this means, have been brought from the sinks of moral degradation, and raised to the ranks of respectability and honour.

And, in the last place, the observance of the earthly Sabbath, prepares us for the heavenly and eternal Sabbath. The Christian, cast down with the cares and toils of life, feels that but for the command to restrict his thoughts for one day in seven to the exercises of religion, he would soon be almost absorbed in worldly occupations. But Sabbath occupations restore to religion its ascendancy over the mind and endow us with new spiritual strength for the engagements of the week. And Christians in general feel that they owe much of their growth in religion to the Sabbath. In religiously observing it, they are supplied with a pledge and foretaste of future glory, where the followers of the Lamb shall for ever rest from their labours. Let us, then, direct our thoughts to the Sabbath of glory, in which every other Sabbath shall finally issue; and try to rise on the wings of faith and love, in a due observance of this sacred day, to those heavenly joys which are above.

" Those Sabbath bells, their joyous tune,
Proclaim redemption's work is done;

The blessed Saviour once laid low,
No more shall death or sorrow know.

Those Sabbath bells, they cheer the faint,
Revive the faith of drooping saint;
In heaven no mournful cypress waves;
There are no tears, no death, no graves.

Sweet Sabbath bells, ring on, ring on,
Cheer other hearts, when we are gone;
Still sing of hope to those that mourn,
And bid the wandering ones return.

Sweet Sabbath bells ring on, and say,
The Saviour conquered death to-day;
And where He reigns, we all may dwell,
When hushed shall be the Sabbath bell."

THOMAS JOBLING, Jun.

THE ROYAL MINISTER.

A KING of England, of precious memory, agreeably to the custom of his time, was in the habit of taking an occasional exercise in hunting. Being out one day with his attendants, when at some distance from home the king's horse manifesting signs of fatigue, he resolved to yield the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion for his beast. As he rode leisurely along by himself, he heard a cry of distress; proceeding a few yards he heard it more distinctly. "Oh, my mother! my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!" He hastened to the spot, where he saw a little girl, about eight years old, on her knees in prayer, while the gushing tears ran down her cheeks. Affected with the sight, he inquired, "What, my child, is the cause of your weeping! for what do you pray?" The little girl started, then rose from her knees, and pointing toward a kind of tent close by, said, "Oh! sir, my dying mother!" "What," said the king, dismounting and fastening his horse to a tree, "What, my child? tell me all about it." She now led him to the tent; there lay a middle-aged female in the last stage of decline. She turned her dying eyes towards the royal visitor as he entered, then looked up to heaven, but not a word could she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office. The little girl again wept aloud, then stooping, wiped the death sweat from her mother's brow. At this moment another girl arrived from town with some medicine for her dying parent. Observing a stranger, she modestly courtesied, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into

tears. "What, my dear child," said his majesty, "can be done for you?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "our poor mother wanted some religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way to town this morning before it was light, and asked for a minister, but could get none to come." The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was rent with the cries of the distracted children. The king full of kindness, instantly said, "I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your dying mother." Then seating himself by the pallet of straw, he took the hand of the dying woman in his, discoursed to her on the demerit of sin, the nature of redemption, and pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour; she seemed to gather consolation and hope as he proceeded! She looked up, she smiled, but it was her last smile; for, ere the expression of joy and peace had passed from her countenance, they discovered that her struggling spirit had left mortality. The king arose, spoke words of comfort to the afflicted orphans, promised them his protection, and putting some gold into their hands, bade them look to heaven; then turning to leave as he brushed away his tears, he saw his attendants, who, missing him in the chase, had returned to witness with silent admiration and subdued hearts, the noble condescension of their king.

Dear reader, scarcely need I point out the lesson this simple and touching narrative is calculated to teach. While you pity the poor woman and her children, you cannot fail to admire the kindness of the monarch. And kindness while it shines in a monarch's character more brilliantly than the gems sparkle in his crown, may be practised by all; therefore cultivate it in yourself, and practise that you so ardently admire in others.

Act kindly, not merely on special occasions, when kindness is called for, but in every day-life; and while you behave courteously to your friends, speak gently to the beggar who asks charity at your door, for the wise man says, "He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he;" and the sweet singer of Israel declares—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Psalm xli. 1.

J. C. ANTLIFF.

WE ALL WERE CHILDREN ONCE.

"We all were children once" is an almost every-day saying. The man in the midst of business, and the hoary-headed

sire of seventy, make use of this same expression ; yet, how few (comparatively speaking) discover its vast meaning, its great suggestiveness ! It is true that our most highly learned men, the best of our preachers, and the most useful of society, were children once. Those who are so wise and well educated now, at one period in their history did not know their alphabet ; they were first taught their letters, then how to spell words, then to read ; thus they improved, until they became what we now see them, men of high standing, admired for their attainments, sought for to give information on the most important subjects—ornaments to their country—beloved by the people—and useful to the world ; such live to be a blessing, and die with the assurance that they leave the world better than they found it. Our preachers who speak so much about Jesus—our missionaries, who have heard the groans of nations far over the sea—nations in the deepest gloom of heathen night, loving and worshipping cold gods of stone—nations who dared men to remove the dark veil from their minds—and save them from their misery—nations who subjected their benefactors, their friends to trials “of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment ;” in the face of all this, these men of God took their lives in their hands, and bade farewell to happy homes for the hardships and toils of the missionary life ; and all these good men were children once. And so were Paul, and John, and Peter,—and so were hundreds of those who are now before the throne of God above.

But there is one thought which makes me weep, and that is, all wicked men were once little children. The cold-blooded murderer—the hard-hearted slave driver—the midnight robber—the Sabbath-breaker—the swearer—and all bad men were children once. You say, “What a pity they should have lived to become men, that heaven’s bright sun should shine upon them, that they should have health and strength to commit such vile deeds and wicked acts—that they should make God’s beautiful earth more like a den than a palace—a desert than a fruitful field—a habitation of dragons than a garden of paradise ; is it not a wonder that the earth does not open her jaws and swallow them, or the sea drown them, or that a curtain is not drawn across the bright windows of heaven to shut them out from the light of God ; a wonder of wonders that all their springs of comfort and fountains of joy are not dried up.” Truly God is good, therefore they are not consumed. You say, “if they were children once, how became they wicked men ?” I will tell you ;—it was through sinful dispositions

and evil habits; the habit of telling lies—and then by taking that which was not their own—by breaking the Sabbath-day—by keeping wicked company—and then they ran into sin of almost every kind. You may dread the road which they travelled with ease. They were afraid to sin at first, but afterwards they did sin; and one sin opened the door to admit another. Then Satan grew very busy with his temptations; they yielded by degrees until every means which was used for their salvation was treated with contempt. The loving tears of a mother fell plenteously for that wicked man, her heart-strings were strung to their utmost stretch, and perhaps it was that which sent her so swiftly to the grave. His life has been one of most degrading slavery, and if he turn not to God, his death will be horrifying in the extreme;—and he was once a child!

Dear children, do not follow such a man, but imitate the example of Christ,—live as he lived. Be Bible readers, then you will become Bible lovers; and if you love the Bible you will obey its commandments; if you do that you will please God, and if such be the case he will receive you into glory.

E. W. STEPHENS.

Wallaroo, South Australia.

A SUDDEN DEATH!

WHAT a solemn sentence! what impressive words! How often we hear them; how soon forget them. In every city, town and village, are to be found families who have been suddenly bereaved of their loved ones. A brother, a sister, a father, or a mother, has been taken away at a stroke. Sometimes not a soul has been aware of what had happened, till wondering why the absent one was not in his accustomed place at the usual time, some one has entered a bed-room, and there, for ever silent in death, was seen the startling corpse. The sight, the feeling, defy description. The words "How sudden! What a sudden death!" pass through the neighbourhood. At another time, the countenance of a dear one has suddenly changed; the signs of death have been seen, and ere medical aid could be secured, the spirit was departed; life was extinct. In this case as in the other, men, women, and children are talking fluently over the *sudden death*, and the words "How sudden," are heard everywhere.

But how often has a husband in apparently perfect health, left his wife and family, and gone to his daily labour; and ere the day has closed, been brought to them

a stiffened corpse, no more to see them, no longer to comfort them. The wife and family are overwhelmed in grief; kind friends would render assistance, but what can they do? how can they repair the breach? the mainstay is gone, all is a blank; friends will soon forget them; the sudden death will soon be forgotten; hence, nought of earthly things can check the falling tear, or still the troubled mind.—Jesus alone

“Can comfort grant and needful aid.”

A sudden death occurred January 1st, 1863. A poor man, by name R. B., left his home, a wife and five children, on the morning of that day, to work on the railroad that is being constructed in this neighbourhood; during the day, the earth gave way, and pressing him against a truck, he was severely crushed. The doctor was sent for, but when he came he found the poor man could not recover. He was conveyed to Colchester in a wagon. Soon the report went through the town; the poor woman—the wife heard of it; the children caught the words, and such a scene presented itself, as is hardly ever witnessed; the woman, almost frantic, rushed to the spot, and notwithstanding the efforts of strong men succeeded in getting into the wagon that conveyed her husband's body; the people gathered round, and the whole neighbourhood was aroused at the unexpected occurrence. Kind friends sought to comfort the woman, but they could not pacify her, and notwithstanding all that was done for her, she continued unmanageable and “refused to be comforted.”

How accidental, how sudden the death; how distressing a case. The family is in the greatest straits, scarcely anything in the house by way of furniture or clothing. I pray that friends may be raised up to help the fatherless and widow. The natural inquiry that may now be made by the reader is this: Was this man on the Lord's side? Were his sins pardoned? Did he die in the faith, &c.? To these important questions I cannot give satisfactory answers.

Unconverted reader, I affectionately address you. You may be in the bloom of youth; strong, robust, healthy; but what is your life?—a vapour. What is your condition? A sinner before God, a slave to Satan, an enemy to your own soul. How dangerous your state.

“He who spake a world from nought,
At once could crush you down.”

Oh! consider the *uncertainty of life*. What do you know of the future? You go out in the morning, leave your

friends, you can't tell that you will see them again; you may not die as did the one of whom we have been speaking: but one of a thousand accidents may remove you; think of this, and for a moment consider the safety of the righteous. Had R. B. been a God-fearing man; how different the feelings of all men respecting him; the wicked at the sudden departure of the good man, are found extolling his character, and honouring his name; they believe it is well with the righteous. God's children are assured of it, they believe their Bibles; they feel, they know death to them is gain: they have thrones to sit upon, mansions to occupy, crowns to wear, and the Redeemer's presence for ever and ever. Hence, with them all is well. O, let me persuade you to prepare for death. Die you must; you know it; but you have a soul that is immortal, of infinite value. You have sinned against God; you can't save yourself; but Christ has died for you, God will save you for His sake. You are in danger; prepare immediately, no time is to be lost; flee to the cross, cling to it for pardon, there is pardon for you.

"Pardon for all flows from His side,
My Lord, my Love was crucified."

"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Blest with pardon and purity, you need not fear a sudden death, for to you it would be sudden glory.
H. T.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

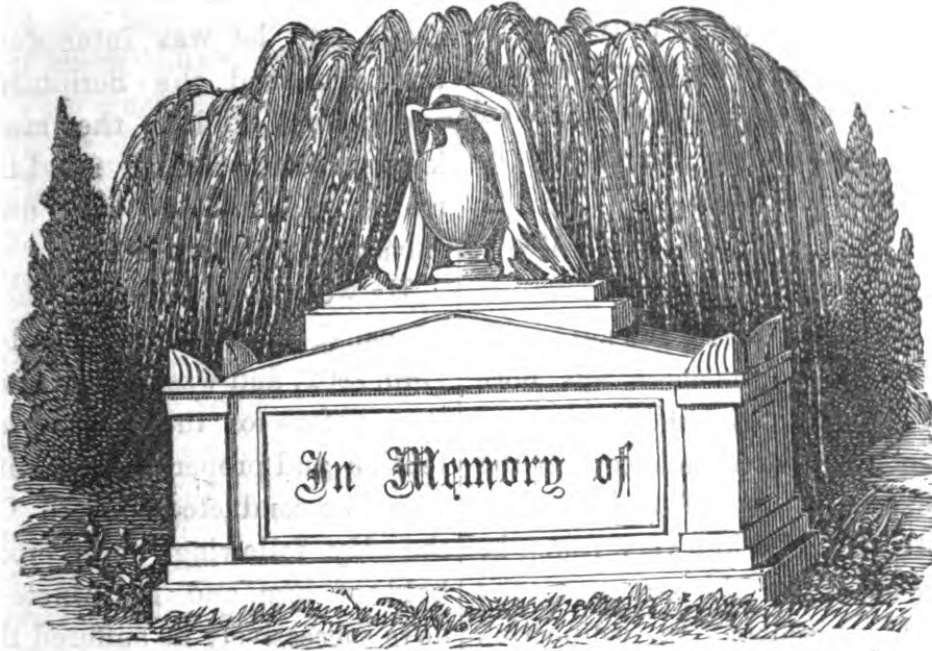
"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus.
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild.
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song."

Juvenile Biography.



ELIZABETH ANN KING RILEY, the daughter of Primitive Methodist parents at Harold-bridge, in the Wisbeach Circuit, who died Oct. 10th, 1862, in the seventh year of her age. She came forth like a flower and is cut down. This fair flower was a distinguished scholar in our Sabbath-school, and a subscriber to our *Juvenile Magazine*: she was dutiful to her parents and beloved by her teachers. Her faith in Christ, her love to God, and hope of heaven, were displayed in her conversation. Her heart was open to Divine instruction, and she delighted in the company of pious persons. She would often say to her mother in a whisper, "Ask the preacher to go home with us to tea." She took great delight in singing,

reading, hearing, and talking about heaven, and, though young, she had some forebodings of the near approach of death. It is remarkable that the day before she was attacked by her fatal illness, she gathered together all her school tickets, packed them carefully up, and deposited them where they were found after her death. She was taken off by a fever in a few days, during which she spoke of heaven and of her assurance of entering into it. "Mother," she said, "take hold of both my hands, and lead me home to Jesus and heaven." A few minutes before her death she took her parents by the hand, and bid them good bye, and seeing them weep, she requested them not to cry, and then sang her favourite hymn—

"Children, would not you all like to go?"

After which her happy spirit calmly ascended to heaven, to be with Jesus whom she wished to see. For the benefit of the school her death was improved by Brother T. Oswin.

W. WARD.

WILLIAM NUTT, the subject of the following memoir, was born of humble, poor, but pious parents, at Wolverhampton, in the county of Stafford, February 21st, 1853. When very young he was sent by his parents to the Sabbath-school in connection with the Primitive Methodists of Swan Gardens. While under the kind influence and care of our teachers he manifested a thirst for knowledge, and was exceedingly attentive to his books—so much so that in a very short time he made his way up from the lower to the higher classes, and soon succeeded in becoming a scholar of the Testament class, which was under the care of Brothers Samuel Stacey and David Eynon. While in that class, he was particularly noticed by his teachers for his inquiring mind and extraordinary attention. The happiest moments he spent in the class were those when, with upturned face, listening ear, and eager mind, he was drinking in the blessed information which fell

from the lips of his teachers. They told him over and over again the sweet story of the cross, and he was interested; they explained the Scriptures, and he was edified; they made known to his youthful mind the truths which make wise unto salvation, and he rejoiced.

He went to the Sabbath-school as usual on Sunday, October 19th, 1862, and was noticed more than before for the marked attention and proper manner with which he conducted himself. On the day following, fever took hold of him, and for nineteen days successively he suffered the most excruciating pain, but he meekly and patiently bore it all. For the last fourteen days he was hardly able to take any food at all. He gradually sank, and became weaker and weaker; but though his body was sinking, his spirit was rising into the real life of blessedness.

Being visited by several of his friends and teachers, he earnestly wished and requested them to let their conversation be about heaven and Jesus. The last Sunday morning this lovely boy spent on earth, he spoke to the person attending him, and said, "Oh, how I should like to see Jesus and to see George" (referring to a younger brother who had departed this life about a fortnight before). His mother, overhearing the conversation,

went into the room. "Mother," said the little fellow, looking up into her face inquiringly, "can you spare me?" The mother was too much affected at this to give an answer, but was soon bathed in tears. "You must not cry, mother," said he; "praise the Lord! praise the Lord!" On another occasion, when his mother was present, he asked,— "Mother, can you spare me? I am going to see Jesus, but don't put yourself about for it." His father went into the room to see him, and wish him good-bye, previous to going to business. "Father," said the child, "shall you have time to pray with me before you go?" What would some parents have done, had such a question as this been asked them by their dying boy? Many parents never breathe out prayers to Him who is God over all, and blessed for evermore, for themselves; how then can they pray for their offspring? But William Nutt was the son of a father who could pray, who had prayed, who had borne his children in the arms of love to the throne of heavenly grace. This being the case, the father instantly replied, "Yes, my lad, I will!" and kneeling by the bed side he breathed out his soul in fervent prayer to God on behalf of his son.

William was particularly fond of singing, and the last words

he was heard to sing were those which so beautifully express the Christian's desire to depart and be with Christ:—

"Oh, how I long to be there!

And his glories to share,

And to lean upon Jesus's breast."

Being asked by one of his friends who came to see him, if he should like to go to heaven, he replied, "Yes, I should like to go now."

On Saturday morning, November 8th, it pleased God to separate the spirit from the fleshly tabernacle, the one to go down into the grave, the other to rise into the blissful enjoyment of that rest which "eye hath not seen."

The contentions of life ended, the spirit fled, and William Nutt calmly fell asleep in Jesus, aged nine years and eight months. He is not dead, but sleepeth; not lost, but gone before; and he shall live—

"When the stars shall fade,
The sun himself grow dim with age,
And nature sink in years;—
Shall flourish in immortal youth
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter,
And the crash of worlds."

J. MILLINGTON.

—
ADA FOX was the daughter of the late Thomas and Sarah Fox, of Pontefract, who were consistent and worthy members of our society until removed by death to the church triumphant.

They trained their children for God and heaven, and Ada yielded to be saved by grace, when about seventeen years of age. Shortly after her conversion to God, she went to reside in the city of York, and united with the Primitive Methodists there. Her piety was cheerful, enlightened, and sincere. Through grace she overcame the temptations of youth, and held on her way. But her career on earth was only short, her constitution was feeble, and that wasting disease—consumption—soon began to assume a threatening aspect in her feeble frame. But her naturally amiable disposition and kind spirit now shone all the more brightly, being sanctified by Divine grace. During her last weeks on earth she suffered severe pain of body; but she was resigned to her heavenly Father's will. As she neared eternity, she tenderly besought her brothers and sisters to meet her in heaven, and she fell asleep in Jesus on the 5th of November, 1862, in the twenty-first year of her age.

Her eldest brother has just joined our society, and thus filled up the vacancy occasioned by her removal. May the whole family meet in heaven, for Jesu's sake! W. BENNETT.

—
ANNIE, the eldest daughter of Henry and Sarah Ann DIXON, of

North Frodingham, Driffeld Circuit, was born October 5th, 1855. When she was about three years of age, disease made its appearance in her system. For some time hopes were entertained that she would out-grow it, but it ultimately settled down in her hip. Obeying the apostle's injunction, her parents brought her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and hence, from her infancy, Annie was taught to lisp the name of Jesus, and to love Him who said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." As often as she was able, she attended the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School; but for the last seven months she was confined to her bed. During that period especially, the lovely traits of early piety were developed. For a child of her years she possessed a surprising knowledge of the glorious gospel, and gave pleasing evidence of the possession of Divine grace. She was a lovely and loving girl, and beloved by all who knew her; and during her long and painful illness, was never heard to complain, but she calmly submitted to the Divine will. One day she said, "I have been very sinful, but I feel that the Lord has pardoned me, and I have no fear of dying." On one occasion, when weeping much, she was

asked the cause; she replied that a friend who had just visited her had asked her if she would like to get better, and she had said "Yes," but immediately added, "I am sure I wish the Lord's will to be done." To her mother, on another occasion, she said, "I do not think I shall get better again, and it might be if I lived to be a great girl I might be very wicked, and the Lord knows best."

The writer, when alone with her one day, questioned her respecting the reason why she had no fear of dying, and the grounds of her hope; and was greatly surprised at her clear, Scriptural views of the way of salvation, her assurance of hope, and her matured Christian experience. Never will he forget her heavenly countenance as he spoke to her of that heaven where she would be as the angels of God—free from pain and suffering, and where she would meet her little brother George Edward, who had died a few months before, and both be for ever with the Lord. Her experience was more like that of a mature Christian than of a child of seven years; but it was evident she had been taught of God.

One day, her mother being distressed to see her suffer so much, said, "Annie, my darling, I do feel it to see you suffer so;" when, seeing her mother weep-

ing, the dear child tapped her on the cheek with her thin, pale hand, and said, "Do not weep, mother, the Lord does all things well; we shall soon meet in heaven, to part no more, and it would be a shame to wish me to live."

Nor was Annie unmindful of others; for several times she told her father, who is a local preacher, to tell the teachers and scholars she hoped they would all meet her in heaven. She often spoke of meeting her dear brother George Edward in heaven. To her parents again and again she said, "We shall be looking out for you." After much suffering, borne with remarkable patience, Annie Dixon sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 10th of November, 1862, aged seven years.

Dear young reader, learn from the experience of dear Annie the importance and blessedness of early piety. Love the Saviour. He says, "Give me thine heart." Oh, remember He gave His life for you! By His inspired servant He says, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." Oh, seek Him now, and then—

"He shall defend and guide thy youth,
Through life's uncertain way;
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of bless'd eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and
choose

The paths of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth."

J. HUTCHIN.

LINES

On the death of GEORGE MASON,
of Coalville, one of my Sunday-
school boys, who lately departed
this life.

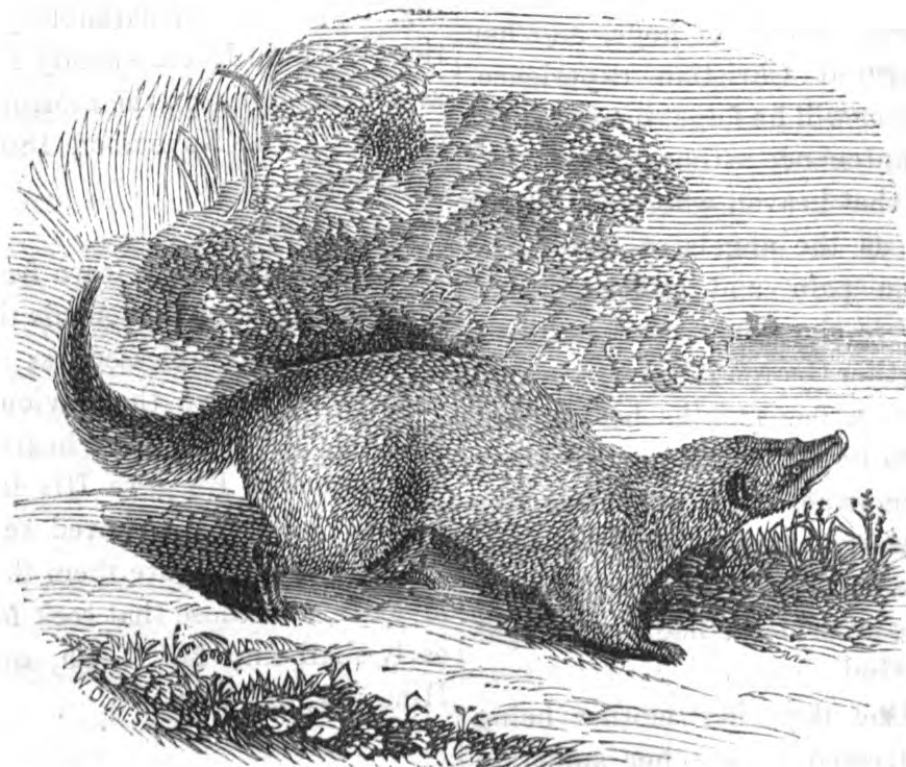
WE would not call thee back, sweet boy,
Though nipp'd in life's fair morn ;
For here the beauteous rose bud smarts,
Too oft beneath the thorn.
To thee a happier fate is given,
To bloom a fairer flower in heaven.

We would not call thee back, sweet boy,
Though dear to memory still ;
For thou hast cross'd the stream of
To dwell on Zion's hill: [death,
No sorrow there can touch thy breast,
No earth-born care disturb thy rest.

We would not call thee back, dear boy,
Our loss is gain to thee ;
To thee an angel's form is given,
And angel's company.
O bliss supreme ! to join that throng,
And tune the everlasting song.

Ah, no ! we would not call thee back
To frail mortality ;
Thou may'st not to this world return,
'Tis ours to follow thee :
Soon shall our harps accord with thine,
And swell through heaven the strain
divine. A. WINSON.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE ICHNEUMON.

THE Ichneumon is found in
Egypt, where it is known among

Europeans by the name of Pha-
raoh's rat, and it is of great ser-
vice to the inhabitants by de-

stroying the eggs of crocodiles and serpents, and thus preventing the increase of these formidable reptiles. The cunning and perseverance of the Ichneumon, when in search of its food, are very great. And not only does it destroy the eggs of reptiles, but all the smaller kinds of creatures that fall in its way become victims to its destructive instinct. The facility with which it destroys vermin, has caused it to be kept in the houses of the inhabitants, where it answers all the purposes of a cat, and acquires the same attachment to the house, which it never afterwards leaves, showing no signs of a wish to return to a wild state. The Ichneumon, when about to capture a bird, is said to use a most extraordinary stratagem, feigning death for the purpose of throwing its victim off its guard. The body of the Ichneumon is long, and so is its snout, but its limbs are short, and its tail is slender. It will creep into very small holes in quest of prey, and it is sometimes called by the name of a creeper. Its length without the tail, is about eighteen inches. Its prey is generally sought in the night, and it creeps stealthily along to avoid warning its victim of its approach. It destroys serpents by creeping behind them, and suddenly leaping on their heads, which it in-

stantly crushes between its sharp teeth. It can suck eggs very quickly and cleverly, and displays great activity in catching birds and lizards.

HINTS FOR LITTLE FOLK.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I should like you to read Exodus iv. 24, and the following remarks taken from Dr. Clarke. "The meaning of the passage seems to be this. The son of Moses, *Gershom*, or *Eliezer*, had not been circumcised, though it would seem that God had ordered the father to do it; but as he had neglected this, therefore Jehovah was about to have slain the child, because not in covenant with him by circumcision; and thus he intended to have punished the disobedience of the father by the natural death of the son. Zipporah, getting acquainted with the nature of the case, and the danger to which her first-born was exposed, took a sharp stone, and cut off the foreskin of her son. By this act the displeasure of the Lord was turned aside, and Zipporah considered herself as now allied to the Lord (God), because of this circumcision. According to the law, (Gen. xvii. 15,) the uncircumcised child was to be cut off from his people. Moses, therefore, for neglecting to circumcise the child, exposed him to this cutting off, and it was but barely

prevented by the prompt obedience of Zipporah. The sharp stone mentioned verse 25, was probably a knife made of flint, for such were anciently used for every kind of operation about the human body, embalming, circumcision, &c. See note on Gen. i. 2."

Exod. v. 14. It is said they (the officers) were beaten that is, *Bas-ti-na-doed*. "The manner of it is this: the culprit lies on his belly, his legs being turned up behind erect, and the executioner gives him so many blows on the soles of the feet with a stick. This is a very severe punishment, the sufferer not being able to walk for many weeks after, and some are lamed by it through the whole of their lives."

Chapter vi. 16—28. It seems Levi lived longer than any of the sons of Jacob,—about twenty-seven years after Joseph. This genealogy is important to show that in the fourth generation God brought out the children of Israel, as he had promised (Gen. xv. 16); for Moses was the son of Amram, the son of Rohath, the son of Levi, the son of Jacob. The whole, from verse 14th to the 27th, has no connexion with the subject suggested. But Reuben, Simeon, and Levi, sprang from the same mother; so they are united in this genealogy.

ALPHA.

STOOP!

A WORD TO BOYS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is said that when Benjamin Franklin was a young man he visited the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. After a short interview, the reverend gentleman showed him by a back way out of the house. As they were passing along a narrow passage, the doctor said to his young friend, "Stoop! stoop!"

Not understanding clearly the meaning of the advice, he took another step or two, and brought his head violently against a beam that projected over the passage.

"My lad," said the doctor, "you are young, and the world is before you. Learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump."

What a useful lesson is this! Don't forget it. When a person stands before you in a passion, foaming and scolding, although you know that he is both unreasonable and wrong, it would be a folly to scold in return, and talk as loudly as he does. This places two temporary madmen face to face. Stoop, keep calm, till his rage be blown over, and take care to throw in amid the pauses of the wind "soft words, which turn away wrath."

When reproved for a fault, stoop. Say mildly, "I know I was wrong; forgive me." It

will be no disgrace to you to do so, but by so doing you will be almost sure to succeed in stealing away the bitter feeling from the breast of the complainant.

How much more easily and pleasantly many persons might get through life if they only knew how and when to stoop.

But never stoop to a mean, unmanly, ungentlemanly, un-Christian thing. Stoop to do good, and you imitate the blessed Saviour. But never be guilty of stooping to pick up anything that would rob you of your peace of mind, expose you to scorn, and for which you would be sorry, if not before, in the hour of death, and at the day of judgment.

J. VAUGHAN.

EPITAPH

On Sylla's Tomb, inscribed at his own request. "That no man ever surpassed him in doing good to his friends, or evil to his enemies."

An ancient Roman warrior once,
Would have his tomb relate,
"That for his friends no man did more,"
And also plainly state,—
"That evil to his enemies,
No man had done so great."

Those precepts which the Scriptures
This warrior never knew,— [teach,
That to the man who injured him,
He should no evil do;
But always to his enemies
Be kind and loving too.

May'st Thou, who gav'st this blest com-
My great exemplar be; [mand,
Help me to pray for and bless these
Who evil do to me:
And may my life and conduct prove
That I have learnt of Thee.

Newport, I. W.

J. D.

Missionary Matters.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME
Our juvenile missionary meeting, the second in the year, was held on Christmas-day, and the purpose of the school authorities is to hold it annually on that day. The service of the meeting was supplied by about thirty of the scholars, their superintendents, and others; Mr. Alfred Brown presiding. Their addresses and recitations were delivered with good effect, the congregation

evinced their satisfaction by their hearty and frequent cheers. We regret that the collection was only £1 10s. 2d., but remembering that this is the second collection in the year, and when added to the former one makes the year's contribution to the Australian Missions amount to £4 13s. 8d., the sum, we hope, will not be considered despicable; especially as this district shares in the prevalent distress, and is

called upon to contribute to relieve that in Lancashire.

You will be glad to hear that our school is doing well. At our quarterly meeting, held on Christmas-day, it was found that, as well as general good attendance, both financial and numerical prosperity was reported. A good work of conversion also is going on among the juveniles of the school.

On October 19th, our former 5 o'clock scholars' prayer-meetings were resumed, which have been attended by more than a hundred of them. A few Sabbaths ago the question was put, "How many have been converted?" when about thirty juveniles held up their hands. Much good has thus been accomplished, both in the school and in the church.

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell th' almighty
grace!"

We are glad to hear of the welfare of the missions, and hope the good work will increase speedily and extensively.

R. CAPPER.

HUNGERFORD.

ON Christmas-day we held our juvenile missionary meeting at Hungerford, Newbury Circuit, when appropriate pieces were recited by the teachers and scholars, and a very gracious influence rested upon the large and attentive congregations.

Recently several of the senior scholars have been converted, as have also a few young men and women, who have joined society, and become teachers in the school. O that they may be kept from all sin, and be rendered a blessing to the children!

The following scholars, having been furnished with cards, collected in farthings the noble sum of £3 1s. 4½d., which will be duly forwarded to the General Missionary Treasurer for the Children's Mission:—J. Breadmore, 1,110; Miss Rosier, 570; Miss Phelps, 263; J. Rowe, 162; J. Edwards, 140; B. Bray, 136; H. Wooldridge, 118; Miss Brothers, 118; G. Phelps, 110; J. Cleaver, 83; Miss Wooldridge, 61; J. Hobbs, 39; Miss Brothers, 36; total, 2,946.

About 50 adults and 64 children took tea. The latter were treated by the teachers and friends.

I am happy to state that our school here is in a prosperous condition, which may be attributed, under God, to the indefatigable labours of the teachers, most of whom are converted to God. That all the teachers connected with our schools may possess this qualification, and be the means of leading the dear little ones to the Saviour, is the prayer of

GEO. BLACKWELL.

SHREWSBURY CIRCUIT.

DEAR EDITOR,—We are happy to

inform the numerous readers of our Juvenile Magazine that our Sabbath-school at Shrewsbury continues to increase. Another Christmas having arrived, the scholars and teachers were prepared for their annual Missionary meeting, which took place on Christmas-day, at the close of a public tea-meeting, which was held in behalf of Old Heath Chapel.

The Juvenile Missionary meeting commenced at half-past six o'clock, when the chair was efficiently occupied by Brother J. Davies, superintendent of the school. The children recited, in a very creditable manner, several interesting pieces, which were listened to with marked attention. Warm and suitable addresses were also delivered by

Brothers S. Deakin, J. Howells, R. Askin, I. Moore, J. Shephard, C. Temperton, Miss Bowen, and Mrs. Price.

The children have done exceedingly well with their cards this year, one little girl having collected £2 3s. 2d., another 15s., and others from 2s. up to 10s. The sum raised for the Australian Fund by cards, school-boxes, and collection, amounts to £7 17s. 2d., being £3 3s. 2d. in advance of last year.

In order to encourage the scholars, the teachers treated them with plum-cake and tea on the following day.

May the Lord prosper this and every other Sabbath-school yet more abundantly.

C. TEMPERTON.

Anniversary Services.

STANTON, ST. JOHN'S, OXFORD CIRCUIT.—On Lord's day, December 21st, 1862, we celebrated the sixth anniversary of our Sabbath school, when three impressive sermons were preached by the Rev. G. Warner. On Christmas-day the children were regaled with cake and tea. Tea was also provided for the teachers and friends; after which several recitations were given by the scholars, which did great

credit to their teachers. Also pointed addresses were delivered by J. Morbey, Miss Morbey, J. Hudson, R. Morbey, G. Collett, J. Rogers, J. Faulkner, W. Haines, T. Higgs, and Thomas Collett; and a glorious influence pervaded the whole of the services. To God be all the glory. The profits of tea, with collections, in addition to the usual treat to the children, amounted to £1 0s. 5d. A num-

ber of the senior scholars have lately decided for Christ; they meet regularly in a class formed for their benefit, and promise to do well.

E. BISHOP.

SEEND CLEEVE, CHIPPENHAM CIRCUIT.—On Thursday afternoon, January 1st, 1863, we held a bazaar in our chapel at this place. This being the first bazaar, a little stir was created in the neighbourhood; the attendance was very good, and the profits exceeded the expectations of many of our friends. At 5 o'clock tea was provided, of which more than 160 persons partook. The meeting after tea was a very delightful one. The writer presided, addresses were delivered by my esteemed colleague, the Rev. E. Millichamp, and Messrs. M. Moore, and M. Earle (Wesleyan). During the meeting Ellen Hayward, a little girl, under six years, presented to us 1,778 farthings which she had collected during the year. Since the meeting she has added eighty-five to the above number, making a total of 1,863. S. A. Rawlings, another little girl, gave us 5s. 6d. in threepenny pieces. The proceeds of the day amount to £9 17s. 5d $\frac{1}{4}$. We are extremely thankful to all the kind friends who have helped to make our New Year's meeting a good one. Mr. M. Moore offered to give us £2, if we would raise

£18 during the year. We intend to try, and thus reduce the debt on the chapel £20 at least. May the Lord bless us, and give us spiritual as well as temporal prosperity.

G. BROMLEY.

OKEFORD FITZPAINE SABBATH SCHOOL.—This school commenced in January, 1861, with five scholars and one teacher; this year it numbers seventy children. The superintendent and teachers have been indefatigable in their efforts amongst the young; several of the scholars appear to be seriously impressed about the salvation of their souls. We hope ere long they will be brought to a knowledge of experimental religion. On Thursday December 25th, 1862, a public tea was provided, and well attended, in a large barn kindly lent by Mr. Phillips, a Wesleyan friend, who, with his good wife, most energetically laboured to make the place as comfortable as possible. The teachers and friends spared no pains in decorating it with scripture mottoes and evergreens. Also a splendid Christmas tree was suspended, covered with treasures to be distributed amongst the little ones. After the tea the congregation was so large that a great many persons could not gain admittance. Sunday Dec. 28th, three services were held in the same place, when the Rev. J. Hill

preached; after which several appropriate pieces were recited by the children, with which the people were highly pleased. Another service was conducted by the Rev. G. Cripps on the following Monday. The whole of the services were visited with a holy influence. The pro-

ceeds of the tea and collections amounted to £3 8s., a sum we deem excellent for our little place. That the school may become a nursery for the church is the earnest prayer of—

B. ROSE, Sup.

H. BROWN, Sec.

Miscellanies.

THE POOR BOY WHO BECAME LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

IN a small school, taught by a matronly female in a room in her own house, at Chelsham, Surrey, was seated an interesting little boy, named Thomas Kelly. He was a thoughtful and affectionate child, and employed his leisure hours in taking care of his younger brothers and sisters, and doing such jobs about his father's little farm as his strength would allow. His parents being poor, Thomas was taken from school before he was twelve years of age, and when he was hardly able to read or write properly, and went to work with his father on the farm. There were no Sunday-schools at Chelsham at that time; but it was well for him that the Sabbath was always devoutly kept by his parents, and public worship regularly attended, for this conduct inspired

him with a respect for the Sabbath, and a desire for the means of grace. It was about this time that a ray of Divine light entered his mind, which was never extinguished. But Thomas never liked farming. He had not strength enough to do the hard, heavy work, and besides, a relation had promised to get him employment in London; and London, with its fine shops and wide, bustling streets, had far more attractions for him than tending cattle and mending hedges. He thought, too, if he could get work in the great city, he should get good wages, and then he could send money home to his father to buy cows and sheep, and his little brothers and sisters might be sent to a good school. The London enterprise was the topmost in his mind by night and by day, and one night he actually climbed into the chimney of his bed-

room, when he was asleep, and when his father, awakened by the noise, discovered him, and asked what he was doing there, the poor boy, still asleep, said, "I'm going to London." Well, after waiting and hoping for some time, a situation in London was heard of, and Kelly's application for it proved successful. On a gloomy and miserable day in 1786, after many prayers, and tears, and caresses, young Kelly set out from his humble home for London. A little bundle, which contained half-a-dozen shirts, and as many pairs of knitted stockings, and other little necessities, prepared by his kind mother, with special effort, contained his earthly all; and when he entered the great city, he was wet through, very lonely, and sorrowful. Many would have failed under these trials; but his earnest, steadfast character, and his determination to be of service to those whom he loved and had left behind, enabled him to bear all. The situation with his first master lasted three years. He then engaged with a Mr. Alex. Hogg, bookseller, Paternoster-row. The wages were, board and lodging, and ten pounds a year; and young Kelly had not only to serve in the shop during the day, but sleep under the counter at night, and was expected to take constant care of the business.

He had often felt the effects of his limited education, and being now among books, he selected good and useful ones for reading, and began to improve himself in grammar and general knowledge, and he made rapid improvement. In this situation he continued for twenty years, in the first fifteen of which he never had a day's holiday. He spent his Sabbaths in the house of prayer. Every Sabbath evening he might be seen at the French Protestant church, Threadneedle Street. Having taught himself French, he was able to follow both prayers and preaching. When he had been with Mr. Hogg fifteen years, he raised his salary to £80 a year; but when his wages were only £10 a year, he gave nearly half to help his parents, and as his salary increased he gave more in proportion. Mr. Hogg's health failed when he had been with him twenty years, and he proposed that his tried servant should enter into partnership with his son; but this offer Kelly declined, as the young man was not steady, and time proved the wisdom of this decision.

At thirty-nine years of age, Thomas Kelly began business for himself. He had only a very small capital, and no friends who could help him; but he trusted in God to bless his honest endeavours. He commenced by selling miscellane-

ous books and publications, in a little room in Paternoster-row, a kind of slice from a barber's shop, hardly big enough to turn in. There God prospered him; and at the end of two years he ventured into a new and important branch of business, viz., the printing and publishing of some standard books, and circulating them in threepenny, sixpenny, and shilling parts. "Kelly's Family Bible," in this way, had an immense success. "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "History of England," &c., &c., followed. Of course, as his business increased, the little scrap of a shop was enlarged by adding to it the buildings on the right and left as they fell vacant; and at length he purchased from Mrs. Hogg the lease of the premises where he had been servant for nearly one-and-twenty years. His father died, but his mother lived to see him lay the foundation for prosperity and greatness, and to enjoy his support. She always called him her *good son Thomas*.

His career as a citizen of London is as follows:—In 1823, he was elected common councillor of the ward of Farringdon Within. In 1825, he served the office of Sheriff. In 1830, he was removed to the Court of Aldermen. In November, 1836, he was chosen Lord Mayor of London, just fifty years from the time he entered,

cold, wet, and weary—a poor boy seeking employment for his daily bread; and his year of mayoralty was rendered very memorable by the accession of our beloved queen to the throne, June 20th, 1837. It devolved on the man who had been a poor farmer's boy, to present the first civic address to the youthful queen from the citizens of London. How fully in this case were the words of Scripture realized—"Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings." Full of days and honours, all his prospects brightening to the last, he closed his valuable life at Margate, in August, 1855, at the advanced age of eighty-four.—From *Fell's Life of Alderman Kelly*, sent by M. LEWIS.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

DURING a revival in —, a sweet little girl named Sarah, went home full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who had been to church, but was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied:—

"It is your mother, or Aunt Sally, that put you up to that, my little girl."

"No, papa," said the little creature, "the preacher said all good people pray; and those

who don't pray ain't going to heaven. Pa, do you pray?"

This was more than her father could stand, and in a rough way he said:—

"Well, you and your mother and your Aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Pa," said the little creature, "which way are you going?"

The question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way of death. He started from his chair, and burst into tears. Within a few days he was a happy convert, and I believe will appear in heaven as a star of the little daughter's crown of rejoicing.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

It was on a Sabbath evening, and a missionary was walking up and down the verandah at the front of his house, in an island of the South Seas. The sun was just setting behind the waves of the Southern Ocean, the labours of the day were over, and in the cool of the evening the missionary was lifting his heart to God in prayer, and asking a blessing on the people, the schools, and himself. All was hushed and still, except a rustling now and then in the leaves of a mimosa tree close by, which he fancied was a breeze springing up, and so continued his lonely walk, until again and again he heard

the rustling, and felt quite sure it could not be the wind alone; so he parted the long, leafy branches of the tree, and peeped beneath; and what did he find there? Three little boys; two were fast asleep in each other's arms; but the third was awake; and it was he who had stirred the mimosa leaves.

"What are you doing here, my children?" inquired the missionary.

"We are come here to sleep, teacher," said the boy.

"And why have you come here to sleep? have you no home?"

"O yes; but if we sleep here, we are sure to be ready when the first school-bell rings in the morning."

"Do your parents know about your being here?" continued the missionary.

"Mine do; but these little boys have no parents, they are orphans."

Now, the nights in the South Sea Islands are not cold and damp like ours; but the kind missionary of whom we write, looked around, and he felt a consciousness that a heavy rain was coming; so, rousing the hitherto unconscious sleepers, he led the three little fellows into the large porch of his house, where they might rest in safety; and O how the heart of that missionary rejoiced to know that they

thus loved to come to school,
to—

"Hear of heaven and learn the way."

And now, my dear children,
suppose these little islanders
could look from their distant
homes, or they had the pri-
vilege of attending some of our
English schools on a Sabbath
morning, what would they think
of the many late comers who
walk idly into their places when
half the business of the class is

over, and of the many who seldom
or never come at all? And are
there none of our young readers
who feel self-reproved by this
story, and who will try to show
their teachers, next Sabbath
morning, that they have profited
by reading "good news from a
far country?"

R. CHARTER.

Pickering.

Poetry.

CONTRAST OF THE IDLE AND THE THRIFTY WIFE.

(Modernized from a rare old poem by Thomas Tusser, 1580.)

The idle wife lieth till nine of the clock,
The thrifty wife trieth to rise with the cock.

The idle wife trusteth to him, and to her,
The busy wife hasteth herself for to stir.

The idle wife one thing or other must crave,
The thrifty wife nothing but needful will have.

The idle wife moveth with gossips to spend,
The busy wife loveth the household to tend.

The idle wife bringeth a shilling to naught,
The thrifty wife singeth, her cupboard full fraught.

The idle wife rendeth and casteth aside,
The thrifty wife mendeth before it goes wide.

The idle wife craveth in secret to borrow,
The thrifty wife saveth to-day, for to-morrow.

The idle wife pineth not having to eat,
The careful wife dineth with plenty of meat.

The idle wife letteth to Satan the store,
The busy wife getteth, and of little makes more.

British Workman.

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

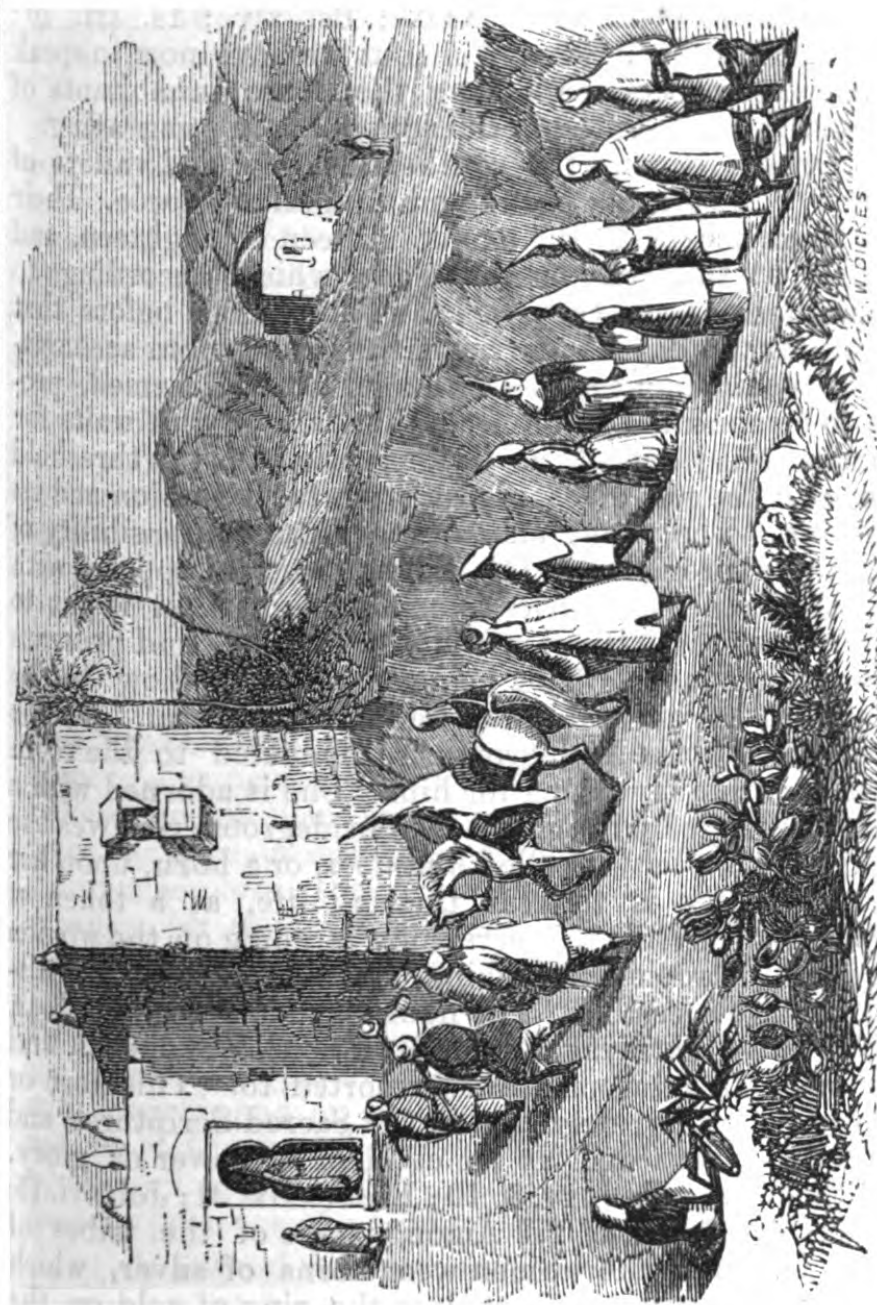
(From the "Juvenile Instructor and Companion," 1856.)

I WAS a wandering sheep;
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controll'd.
 I was a wayward child;
 I did not love my home;
 I did not love my Father's voice;
 I loved afar to roam.
 The Shepherd sought His sheep;
 The Father sought His child;
 They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er desert waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the cords of love,
 They saved the wandering one.
 They spoke in tender love,
 They raised my drooping head;
 They gently clos'd my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul they fed.
 They washed my filth away;
 They made me clean and fair;
 They brought me to my home in peace,
 The long sought wanderer.
 Jesus my Shepherd is;
 'Twas He that lov'd my soul;
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood;
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still does keep.
 I was a wandering sheep;
 I would not be controll'd;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold.
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love my home.
 Sent by G. W. HUNT, *Doncaster.*

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN worldly cares my soul assail,
 Remember me.
 When all my earthly comforts fail,
 Remember me.
 When doubts and fears disturb my
 breast,
 And nought but grief's my constant
 guest,
 When, Lord, I fly to thee for rest,
 Remember me.
 When Satan does my soul annoy,
 Remember me.
 And all his treach'rous arts employ,
 Remember me.
 When he would lead my soul astray,
 Tempt me to walk the downward way,
 When for Thy grace and strength I
 pray,
 Remember me.
 When on the bed of death I'm laid,
 Remember me.
 When none my sinking soul can aid,
 Remember me.
 Then when to Thee I lift mine eye,
 And feebly for Thy mercy cry,
 Listen to my expiring sigh,
 Remember me.
 When the last trump the earth shall
 shake,
 Remember me.
 When from their graves the dead awake,
 Remember me.
 When call'd to stand before Thy throne,
 When Thou Thy ransom'd ones shalt
 own,
 Then for Thy mercy's sake alone,
 Remember me.
 J. DORE.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



DRUSE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

Youths' Department.

DRUSE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

FEW Eastern customs are more remarkable than those relating to marriage, and a catalogue of them would be very interesting. But we must not attempt to give this at present. Many references to marriage ceremonies occur in Scripture. See Gen. xxiv., xxix.; Ps. xlv.; Is. lxi. 10; Jer. ii. 32; Matt. i. 9; xxii, &c. But we have now to speak of a marriage procession among the Druse inhabitants of Lebanon, as represented in the accompanying engraving.

The Druses occupy the southern slopes and valleys of Lebanon. They are a proud and vindictive people. Their young men marry at the age of sixteen or eighteen, and the girls at thirteen or fourteen; which according to English notions, is very early. Three days before that fixed on for the day of marriage, the bridegroom accompanied by companions of his own age, all well armed, proceeds to demand the bride from her father, who waits for his arrival fully armed, as if for battle. On the threshold of his own door he gives his sanction to the union and its conditions. The young man assumes the responsibility of support and provision. The young woman appears with her mother and female friends, and the question is put to her by the suitor. She accepts in set phrase, and presents a sabre to her lover. This being intended to show that he is to punish her severely if he find her unfaithful. On the wedding night the bridegroom is conducted to the room where the bride is waiting for him. She is adorned with a red veil, spangled with gold. The bridegroom removes the veil, and puts what is called a *tantoor*, or a horn, upon her head. This she is to wear through life, as a token of matronhood. While this ceremony is going on the women rush from the room, screeching, and making the most discordant noises possible. The house is at once in an uproar, and the most extravagant gesticulations, wardances, and other oriental amusements are resorted to. This horn or headdress is often referred to in the Sacred Scriptures, and it is usually regarded as an emblem of power or glory. See 1 Sam. ii. 1; Ps. lxxv. 5, 10; Ezek. xxix. 21; Job xvi. 15; Ps. lxxv. 4; Ps. xviii. 2. Among some of the tribes of Mount Lebanon the women wear horns of silver, which denote they are married, as does the ring of gold on the finger among ourselves. But when men wear horns they

denote eminent rank and dignity ; whether men's rings with us signify this, or simply the vanity of their wearers, we will not undertake to say. William Penn found the American Indians paying homage to their chief, who was distinguished by something like a horn. The eastern horn is usually about twelve inches long, and often covered with a veil, nearly as large as a sheet, which covers almost the whole body. It is drawn over the face, or removed at pleasure. As the horn has to be held in one position generally, the stiffneck of Scripture seems to have some relation thereto. We read of a Druse servant who wore a horn, and being tall, she was obliged to stoop to enter a doorway. The horn is worn, it is said, both night and day, and only taken off when the hair has to be dressed, which is not often. We may add, the higher the rank of a person, the longer the horn she wears, some being above three feet. The horn, when very valuable, is frequently almost the only dowry even rich parents give their daughters.

The engraving gives a representation of the appearance of the horned ladies in a marriage procession. The procession of the Princess Alexandra through London was a different affair, but the Druses would probably be as proud of their ceremony as the Londoners, and if so they would be vain enough. All nations or peoples have their weaknesses.

REAL NOBILITY.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

It is moral worth which makes the man, and that worth is more frequently attained in the school of deprivation and suffering, than under any other teaching. A. Humboldt may be crossing the ocean. He contemplates the limitless sea with the eye of a philosopher, its depth, its expanse, its saline ingredients. Night comes. He looks upon the stars. Every constellation is familiar to him. He knows their names, their relative positions, and can trace the path of the sun with unerring precision through the abysses of space. He descends to his state-room, and with diagram and an algebraic formula, records the observations of the day—a record which perhaps instructs the whole philosophic world. In all this he neither sees nor feels the presence of a God. He is a fatherless child,

“Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay.”

He places his head upon his pillow, prayerless as the ox in the stall, and falls asleep.

But far up, among the shrouds, clinging to the cordage, there is a sailor boy, of humble parentage, of slight education, dressed in the coarse garb of toil. The philosopher hardly regards him as a brother of the human family. The boy has just finished the work for which he climbed the spars. Grasping the ropes, he looks up to the gorgeous canopy above him, glittering with the mansions of God. There he sees his Father's home. There he sees the abode of angels. The instructions he received from his sainted mother's lips rush upon his soul. Overcome, he repeats, with trembling voice, and flooded eye, the hymn he learned in the Sabbath school,—

“Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of our divine abode,
The pavements of those heavenly courts
Where I shall see my God.”

Who is the greater, the philosopher, with his diagrams, or the boy with his God?

A black cloud appears in the sky. The gleam of lightning illumines the ocean. Crashes of thunder cause the ship to tremble in every timber, and she rolls and plunges beneath the rising tempest. The philosopher, the mere philosopher, hastens from his berth to witness the phenomenon. With electrometer in hand, he experiments upon the electric fluid, which he draws from the cloud. He notices the flash, and waits the report, understanding perfectly the rapidity with which sound can traverse the air. With accurate calculation he computes the speed with which the waves are driven by the gale. In all he sees but the forces of nature—electric fluid, aerial vibrations, atmospheric energies. Blind, blind nature alone, converses with his blinded soul. Again the benighted philosopher records his observations, and again, godless, falls asleep.

The Christian sailor boy stands on the deck, through the storm, in his midnight watch. He knows nothing of the scientific speculations which alone engross the soul of the philosopher. But as he paces the deck, God is by his side, his Father, Companion, and Friend. God, who loves him as his own adopted child. In the crashing thunder, in the gleaming lightning, in the heaving, foaming, tumultuous ocean, he hears and feels the presence and the power of God. He has not the faculty of Milton or of Byron to improvise, in glowing verse, the emotions he feels, but he experiences the emotions. His soul is enriched and ennobled by them. Again the Sabbath-school hymn in-

spires his mind, fraught with the science of heaven. In unison with the spirit of the tempest, he exclaims,—

“ On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.”

Now which of these two is the greater? Which is endowed with the loftier spirit? Upon which soul descends, radiant from above, in fullest measure, the love of celestial choirs, upon the warmhearted, full-souled, God-loving sailor boy, all unlettered as he is? Or upon the cold, heartless, prayerless, godless philosopher, whose whole moral nature has been starved and shrivelled, as he has fed only on the husks of science?

It does not require acquaintance with Greek and Roman classics for one to feel God's presence in those forms of beauty and of grandeur which nature is ever assuming. One may not be able to comprehend all the revelations found in Cosmos, or the demonstrations of La Place—and yet he may read and comprehend with intensest appreciation, the inscriptions God has registered on billowy ocean, earth and spangled sky. He may interpret, with vastly more than philosophic acumen, all the voices of nature, when God speaks in the thunder, or breathes his anthems in the storm-swept forest or dashing surge.

Earthly science alone may be able to decipher the hieroglyphics which Assyrian or Egyptian has carved on the mausoleums of the Pharaohs. But there is a nobler science, heaven-born, God-taught, which enables a Christian, even the unlettered child, to decipher those more sublime characters which the finger of God has everywhere carved on craggy mountain and verdant valley, on prairie and forest, everywhere, everywhere on ocean, earth, and sky. It is the *loving heart* which God welcomes to companionship with Him.

DILIGENCE REWARDED.

IN the middle of the last century there lived in the little town of Montdidier, France, an apothecary, by name Master Lombard, and by report a miser.

Everybody said Master Lombard was rich, and though what everybody says is not always true, it was true in this instance. Lombard was rich, but he lived like a beggar. He spent very little, and he gave away nothing. He lent money on good security, but he never lent any of it to the

Lord by giving it to the poor,—never accepted the security of that Bible assurance that those who do so shall be amply repaid. No; Master Lombard cared only for money; lent only that he might make more money. For this he denied himself decent clothes, or wholesome food, or comfortable lodging. It was meat and drink, he said, to him to look at his golden louis, to hear their true ring of metal, to count them up as if they were so many friends or children, and to relish the thought of what he could do with his money if he chose. He never read—or reading, only scorned—the solemn words, “Your riches are corrupted. . . . Your gold and silver are cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.”

One snowy night, when Lombard had closed his shop, and was sitting in his back parlour over the smallest scrap of fire, and was eating a dry crust, there was a knocking at the outer door.

Old Lombard kept no servant, and neither had friend nor child beneath his roof; no one came to see him except on business; for, as you may imagine, he was not a man given to hospitality. When the knock was heard at the door, therefore, he knew very well it must be either an idle trick of some foolish boy to annoy him, or a customer; and being economical of his own trouble as well as of everything else, he waited for the stranger to knock again.

“If it is only a mischievous boy,” he said, “he’ll not venture to knock twice; if it is a customer he is sure to do so.”

The knock was repeated, and old Lombard rose, and passing through his shop, unbarred and unbolted the outer door, and looked out straight before him into the snowy street. He saw nothing, and was about to shut the door again, with an angry word, when a child’s voice arrested his attention.

“Please you, good Master Lombard, it is me.”

“Me!” said old Lombard, suddenly darting upon a small boy, who stood shivering on the snowy door-step; “and who is me, that he dare disturb a quiet trader? Who says I never give to those who want? Tell them they speak false; you wanted a thrashing, and I gave you that. Come here!” He seized the boy by his ear, but the lad struggled and released himself, saying,—

“I did not come to play a trick on you, Master Lombard, but to ask you to make up some medicine for my mother.”

"Medicine for my mother!" Lombard repeated in a mocking voice. "And is my mother ill? High living is too much for her; let her try meagre soup, or no soup at all!"

"Please you, Master Lombard, my mother is dying, partly for want of food,—you know she is very poor,—partly for want of medicine; but this paper tells us what is sure to do for her all that medicine can do. It is in Latin, but you know all about it."

"Come in," said Lombard, and the boy followed him. He closed the door, went behind the counter, put on his spectacles, and stooping down over a bit of lighted candle, read the paper which the boy had given him.

The boy watched the old man's face anxiously as he read, and when he ceased, asked was it a good remedy for such and such complaints, detailing his mother's ailments.

"Yes," said old Lombard, "the remedy is excellent, but it is dear; it would cost a golden piece."

"A golden piece!" cried the poor child in alarm. "O, what shall I do! I have but seven sous."

"I don't know what you are to do, except take yourself out of my shop as quickly as may be."

"O, Master Lombard, you know that ever since my father's death, sickness and distress have been in our house, and now my mother is dying!"

"That is no affair of mine," old Lombard answered; "people who have no money are best out of the world."

"I implore you," cried the boy, "send me not away without the medicine. For God's sake, do this charity, and God will reward you!"

"I tell you," said old Lombard, "I will do no such thing. Money will buy medicine in this shop. Nothing for nothing; those are my terms."

"Give me the medicine," said the distracted boy, as the thought of his poor suffering mother pressed itself on him, and almost broke his heart. "O, good Master Lombard I will be your servant—your slave. I will eat little, I will work much. I will do anything, suffer anything, if you will help me now!"

Old Lombard seemed to hesitate; he was rather surprised at the boy's vehemence; he knew him to be sharp and honest, and it occurred to him that it might not be a bad speculation to close with the boy's bargain. Therefore he felt a little inclined to listen, and see if it would not, after all, be more to his purpose to take the boy's services in payment for the medicine than hard cash. The boy was not slow to perceive a slight change in his

favour, and lost no time to urge his request for the supply of the medicine on any terms, to save a dying mother. And so earnestly did he plead for medicine and offer his services as payment, that even old Lombard felt he spoke the truth. He made up the prescription, said he would come round and look at the patient, and that he would take the boy into his service. With warm gratitude the boy thanked him, and hastened to the bedside of his mother; while old Lombard returned to his scrap of fire, and thought over his bargain. "I must have a boy to help me," so he said. "I can hire this boy for a tenth of what I must give to another; I can feed him sparingly, work him hard; umph! I might have done worse." So with this reflection he put out his candle, and went to bed in the dark.

By the bedside of his mother the boy watched all through the night; and as the grey dawn appeared, saw—and his heart leaped at the sight—his mother open her eyes, and heard her speak to him. She was better; the medicine had done its work. How grieved, and yet how grateful was she when she heard of her boy's bargain! She was sorry that he would have so hard a master, pleased that he had accepted the service for her sake; and when she was well again, and he was to begin his duties in old Lombard's shop, she threw her arms about his neck, and assured him that God would prosper a son who so honoured and loved his mother.

And was it so? O, yes; the work was very hard, the food was bad and scanty: a kind man would not lodge a dog as that boy was lodged; but he prospered. He was a studious, clever boy, and in that chemist's shop he learned enough to make him wish for wider information. He was so civil and obliging, that Lombard's customers increased, so industrious and painstaking, that even old Lombard was satisfied; and all the while he was cheering his dear mother's heart by telling her what he meant to do when he was a man. God prospered him. He was blessed with a good mother, and he remembered the words of Solomon: "My son. . . forsake not the law of thy mother: when thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

Years passed, and the boy became a man, and found that "a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches." While everybody despised the rich miser, they esteemed the poor young doctor; who, in course of time, became one of the most celebrated men in Europe. He was ap-

pointed Inspector-General of Health, was loaded with honours, and received a patent of nobility. The poor boy was none other than Parmentier, the chemist.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

GUSTAVUS III., King of Sweden, passing one morning, on horseback, through a village in the neighbourhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl, of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said,—“My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation.”

“Ah, sir,” replied the girl, “I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate.”

“And why?” rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

“Because,” answered the girl, colouring, “my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions. And no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect to discharge the duties affection requires from me.”

“Where is your mother?” asked the monarch.

“In that little cabin;” replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld, stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was straw, the mother of the child. Moved at the sight, the monarch said, “I am sorry my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition.”

“Alas, sir!” answered the mother, “I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing that she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her good!” she added, wiping away a tear.

Gustavus felt it to be indeed a great pleasure to relieve the sufferer, and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, “Continue to take care of your mother. I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good bye, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king.”

On his return to Stockholm, the king settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death. Thus the dutiful daughter was rewarded.

Sent by W. NORRIS.

TWO DYING BOYS.

I WAS requested, says Dr. M'Leod, of Glasgow, by a brother minister to visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who, during three years' sickness had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God. I went to visit him. He had suffered excruciating pain, not having known one day's rest for years. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him, and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his beautiful blue eyes,—he could not move, it was the night before he died,—and breathed into my ear these few words, "I am strong in Him." The words were few and feebly uttered; they were the words of a feeble child in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek, and quiet, and affectionate mother; and these words seemed to make the world more beautiful than it ever was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth, "strong in Him!"

It is now almost five years since the sufferings of this dear boy ended, since he entered that painless world where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick," but where all are "strong in Him." Many times in the interval has a vision of that death-bed scene passed before us; many times has it brought to painful consciousness the weakness of our faith in contrast with the strength of that patient little sufferer; but many times has it made us "strong in Him" whose strength was thus made perfect in weakness, and who enabled that dying child to breathe forth, though but in whispers, those last strong words of faith and hope.

The scene changes from an obscure chamber in Glasgow to the still more secluded wigwam in the far west of North America. Again the minister of Jesus is present to cheer a dying boy as he looks down into the dark valley, and timidly he reaches forth his hand to grasp the staff of the Good Shepherd. The little Testament, which his kind teacher had taught him both to read and to love, lies by his side. With an earnestness which cannot be denied, but with a reach of purpose which his teacher cannot fathom, the meek child of the forest makes this last request, "When you lay me down in my coffin, I want you

to put my little Testament at the side of my head, and bury it with me." When asked why he desired this ; he replied, " In the resurrection, when so many shall appear before the Saviour, I am afraid He will not notice me. I will take my little Testament in my hand, and hold it up, and when He sees that, I am sure he will receive me."

MY SURETY.

' Look upon the face of thine anointed.'—Psalm lxxxiv. 9.

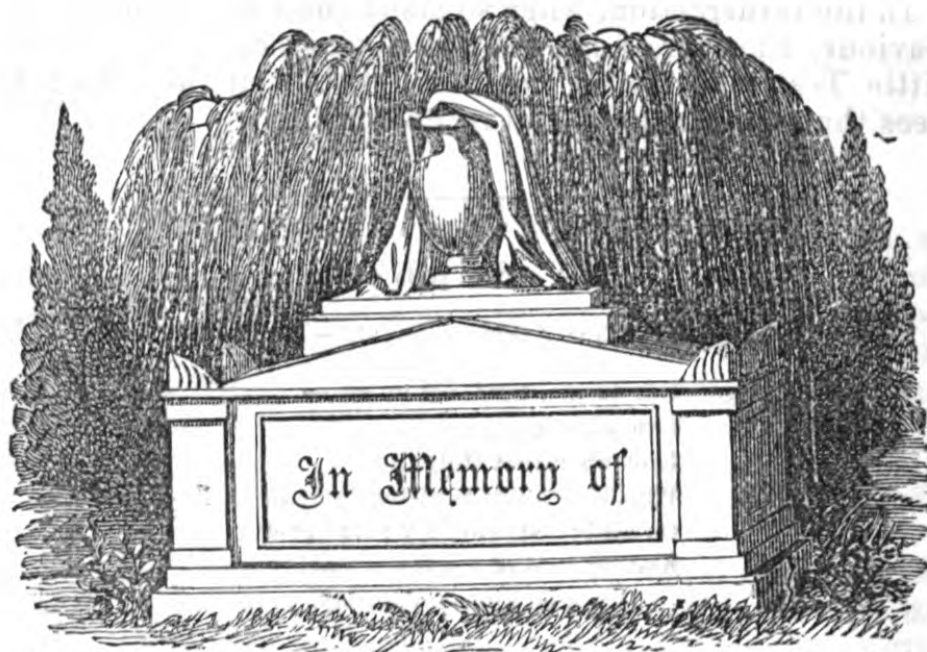
Not on me, Lord, not on me,—
I am all iniquity ;
Look upon that Holy One,
Who, before thy glorious throne,
On his breast bears my poor name
And my load of sin and shame,—
Look on him—my Surety.

Look on thine anointed Son ;
Only in his name I come ;
Only for his sake I dare
Breathe to thee my suppliant prayer
While I to his garment cling,
While I hide beneath his wing,
Look on him—my Surety.

I have often broke thy laws,
Oft proved traitor to thy cause
He that broken law hath kept,
He o'er my transgressions wept ;
He, upon the cross for me,
Bore the dread death-penalty.
Look on him—my Surety.

Now he pleadeth thee before,
And I kneel, Lord, to adore,
For the pardon thou hast given,
For the death-chains he has riven
Even when I sue for grace,
Look thou on his pitying face ;
Look on him—my Surety.

Juvenile Biography.



ELIZABETH GREATOREX, the subject of this brief sketch, who was born at Kirk-Ireton, in the Wirksworth Circuit, in the county of Derby, May 20th, 1839. In her infancy she was deprived of maternal care, her mother only surviving her birth twenty-seven days; but this loss seems to have been almost made up by the special attachment of her father to his infant daughter: for to her every attention was paid by him as far as his temporal circumstances would permit. She was placed out to nurse, where she remained till her father married again.

Our departed sister, in her early years, attended the Sabbath School in connexion with the Established Church, from which, of her own choice, she

withdrew, and became connected with our Sabbath School, in which she ultimately became a useful teacher. Eleven or twelve years ago she became a missionary collector, and at the first public meeting in which she appeared in this capacity, she had on her little card one shilling and eightpence. The Rev. John Stephenson, who then travelled on this station, when praying for the blessing of God to rest upon the missionary labourers and collectors, asked God to bless the little girl with her twenty-pence. This made an impression on her mind that never wore off; and on she went, and the missionary income at our place, though small, owed much to her devoted labours.

Being of a studious turn of

mind, her father gave her a liberal education, which tended to improve her naturally amiable disposition; yet she was a stranger to saving grace. She frequently attended our prayer meetings, and at length began to evince a concern for the salvation of her soul. I often took her by the hand, and urged her to give her heart to God. On one occasion, when I had been trying to shew the danger of delay in these matters, I repeated the 24th, 25th, and 26th verses of the 1st chapter of Proverbs: this, she stated in our love-feasts, was as a hammer to break the rock in pieces; from that time she had no rest till she found it in the merits of a crucified Redeemer. Her conversion was evidenced by her earnest desire to do the will of God. In November, 1856, she received her first class-ticket, and she lived so as to prove that she was not only nominally enrolled amongst the people of God, but that her name was inscribed in heaven. She could say—

"I'll tell to all the earth around, God is love!

In Christ I have redemption found,
God is love!

His blood has washed my sins
away;

His Spirit's turned my night to
day;

And now I can rejoice and say,
God is love!"

Her goodness was not like the

morning cloud or early dew; but her path was that of the just, that, as the shining light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day. In the early part of the year 1858 her name appeared as a local preacher on our Circuit's plan, in which capacity she was accepted and respected; and though the period of labour with her was not lengthy, may the seed she scattered take root, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

At Christmas, 1861, she went to see her three brothers, who reside in Manchester; and the weather being severe, and she being delicate, she was seized with a violent cold, which brought on consumption. Medical aid was sought, and hopes were entertained of her recovery; but, alas! the disease had taken deep root, and the signs of dissolution began to increase. On one occasion, when her medical attendant called upon her, she pressed him to tell whether he thought there was any likelihood of her ultimate recovery, telling him he need not be afraid to tell her, as she was not afraid to die. I visited her frequently during her affliction, and I found her sufferings had a very refining influence upon her. On one occasion she told me she had had an idol, but the Lord had taken it away. I always found her relying on the merits of Christ

alone for salvation; and on some occasions she was very happy. She found the religion she had in health invited others to embrace, was in the time of dissolution a satisfying portion. She said she had to mourn over her unfaithfulness, and to thank God for affliction; and as her end drew near, she became like a ripe shock of corn ready for the garner.

A friend who attended her for some time previous to her departure, asked her to give her a token of her happiness when she entered the river, and her last words were, "Happy! happy!" and when she could not articulate, she waved her hand in token of triumph, and thus sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, October 31st, 1862, in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

S. DEAN.

ESTHER JANE, eldest daughter of George and Sarah OBERN, entered on her mortal career in Shefford, Berks, April 14th, 1844. It was her unspeakable privilege to be the child of pious parents, and doubtless it was owing, in a great measure, to their example, teaching, and prayers, that she became, in very early life, the subject of serious religious impressions. In the eleventh year of her age, she was fully convinced of her lost state as a sinner, and in a prayer-meeting, held after a missionary meeting,

in Enmore-green chapel, Motcombe circuit, she was led earnestly to cry for mercy, and was enabled to cast her soul by faith upon the atonement, and she there and then found redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of her sins.

From that time she became a member of the Primitive Methodist Society, and she worthily adorned her Christian profession to the day of her death. She was very amiable in her disposition, and strictly adhered to the exhortation Paul gave the Colossians, "Children, obey your parents in all things;" so that her parents do not remember her ever once persisting in anything contrary to their wishes. She was also kind and affectionate to her brother and sister.

The genuineness of her piety was evinced by her warm attachment to the people of God, especially to those with whom she was united in Church fellowship, by her great interest in the prosperity of Zion, her punctual attendance on the means of grace, and by her readiness to assist in every good work. Twelve months ago the Lord very graciously poured out his Spirit amongst us in Andover, when our departed sister was very active in pointing penitents to the Lamb of God who alone could take away their sins. But her especial sphere of labour was the Sabbath-school,

in which she became a scholar in very early life. She was a teacher in Aylesbury while her father was in that circuit as the superintendent. In the year 1860 the family removed to Andover, where she still continued her beloved employment, and attended to it as one who felt the importance of her work. By her loving disposition she gained the affection of all the children, and the esteem of her superintendent, and of her fellow-teachers.

On Sunday, October 19th, 1862, she attended all the public means of grace as usual. That day she was very serious and earnest with the children in her class. She strove to impress their minds with the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the great necessity of getting prepared for death, making the remark, "It may be that some of us shall soon be called to die," which made a deep impression on the minds of the children. When asked by her class-leader the state of her mind, she said, "All through the past week, I have been under a cloud, and have had some severe conflicts with Satan, but I have achieved the victory, and am determined to devote myself more fully to the service of the Lord." She evidently enjoyed the public services of the sanctuary, and after she returned home in the evening she said to her mother, "Oh, mother, we

have had a most blessed prayer-meeting to-night; one of the old-fashioned sort." That night she complained of being rather poorly, and retired hoping to arise revived in the morning; but she continued to grow worse, until finally she was obliged to keep her bed. The doctor was called in, and pronounced her complaint to be "bilious fever," but hopes were fondly entertained that in the course of a few days she would rally again. But the Great Arbiter of our lives had, for reasons infinitely wise and good, decreed otherwise. The fever became "gastric," and it was soon known that she was in a most dangerous state. During her affliction, a heavenly calm seemed to pervade her soul. She was visited by the writer and several of the friends, and when prayer was offered to the God of consolation, she heartily responded. Her answers to the questions proposed respecting the state of her soul were pleasing and satisfactory. She told me that she felt the Saviour very precious, and that she was fully resigned to the Lord's will. She also spoke to her mother of the presence of angels and of hearingsweet delightful music. Sometimes, when unable to speak, she would wave her hand in token of victory. On the Saturday previous to her death, her parents, with myself and others ap-

proached the throne of grace, and while in the attitude of prayer, we felt the uttered sentiment of the poet:—

“The chamber where the pious meet
their fate,
Is privileged beyond the common
walks of virtuous life,
Quite on the verge of heaven.”

On Sunday, November 16th, at ten minutes past one o'clock, in the nineteenth year of her age, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and her dismantled spirit was carried by angels to the paradise of God. On the Wednesday following her body was interred in Andover churchyard, when the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath-school, together with a large number of members and friends met at the house, and sang on the way to the Church the 804th hymn, beginning—

“The morning flowers display their
sweets.”

And when the funeral service was over, the friends resumed their order, and sang back to the house the 798th hymn, commencing—

“Farewell, dear friend, a long fare-
well,” &c.

For our beloved departed sister we sorrow, but not as others who have no hope—“For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” AARON SMITH.

AGNES LAMANBY was born in the year 1852, and died October

29th, 1862. She was lovely, respectful, wise, and good. She was the subject of religious impressions at a very early age. The desire of her heart in her affliction was that the teachers and praying people would visit her to talk and pray with her.

Brother Richardson says—“I often saw her in her affliction, and prayed with her; and one Sunday I was setting off to my appointment in haste, but she could not allow me to go until I prayed for her, because the last time I prayed with her she said she knew that the Lord answered my prayer, and she felt much relieved. This is a lesson for older professors. She prayed much herself, and was made to feel the power of God, and she was heard to say—“Glory, glory!” and, “Lord, help me!”

Her parents are both members of society, and they watched over her with great care. They saw her point upward the day before she died, as she said, “I am going to glory! I am going to glory!”

The dear little girl was a Sabbath scholar at Byer's Green in Wolsingham Circuit.

Her parents feel the loss, but their loss is her gain. May parents, teachers, friends, and all meet in that land above where they will never part again!

“Thou art gone to the grave, but
’t were vain to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death hath no [sting since the Saviour hath died."

H. J. ALLEN.

"O fairest flowers, no sooner blown than blasted."—MILTON.

Died, at Church Gresley, in the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Circuit, November 26th, 1862, MARY BRYAN SHREEVE, aged fourteen years. From a child she was taught by her parents to love the Saviour, and to walk in His appointed ways. She possessed an amiable temper and a thoughtful disposition, which caused her to be highly esteemed. At a very early age she was the subject of deep religious impressions, and she has since given proof that she was a child of God. She entered our school some time ago as an adult scholar, and likewise began to meet in class. She sustained an unblemished character. During her affliction she was quite happy and resigned to the will of God, and she died exulting in Christ as her Redeemer. The consecration of youth to the service of God cannot but be pleasing to Him, and our hope is that many who are now taught in connection with this Sabbath-school will give themselves in the morning of life to the Saviour. O, my young reader, ponder the path of thy feet, and calmly ask thy-

self the question, am I prepared to die? Would you not like to go to heaven when you die? Then you must give your heart to Jesus, and He will bestow on you His pardoning love. Teachers of the young! ponder over this memorial, and be more in earnest than ever for the salvation of your scholars. Take encouragement and "be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

N. BANKS.

JANE ANN, daughter of John and Martha ROBINSON, was born at Workington, in the Whitehaven Circuit, July 19th, 1843, and died at the same place, November 10th, 1862. In early life she became a scholar in our Sabbath-school, and finally rose to be a teacher, which office she attentively filled and retained till called away by death. When between thirteen and fourteen years of age, while revival services were being held, under the superintendency of the Rev. W. Fulton, she was convinced of her wretched state as a sinner, and earnestly sought and found redemption through the blood of the Lamb. Having found peace with God, she at once united with His people, and though young, she continued a very consistent member till removed to the church above. The Rev. A. Dodds, who was her leader for

three years previous to last midsummer (with the exception of ten months in which she was at Liverpool) says, "I invariably had the impression that she possessed the root of the matter, and feared God above many: her general deportment was consistent with her profession. In relating her experience she was clear, and frequently, with considerable feeling and power, she would express her confidence in God, the assurance of her interest in the Saviour, and hope of future glory, so as to bring a melting and hallowing influence upon us all." She did not possess a strong constitution, but she enjoyed tolerable health, until a few weeks before her short but fatal illness. She then complained of feeling unwell, but was not confined to her room till Friday, October 31st, when, after ten days of extreme suffering, she resigned her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer. In the midst of her keenest suffering she was sustained by Divine grace, and to all who visited her she gave satisfactory evidence of her safety. I visited her several times and always found her in a happy frame of mind and quite resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. While struggling with the last enemy she frequently exclaimed, "My Jesus." She asked a person present to pray, and while prayer was be-

ing offered, she responded earnestly, and afterwards prayed audibly herself for a few seconds; after which her frail tenement sank under the pressure of the fatal stroke, and she died lisping the words, "My Jesus." Her death was improved in our Workington chapel, by the Rev. A. Dodds, of Maryport, to a large and sympathizing congregation, from 1 Peter i. 24, 25. May her sorrowing friends, with the reader and writer, meet her in heaven.

ROBERT CANNAN.

THOMAS, the son of Joseph and Margaret SHIELDS, was born at Newfield, in the Wolsingham Circuit, and died at Spenney-moor, in the Durham Circuit, November 7th, 1862. From his infancy he enjoyed the benefits of Sabbath-school and home religious tuition, and profited thereby. Religion was not mechanically drilled into him; but under the genial influence of the Spirit of God, which accompanied the lessons of the Sabbath-school, the services of the sanctuary, and the instructions received at home, his mind was early impressed with a sense of the great importance of religion. He was convinced of sin and often had earnest longings for a full salvation through the blood of the Lamb, but did not obtain the blessing till the beginning of

this year. Mr. Booth was conducting revival services at Spennymoor, which were rendered a blessing to many. Among the number who thronged to hear was Thomas; the word found a way to his heart; he became a sincere penitent, was led to the Saviour, and found pardon and peace in Him, and went home that night a happy child, and forthwith joined the society.

The beauties of his generous nature had often flowed forth before, but now they gushed out freely and profusely. With his sweet voice he had often sung the following favourite lines:—

“Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of joyful ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.”

But now he could sing with sweeter melody:—

“My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.”

“Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.”

The Sabbath-school was his delight, and its anniversary was generally a high day to him; but the last one was the best and sweetest. He had stood up as a

scholar before; but this time he was both a scholar and a Christian. He knew, he felt, he understood what he had to say. He had great respect for the man under whose labours he was brought to God, and for his class-leader; and they loved him in return.

His earthly pilgrimage was but short. He had been a healthy child from his infancy, and was so up to the Wednesday before his death. On that day he returned from his employment poorly; but he retired to rest, hoping that he would soon recover; but inflammation in the brain shortly blasted every prospect of recovery, and on Friday morning, at two o'clock, he died. During his brief illness his mind was delirious; but that which was uppermost in his mind when he was well now manifested itself. He sang, and prayed and talked to his companions, with whom he supposed himself surrounded, about God's commandments, to the last, and then passed away to his rest. Thus lived and died this youthful Christian, being in his fourteenth year; leaving a large circle of sorrowing friends and companions to lament his loss.

RALPH SHIELDS.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE FENNEC.

THIS pretty little creature is found in the interior of Nubia, and is considered by naturalists as a species of dog; in size it is so small as to be contained with ease within the compass of a pint measure. It was first discovered by the enterprising traveller Bruce, when in search of the sources of the river Nile. Hence its scientific name is *Mengalotis Brucei*. Very few specimens have yet been brought to Europe, and but little is known of its habits or mode of life. What a wonderful variety there is in the animal kingdom! And how little even learned men know of the almost infinite diversity of

the Creator's works! But little children who love to read, and who try to understand and recollect what they read, may come to know what is really valuable and pleasing. This world is like a large museum, and if we keep our eyes and ears open, we may learn a good deal in a little time. Let us study both the works and the word of God, and above all, seek to be wise unto salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

HINTS FOR LITTLE FOLK.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Look at Exod. vii. 20, 22, & 24. Aristotle says, "From nothing nothing can be made;" and as

Moses and Aaron converted all the waters of Egypt into blood, what waters were they which the magicians converted? As Dr. Clarke says, verse the 24th will answer the question. "Again, though a general commission was given to Moses, not only to turn the waters of the river (Nile) into blood, but also those of their streams, rivers, ponds, and pools; yet it seems pretty clear from verse 20 that he did not proceed thus far, at least in the first instance; for it is there stated that only the waters of the river were turned into blood. Afterwards the plague doubtless became general."

Don Isaac Abarbanel is of opinion that Moses and Aaron (jointly) smote the Nile and other rivers, but might have omitted some small stream or brook, on which the magicians performed the same miracle.

R. Moses Alschech holds the magicians did nothing, but by their enchantments deceive the sight, so that the water already converted to blood, they made appear to be pure water, which they afterwards restored to blood, and thus appeared to perform the same miracle,—which invention is termed "visual deception;" and all who believe in witchcraft, &c., are void of prudence and sense, for reason dictates that wizards can do nothing. See Exod. xxii. 18;

Lev. xix. 26—31; xx. 27; Deut. xviii. 10—12; 2 Kings ix. 22; 2 Chron. xxxiii. 6; Isa. xxix. 4; Jer. xxvii. 9, 10; Micah v. 12; Acts viii. 9—11; xix. 13—20; and Dr. Clarke on Exod. vii. 20—23.

The same writer has some remarks on ch. viii. 3 and 16. "The river Nile, which was an object of their adoration, was here one of the instruments of their punishment. In various parts of the East, instead of what we call ovens, they dig a hole in the ground, in which they insert a kind of earthen pot, which having sufficiently heated, they stick their cakes to the inside, and when baked remove them and supply their places with others. To find such places full of frogs when they came to heat them in order to bake their bread, must have been both disgusting and distressing in the extreme."

Exod. ix. 6; ix. 19—25. Some ask if all the cattle of Egypt died, what were those which had boils, &c.? "The fact is, nothing is more common among writers, both sacred and profane, than the use of the word all, not in an absolute (complete), but in a comparative sense, as meaning many, some of all sorts, &c."—*Carpenter*.

But others are of opinion that only the cattle in the fields died, and not those in the houses.

"Behold the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle which is in the field." Read the whole chapter. On the word all, read Exod. x. 15; xii. 33; 2 Kings xix. 35.

Some reconcile the passages in this way, that all that died were the cattle of Egypt, or belonging to the Egyptians, and not belonging to the Israelites. In either way the doubt is solved.

Verse 15.—Dr. Clarke says, "In the Hebrew the verbs are in the past tense, and not in the future, &c., for neither Pharaoh nor his people was smitten by a pestilence. It is true the first-born were slain by a destroying angel, and Pharaoh himself was drowned in the Red Sea; but these judgments do not appear to be referred to in this place. 'For if now I had stretched out (set forth) my hand, and had smitten thee and thy people with the pestilence, thou shouldst have been cut off from the earth; but I have caused thee to subsist.'" ALPHA.

A GOOD MEETING.

THE readers of the Juvenile Magazine will, I doubt not, feel interested with a short account of an annual school festival we have had lately in connection with our Bank Top Sunday School, Halifax Station. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. W. Hart, one of the

superintendents, who enlivened the audience with occasional sallies of wit and humour. The report was well read by Brother Green, the secretary. To such a report I have seldom listened. It told us that nearly 200 children were taught in the school, of whom twenty-five were members of the church; and that out of thirty teachers, twenty-five were converted to God, and seeking, as the great end of their Sabbath labours, the conversion of the scholars. After this, Brother Joseph Fawcett, in a neat, clear, and well-expressed speech, urged a continuance in well-doing; then Brother Bentley, a young man of promise, in a calm, temperate, and affectionate style, inculcated the law of kindness in the management of Sunday schools, and told us that he knew a lad who had been driven from a school through harsh treatment, and who, to avoid being sent back by his parents, ran away, took to a sea-faring life, and, while making his first voyage, met with a watery grave.

The next speaker was Brother Dewhirst, an elderly man who, five years ago, became a Christian, and entered the Sabbath School as a teacher, "during which time," he said, "the letter *a* has never been put opposite my name in the Roll-book."

After him, a middle-aged man named Hartley was called to

make what was styled his maiden speech. Touchingly he spoke. He said in substance as follows:—"I cannot make much of a speech. It is not long since I was converted. Then I could not read; indeed, I did not know my letters. However, I longed to enter the Sunday School. I was resolved to learn to read. I had a little boy who could read, and I got him to teach me a bit of a night. When he used to ask me what such a letter or word was, and I could not tell him, he would say: 'A *fadder*, and does not know *that*!' This used to sting me, but I said nothing, and went on; so with what I picked up at home and in the Sunday School, I now manage pretty well to teach those who know less than myself." Take heart, then, my young friends, in all your attempts to do and get good.

A youth named Gibson next told us how happy and grateful he was in being amongst us; "for," said he, "being young and strong, I have a natural prospect of spending a long life in the best of causes."

Brothers Horsfall and Jackson then spoke in a very neat and feeling manner; and after a few words of encouragement and advice from the writer, one of the most refreshing school meetings it has fallen to my lot to enjoy, came to a close. JOHN SIMPSON.

GET INTO THE SUNSHINE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let not harsh words
mar,
The good we might do here:
Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they
may,
'Tis full of anxious care."

"I wish my father would come home," said little Richard.

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said his aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered,—

"He'll be sorry, not angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father, now!" He started up, and went to the room-door, as the sound of a bell reached his ears. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying, with a disappointed air,—

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt, that you would like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly; "but you won't."

"I must confess," she replied, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you would not escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father is good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful, or a very inconsiderate boy."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Aunt!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone she added, "you are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again

the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It is my father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting as the father took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Do come in here!" And Richard drew his father into a room. The father sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of a closet, brought out the fragments of a broken ornament, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice, while over his countenance there came a shadow of regret.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were sad and tremulous.

A little while his father sat controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully,—

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces

away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see; and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness; so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind, so good!"

A few minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. The aunt looked up for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, in a little while. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, aunt," was the mild but firm answer she got; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."

"Into the sunshine as quickly as possible!" O! is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thought and right feeling may grow vigorously in its warmth. We retain anger, not

that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah! if we were always right with ourselves, we should oftener be right with our children.

"Speak kindly, speak kindly! ye know not the power

Of a kind and gentle word,

As its tones, in a sad and weary hour,
By the troubled heart are heard.

"Speak kindly, then—kindly. There's nothing lost

By gentle words; to the heart and ear

Of the sad and lonely they're dear—
how dear!

And they nothing cost."

"PRAYING FOR THE REST."

In the year 18—, I travelled in R— Circuit, and being planned to preach afternoon and night at S—, I went in the morning to visit the Sunday-school. As I made my inquiries at the different classes, I met with smiles, and "We are glad to see you," from both teachers and scholars. Giving words of encouragement or advice, as the case seemed to require, I passed on till I came to the senior girls' testament class taught by Maria C—, a God-fearing soul-loving young woman. Here were fourteen girls, varying in age, from nine to fifteen years. I first inquired after their health, and then their progress in learning, to which the teacher kindly gave satis-

factory answers, while the scholars smiled approval. I then said, "Well, Maria, and how many of these are converted to God?" and [pointing them out, she said, "This is converted, and that, and that," and then filled with emotion, tears started to her eyes, as she continued, "I am praying for the rest." I shall never forget the effect these words seemed to have upon those scholars.

Directly after, a revival broke out at S—, and Maria's prayed for ones, were amongst the first to find the Saviour.

Teachers, not only pray for your scholars, but let them know you are praying for them. If some have been converted, give God the glory, and continue "*Praying for the rest.*"

CELATUS.

A LITTLE CHILD'S APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

DEAR Friends, you have met us on this festive day,
To hear us sing hymns, speak pieces, and pray;
At which we have each and all done our best,
And to Almighty God we must now leave the rest.
But suffer a child an appeal just to make,
For only one minute or two it will take;
Our school needs your help, your sympathy, aid,
For its funds have got low through the debts we have paid.
And will you not help in the work that's to do,
Which teaches young children the way they should go?
For at school we are told of the Saviour who died,
Of the soul-cleansing blood that speaks us justified;
We are told of sweet peace, of pardon, of love,
A heaven, a mansion, a city above.
We are told of a hell, a place of despair;
And warn'd by our teachers lest we should go there.
We are taught to love Jesus, love fathers and mothers,
Be kind to our sisters, be good to our brothers;
We are taught to be kind to our classmates at school,
To love our kind teachers, and submit to their rule.
We are taught to love all men, to honour the Queen,
Above all to seek pardon, to flee from all sin;
And since you agree that such teaching is right,
I pray don't refuse to give us your mite.
In the Bible Christ says (which by reading you'll see)—
"What ye did unto these, ye did unto Me."
And now, my dear friends, if you have no objection,
Our teachers are going to make the collection;
Gold, silver, or copper, whatever you please.
Without hesitation they'll gladly receive.

But you that are poor, and can nothing afford,
Please remember the school when you pray to the Lord;
And if on this earth we should ne'er meet again,
May we all meet in heaven for ever to reign..

R. ROBINSON.

Missionary Matters.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE BOY.

DEAR EDITOR,—I received five shillings, with the following note, while the collection was being made at the missionary meeting, Willimoor, in the Whitechurch Circuit. If you think it worthy of a place in the *Juvenile Magazine*, it is at your disposal. I am yours truly,

G. PEAKE.

"Sir,—Being at the last missionary meeting, held in this place, I took notice of one speaker especially who spoke of a little boy who went to a missionary meeting and had nothing to give, but a thought came into his mind that he would drink his tea with-

out sugar, which he did for a whole year, and gave the amount to the missionary cause at the next meeting. As soon as I heard it I promised to do the same, and I have kept my promise up till now, and I now bring you the sum of five shillings for the same purpose. I remain, your humble servant,

"JOHN BAKER, Jun.,

"Aged twelve years."

[Will a few hundreds of our dear young readers go and do likewise? If they will God will bless them; His cause will be benefited, and many precious souls may have to rejoice in heaven on account thereof.—ED.]

Miscellanies.

THE TINKER'S DAUGHTER.

On a fine afternoon, some years ago, I was walking thoughtfully along a country road from one appointment to another, when I was overtaken by a man who was armed with a box, a soldering iron, and the other requisites for mending or marring kettles

and pans. I soon found him inclined to chat, and from his respectful expressions, I was induced to form a favourable opinion of him. I inquired if he loved the Lord Jesus; and he quickly replied he had done some time. Being wishful to learn how he came to the know-

ledge of the Saviour, I prevailed on him to narrate some portion of his history. He said: "Oh, sir, I have reason to bless God that ever my little Hannah went to the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school. I used to be a drunken, swearing, fighting, dreadful sinner; but one Sunday my little girl, six years of age, came to me when she got home from school, and said to me, 'Father, shall I read a chapter to you?' As I could not read myself, and had no particular engagement just then, I said she might. She then turned to the Gospel according to St. John, and read about the sufferings and death of Jesus. I never heard anything like it before. It quite upset me. She then said, 'Father, shall I pray for you?' The dear child's words went like a dagger to my heart, and I could not refuse. She knelt by my side, and I went down on my knees too,

and what a beautiful prayer she did but pray! I never heard anything like it; and I never felt in such a way before. The tears ran down my cheeks. I sobbed aloud. She prayed,—'God bless my poor wicked father!' I said Amen. And oh, the good Lord heard our prayers, for He forgave my sins, and made me happy! And I am happy yet, and on my way to heaven. Thank the Lord that my dear child ever went to your school, and that my own daughter became my spiritual mother."

I had good reason to believe all the tinker said was true; and I have often thought of him and his little Hannah since, and wished all the little Hannahs, and other children who go to Sabbath-schools, would imitate the tinker's child, and seek the salvation of their fathers and mothers, if they are still unconverted.

EDITOR.

Poetry.

"GLADLY MEETING."

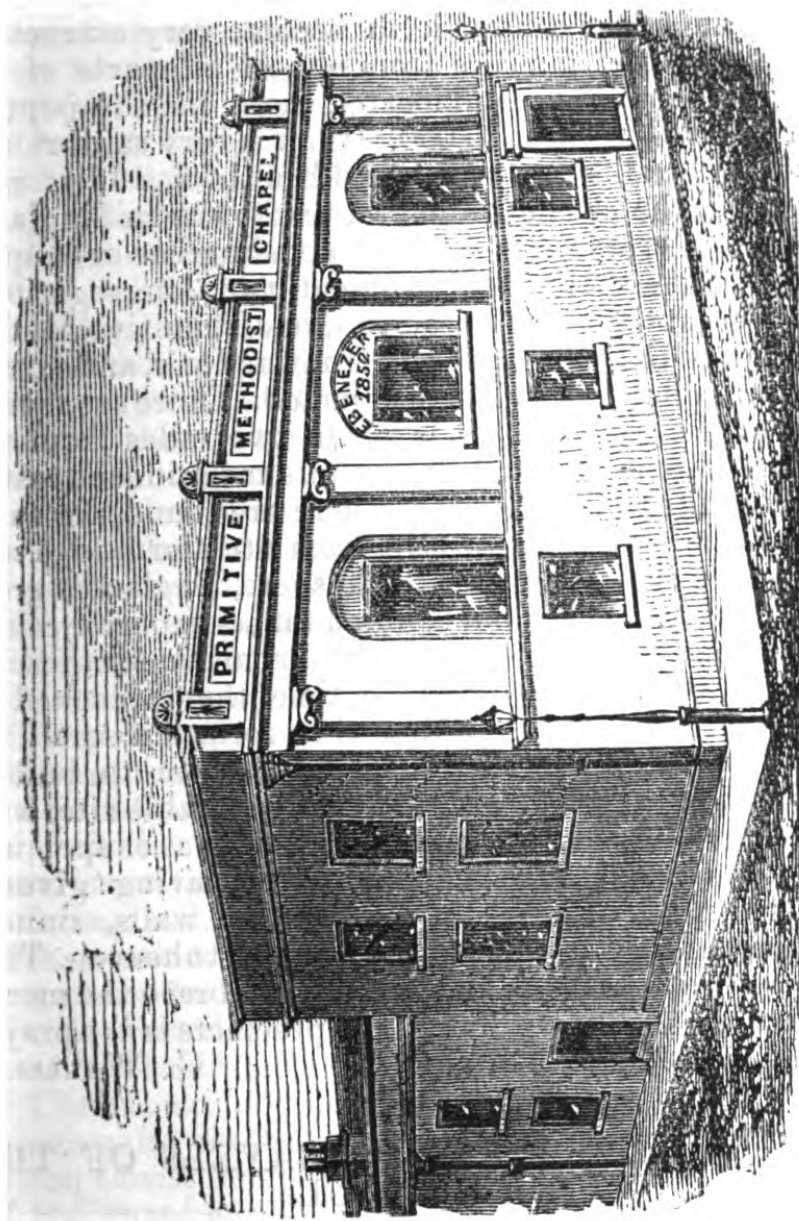
GLADLY meeting, kindly greeting,
On this lovely Sabbath day;
Sinful thoughts be all forsaken,
Every seat in quiet taken,
Let each heart to God awaken,
While we sing and pray.

Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
School-mates, teachers, all are here;
Some are listening, some presiding,
Some the lessons are providing,
Some the infant minds are guiding,
Fill'd with holy fear.

Gladly meeting, kindly greeting.
Let us all unite in heart;
While the throne we're all addressing
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heav'nly blessing,
Ere we hence depart.

Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
As each Sabbath shall return;
May our minds by study brighten,
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, LEAMINGTON.

Youths' Department.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF LEAMINGTON.

LEAMINGTON is situated in Warwickshire, and is near the centre of England. It took its name from the river Leam, on which it is built. It is a town of modern date. The discovery of the mineral waters, of which there are seven wells or springs, has caused it to become very attractive. Invalids and retired families from almost all parts of the Kingdom, have visited it and located there, till the population has increased to about 20,000. Its air is very salubrious; its streets and walks are broad and healthful. It is considered one of the cleanest and prettiest towns in England. It has places of worship as follows; six churches or chapels of ease, belonging to the Establishment, two Congregational chapels, two Baptists, one Wesleyan, one Primitive Methodist, one Roman Catholic, one Lady Huntingdon's, and several rooms where religious service is conducted. There are several beautiful public gardens. It is about two miles from the old-fashioned town of Warwick, with its magnificent castle, four and a half from Kenilworth, where are found the ruins of another ancient castle, twelve from Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of the immortal Shakespere, England's great poet, and twenty from Banbury, noted for its superior cakes.

Leamington was missioned by the Primitive Methodists some twenty years ago; for some time they preached in cottages and rooms, and of course they formed a small society, but the way was not opened for them to build a chapel till the year 1851. At that time a suitable site, with the buildings thereon, were procured, and a chapel was erected, of which the accompanying engraving gives a good representation. Within its hallowed walls, sinners have been saved, and children taught the way to heaven. That many more precious souls may be led to embrace the mercy of God in Christ Jesus within its holy precincts is the prayer of

G. WALLIS.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

WE enter now on the study of a great life, and one which is worthy of our devout and earnest attention. In New Testament history Paul holds a most important position,

and his writings form no mean portion of the New Testament Scriptures. His conversion is, perhaps, the most wonderful on record. His call to the apostleship is distinct from that of any other apostle; his pre-conversion career was one of cruel and intolerant zeal for Pharisaism; his life after his conversion was one of most remarkable labour and suffering for the cause of Jesus. As a missionary, for courage, energy, and success, he has never been equalled. Bold and fearless in the midst of danger, he never shrank from his noble toil, but pursued it to the end with unabated energy and zeal. In prospect of famine, imprisonment, or death, his spirit never quailed, and when his end drew near, and the crown of martyrdom was before him, he rejoicingly bounded to embrace it, declaring, "For I am ready to be offered." As a preacher, he was bold, pointed, argumentative, and eloquent. As a pastor, he had the tenderest concern for all the churches of his care, and he is a model of ministerial patience, faithfulness, and love for all who serve in that capacity. As an author, he was searching, acute, philosophical, chaste, devout, and grand, and has left us the best insight into Christian doctrine, the clearest system of Divine truth, and the grandest descriptions of the mysteries of our holy religion, that were ever penned.

It may be well to state, that certain scholars and divines have taught that Paul preached the Gospel on the shores of our happy isle. Some modern authors contend for this with great plausibility and zeal. Whether the evidence is conclusive or no, is another question. However, whether he did or not visit our island, he is our apostle still. Was he not "the apostle of the Gentiles?" and are not we of that class? Surely, then, he is our apostle. Yet he was a Jew. Nevertheless, at the command of Jesus, he accepted the apostleship of the Gentiles, and gave himself and his mighty energies to this truly great and dangerous work. To what suffering, toil, and fiendish hatred it exposed him, we shall have occasion to remark as we proceed; yet the apostle ever clung to this as his especial work, and as the apostle of the Gentiles "magnified his office." Wherever he went he sought to bring the Gentiles into the blessed fold of Christ; and both by voice and pen, on every fitting occasion, he vindicated their claim to the utmost blessings of the Christian dispensation, and that against a multitude of malignant and threatening adversaries.

Let us now proceed to consider the life, labours, and travels of this wonderful and venerable man. He was born at Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, which was a province of

the Roman empire, situated in the south-eastern part of Asia Minor. Tarsus was the capital city, and a city of great importance. Its repute ran so high that it became the rival of Athens and Alexandria. In learning, refinement, and philosophy, it was nearly, if not quite, the equal of those proud cities. It is stated to have been a Roman colony, and also that its citizens enjoyed the privileges of the freedom of the empire. It is of importance to note this, as it may help us to understand some passages in our apostle's history. We believe it was on account of his connection with Tarsus, that Paul could say before Claudius Lysias, "But I was free born;" and we all know that it is of Tarsus he writes, when he describes himself as "a citizen of no mean city."

The date of the apostle's birth it is impossible to ascertain with any degree of certainty. I think the most probable opinion is that it occurred about the fifth year after the birth of our Lord. It is very probable that Paul's parents were persons in respectable circumstances in life, else would they not have been able to give their son so liberal an education as he received. It is all but certain that he was well acquainted with the three leading languages of antiquity—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. This was of immense importance to him in after life, and greatly facilitated his Christian labours. The foundation of his education was undoubtedly laid at Tarsus, in its schools of philosophy and learning, and here most likely he learnt the trade spoken of in Scripture as tent making. The fact of his learning this trade would not argue poverty or even necessity for labour, for this reason—there was a maxim among the Jews, that the father who neglected to teach his son some useful occupation was as bad as though he taught him to steal; and, accordingly, the practice was for every Jewish youth to learn some trade. Tent making is a common and popular branch of business in those countries where those light and portable edifices are in constant requisition. The education, however, of Paul was not completed at Tarsus. It is to be remembered that he was a Jew, and that "he was brought up after the manner of the strictest sect." He was, therefore, trained in all the ceremonialisms, prejudices, and traditions of a Jew. The law of Moses, as interpreted by the Pharisees, became his standard of right; and we may suppose him to have prided himself on his birth, genealogy, and descent, and may judge him to have been in the earlier period of his history a proud, conceited, and clever young Jew. As such let us suppose him coming up to Jerusalem to have his education com-

pleted there. The most eminent teacher that can be selected for him is engaged as his instructor, and so Paul becomes a disciple of the great Gamaliel. Under the training of this august teacher, Paul became a very apt and complete scholar in all that pertained to Jewish history, philosophy, or ethics. With respect to Gamaliel, we may judge of his position and popularity—first, from the fact that he was president of the National Council; and second, from a statement in Acts v. 34—“Then stood there up one in the council, a pharisee named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people.” It was then, under the care and instruction of this great man, that Paul’s education as a Jew was completed.

The circumstances now reviewed, bring before us very clearly the truth that Providence was by successive steps preparing Paul in these his early days for his future great work. He is born a Jew of Tarsus, born to the citizenship of the Roman empire; his education is carefully attended to, and is completed at Jerusalem under the wise and eminent Gamaliel. Meanwhile he has learnt a useful and remunerative occupation; and in all these things I think the hand of God is manifested, raising up and preparing this remarkable man for his subsequent work.

We conclude this sketch of Paul’s early life with two quotations from the apostle himself, they are these:—“I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city;” and again, “I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God as ye all are this day.” W. M. B.

(To be continued.)

THE SUNDAY EXCURSION.

“WE have a project for next Sunday, Mr. W——, and we expect you to join in it.”

“Of course I shall be happy to take a part in any project with which you are connected.”

Light promise, carelessly given; O, how much did it involve!

Samuel W—— was a young man of exemplary life, respectable and respected. His childhood and youth had been spent under the roof of pious parents, where all undeviatingly walked by the straight rule of Gospel requirement. He was thus educated to the observance of each

moral and religious duty. But he was far from the parental home now. No longer under the influence of its precepts and examples, its mild but firm control, he was his own master,—a man. And what was the course he was pursuing? To what did it tend? We shall see.

Those who choose their associates from among the wise and good, can walk as correctly in the crowded metropolis as in the quietest valleys of our land. Samuel W—— proved it so. When he entered the city, where he had received an appointment in one of the Government offices, he carried with him letters of introduction to a few good men. He was thus brought into a choice religious circle; and, for several months, he lived as far apart from the ungodly as though he were still under his mother's eye. And it might have been so to the end, had he not seen, and become interested in, the sister of one of his fellow-clerks. Lured by this magnet, he was led into gay and fashionable scenes, where scrupulous adherence to the Divine law was not the ruling principle.

The young lady was of good character and the society in which she mingled fastidiously respectable. When, therefore, she laughed at the quaint old notions Samuel had brought from home, playfully ridiculed his educational prejudices, or, with pretty seriousness, entreated him to use his reason in the uprooting of puritanical severity from his mind, he failed to convince himself that she was all wrong. He gradually found his views and opinions coinciding with those of the fair temptress, in whose giddy lead he was blindly following. And so in what the world calls pleasure, the young man's leisure hours were spent; for, wherever Miss B—— was seen, in the dance or at the theatre, Mr. W—— was surely by her side.

Still, Samuel regularly attended a place of worship, and paid decent, outward respect to the Sabbath. Indeed, he did not suppose that the breaking of this venerable rule was included in the project to a share in which he so gallantly pledged himself; yet, when it was all explained, and he had learned from her smiling lips that the arrangement for the following Sabbath was no other than a Sunday pleasure party, he betrayed no righteous indignation, and expressed no desire to withdraw his hasty promise. But, willingly endorsing the young lady's argument, that gentlemen who were confined to business all the week, required Sunday for air and recreation, he entered with heart and spirit into the scheme.

The church-bells, summoning the worshippers to the house of God, were chiming sweetly on the breeze, when

the carriages containing the party dashed through the streets, over the long bridge, and out into the free country-air. That Samuel felt no compunction, that calm soft morning, as he turned his back on the time-honoured services of the sanctuary, is not very probable. But, seated in the light carriage, drawn by a spirited horse, with the fascinating Miss B—— by his side, the gentle voice of conscience was unheeded, and every good impulse drowned, in the gay excitement of the hour.

We shall not go through a detail of that day's pleasure: we have sketched its commencement, we shall endeavour to give a picture of its close.

Rapidly, but in silence and gloom,—the light chat and gay laughter of the party changed to horror and grief,—the same carriages crossed the long bridge on the return. But the company arrangements were not as they had been. For, in a barouche, amongst three others, Miss B—— was seated. The carriage, in which she had ridden in the morning, was driven by her brother alone; while in it, lay bleeding, and pulseless, and cold, the form which had so lately contained the bright and joyous spirit of Samuel W——.

A melancholy accident! So said the Monday papers when announcing the sad affair; so said the kind friend who undertook to write the terrible news to the bereaved parents; and so said the twelve men composing the coroner's jury. But was it an accident that seduced the young man from the "path of life" and led him out upon Satan's highway? Was it an accident that had pressed the intoxicating glass upon him, and mocked his abstemious habits? Was it an accident that now, when he forgot the bounds of sobriety, he partook of the stimulating draught so freely that reason was overthrown, and he was no longer under its command? And, was it an accident that, irritated by the desertion of his lady-friend, (for Miss B—— thought too much of her precious life to suffer herself to be driven by a drunken man) he lashed his horse into a fury, until the animal, bounding forward with headlong speed, jerked the flying vehicle from side to side, and dashed the poor inebriate against the stones? Was this all the result of mere accident? Ah, ye Delilahs! answer conscientiously.

Miss B—— was wont to accompany her parents to the house of God. And she is still a member of respectable society, and an occasional frequenter of a fashionable church! O the drink! O Sabbath-breaking!

I MUST STUDY.

SIMPLE reading will not do. I must study. I must think regularly and consecutively. The mind is expanded and strengthened by this exercise. The heavy hammer of the blacksmith enlarges and strengthens his right arm: so study affects the mind. It lays the foundation for capacity and vigour. Where there is no strong working thought, there is little capacity and much weakness.

A world of common every-day reading may pass through my mind like water through a waste pipe, and if it furnish no capital for future use, no food for earnest study, I am no better than a waste pipe. I just furnish a channel for other people's thoughts to pass through, without receiving any benefit myself.

I must study to furnish myself with mental supplies. I have no business to let other people do my thinking. If I write or speak, I must provide myself with matter for these things by earnest study. Matter thus accumulated may not be all original, need not be, cannot be; but it must be mine, stamped with my own individuality of thought, mind, and heart, before I pass it to others. The mint man, by re-melting, changes the English, French, and German into American coin; so, by study, I may make other people's best thoughts my own. Pass those coins without re-melting and re-stamping, and everybody knows they are foreign, and not American. Melt and re-stamp, and none can tell whether they were made from old coin or new ore.

I must have the new coin for circulation. I must have capital for business. I must have something to communicate. It must be my own, I cannot live on borrowed capital. I must make capital, then I shall know how to use it. If it is inherited or borrowed, I may soon expend it, without knowing how to get more. Self-acquired knowledge has a double price; I know better how to use it, and how to get more.

Study, study. Don't be a vein for the thoughts of others. Stir up yourself for this work. Away with your idle, listless house, your foolish gossips, and your overstock of news reading, even in these perilous times, and apply yourself to study. You cannot be a man, nor remain a man without it. Your conversation and teaching will otherwise all become parrot talk, destitute of interest or power.

Expand, brother. Grow, be strong; live to purpose. Study. Put away weakness and shame. Be a man—a workman.—*Christian Journal*.

MONICA AND HER SON.

ABOUT the year 350 of the Christian era, there lived at Tagasta, in Africa, a woman who bore the name of Monica. She possessed that meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price in the sight of the Lord. While yet very young, she had embraced the Christian faith; and over her disposition, naturally gentle, the religion of Jesus had exerted its holy influence, thus making her a Mary who delighted to sit at the feet of the heavenly Master.

In the providence of God, she became the wife of Patricius Augustine, who was precisely her opposite in disposition. He was extremely irascible, and almost demoniacal in temper. She, however, meekly endured his harshness; and, in the arms of her faith, bore him to the throne of grace. "The unbelieving husband," though born and nurtured a heathen, "was sanctified by the believing wife." When at length his earthly career was closed, her eye of faith followed his departing spirit, and saw him take his place at the right hand of the adorable Redeemer.

One child—a son—followed, by the mother's side, the father to the grave. O! how did the mother pray that Aurelius might be a comfort to her in her widowhood. But, alas! he was "vile." He had passions whose strength was equalled only by their corruptness. Stimulated to evil conduct by temptations without, which appealed, not in vain, to strong passions within, he wandered into ways which were offensive to God, and a great grief to his mother. After acquiring an education such as his native place afforded, he went to Carthage, and thence to Rome, and thence to Milan, where he spent many years in teaching oratory. Here he became grossly profligate, and lived in open violation of all God's commandments.

Meanwhile the mother, Monica, prayed with great earnestness. For more than thirty years, she hoped against hope, and maintained confidence in God, when everything but his naked promises prompted to despair. Filled with anxiety which none but a mother can feel, who believes that "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," as she contemplated the sinful career of her wayward son, she could not rest in Africa, while he was away from her. She longed to look upon him with her eyes, and fold him to her aching heart, and to breathe into his ear words of affectionate entreaty. She left her home, and found her way to her son.

A little previous to this, Ambrose, who was the governor,

became, by unanimous consent, the Bishop of Milan. His heart warmed towards the young and ambitious orator, and his prayer was, that his talents as a public speaker might be consecrated to the service of God. Augustine listened to him; his conscience testified to the truth of his words; but the "law in his members" was opposed to his convictions of duty, and obtained the mastery over him.

The mother took counsel with Ambrose, and they laboured and prayed in unison for the conversion of the son. He was prevailed upon to put away the idol of his heart, and she was sent to Africa; but so vagrant were his heart's desires, that he soon set up another idol. Who would wonder if history had recorded that, under these circumstances, the faith of the mother had failed? Who would be surprised, had it been written that her hands hung down, and her heart was broken? History does not so record. It tells how her faith in God rose triumphant over every obstacle. She gave herself to prayer anew, with a faith which did not falter. It soon had its reward, for God had mercy on her son. He delivered him from the bondage and pollution of sin; and he became a free man in Christ Jesus our Lord. Who can describe the feelings of the mother, when that son fell upon her neck, and told her he had found Jesus? All her struggles for more than thirty years were forgotten. The emotions of gratitude and joy drove from her remembrance the sorrows of the past.

Her work was done. She had lived to see him converted. She felt like Simeon. The language of her heart was, "Now lettest thou thine handmaid depart in peace; for I have seen thy salvation." She wanted to die at Tagasta; but before the journey was completed, Christ took her to himself.

Augustine grieved over her loss. He who, had she died while in his sins, would have rejoiced that a faithful reprover was removed, now deeply mourned that, just as he had learned to appreciate her worth, she must be taken from him. This son became Bishop in Hippo.

Let mothers who have wayward sons, continue "instant in season," and "out of season." Let them continue in prayer. God will hear their supplications, and answer them in his own time. *Have faith in God.* And let the sons of pious mothers give attention to their mothers' prayers and counsels; or they may hereafter find cause for bitter regrets.

"I DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS."

THERE is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men, that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims, and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered; and everyone who makes his life a search for it will be ruined.

Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark, "It's never aisy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young, that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to a man. Success always lies at the top of a hill. If we would reach it, we can do so only by hard, persevering effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life! Determined, obstinate perseverance, in one single channel, is everything. Hence, should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to evil.

If you think you made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did, don't make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for and clinging to it, as you would to the lifeboat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; but if you cling to it, informing yourself about it, until you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest effort, steadily persevered in, will make your love for your business grow; since no one should expect to reach a period when he can feel that his life-work is just the one he could have done best, and would have liked best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughnesses in our own pathway, but not in others; yet all have them.

EXTRACTS.

HUMILITY.—"It is always safe to learn even of our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

CHARITY would lose its name, were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise.

REDEEM THE MOMENTS.—He that hopes to look back with satisfaction upon past *years*, must learn to know the present value of *single minutes*, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground."—*Dr. Johnson.*

BEAUTIFUL WATER.

The following lines were suggested by Mr. J. B. Gough's eloquent apostrophe to water.

BEAUTIFUL water, fair and bright,
Beautiful as the silvery light;
Beautiful in the sparkling rill,
Singing adown the verdant hill;
Beautiful in the glittering dew,
Greeting the morning fresh and new:

Beautiful in old ocean's sweep,
When th'silent stars their vigils keep;
Beautiful in soft summer showers,
Like tears of love to the drooping flowers;
Blessing the fruit and cheering the grain,
Making all nature smile again:

Beautiful where, midst burning sands,
The green oasis grateful stands,
To pour its pure and healthful tide,
Like the water of life which he who died
Will give to the throngs on earth's bleak shore,
That thirsty souls may thirst no more:

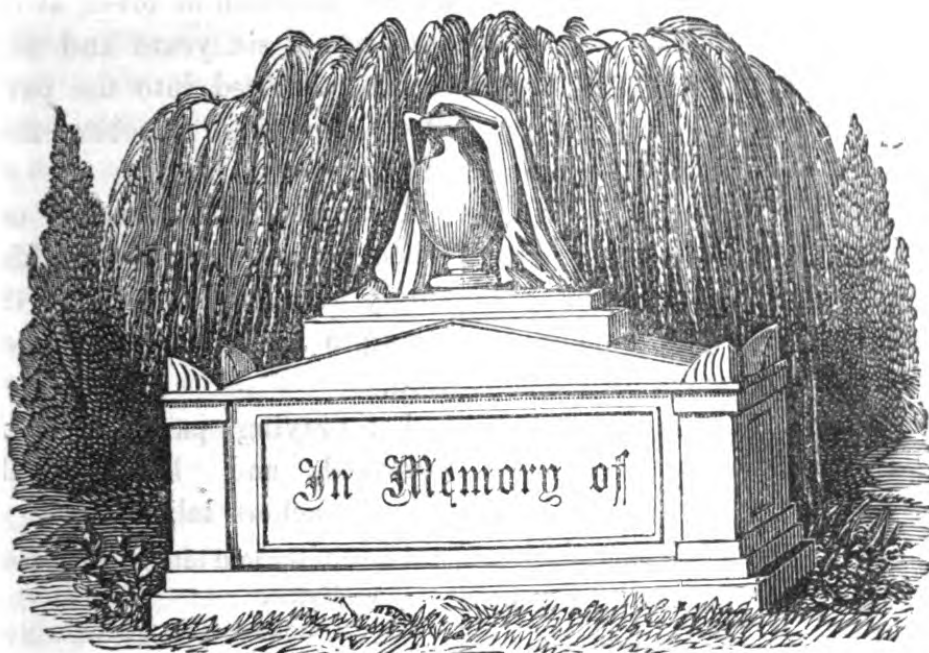
Beautiful in the fairy lines
The frost-king oft so well combines,
Till ornaments richer than pearls or gold,
On the poor man's window-pane unfold;
Nor less of beauty and grace is found,
In the evening cloud with glory crown'd,
When the god of day sinks to his rest
Through the gorgeous gates of the golden west:

Beautiful in the tears that fall
At sympathy's beck on the sable pall,
When a fireside group is rudely riven,
And earth despoiled for th' enriching of heaven;
Beautiful, too, in the bow above,
Assuring us ever that "God is love."

Then hail to the crystal flood so fair!
Brighter than jewel rich and rare;
Beautiful water, fair and bright,
Beautiful as the silvery light
Beautiful every form it bears
Beautiful, beautiful everywhere.

From the Canadian Primitive Methodist Christian Journal

Juvenile Biography.



ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of John and Elizabeth CLAYDON, who was born at Fincham, Lynn Circuit, June 27, 1848. Being blessed with a pious father, she was brought up in the way in which she should go, and at an early age she became a scholar in our Sabbath-school, and continued regular in her attendance until her last illness. Her attachment to her teachers was great, and soon she won their confidence and esteem. Her obedience to her parents and teachers was marked,—as she seldom if ever called forth their reproof.

About three months prior to her affliction her teacher observed a great change in her general conduct, and evidently the work of grace was com-

menced in her heart; but not till within a fortnight of her death did she express her confidence and joy in God. Her affliction (diphtheria) was of a very painful nature, yet she bore it with the greatest patience, and was never heard to murmur. As her end drew near her prospect brightened.

On Sunday, Nov. 30th, 1862, she said to her aunt, "I am dying, but I am going to heaven," and pointing at some object in the room, she continued, "look at that beautiful angel, don't you see it aunt? it is so bright."

On the day of her death, being told she could not get any better, she replied, "I am going to be with Jesus which is far better;" her heart was fixed

trusting in the Lord. In the evening she wished her father to pray with her; he did so, and she responded with emphasis, "Amen." When he ceased she began to sing—

"I have a sister in the promised land,"

(referring to a younger sister who fell asleep in Jesus only four days before); a few minutes elapsed, and she again broke out in song—

"I believe I shall be there,
And walk with him in white."

She then bade her friends farewell, urged them all to pray, and to meet her in heaven, exclaiming several times, "I am going," when the last mortal tie was broken, and her happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of bliss. She died, December 2nd., 1862, aged fourteen years.

Died, in the same parish, REBECCA, daughter of John and Mary ABLE, who was a regular scholar in our school till seized with fever.

The last fortnight of her life she was quite insensible except at intervals when she would sing sweetly, especially those beautiful lines commencing

"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.

She lingered for a few days, and then exchanged mortality for life, September 17th, 1862, aged twelve years.

Also, ELIZA, daughter of William and Ellice GOWERS, after a brief affliction of fever, at the early age of six years and nine months, entered into the paradise of God, October 2nd, 1862.

Thus death has visited our school in the past year, which surely is a solemn call to the young to prepare to meet their God.

Let praying parents be encouraged, and let Sabbath-school teachers labour on.

"If faithfully you labour in a cause so divine,

Your scholars like gems in your crown shall shine."

CALEB EVERETT.

CATHERINE ANN PIPER was born in the year 1845, at Mitcheldever, in Hants, where she was trained in the fear of the Lord; and her exemplary conduct, her love of good books, and of the Sabbath-school, encouraged her beloved parents to hope that the good seed sown by them, and watered by their prayers, was taking root in her heart, and would spring up in a life devoted to God and his cause.

At the age of fourteen she left school and went to reside with an aunt, and while with her she associated with worldly young people; and this exerted a pernicious influence on her

mind, and excited in her a love of dress and worldly amusement. Thereby the fair buds of promise were blighted, and apparently the race that leads to eternal death begun; but she was soon arrested by the afflicting, yet merciful hand of a gracious God. Her affliction proved to be a diseased bone, that baffled medical skill and terminated in a rapid consumption. Though her disorder was of a most painful and distressing character, yet it was blessed to her soul, and made the means of awakening her to a sight of her sins and sense of her danger; and while in this state, death was indeed the king of terrors to her soul, and continued to be till about a week before her death, when by the earnest entreaties and tears of her beloved father she was induced to venture her all upon the atonement, whereby she blessedly realized the pardon of her sins, and an acceptance with God through faith in Jesus Christ—which was made manifest to all around by the patience with which she bore the most excruciating pain, the great delight she took in hearing and talking of heaven, its associations, its pleasures, and above all of Jesus, who is the sum and centre of all. The mention of his name would light up her eyes with fresh lustre, and bring

a beam of unearthly pleasure over her countenance. When tossed with pain, she delighted in hearing the hymn sung, beginning with,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to my bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

On the 14th of December, 1862, a great change passed over her, and it was evident she was near death; when she distributed her books among her friends and associates, whom she bade farewell, and earnestly exhorted them to meet her in heaven. She rallied, however, through the night, and on the morning of the 15th, after affectionately embracing the members of the family, she, without a sigh or groan, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventeenth year of her age. M. SIMMONDS.

Died, at West Bradenham, Swaffham Circuit, December 14th, 1862, in the ninth year of her age, ANNA MARIA, the only daughter of William and Mary Ann CANHAM. Her parents are members with us, and the religious instructions given her were not without success.

About two years and a half ago she became a missionary collector, and at the last meeting she presented £1 13s. 6d., being the largest collector on the station for the year; she started

again, and was bidding fair to lay a handsome sum on the missionary altar at the approaching meeting; but God saw fit to take her to himself before the year had rolled round. Her box will not be neglected, as her brother William, eleven years of age, has volunteered to do his best with it. May success attend him. About twelve months ago, a Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school was established in the neighbourhood, and Anna Maria became a scholar, and was ever anxious to attend. Her affliction, which lasted only about a fortnight, was borne without a murmur.

As her end drew near she appeared to be sensible of it, and would often repeat verses of Scripture, and little hymns that she had learnt. Several times she tried to sing—

"In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

A few hours before her death she bade her brothers, father, and mother farewell; and dying she left a satisfactory impression that she was going to join that company of whom Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thus, while a breach is made in the family, there is a hope of its being repaired at the last day. May the whole family, the writer, and the reader, meet Anna Maria at the right hand of God! W. CROWN.

CHARLES, the son of John and Charlotte DRAPER, was born at Sherfield-green, in the Basingstoke Circuit, July 17th, 1850. He early became a scholar in our Sabbath school. He was tolerably regular in his attendance and behaviour. On November 23rd, 1862, he caught a severe cold; medical aid was obtained, but nothing could be done for him. He had stored some of the precious truths of Jesus in his mind. When his mother talked to him about David and others named in the Bible, he said, "Mother, tell me something about Jesus and his disciples," though he had not then found Jesus as his Saviour. At once his mother directed his mind to the Son of God, and to the great work he has done for us, and to the necessity of conversion; she spoke also of the joys of heaven. While thus talking to him he was led to feel a sense of his guilt and of the need of pardon. And while pointing him to the Saviour, he found him to the joy of his heart. After this he would sometimes read and pray, and at other times he sang those beautiful lines—

"Lord, I believe, thou hast prepared—
Unworthy though I be—
For me a blood-bought full reward,
A golden harp for me."

A few days before he died, he told his friends he was, "Happy, happy, happy." Shortly after—

wards he became insensible, and remained so till almost the last, when he sang a verse of the hymn, "Poor Christian, look up to the joys set before thee," &c.

and then fell asleep in Jesus, the 15th of December, 1862, aged twelve years. May we meet him in heaven.

W. WILLIS, Sup. of the school.

WALTER ALLEN, the son of Samuel and Mary Allen, was eight years and eight months old when he died. For some time he had been a scholar in our Sabbath school at Sheerness. He was regular and punctual in his attendance; and when at the school he was attentive to his teacher. He was remarkably kind. The last Sabbath that he was at school, he put a piece of money into the box that was used in the school for collecting for the distressed boys and girls in Lancashire: and he seemed pleased with the opportunity to do so. He had not long warning of his departure. After an illness of five days he left the house of clay. During his short, but severe illness, he often inquired about his classmates; and about Mr. W. Jenkins, the superintendant of the school, whom he loved much. The disease that carried him home was of such a nature that it was difficult to understand what he said. Just before his spirit took its flight,

which was on the 11th of December, 1862, he sang some of the little songs of Zion that he had been taught by his teacher in the Sabbath school. May his surviving parents, brothers, sisters, classmates, and teachers, all meet him in the better land, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

W. MOORE.

HENRY GEORGE LUSH, the son of John and Lydia Lush, was born at Compton Abbas, on the 12th of July, 1845, and departed this life November 14th, 1862. From a child he was of a very thoughtful disposition, and when God, in his wise providence, saw fit to take his affectionate mother out of this world, he began to think seriously about his soul. For some time he laboured under deep convictions, but in a prayer-meeting held at Twyford, Motcombe Circuit, after a preaching service, he was enabled to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, his sorrow was turned into joy, and he arose from his knees and sang with the congregation—

"Now I can rejoice in the God of my salvation."

The date of his conversion is not known, but he joined the society in the summer of 1859, and remained a consistent member till his death. When a school was commenced in this place, Henry became a scholar. He was for several years a subscriber

for the JUVENILE MAGAZINE. He was fond of singing, his favourite piece being—

“Just as I am, without one plea.”

It was affecting to hear him pray. After confessing his unworthiness, he would plead the death of Christ, and God's gracious promises, but his most earnest prayers were for a revival of religion, and for the conversion of his father. He was generally beloved, and many said that they felt sure Henry was gone to heaven, because he was such a good boy. During a protracted illness of nine months, he was never heard to murmur, but he bore his affliction, which was at times very severe, with remarkable patience. He always seemed to have an unshaken confidence in God, and was quite resigned to his will. His father once expressed his astonishment to hear him sing so loudly and clearly, as he thought he was too weak, when he remarked, “Ah! father, it was the Lord helped me.” For the last few weeks he seemed evidently ripening for a better world. Some little time before he died, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he kept saying, “There's Jesus.” A few minutes before he died, a friend standing near him said, “Is the Lord supporting you through the valley of the shadow of death? and are you going to heaven?” To each of these questions he nodded

an assent, and soon after fell sweetly asleep in Jesus without a groan or struggle, aged seventeen years. T. POWELL.

MARTHA ANN, the daughter of James and Frances WORSNOP, was born at Rhodes, Manchester first Circuit, July 9th, 1854, and died December 20th, 1862, aged eight years and five months.

She entered our school when three years old, and continued a scholar until her affliction. As a daughter and sister, she was obedient and kind; as a scholar, she was punctual, regular, quiet, attentive, and docile, which caused her to be greatly beloved by both teachers and scholars; and her death is felt as a bereavement by almost the whole school. Her sickness was short and severe; but, though she was racked with pain she was happy in the prospect of heaven. The day before her death, being too ill to be left alone, and her mother too ill to attend to her, her teacher was with her, to whom she gave abundant testimony that she was going to heaven. She delighted to talk about Jesus and heaven. At one time, she would say, “Come, blessed Jesus, come sweet Jesus, and take me to heaven;” then she would repeat verses of poetry; then she would clasp her hands, and gazing upward, say again, “Come, good Jesus, come, sweet Jesus, and take me

to thyself;" and thus she kept on until she died, when her happy spirit took its flight to the regions of bliss, to the bosom of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That her death may be sanctified to the good of her parents, is the prayer of

J. PILKINGTON.

THOMAS MADDOCK was born June 8th, 1845, at Bumbary. His parents having come to reside at Runcorn, Preston Brook Circuit, he was sent to our Sabbath School when about four years of age, and continued with us till death removed him, January 8th, 1863. As a scholar, he was regular and orderly—attentive to his books, and obedient to his teachers. As a teacher, he was studious and persevering, very willing, and much beloved by both scholars and teachers. Through the care of his parents he had received the common rudiments of education; and being of a thoughtful turn of mind, and fond of reading good and useful books, he promised well for both worlds. He was truthful and kind, honest and industrious, which gained for him the good opinion of his co-clerks, and the confidence and respect of his employers.

He joined our Society, August

2nd, 1861. His religious experience at first was not so clear and definite as that of some persons, but it gradually improved, and in his affliction he made rapid strides in Divine knowledge.

Consumption, that common harbinger of death, brought to him months of pain, and wearisome days and nights, and exhibited him to us a patient sufferer fully resigned to the will of God, with a hope blooming with immortality. It was refreshing to visit him, for while his body was slowly wasting away, his soul was being renewed day by day. And his dying words of faith, of advice, and of warning will long be remembered; may they have their designed effect; and may we all meet him in heaven.

M. LEWIS.

SUSAN, the beloved daughter of John and Charlotte CLAY, was born at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and died at Eaton, in the Wrockwardine-wood Circuit, on July 4th, 1862, aged seven years and a few months.

At a very early age she was sent to the Sabbath School, and she soon gave clear proofs that she profited thereby. She was of a meek and quiet spirit, and loved to be in her closet; she was also very obedient and attentive to her parents. She loved her school, and used to join in singing the songs of Zion, and to recite

pieces at the school anniversaries. She was very fond of conversing with her mother on heavenly and Divine things. She was often overheard praying in secret for the Lord to create in her a clean heart, and to make her a good child. She told her mother that she loved everybody, but she loved the Saviour better than all, and would like to depart and be with him. She seemed to bid fair to be an ornament to the church militant below, but the Great Disposer of all things ordered it otherwise. He has planted her in a better soil, in a healthier clime, where

"Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

She was seized with scarlet fever; and though medical aid was called in, the disease baffled human skill, and she sank under it. A short time before she departed, she called out, "Open the gates." Then she said to her little brother that was standing by her bedside, "O, Alfred, I am dying, but I love you." She then gently fell asleep in Jesus. J. DOWNES.

THOMAS HORATIO, son of Thomas and Emma WHEELER, was cut down by the last enemy on the 5th of January, 1863, at the tender age of six years and three months. He had not a long warning that he must die. After an illness of five days, his spirit left the house of clay, to join that company who are without fault before the throne of God. Though his suffering was short, it was severe; but like the children in the days when our Saviour was on earth, he sang the praises of God. Two days before he left this vale of tears he sang a little hymn, commencing with the words,—

"O, what hath Jesus done for me!"

When he came to the words,—

"When shall I see thee face to face?"

with apparent rapture he said, "I may." His behaviour and attendance at the Sabbath-school were good; he won the respect of all who knew him.

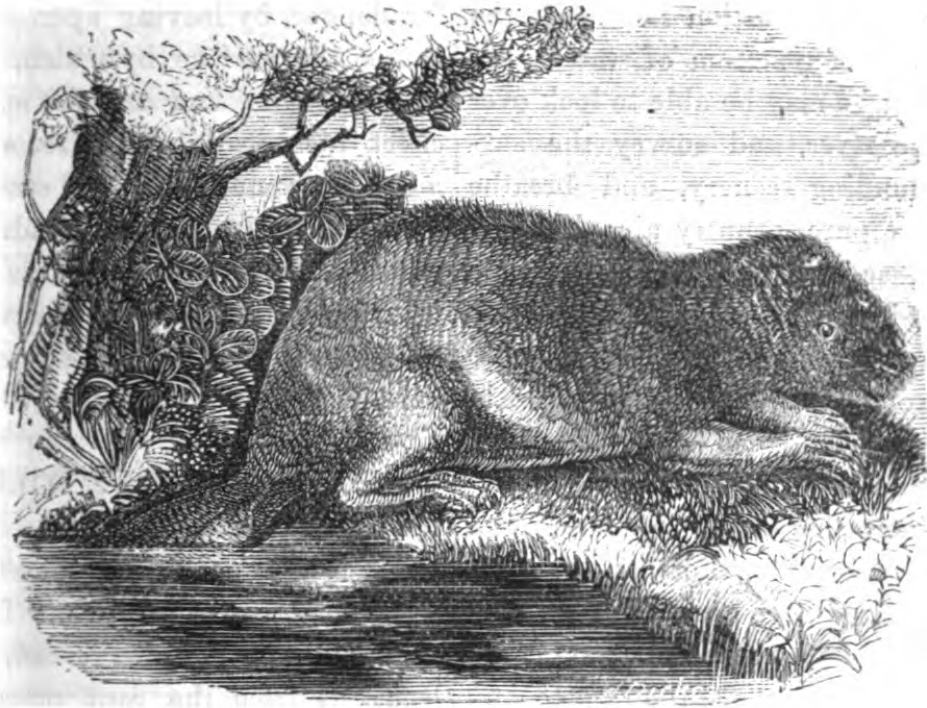
W. MOORE.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE BEAVER.

THERE is, perhaps, no animal more surprising than the Beaver. Its instinct for building, and for

making provision for the support of itself and family presents a striking resemblance to the reason of man. Two things, how-



ever, in particular, show that it is not endowed with reason after all:

1. It never makes any improvements in its style of architecture, or its other labours, from one generation to another; the present race of Beavers just working in the same way that their ancestors did the year after Noah's flood. And,

2. It goes through very much the same plans and performances, where they are of no avail, as where they are absolutely necessary. As, for example, if tamed and kept in a human habitation, a beaver would try to construct itself a house in the corner of a room, as though it were in a forest or a river.

Formerly the beaver, as well as the wolf and the bear, in-

habited England and Wales, and it used to pursue its house-building business on our rivers, but it is now no longer seen here; and it is said to have disappeared about the year 1188. It abounds still in North America, and on the Euphrates, and on the fine European rivers, the Rhone and the Danube. It is about three feet six inches long, and is clothed with a fur of which hats, called beaver hats, are made. Silk hats have superseded beaver ones very largely, but still the beaver hat is yet in use.

The house-building achievements of this animal are the most remarkable of its peculiarities, and therefore we must say a little about them. The

site where a beaver chooses to fix his habitation is usually the bank of a stream of water; not that he may be able to look over the river, and survey the surrounding scenery, and breathe the pure country air; but because he there finds the materials of his architecture, and he has an eye to safety. His materials are wood, mud, stones, and rubbish. He fells trees of considerable magnitude by the natural implements, his teeth. He employs a number of workers, and a goodly sized tree can be cut through in an hour or so. But he could not well remove the tree to any great distance, and he therefore contrives to fell it where it can be used to purpose, and he also cuts it so that it shall fall in the proper direction. His object seems to be, generally, to use trees in forming artificial dams, while he prepares his foundations and gets his building prepared. He carries smaller articles between his chin and forelegs, and it has been supposed he works well with his tail. He builds his house of a suitable size, and lays a good floor, and takes care to have a strong wall and roof. He has apartments for living in, and others for store rooms, where he bestows his goods. While prosecuting his work he fills up interstices in his walls and in the dams with interlaced branches of trees, and other loose materials.

And he always makes provision for danger, by leaving openings under the surface by which, as by an underground road, he may effect his escape. We recommend our young friends to study the natural history of this industrious and clever animal, as a great curiosity; but we have not space to say more on the subject here.

HINTS FOR LITTLE FOLK.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As we shall now speak about locusts, I had better tell you that Dr. Clarke says the word *arbeh*, a locust, is from the root *rabah*; he multiplied, became great, mighty, &c., and includes three species—crickets, grasshoppers, and what are commonly called locusts. See this subject referred to in Judges vi. 5, vii. 12; Psalm cv. 34; Jeremiah xli. 23, li. 14; Joel i. 6; Nahum iii. 15. The locust has a large open mouth, and in its two jaws it has four incisor teeth, which traverse each other like scissors, being calculated to grip or cut.

The noise the locusts make in brousing on plants and trees may be heard at a distance, like an army plundering in secret. Fire seems to follow their tracks. When the clouds of locusts take to flight, in order to surmount some obstacle, or more rapidly to cross some desert, one may literally say the sun is darkened by them.

They sometimes cover the whole ground to the depth of six or eight inches, and will enter into the houses and beds.

Dr. Boothroyd reads the tenth verse of the tenth chapter of Exodus thus: "He then said to them, so let Jehovah be with you, as I let go both you and your little ones! See, how evil is your design! Not so; but go now ye men, and serve Jehovah; this ye requested. And they were driven out," &c.—Exodus x. 14; Joel i. 2, 4. Some think these passages of Scripture are contradictory; Moses had reference to Egypt, say some, but others think he refers to the quantity of one species, as Kimchi says, which they called *Ar bé*, which were more than those of Joel's time; or none should come at the command of a man as they did at the command of Moses.

R. Hezekiah says that those of Egypt, taking each species separately, were less numerous than those of Joel's time, but together they made a larger number, and committed greater ravages; but those of Joel's time are said to be greater, as each species separately was in greater number, as before stated; one species following another during the space of four years—which solves the difficulty. "They exceeded all that went before, or were since, in number, and devastation," says Clarke.

Exodus xi. 1, 2; xx. 15; Psalm xxxvii. 21; Malachi iii. 9, should be read before we comment. Now can any little boy or girl think that the Lord commanded every Israelite to "borrow," &c., when he knew they would be unable to pay, or that he was so changeable, that about fifty days after he said "Thou shalt not steal!" The word should be rendered (as elsewhere.) "Ask," "demand." In the verse above it is so rendered in the Greek, and other versions. Thus should they get payment for their labour: such are the opinions of good and wise men.

Exodus xii. 3. There seems to be a contradiction in the same verse, for in the former part it says, "The house of their fathers;" in the latter part "for each house." But if we look at it calmly, we shall perceive if a house consisted of a large family they were to take a lamb; but if a family, including relations, were few, they only took one among the whole. And if a house consisted of but few persons, they could take a lamb with their neighbours, requiring that each should do according to his means.

See chapter xii. 5, "Ye shall take it from the sheep or from the goats." The young of sheep, or goats, or the kids of goats. One writer says that the sacrifice in Egypt was ordered to be of lambs, but afterwards of sheep or goats.

Dr. Clarke has a note thus, on verse 4, "If the household be too little. If there be not persons enough in one family, to eat a whole lamb, then two families must join together. The Rabbins allow there should be ten, and not more than twenty." Verse 7. The same writer remarks, "This was to be done by dipping a bunch of hyssop into the blood, and sprinkling it upon the posts," &c.

My dear children, think about the precious blood of Christ, and pray to have it sprinkled on your hearts.

ALPHA.

RAVENSMOOR, NANTWICH AND CREWE CIRCUIT, LATE BURLAND CIR- CUIT.

ON the 22nd of February, 1863, the anniversary of our Sabbath-school at Ravensmoor, was celebrated, and I trust it will not be forgotten. The thronging congregations gave indications that an interest was excited among the people; and truly it was good to be there, for the presence of the Lord was graciously felt among us. Two sermons were preached on the occasion; the afternoon one by Mr. Orchard, of Nantwich, when many could

not gain admission; the other in the evening, by the Rev. T. Brackenbury, Wesleyan minister, which, with the recitals of the children, which reflected much credit upon the teachers, produced a very excellent effect. The collections were £3 14s. 1d., being far in advance of any previous year's produce.

We are thankful to say the school is in a prosperous state; the number of scholars is seventy. I am happy to inform you the school and the church have of late had many additions. May the great Head of the Church cause this nursery to flourish more and more is the prayer of
J. PHILLIPS.

A LESSON ON PATIENCE.

A CLERGYMAN, who superintends his own school, about to give a lesson on this subject to the assembled scholars, commenced by asking them what the subject was for that day.

"Patience," they replied.

"Have you any?" he asked.

No answer.

"Have I any?"

"Yes, sir."

"When do I need it most?" he inquired.

"When you're trying to keep us quiet," was the answer.

Miscellanies.

DANIEL, THE FAVOURED CAPTIVE.

I AM desirous by the permission of the editor of your excellent magazine, to bring before my young friends some of the incidents in the life of holy Daniel, and so to fix your eyes upon the glorious traits in his character, as may, under the Spirit's blessing elicit strong desires on your part to follow him closely in the path of virtue and true piety. "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning." Daniel was carried captive to Babylon when very young, probably he was only about eighteen years of age. He was of very illustrious, if not of royal descent. He appears by some means to have been well instructed in spiritual things, and to have feared and loved God from his earliest childhood. It would be a trial to him to be torn away from his native country and taken amongst strangers, who were the enemies and conquerors of his people. What a sad sight it must have been to see the poor captives huddled together, and forced from the land of Israel. To see the children, the young men and women, in some cases with their fathers and mothers, driven along in a rough and savage manner by the victorious army of Nebuchad-

nezzar, as that army returned to Babylon. No doubt the captives endured great hardships and suffering on the road, but by the mercy of God, Daniel and his three friends were safely brought to Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar determined that there should be chosen out from among the captives those who were the most beautiful in bodily appearance, who possessed the highest intellectual ability, and who had the greatest aptitude for state business; that they might, after proper training, stand before him, give counsel when asked, and engage in the duties of government. In thus acting Nebuchadnezzar discovered great practical wisdom, and it is worthy of note, that the same course is pursued in eastern courts to the present day. It is quite common now in Turkey or Persia to find in the highest officers of state some who in their youth had been captives or were born slaves. My young friends may be reminded of the preferment Joseph experienced in the house of Potiphar, when he was a poor friendless slave, sold by his wicked brothers for thirty pieces of silver; yet though a slave he was raised to honour and dignity, for God was with him. Among those selected in obedience to the king's command, above stated,

Daniel and his three friends were found; they were goodly to look upon and showed such force of mind and loveliness of character, as led to their being placed in the list of candidates for the royal favour. Here the hand of God was apparent. Daniel was to occupy a conspicuous place in the church of God, to be one of the chief personages in Bible history. He was not only to appear on the theatre of time as an able statesman in connection with two of the greatest monarchies the world has ever seen, but he was to come before the pious of all time, as a man of God, a prophet—one who should point in a plain and undisguised manner to "Messiah, the Prince, who was to be cut off, but not for himself."

The express determination of King Nebuchadnezzar was that the captives so selected should be treated in the most noble manner; that they should not only have every facility for the prosecution of their studies by the aid of masters, and abundance of leisure time for learning the "knowledge of the Chaldeans," but their physical wants were to be amply and abundantly provided for. They were to have "a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank, so nourishing them that at the end of three years they might stand before

the king." It is at this point we see the first development of Daniel's piety: his decision of character, and his determination to honour God at all hazards, place him at once on so elevated a pedestal of excellence and true dignity as leads us to look upon him with reverence and holy affection.

To partake of what was so generously provided by order of the king would have been defiling to Daniel's conscience. This would have happened by either receiving meat or drink which was unclean according to the Jewish law, or things offered in sacrifice to idols, or provisions which had been blest in the name of an idol. But this holy youth purposed "not to defile himself." This may teach us that we ought never to do what we know to be wrong, because we see others running in an evil course. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." Possibly many of the captive youths gladly availed themselves of the royal bounty, and regaled themselves on delicacies from the king's table, but they did not find these conducive to health and strength and bodily appearance, for when Daniel and his friends were compared with them, the comparison was in Daniel's favour, for he "was fairer and fatter in flesh than all the chil-

dren which did eat the king's meat." But it was a noble outspoken attachment to the God of Israel, when he exhibited before these idolaters a determination to live on the homeliest fare, rather than break the law of his God. He had requested of the head officer that he might not be compelled "to defile himself;" but much as Daniel had found favour and "tender love" with that high functionary the "prince of the eunuchs," he was afraid to gratify him, lest he should "endanger his own head to the king."

The stern and cruel despotism of the king was such that all around him seemed to move in an atmosphere of terror, but the soul of Daniel was not paralyzed by it; he would not cower before the power of evil, but with stately and majestic mien he strode forward in the path of full hearted obedience to his God. He now applies to a subordinate, and God opens out his way. Hear Daniel's entreaty to the officer, "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee ten days and let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink." By pulse we understand all kinds of fruits or vegetables, and in eating them he would avoid coming into contact with idolatry in any of its phases. He chose water that he might avoid anything from which a libation had been

offered to an idol, and also, we believe, from motives of temperance, and in the latter particular, he is a high example both to the young and to those more advanced in life.

How eventful were those ten days of trial to Daniel and his friends; that time would not surely pass without much prayer: they would emphatically "ask a blessing" upon their food; they knew that without God's blessing they could not be delivered, that as captives they were completely at the mercy of others; but God never forsakes those who trust in him. If a dear youth who reads this is placed in difficulty through adherence to religious principle, having purposed "not to defile himself" with sin in any of its polluting forms, let that youth wait on God, and God will deliver him, "he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able;" "he will deliver the godly out of temptation." How did God deliver another pious youth, Joseph? He was put in prison; "they hurt his feet with fetters." Long and weary was the time he spent in confinement; the butler, whose restoration to royal favour he had predicted, and of whom he asked remembrance, forgot him, but the holy and loving God had not forgotten him; the hour of his deliverance arrived, and

Pharaoh, whose mind had been prepared by a dream from God relating to an awful famine, (but which none of his wise men could interpret,) was in a fever of expectation to see the poor Hebrew captive, and to hear him unfold the meaning of his mystic dream. Joseph had wisdom given him by God for the occasion. Joseph was crowned with riches and honour. How triumphant was the result of the ten days' trial in Daniel's case. See the youths are marshalled for inspection by "Melzar." His keen eye closely scrutinizes Daniel and his three friends; he compares them rigidly with the other youths; they can bear the test; their complexion has

improved; their strength has increased; their minds are more vigorous; the wine drinkers and delicacy eaters are at a discount; they suffer by comparison with those who have totally abstained from wine, and lived on simple, homely fare. These temperate youths are unrivalled in their personal beauty, their mental ability, and their aptitude for any duty that may be assigned them.

See the honour God put upon Daniel for his unflinching adherence to religious principle. Take encouragement—let every youth remember the words of God, "Them that honour me I will honour."

JOSEPH LONG.

Poetry.

"SWEET REST IN HEAVEN."

THO' often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above;
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
Oh, let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain,
We'll soon be free from sorrow.
From toil, and care, and pain.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

Lov'd ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;

We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.

There is sweet rest, &c.

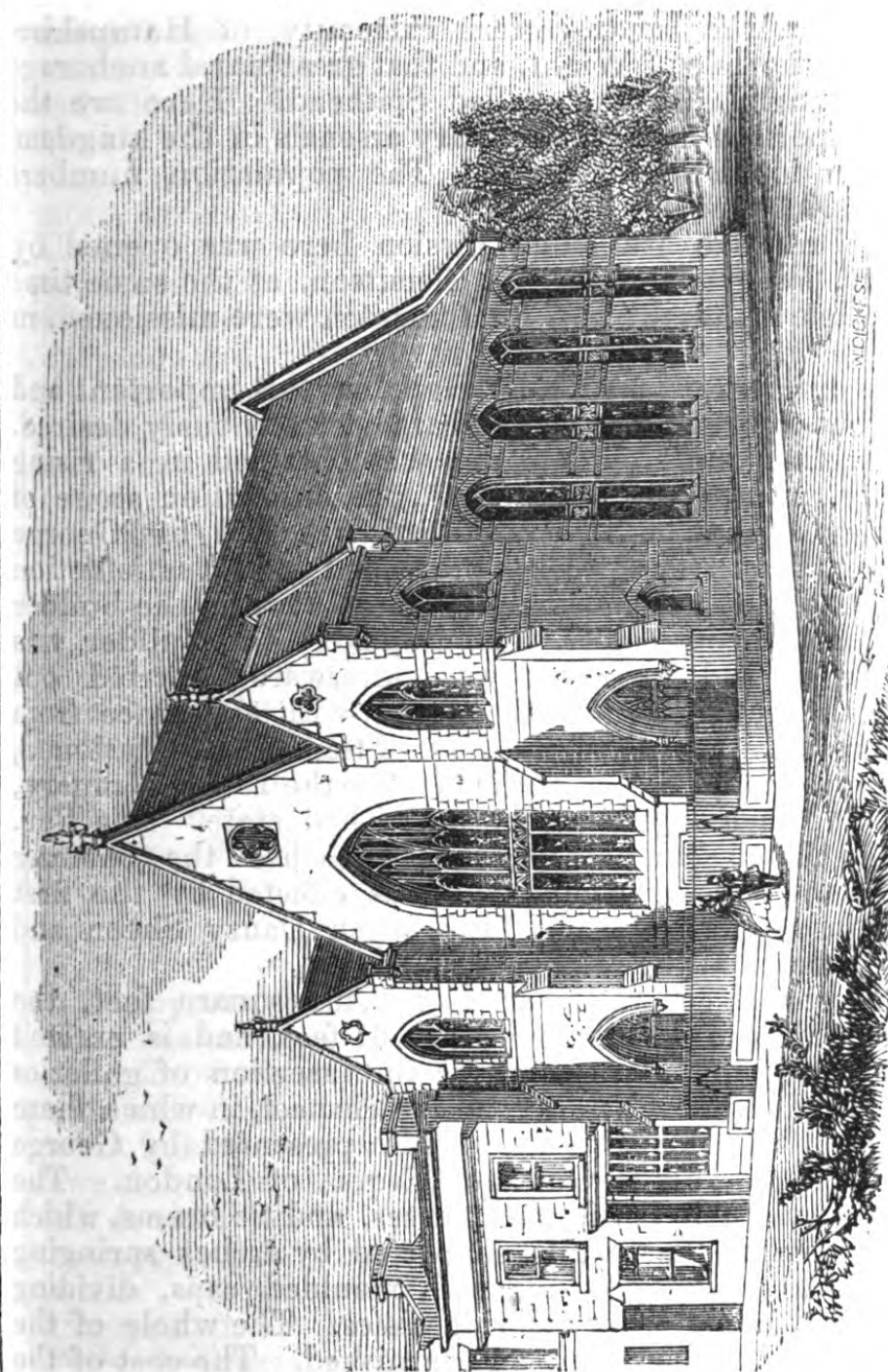
Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend:
He never will grow weary,
Tho' often we request,
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.

There is sweet rest, &c.

All glory to the Father,
Who gives us ev'ry good;
All glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood;
And glory to the Spirit,
Who'll keep us to the end;
To the triumphant God be glory,
The sinner's only friend.

There is sweet rest, &c.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



PORTSMOUTH PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

Youths' Department.

PORTSMOUTH.

PORTSMOUTH and Portsea, are adjoining, and strongly-fortified towns on the south-western side of Portsea Island, on the south-eastern extremity of Hampshire, opposite the Isle of Wight, and that great naval anchorage of the English Channel, called Spithead. Here are the most important naval and military arsenals in the kingdom, with an immense dockyard. The population numbers about 100,000 souls.

The Primitive Methodist Mission here was opened by Messrs. W. Harland and W. Clemitson, at the same time as the Isle of Wight and Southampton were missioned, in 1835.

The erection of a suitable chapel in this important and populous town, has for many years been anxiously desired. At length a most eligible site was obtained in a rising locality, and on June 28th, 1861, the foundation stone of the new chapel in Somers' Road, was laid by George Walton, Esq. The works proceeded with satisfaction till arrested by continued altercations between the builder and his sub-contractors, but ultimately the builder was discharged, and the works were afterwards carried out under the management of the writer, with assistance from the trustees. Owing to the loss of time thus occasioned, the chapel could not be opened before the 18th of January, 1862, and then only in a very unfinished state. The Rev. George Lamb and others, then preached the opening sermons. A final completion was effected by the first Sabbath in the following May, when Danzy Sheen and others preached the re-opening sermons.

The chapel covers an area of 2,404 square feet, the internal measurement being 37 by 61 feet, and is erected conveniently in all respects for the insertion of galleries when needed. At the east end is a chancel, in which there is a beautiful coloured glass window, presented by George Walton, and George Gowland, Esqrs., of London. The roof is constructed of framed trusses, and tie beams, which rest on longitudinal walls, supported by arches springing from iron cluster columns with moulded caps, dividing the chapel into a nave and side aisles. The whole of the timber exposed is stained and varnished. The cost of the building with the land on which it stands, and that in the

rear for school-rooms, with palisading and pavement, amounts to £1,133 10s. 2d., of which sum £340 have been raised.

The accompanying engraving presents a view of the building in the perspective. The walls are built of bricks, faced with flints, of a uniform blueish black colour, which contrast strikingly with the masonry, (which is all executed in Bath stone) and give a deep and fine effect. The construction is of the Mediæval perpendicular Gothic style, which began to appear in the latter part of the fourteenth century, towards the close of the reign of Edward III., and flourished from that time till late in the reign of Henry VIII. This edifice has been much admired for the simple elegance displayed in its construction, and what is more, precious souls have been saved within its precincts; already it has proved a blessing to the risen and rising generation around it. A Sabbath school numbering 140 scholars and 21 teachers, has been raised since the chapel opening, and the first Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held in the afternoon of the last Sunday of the old year. May all who shall attend upon its services find salvation, and thousands have cause gratefully to remember its ordinances in the exulting songs of the heavenly temple, and around the throne of God! Amen. WM. HALL.

DANIEL AND HIS FRIENDS IN DANGER.

How full of change the life of man is. In the first connection of Daniel and his friends with the court, things seemed full of promise, and afforded hope for a long continued flow of prosperity, but dangers soon threatened them, and their way in life became severely trying to their faith in God. It may truly be said, we know not what a day may bring forth.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

It appears plainly to us on our reading the Bible, that God has made use of dreams and visions of the night, to make known his will to mankind. Nebuchadnezzar dreamed a dream which perplexed and troubled him, but what may seem indeed very strange, he was not able next morning on awaking to recollect with any coherence the particulars of his dream; unlike Pharaoh, who was able to state in detail to Joseph that wondrous dream which he had had, and which Joseph under divine inspiration so truthfully interpreted, as the facts, of the history in Genesis prove. Nebuchadnezzar's inability to remember his dream, led him in his despotic way to adopt a plan, which may be

characterised as cruel and unjust. He summoned before him all the wise men of Babylon, and peremptorily demanded of them, to tell him the dream and its interpretation. The king's conduct in this affair certainly brings before us a despotism of the most cruel order. How sad to see the lives of men at the mercy or caprice of cruel tyrants! No doubt the assumptions and pretended knowledge of these men were fallacious, but the king's treatment of them was harsh and cruel. They justly said it was beyond the power of any man to comply with the king's requirement, but nothing they could say softened the wrath of the king, or led him to alter the terms of his stern and sanguinary decree. And he commanded them to be slain; and Daniel and his fellows were sought to be slain. Where Daniel was, during the conference of the wise men with the king, we know not; doubtless his not being present was a link in the chain of that watchful providence, that "delivered his life from the hand of the enemy." When Daniel was found and apprised of the terms of the decree, he was amazed at its haste and cruelty, and he sought an audience of the king, which was granted; he requested a short respite from the king, which was also granted. Do you not, my young readers, see here the good hand of God? The king's rage had somewhat cooled, and God disposed him to hearken to the voice of Daniel.

Daniel indeed evinced his faith in God from the outset of this matter; for when he first went in unto the king, he promised that he would show the interpretation, which involved of course the recovery of the dream itself. What mighty faith in our all wise and almighty Father must Daniel have had, thus to commit himself at the outset. There were mountainous difficulties in his way, but his faith calmly and confidently looked up to a covenant God. Daniel in coming from the presence of the king acquainted his three friends with the state of the case, requested their united prayers "to the God of heaven concerning this secret, that Daniel and his fellows might not perish with the rest of the wise men of Babylon." Afflictions of body or distress of soul, drive the truly pious nearer to God for help. When imminent danger threatens the life of a child, he will, if possible, seek safety from the arm of his parent. "Oh God, thou art my rock, my fortress, my strong tower, into which I run and am safe!" The throne of grace was at this time very precious to those saints of God in their danger. They felt their ignorance and inability to fulfil the king's will. They knew perfectly well that without a divine communication, Daniel would be unable to stand in

the king's presence, and redeem the pledge given. They knew further that God who sees the end from the beginning, and from whom no secrets are hid, and to whom all hearts are open, was able to reveal this dream to Daniel, and give him wisdom for its interpretation; they knew still further that their lives were in God's hands, and that though they were in common with the wise men of Babylon, decreed to death, and the naked sword was suspended over their heads as it were by a single hair, yet that God could work out deliverance for them, and that their souls should escape "as a bird out of the snare of the fowler." Finally, they knew that God could work even from this their exposure to a cruel death, what should show forth his own glory. What a time of prayer was that for those holy men; what pleading of the promises; what renewed dedication of themselves to God; what resignation to his holy will; what willingness to live or die, that God might be glorified thereby; what entreaty that the dream might be made known, and that Daniel might have wisdom for its interpretation! Prayer was answered. God communed with Daniel: "then was the secret revealed to Daniel in a night vision;" there was brought before the mind of this favoured saint the full details of that wondrous dream which had previously been spread out in an evanescent manner before the spirit of the king in his troubled sleep—the dream was to abide before the mind of Daniel, as a living embodiment, so that he might calmly and leisurely speak of all its parts, with their appropriate interpretation to the king—what joy filled the heart of Daniel and his praying friends, when this signal mercy was shewn them. Verses 20 to 23, of chapter 2nd, show in what inspiring strains Daniel blessed and praised a prayer-hearing God. And now, my dear readers, with what joy would Daniel go to "Arioeh," to be introduced to the king; he could now show before the king, before the wise men, and before the whole empire, that the God of the Hebrews was alone the God, Jehovah. "Bring me in before the king," said he, I am ready; God has met me in prayer, and what the Lord hath saith unto me, that will I speak. What joy would fill the hearts of the wise men that they were spared from death, through the merciful interposition of that God whom the captives worshipped. Methinks, joy mingled with solemn awe, would spread over men's minds, when they heard how the Lord Jehovah had manifested himself in hearing prayer, in disclosing secret things to Daniel, and thus saving those that trusted in him from the blind rage of a wicked king.

JOSEPH LONG.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 117.)

WE now approach a period in Paul's life over which he had ever afterwards to mourn—viz., that portion of it which he spent as a persecutor. We must remember that Paul was a contemporary with Jesus Christ, and that when the Spirit was so remarkably poured out on the day of Pentecost, Paul was a young man full of vigour and strength, probably twenty-five years of age, or a little more, but certainly not thirty. Very soon after the Pentecost, however, we see him launched in his terrible career of cruelty and blood. Fitted by nature, as well as education, for leadership in any sphere he might enter upon, he soon became the champion of Pharisaic hatred against the Christians, and a most active agent in hurrying them to imprisonment and death. The first time he appears before us in this capacity is on the ever memorable occasion of the death of Stephen. The connection of Paul with this tragic event is related by Luke the Evangelist, in Acts vii. 58: "And the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." This passage represents Saul as concerned in the shameful murder of the good and useful Stephen, and the first verse of the next chapter plainly says, "And Saul was consenting unto his death." Now let us hear Paul's confession to the truth in this matter. In answer to one of the revelations which the Lord Jesus imparted to him, commanding him to depart out of Jerusalem, inasmuch as the people would "not hear him," Paul says, "Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee; and when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by and consenting unto his death, and kept the raiment of them that slew him." How callous and cruel must have been the heart of any man who could be a consenting spectator of, and actor in, such a scene. Yet such was Saul of Tarsus.

The following passages plainly testify what was the character of our apostle at this time, and how cruel and violent was the persecution which he headed:—Acts viii. 3: "As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." The next verse is very significant—"Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere," &c. How were they scattered abroad? By Paul's persecution. Listen to Luke once more. Here is a terrible picture of Paul's vehement rage against the Christians: "And Saul,

yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem."

Now let us see what Paul himself has said and written on his persecuting career. Here, then, are his confessions on the point: "And I persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prison both men and women" (Acts xxii. 4). "I verily thought within myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also did in Jerusalem, and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests, and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme: and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." (Acts xxvi. 9-11.) "For ye have heard of my conversation in time past in the Jews' religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God, and wasted it." (Gal. i. 13.) "Who was before a blasphemer and a persecutor, and injurious." (1 Tim. i. 13).

This, then, is the written history of Paul's life as a persecutor. One or two incidents, however, I must call to remembrance, to show how widely the reputation of Paul as a persecutor had spread, and how great a terror was inspired by his name among those who were Christians. When Ananias, of Damascus, was commanded by Jesus Christ to go and visit Saul, who, he was informed, had arrived at Damascus, humbled and repentant, he objected, saying, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem. And here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all them that call upon thy name." And when, three years after his conversion, Paul went up to Jerusalem, and presented himself "among the disciples," "they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple." How these simple facts testify to the horror in which the name of Saul was held as a persecutor; and how violent, effectual, and terrible that persecution was, may be seen from the quotations I have given. Jerusalem was not a sphere wide enough for the energy and rage of the maddened Saul. His persecuting zeal knew no bounds. So he leaves Jerusalem and journeys 130 miles down to Damascus, there to carry into effect the same infuriate zeal, the same maddened hatred against the humble believers in Jesus,

which he had previously manifested in Jerusalem. What a shocking career that was which began at the murder of Stephen, and culminated when Jesus met the rebellious Saul by the way, still "kicking against the pricks!" In his determined and restless cruelty he spared neither age, condition, nor sex; no punishment, however horrid and severe, would he hesitate to inflict; imprisonment, torture, or death was equally welcome to him; anything, in fact, to grieve, waste, and destroy the saints. Luke says, he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter." Paul himself tells us that he was "exceedingly mad against" the saints, and that he "persecuted the church of God, and wasted it." These are fearfully expressive and powerful statements, but not at all beyond the truth.

And here for the present we must leave him, with one or two reflections. 1. How a blind, fanatical zeal degrades and curses the human character. Under its demoniacal power an otherwise amiable and religious man may become an utter madman, an infuriate bigot, a reckless destroyer and murderer. From the least tendency to such a spirit the Lord save us all! 2. But on the other hand, how must we admire and adore that divine grace which subdued the hardened spirit of a relentless Saul, and transformed him into the glorious apostle he afterwards became. Blessed grace! Oh, come, and by thy inward fires consume the adamant of sin, and thoroughly transform us all.

"Melt down our spirits, Lord, and mould,
Into thy perfect love."

W. M. B.

(To be continued.)

A STORY ABOUT LANFRANC.

"So it was a very nice party, last night, was it, Amy?" said Mrs. Elliott, when her little girl came down very late to breakfast, the morning after Twelfth Night.

"Oh, beautiful, mamma; I have so much to tell you. We had splendid charades. One boy had all his face and hands blacked, and was dressed up in blue and white calico, and said such a funny piece of poetry about his being a runaway slave from the South. And before supper there was the largest Christmas-tree I ever saw—so tall that Mr. Woods could only just reach to the top to get the basket for Katy."

"Kate has been showing me her pretty basket, and I suppose you have some wonderful things to show me too."

"Oh, yes, mamma, ever so many, up in the nursery. I

saved all the pretty cracker-papers and some of the sweets. I mean to give some to baby to play with; and Katy and I are going to make a little Christmas-tree with the rest. But my things off the tree are all toys and little things, not like Katy's basket. When any of these were given to her, she said she would rather the little ones had them, and gave them all away; and at the end, when Mr. and Mrs. Woods saw she had nothing, they said she had been such a generous little girl, she must have the prettiest thing of all; so they cut down the large basket of sweets at the top of the tree, and gave it to her. But I don't think it was really generous of Katy, mamma; for when I asked her, after we came home, why she gave away all the other things, she said she knew she should get something better in the end. That was not right now, was it, mamma?"

"No, Amy, it was not; but we will not talk about it now. You must make haste and get your breakfast, or Miss Scriven will be here before you are ready for school; and then she will say, 'No more parties for little girls who cannot learn their lessons next morning!'"

"Oh, I know she will, mamma; she always says cross things like that. I think she has quite forgotten what she liked when she was a little girl—if she ever *was* a little girl."

"Hush, Amy; I shall have to say the same as Miss Scriven, if you have nothing but unkind words this morning. Now I think I may trust you to be good while I am out to-day. I have to go to town, and you must have dinner with nurse; but I shall be home before 'blind man's holiday;' and then you and Katy shall come down, and tell me all about the charades; and I will tell you a story I read yesterday."

"Oh, that will be nice, mamma, dear; it is such a long while since you told us a story. I will be very good, and play with baby all the afternoon; at least, after we have made our Christmas-tree."

* * * * *

When the long story of the charades was done, and Amy was settled comfortably on her mamma's knee, and Katy on a stool at her feet, in the twilight, Mrs. Elliot began:—

"Now, you must send your thoughts a long way back, for it is an old story I am going to tell you.

"A long time ago, about thirty years before William the Conqueror came to England,—and I am sure Katy knows when that was——"

"I know, mamma," said Amy; "it was in 1066; I said it in my lesson this morning."

"Well," continued Mrs. Elliot, "about thirty years before that, a monk was walking through a forest in Normandy. He was trying to find his way to a new monastery, of which he had often heard, but to which he had never been before. He had started very early in the morning, before any of the other monks were up, that he might get to his journey's end before night came on. But, though he had been walking all day, only resting now and then to drink a little water from a brook, and to eat some of the bread in his wallet, it was now fast getting dark, and he was still in the midst of the thick-tangled forest."

"Now, we should not much like to be walking alone in a strange wood in the dark, even in our days; but in those old times it was much more dangerous; and the poor monk walked faster and faster, wishing very much he could see anything like a cottage, or a way out of the wood. But there was nothing to be seen but trees in every direction, and the farther he went the more frightened he felt. He had good reason, too, for suddenly, from a little clearing in the wood, there rushed out upon him four or five wild-looking robbers. They did not pity the poor man, and spare him because he was only a monk, with nothing but his staff to defend him. Two of them seized his arms; and threw him roughly to the ground, while the others searched him, and took from him his purse, with all the little money he had in the world. While he was lying on the ground there came a strange thought into his mind. Often in writing out the Gospel of Matthew in his cell (for there was no printing then, you know), he had copied these words:—'If a man shall strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also;' and he remembered a story he had heard of a good man who was attacked by robbers, and when they had stolen his horse—a wild, unruly animal—he freely gave them his whip to manage him with. The robbers, astonished, and not to be outdone in generosity, gave him back his horse. Now, thought the monk, I will try the same kind of generosity. So as soon as the robbers let him get up, he asked them if they would like to take his clothes too, —hoping that they would act like the others, and give him back his purse. But they did not at all understand him; and thinking that he meant to insult them, they took his clothes, as he generously suggested, but never thought of giving him back his purse. They left him

only his cap, which they forced down over his eyes, and then they bound him to a tree at some distance from the road.

"For some time after he was left alone, the monk wondered why he had not been rewarded for his generosity, like the other good man. But presently he began to see how what he had done had not been really generous at all, only a kind of trick by which he hoped to get back his purse. And then he began to think how many things in his life, which had seemed very good to himself and others, must have been only deceitful in the eyes of One who could see the heart. There, in the lonely, dark wood, he felt God's eye, to which there is no darkness, looking right through him, and he felt himself a very sinful man. He could not kneel down to pray, for he was tied fast to the tree; and though he was a very learned man, and had said numbers of Latin prayers in the church every day for years, he could not remember one now. But he felt he must pray; so he said in his own words a prayer very much like David's, 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness, and according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my ways, and see what wicked way there is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

"A great many hours passed before any one came that way, and cut the cords that bound him, and showed him the way to the place where he wanted to go; and he was stiff and bruised for a long while after, and had to do with very little money indeed; but I do not think he was ever sorry that he met the robbers and had that lonely night in the wood; for there he had first learned to know himself, and to pray, 'Give me a new heart, O God.'

"The monk's name was Lanfranc; and when you get older, I should like you to read a great deal more about him, in a very interesting book in which I read this story, 'Dr. Hook's Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.'

"But now the candles are coming, and tea; and we must put papa's slippers by the fire, and have baby down ready to meet him. Go and tell nurse to bring him, Amy."

* * * * *

Katy was very quiet all tea-time; and when she came for her good-night kiss, she whispered—

"Mamma, I wish you would come and kiss me when I am in bed; I want to speak to you."

"Certainly I will, my child."

When Mrs. Elliot came upstairs, and sat down on the bedside in the dark, Katy said—

"I wonder what made you tell us that story of the monk, mamma?"

"Why, Katy?"

"Because I have so often thought and done just as he did, mamma. I have seemed good and kind to other people, but I have been thinking of myself, and of getting praised and loved, and getting something I wanted all the while. I did just so last night, about the things on the Christmas-tree; and when Mr. and Mrs. Woods said I deserved the basket for being such a generous little girl, I knew I did not at all, and I did not feel at all happy about it really. But now I have been thinking, as the monk did, 'how God can see it all,' and how very very wrong it must be in his sight—almost or quite like a lie; and I have asked him to forgive me, mamma dear; and if he will only help me, I will try not to do or feel so any more."

"I am sure he will help you, my dear child, if you will only watch as well as pray. Amy is asleep now; but will you tell her in the morning, Katy, just what you have told me now. I think she is old enough to understand, and it may help her too."

"Oh, yes, mamma; and do you think God will really forgive me?"

"He surely will, Katy; he pardons freely every day for Jesus' sake."

"Good night, dear mother. Thank you for telling us the story."

"God bless you, my darling. Good night."

LINES IN A BIBLE—A MOTHER'S GIFT.

I PLACE in thy young hands, my child,
A heaven-constructed chart,
And be each line engraven there
Transcribed upon thy heart.

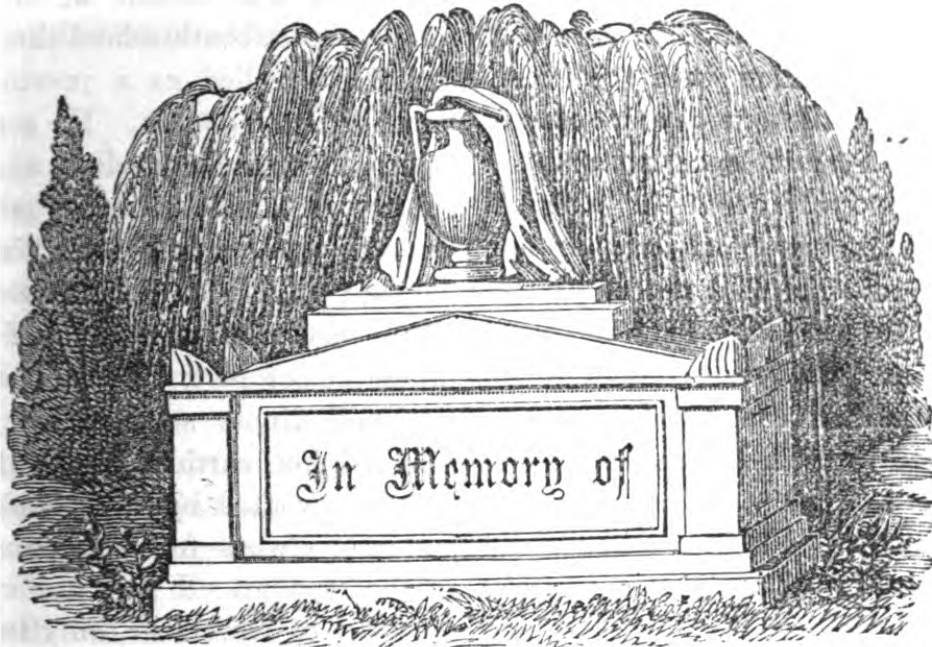
Safe mayst thou dare the thousand ills
That earthly pilgrims meet,
With this, a lamp unto thy path,
A light unto thy feet.

Oh may its living words of truth
Thy daily thoughts engage,
And prove the safeguard of thy youth,
The glory of thine age.

Then, fearless, on the latest foe
Thy dying eye may look;
Thy guide in life, thy hope in death,
The Volume of the Book.

A. W.

Juvenile Biography.



ELLEN ANN ATTERSALL, daughter of John and Ann Attersall, who was born at Nottingham, on the 29th of October, 1845, and died July 13th, 1862.* She became a scholar in our Canaan-street Sabbath-school, in the year 1850, and she was always very much beloved by her teachers for her regular attendance and her anxious desire for learning. She continued to be a scholar until the year 1859, when it was thought she was quite competent to take charge of a class, which she did, and she fulfilled her new duties with all the propriety possible, until she became afflicted and was unable to attend. She used then, frequently, when the Sabbath morning came, to

* By some oversight this memoir was not sent till March 31st, 1863.—ED.

shed tears, and say to her parents, "I wonder how my poor dear scholars are getting on this morning; whether they have got a teacher or no." She always seemed to have a great concern for her scholars, and if she had not either books or tickets for them she used to appear a great deal dispirited. During her affliction, which was very severe, she always seemed to remember her children, as she called them, and she had a number of little books bought on purpose to give to them when any of them came to see her; and it was good to hear her talk to them, and tell them about Jesus, and that he would take all good children to heaven to be with him. About seven weeks before her death her affliction became much worse than

before. She vomited a great quantity of blood and seemed quite aware her end was fast approaching. She had also very severe conflicts with the enemy of her soul; one day she seemed to be almost overcome, and her father asked her if the enemy of her soul was harassing her; and she said she had not one bit of peace for him; but, on being pointed to Jesus, she came off more than conqueror. She frequently used to exclaim, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." And then she would make use of that beautiful verse:—

"In glory now my Saviour waits,
He opens wide the pearly gates;
He waits to hasten me away,
Press on my soul and win the day!"

The morning before her departure she sent for all her cousins, and most solemnly entreated them to seek Jesus while he was to be found; for she said she had found him to the joy of her soul. She shortly after died in peace.

W. F.

CHARLES GOYNE departed this life, at White Hills, Victoria, on Tuesday, November 25th, 1862, aged twelve years. For some time he attended our Sabbath-school, at Huntly, where, under the tuition and care of Mr. James Watson, he gave his heart to the Saviour, and received the pardon of his sin. About six

months before his death, he came with his parents to reside at the White Hills, and at once joined the Sabbath-school there, and was enrolled as a juvenile member of our church. He continued to grow in wisdom, amiability, and grace, under the leadership and care of Mr. Wm. James, until his experience bore all the marks of maturity. His illness was of seven weeks duration, and dropsy setting in terminated his earthly life. He was often visited by the friends, and was always found trusting in the Saviour. I saw him on the 23rd of November, only two days before he died, when his answers to my questions were most satisfactory and encouraging. Christ was evidently very precious. His power of utterance was feeble, and yet, only one day before he died, he began to sing with astonishing power—

"Canaan, bright Canaan,

I am bound for the land of Canaan."

He then asked his father to find the 371st hymn:

"My God I am thine, what a comfort divine!

What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!" &c.

It was amazing with what feeling and energy he sang, so that his voice could be heard in the road. After this he gradually sank into the arms of death, and passed away to join in the song of the redeemed:

"Bursting through the heavenly plains,
Hear ye not the chorus sweet
Which the happy ones repeat?—
Unto him that bled and died,
Endless praises be ascribed."

G. T. HALL.

JANE RISHWORTH, the beloved daughter of Thomas and Martha Rishworth, both of whom are members of society, at Silsden, Yorkshire, was born Sept. 14th, 1849, and died Dec. 11th, 1862. She was sent to our Sunday-school when about four years of age, and continued a scholar till her removal hence.

She began to be sick Dec. 4th, 1862. A few Sabbaths before her illness, her teacher asked her class if they prayed. Jane answered, and said, "Yes, I do." Her mother said to her, after she was taken ill, "Thou must pray." "Mother," she said, "I do pray, and I am not afraid to die. I know I have a good father and mother, but I am not afraid to die." One day, when she observed her mother weeping, she asked what was the matter—were some of them ill? "No," said her father, "none but you." She said, "O do not weep for me, I shall soon be better, and be with Jesus."

She said to her mother, "Shall we see when dead, mother?" Her mother said "Yes." "O then," she said, "I do not fear to die; I shall see angels, and Jesus Christ." She wished to

see her two brothers and sister; but the sister and one brother being from home, she said, "I may not see them, but tell them to meet me in heaven." They having come in, she said to them, "Pray, and be good, and meet me in heaven, for I am going to die and go there."

She then sent for her aged grandfather, and charged him to stop at the Sunday evening prayer-meetings; and she then pressed on him to get ready for heaven. The manner in which she charged them all, and the way she arranged for her funeral, choosing what verse should be put on her funeral card, &c., seemed more like those of a woman of forty than of a girl thirteen years of age. From a very little girl she was very strict in keeping holy the Sabbath-day. When Mr. Jobling visited her, she wanted to hear some nice stories of heaven. She died in peace, and rests with Jesus. She gave instructions for the following lines to appear on the funeral card:—

"Jesus Christ loves little children,
And he waits to do them good,
Should not children then love Jesus?
Yes, indeed, they always should."

WM. FLETCHER, Superintendent.

JANE SQUIRE, daughter of John and Elizabeth BROWN, was born at Usworth Colliery, in the South Shields Circuit, September 13th, 1853. When very

young she was admitted into our Sabbath-school as a scholar at the above place. Her love for Sabbath instruction was demonstrated by her regular attendance and good behaviour. Her ready and impressible mind gave promise of gratifying the most ardent expectations of her teachers. But God's ways are not our ways. Her bright life was soon terminated by scarlet fever. On the Sabbath before her death she appeared at school as on former occasions, with the same healthy hue on her cheek, and kindling fire in her eye, ready for her lesson and the counsels of her teacher. But, alas! the sapling was marked to fall. "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth." In an unexpected hour the vapour vanished away. We begin life on the margin of the grave. On Wednesday, December 31st, she was taken ill, and the last grain fell from the "life-glass," on the 3rd of January, 1863.

She took a prominent part at our school anniversaries, and being thoughtful and peaceable she was much respected. She was always obedient to her parents, and her life and conduct said to her teachers, "your labour is not in vain." She was about to enter a select class when Jesus said, "Come up higher." My dear fellow-teachers, courage, and work and wait.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

R. BLAKEY.

JOHN WILLIAM, the beloved son of Jonas and Jane Ann NEWTON, of Silsden, was born January 17th, 1856, and departed this life January 4th, 1863, aged six years and eleven months. His parents are Primitive Methodists, and they brought up their child in the fear of the Lord. When about three years of age he was sent to our Sabbath-school, and continued a scholar until removed by death. He loved the exercise of singing, and often has he pleased his parents and teachers by singing the hymn:—

"I want to be an angel!" &c.

So much so that when the writer visited him on the day of his death, and spoke to him of soon becoming an angel, though he was much reduced, he looked up with a smile, and lifted up his hands in token of the hope which he enjoyed. He was present at the school the Sabbath previous to his death. We thank God for Sabbath-schools, and their influence on the minds of children. W. FLETCHER, Sup.

TOMMY ENFIELD was born at Gravesend; and although his father and mother are still living and loved him very much, it

pleased Divine providence to so order it that Tommy should spend the greater part of his short life at the house of a pious aunt. His aunt has a great many children and grandchildren which she loves with all the ardour of a Christian parent; but still she found room in her heart for little Tommy, and loved him as if he had been her own dear boy. Tommy was a lively, affectionate child, very quick in his perception. He was very early taught that Jesus Christ, the great Saviour of the world, loved little children, and desired them to come unto him; and when old enough he was sent to our Sabbath-school, where he often heard about Jesus having died for sinners, and he was invited to give his young heart to him. Tommy took great delight in the school and the chapel; there seemed to him no place like them. He loved his teachers and his minister, and if he was playing with other children and saw his minister his countenance would beam with delight, and he would run to him to be noticed. Frequently he went to his mother to ask for a penny to give his cousin for the new chapel. One day his mother said I shall not give you a penny, but when the chapel is begun I will give you—naming the sum. He stood for some time apparently reflecting, then

repeated the sum his mother had named, asking how much money would that be? Is it a good deal? Because, said he, if it is not as much as you can afford you should give more. A short time before his death he accompanied his aunt on a visit to a poor family, and so deeply was he affected at seeing the poor woman weep, and the children in distress, that his aunt was obliged to take him out of the room. But God in his providence laid the dear little boy on a sick bed. At first there was no apprehension of danger, yet he would tell all his friends that he did not want to get better; he wanted to die and go to Jesus. He loved to talk about Jesus and heaven, and it was doubtless the pleasing theme that engaged his thoughts as he lay upon his bed. He had every attention, and the best medical aid, but Tommy's one wish was to go to Jesus. One day his mother said, "Tommy, the doctor says you are better," to which he replied, "He did not wish to get better, but to die and to go to heaven, and be with Jesus." He talked to his sister about praying, and asked her if she prayed for him and for his recovery, assuring her that he desired to go to Jesus. And on January 6th, 1863, Jesus took him, at the age of six years and two months.

My dear children, while reading this account, remember that the same Jesus that loved little Tommy, and received him to himself, loves you, and is willing to receive you and make you his own dear children. He wants you to give him your hearts, and he will make them new; then you will love him and serve him, and by-and-bye he will take you to himself in heaven, where you will live for ever—never hunger or thirst, never suffer pain or sorrow, but sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for evermore. May the Lord bring every reader of the magazine with the writer of this article to that happy place.

A. GREEN.

ISABELLA TAYLOR was born at Great Strickland, in the county of Westmoreland, but her parents came to live at Silsden in the month of April, 1857, and she there became one of our Sabbath-scholars, and attended regularly for four years, at the end of which time she was deprived of the privilege by affliction. And during the last six months of her life she was blind. She was so wasted by her severe and protracted illness that nearly every bone and muscle of her face might have been counted; but in all this she was so submissive to the hand of providence that she

scarcely ever complained. She was very much pleased when her fellow scholars and teachers visited her, and was quite happy in the love of Jesus, and liked to talk about him. She said that she should soon be in heaven, and would then be able to see, and she should see some of the scholars who had died out of the school. Her happy spirit took its flight to be with the Saviour "which is far better," January 18th, 1863, in the fifteenth year of her age.

W. FLETCHER,
Superintendent.

SARAH ANN STUART, daughter of Joseph and Jane Stuart, was born at Bassenthwaite, in the Maryport Circuit, February 21st, 1851, and died January 23d, 1863. She was not favoured with pious parents, but a few years ago we commenced a Sunday School in Bassenthwaite, and Sarah Ann was the first to join it, and she continued as regular in her attendance as circumstances would allow. Under the religious instructions imparted serious impressions were made on her mind, but she did not decide to give God her heart until she was afflicted: when she earnestly prayed for the pardon of her sins. At her request her teacher visited her, and she directed her to the cross, and prayed with her. Under the prayer of her teacher

she found peace, and seemed filled with the Spirit, and she heartily sung the praises of God. Her complaint was scarlatina, and for some days her sufferings were great; but in the midst of all she was happy, declaring—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,"
and

"Jesus makes a dying bed"
sweet. Two days before she died she joined heartily with her brother in singing the hymn beginning with—

"Just as I am without one plea."
A few hours before her dissolution she called for her father, mother, brother and sister, and kissed each of them, and desired my wife (her teacher) once more to come and pray with her, when she said:—

"Sweet angels are from glory come,
They are round my bed, and in this room,
And soon they'll waft my spirit home.
All is well."

And soon after fell asleep in Jesus. May we all meet her in heaven, is the prayer of

JOHN BOYES.

—
LIZZY PACE, the daughter of Thomas and Sarah Pace, was born in the year 1855, and died Jan. 25th, 1863, aged eight years. She loved to go to the house of the Lord, and when at school was very attentive and obedient to her teacher. She was a scholar at St. George's, Wrockwardine Wood Circuit, from the commencement

of the school. She was at the anniversary sermons the Sabbath before she died, and seemed to enjoy her usual health till about three days before her death. She delighted to convey home what she had heard at school or chapel, and to relate it to her parents. Scarlatina was the cause of her death; and she bore her affliction with the patience of an old Christian. After lingering for two days her happy spirit took its flight to be "with Christ which is far better." On the day above-named her mortal remains, with those of an infant sister, were conveyed to the Primitive Methodist Chapel, by the teachers and scholars of the school, and interred by the Rev. J. Hutchings. May the parents, and all her sisters, brothers, and companions at school, live on earth so that they may meet her in heaven.

J. BOOTH.

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THIRZA BARBER, the affectionate daughter of John and Elizabeth Barber, was born at Chorlton-Adam, Somersetshire, November 21st, 1844, and died in great peace, at Canton, Cardiff, January 29th, 1863. In the early years of her childhood, she was sent to the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School, and manifested from the commencement an earnest and a growing desire to learn the great truths of the Christian religion. When only about nine

years of age, she gave her youthful heart to God, and henceforth shunned those unsatisfying and perishable pleasures, by which so many juveniles of both sexes are corrupted and led astray. After she realised the forgiveness of sins and adoption in God's family, her Sabbath School, class meeting, and the various public means of grace were attended with the strictest regularity. She loved the house of God and the place where His honour dwelleth. Religion with her was no show, but a blessed reality; it shone brightly in the domestic circle, and at family worship she took a part, by reading the Scriptures, which had made her wise unto salvation.

About fifteen months ago, her father united with our Canton Society, and she and her mother shortly after cast in their lot with the Society. During her membership with us, her character was unblemished; she adorned her high and holy profession in all things, and her path was as a "shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." There was no fickleness or instability manifested in her religious life; her choice was made, her heart was fixed, and her eye rested upon the great recompense of reward. Her experience was sound, pointed, and clear; Christ was her portion, her treasure, her exemplar, and glory.

Often have our hearts been softened, and our cheeks moistened with tears, while listening to this young disciple's aspirations after the mind, spirit, disposition, and temper of Christ. The many lovely virtues and Christian excellences which adorned her character fitted her for a teacher of the young in the Sabbath school, and in this she took great delight. Her sweetness of temper, quietness of demeanour, modesty and humility of appearance, and kindness and meekness of conversation, secured for her the love and admiration of all her religious associates. She loved them, and in return was greatly beloved by them. Our Sunday school anniversary was celebrated about three months ago, upon which occasion she recited several interesting pieces, which made a deep impression upon the minds of the audience. But the day was unfavourable, the rain descended in torrents, she renewed a cold, under which she was then labouring, and it proved fatal notwithstanding all was done which medical skill could do for her restoration. The last ten weeks while confined to the house she exercised the greatest patience, and felt resigned in all things to the will of her Heavenly Father. As her bodily strength gradually wasted, she was divinely supported, and the

thought of reaching the "Better Country," to blend her voice in harmony with the great multitude before the throne, often filled her with a joy unspeakable.

The Sunday night before she died, she had a vision or view of her future home. She saw Christ and His holy angels, those ministering spirits who minister for the heirs of salvation; she was then thrown into the greatest rapture, and her feeble voice made the room ring with bursts of praise and glory to God. Her friends were startled, and thought the last struggle was at hand, her father was sent for from our chapel, and the other members of the family were summoned to her room. A brother who remains a stranger to Christ was invited to come to Jesus, and the whole pleaded with to meet her in heaven. On the Wednesday following, she had a great conflict with Satan. The malicious foe made a dreadful effort to draw her mind from God and get it again to set its affections upon the earth, and so dreadful was the struggle that the perspiration flowed from every pore, and her whole frame appeared to feel the effect of the conflict. But she rested upon the promise and power of God, and obtained the victory over Satan. On Thursday morning, the day of her death, when I went into the

room, she began to tell me of the great conflict she had had the preceding day, but after a pause, she said, "I obtained the victory through Jesus." I read to her for the last time, the 14th chapter of John, and prayed with her; she was nearing Jordan's brink, but her peace was deep and undisturbed, her prospects were bright, and glory, glory, filled the room. While her mother was standing over her weeping, she said "Mother, are you afraid? I am not frightened, Jesus is mine, and I am His." Death had indeed lost its sting, and while she passed through the valley of the shadow of death, God was with her, and she expired exclaiming "Bless God," "Glory be to God!" Thus died this young disciple of Christ in her eighteenth year. Mark the perfect, and behold the upright, for their end is peace. The Sabbath school in her has lost one of its best teachers, and my class one of its holiest members; but our loss is her everlasting gain.

PHILIP MADDOCKS.

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JOSIAH GENTLE HUCKLE, son of Thomas and Ann Huckle, was born at Luton, December the 8th, 1857. As soon as he was of sufficient age he was sent with an elder brother, to the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school, to which he was greatly attached. His disposition was easy and

gentle, kind and loving. Nine weeks previously to his dissolution he was taken ill with heart disease; and during his affliction we frequently questioned him as to whether he thought he should get well again. The answer was invariably, "No." On one occasion when much better, as he was sitting by my side, I said to him, "My dear, what were your thoughts when you were so ill, and stood beside the coffins of your brothers, Albert and Hugh, who had just died?" "Oh," he said "Mother"—with tears in his eyes, "I thought if I was to die I should not go to heaven; for you told me that my brothers Albert and Hugh were gone to heaven, for they were so little and did not know the meaning of sin; but I am a bigger boy, and ought to have known better than to have been so wicked." On hearing this from his infant lips, we found he was the subject of some doubt. We therefore told him the possibility of his heart being washed in the blood of Jesus. A day or two after, when not so well, after lying thoughtfully for some time, he turned to me, and said, "Mother, I have been thinking about Jesus, and what a beautiful place heaven must be." I then said to him, "Do you think if you were to die now you should go there?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "for Jesus died for little chil-

dren." Often in sickness as well as in health, would he feelingly repeat those beautiful lines—

"Rock of ages cleft for me," &c.

Soon after three o'clock, on the 30th of January, 1863, while sitting up in bed, was he suddenly taken worse, and in half an hour after his spirit had fled. While in the agonies of death he said to his father, "Oh! pray, do pray:" then looking upward he exclaimed, "I want to go to heaven, I want to go to heaven, I want to go to heaven, let me go, let me go; I cannot stay here." Once more he asked his father to pray, and while his father was so doing, the little sufferer breathed his last. Our loss is his gain. May we meet him in heaven.

A. HUCKLE.

RACHEL, the beloved daughter of Thomas and Sarah SMITH, was born at Sneadshill, Wrockwardine Wood Circuit, in the year 1852, and died Feb. 7th, 1863, aged eleven years. She was of a very delicate constitution from her infancy, but she was very thoughtful, especially about those things pertaining to her soul's salvation. She had a great dread of untruths. She was a New Testament scholar, and loved to be early at school. When there she was very obedient to her teacher. She never was absent from her class, except when illness detained her. She was a patient sufferer three

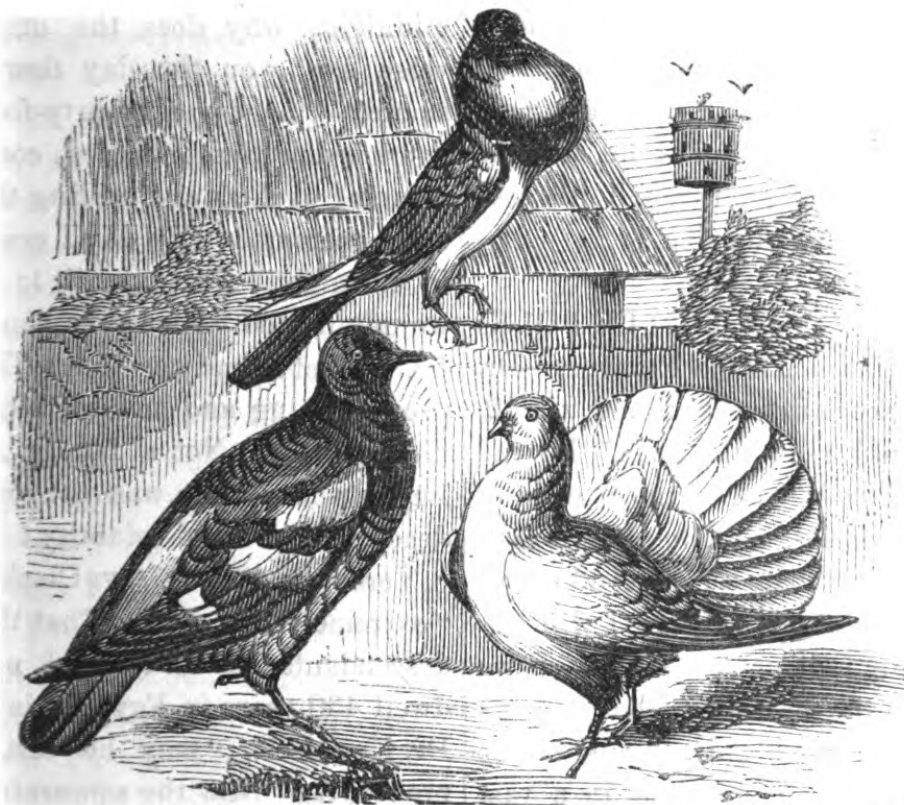
months or more; her disease was consumption. During the time of her affliction she often sang the following lines,

"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand!"

And when she had not strength to sing she would ask her mother to sing for her. She has left a clear testimony behind her that she has gone to join the blood-washed throng.

J. BOOTH.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE PIGEON.

THERE are more than one hundred species of the pigeon tribe, some of which are also called doves. The tame pigeon is the house-dove, and the wild wood-pigeon is the same as the stock-dove. The general character of

the family of pigeons is, body stout and plump; legs short, four toes to each claw; tail mostly of twelve feathers; wings pointed, and well formed for flight; colour of plumage various. They are found in almost every part of the world. Pigeons, when in

a wild state, at a certain season, take their departure from one country to another, in search of food.

Pigeons were offered in sacrifice among the Jews. God told Abraham to present a young pigeon on the altar, Gen. xv. 9. By the law of Moses, any one who was too poor to offer a lamb might bring two young pigeons, Lev. v. 7; xii. 8. As this was the kind of offering brought by Joseph and Mary, Luke ii. 24, it was an evidence of the humble state of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. "He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

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HINTS FOR LITTLE FOLK.
MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Dr. Clarke thinks that Exod. xii. 12, should read "Princes," instead of "Gods," as in the margin of our Bibles, and Boothroyd renders it "Princes." "And on all the princes of Egypt I will execute judgment" (v. 29). If we take the term "first-born" in its literal sense only, we shall be led to conclude that in a vast number of the houses of the Egyptians there was no death, as it is not at all likely that every first-born child of every family was still alive, and that all the first-born of their cattle still remained. And yet it is said (ver. 30), "that there was

not a house where there was not one dead." From other places in Scripture, the same author is of opinion "first-born" means "chief, most excellent, best beloved, most distinguished." See Col. i. 15; Rom. viii. 29; Rev. i. 5; Jer. xxxi. 9; Exod. iv. 22. God would destroy the greatest and the meanest, the highest and the lowest amongst the Egyptians, Exod. xii. 29; Num. viii. 17. Some have asked, "If the plague happened at midnight, why does the other verse say, 'on the day that I smote?'" A day of twenty-four hours is doubtless intended, commencing at dusk and ending the next evening. "By day I cried in the night," Ps. lxxxviii. 1; or we might read "time or season," &c. What a time was that! The people crying and howling most distressingly. Not a family in Egypt where there was not one dead. What a sad calamity!

Verse the 40th is, says Clarke, "extremely difficult." "That the descendants of Israel did not dwell 430 years in Egypt," says Dr. Kennicott, "may be easily proved, &c. Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, and of their fathers, which they sojourned in the land of Canaan and in the land of Egypt, was 430 years. The same sum is given by St. Paul, Gal. iii. 17, who reckons from the promise made to Abraham, when God

commanded him to go to Canaan, to the giving of the law, which soon followed the departure from Egypt. From Abraham's entry into Canaan to the birth of Isaac was twenty-five years, Gen. xii. 4; xvii. 1—21. Isaac was sixty years old at the birth of Jacob, Gen. xxv. 26; and Jacob was 130 at his going down into Egypt, Gen. xlvii. 9; which three sums make 215 years. And then Jacob and his children having continued in Egypt 215 more, the whole sum of 430 is regularly completed."

Verse 46. "Every family must stay in the house," and not a bone of the lamb was to be broken, and it was to be eaten in haste, verse 10, 11. This pointed to Jesus and what took place in his death about 1,500 years after. See next verse, 49. The word *law* signifies to aim at, teach, point out, direct, lead, guide, make straight or even. The word *lex law*, among the Romans has been derived from *lego*, I read, because it was hung up in the most public places, that it might be seen, read, and known by all men, that those who were to obey the law might not break it through ignorance, and thus incur the penalty. This was called *promulgatio legis*, the promulgation of the law. Or the word may come from *ligo*, I bind, because the law binds men to the strict observance of its pre-

cepts. The Greeks call the law *nomos*, from a word which signifies to divide, distribute, minister to, or serve, because the law divides to all their just rights, appoints or distributes to each his proper duty. Hence, where there are either no laws, or unequal and unjust ones, all is distraction, violence, rapine, oppression, anarchy, and ruin."

ALPHA.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY SERVICES,

At Compton, Newbury Circuit. On Good Friday, April 3rd, 1863, we held our annual tea meeting, when upwards of eighty sat down. A public meeting was afterwards held when Mr. B. Middleton presided. Messrs. Coling, Coles, and Belcher, delivered addresses, and six of the children recited pieces and sang hymns in an excellent manner. On Easter Sunday, April 5th, Mr. I. Humphreys, of Broad Town, Brinkworth Circuit, preached three impressive sermons. The chapel was well attended. On Monday, the 6th, the children partook of a good tea, after which the teachers and a few friends sat down to a very comfortable repast. At 7 o'clock we held our closing service, when the writer addressed the meeting, and the children finished reciting their pieces. A very gracious influence pervaded the

anniversary, and doubtless good impressions were made. The collections and the proceeds of the tea were £2 13s. 11d., for which we are very thankful.

HENRY EARLY, Sup.

DEARHAM, MARYPORT CIRCUIT.

THE Sabbath school anniversary services at this place were held on Easter Sunday and Monday, April 5th and 6th. On the Sabbath two sermons were preached to crowded audiences by the writer, and pieces were recited

and sung by the children. On the Monday, at half-past 1, the children walked through the streets, and Mrs. Walker kindly permitted them to pass through her gardens and pleasure grounds. In her presence two hymns were sung: 130 scholars afterwards received tea, and 150 of their friends. The chapel was crowded at night, the singing was excellent, and the pieces interesting. The collections amounted to £1 17s. 7d. Two of the scholars are members of society. May they all be converted in early life.

J. TAYLOR.

Miscellanies.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

NINE or ten years ago a citizen of one of the towns in the eastern part of Massachusetts was unjustly suspected of a crime which the statute cannot easily reach, but which deservedly brings upon any one guilty of it the indignation of upright men. There were circumstances which gave colour to the suspicion, and the unfortunate gentleman suffered the misery of loss of friends, business, and reputation. His sensitive nature could not face these trials, and he fell into a state of body and mind that alarmed his family. At length,

having invested his property where it could be easily managed by his wife, he suddenly disappeared, leaving her a comfortable home and the care of two boys of ten or twelve years. The first fear that he had sought a violent death was dispelled by the orderly arrangement of his affairs, and the discovery that a daguerreotype of the family group was missing from the parlour table. Not much effort was made to trace the fugitive. When, afterward, facts were developed which established his innocence of the crime charged, it was found impossible to communicate with him; and as the

publications of the story in the columns of several widely circulated journals failed to recall him, he was generally supposed to be dead.

At the outbreak of the present civil war his eldest son, now a young man, was induced by a friend, a captain in a western regiment, to enlist in his company. He carried himself well through campaigns in Missouri and Tennessee, and after the capture of Fort Donelson was rewarded with a first lieutenant's commission. At the battle of Murfreesboro' he was wounded in the left arm, but so slightly that he was still able to take charge of a squad of wounded prisoners. While performing this duty he became aware that one of them, a middle-aged man, with a full, heavy beard, was looking at him with fixed attention. The day after the fight, as the officer was passing, the soldier gave the military salute, and said,—

"A word with you, if you please, sir. You remind me of an old friend. Are you from New England?"

"I am."

"From Massachusetts?"

"Yes."

"And your name?"

The young lieutenant told his name, and why he came to serve in a western regiment.

"I thought so," said the other,

and turning away he was silent. Although his curiosity was much excited by the soldier's manner, the officer forbore to question him, and withdrew. But in the afternoon he took occasion to renew the conversation, and expressed the interest awakened in him by the incident of the morning.

"I knew your father," said the prisoner. "Is he well?"

"We have not seen him for years. We think he is dead."

Then followed such an explanation of the circumstances of his disappearance as the young man could give. He had never known the precise nature of the charges against his father, but was able to make it quite clear that his innocence had been established.

"I knew your mother also," continued the soldier. "I was in love with her when she married your father."

"I have a letter from her dated ten days ago. My brother is a nine months' man at New Orleans."

After a little desultory conversation, the soldier took from under his coat a leathern wallet, and disclosed a daguerreotype case. The hasp was gone, and the corners were rounded by wear.

"Will you oblige me," said he, "by looking at this alone in your tent?" Agitated almost beyond control, the young officer

took the case and hurried away.
He had seen the picture before.
It represented a man and a
woman sitting side by side, with
a boy at the knee of each.

The romantic story moved the
commander of the division to
grant the youth a furlough, and
both father and son reached
home together.

Poetry.

A copy of the following lines was forwarded to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in reply to which the following was sent to the author.

"Sandringham, April 2nd, 1863.

Lieut.-General Knollys is commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to thank Mr. Watson for his verses, and for the kind feeling which prompted them."

VERSES

COMPOSED FOR THE

OCCASION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' MARRIAGE.

TUNE—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

GREAT God, our Sovereign Lord,
By earth and heaven adored—
 The King of Kings,
With reverential fear
To Thee we now draw near,
O, bow Thy gracious ear
 Great King of Kings.

We pray that Thou wouldst bless,
With health and happiness,
 The Prince of Wales;
O, look in mercy down—
To him be favour shown;
With heavenly wisdom crown
 The Prince of Wales.

God bless the Royal Bride,
Be Thou her constant guide,
 Her faithful friend;

Doncaster.

Supported by Thy care,
May she Thy goodness share;
And blessings rich and rare—
 Her path attend.

God bless our widowed Queen—
Through every changing scene,
 Victoria bless:

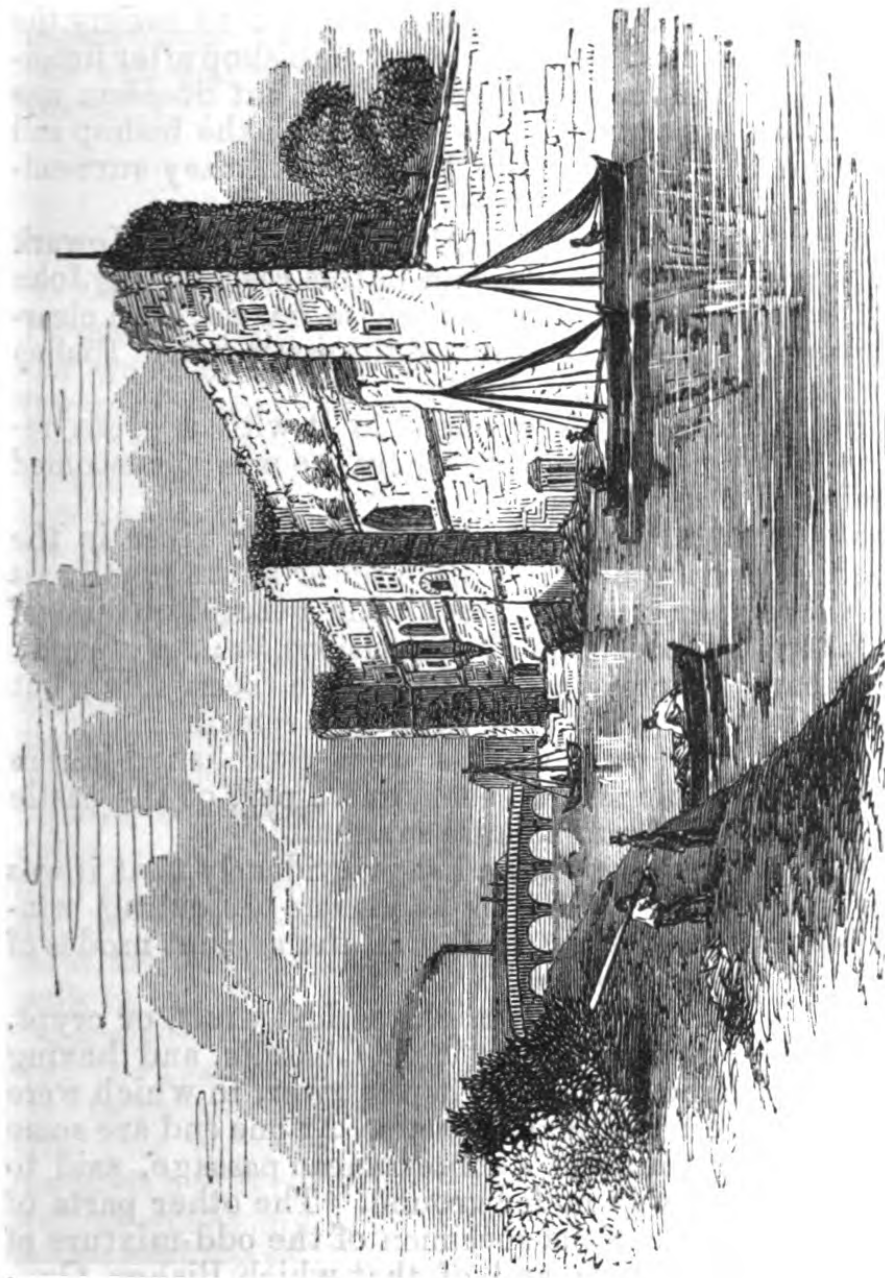
O, hear our voice to-day,
Long live our Queen we pray,
And long the sceptre sway,
 In righteousness.

Look down, great God of love,
And from our land remove
 Thy chastening hand.

O send us great success,
Our Queen and nation bless,
Let peace and plenteousness
 Pervade our land.

THOMAS WATSON.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



NEWARK CASTLE.

Youths' Department.

NEWARK CASTLE.

THIS castle though now in ruins, still presents an august appearance. It was built during the reign of King Stephen, by Alexander de Blois, Bishop of Lincoln.

Military erections were, however, at that time deemed improper for an ecclesiastic to engage in : and to satisfy the King and his own troubled conscience, the bishop after finishing the castle, founded two monasteries ; but Stephen was not to be thus appeased, for he seized both the bishop and his uncle ; and he kept them in durance until they surrendered to him all their fortresses.

In the reign of John, and in the baronial wars, Newark several times changed hands, and in this castle King John died, but whether by poison, or otherwise, has not been clearly ascertained. Henry III. restored the castle to the Bishop of Lincoln.

In 1530, Cardinal Wolsey lodged in it with a great retinue, on his way to Southwell, where he was accustomed to spend part of his summer.

At present the north front overlooking the river is the most perfect, having a large square tower at the north east angle, and another in the centre. The general outline of the building is square, and its dimensions are very great. The number of stories appears to have been five ; but within the exterior walls very little now remains.

In the year 1845, public baths were established herein by eighty shareholders of £5 each, and a part of the castle yard has been made into a cattle market.

The vestiges of the great hall shew evidently that it was built in later times ; indeed, its handsome projecting window must have been inserted after all the ancient modes of defence had gone out of use.

Under this hall is a most curious arched vault, or crypt, supported by a row of pillars in the middle, and having loopholes and embrasures towards the river, in which were planted cannon during the civil wars. At one end are some remains of the entrance to a subterranean passage, said to have gone a great way under ground. The other parts of the ruins exhibit a curious specimen of the odd-mixture of old Norman architecture, and of that which Bishop Gundulph first introduced at Rochester castle.

The castle and its liberty (1,138 acres) are in the parish

of East Stoke, which is four miles distant from Newark, but their inhabitants vote at elections for members of Parliament, as belonging to the borough, though they have no voice in the choice of churchwardens or other parochial officers.

The castle precincts are included in the borough of Newark, and still belong to the Crown. It is a source of pleasure to the mind to reflect that such massive places for defence are now no longer needed in happy England. They were the results of ancient tyranny, jealousy, and superstition. A brighter day has dawned upon us, and our national and social safety are largely owing to the Gospel.

"The Lord of hosts is our defence,
The God of Jacob is our refuge."

P. DAYKIN.

DANIEL DEALING WITH BELSHAZZAR.

IN reading Bible history we often meet with the fact that the wonders of Almighty power, justice, or grace have frequently soon been lost sight of by those whom God warned of impending judgments, or blessed with undeserved mercies. What a solemn visitation of divine justice on Nebuchadnezzar is narrated in the fourth chapter of Daniel, in the thirty-third verse. He was driven from among men, he ate grass as an ox, his body was wet with the dew of heaven, his hair grew like eagles' feathers, his nails were like birds' claws. What a spectacle for his subjects did this proud man present, how humiliating the sight for his family, his courtiers, his friends; but the just and adorable God who had thus humbled the arrogant boaster was graciously pleased to lift him from his degradation. In verse thirty-six, the restored monarch gratefully acknowledges the great mercy which had been shown him by the "King of heaven, whose works are truth, whose ways are judgment, and who is able to abase those who walk in pride."

Surely what Jehovah has done in thus degrading to a level with the beasts the proud king of Babylon, will have a salutary influence not only on him in his restored condition, but also that influence will be felt by his immediate descendants! Surely, in his private and public acts his son will reverence and honour Jehovah! Ah, no! "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" Man unregenerate desires not the knowledge of God. You may say the son of one who had experienced such a merciful restoration to reason and to his kingdom will

surely serve and obey that glorious Being who had done so much for his father. No; that son gathers together his lords, his princes, his wives, and his concubines to partake of a voluptuous and idolatrous feast, a feast in which high-handed wickedness is shown. When the king tasted the wine (probably when according to custom the libation was poured out to their gods) he called for the sacred vessels which had been taken from the house of God by Nebuchadnezzar, that they might be used for the vile purpose of honouring dumb idols. The company profanely drank from those vessels, and praised their senseless images, (verse 4.) But in the midst of that riotous and blasphemous feast what a strange event takes place, (verse 5) The fingers of a man's hand are seen in the act of writing against the candlestick in the full light of that richly illumined apartment, "Upon the plaster of the wall; and the king saw the part of the hand which wrote;" he at once felt that he was in the presence of a supernatural being, his countenance was changed, his thoughts troubled him, the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. In his unspeakable distress he sought to have the writing explained; and all the wise men were summoned. With what dread would they look upon those mystic characters traced by the seen fingers of an unseen, and unknown agent. They could not help the king by showing him the meaning of those inexplicable words. What must be done? (verse 9.), it is not in man to unfold the hidden purposes of God, "Secret things belong unto the Lord," but he revealed them to his servants the prophets.

And now the queen remembers Daniel, praying, devoted, holy Daniel. He had not been at the feast where idols were honored, he would rather have been torn limb from limb than joined himself to such impiety; but now in their consternation the vile revellers are reminded of him; the king is informed that Daniel can explain "hard sentences;" he is urged to "let him be called, and he will show the interpretation." Now Daniel "is brought in before the king." In the greatest terror of mind the king states what has taken place; he points to the words which had been written on the plaster and admits that their significance could not be made out by all the assembled wisdom of his court. To Daniel is proffered great rewards, "a chain of gold," and to be third ruler in the kingdom. See now how the nobility of Daniel's spiritual nature manifests itself: he desired not the king's gifts,—"let thy rewards be to another." Through the help of God's Spirit, Daniel was able to meet the king's requirement in explaining those

mystic words, which had filled his soul with utter dismay. But before Daniel proceeds to give the meaning of "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin," he must needs seize the opportunity of giving a word of rebuke and warning. Let us look at the holy prophet as he thus stands in the presence of majesty, and of that host of idolatrous, blasphemous, revellers who had been so terribly aroused in the midst of their drunken orgies. He feels he must speak for God; now he lays his fingers upon that dreadful event in the history of the king's father, the debasement of Nebuchadnezzar, he, Daniel reminds his son, had been greatly lifted up, he had forgotten himself in pride and arrogance, he had felt the hand of God heavy upon him; all the degradation through which the father passed was nakedly set before the son by the faithful prophet. How sternly true are the words of verses 22 and 23, "Thou knewest all this," &c., "and hast not glorified" him. We will not, at present, pursue this subject much further.

My dear children, may I note a few thoughts for you to ponder over in connection with this thrilling narrative.

1. Sinners in all their wicked courses are under the eye of God; the king and those revelling with him were ignorant or unmindful of that solemn truth, "Thou God seest me." From the beginning of their vile feast every word and action had been noted down by him, every sin whenever and wherever committed is known to God, every heart in that vast assemblage of sinners in all the depths of its wickedness was read by God.

2. God can at any moment punish sinners; he bears with them till their cup is full—but though vengeance tarries—though God exercises long forbearance he will finally smite the sinner, the Babylonish king and people had become so corrupt, God let loose the executioners of his wrath upon them. The dynasty of which Nebuchadnezzar had been the principal personage was to cease, for on that same night was this the last of his race slain. Even during their revellings had the invading army been making good its entrance into the city—the ruthless soldiery were even then advancing upon the palace. Oh let us fear God, his wrath against sinners is great, "he is angry with the wicked every day."

3. Those who love God must be ready to witness for him—to embrace all opportunities of reproofing sinners. See Daniel setting the king's vile conduct in its true light before him: let us respectfully but firmly tell those who live in sin of the fearful consequences of such a course. Dear children, pray for grace to hate sin and to be able to

reprove in the spirit of love those who are insulting and grieving God.

4. What a mercy to receive warning from those who desire our salvation.

Dear children, if you have faithful parents who love you and warn you of the evil of sin, if your teachers watch over you, and point out to you what is grievous to God, if your ministers have such a care of you that they are ever striving to set before you the evil of sin—oh thank God that you are faithfully dealt with. Oh remember that when your sins are set before you, and you are shown all the vileness of a life of rebellion against God, it is because those who thus deal faithfully with you, love you, and desire above all things that your sins may be pardoned, your souls sanctified; and that you may obtain a meetness to join in the fellowship of the apostles and prophets in the presence of our adorable Saviour for ever.

JOSEPH LONG.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 148.)

IN further tracing the life of Paul, we come now to the history of his conversion. That circumstance is a marvel in itself. Whether we look at the man converted, the means employed, or the results following, all are alike marvellous. We have the history of many remarkable conversions in the New Testament—for instance, that of Zaccheus, the dying thief, Cornelius, the Ethiopian eunuch, Lydia, &c.; but Paul's conversion occupies a place peculiarly its own.

In order to have a proper view of this grand event we must first view him in the full sway of his influence, energy, and power as a persecutor. As such his name has inspired terror among the disciples, not only in Jerusalem and its environs, but also in many of the provinces surrounding. From the death of Stephen until now he has continually "breathed out threatenings and slaughter" against the saints, and not content with the devastating work he has performed at Jerusalem, and having "scattered many abroad" by his envenomed persecution there, he relentlessly determines to follow the poor fugitives to the various places of their retreat, "having authority from the chief priests and council to bring them bound to Jerusalem."

The city of Damascus is fixed upon as the first scene of his cruel mission. Damascus, be it remembered, is a place much celebrated in sacred history. It was in ancient times

the capital of Syria, and has for thousands of years continued a place of great importance. It existed in the days of Abraham,—how long previously is not known. It is situated in a rich and fertile district, and enjoys many natural advantages. The city is about two miles in length, and five in circumference, and contains at present about 150,000 souls, 10,000 of whom are Christians. It lies about 130 miles north-east of Jerusalem. It was to this great city that Saul of Tarsus was journeying when the important event occurred we are about to pass under review. It should be remembered that in all probability there were at this time many thousands of Jews at Damascus, and that they had several synagogues in connection with that city. They would naturally form a distinct community here, as elsewhere, with liberty to exercise the rites and worship of their national religion. The Jewish National Council at Jerusalem it seems had authority over the faith and religious practice of these Damascus Jews; hence it was with authority from the ecclesiastical rulers in Jerusalem that Saul came to Damascus, having "letters to the synagogues." This then is the position of Saul. Having been chiefly instrumental in raising a persecution against the Christians in Jerusalem, which had scattered many of them into various surrounding countries, he is determined that they shall have no rest in the places to which they have fled for refuge, but backed up by the spiritual powers in Jerusalem he will follow them with relentless cruelty wherever they have gone, and will do his best to bring them as prisoners to be judged and punished in Jerusalem.

We must now picture Saul as having obtained his authority, made his preparations, and selected his attendants and being on his way to Damascus. Inwardly we may suppose he is already rejoicing in anticipation of the misery and slaughter he will inflict upon the poor heretics who, he supposes, have forsaken their national and hereditary faith to believe in an impostor. Proud of his authority he sets out eagerly on his journey, determining that the contemptible Christians of Damascus shall speedily feel his power.

I have read, and will relate from memory, an anecdote of a certain persecuting prelate of our own country, which will illustrate this part of our narrative:—

Towards the latter days of Queen Mary, a commissioner was sent over to Ireland to inflict on the Protestants of that part of the United Kingdom the same kind of punishment their brethren in England had for some time been

enduring. The commissioner (a bishop) had proceeded on his journey as far as the city of Chester. He there stayed at an inn, the landlady of which was a woman of Protestant principles. Pointing to a certain box, she heard the commissioner say, 'I have in that box that which will lash the heretics of Ireland.' This grieved the heart of the pious landlady. She therefore spied her opportunity, took the vaunted commission out of its box, and inserted instead a pack of cards. The commissioner, totally insensible of what had been done, went on his journey, and having arrived at Dublin presented himself to the authorities, stated the purpose for which he had been sent, and referred of course to the commission which he bore in his box, and with the execution of which he had been honoured by Queen Mary and her government. Quite naturally he was desired to shew his commission, but lo! on opening his box, he found to his great surprise that it was not there, but instead of it there was a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost. In anger and rage he hastened back to London for another commission, but before he could obtain it and act upon it, Mary had been called to her account before the Judge of all.

Let us now return to Paul. Well, he is on his way to Damascus, and draws near the city when lo! "suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven; and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul, not knowing who it was that spoke to him, asked, "Who art thou, Lord?" The answer to the astonished and confounded Saul is, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. And he trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." This is the simple historical narrative as written by Luke. Twice we have the story of this remarkable event detailed by the apostle himself, once to an angry crowd in Jerusalem, and again before King Agrippa. The apostle considerably enlarges upon and amplifies the statement as given by Luke, and adds one or two facts of considerable interest. He tells us that it was "about noon" the miraculous light shone upon him; and how it was that he became blind, "I could not see for the glory of that light;" and further, how that "being led by the hand of them who were with him he came to Damascus." When before Agrippa Paul says, "At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun shining round me and them which journeyed with me." Further on in this

account he tells us that the Saviour addressed him in the Hebrew tongue, and even then gave him an insight into his future work, saying unto him, "But rise and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." There is one little seeming discrepancy, however, which it is important to clear up. Luke says that those who journeyed with Saul "stood speechless, hearing a voice but seeing no man;" but Paul himself says, "And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid, but they heard not the voice of him who spoke unto me." The explanation of this matter is this: the men who were with Saul heard the voice of one speaking without recognising the words. The whole of the strange phenomena attending the conversion of Saul must be understood as miraculous. The great light was seen by them all, and a voice speaking they all heard; but the words uttered were only intended for Paul, and therefore were understood by him only.

We now see the apostle a changed man. True, the means used to produce this change were extraordinary, and so was the man. Now let us imagine, if we can, this same Saul, the proud Pharisee, the malignant persecutor, the self-confident and determined Saul, humbled and penitent, blind too, led by the hands of others into Damascus, and taking up his lodging in the street which is called Straight. Oh see we not here the mighty power of God in humbling such a man, in bringing his lofty looks so low, and in making him what he afterwards became? Surely this must be the working of the marvellous and mighty power of God, and hence the conversion of Saul is no mean proof of the truthfulness of Christianity.

(To be continued.)

W. M. B.

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."—JOHN xiv. 2.

SUCH is the endearing epithet, or name, our Lord gives to the future dwelling-place of his saints,—a name that awakens in our minds ideas the most pleasing, and reflections the most delightful. Our "Father's House" on earth is associated with all that is dear and tender; its very mention touches a sacred chord in the human breast. It was at our "Father's House" where most of us first saw the light of day, and where the voice of friends first greeted our ears. There we were taught to lift our voice in prayer, and there we learned to lisp a Saviour's name. There kind

friends anxiously watched over us and readily attended to our necessities. Thither we ran for shelter when danger threatened, and there we ever found a welcome; and wander whither we may in the wide world, we can never forget Our "Father's House." We may cross the seas and visit regions far away; we may wander amid the most charming scenery of nature, and spend our days in countries the most lovely, but we shall still think of the home that sheltered us in our youth. It will exercise an influence over the mind that distance cannot annihilate, nor age entirely destroy. The Scottish highlander clings to the high hills around his youthful home, and the Swiss mountaineer leaves with reluctance the grand old rocks under the shadow of which he spent his early days. And it is with some degree of emotion that the Englishman leaves his birth-place to visit lands and countries far remote.

If the father's house, our native place, has so many attractions for us here, what must be the attractions of our superior home above, Our "Father's House" in heaven. Our heavenly home has connected with it superior advantages and privileges, and is already endeared to our hearts by ties that nothing can sever. It is the place where God our Father ever lives, and where all his faithful children meet. It is the place to which many of our dearest friends have gone, and the place to which we cheerfully travel as we "Nightly pitch our moving tent, a day's march nearer home." Numbers are constantly leaving our ranks below to join the society of the glorified above. Death, here, enters Our "Father's House" and removes some beloved member from the family circle. Our hearts are oftentimes torn with sorrow as we enter the home of our childhood, and find that one with whom we used to converse, and in whose society we used to delight, is now no more. This thought affords consolation, they are "our Father's" children still, and live now in his more immediate presence, where death can never come. They have gone a little while before, and are ready to welcome us on our arrival.

"Thus heaven is gathering one by one in its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent, the beautiful and blest:
The family is scattered yet, though of one home and heart,
Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly glory part.

But who can speak the rapture, when the circle is complete,
And all the children sundered here, before their Father meet;
One fold, one shepherd, one employ, one everlasting home,
'Lo, I come quickly!' 'Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus come.'

Our Father has a numerous family; his children are in

every part of the world, but our Father's house is sufficiently large to accommodate the whole. Already an innumerable company have arrived at home, and still there is ample room for millions more. Soon the family circle will be completed, and the most distant child of God shall have reached his heavenly home. And O how happy will be the meeting when all surround our Father's board, and worship in his sight. Mind cannot conceive their fulness of joy, nor fathom their plenitude of bliss. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the thing which God hath prepared for them that love him."

"Here we are able only to survey,
Dawnings of beams, and glimmerings of day;
Heaven's fuller effulgence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its lustre, and too strong its light."

Our Father's house is a home of purity and joy. There shall enter "nothing that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." All our Father's children have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," and they are now without fault before the throne of God." While on earth they received the Spirit of adoption, and were constituted "heirs," now they possess the eternal inheritance, and reign as kings enthroned. While in this present world many of them lived in obscurity, and died in solitude, but now they appear as children of light, and shine as the stars for ever and ever. Sorrow shall never again enter their happy home, nor grief depress their joyous spirits, for the former things have passed away.

This delightful dwelling-place of God's children is not subject to decay. Time can exert no influence over it, for it is "eternal in the heavens." When other buildings shall have crumbled to dust, when the palaces and mansions of earth shall be lost in ruins; yea, when the hills shall be removed, and the sun grow dim; when the stars shall fade, and the sea be dried, our house above shall still remain firm as the foundations of Jehovah's throne. Have we such a home in prospect? Have we repented of sin and believed in Jesus? Have we received the Spirit of adoption, enabling us to say, Abba, Father? Can we read our title clear to mansions in the skies? If so, happy are we. Let us hold fast unto the end, that we may exclaim when dying,

" 'I'm going home,' my fight is fought,
Great Captain take my shield;
Though often struck, yet never stained,
And let me quit the field."

'I'm going home,' farewell, farewell,
I join the hosts above;
Now faith is past, and hope is o'er,
But I shall dwell in love.'

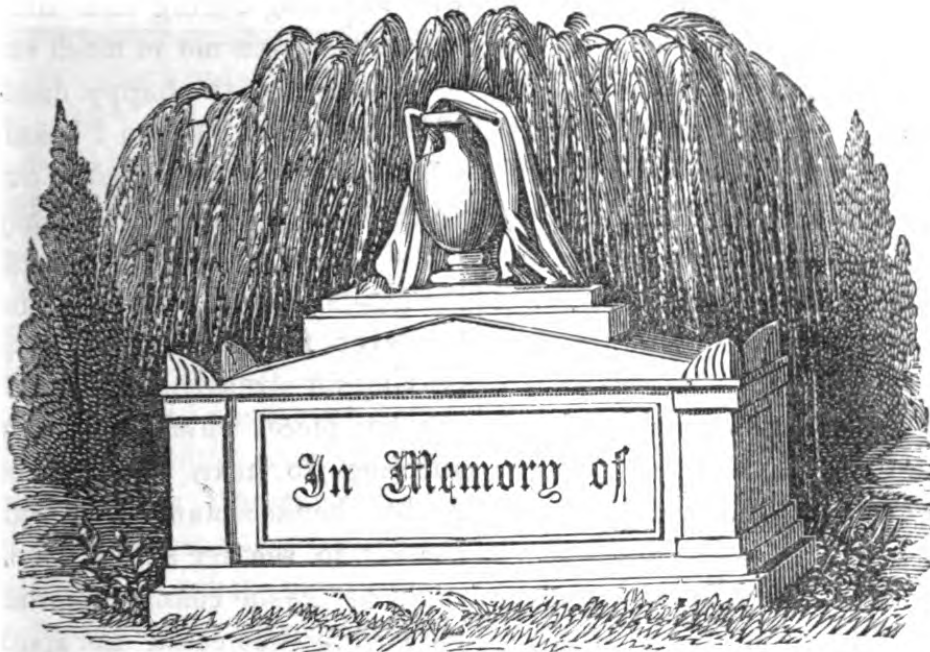
T. WILKINSON.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following beautiful poem is deserving of notice from its pious sentiment, as well as for its being a specimen of curious composition. There are only two manuscript copies of it extant, in one it is said to have been written by King James I., and in the other it is ascribed to Bishop Andrews:—

If any one be distress'd, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father,
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven,
Except thou succour us,
Who art in heaven.
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise thee, singing,
Hallowed be thy name.
Of all our miseries, cast up the sum,
Show us thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come.
We mortal are, and alter from our birth,
Thou constant art,
Thy will be done on earth.
Thou mad'st the earth as well as planets seven,
Thy name be blessed here
As 'tis in heaven.
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except thou give it us,
Give us this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without thee we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we may sin—
Forgive us our trespasses.
No man from sin ever free did live,
Forgive us, Lord, our sins
As we forgive.
If we repent our faults, thou ne'er disdainest us,
We pardon them
That trespass against us.
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in thy faith,
And lead us,
We, thine own people and thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the Giver,
Suffer us not to wander;
But deliver
Us from the assaults of world and devil,
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.
To these petitions let both church and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice, say
Amen.

Juvenile Biography.



THOMAS HAYWOOD, son of William and Mary Haywood, of Burslem, Tunstall Circuit, who was born May 29th, 1847, and died June 10th, 1862. He was from three years of age a scholar in our school, and was very much attached to it. He was of a delicate constitution, and, in the beginning of 1862, his health began to decline, his appetite failed, and it was evident to his parents that he was not going to remain with them long. Various means were resorted to, but they proved to be of no avail; he sank daily under his complaint. He did not wish to stay in this world: but desired to be with Christ, which is far better. He was frequently visited by the teachers, and the friends in our society, who found him, though suffering

greatly, patiently submitting to the will of God. His delight was in singing and prayer — his favourite hymn being—

“In the Christian’s home in glory,
There remains a land of rest.”

The visits of the teachers were received by him with holy joy and delight. With him the teachers held sweet and heavenly communion—were gratified by the conviction that his soul was ripening for heaven, and derived spiritual consolation and instruction by witnessing the power of the Lord to save and to support him. May they never forget the lessons they learned by the things he suffered. It was evident to all that his moments were numbered yet the flame of life, although dim and feeble, continued to burn until the evening of the

10th June, when he fell asleep in Jesus. So silent, and calm, and peaceful was the change, that his parents and teachers, who were by the bed-side, would not have perceived it but for a slight convulsion. Thus ended the life and suffering of Thomas Haywood. May all the teachers and scholars meet him in heaven, is the prayer of the writer.

A TEACHER.

[We understand this sketch has been mislaid, or it would have appeared earlier.—Ed.]

FANNY, the beloved daughter of Thomas and Mary Howson, of Swinscoe, in the Ramsor Circuit, departed this life, January 2nd, 1863, in the ninth year of her age. She was ill a few weeks, and died of diphtheria. She was a scholar in our Sabbath-school. It was her delight to be there. When kept away, she would say with the poet,

"I have been there and still would go,
It's like a little heaven below,
Not all my pleasures or my play,
Shall tempt me to forget that day.

I remember when in the Sabbath-school she would lean against me, and look over my hymn-book. Her favourite hymn was,

"Glory be to God on high,
Jesus Christ is passing by,
And God is reconciled."

She was a loving child, which gained her the affection of almost all who knew her. I have been a Sabbath-school

teacher here about thirteen years, but I don't know that I have met with anything during that time which has given me so much encouragement as the happy death of little Fanny. When I heard, my mind was carried back to our annual tea-meeting, I could fancy I saw her on the platform, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed upwards, as if praying for strength while reciting her piece, which was very affecting to hear. I have no doubt of her acceptance with God. I went to see her about a fortnight before she changed mortality for life—she could not speak audibly, but only whisper. I said, "Fanny, Jesus loves you, and he says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" She gave me a look with a smile. I prayed, and when I arose, she put out her hand to shake hands with me. Singing was her delight, and though severely afflicted, she was often anxious to say her prayers, which, she said, made her feel better. In her last moments she said, "Good bye, father; good bye, mother," separately, and put out her feeble hand to shake hands, and said, "I am dying," and asked God to bless her. As she was looking very earnestly, her mother said, "Does Fanny see angels?" She said, "They are round my

bed." Thus she passed away to that land where sickness cannot enter, and where there shall be no more death,—leaving behind a sorrowing father, mother, brother, and sister. May they prepare to meet her in heaven, is the prayer of
J. FARMER.

EVELINA MARKHAM was born Nov. 4th, 1850, at West Butterwick, in the Epworth Circuit, and exchanged mortality for life, Jan. 23rd, 1863, aged thirteen years. From her early childhood to her last illness she was unlike most other children in her obedience to her parents, her indifference to ordinary amusements, and her general docility of character. At an early age she became a scholar in our Sabbath-school at West Butterwick, to which she became greatly attached; her attendance was regular, and her general conduct good. The Sunday previous to her death she occupied her place with her school mates, and appeared, as usual, as fresh as a rose. The rose, however, was destined soon to fade. She was suddenly seized by the withering blight of that fell disease, diphtheria, which nipped the bud, and soon terminated her earthly existence. As her end drew nigh she expressed herself as ready to depart and be with Christ. Addressing her father, she said, "Heaven is a

very nice place. I am going to heaven, father. You must meet me there. O, I do love my father, and I should so much like to meet him in heaven." She then exhorted her father to be kind to her dear mother, who has been lame for several years. "O, father," she exclaimed, "You must be good, very good, and tell my brothers and sisters to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven."

Hearing of her state, I hastened, after the preaching service, to the chamber of death, and found her in great pain of body, but patient and resigned. I shall not soon forget the heavenly influence that pervaded that room as I spoke to her of Jesus, and said, "Jesus, sweet Jesus, is with you in the valley," to which she replied, "Yes, Jesus is with me." I then said,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

To which she replied, "Yes, he can. I am going to heaven to be with Jesus." When unable to articulate, she raised her hand in triumph, and passed triumphantly through death to glory.

WALLIS ANDREW.

WILLIAM, the son of James and Hannah MILLER, was born at Coal-pit Heath, December 9th, 1843. When he was six months old his parents brought him to Cwmbran, in Monmouthshire. When old enough, he was admit-

ted into the Baptist Sabbath-school, and ultimately into the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school, Cwmbran, where he progressed in learning, and finally became a teacher. But the Lord saw fit to instruct him in another school, namely, that of affliction. He was greatly afflicted for several years; and although subject to divine impressions, he neglected them till towards the close of his life. After he took to his bed his friends visited him, prayed and conversed with him, until the Holy Spirit wrought the work of conversion in his soul. He was set at liberty, born of God, and became a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

When his emaciated body was almost worn to a skeleton, he rejoiced in the Lord his Redeemer, and, as during his long and painful illness many of his friends paid him visits from time to time, they were satisfied as to his being a sinner saved by grace.

The Rev. T. Hobson and his colleague also paid him visits, to whom he manifested the greatest readiness to "Depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

One day his mother saw his lips moving, and said to him, "To whom were you talking my son, to Jesus?" To which he replied, "Yes." "Would you be ready to depart now if the Lord should see fit to call you?" He answered emphatically, "Oh, yes,

I long for my time to come." At another time he said to a friend, "Bless the Lord, I am ready to go. All is well. All is well." He felt very humble—appeared calm and composed in the prospect of death. He loved his Sabbath-school, the teachers, scholars, and superintendent, and seemed thankful when any of the Lord's people called to see him. But at last his end drew nigh. The pale messenger approached. His labour was done, his journey ended, his battle won. He prepared to leave his father, mother, and brothers on this side the river. On the 27th of Jan. 1863, he called his father, saying, "Father, lift me up." His father did so, but the dying youth added, "That is the wrong place, father" (feeling, probably, the most intense pains from his wounds on being raised up). Dropping his hands suddenly his father gazed upon his pale face. He was gone to the bright realms of glory. His remains were interred at Cwmbran Church, on Saturday, Jan. 31st, 1863, and his death was improved by the Rev. T. Hobson, of Pontypool, in Cwmbran Primitive Methodist chapel, to a good congregation, on Sunday, March 22nd, 1863, from Rev. xiv. 13. Reader! when death approaches, may he find thee ready.

GEORGE STEPHENS.

—
DINAH JANE, the beloved

daughter of William and Jane HUNTER, was born at South Shields, June 11th, 1856, and died February 4th, 1863. Her mother has been travelling in the way to Zion for many years, and has, by the help of God, endeavoured to train up her children in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Dinah Jane was sent to the Sabbath school when very young, and never was known to be absent nor behind the time appointed. She was much loved by her teachers and fellow scholars. There are few of her age that can read the Bible so well as she could, and its blessed truths took fast hold of her heart. The Bible was her constant companion; in it she would read for hours together. She loved the exercises of singing, and learning poetry, and to mingle with the people of God at the preaching services and prayer meetings. To sing the praises of God her Saviour was to her a delightful employment. Her teacher in the week-day school speaks of her in the highest terms as a pattern of piety and industry, for she was never to be found idle. When she got home from the preaching service she always could think of the text, and a great portion of the sermon. The last Sabbath morning's service that she was permitted to attend she was de-

lighted with the words of the text, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple."

In the course of the following week, she was seized with scarlet fever, which, in a few days, terminated her earthly career. There never was a word of complaint heard from her, more than "Ma, I'm tired." She often sang,

"I want to be an angel,

And with the angels stand," &c.

And the following hymn was a great favourite of hers,—

"Come sing to me of heaven,

When I'm about to die;

Sing songs of holy ecstasy,

To waft my soul on high."

The last words she was heard to say were, "My Bible! Give me my Bible!" The writer saw her a few minutes before her departure. She was quite sensible, but speechless. Her happy spirit at last took its flight to the realms glory, to be with Christ, which is far better. May her parents, teachers, fellow scholars, and the writer meet her in heaven!

JOHN LITTLE.

—
DAVID, son of James and Eliza Jane LEECH, was born at Whalley, in Cheshire, and died at Hyde, February 12th, 1863, aged eleven years. His affliction in the first instance was the

scarlet fever, which resulted in a dropsy, and this rapidly hurried him to the end of his days. Only a week after his death, a young sister of six years of age, was taken away by the same complaints; and while David was struggling with the last enemy, a little sister, aged two years and ten months, was in the last agonies of mortality by the choking disease which has become so prevalent in our country the last few years. The reader may imagine the scene as David reels in his bed to and fro, leaning on his left elbow, not being able to lie down, and his little sister lying on a friend's knees, surrounded with lookers-on who have come to watch the result of this mortal struggle. The father and mother are there, with tearful eyes and heaving hearts, minutely watching every move; and while all are anxiously gazing, David breaks out in language of Christian experience which for depth and fulness astonishes them all. As one remarked, it was not the language of a boy; no, it was the language of a soul matured for the skies.

O, ye parents, ye Sabbath school teachers, look on this scene. It speaks volumes for your instruction. And ye scholars, read this account, read it over and over again, and as you read, pray that your last end may be like young David's.

He continued in this happy state of soul to the end, though suffering acutely in body; and when his parents wept at the death of his infant sister, he told them to weep not, she was only just gone before him. And so it proved. The one went in the morning, the other in the evening.

The day before he died he called all the family together, and elicited a promise from them that they would each meet him in heaven. But his oldest brother spoke so indistinctly that he did not hear him promise; this troubled him all the day. To a friend who was with him he said he had only one thorn in his pillow, and that was, he had not heard his brother promise to meet him in heaven. But his brother promising him fully on coming home in the evening; every thorn was removed. Just before he died he said, "Father, I am going," and he quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

Reader, whether your time be long or short, make as good use of it as did young David; and yours, like his, shall be a joyful immortality. LUKE STAFFORD.

—
DAVID BADDELEY, the beloved son of William and Emma Baddeley of Talk'-o'-th'-hill, Tunstall Circuit, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, February 16th, 1863, aged fourteen years. At an early age

his father led him to the house of God, and he was a dutiful and an affectionate child, and was at all times respected and beloved by those who knew him. He became a scholar in our Sabbath school at Talk'-o'-th'-hill when very young, and he was very attentive to his lessons, and at all times behaved himself well. I was for some time his teacher, but I do not recollect having had to reprove him at any time for misconduct. When from school he never kept the company of giddy, trifling boys; but chose the company of such as were of a quiet, inoffensive disposition, and when at any time he was led by bad boys into misconduct, he lost his cheerfulness for some days, and never seemed satisfied till he had told the secrets of his heart to his father, from whom he always received good and suitable advice. But he remained a stranger to saving grace till May, 1861, when he became deeply convinced of the necessity of a change of heart; and he then sought and found the Lord to the joy and satisfaction of his soul. From that time to the day of his death he always said his acceptance was clear. He was regular in his attendance at the means of grace, and usually stayed at the prayer meeting after preaching. Prayer was his great delight, and often he would retire to his closet with his Bible, and when

no one saw him but his heavenly Father, he would read the sacred book, and pour out his soul in prayer to Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not;" and he would return with a cheerful countenance, singing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

He took great delight in reading good and useful books, and often wrote down on paper passages that spoke of the love of Jesus to sinners. He loved to read our Juvenile Magazines, and committed many little hymns to memory. For eight weeks before his death he was very heavily afflicted. During that time I with others often visited him, and always found him happy in the Lord; and often in the midst of his pain he would sing—

"My Jesus I love Thee—
I know Thou art mine."

He always spoke of death with composure, and sometimes with joy. His confidence in God never gave way, save once, when he began to think of others who were more privileged than himself; he then at once sent for his father, and told him that he feared that he grieved the Lord by the thought. But after a few words of comfort spoken by his father, his soul was filled with heavenly joy, and he praised the Lord for His goodness and His great mercy to him; ever after, that faith was his

"That keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Illumes a dying bed."

When visited by some of his companions, from school, he exhorted them to cling to religion, and to be sure to meet him in the realms of the blest, where they should be

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God, eternally shut in."

Just before his death he sent for his father up-stairs, to make to him his last request, and said, "Now father, I want my two grandfathers and grandmothers to be sent for, and my brothers and sisters, and you, and my dear mother, all to come up-stairs before I die; I have something to say to you all. Will you ask them, dear father?" "I will, my lad" said his father. They all came. He then began to speak to his grandparents, whose grey hairs and furrowed cheeks told of their "threescore years and ten," and their near approach to the grave. Speaking to each separately he began, "Grandfather, I am now dying, but I am happy, Jesus is here, and He is going to

take me right away to heaven, will you, will you, try to meet me there?" and so with all; exhorting all to meet him at God's right hand in heaven. It was an affecting sight to see the dear little saint thus exhorting his aged parents to prepare for death. His voice no longer was audible. He then lay for a short time, calm and composed on his pillow, with a heavenly smile on his countenance; his lips then moved, and raising his hand, he seemed to

"Catch a hymn of love,
From angels' harps that ring above,
And sang it as his parting breath
Quiver'd and expir'd in death.

His voice grew faint, and fix'd his eye,

As if gazing on visions of ecstasy:
The hue of his cheek and lips decay'd,
Around his mouth, a sweetsmile play'd.

They look'd—he was dead! his spirit
had fled:

Painless and swift as his own desire,
The soul undress'd from her mortal vest,
Had stepp'd in her car of heav'nly fire,

And prov'd how bright, were the
realms of light,

Bursting at once upon his sight!"

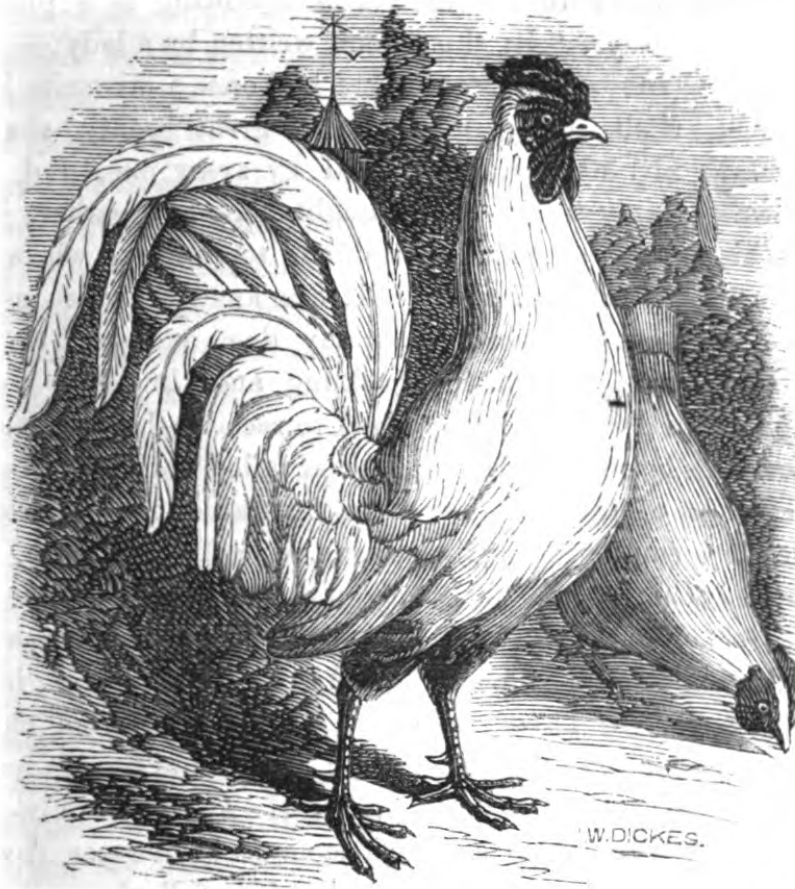
CHARLES LAWTON.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE DOMESTIC FOWL.

THE COCK is a fine bird; its long, arched tail-feathers, erect crest, and noble form, make it

the ornament of our English farmyards. The country from whence the fowl originally came is said to have been Persia; but



when it was first brought into Europe is not known. It is now sometimes found in a wild state in the forests of India, and in some of the islands of the eastern seas.

The male bird is remarkable for crowing at a very early hour in the morning. As the Romans divided the night into four divisions, or watches, that between midnight and dawn was called "cock-crowing." To this our Lord refers in his solemn warning to his disciples to be ever ready for his coming: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh; at even, or at midnight, or at

the cock-crowing, or in the morning," Matt. xxiv. 42, 43; Mark xiii. 35.

"It has been often remarked in illustration of Scripture," says the Rev. J. Arundel, "that in the eastern countries the cocks crow in the night; but the regularity with which they keep what may be called the watches has not been perhaps sufficiently noticed. I will, however, confine myself to one, and that is between eleven and twelve o'clock. I have often heard the cocks of Smyrna crowing in full chorus at that time, and with scarcely the variation of a minute. The second cock-crowing is between

one and two o'clock; therefore, when our Lord says, "In this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice," Mark xiv. 30, the allusion is clearly to these seasons. In fact, this was altogether so novel to me at my first arrival in Smyrna, that I could calculate the hours of the night with the utmost precision by the crowing of the cocks, as by my watch."

The courage of the cock has been wickedly employed for the amusement of idle and cruel people; but only those of low and cruel minds now engage in such sport. We have the creatures for our use and service, but we are not allowed to abuse any of their qualities to our sinful pleasure. God will take account of all our cruelty to the animals and birds he has intrusted to our care.

The hen is a most useful bird, its eggs being a valuable article of food. A single hen, when well supplied with corn and water, has been known to lay two hundred eggs in one year. Her care over her young is tender and vigilant. She leads them to where they are likely to find the greatest quantity of grain, and shows them, by pecking, the sort proper for them. By a variety of notes she calls them to their food, and by a peculiar cluck warns them of danger.

The following is a pleasing story, written by a lady:—

"I had once a favourite black hen; 'a great beauty' she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for 'Yarico'—so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, had a respectable family of chickens, little, cowering timid things at first, but, in due time, they became fine chubby ones; and an old female servant said, 'If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse, it would do; but it is full of weasles, and I am sure, of foxes too. I have driven her back twenty times, but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she is off again: it is always the way with young hens, Miss; they think they know better than their keepers, and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens.' I have often thought, since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dearly.

"One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favourite in the poultry yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico. The gate was open: and, as I concluded she had sought the for-

bidden copse, I proceeded accompanied by the yard mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quickset hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot, I heard a loud and tremendous cackling. I met two long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock the mastiff pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock.

"Poor Yarico! an impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her chickens, but she had managed to get behind them in the edge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in the front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay. His desire for plunder had prevented him from noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a foxcub.

"The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never ventured into the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard she

would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking perhaps he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend, not exactly 'knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated, and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most graceful and interesting bird."

At the first sight of any bird of prey or other foe, the whole brood generally take refuge under the wings of the hen, when, as we have seen in Yarico, she will defend them with great boldness. By such watchful care and affection our Lord illustrated his own tender regard towards Jerusalem, and his earnest desire for its safety and happiness: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them

which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not," Matt. xxiii. 37; Luke xiii. 34. Here Jesus speaks in his Divine character. It was he who had sent the prophets, to warn the Jews of their sins, and to call them to seek their safety in his protection. But they would not obey his calls, and soon the Roman armies, like eagles of prey, came upon them, and there was no shelter left to them from their foes. Still in this figure we see our Saviour's love to lost and perishing souls; he now calls to *us* to seek refuge in him, while he promises salvation and every blessing to those who attend his call. May we feel how exposed we are to our watchful and dangerous foes; and may we prove how willing and able Jesus is to save us from them all.

HINTS FOR LITTLE FOLK.

MY DEAR YOUNG READERS,—If you look at Exod. xiv. 21, 22, the sea over which the Israelites passed, was (according to Bruce), about four leagues, or about twelve miles across, and could be crossed in one night. By the stretching out the rod and the blowing of the wind the waters were divided, and the bed of the sea was dried. Some think that in the place where the Israelites

passed, the water was about fourteen fathoms deep. Dr. Clarke thinks that the wind was sent to dry up the bed of the sea, and not to divide the waters,—that was done by the power of God, when Moses "stretched out his hand over the sea," verse 16.

Some have supposed that the Israelites passed through, favoured by an extraordinary ebb, which happened at that time. Had this been the case, there could not have been waters standing on the right hand and on the left, much less could those waters, contrary to every law of fluids, have stood as a wall on either side while the Israelites passed over, and then closed when the Egyptians entered in. The many references to this miracle in subsequent writers, prove it to be true. Compare Num. xxxiii. 8, Ps. lxvi., lxxiv., lxxvii., cvi., cxiv.; Is. lxiii. 13; 1 Cor. x. 1; Heb. xi. 29.

Look next at Exodus xiv. 28. Josephus says that the army of Pharaoh consisted of fifty thousand horse, and two hundred thousand foot, of whom not one remained to carry tidings of this most extraordinary catastrophe. Tradition says there were three motives for the Egyptians following the Israelites:—1. Revenge for the destruction of their cattle, &c. 2. The recovery of the "jewels of silver and jewels of gold," &c., and 3. That they wanted their labour, &c.

"When Egypt's king God's chosen tribes
pursued,
In crystal walls th' admiring waters
stood;
When through the desert wild they
took their way,
The rocks relented, and poured forth
a sea.
What limits can Almighty goodness
know,
When seas can harden and when rocks
can flow?"—*Pope*.

Many opinions have been formed by persons respecting the meaning of the 18th verse of the 13th chapter; but Dr. Clarke thinks the word "harnessed" means an orderly, or well arranged manner, or to arrange, array, or set in order, &c. Our margin has "by five in a rank;" but had they marched only five a-breast, supposing only one yard for each rank to move in, it would have required not less than sixty-eight miles for even the 600,000; for 600,000 divided by five gives 120,000 ranks of five each, and there being only 1,760 yards in a mile, the dividing 120,000 by 1,760 will give the number of miles, which, will be found to be something more than sixty-eight miles.

See now Exod. xv. 11, "Who is like Thee?" Psa. cxlvii. 5; Job xxxvii. 23; Exod. xv. 26; when the Lord promised Israel that they should be free from the diseases of Egypt he said he would heal them. It means God would free them from those diseases of Egypt if they would obey

him; or, like a physician who gives preservatives to preserve health, as well as curatives to restore it, he would so temper the elements of which man is formed as to preserve them in health.

Exodus xvi. 1—35; Josiah v. 12. There is (say some), a contradiction here, as the Israelites did not eat manna forty years, but thirty-nine years and eleven months. Forty years does not involve the necessity of their being complete ones, for the Holy Scriptures take no account of a lesser number attached to a greater when speaking in general terms. Example—the census of of the men of Israel, in the Book of Numbers, says they were 603,550; but Moses, when he declared his inability to give flesh to such a multitude, states them to be 600,000, Num. i. 46; ii. 32; xi. 21; xiv. 34. "It may be that on the day the manna ceased they gathered enough to last them a month, which would complete the forty years."

ALPHA.

— "JESUS."

"His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Earth's Maker and Upholder, he in whom all things have their being, stoops to assume humanity, to be cradled in a manger, to be denied the meanest shelter by the creatures of his bounty,—having not where to lay his head, and no

place in the common feelings and sympathies of man;—despised and rejected of men. Heaven's voluntary exile; earth's unwelcome sojourner; "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." His mind exquisitely fine and sensitive, His heart's chords ever ready to answer to the gentlest touch, the most delicate appeal on behalf of suffering humanity.

He spake as never man spake. His words were truth, without any mixture of error; His actions benevolent, untainted by selfishness; His motives, words, and actions, all beautifully harmonizing with the mind and will

of God. He came in close contact with sin: honoured humanity by assuming its form, its medium of thought and action; passed among men as their fellow-man; yet unscathed, uncontaminated by their influence. The world's greatest extremity was God's greatest opportunity of revealing a Father's heart; it beat in the bosom of Jesus, expressed itself in all His actions, shone in all His life; and in His death declared the mysterious, the fathomless depths of His love.

Surely, "He hath borne our grief and carried our sorrows."

A. PAGE.

AH NEVER! AH NO!

A young gentleman, tenderly attached to a young lady, was obliged to take a journey. During his absence she became a follower of Jesus. He heard of the change, and wrote her a letter full of invectives against religion and its gloomy professors. Having a good voice, and playing well on the 'pianoforte, she had been accustomed to entertain him with her music, especially in performing one song to which he was very partial, the burden of which was, "Ah never! ah no!" At the first interview after his return, he tauntingly said, "I suppose you cannot sing us a song now?" She replied, "But I will;" and immediately played and sung the following verses, which she had composed to his favourite tune. The effect was that his prejudices were shaken, and in time he embraced the principles he had opposed.;

As I glad bid adieu to the world's fancied pleasure,
You pity my weakness; alas, did you know
The joys of religion, that best hidden treasure,
Would you bid me resign them? Ah never! ah no!

You'll surely rejoice when I say I've received
The only true comfort attained below;
I know by experience in whom I've believed,—
Shall I give up this treasure? Ah never! ah no!

In the gay scenes of life I was happiness wooing,
But ah! in her stead I encounter'd a woe;
And found I was only a phantom pursuing,—
Never once did I find her, Ah never! ah no!

But in these bright paths you call melancholy,
 I've found those delights which the world does not know ;
 O did you partake them you'd then see your folly,
 Nor again bid me fly them, Ah never ! ah no !

Sent by

J. DORE.

Miscellanies.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

A COSTLY pearl necklace, just purchased for a young lady, was shown to Gotthold, and led him to say,—“In these days little attention is paid to the admonition of the holy apostle, who requires ‘that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.’—1 Tim. ii. 9. No female now abstains from wearing pearls, but she who has neither pearls to wear, nor money to buy them. And, considering the great love of the sex for ornament, this might be allowed, under the condition that no lady should be entitled to wear pearls, unless she could either make, or take from them, a subject of holy meditation. For example: the pearl, as most naturalists inform us, is the product of the dew of heaven; for, when the oyster sees the weather bright and clear, it is said to open its shells at the early dawn, while the dew is falling, and greedily to drink in the silver drops, which petrify, and afterwards, by their white and snowy

lustre, betray their celestial origin. In the same way ought our hearts to be eager and open to imbibe the dew of heavenly grace, when it drops at the preaching of the word.”

Gotthold proceeded,—

“I cannot recollect having ever heard of any pious lady, whether old or young, who, at her departure from this world, cared to have her pearls and other ornaments about her. On the contrary, we read of a princess, who, on her death bed, expressed her contempt for them, exclaiming, ‘Away with such trash! and do Thou, O Christ Jesus, adorn my soul with Thy royal robes!’ Provide yourselves therefore, with such pearls as may strengthen your soul at death, and adorn it in the sight of Jesus. As pearls are strung upon a thread, and hung for ornament round the neck, so ought the Christian to string upon his memory those precious texts of Scripture which contain the kernel, sap, and strength of heavenly wisdom, that he may have them ready for use both in life and death. Above all, every time

you decorate yourself with these bright and glistening jewels, remember that your soul ought to wear a similar ornament of virtue,—godliness and good behaviour; otherwise the pearls will be ashamed of the vile object they are compelled to adorn.

My God! my pearls shall be my tears. Give me grace to shed them for sorrow at my sin, for joy at Thy goodness, and for desire after Thy heavenly felicity, and I shall ask for no other pearls."

Poetry.

THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well,
Do what right and reason tell,
Do what wrong and sorrow claim,
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery,
They whom Christ apostles made,
Gather'd fragments when he bade.

Do thy little, never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind,
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for awhile.

Do thy little, never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw,
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little, canst thou count
All the atoms of the mount?
Canst thou tell how many be
All the wavelets of the sea

Every little God will take,
And of all will wisely make
Mountain paths to climb the sky,
Seas to drown our misery.

Do thy little.—God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;

Sent by

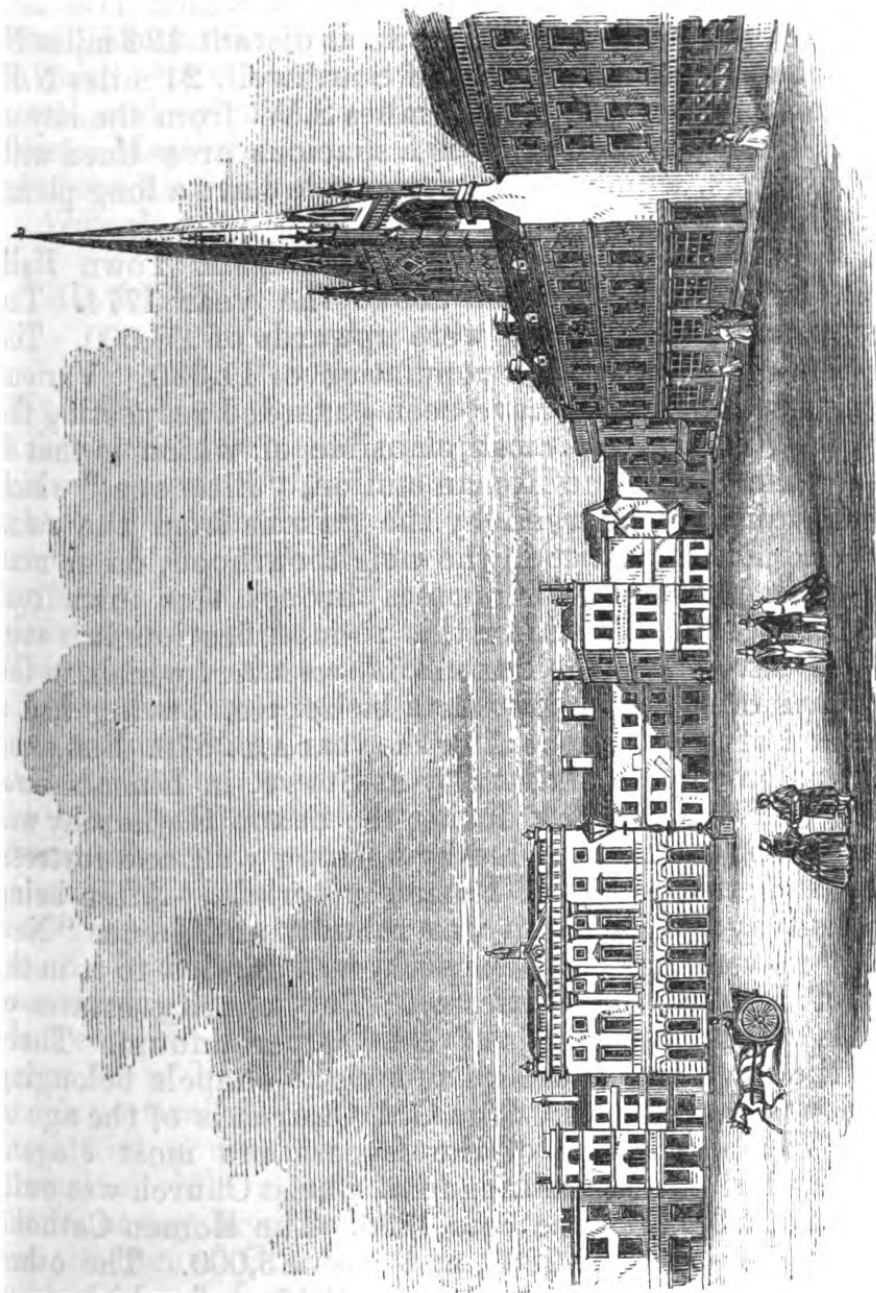
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth every thing.

Do thy little, and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweet of death,

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love express'd,
Little wrongs at once confess'd,
Little favours kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne.—
These shall warm thy pillow'd head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise,
Far beyond the smiling skies;
These to thee shall all be given,
For thy heritage is heaven;
These shall all perfume the air,
When thy spirit enters there;
Yet they still will linger here,
And thy name shall long endear,
For a legacy shall be,
In their deathless memory.

J. DORE.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



NEWARK-UPON-TRENT.

Youths' Department.

NEWARK-UPON-TRENT.

NEWARK-UPON-TRENT is an ancient but well-built market town, borough, and parish, pleasantly situated in the centre of a fertile district, at the junction of the Great North-road with the turnpikes from Lincoln to Nottingham, Sheffield, and other small towns, on the lines of the Great Northern and Midland railways, both of which have neat and convenient stations. The town is distant 124 miles N. by W. from London, 8 miles E. of Southwell, 21 miles N.E. by E. from Nottingham, and 16 miles S.W. from the city of Lincoln. The Market-place is a spacious area lined with good buildings, which on the south side have a long piazza under the second floors.

On the western side stands the elegant Town Hall, erected by the corporation about the year 1774. The entire costs of the building were upwards of £6,000. The town contained, in 1851, a population of 11,330. Various antiquarian conjectures have been hazarded respecting the origin of Newark, the most plausible of which is that it occupies the site of the Roman station, "Eltanona," which was subsequently enlarged by the Saxons from the ruins of several Roman cities in the neighbourhood, on or near the Roman fosseway which passes through this town from Leicester to Lincoln. After this re-modification it is supposed to have been the Saxon *Sidnaceaster*, which in the early days of Christianity was a bishopric, having had a succession of nine bishops after the year A.D. 678. But some historians have placed that city at Stowe, in Lincolnshire. It is certain that Newark during the Saxon Heptarchy was an important town, defended by a strong wall and fortress, and constructed partly of Roman materials. After being destroyed by the Danes it was rebuilt, and hence "New Wark," now corrupted to Newark, was applied to it in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The charity estates of Newark produce upwards of £3,600 per annum. There are in the town two churches and eight chapels belonging to various communities. The Old Church is of the age of Henry VI., and is one of the largest and most elegant parochial churches in the kingdom. Christ Church was built at a cost of £3,000 in the year 1836. The Roman Catholic chapel was opened in 1837, and cost £3,000. The other chapels are the Wesleyan, built in 1846, and which seats 1,500; the New Connexion, in 1848, and seats 700; the Primitive Methodist, built in 1840, enlarged in 1851, and

seats 500; the Independent, built in 1822, and seats 1,000; and two smaller chapels belonging to the Particular Baptists, and one belonging to the hyper-Calvinists. The total number of seats in all the places of worship in the town is about 7,300. Sabbath schools are attached to all the places of worship: and a Wesleyan day school was established in 1843.

At the Primitive Methodist Conference of 1862, Newark became the head of an extensive circuit, with two ministers, nearly 50 local preachers, and between 300 and 400 members. Much has been done, and much is still being done, to raise the inhabitants of this town to a higher social, moral, and spiritual position, but yet much remains to be done. May the great Head of the Church abundantly pour out his Holy Spirit's influence on us! Amen.

Newark.

P. DAYKIN.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 177.)

WE learn from St. Luke that there was living at Damascus a disciple whose name was Ananias. To him the Lord appeared, commanding him to go to the house where Saul was lodging, and to lay his hands on him and instruct and comfort him. After some misgiving Ananias goes to Saul, saying, "Brother Saul, receive thy sight;" and at once delivers the message which the Lord had charged him with. This was just what Saul wanted. He had now been three days under keen conviction of sin, deprived of his eyesight, and without food, but at length we find him a restored and converted man. "And when he had received meat he was strengthened." He now tarried with the disciples "certain days" at Damascus. And, behold! how completely this man is changed! The bitter Pharisee, the malignant persecutor is now "clothed, and in his right mind;" professing to believe Jesus to be the Saviour, and associating as a disciple and fellow-worker with those he had come to destroy. Now we enter on the new and pregnant life of Paul as an apostle, a missionary, and a pastor; a life unparalleled in the annals of ecclesiastical history, for toil, trial, courage, and success. It was not long that Paul remained idle after his conversion, for it is written, "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." Mark the sincerity and boldness of this man. A few days ago he came journeying down to Damascus with authority to the rulers of these very synagogues to challenge their assistance in arresting and bind-

ing every disciple of Jesus to be found in the city. Now he confronts these same rulers in a totally different character, and is found preaching unto them that this Jesus, whom before he had persecuted, is the Christ of God. Need we wonder that all who heard him were amazed, and said, "Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?" True, O ye people, this is the very man, the same Saul, only that since he started out from Jerusalem, he has met with Jesus by the way, and this has transformed him, so that now, behold, he will persecute no more. And now it is that we enter upon the apostolic journeyings of Saul.

It might seem from the account furnished by St. Luke that very shortly after the apostle's conversion he went up to Jerusalem. But in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians we read, "But when it pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood: neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again to Damascus. Then, after three years, I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days." The three years here mentioned we must reckon from the time of our apostle's conversion onwards, which will include the time he remained in Damascus after his conversion, the period he spent in Arabia, and also the stay which he made in Damascus on his return from his Arabian excursion. Thus taking the two accounts we get the proper history. Now, in reference to Paul's journey into Arabia, we may remind you that there is no other account left of it than the one just quoted. It is very probable that he went there preaching the Gospel, and it is likely that he spent from one and a half to two years in that remarkable country. Arabia is a land of deep interest to the biblical student. Here the tribes of Ishmael still wander, here the people are still governed by patriarchs or sheikhs, here also they dwell in tents, as in the days when Abraham pitched his on the plains of Mamre, or Isaac stretched his tabernacle at Beersheba. It was to this land that Paul first journeyed as a Christian missionary. Here he opened that commission which was given him as the apostle of the Gentiles. Gentiles, indeed, were these, the rude sons of Ishmael, and hence it was quite fitting that Paul's first Gospel tour should be spent in Arabia. After this tour was ended, he returned

to Damascus again. Here he preached Christ in the synagogues of the Jews, and on this occasion it was that the Jews of Damascus took counsel to kill him; and so determined were they on this point, that they watched the nine gates of the city both day and night. Paul's recital of this matter may be found in 2 Cor. xi. 32—"In Damascus, the governor, under Aretas, the king, kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me, and through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hand." How imminent and formidable was this danger, yet the Lord provided for Paul's escape. Some of the houses, it appears, were built upon the city walls, and, doubtless, they had windows overlooking the surrounding country. From one of these our apostle was let down as recorded in Acts ix. 25—"Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket." Paul having thus escaped from Damascus goes at once to Jerusalem. It is thus stated by Luke, "And when Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple." Acts ix. 26.

We must now introduce into our story a very important character, even Barnabas, the sweet son of consolation. He was a native of Cyprus, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, contiguous to the country where Saul was born. This Barnabas is first noticed in the fourth chapter of the Acts, where he is represented as bringing the money, for which he has sold his land, and laying it at the apostles' feet. Henceforth he becomes a minister of Jesus, and it is said of him that "he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith." Acts xi. 24. Now the disciples at Jerusalem will not receive Paul. They know his former character, and they have doubts of him still; but the amiable and excellent Barnabas thinks otherwise. He gives the right hand of fellowship to Paul, and so pleads his cause with the brethren, that their doubts and prejudices are removed. He is heartily welcomed by the disciples, and by Peter; and for the present we must leave him among the believers at Jerusalem, "coming in and going out" at his pleasure.

W. M. B.

THE BOOK.

WE very recently had the pleasure of attending a meeting held on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On retiring our thoughts were led to the contemplation of the object proposed by this noble and benevolent institution. Thinking these thoughts might minister to the plea-

sure and edification of some of the numerous readers of our JUVENILE MAGAZINE we at once took up our pen and committed them to paper. "Whatever concerns humanity, concerns me," says one. The Bible concerns humanity, concerns me, concerns every one. It is given for the enlightenment and conversion of the world; given for all, needed by all. Then how sublime and philanthropic the purpose of the Bible Society, which is the universal diffusion of an unfettered, pure, and cheap Bible.

A Free Bible—not shackled, neither chained in monkish cloisters, nor locked from the people in a dead language, but circulated freely in the vulgar tongue, so that every man may read for himself of the wonderful works, ways, and grace of God. *Pure*, not adulterated; not a spurious or garbled copy of the revealed mind of God; but the sincere milk of the word. Some would fain dilute it: others are to be found who are so hostile to human interests, and so wicked as to seek to poison it. Surely to vitiate and corrupt the word of God, is an act the most suicidal and malignant imaginable. It is to poison the stream of knowledge at its fountain head.

A Cheap Bible, so as to place it within the range of every man's means. There was a time when the poor man would have to pay more for a copy of the Scriptures than he now pays annually in rent for his cottage. Now the husbandman, the mechanic, the sempstress can earn as much in a few hours as will secure them an elegant copy of this incomparable treasure. An object like this merits our cordial sympathy, and cannot well fail to secure the absolute concurrence of every lover of human kind. This blessed Book is now like an angel of mercy flying through the earth. The day, we believe, is not far distant when this light shall have penetrated all the dark places of the earth, and shed its light upon the path of every child of Adam; great and effectual doors are opening before it; barriers, civil and ecclesiastic, which have long appeared to impede its progress, and to mock the efforts and tantalize the hopes of the saints of God, are now being swept away. Ancient prejudices are crumbling to pieces, superstition and error are vanishing before the light, like the mists of the morning, or a wreath of snow in the rays of the sun. False systems of religion are reeling before the power of the Bible, while their abettors stagger, and are at their wit's end. The soil of Italy, which has so long been trodden by the hoof of Popery, is now being ploughed up, and furrows are made for the seeds of truth, and Bibles are, as it were, now sown broadcast over that interesting land.

Events which have recently transpired there, are, we believe, destined to effect its salvation. In France the Bible is rapidly being diffused, a spirit of inquiry is manifested, Bible classes are being formed, in which a number of the people meet together, each one having a copy of the Scriptures, which they all carefully search, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

Madagascar, notorious for its cruel persecutions of the lovers of Christ, is now receiving the truth in the love of it. What a potent impulse may we suppose was given to the spread of the Gospel in connexion with our industrial Exhibition, when so many from foreign lands visited the metropolis of our land, each finding the Bible in his native tongue. Hallelujah! The seed is now being sown which shall fill the world with heavenly fruit. The day breaketh, streaks of light are already seen, the Sun of Righteousness has risen on the earth, the hills are tipt with his golden rays, and soon the valleys shall be flooded with his beams. Then the clang of war and the brawls of strife shall cease, national legislation shall be purified, commerce be baptized with the spirit of truth, and all our institutions shall rest on a scriptural basis. Men shall love as brethren and delight themselves in the Lord. Hail, auspicious day, consummation devoutly to be wished!

But while we have noticed the rapid spread of Gospel truth in the earth, and have felt interested in its diffusion, we may, my dear young friends, not have given sufficient attention to the Bible as the instrument of our own salvation and sanctification. If we are saved it is by belief of the truth as it is in Jesus. If we are sanctified it is through the truth; "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." We live in what is not impertinently called "a reading age," though we fear not a *thinking one*, generally speaking. The masses do not think sufficiently. Probably of all the powers man is blessed with there are none he uses to less purpose than the power of thought. We must, however, make a difference. The labours of multitudes are of a character so fatiguing as to utterly unfit them, after the toils of the day, for what may be called close thinking. Works on the physical sciences, mental philosophy, or books of any kind which are in any way abstruse, either because of the subject or style of composition, are a tax upon them. The want of mental discipline and the effects of labour superinduce a state of mind unfavourable to patient investigation and thought, and consequently are obstructive to their improvement and pleasure. It is, however, highly consoling to such to know that while in

the oracles of God are contained deeps too profound for the plummet line of any created mind to fathom, there are shallows where the wayfaring man, though a fool in things purely human, may refresh himself and be made glad with the hope of heaven and the joys of salvation.

Ours is likewise an age of book-making. "Of making many books there is no end." Few possessing more than an ordinary degree of intelligence but what aspire to authorship. Fame, wealth, pleasure, the love of God and man, are among the inducements which prompt to action. We have annually issuing from our presses tons of books, pamphlets, and periodicals, many of which are shorter-lived than their authors. In this teeming mass are found the good, the bad, and the indifferent,—if there can be such a thing as an indifferent book, one found to occupy a place between the good and the bad, but probably there is not, as every book, like every man and every action, has a moral character. We have the bad, like a stream of moral poison running through the land; books full of obscenity, betraying an unfathomable depth of depravity in the hearts of their authors, and exercising a most pernicious and demoralizing influence upon their readers; books full of infidel sentiments, yet couched in terms the most deceptive and fascinating; deleterious matter expressed in language which beguiles the unwary and inexperienced. We have books full of idle tales, silly romances, and old wives' fables, which minister neither instruction nor comfort to such as peruse them. A most ravenous appetite for reading is created by the perusal of this kind of literature, an appetite so morbid that nothing can satiate it. False and bloated views of human life are given. Expectations and anticipations are excited and awakened, which can never, in the very nature of things, be realized. Scenes of bliss surpassing fable, yet not true, are described as in reserve for the gay, young, and lovely;—scenes of pleasure which have neither existence nor prototype on earth, except in the ideal regions of the insidious novelist, with his discursive fancy and fertile imagination. The faculties of the mind are enervated, while the sober realities of life become distasteful. Life in reality and life as portrayed in most works of fiction have no affinity.

"Life is real, life is earnest."

We have also good books; we are delighted in holding intercourse with the sainted Wesley, Fletcher, Baxter, Bunyan, or Howe. We love to explore the pages of an impetuous Luther, or a mild Melancthon. We are pleased in treading our way through a "Better Land," or are spell-bound with

a "Golden Chain;" revel with delight in "Dissertations on Theology;" and feel it good to retire with "Devotional Christianity;" and not a little interested in the reading of Lectures on "Man, and Woman." Our supplies are so great that we require time and prudence in making a selection. Here, my young friends, hinges our danger; we have so many good books, books which may be read with both profit and pleasure, that we are exposed to the evil, if not of substituting them for the word of God, yet of allowing them to engross so much of our reading time as to cause us in some measure to neglect the lively oracles. Other books *may* be read, our Bibles *must* be read. The word of God is called "The Book," by way of pre-eminence, not only to distinguish it from other books, but to denote its superiority. In it we have a revelation of the mind of God to man; in it we have the most truthful records, the most ancient records. Here we have the most useful and best authenticated historical records. We come here to make ourselves acquainted with the primitive history of this our planet. (See Genesis i.) We come here to learn the origin of the human family; numerous and diversified as it now is, these varieties are only different specimens of the same species. "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Here we behold our great primogenitor coming from the hand of his creator, in all the perfection and vigour of his noble manhood. We come here to be instructed in the fact of our fall, how we all have sinned, and lost the crown of our original glory. We come here to learn how our recovery from the fall is to be effected. How it gladdens our hearts as we read of the wonderful love of God and his marvellous method of mercy to save a guilty world. Well may the Bible be called "The Book," seeing it is God's word, and contains facts, histories, and predictions, which spread themselves from creation to the consummation of all things.

We professedly receive it as the word of him who cannot lie. Does our faith work by love, and lead us to a frequent and prayerful perusal of its contents? Custom and usage render it an object of veneration to many who have no cherished love for its contents. Numbers will have an elegantly bound copy locked up; they prize it, but never read it. "Have you a copy of the Scriptures?" said we to a boy who had just left home and entered on servitude. The reply was, "No, sir. I have one at home, given to me by the Sabbath school teachers of S——, but mother was afraid I should sully it, so she keeps it locked up." We

supplied him with one, and were led to think of the folly and frequency of such conduct. Is it not equal to a locking of the cupboard, while we perish with hunger? How foolish, how criminal the conduct of such as have "The Book," but do not read it? How common it is to meet with persons who have little or no knowledge of the Scriptures while possessing them. Suppose a stranger who had never seen or heard of "The Book" were to take up his abode amongst us. In his goings in and out he finds "The Book" to meet him at every turn; he meets with it in the halls of philosophy, the schools of science, the marts of commerce, the courts of jurisprudence, in the satchel of the schoolboy, the palace of the prince, the hut of the peasant, and by the side of the dying. Would he not at the first be ready to conclude that "The Book" was universally beloved by the people of this country? Suppose him to ask the question, "Where did you get 'the Book,' what purpose is it designed to serve?" In answer to these interrogations we reply,—"The Book" was given to us by God, who is its author. It is given to teach us how to live, and a still harder lesson, how to die; it is given to teach us what to do, and what to leave undone; how to conduct ourselves in all the ramified relationships which, as the children of one common parent, and citizens of this world, we sustain; and by its decisions we shall be adjudged to eternal misery or raised to honour, immortality, and eternal life. Let him make himself familiar with its contents, and would he retain his original impressions? We trow not. He would conclude that "surely this people, with few exceptions, are neglecters of 'the Book.'" But such is the purpose for which "the Book" was given. It is not a purposeless book. How can we regulate our lives by its requirements, while we remain ignorant of them? Methinks my young reader replies, "I go regularly to the house of God and hear it faithfully expounded and applied." We are pleased to hear it; but pray where are we taught that a regular attendance at the house of God exonerates from the duty of searching the Scriptures? Nowhere in the Scriptures themselves. Can we remain ignorant and careless of "the Book," without dishonouring God and jeopardizing our eternal interests? Verily, nay. Not to search the Scriptures is a practical expression of infidelity, equivalent to saying that we regard them as a superfluity. Can we remain ignorant of our Bibles without falling into errors of creed, which beget errors in practice?

In affection to your souls, my dear young friends, let me, with all the tenderness and earnestness I can com-

mand, beseech you not to be amongst such as neglect the Scriptures. The most pious in all ages have loved the word of God. Men eminent for their attainments in every department of art, science, and literature, have set a high value upon the Scriptures. Men of the most gigantic faculties have bowed with all the docility of childhood to its teachings. It has been their solace in seasons of affliction and trial. It has been a source of comfort to the fatherless and the widow. It has buoyed up the heart and hopes of thousands while crossing a sea of trouble. Its light has illumined the valley of the shadow of death, and the mouths of the saints of God have been filled with the high praises of the Lord while fording Jordan. May it be loved more and yet more by the writer and the reader, and may its great truths be applied by the Holy Ghost, that they may sink through the intellect into the conscience and affections, and give us a meetness for the everlasting rest of heaven.

J. M.

MEMORY.

How many curious relics the treasure-cell of memory contains ; some fair and beautiful, others withered and defaced, unsightly and disfigured, to our earnest gaze ! In one corner, lie sweet hallowed remembrances of the past, yet mingled with sorrow. Memories of the loved and lost, of bright and sunny days in our life-history, which are for ever gone ; of those whom we have parted with on earth, whose lives, and loving acts, and ways, have become things of the long ago ; fair pleasant remembrances of the buried past, whose memory only comes to us in hours of lonely thought, when we are almost weary in battling with the stern realities of daily life. And from the treasure cell of memory other thoughts come crowding up, and show to us how much of bitterness has been mixed with what was sweet, for upon the tablet of our hearts, tracings of the wrong we have done are far more numerous than records of the good we might have accomplished ; records of our wanderings from our best Friend, our loving Saviour. Let us learn from memory's ever present admonitions to be more like Christ, constantly glorifying, by our thoughts and deeds, our beneficent Creator, who has endowed us with so many rich blessings, and amongst the greatest, the gift of memory.

Radstock.

ANNE TUFFIN.

A SIMPLE FACT.

GOD works by means, and he sometimes employs very feeble ones to promote his ends. A fact of this kind was related not long since, the substance of which is as follows :—

A little girl, some ten or eleven years of age, had her mind deeply impressed with the truth of God in the Sabbath school. Upon retiring to rest one night, she was in trouble about her soul, and at midnight her anxiety had so increased that it waked up the servant girl, who was sleeping in the same apartment. Upon interrogation as to the cause of her trouble, the little girl said that she felt she was a great sinner, that she could not help herself, and that unless she obtained help she must go down to hell. She then requested the servant girl to pray for her. But she replied, that she was not a Christian—she could not pray. The little girl then sent for her father. Upon entering the room, she asked him to pray for her, but he made the same reply that the servant girl had made ; he was not a Christian—he could not pray. But sympathising with his child's anxieties, he called her mother to the bedside.

This good woman had often been to the throne of grace, but never on an occasion like this. She poured her soul out in prayer to God for her child. God heard and answered her. During the same night in the same room, by witnessing the melting scene, the servant girl was arrested, and in a few days the father became a Christian.

THE SAINT IN HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow ;
Through the vale of death my feet have
trod,
But I reign in glory now.

I've found the joys of heaven,
I'm one of the sainted band ;
To my head a crown of life is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I've learnt the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free ;
The glorious walls of heaven do ring
With my sweet melody.

No breaking hearts are here,
No fear, nor thrilling pain ;
Nor wasted cheek, where the frequent
tear
Has rolled and left its stain.

Ye friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye're walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Ah, no,
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts
below,
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric stream
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out in the glittering sky?

Do you weep when the raging voice of
And the storm of conflict die? [war,

Let not your tears run down,
Nor your hearts be sorely riven;
There's another gem in the Saviour's
crown,
And another saint in heaven.

Juvenile Biography.



SARAH, daughter of Joseph and Mary COOPER, who was born at Wakefield, March 23rd, 1850. By her parents, who have been members of our Connexion for many years, she was brought up in the fear of the Lord. Naturally she was of a hasty disposition, by which she was at times betrayed into error, of which she repented; but she was also frank, forgiving, tender-hearted, and benevolent. When very young she entered the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school at Wakefield; and in it she took great delight, and was regular in her attendance. The good seed which was sown at the Sabbath school was watched and watered by parental instruction, example, and prayer; and thus yielded fruit to the glory of God. Her father is of opinion that she was under serious concern for her soul's salvation previous to her sickness; for she has been known to spend much time upon her knees in secret, in prayer to her heavenly Parent.

A week before her death she was taken ill; medical aid was called in, but it was unavailing; the disease, which was slow typhus-fever, yielded not to the power of medicine, but proved fatal in a short time. Her sufferings during the time of her sickness were severe, but they were patiently endured. A few days after she was taken ill, as her mother and she were engaged in fervent prayer, Sarah was blessed in such a manner as she had never been before. From that time the fear of death was taken away, and she had "a sweet hope of glory in her soul." Her trust was in "the children's Friend," and of him she delighted to sing. On more than one occasion, she sang,

"I love Jesus,"

And on another,

"Heaven's my home."

Her father asked her if she "thought she was about to die," to which she replied, "yes, and go to heaven." To her mother who was weeping by her, she said, "Mother, don't cry for me, I am going to heaven." And when the time of her departure came, in the arms of the good Shepherd, she passed away from earth to glory, Dec. 3rd, 1862, aged twelve years.

GEORGE STOUT.

—
WILLIAM, the son of Charles G. WILLIAMS, Primitive Methodist

local preacher, was born Oct. 21st, 1841, at Leamoor Common, Salop. In the year 1853 the family removed to Bentley Hay, in the Lichfield Circuit. William immediately became a scholar in our Sabbath school; and was generally very attentive to his learning, and often subscribed towards the "Australian Mission Fund." He was much respected by the teachers and scholars of the school. He was very mild and affable in his disposition, both as a scholar and as a servant. The writer employed him in his service for a length of time, and was sorry to part with him, but was obliged on account of his ill-health. But his affliction, which appeared to have been coming on for some time, at last fully set in, and it became quite clear to his parents and those who knew him that consumption had seized him as its prey.

And now he began to see himself a sinner, without an interest in the Saviour's blood, and his cry was the cry of the Publican of old, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I often visited him, and told him to believe there and then, and that he would be accepted for Christ's sake. A short time after he was sick and vomited a quantity of blood. He then said, "Ah mother, I shall soon be gone now!" Friends came to pray with him, and encouraged him to forget all

his imperfections, and rest his all on the merits of a blessed and crucified Saviour; he did so, and was filled with joy and peace through believing. He now desired us to sing,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye."

I visited him often during the last week of his sufferings, which he bore very patiently, and I always found him on the rock, even Christ.

He often desired the friends to sing, which they did until they were quite fatigued. He very earnestly requested his brothers to give their hearts to God, and prepare to meet him in heaven. And likewise, those who had been his companions in his youth, he earnestly urged to give their hearts to God. A short time before he departed he said,

"Soon my sufferings will be o'er,
And I shall sigh and sin no more."

He said, "O, how the Lord reveals himself to me now; I see and feel more of the goodness of God than I ever did before." To his father, he said, "I shall soon be in heaven! 'O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory.' 'I have the victory through Christ.' 'Come Lord Jesus, and come quickly.'"

And thus his happy spirit took its flight, to be for ever with the Lord, Feb. 1st, 1863. May his parents, with his

brothers who are left behind to mourn his loss, meet him in heaven.

ELI BIRCH.

ISAAC FERRIS, was born at Barrow End, in the parish of Lyneham, in the Brinkworth Circuit, on the 19th of October, 1855; and died at Clack, in the same Circuit, on the 14th of March, 1863, aged seven years.

He manifested strong affection towards his brothers and parents almost from his infancy. He was of a forgiving and meek disposition. When he was three years of age he entered our Sabbath school at Clack, and soon showed that he loved his teachers, and that he remembered what he heard. His parents were not God-fearing people when he became a scholar; but since that time both have begun to serve God, and have joined our society. They fondly hoped that he would grow up to manhood, and become useful; but the flower was nipped in the bud. He bade fair for obtaining a goodly share of useful knowledge, for he loved good books; but he had soon done with earth, and was ripe for glory.

There was proof that the Spirit of God had enlightened his mind; but not until a short time before he died did he confidently say that he was going to Jesus. His father said to him, the night before he died, "Shall

I tell the Sabbath-school scholars that you are gone to be with Jesus?" He answered with firmness, "Yes." To his mother, he said, "How heavy my hands are! I shall die before night." The same morning at five o'clock he expired. May we meet him in heaven. GEORGE FOWLER.

HANNAH, the daughter of John and Ann MORTON, was born at Shegill, October 28th, 1853.

She was nursed on the lap of piety; and, although her parents were not members with us, they have always taken a deep interest in our society, and were willing at all times to assist us in financial affairs, and for several years they have been subscribers for our small Magazines. Hannah was blessed with a kind and benevolent disposition. She at an early age became a scholar in our Sabbath school at Percy Main, in North Shields Circuit. She was very regular in her attendance, and in process of time became very intelligent. She possessed a meek and quiet spirit, was given to secret prayer, paid great attention to the lessons which she was taught, and took great delight in reading her Bible and the memoirs of children who had lived and died in the Lord. She was also remarkably fond of learning the hymns which we sing in our Sabbath school. There are two of our

hymns which were often sung by our little sister before she closed her eyes in sleep, namely:

"O sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die,"

And,

"March on happy pilgrim, the land is
before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights
you shall prove—

Will you go? Will you go?

O yes, we will go to the Eden above."

She delivered the following address at our last Anniversary in a very expressive and loving manner,

"Come children let us seek the Lord,
And put our trust in God's own word,
That we may be forgiven!

Come fathers and mothers praise his
word,

And brothers and sisters with one ac-
cord,

And we will meet in heaven."

Shortly after our Anniversary her career on earth was cut short; her constitution was feeble; and that wasting disease, consumption, soon began to assume a threatening aspect in her feeble frame. A medical gentleman was summoned, and he apprehended that the disease had begun its deadly work. She suffered great pain; and, although her afflictions were of a severe character, they were borne without the slightest murmuring. I often visited her, but never heard her murmur; her confidence was in Jesus. The last hour, and the last struggle, came on Wednesday, March 18th,

1863. She triumphantly passed away from these scenes of toil and tears, to be with Jesus, in the Paradise of God.

"This is the heavenly calm,
Where Hannah now is blest;
Her grief has found a balm,
And her weary spirit rest."

On Lord's-day, March 22nd, her mortal remains were carried to the house appointed for all living. I gave a short address at the grave, on the value of the immortal soul, and the resurrection of the body. The Lord was present with us. I improved her death on Sunday, March 29th. We felt much of the glory of God. It is my earnest prayer that teachers and scholars may all meet in heaven, for Christ's sake. Amen. E. SIMPSON.

EVAN WILLIAMS, the beloved son of John and Eliza Williams, was born at Moseley Hole, June 12th, 1854; and died in the Lord, March the 22nd, 1863, aged eight years and nine months. He entered into the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school at Wednesfield, in the Bilston Circuit, when he was four years of age, and there he continued until his death. He was remarkable for being present when his name was called, and gained many rewards for good conduct and early attendance. He was a member of the Band of Hope, and he might have been a useful man

had he grown up, but he has gone to receive the reward of the righteous in heaven. His affliction was of a short duration; a burning fever took hold of him, and in two days he died. The writer, with several of the teachers, and the superintendent, after singing a hymn, bore him away to his last home, when many of the scholars followed to show the last respect they could pay towards him.

Two days after, SELINA, his sister, died, March the 27th, aged six years and four months. She entered into our Sabbath-school at Wednesfield when she was four years of age, and there she continued until affliction prevented her from attending. She was a great sufferer, but she bore all with great patience, and sang,

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more—
O, that will be joyful!"

And her countenance brightened up as if the angels had come to take her to that Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." After calling her mother by an anxious look to her bed-side, she gave her a beautiful smile in token that she was going to the realms of the blest in heaven, to bloom in health and beauty with her Saviour for

ever. Many of the scholars followed her, while the teachers, with the superintendent, bore her body to the grave. We sang a hymn, a short address was delivered, and then we returned home with the sorrowing parents and mourners. The prayer of the writer is that the parents, with the teachers and our readers may meet in heaven.

ROBERT EDGE.

Just saved in time.

"Taken away at a stroke."

Thus it was with GEORGE SINCLAIR, of Pateley Bridge. He was born at Pateley Bridge, Nov. 14th, 1843. From his infancy he was a fine sharp child, but from that time he was deprived of a father's care and attention. His mother being a stranger to religion, George grew up a wild profligate. A few months ago it pleased God to visit Pateley Bridge with a revival of religion, and George was one of those who gave their hearts to God. The change was apparent to all. His old companions and practices were forsaken; new principles, new practices, and new associates became his delight. He boldly confessed his Lord and Master, and prayer seemed to be the delight of his heart. George was an excavator, and worked in a large stone quarry, and the 29th day of March, 1863, was the last day he laboured on earth.

On the morning of that day, when he came home to his breakfast, he went up into his bedroom to pray, and the same at dinner time; and during the afternoon he seemed more cheerful than usual, and was so up to the time of the fatal disaster. A few minutes before the time for leaving work, he was assisting in lifting a large stone with a crane, when by accident it slipped, and caused the handle of the crane to strike him on the head; thus fracturing his skull, and causing him to fall fifteen feet, and lose his consciousness, which never returned. Thus we have suddenly lost a promising young man, but he was saved in time. May this sudden death be the means of leading his dear mother, and many of his companions, to reflection, conversion, and heaven.

JOHN LOFTAS.

ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, of Hutton Rudby, died April 7th, 1863, aged nine years.

The affliction, by which in the course of a month she was removed from this world, was fever, accompanied by inflammation, which induced violent pain in the head.

It is stated that the death of the dear departed was the first which has occurred in our school in this village, though it has been established some six years, and has generally numbered more

than fifty scholars. But who shall say that six more years will pass ere another from its ranks be taken out of the land of the living?

But children cannot go too soon to heaven; and that they do go is abundantly evident, which is the reconciling consideration in the suffering endured by their removal.

E. Richardson gave broad evidences that to depart and to be with Christ is far better. She had been remarkably attentive to her duties as a child and scholar, and seemed to enjoy

more pleasure in solitary reading than by mingling in the amusements usual to childhood; but, it was not here that she placed reliance, for she confidently affirmed that Jesus was the only support of her spiritual hopes. Her utterances to those who watched over her last days showed the triumphs of divine grace in giving patience amid sufferings, peaceful composure in nature's distress, whilst hope beamed in her dying countenance, and lighted up her face with a heavenly smile.

W. S.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE CRESTED GREBE.

THE Crested Grebe belongs to the family of the *Colymbidæ*, and this name—*Colymbidæ*—comes from the Greek language, and signifies, *divers under water*. Of course, the grebe is remarkable for its diving abilities and inclinations. Its legs are placed very far back, and its toes are so arranged as to fold up when under water. Its foot is not webbed like that of most water birds, but each toe is separate and flattened, so as to serve the purpose of a separate paddle. It dives so very quickly that persons wishing to shoot it have great difficulty in

doing so. When it sees the flash of the powder it pops out of sight and dives for a couple of hundred yards or so, and then just peeps out for an instant, as if to take its survey of the field of danger, and then drops out of sight again to suit its own convenience.

The grebe feeds upon fish and insects. But it also is often found to have a quantity of its feathers in its stomach, as a cow is found to have some of its hairs in its stomach. Most likely this is the result of taking its food where it has been dressing its feathers down, or to speak politely, performing its toilet. The impor-



tance of cleanliness has not been taught it by papa and mamma. Young persons should study cleanliness or they do not know what they may eat. The Crested Grebe is found in some of the fens of England, and also in parts of Scotland. This bird, with the other grebes, builds its nest of roots and reeds among sedges. The female, like the water hen, covers up her eggs when she leaves her nest, which unlike the nests of most of the aquatic or water birds floats on the water.

HINTS FOR LITTLE FOLK.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—
We read in Exod. xvi. 13, about "Quails." The quail is about

the size of a turtle-dove, and resembles the partridge. Dr. Clarke says, "They conceal themselves among the corn, but the Egyptians know that they are thieves, and when they imagine the field to be full of them, they spread a net over the corn and make a noise, by which the birds, being frightened, and endeavouring to rise, are caught in the net in great numbers, and make a most delicate and agreeable dish. The quail was among the ancient Egyptians the emblem of safety and security." Psa. lxxviii. 27; cv. 40.

The Doctor says Bishop Patrick is of the opinion that locusts

are meant in the above place. Mr. Bates thinks the term "two cubits high" should be rendered "two cubits distant," one from the other, for quails do not settle, like the locusts, one upon another, but at small distances. And had the quails lain for a day's journey round the camp to the great height of two cubits, or upwards of three feet, the people could not have been employed two days and a night in gathering them. The spreading them round the camp was in order to dry them in the burning sands for use."

Verse 15 says, "It is manna," or man-ha, which means, what is this? for they wist not what it was, as they had never seen anything like it before, see verse 35; Deut. viii. 3—16; John vi. 31 to end; Joshua v. 12; Neh. ix. 20; Psa. lxxviii. 24; Heb. ix. 4; Rev. ii. 17.

See Exod. xvi. 14—31; and Num. xi. 8, 9: one text says it rained manna after the dew ascended, the other that the dew descended first, and the manna fell upon it. R. A. Aben Ezra translates the word "ascended," "cut off," that the manna fell when the dew ceased descending, which the other verse implies. There is another mode of explaining it, says R. G. Bar Solomon. Dew is formed by a humid (watery, damp) vapour containing small earthy parti-

cles; heat raises it, and rarifies, and converts it into aqueous (watery, thin) drops, which fall on the herbs by means of the temperate coolness of the night and the serenity of the atmosphere; so that in Scripture, when it is said it "ascended," it alludes to the earth's vapours, and when it is said it "descended," allusion is made to the time after its becoming dew-drops; thus, both verses are right, as after it had first ascended, the manna fell, and then it descended. Boothroyd reads (verse 13 and 14)—"Now in the evening a flight of quails came up, and in the morning there was a fall of dew round about the camp. And when the fall of dew was gone off, behold, there remained upon the surface of the wilderness something small and shining," &c.

In Num. xi. 9, the same writer renders the words thus:—"And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell with it," instead of "upon it."

Compare Exod. xvi. 31; Num. xi. 8. Some ask how could the manna taste like bread, honey, and oil? How are these flavours to be understood? The manna possessed many different flavours, corresponding to the ages of the eaters. To children it was like oil, to adults like bread, and to old people like cakes with honey.

It had just the taste of what they wished to eat. It is said they wanted nothing, neither lacked anything. The manna had the property of every kind of food. Their complaint against manna being their only food, was not owing to their dissatisfaction with its taste, but they wanted something to please the sight. Num. xi. 6. "A variety of dishes."

Don I. Abarbanel says, "Manna rained instead of bread, in which state it had the taste of cakes with honey, but when 'ground' or 'cooked,' like oil."

The pious and upright ate it as it came from heaven, without making dainty dishes of it; the middling class—those who could neither be accounted good nor bad—made cakes of it; and the depraved cooked it in various delicate ways, as if their happiness depended on the gratification of their palates, like some in the present day who imagine their happiness consists in eating and drinking. It was like coriander or parsley seed in shape, and like a pearl in colour.

Examine Exod. xvii. 13; Deut. xxv. 18. In one passage it appears that Israel obtained the victory, but in the other Amalek. Some think that there were two battles between them. In the first Amalek prevailed, in the second Israel. But others say t was one only, and that while

Israel were weak, &c., the Amalekites came upon them unawares, and attacked the rear of Israel, and killed some, who fell because of their sin, in wishing to know if the Lord was among them or not. Verse 7. "When thou wast faint, and weary," &c. Deut. xxv. 18. But God gave Israel the victory while the hands of Moses were lifted up.

Look at Exod. xvii. 14; Deut. xxv. 19. Some ask, if Israel were to blot out the remembrance of Amalek, why does the Lord say he would do it? It seems that Amalek sinned more grievously than any other nation; consequently God commanded them to be destroyed. As D. I. Abarbanel remarks—first, without being provoked by Israel, &c., but to satisfy his hatred, he attacked them on the road. Secondly, the attack was not made manfully, face to face in front, but behind, where the infirm, sick, and weary were, who had fallen back. These he attacked like a lion among sheep. Thirdly, having heard the miracles God had performed for Israel, Amalek alone despised the divine intervention in their favour, and wished to obscure such glory. Israel being, therefore, insulted and injured, and the miracles of God despised, by Amalek, vengeance belonged to both; Israel by war commencing their punish-

ment, and God completing it by granting them the victory. It may be said, in the first place, God causes or permits all action; and in the second place, the means are used by men. Thus, Israel was the agent of God to cause the extermination of his enemies. And as Dr. Clarke remarks, this took place 112 years after. (1 Sam. xv.) So their continuance in sin was the cause of their final destruction. "And he said, because this shall be known as my banner (*Jehovah Nissi*—Jehovah is my banner), of the war which Jehovah will have with Amalek from generation to generation." Boothroyd.

Some have asked, how can Exod. xviii. 2, 3; Judges xviii. 30; 1 Chron. xxvi. 24, be reconciled? It should be Moses in Judges and not "Manasseh." Jonathan was the son of Gershom (a stranger here), and grandson of Moses. The reason he is called "Shebuel" in Chron. is, because he became repentant, as the name implies, or turned to God, as he was before a priest to an idol. Jonathan acted as if he was the son of Manasseh, when at the same time he was the grandson of the saintly Moses. So that after all there is not so much mistake about these persons.

Again, look at Exod. xix. 22; xxviii. 1. Dr. Clarke is of

opinion that there were priests before Aaron, as stated in verse 22, but others will have it (Kimchi, R. A. Ezra, R. L. Ben Gershon, and R. Bechayai) servant or minister to serve. Don I. Abarbanel thinks the word means ruler, or master, 2 Sam. viii. 18; 1 Chron. xviii. 17. Hence the chiefs are understood. R. L. G. and others are of the same opinion. May the dear children who read this, and all others—young and old—be sanctified to God through the blood of Christ!

ALPHA.

AN APPEAL.

If you God's glory would advance,
And man's best interests too,
Banish intoxicating drink,
Which all should strive to do.

If young and aged you would shield
From mankind's direst foe,
Banish intoxicating drink,
Great source of want and woe.

If you would have our youth be strong,
And quit themselves like men,
Banish intoxicating drink,
They'll be more useful then.

If you the wand'rer would reclaim,
Who long has gone astray;
Banish intoxicating drink,
Which leads the downward way.

If comfort and contentment too,
You wish all should enjoy,
Banish intoxicating drink,
Which does them both destroy.

If slavery's fetters you would break,
And set the bondman free,
Banish intoxicating drink,
Which fosters slavery.

If you would haste that glorious time,
When all the Lord shall know,
Banish intoxicating drink,
Then men will wiser grow.

If you would fill heaven's courts with
And earth with gladness too, [joy,
Banish intoxicating drink,
Let all strive this to do.

J. DORE.

Anniversary Services.

PROSPECT, MARYPORT STATION.

The Primitive Methodists have had a Society at Prospect for upwards of twenty years; the cause seemed to prosper for a while and many experienced a change of heart, but work not being very good, many were compelled to remove to other places to obtain employment; and for many years there were only three in Society,—a Local Preacher, a Class Leader, and a Member. They had many things to contend with, but they trusted in God. For many years they worshipped in a cottage, but the time to favour Zion came, the Spirit of God was poured out, and some that seemed to be near the pit of woe were snatched as brands from the burning; they joined the society, and soon the house became too small to worship in. It was then agreed to erect a chapel; a piece of ground was procured, and a house to worship God in was built. We commenced a Sabbath School in the beginning of 1861, which is doing well. We celebrated our third an-

niversary on Sunday, April 12th, when two Sermons were preached by Mr. Thomas Dobinson, of Ellenborough, to crowded congregations; suitable hymns were sung by the children, and several pieces of poetry and dialogues were recited. On Monday the 13th we held our Annual Tea Meeting, when about 125 sat down. A Public Meeting was held after tea, when the children again recited pieces and dialogues, which told well. The whole of the proceeds amounted to £7 2s. 1½d.,—about one pound in advance of last year. This encourages us to go forward in the work of the Lord. May the means employed be made a blessing to many is the desire of those connected therewith.

W. McDougall.

R. BROWN.

SHENINGTON, BANBURY STATION.

On Sunday and Monday, May 10th and 11th, we celebrated the 4th Anniversary of our Sabbath School at this place. On the

former day two very pointed and impressive sermons were preached by Mr. R. Roberts, of Farthinghoe, to good and attentive congregations, after which several interesting dialogues and pieces were recited by the children with great credit to themselves and their teachers. On Monday, at four p.m., about fifty boys and girls, from the age of three to fifteen years, sat down to a well furnished table of cake and tea prepared by their teachers and friends, after which a public meeting was held, and addresses were delivered by our esteemed Superintendent, the Rev. H. Platt, and others. The money taken up at these services amounted to £1 15s. 5d., being

more than was raised last year. We feel happy to say our school is now in a prosperous state; the teachers here at times have had to labour under great discouragements, but they are men and women who fear God and study the present and eternal welfare of their scholars. Thus they feel determined to "labour on at God's command and offer all their works to him," knowing that their labour will not be in vain in the Lord. We feel thankful to all the friends who have come forward to help us in this glorious enterprise, and pray that God may pour His blessing upon us and fill the world with his glory. Amen.

JOHN NICHOLLS.

Miscellanies.

POOR DONALD.

A SCOTTISH nobleman, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, lived a very retired life, and left his affairs very much in the hands of others. One of his tenantry, whom we will call Donald, rented a farm upon which his forefathers had lived for above two hundred years. The lease which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to put the farm into the hands of a friend of his own. Poor Donald tried

every argument in his power with the steward, but in vain; at length he bent his steps to the castle, determined to make his case known to his lordship. Here again he was repulsed; the porter had received orders from the steward, and refused him admittance.

Donald turned away almost in despair, and resolved upon a bold measure, as his only chance of success. He climbed the garden wall in an unfrequented part, and entered the house by a private door. At length he ap-

proached the private apartments of the nobleman; he heard a voice, and, drawing near, found it was his lordship's, and that he was engaged in prayer. Retiring to a short distance, he waited till the prayer was concluded, and could not but hear his lordship pleading earnestly with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, for their intercession in his behalf. At length his lordship ceased. Donald, who had stood trembling with anxiety for the result, now gently knocked at the door.

"Come in," was his lordship's reply; and Donald entered.

"What are you, man? What do you want?" was the inquiry.

Donald stated his case. The peer listened, was touched with the tale, and, having heard something of Donald, assured him of his protection, and that his lease should be renewed. Many artless but earnest thanks followed, and he was departing, when, a thought of anxiety for his noble master occurring to his mind, Donald returned, and spoke thus:—

"My lord, I was a bold man and you forgave me, and have saved me and my poor family from ruin. Many blessings attend you! I would again be a bold man if I might, and say something further to your lordship."

"Well, my man, speak out."

"Well, my lord, I was well-

nigh a ruined man, so I was bold, and came to your lordship's door; and as I stood there I could not but hear your lordship praying to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, and you seemed unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking the Virgin Mary and St. Francis will do you no good, any more than your lordship's steward and porter did for me. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to them, but I came direct to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if your lordship would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who will do no more good for you than your lordship's steward and porter would do for me, and just go direct to the Lord Jesus Himself, and pray to Him for what you need, He will hear you; for He has said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Will your lordship forgive me, and just try for yourself?"

It is said that his lordship was struck with the simple argument, and afterwards found what a poor penitent sinner looking to Jesus always finds — pardon, peace, and salvation!

Ten thousand thousand souls there are

Entered within the door;

These countless souls are entered in,

And yet there's room for more.

Room for the feeble and the faint,

The helpless and the poor,

Who wait and hope, and watch and cry,

At mercy's open door.

A PENITENT BOY THIEF.

A LONDON city missionary says: A young thief called on me one day, and said, "If you please, sir, I want to give up stealing, and will do anything you tell me for the purpose of getting an honest living." Upon inquiry, I found that he had attended open-air services; and, according to his own statement, on one occasion he picked a gentleman's pocket, but he had been very unhappy since then. The missionary succeeded in getting him into a reformatory, where he manifested true signs of repentance. But he was soon taken seriously ill, and had to be taken to Guy's Hospital, where he died in the month of November last. "I visited him there (says the missionary), and found he had not forgotten what he had heard at the open-air services, and that the Holy Spirit had enlightened his mind, which led him to see and feel his lost condition in the sight of a holy and just God; and he was likewise led to see Jesus as the only Saviour of sinners. At one of the visits I paid him, he said, 'Oh, my dear mother, she was the first I robbed. I cannot forgive myself, but I believe God will forgive me, for Jesus Christ's sake.' " The missionary endeavoured to ascertain from him what caused him to rob

his mother. In reply, he said he did it to purchase tobacco. Although he was not quite fourteen years of age, he used to spend threepence, and sometimes sixpence, a week, in tobacco. He gave the missionary his box, his pipe, and the remains of the tobacco, and asked him to try and persuade his bad companions to give up smoking and stealing, and to take warning from himself, for he had brought himself to the grave through stopping out all night. The missionary believes this thief died a true penitent. He was with him at his last moments, and his end was peace. At the request of his mother he attended the funeral, and conducted a service in the room where the corpse lay. Some of his companions in crime were present, and the scene was most solemn. May his death be made the life of many.

SMOKING AND DRINKING.

A LONDON Medical adviser, said to a young officer who was going with his regiment to India—during the late rebellion—"You have a delicate constitution, but mark this, if you take to smoking in India you will soon be under the sod. It is smoking and drinking, not the climate, which kills so many young officers in India."

Poetry.

"NEARER HOME."

GRACE crowns the Christian's lot
 With blessings from the Lord;
 And dispensations alter not
 The promise of his word.
 Let unbelievers scoff,
 The raging tempter foam;
 My Father's house is not far off,
 He calls me nearer home.

Dark ills in mercy's chain
 Are golden links of love;
 And joy in sorrow, bliss in pain,
 Come sweetly from above.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

The furnace fires refine,—
 And purge the dross of sin;
 And robe the heart in light divine,
 Th' immortal prize to win.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

Affliction leads to rest,—
 A rest serene and bright;
 For all the mansions of the blest
 Are rich with cloudless light.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

In Him the sick have health,
 The sorrowing have joy,
 The poor are led to stores of wealth,—
 To treasures in the sky.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

Let darkness deepen gloom,
 And death its shades disclose;
 There are, through grace, beyond the
 Calm regions of repose. [tomb,
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

MURRAY, WILSON.

THE SAINT'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY H. LYTE.

My rest is in heaven, I seek it not here,
 Then why should I murmur when trials are near,
 Be hush'd my frail spirit, the worst that can come
 But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

CHORUS.—Home—Hallelujah—Amen.

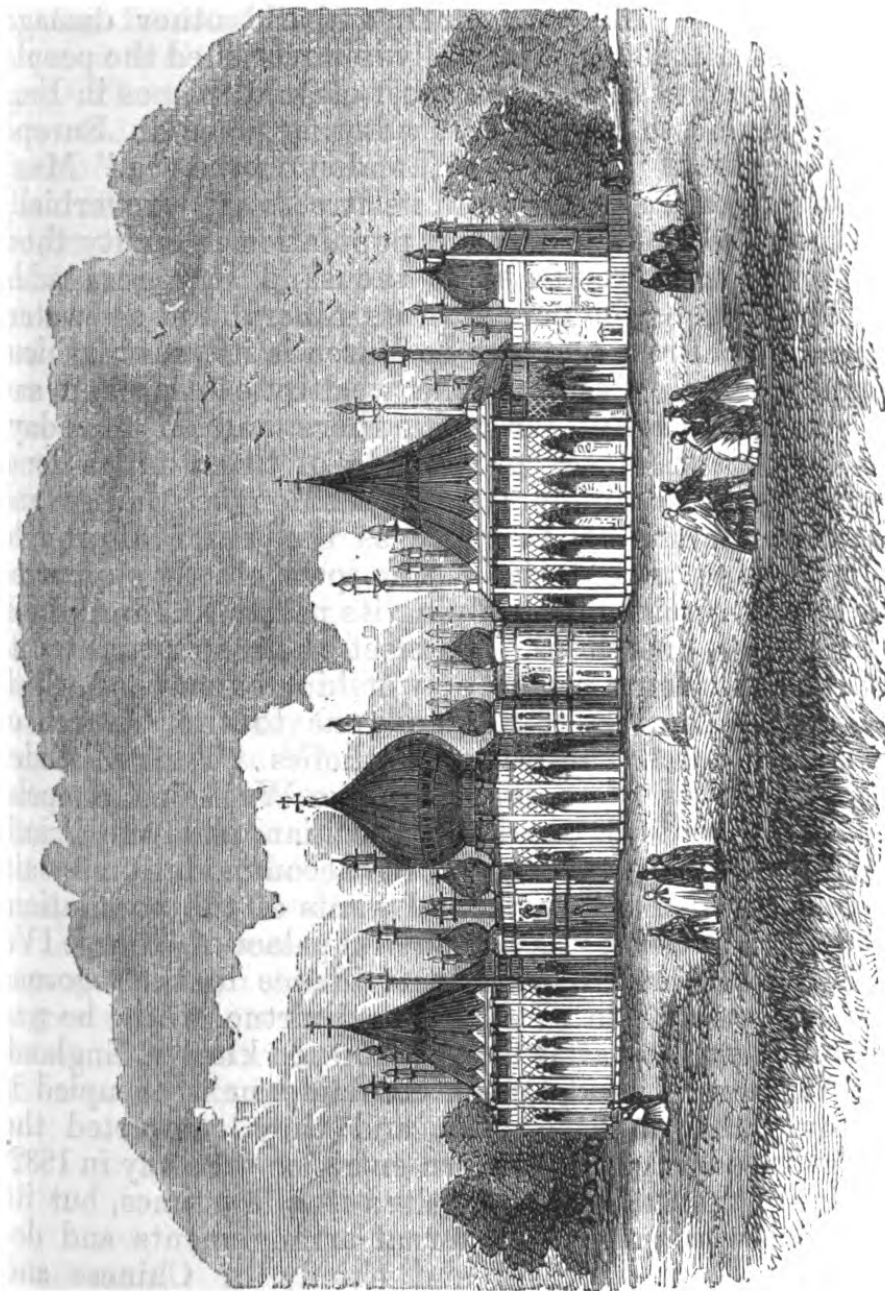
It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like this;
 I look for a city which hands have not piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
 I would not lie down upon roses below;
 I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
 Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may damp, but they cannot destroy,
 One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
 And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
 Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

With a scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,
 I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
 And I'll smoothe it with hope, and cheer it with song.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

Youths' Department.

THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

EXTRAORDINARY things are associated with these two names. BRIGHTELMSTONE was the original name of the town, and that, it is said, was derived from an Anglo-Saxon bishop. Scarcely 100 years ago Brighton was a fishing village of 700 or 800 inhabitants. In 1703 and 1705 the sea swept away 130 tenements, and did other damage, estimated at £40,000, and fearfully impoverished the people.

Brighton is now one of the most elegant places in England, and is said to be the first watering place in Europe. Some designate it "*the elite of London on the sea.*" Many of its buildings are superb, and its streets are proverbially elegant and clean. Its resident population is eighty thousand, and from thirty to sixty thousand strangers additional live in it for the benefit of its mineral and sea waters and pure air. From October to March is its most fashionable and profitable season; the wealthy of England and many foreign nobility then reside there, and on fine days crowd its beautiful sea promenade of three miles long, with carriages, riding horses, and fashionable ladies and gentlemen, almost as throngly as the chief thoroughfares in London are crowded. The town, chiefly supported by visitors, is rapidly multiplying its palace-like buildings, elegant houses, and shops. To meet their spiritual wants there are forty-four places of worship, twenty of which belong to the Church of England, one to the Church of Scotland, and two to the Roman Catholics. The remainder belong to the dissenters, including two Wesleyan chapels, (one of them rented), one Bible Christian, and one Primitive Methodist chapel,—and yet the accommodation is said to be very far short of the actual wants of the population.

The Royal Pavilion was the fanciful palace of George IV., built for his marine or sea-side residence in the vigorous part of his lamentable career of anti-virtue, while he was Prince of Wales, and after he was crowned king of England. King William IV. and Queen Adelaide next occupied it for many weeks in each year, and they completed the buildings by adding the northern entrance archway in 1832. Our beloved Queen Victoria visited it a few times, but its Turkish exterior, gorgeous internal arrangements and decorations, all anti-English, and chiefly of Chinese and eastern styles, blending romance with loose pleasure, unavoidably calling to the mind of the occupant, and even the

visitor, the vices formerly practised there, caused her Majesty, as the patroness of virtue, and a mother, to abandon the Pavilion for the more suitable sea residence at Osborne, Isle of Wight. The Pavilion was then sold to the Corporation of Brighton for about £60,000, including some alterations. The grounds are still kept in trim order, and free for all to walk in one day in each month; the palace can also then be visited by the public free of charge. On other days each person pays sixpence for that privilege.

This unique building contains some noble suites of rooms, running from south to north, 300 feet in length. The entrance to the palace is by a Chinese gallery of 172 feet long. The royal banqueting room is 60 feet long, 42 feet wide, and its walls are 45 feet high. Its dome roof was constructed so as to represent an eastern sky, partially obscured by the branches of a plantain tree, with fruit and flowers depending from it, and lit up by a lustre 30 feet in height. The music room is still more magnificent, being 62 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 41 feet high. Its dome roof is ornamented with golden scales, as if lined with the skin of some monster of the deep, and is gorgeous in the extreme. There are canopies of crimson and gold, supported by pillars with golden serpents twining round them, paintings and Chinese ornaments of all kinds in profusion, and a magnificent organ. A huge chandelier is suspended from the centre, and eight smaller ones hang round, all of glass; each is held up by a monster Chinese dragon, projecting from beneath the dome. The whole is lit up with gas. A gigantic mirror or looking glass on one of the walls reflects nearly all the interior, and in this wonderful room a Primitive Methodist missionary meeting was held for the first time on September 30th, 1862; now every Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, a united prayer-meeting is held in the king's room. The royal stables are occupied by the cavalry who fought at Delhi. Other rooms are offices for the use of the borough, and the whole buildings are kept in good external repair as exhibited in our engraving. How vast the changes thus experienced in a few short years! Such are the mutations of earth, while all in heaven is unfading glory and greatness.

J. PARROTT.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

BY MISS STANSFIELD.

NOTHING that is great or good can be accomplished without decision of character; it is the foundation of all the

grand enterprises of society. Decision of character is nobility of character; it summons and puts into operation all the amiable faculties of our nature. A decided character is a boon to society.

What has not decision of character wrought? And what is it that it cannot accomplish? It has been the achiever of all those heroic deeds, skilful accomplishments, and splendid attainments which adorn life, and which give grace to character. A decisive character is an independent one, a self-originating and self-sustaining one; it is not governed by frames and feelings; reason is its authority and guide. Decisiveness is formed on true and good principles, though not always worked out in a good cause. We have known instances, alas! where great decision of character has been exemplified in a bad cause. Those persons who pervert this noble attribute, are often persons, the eyes of whose understanding have not been enlightened, and who generally think that there is something in their object or cause that is good. But we may say that they are under a strong delusion to believe a lie. Each individual is intent on his own happiness, and according to his own thoughts he is promoting it. The atheist or sceptic and all other unbelievers think they are wiser, and more disinterested than other men. And why is this the case? because their wisdom is of this world; they do not understand the hidden wisdom from above.

Decision is one of the most important elements of a man's character. But it is not attained without some degree of energy, firmness, and perseverance, and these mental efforts are seldom put forth or become part of the character unless directed by some special object.

When a decisive character views life aright, in all its various objects and movements, it is beautiful to observe his outward conduct. He seems properly to contemplate a hereafter, a final account.

Religion tends greatly to consolidate the character. The constant, adverse, and worldly influences which surround the Christian's path would ever retard his religious progress; but the mental discipline which religion inculcates enables him to press forward and count all things but loss that he may win Christ. How many instances can we not bring forward as related in history and biography where decision of character has been cultivated by religion? Such was the case with many of the reformers and celebrated philanthropists. How splendidly did Luther the reformer, and Howard the philanthropist, display this trait of character in their God-like efforts to improve a

fallen world. Twelve years was the illustrious Howard abroad inspecting the receptacles of crime and poverty. He travelled three times through France, four through Germany, five through Holland, twice through Italy, once through Spain and Portugal, and also through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and part of Turkey. Never before was so considerable a portion of the life of a man applied to a benevolent and laudable purpose. He gave up his own comfort that he might bestow it upon others. He was often immured in prison that others might be set at liberty. He exposed himself to danger that he might free others from it. He visited the gloomy cell that he might inspire a ray of hope and joy in the breasts of the wretched. Yea, he not only lived but died in the noble cause of benevolence; for in visiting a young lady who lay dangerously ill of an epidemic fever, in order to administer relief, he caught the distemper and fell a victim to his humanity. As a certain writer remarks, "his character implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity."

Decision of character is no less important in the private walks and every-day scenes of life. What disastrous consequences daily arise from the lack of this excellence. What contumely, self-reproach, and disapprobation does not indecision originate! Its feeble wishes, half-formed desires, and resolutions fritter life away. It is very desirable whilst passing through this chequered scene that we should have within some staminum by which we can be sustained. To possess self-reliance, self-composure, and self-confidence which are the important constituents of the decisive character, must happily adapt the mind for the daily routine of life, and for great and vigorous action. There must be a certain self-complacency for an individual to pursue satisfactorily any enterprise, avocation, or object. It is a conscious laudableness of design which carries individuals through difficult and dangerous operations, and which protects from intimidation, and every other deterring and disastrous consequence. Non-interference has generally sufficed for lengthy, strict subjecting experience. Not only is it requisite that there should be a measure of self-approbation, but an irresistible perseverance and promptness. As life is daily loaded with aggravated, accidental, and unforeseen circumstances, it needs some temper, skill, and presence of mind to encounter and overcome

them. None of the more important transactions of life can be sustained or completed without decision of character. Misfortunes frequently develop this quality. In adverse or afflictive circumstances we naturally flee for aid somewhere; and no better help do we find, except from God, than in fortitude of mind.

To make special efforts in misfortune is a right and safe way to become superior to it. Thus in the relative and social positions of life decision of character is very important. In the home circle there is not a word expressed but has an influence; then how much more influence must the whole routine of conduct exert. It is in the home circle, where love and affection prevail; and we know how considerably a sacred, passionate feeling aggrandises an object. When decision of character is prominent in the home circle, it is generally affection that stimulates it. Individuals, who are deficient in this characteristic, would say it was love of power. Few can reciprocate passionate ardour or individual feeling. Decision of character is a practical, passionate ardour that intensifies itself in every word, action, and pursuit. We may thank the Divine Being that we are endowed with such an inherent quality in our nature, or what would life present? Why, it would be one scene of tediousness and failure.

We have spoken of decision of character in the home circle, we may also advert to it in the social circle. Decision of character is vastly important in the social circle. There are connective duties and engagements that form the social tie, which, if there is not a full display of the decisive character, will sooner or later consume the energies of the social economy, and will for ever destroy that triumph which each and all feel in the conquest of duty. Any indecisiveness robs the social circle of its privileges, and deprives it of the benefits that attend decisive conduct. Indecision, whether collectively or individually, calls forth disapprobation, and if habitual, produces contempt and neglect. What is more destructive to social happiness than irresoluteness and fickleness? Many a bright circle it has discouraged and made desolate. Who can endure the tediousness of irregularity, the waste of disorder and confusion?

We will now remark upon decision of character in the public sphere. No public office can be well sustained without it. It is the decisive character that rules society, and that claims and fulfils the superior offices in life.

Decision of character is the stability of government, the upholder of nations, the support and defence of the people.

How many perfect wrecks of conscience, liberty, fortune, and friends has not indecision caused? What stumbling blocks it has placed in the path of duty! Indecision is frequently the cause of the various animosities and strifes which disfigure society.

Decision of character is much more easily lost than retained; it requires constant determination of effort to maintain and enforce it. Decision of character promotes a peaceful tenor of action. Such conduct induces confidence and respect, and promotes order and peace. A decisive conduct is indicative of a mutual respect; hesitancy, changeableness, and procrastination betoken a feeling of disregard. We cannot exaggerate the worth of the decided character; it accompanies a high degree of moral rectitude, transcends other mental qualifications, seems to indicate that tone and spirit which are intended for higher and nobler pursuits than this world can give. There is a constant self-denial and a continued application which must add grace and sublimity to the character.

Decision of character, whether displayed in the milder or stronger form, higher or lower sphere of duty, frequently exhibits its practical value.

In conclusion, I would urge upon you the necessity of cultivating with all earnestness decision of character. Time is short, there is much to accomplish and complete if we are intent on the duties of life. May God so help us to discharge our duties in this probationship, that we may hear at last that welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"THE INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN."

Who are these? First, God is there. It is his palace. "I dwell," he says, "in the high and holy place." (Isa. lvii. 14.) Indeed he is everywhere. He moves in the starry universe as he walked in the garden of Eden in the cool of the day. But heaven is his throne, his residence. Jesus teaches us to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven;" and in John he calls heaven, My Father's house.

Think, dear young readers, of living in God's palace, in the palace of Jehovah! Moses thought it a high honour to have but a glimpse of his glory. What must it be, then, to stand in his presence! Again, Jesus is there. Dear children, have you never longed to see him, to see him, not as the people of Palestine saw him, "a Man of sorrows," in a robe dusty with travel, but as Peter, James, and John saw him on the mount, when his face shone like the sun, and his

garments were white and glistening ; or, as Mary and the other women saw him after he rose from the dead, when he said, "All hail!" and they kissed his blessed feet; or as he is at this moment, King of kings, "the altogether lovely" one, with "many crowns on his head!" Oh, to see him face to face, to see the goodness, the grace, the majesty of his countenance, to press the very hand which has the scar of the nail, to look at the very head once crowned with thorns, to hear him speak, to be led by him to fountains of living waters, to follow whithersoever he goeth: this is heaven, and this is what all in heaven enjoy.

Again, the holy angels are there. Of course we have never seen an angel, but many people have, and they have told us how bright and beautiful they are. They are different creatures to us; they have never been children; God made them just as they are, to be his messengers, and to do his pleasure; and he sends them forth on errands of love to this world. He could easily make them visible to us if he chose (for they are frequently on earth, in our streets, and houses, and schools, and congregations), but he does not, and it is best. But, dear readers, we shall be acquainted with them in heaven. We shall see them "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;" (Rev. v. 11), bright as flames of fire, in snow-white robes, with golden harps in their hands! And they love those for whom Jesus died, and have them in great honour, and seem to forget, as Christ also does, that they were once rebels, "alienated in their minds by wicked works."

Again, all the saints of the Old and New Testament are there. We are apt to forget this. We seem not to realize that any day we may be called to join "the general assembly and church of the first-born," the spirits of just men made perfect. (Heb. xii. 23.) I am serious in saying that my young readers have walked and talked with those who are now walking and talking with Abraham, who saw the smoke "of the cities of the plain going up like the smoke of a furnace;" with Joseph, who told Pharaoh his dreams; with Moses, who marched through the Red Sea on dry ground; with David, who slew Goliath of Gath; with Isaiah, who sang so sweetly of the coming Saviour; with Daniel and his three fellow captives, who for their Lord's sake braved the lions' den and the fiery furnace; with the four Evangelists, who tell us of the birth of Jesus, his miracles, sermons, wisdom, love, faithfulness, purity, sufferings, crucifixion, death, burial, resurrection, and ascension; with Peter and Paul and others, who were abundant in

labours, planting and establishing churches, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord; with a noble army of martyrs and confessors, who counted not their lives dear, but welcomed torture and death for Christ's sake; there, too, are some of our parents, brothers, sisters, children, and many of our old companions; there they are, and will be for ever with the Lord.

"Here they suffered grief and pain,
Here they met to part again,
In heaven they part no more."

Some of our readers love singing. All the blood-washed throng are singers; they sing with a loud voice, saying, "Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb."

While on earth their conversation was in heaven. They declared plainly that they sought that new and better home. They said "they would be glad to stay with us a while longer, if it pleased God, but, if not, they were quite willing to go," and one by one they "were not, for God took them." And now we speak of them as dead; and, indeed, their outward man has decayed, and we have buried it out of our sight; but "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" Blessed, for they have done with death now! Blessed, for they have done with sin now! Blessed, for they rest from their labours! Blessed, for they are present with the Lord! They used to listen to sermons about Jesus, but now they are with him. They used to talk about the "many mansions," but now they are in them. They used to go with us to the house of God, and kneel by our side, and sing from the same book with us, but now they are before the throne, singing, "Glory! glory! glory!" Oh yes, there they are, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, enjoying all the delights of the New Jerusalem! We may be sure they often think about us, and wonder what we are doing, and when we shall be announced as in sight of the glittering battlements, they will be expecting our arrival, and ready to give us such embraces, and to tell us such wonders!

"Oh! what are all our sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count us meet,
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet."

For this let one and all repair to Jesus, the sinner's friend; turning from all sin, believing his promise, they

shall find redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, and, if steadfast to death, become inhabitants of heaven.

HOPEFUL.

GOD IS A REFUGE FOR US.

ONE autumn day, says a late writer, I stood upon the sea coast, where the waves, stirred by a recent tempest, dashed furiously upon the rocks. The great ocean waves, rolling in with full sweep from the Atlantic, leaped upon the coast with terrific roar. In one place, rushing into a cavern, the surge, through an opening in the top, sprang, in a column of spray and foam, a great height in the air. The sight was so sublime that many persons came from the neighbouring city to witness it. While looking upon the scene, exhibiting the ocean in such power and grandeur, I observed that the rocks, even those upon which the surf broke with most fury, were covered with multitudes of very small shells. So, in the very presence of the stormy sea, smitten every instant by the thundering surf, the little shells, clinging with trustful fingers to the great rocks, found shelter and life. There was the great ocean in its wrath, the symbol of resistless might, rushing upon the cliffs as though it would break over its ancient barriers. Here were creatures, symbols of frailty, having no strength of their own, finding complete safety and refuge by clinging to the immovable rock.

So, my dear readers, is it between Jesus and our souls. Our only safety is in clinging to him who is the Rock of Ages. In the sixty-second Psalm, David speaks out his experience as being upon this rock when he exclaims, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him. He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence; I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and glory; the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God. Trust in him at all times: ye people, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us." In severe trial, and the fierce onset of many difficulties, you are exhorted to cling the closer to the Rock of your strength. He has promised that he will not allow you to be tried above that which you are able to bear. Remember, even in the days of most dreadful trial, that all things work together for good to those, and to those only, who love God. In trial God is a refuge for us.

Does the world allure you, or do your former companions tempt you to forget your religious vows? Are many snares spread for your feet? Does Satan endeavour to overcome

you by the fierceness of his subtle temptations? Then cling to the Rock of your strength; and while the enemy of souls is trying to disengage you from Christ, the everlasting Rock, may you be more invigorated by grace to stick fast to the Rock cleft for you. Nothing can pluck you from thence while you trust in him. Even the gates of hell shall not prevail against you if your hopes are thus founded upon the Rock of ages. God is a refuge for us.

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

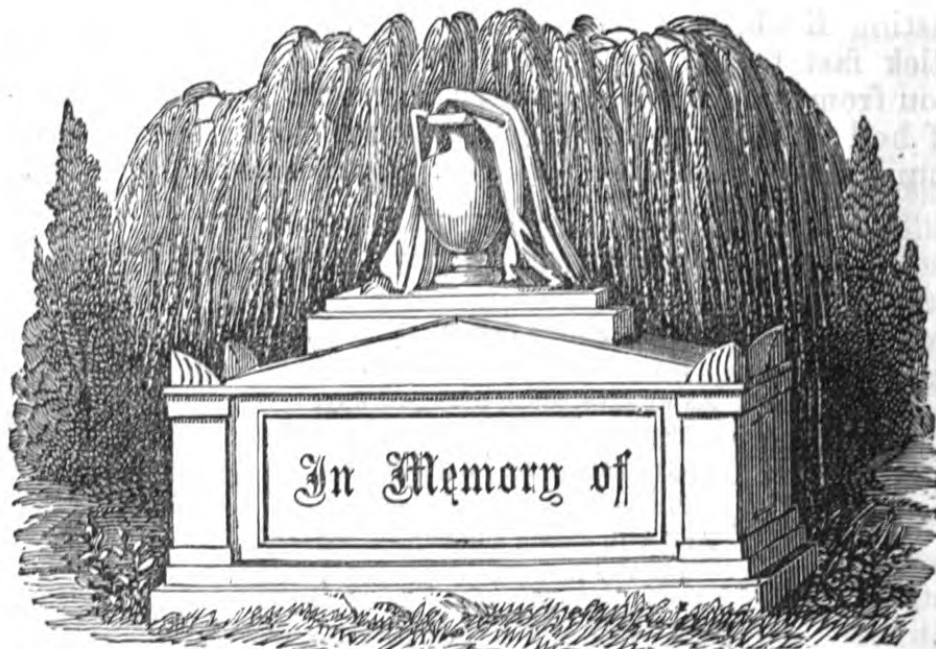
THERE'S a voice that speaks within us,
If we own no craven heart,
As we press along life's pathway,
Taking our appointed part;
And it bids us bear our burden,
Heavy though it seem and feel,
And with strong and hopeful vigour,
Put our shoulder to the wheel.

What though clouds are dark'ning o'er us,
They but hide a tranquil sky;
Or should storm-drops fall around us,
Soon the sunshine bids them dry.
Never doubt, and faint, and falter,
Heart, be stout and true as steel!
Fortune smiles on brave endeavour:
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Folded hands will never aid us
To uplift the load of care:
"Up and stirring," be your motto,
Meek to suffer, strong to bear.
'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,
Or our destiny can seal;
With a will, then, strong and steady,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conned the lesson,
Men of might have tried its truth,
Aged lips have breathed the maxim
In the listening ear of youth;
And be sure throughout life's journey
Many a wounded heart would heal,
If we all, as friends and brothers,
Put our shoulders to the wheel.

Juvenile Biography.



MATTHEW W. HESLOP, who was the son of Matthew and Jane Heslop, of the Shotley Bridge Circuit. His parents being religious, he was led to the Sabbath school at a very early age, and was taught the grand truths of divine revelation, which had their influence on his young and tender mind; and during a glorious revival of God's work at Muley-hill, under a sermon preached by the writer, he was led to the Saviour, and found the pardon of all his sins. The change was real, and soon made itself apparent in his life, conversation, and company. He manifested great delight in attending the house of God, and was always ready, whether there or elsewhere to confess his Lord and Master, and in consequence

he suffered persecution from the boys who worked with him in the coal mine. But cheerful and blithe he kept singing his favorite hymns, such as—

"Come sinners to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;"

and the chorus—

"And above the rest, this note shall
swell,

My Jesus hath done all things well." His pilgrimage was a short one, and suddenly ended. On the Sabbath he attended a love feast, where he told the friends that although he was young, God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all his sins. Between that time and the Thursday following, he seemed to enjoy much of the divine presence, and to rejoice in the God of his salvation, amid storms of persecution from other boys. On the morning of

March 5th, 1863, the wicked boys called him, "a Ranter;" to which he calmly replied, "I am not a Ranter, I am a Primitive Methodist, you are Ranters;" and then added, "I can say what you cannot: my sins, which were many, are all forgiven. You cannot say that. And if anything happen me to-day, and I should be killed, I am happy, and would go to heaven. You cannot say that." These words of this newly saved soul were weighty when spoken, but they came home with tremendous power when about mid-day he received a severe injury, which he only survived for a few hours, and then died trusting in the merits of Jesus. This is the first fruit of a glorious revival of religion at Muley Hill, safely gathered into the garner of God. He was only twelve years of age, but he was a noble witness for his Lord and Master. Since his death many of those who laughed at his religion have given their hearts to God. R. SHIELDS.

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ELIZABETH B. KAY.—On the evening of the 27th of November, 1859, the power of God was manifested in our chapel at Talbot, colony of Victoria, when several penitents were present, and amongst them several children from our Sabbath school. Some of them, through mercy, were saved, and have maintained their

hold of Christ and their practice of piety to this day. If you, dear reader, had been there, you would have seen, among others, a frail plant, a young girl of slender form, of sober look and pale countenance, evincing she was too frail for this inclement world. This was Elizabeth Beveridge Kay, who was about eleven years of age. She was one who rejoiced in a Saviour's love that night. Elizabeth identified herself with the people of her choice and continued with them to her decease. She was a quiet, unobtrusive, and retiring child; yet while in the world she adorned the doctrines of God her Saviour. Her piety was deep, increasing, and continuous. Her course became manifestly brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Her seat was seldom vacant in the house of the Lord. Bad roads, such as are common in a new country, and on the gold fields, with rain, stumps, and knee-deep mire, did not prevent her from appearing before God in Zion. If she was absent from the Sabbath school, the class-meeting, or the public means, it was when she was confined to her bed by the iron hand of affliction.

When the writer came to this station, January 17th, 1862, she was suffering from that prevalent complaint diphtheria. This crushed her so much that she

never fully recovered. But after three months she rallied so as to be able to take her accustomed place; but it was evident to the discerning eye she existed as a bruised plant, with but little promise of restoration. On February 27th, 1863, she sustained another attack of diphtheria under which she lingered about three weeks. During her affliction, passiveness and a ripening for heaven were manifest daily. There was neither murmur, fear, anxiety, nor a wish expressed to recover, but absolute resignation to the Divine will, and on March 19th, she felt her end was nigh. At 9 a.m. the writer was sent for, and found her in a most triumphant state; for with arms extended, eyes fixed, and a countenance lit up with lustre, she exclaimed, "I see Jesus; I am coming;" but she came back again, as it were, to intercede for her parents and friends, and she would not permit them to rise from their knees until the assurance was given they would meet her in heaven. She then gave a most pathetic charge to all; but her strength was now gone, the energy, the loving exertion of the soul, completely prostrated the frail body, and at twenty minutes past 1 o'clock p.m., without a tear or sigh, the soul left its clay house, with an impress of beauty upon it, and fled away to dwell before the throne

of God. The question was asked, "Is she dead?" and we ask it again, and the answer comes back, "No! no! she sleeps in Christ!" The writer said—

"Is this Death's seal? The impression,
O how fair!

Look! what a radiant smile is playing there!

That was the soul's farewell. The sacred dust

Awaits the resurrection of the just."

Her remains were carried to their long home on March 22nd, the Sabbath school, church, and a vast concourse followed (about 300 in all). A funeral sermon was preached by the writer in the evening to an overcrowded congregation. Her demise has made a very salutary impression, and we hope, like the sweet exhalations of flowers which are drawn up into the air during the day, and fall with the dew of night, so the sweet influence of her life will descend upon us.

W. ADAMS.

ELIZABETH ORMROD was born in Rochdale on the 14th of July, 1847. Her parents being members of our Connexion she was brought up under religious influence. In 1857 the family removed to Woodley, in the Stockport Circuit, where she became a scholar in the Sabbath school, and was very regular in her attendance, while her health permitted. She frequently attended the prayer meetings, and often

promised to give herself to the Lord, but for a time she yielded to the influence of companions who were not religiously inclined. At length she resolved to give her heart to God and join the Society, which she did in September last. She prayed in public and gave satisfactory evidence of having experienced a spiritual change. Soon after this her health declined, but she was able to attend the school and the means of grace until about three weeks before her death. During her affliction, which towards the end of her earthly existence was severe, she was resigned to the will of God, being willing to die or live. In holy peace she departed this life on the morning of March 23rd, 1863. To die was gain.

J. L. BUCKLEY.

CLEMMY PESTAL, of Rotherhithe, London Fourth Circuit, fell asleep in Jesus on the 6th of April, 1863, in the sixteenth year of her age.

About her eleventh year she joined the Primitive Methodist Sunday School, and two years after through religious teaching and the operation of Divine grace, she was led to give her youthful heart to God; and she continued to enjoy his favor till the close of life. Eighteen months before her death she was appointed a teacher, about which time her health began to

decline; but she was able to attend to her duties till a few weeks before her death. While belonging to the school, it was always her delight to be there, and nothing gave her more pleasure than to behold its prosperity. As a teacher she was ever attentive to those committed to her care, and always tried faithfully to discharge all her duties. Seeming always to bear the welfare of the children on her heart, she was often heard, when alone, pleading with God for their conversion. Her great aim was to live a useful life. But God who does all things well, saw fit to take the flower and plant it in the garden above.

A few weeks before her death, her health declined rapidly, and it became apparent to all that death on his pale horse was fast approaching. Yet, perfectly calm as the grim monster approached, she feared not his power, but knew she was going to be with Jesus; therefore she could smile at the foe and ask, "O death, where is thy sting?" On one occasion when friends were weeping around, she said, "Do not weep, for I am going to be with Jesus which is far better; and we may meet in heaven." As she drew nearer the verge of eternity, she began to take a view of the past, and though many imperfections were to be

seen in her short history, yet she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had tried to live as a Christian. She said, "I have always feared being a mere formalist, having the profession and not the possession of religion. As she felt herself to be approaching the end of life, her peace and joy in God increased, and often did she express herself in grateful terms that God had called her while young to serve him; and she felt a strong desire that the children of the school should be more earnestly entreated to give themselves to God in early life. "Tell them all," she said on one occasion, "to meet me in heaven." On another occasion, when her leader visited her and asked her how she felt, her answer was,

"Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust."

Though her pain of body was great she endured with patience, and often found consolation in the words of the poet:—

"There will be no more sorrow there,
&c."

And,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Soft as downy pillows are."

A few hours before her death, she called her unconverted father to her, and tried to impress on him the importance of leading a religious life, telling him that religion is good to die with; and after a few kind exhortations to all around her,

"She bade farewell to all on earth,
And went to live in heaven."

"And now the sad conflict's past: 'tis
o'er,

That gentle bosom throbs no more!
The spirit's freed—through realms of
light,

Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight,
To other worlds, to happier skies;

Hope dries the tear which sorrow
weepeth,

No mortal sound the voice which cries;
'The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth!'"

W. DURANCE.

JAMES HENRY MACKILL, of Pennett, in the Brierley Hill Circuit, was born December 9th, 1853, and was suddenly called away, April 12th, 1863, aged nine years and four months.

Witty, active, and intelligent, he secured the love and admiration of all who knew him. He possessed an eye in which his soul seemed centred, and which flashed when he spoke or was spoken to. His memory was highly tenacious, he could learn and retain anything. He was a most uncommon boy, and often drew forth the remark, "He will never be reared, he is too sensible for his years."

From being four years old, he was a scholar in our Sabbath school, and a singer at our anniversaries. At our last anniversary, while singing the hymns, he seemed remarkably earnest, and his voice rang loud and clear. But alas! alas! that was the last time. On the fol-

lowing Wednesday morning he was taken violently ill of the scarlet fever, and on the following Sunday evening he quietly fell asleep, and without a murmur entered the spirit world.

We have not to record anything that he said while ill as he scarcely spoke, but out of many traits of his character we select a few:—

(1.) His love for prayer. Having had pious parents they trained him in the fear of God, and from infancy he was taught to pray upon his mother's knees. If he was sometimes sleepy and forgot, he would get out of bed again and say his prayers before he went to sleep. On the Thursday before he died, when his mother was about to carry him to bed, he would kneel upon her lap, and putting his arms around her neck, he said his prayers as usual. He also delighted in imitating the preachers. James Henry and another boy who suddenly died a short time since, often went through a service, giving out a hymn, which was generally the 821st,

"There is a land of pure delight—"
and engaging in prayer with all the earnestness of a preacher; after which they sang again, and then one of them attempted to preach, &c.

(2.) His truthfulness. As a boy he was remarkable for his love of truth. Never on any

occasion would he tell a lie whether for or against him. If he had done anything wrong he never would swerve from the truth, but would abide the consequences. One of the neighbours gives the following testimony,—“Whenever my son did anything wrong and James Henry saw it, we could depend upon his word being true.”

The day before he was taken ill he went to see his grandmother, who has long been on the way to the kingdom, but is now drawing near the end of her journey. She said, “If I die and go to heaven, must I tell your father that you're a good boy?” when he said, “Sometimes good and sometimes naughty.” She then said, “But you don't want me to tell him that you are naughty.” And he said, “Well, I am sometimes good and sometimes naughty.” (His father died when he was one year and two months old, and was for some years a local preacher, for an account of whom, see large Magazine for July, 1855, p. 387.)

He was carried to his grave by six of his playmates, and was followed by the scholars of the National day school and of our Sabbath school. Many were the tears that were shed, and his grave was strewn with flowers.

J. H. GREEN.

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JOSHUA DODSWORTH was born at Leeds, on the 28th day of June, 1849, and departed this life, at Wakefield, on the 2nd of May, 1863, aged thirteen years and ten months. He was the fifth son of Jeremiah and Clara Dodsworth, to whom his whole life was one continual source of comfort and parental pleasure. Of course he required constant guidance and frequent corrections, and doubtless he had the failings peculiar to childhood; but, happily, he was free from the most prominent vices of children of his age. We cannot remember that he ever was found guilty of falsehood, of dishonesty, or of disobedience to his parents. He was promising as to secular education, and gained the first prize in his class, (which formed the second division of a first-rate school), in the year 1862. In the family his chief characteristic was his generous disposition. He was the first and the last at the bedside of any of us in affliction; and to carry our luggage to the train, or meet us on our return, was his great delight. Indeed his amiable, sympathizing nature and bearing towards us all were such, that instead of Joshua, we often called him "The Affectionate." And his ruling passion was strong in death: about the last words he uttered were words of sympathy for his family asso-

ciations—"I'll put my six shillings to, that's all I have," said he, when he referred to a temporal loss which he understood we had sustained. Evidently concerned to cheerfully bear his full share in the social calamity he said, "It's a very serious affair; I feel the most for Elizabeth, but I think John will do what he can to help, and I'll put my six shillings to, and that's all I have." Generous little fellow, noble-minded child; if he had possessed six hundred shillings he would have put them all to, by way of helping in time of need. From that time the earthly all of this precious, affectionate boy, has been called "Joshua's sacred six shillings;" and as we have good reasons to hope that Christ has taken Joshua to himself, he shall have his money too, which is to be sent to the treasurer of the children's mission in Australia.

Born in the midst of religious influences, and favoured with frequent intercourse with Christian people and Christian ministers, and blessed with a strictly religious training, he had much to help him to choose and to pursue a proper course of life. He early became a scholar in the Sabbath-school, and was a diligent missionary collector. At the age of nine years he began to meet in class, and continued to do so until his removal from

our midst. In confidential moments he would occasionally say to his mother, in reply to the question; "What trade would you like to follow, Joshua?" "O, mother, I don't think it much matters, I shall never be anything but a preacher." But infinite wisdom had ordained for him another, and we trust a higher destiny. He was suddenly attacked by "malignant scarlet fever," and, notwithstanding the best medical attention, after a two days' agony and struggle with the fell destroyer, with a pulse beating at the rate of 132 strokes per minute, he was hurried to speedier repose, gave up the strife of mortality, and languished into life. Not a murmur escaped his lips, not a sign of impatience was evinced, not a single indication of fear of approaching death was manifested during his brief but very severe affliction. In health he professed to enjoy a sense of forgiveness of sins, for Jesus Christ's sake; and though, during sickness, he was chiefly delirious, yet in his lucid moments, in answer to the question put to him more than once by the writer, "Are you afraid to die, my dear boy?" he said, "No, father." "Do you know what Jesus Christ has done for you?" "Yes, father," was the reply, "he died on the cross." A short time before he breathed his last,

he raised his parched lips, and signified his wish to give a farewell kiss to his sorrowing father, which was at once responded to; and then turning his dim, dying eyes to his weeping mother, he beckoned her to come and do likewise, and in a few moments more

"His languishing head was at rest,
It's thinking and aching were o'er;
And his quiet immovable breast,
Will be heaved by affliction no more."

Twenty-eight days have passed away since Joshua fell asleep, and neither the family, nor the church, nor the world, to us are like themselves without his presence, but we comfort ourselves with these words, "Those that sleep in Christ will God bring with him;" and when we who best knew the beloved departed one, consider that nearly five years of his brief life were spent in fellowship with the people of God, and that he firmly believed in Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for him, we think that we have substantial Scriptural reasons for hoping to find him among the blessed at the resurrection of the just. For, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." J. DODSWORTH.

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SELINA MATILDA SYKES, was born in Holbeck, Leeds, on the 1st May, 1845, and died triumphantly on the 7th May, 1863. In very early life she was

the subject of religious impressions, but it appears she was tempted to believe that no one could be saved until twelve years old, which she kept as a secret in her own mind until she arrived at that age, and then she repaired to the house of God, deplored her state as a sinner, cried unto the Lord for pardon, and obtained, through Jesus, the forgiveness of all her sins; after which she hastened home, and with joy beaming through her tears, she said, "Father, the Lord has converted my soul. I am so happy now."

She then became a member of her father's class, and adorned the doctrine of her Saviour by a humble and sincere profession of his name. She loved the means of grace, and was always very punctual and regular in her attendance at class, and always appeared to enjoy a sense of the divine favour. She was remarkably affectionate towards her parents, and evinced a tender love for her brother and sisters, and was anxious about their eternal welfare. Her parents found in her a true adviser and a great comfort, and bear her the high testimony that they never had one hour of trouble caused by her during her whole life. She loved to read good books, but especially her Bible; this she loved above her chief joy. Being meek and retiring in

her manners, her piety was more shown in what she did than in what she said. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Selina was a constant attender at our Sabbath-school at Princes Field, where she was a scholar in the adult class, and was a bright ornament to the whole school. She often recited pieces at our anniversary where her sweet voice and peaceful countenance on such occasions will be long remembered by all who heard her. About six months ago she took a severe cold which brought on a violent cough from which she never recovered. She continued at her employment for about two months, trying in the mean time various medicines for her recovery. She then had to remain at home, and the advice of a skilful physician was sought, and medical aid secured; but she gradually sank, and the hopes at first entertained by her friends were soon dispelled, and it became evident consumption had sealed her for its victim.

"For oft a glowing hectic threw,
O'er her sweet face its colour bright,
And oft her eye of azure blue,
Sparkled with more than common light."

Yet she was undaunted on learning from the doctor that her disease was of a fatal character, and she received the news with that calm, Christ-like resignation that characterised her dur-

ing all her illness. Though her sufferings were at times very severe, she never murmured, but was always submissive; and when asked if she would choose to live or die, if she could have her choice, she meekly said, "Either will do. Either is right." She often said, "Tell the scholars when I am gone that I have gone to be with Jesus in heaven, and I want them *all* to come." One day her father said to her, "You often told us in the class, Selina, that—

'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasure while we live,' &c.

What is your opinion now?"

"Oh," she said,

"Tis religion that does supply
Solid comfort now I die."

And on being asked if she had any doubts of her acceptance with God, "No, no," she said, and looked as if surprised at such a question, "I mean to go to heaven." Seeing her poor mother weeping, she said, "You should not weep, mother, I am very happy, and all is right." On the 19th of April she was unusually lively, and sang with trembling voice—

"I'm bound for the land of the pure
and the holy,"

And then—

"We'll range the sweet plains," &c.

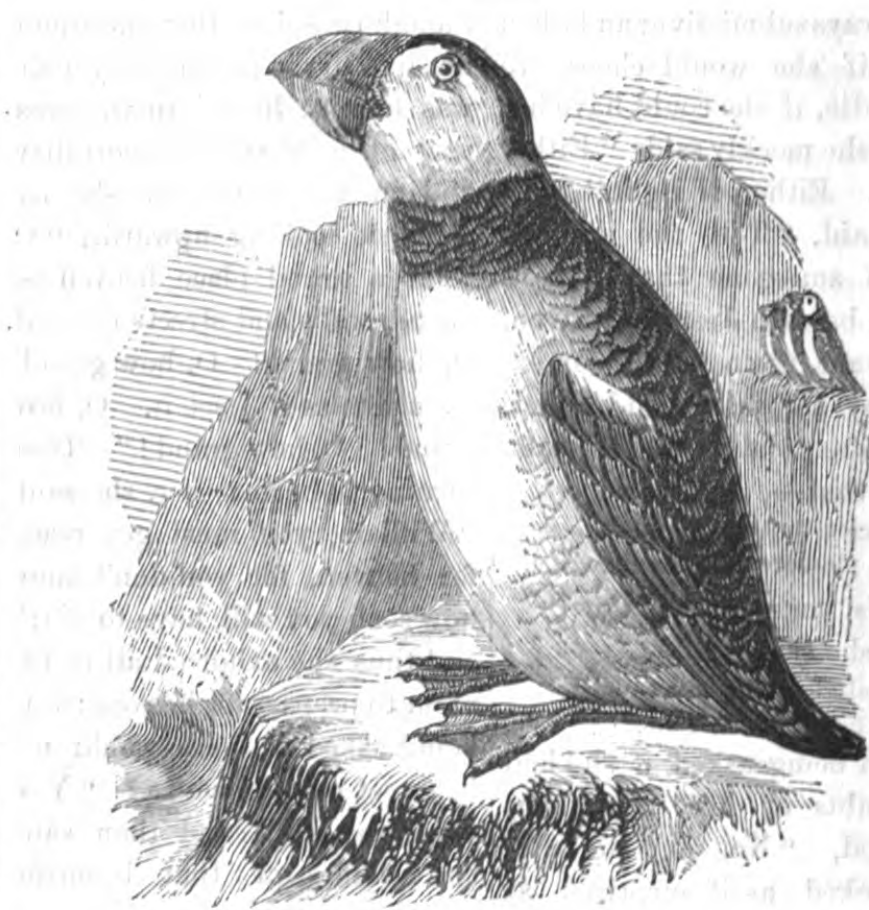
And on Mrs. Taylor, a kind friend of hers, saying, "I am glad you have been so cheerful this morning;" she said, "I ought to be cheerful, I am going

to a better home than this." She was very happy on the 1st of May, it was her birth day, and though conscious that she would not live to see her next, yet she was happy; happy in the prospect of a blissful immortality, and on the next day she exclaimed, looking upwards, "O, what a grand place heaven is! Jasper walls and streets of gold. O, how grand! O, how grand! I am like as if I see it. O, how grand! O, how grand!" Then turning to her brother, she said, "William, you must get ready for heaven, for you don't know how soon you will have to die;" and thus she exhorted all in the room to prepare for heaven: and being asked if there would not be sweet rest in heaven? "Yes, yes," she said; and then sang two verses of that beautiful hymn—

"The Lord my pasture shall pre-
pare," &c.

After which she slowly articulated a short prayer, "Help me, O Lord, to do thy blessed will on earth, as angels do in heaven." During the last two days of her illness she was unable to speak, but just before she expired she waved her hand in token of certain victory over her last enemy—death; and thus her happy spirit passed away to be arrayed in the robes of immortality, and to be crowned with eternal life. M. SCOTT.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE PUFFIN.

THE Puffin is common in the Western Islands of England, and about the Needles. It forms deep burrows in the soil, in which it deposits one egg, or else it takes possession of a rabbit hole. When forced to provide its own house it generally digs it from three to four feet deep, and adopts a winding shape. It provides against surprises by preparing two entrances, so that if one be attacked it can escape by the other. Its egg is always placed at the farthest extremity

of the hole, and is not easy to be obtained, on account of the vigorous resistance the parent offers. The Puffin is an excellent diver, plunging fearlessly from a lofty cliff into the sea, and speedily returning with a quantity of fish, secured by their heads, and held in such a position that they seem to form a fringe around her bill. The bill of the Puffin renders it a formidable antagonist. The length of the bird is thirteen inches.

EDITOR.

"MY LITTLE NEPHEW."

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, — Presuming that you have laid aside your playthings, and finished your amusements for to day, and now want to read something, you know not what, nor where, I will, if you have no objections, tell you something about "My little Nephew."

Prior to my so doing, permit me just to say, that many of you who now read these lines are the beloved little nephews of kind, generous uncles. You love them, and they love you. You often visit them, they often visit you; and on those occasions you feel more than ordinary pleasure. Perchance, some of you are now anticipating the time when you will again pay a visit to "dear uncle." But, dear children, how solemn is the thought, they may before that time comes, have to weep over your little graves, and write your names in the annals of the dead. Or, should you be spared to grow to mature years, you may then, like me, have to write a few lines on the death of your little nephews. I hope, therefore, you will not forget while reading these lines, that what they say may soon be said of you.

My little nephew was born August 23rd, 1856. Being the eldest born, he came laden with honors which he bestowed with a liberal hand. By his birth he

conferred more and holier titles and distinctions, than many a pompous prince has given in threescore years and ten;—he gave those which are inseparably bound up with the deepest and purest instincts of nature, and which, if sanctified by grace, shall outlive the shining stars of heaven. Not only, therefore, in the bosoms of his parents, but in many others he awakened feelings unutterable. As he grew up and the tender faculties of his mind began to awaken, expand, and observe, he became increasingly interesting. His frank, open countenance, his bright blue eyes, his kind, generous disposition, and childish winning ways, made him a charming boy, and won for him many a fond caress and commendation. As there was no Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school in his native village, he was not so favourably situated as many for being nurtured in good things. Yet he was not neglected; his mother, who has been a member and supporter of our Church from her youth up, carefully and prayerfully "trained him up in the way he should go;" and her efforts were not without pleasing results. Child though he was, John William began to love and seek after the God of his fathers. He loved to go to the house of prayer, and oft went with his mother to the class-meeting,

always being singularly attentive to what was said. Many pretty little hymns had he committed to memory, one of which was—and he oft said it to me,—“I think when I read that sweet story of old.”

Some little time ago I received from him the first, and I think it was the last letter he ever wrote; and if you, dear young readers, and the kind editor will allow me, I will transcribe a copy of it, as a specimen of childish simplicity.

“Dear Uncle,—I am very sorry to tell you that my father and mother are not very well; they have both got very bad colds. Mary Ellen, (his little sister) is poorly; John William is getting better. I hope we shall all soon be better. We all join in love to you, hoping you are well. I remain your loving nephew,

JOHN WILLIAM.

O! my dear young friends! little did I think when I read the above letter that the dear little hands that wrote it would so soon be stilled in death, and that he who said he was “getting better” would so soon be taken away from us. But so it was. The Great Disposer of all events so ordered it, and what he does is best. “Blessed be the name of the Lord.” Just five weeks after writing the above he was taken ill of scarlet fever, which ended in typhus fever. He suffered

very much, and was only occasionally sensible; but several times he said to his father—than which the brightest saint in bliss could say no more—“I do love Jesus.” After being in the grasp of this dire disease four days, this sweet flower faded, but an angel's hand took care of it, and transplanted it where it shall have the richer soil, the balmier air, and the brighter skies of the Eden above.

And now, dear young friends, let us, before we close, just go in mind to see that little grave. Good impressions and useful lessons have been graven on the mind while musing o'er the sleeping dead. The proud have been humbled, the worldly have been reprov'd, the thoughtless have been aroused, sublunary things have been divested of all their charms and reduced to utter insignificance, while eternal realities have been seen in all their paramount importance and peerless glory. Oh then listen to the silent voices of that early grave; it tells you first that young children are not too young to die. I dare say many of you seldom think of death, and when you do it is only to the effect that the aged will die and be buried. But you die! oh you can't bear the thought. Besides you are quite young, healthy, and have a long, long life before you. Ah! my children, but many a flower is

nupt in the bud, and more die young than old.

Listen again! for there is another solemn voice from that little grave at your feet, and it says, that children oft die very unexpectedly. Just the week before he died, John William went with his father to plant some flowers on his grandmother's grave. Think! one Saturday planting flowers on the piece of ground where on the next he rests in the sleep of death. How sudden! And so it may be with you, therefore be ye also ready. Bend in penitence and prayer before the Saviour, and beseech him to save you from all your sins. "Ye must be born again." But Jesus died to save you, and the Holy Spirit will give you clean hearts, if you ask him. Oh then pray and be good children, and, whether you die young or old, you shall meet my little nephew in heaven.

Should some grief-stricken

mother glance o'er these lines, then a word for her. Weep, fond mother, weep. Let thy tears flow freely, for Nature would have it so. Yet question not thy Father's goodness, nor think thy trials too severe, in the loss of thy darling boy, but cultivate profoundest resignation to his will. "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Thou "shalt go to him, though he cannot come to thee." Chasten thy grief and brighten the darkness of thy sorrows with the blissful hope that thy little one, now torn from thy loved embrace, shall be restored to thee in the morning of the resurrection, blooming with immortal youth and radiant with celestial glory. With this hope sing mid thy sorrows,

"I will not murmur,
God's will must be done;
And though I am left in darkness,
He is somewhere in the sun."

WM. ROBINSON.

Cheltenham.

Anniversary Services.

WROUGHTON, BRINKWORTH CIRCUIT.—Sermons in behalf of the Sabbath-school of the above-named place were preached on the 3rd of May last by the Rev. G. Morgan and Mr. M. Eatwell, of New Swindon, to crowded congregations; vast numbers

could not obtain admission in the afternoon and evening. The children recited and sang some interesting and appropriate pieces at each service in a manner that did credit to themselves and their teachers.

On Monday, the 4th, the chil-

dren, about 100 in number, received their treat of plum cake and tea, to which they did ample justice. About 100 adults sat down to partake of the cup that "cheers but not inebriates," after which a public meeting was held; Mr. Blake in the chair. Some pieces were recited by the children, and addresses were delivered with good effect by Messrs. Eatwell, Gibbs, Cox, and Sweeper. The collections and donations amounted to the sum of £5 9s. 10½d; and a blessed influence pervaded the services.

J. SWEEPER.

BARNARD CASTLE.

THE anniversary of our Sabbath-school at Barnard Castle was held May 31st. In the morning at half-past ten, and in the evening at half-past six, two interesting and instructive sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Magee. In the afternoon at two o'clock the examination of the children commenced, when a number of choice pieces and dialogues were recited, and also portions of the seventh chapter of Genesis and the twenty-sixth of Matthew, from which the children were afterwards examined. The recitations and examination were gone through in a manner which called forth the highest eulogy upon the manager, Brother T. Dalkin. The services were enlivened by the singing of several

select hymns, in which the children engaged heartily, and sang in a very efficient style. The singing was got up under the leadership of Brother A. Ramsden.

In the afternoon and evening the congregations were extremely large, the chapel being crowded to excess. Liberal collections were taken at the close of the services, amounting to £4 12s. 5d., being about eight shillings in advance of last year. We are happy to say the school is in a healthy and prosperous state, several of the scholars during the past year having been made the happy recipients of God's saving grace. Glory to God!

J. WELFORD.

WILBY, ROCKLAND CIRCUIT.

THE third anniversary of the above school was held June 7th and 9th. The Sabbath services were as follow:—A sermon was preached in the morning by Mr. Brown, of Banham. In the afternoon a short address was given, and the rest of the service was devoted to the children. We had a crowded congregation each service, and liberal collections. During the services a small parcel was handed to me from a secret friend with the following lines,—

"Dear children, you ask us for farthings
and pence, [offence;
You say silver or gold will give no

And so, my dear children, believing
 'tis true,
 Gold, silver, and copper I have begged
 for you."

We found it to be true, for in it
 were enclosed half a sovereign,
 five shillings, and one penny.
 On the Tuesday the children all
 met at the chapel at eleven
 o'clock, and processioned through
 the village. Mr. Colman kindly
 lent a waggon and horse for the
 occasion. At five o'clock all re-
 turned to the chapel, where a
 plentiful repast was provided for
 them. In the evening a tea was
 provided for the public, and above
 sixty sat down. We thank God
 our school is on the increase, and
 also the subscriptions, for they
 amount this time to the handsome
 sum of £3 3s. 6d., far exceeding
 those of last year. Therefore we
 thank God, and take courage.

D. RANDAL.

CALLINGTON, LISKEARD MISSION.

The annual services of our Sab-
 bath-school were held on Lord's
 day, June 14th, 1863. Three

sermons were preached by Mr.
 J. Reed, of Bodmin Land. The
 congregations were good through-
 out the day, and a gracious in-
 fluence attended each service.
 The pieces recited and the hymns
 sung by the children did them
 great credit.

On Monday, the 15th, the
 children processioned the streets
 from the chapel to the corn
 market, where they were supplied
 with tea. Tea was also provided
 for adults, and a goodly number
 sat down.

A public-meeting was held in
 the chapel in the evening, pre-
 sided over by Mr. J. Trevithick,
 superintendent of the school.
 The report was read by the
 secretary, showing the school to
 be in a healthy state. Addresses
 were delivered by the Revs. E.
 Stephens, W. Thomsett, J. Simp-
 son (Wesleyan), and Messrs. W.
 Kitto, E. Hendy, J. Pyne, N.
 Thomas, and S. Jasper. The
 meeting was of a very interesting
 character. The proceeds were
 £3 18s. 1½d. E. STEPHENS.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

BEING LINES RECITED BY JOSHUA DODSWORTH, AT THE WAKEFIELD
 SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, A SHORT TIME BEFORE HIS DEATH.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
 And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
 I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
 I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance fill'd my room.
 A gentle touch awaken'd me,—a gentle whisper said,
 "Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled,
 We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seem'd,

And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway stream'd.
 Still on we went,—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
 I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
 I knew not how we journey'd through the pathless fields of light,
 When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
 We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
 We pass'd through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
 It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
 The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.
 Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music fill'd the air,
 And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there
 And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
 "All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory his alone."
 But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
 And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
 Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoy'd that I at last
 Had gain'd the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.
 And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorn'd with many a gem?
 I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine,
 But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
 Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow?
 For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now!
 And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
 If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in paths of peace to lead.
 I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
 But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
 Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
 And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

* * * * *

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
 A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break;
 And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
 My spirit fell o'erwhelm'd beneath that vision's awful might:
 I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
 That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
 That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
 And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
 And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
 "To live no longer to myself, but him who died for me!"
 And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
 "They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

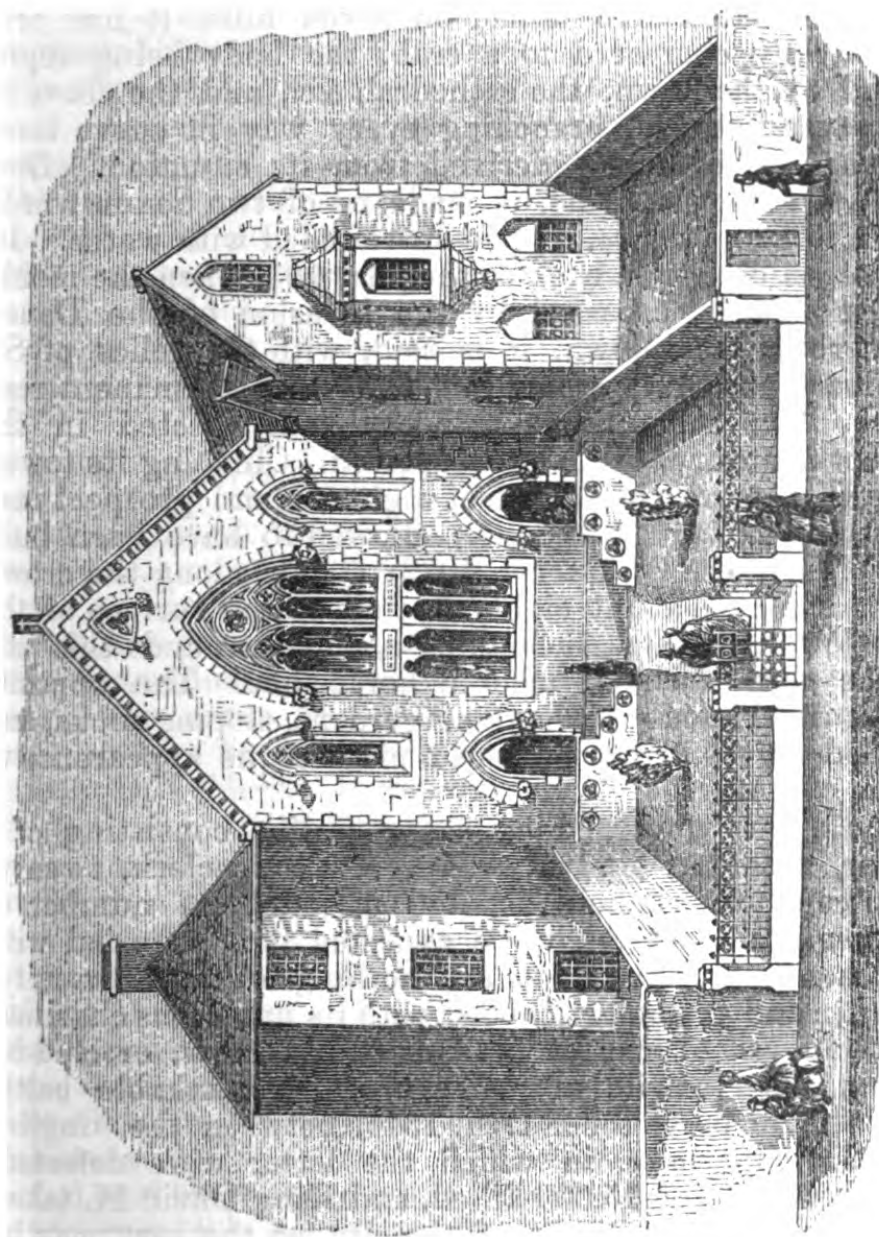
PRAYER.

KNEEL, my child, for God is here;
 Bend in love, but not in fear:
 Kneel before him now in prayer;
 Thank him for his constant care:
 Praise him for his bounties shed
 Every moment on thy head.—
 Ask for light to know his will;
 Ask for love thy heart to fill;

Ask for faith to bear thee on,
 Through the might of Christ his Son.—
 Ask his Spirit still to guide thee
 Through the ills that may betide thee;
 Ask for peace to lull to rest
 Every tumult of thy breast;
 Ask in awe, but not in fear;
 Kneel, my child, for God is here.

Sent by C. BECKLEY.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, DURHAM.

Youths' Department.

THE CITY OF DURHAM AND ITS PRIMITIVE METHODIST JUBILEE CHAPEL.

(With Engraving.)

THOSE who can enjoy beautiful prospects would find themselves highly gratified by the variety which presents itself from the different hills with which the city of Durham is surrounded, as well as from the different avenues leading to it. Situated like Rome, on seven hills, it has been whimsically compared to a crab, the body being represented by the town, the cathedral, &c., and the claws by the several streets, branching every way in curve lines. Its name is evidently derived from its situation. *Dunholme*, its ancient name, is made up of two Saxon words, *dun*, a hill, and *holme*, a plain surrounded with water. Its origin can be traced back to the year 995, when the monks of Landisfarne, harassed by the invasion of the Danes, wandered up and down, it is said, with the relics of St. Cuthbert, and fixed upon this spot as a permanent residence. The magnificent cathedral was erected in the eleventh century, the Norman period. Climbing its tower, somewhat more than 200 feet high, a grand prospect may be seen. It (with the castle, allowed to have been built by William the Conqueror, 1072) stands along the crown of an eminence about eighty feet above the surface of the river Wear, which washes its base, and surrounds this part of the city in the form of a horse-shoe. The opposite banks are skirted with hanging gardens, sloping rocks, and wooded groves, which present a picturesque appearance to lovers of nature.

The city is governed by a corporation consisting of a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, a town clerk, twenty-four common councilmen, and an indefinite number of freemen, &c. As might be expected it is crowded with churches and chapels, to say nothing of its university, training and grammar schools, with its numerous charities. On the west of the city stands an old cross, erected by Ralph, Lord Nevill, in memory of a remarkable battle fought here on October 17th, 1346, between the English and Scotch armies, in which the latter were defeated, suffering a loss of 15,000 killed, and King David II. taken prisoner. In the vicinity of the city, on the east, may be seen the Sherburn House Hospital, founded by Bishop Pudsey, in 1180, for the reception of sixty-five lepers. It

now maintains a number of in and out brothers, with a dispensary for the afflicted poor round the neighbourhood. It may also be added that the ground east and north-east of the city is particularly rich in coal-mines lying in horizontal strata, from three to six feet thick.

The accompanying illustration is a view of the PRIMITIVE METHODIST JUBILEE CHAPEL. The principal feature is the large and well-proportioned four-light window, enriched with tracery, moulded jambs, labels, &c. The interior arrangement is remarkable for economy of space, comfort, and elegance. Both within and without it is the theme of general praise. The foundation-stone was laid by the Attorney-General, Sir W. Atherton. The opening services were conducted by the Revs. W. Antliff, W. Lister, and other respected ministers. The entire cost, including property bought with the site, was £2,071 13s. 5d.—the debt is £1,180—showing that £891 have been raised by subscriptions, &c. A worthy solicitude has been manifested by the trustees and circuit friends for the reduction of the debt.

W. SAUL.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 201.)

IN our last paper we saw Saul of Tarsus as a converted man, and now we must mark how he was led forth into his great work; and in so doing we shall find it very profitable to observe the footsteps of Divine Providence as manifested in the marvellous career of this truly wonderful man. When persecution drove him from Damascus we have seen he made his way to Jerusalem, and presented himself to the apostles and elders. It was quite proper that Paul should at this time go up to Jerusalem, quite proper that he should enter into fellowship with the Apostles there, but not at all proper that he should remain there. We must follow him therefore to other scenes, scenes where his work lay, and where we shall presently find him pleading, toiling and suffering for Jesus. As at Damascus, so at Jerusalem, he preached Christ, and disputed with the Grecians, or Hellenistic Jews, asserting, as was his wont, that Jesus is the Christ. Now let us remember that Paul only abode in Jerusalem on this occasion for the space of fifteen days, yet in that brief period, and in the scene of his former persecutions, yea, near to the very spot where he held the clothes of those who stoned blessed Stephen to death, yea, even in Jerusalem, he is found boldly speaking in the name of Jesus, and power-

fully disputing with the enemies of the cross. For this very thing Paul has been in danger of his life at Damascus. Now also at Jerusalem the incensed and angry Jews go about to slay him, "Which when the brethren knew they brought him down to Cæsarea and sent him forth to Tarsus." Acts ix. 30. The Cæsarea here mentioned is Cæsarea of Palestine, a seaport town on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, between Joppa and Tyre, about sixty-two miles from Jerusalem. It was a city of considerable note. Herod the Great chiefly contributed to its magnificence; and after the destruction of Jerusalem it became the capital of Palestine. It is often mentioned in Scripture, and frequently occurs in the history of the Acts. Here it was that the devout soldier Cornelius had a vision of God, in which he was commanded to "send men to Joppa and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter," who would expound to him the way of God more perfectly. It was to Cæsarea that Peter went "obedient to the heavenly vision" he had received at Joppa, and witnessed the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Cornelius and his household, who were the first fruits of the Gospel among the Gentiles.

Philip the evangelist lived at Cæsarea, and the Apostle Paul was imprisoned here for two years; and in this town he made his eloquent defence before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa. Though Paul called at Cæsarea on his passage from Jerusalem, yet that was not his destination. Speaking of this journey, he says, "Afterwards I came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia." Yes, it was to Cilicia and to Tarsus, his native city, he was now sent, and sent too to preach the Gospel. We have formerly imagined Paul when leaving Tarsus to go and finish his education in Jerusalem, a proud, conceited, and clever young Jew. Now he has grown to manhood, a considerable portion of his life has been spent; but, behold, now he comes to his native city, the polished and far-famed Tarsus, as an apostle of Jesus Christ, for the purpose of converting his fellow-countrymen, and evangelizing the whole of Cilicia. Let us suppose that many of Paul's friends, the friends of his childhood and youth, are still resident at Tarsus. Let us suppose that some of his own relatives are still here, perhaps even his father is yet living.

Ah, the poor miner, John Luther, works hard at his sweating toil to keep young Martin at the university, not with the view of his becoming a reformer, though; no, no; but a great lawyer, or statesman, or something of that sort; and sorely is the honest miner tried when his hopeful Martin abandons the world, and devotes him-

self to a religious life, and by the bye he becomes very angry. Ah, poor John Luther little thought that God was thus preparing his stern and powerful son to become the great Reformer, before whom proud Rome should afterwards tremble, and whom generations unborn would delight to honour! And we may easily suppose that Paul's father—a stern old Pharisee doubtless—was sadly chagrined if he lived to see his son come back to Tarsus, not a great, renowned and full-blown Pharisee, but a devoted and humble missionary of the cross. How long Paul remained in Cilicia at this time it is impossible to say, nor are we able to tell the result of his zealous labours; but some years afterwards we find him going through this province in company with Silas, "Confirming the churches;" from which we conclude that he had previously planted churches there.

We must now pass on to the 11th chapter of the Acts, where we shall find some interesting events recorded in connection with the history of Paul. A blessed work of God had broken out at the great city of Antioch, the capital of Syria, and which then ranked the third city in the whole Roman empire. The part which Paul took in that dreadful persecution in which Stephen lost his life has been already dwelt upon. Now, consequent on that persecution the disciples at and around Jerusalem "were scattered abroad:" and some of them went and settled at Antioch, and there preached Christ Jesus, first to the Jews, and afterwards to the Gentiles. "And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord."—Acts xi. 21. Tidings of this gracious outpouring of the Spirit at Antioch came to the church at Jerusalem, whereupon they selected Barnabas, and commissioned him to visit these hopeful converts, and to confirm them in the faith. Barnabas on his arrival rejoices to behold so evident a manifestation of the power and love of God, and exhorts the new converts to cleave stedfastly unto the Lord, and goes to Tarsus to fetch Paul in order that the latter may assist him to build up and strengthen the newly planted church of Antioch. Paul soon came with Barnabas to Antioch where "a whole year they assembled themselves with the church and taught much people." Here the disciples were first called Christians. Why this name was given to them we cannot say, but presume that it was done merely as a matter of convenience. I see no reason to conclude that it was imposed as a term of ridicule or reproach, but merely for distinction's sake, just as the disciples of Plato are called Platonians, or those of Pythagoras, Pythagoreans, or in more modern times those of Wesley, Wesleyans. What

ever was the design of this appellation it is certainly a very natural and convenient one, and one in which we glory. From this period Antioch became famed as a Christian city, as it was also for its vast size, its commercial enterprise, its accomplished scholarship, and its luxurious affluence. The population is stated to have numbered half a million, and the number of its Christian members is said to have been at one time no less than 100,000. The eloquent Greek Father Chrysostom was born and performed his earlier labours here. Indeed Antioch long maintained a high position, both as a great city and a place of enlarged prosperity and power in connection with the Christian cause. It is now a place of the greatest wretchedness. Its former grandeur is entirely gone; and it would be difficult to find an intelligent and consistent Christian, where that natural and blessed designation was first applied to the followers of the Saviour.

We have now to notice a very pleasing instance of the kind-hearted benevolence of the early Christians. About the year 45 a terrible famine visited many parts of the Roman empire, falling very heavily on the country of Judea. This being made known to the Antiochian believers by the predictions of one Agabus, a prophet from Jerusalem, they made a collection among themselves for their suffering brethren in Judea, and sent the same to Jerusalem, by the hands of Barnabas and Paul. After this ministry was duly fulfilled, Paul and Barnabas returned again to Antioch; but not to remain long there, for God had determined otherwise. The church was now established at Antioch, and there were vast and populous regions all around them where the people were shut up in the gross darkness of heathenish superstition and idolatry. And as certain prophets and teachers had now been raised up among the disciples at Antioch, who were capable of taking the oversight of the church, the Holy Ghost commanded that Barnabas and Paul should be separated unto the work for which they were appointed. With devout submission the apostles and the church received this command; with beautiful simplicity and characteristic earnestness they met together, fasted and prayed, commended the two missionaries elect unto the Lord, and set them apart for their great work by prayer and the laying on of hands.

Now commences the first great missionary tour of Paul and Barnabas; John Mark whom they had brought from Jerusalem with them being their companion. This important tour lasted about two years, and the following places among others, were visited during this journey, viz., Seleucia,

Salamis, Paphos, Perga, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, Attalia and Phoenicia. Some of these places were visited twice during the same tour. The 13th and 14th chapters of the Acts supply us with the history of this excursion. Our apostle and his companions then leave Antioch, and proceed to Seleucia, a city of Syria, on the shores of the Mediterranean sea, west of Antioch. From this place the missionary party sets sail to Cyprus. We have already seen that Paul subsequently to his conversion was brought in the order of Divine providence to preach the Gospel in his native city. And now does the same thing happen to Barnabas, who was a native of Cyprus. Here he had been a person of distinction, having owned great possessions, but having sold them he brought their produce and laid it at the apostles' feet in Jerusalem, as related Acts iv. 37.

Now, after some years have passed away this saintly man returns to Cyprus, the place of his birth, a zealous and devoted missionary of his Saviour. Cyprus was, at the time of the apostolic visit, a large, beautiful, and exceedingly fruitful island, in the Mediterranean Sea, containing several important and populous cities. Their first public preaching attempt upon the island seems to have been at Salamis, the capital of the island. Then they proceeded to Paphos, where they encountered a certain sorcerer, or false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Barjesus, "Which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man, who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the word of God." Acts xiii. 7. On Barnabas and Paul presenting themselves to the deputy they were withstood by the wicked Elymas, or Barjesus, who saw that if his patron and supporter should be converted to the Christian faith, his living would be gone. Paul, however, filled with the Spirit, and clothed with the power of God, pronounced a sentence of blindness upon the sorcerer, who immediately began to feel about for some one to take him by the hand, a mist and darkness having fallen upon him. The pro-consul or deputy on seeing this was convinced of the truthfulness of the apostles' mission and doctrine, "and believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord." Thus was the Roman governor of the whole island converted through the agency of Paul. This miracle occurred at Paphos, as says Dr. Clarke, perhaps the most dissolute city in the universe. Here Venus had a superb temple, here she was worshipped with all her rites, and from this place she was named the Paphian Venus. The whole city, with its temple, was de-

stroyed by an earthquake, so that a vestige of it does not remain. After our faithful missionaries have accomplished the tour of this beautiful island, Cyprus, they bend their steps towards Asia Minor, presenting themselves at Perga, in Pamphylia. This was a province of Asia Minor, of which Perga was the capital. Here, of course, they resumed their zealous labours. Here, John Mark, who had acted in a minor capacity in their missionary travels, left Barnabas and Paul, and returned to Jerusalem. It is very probable that Mark was not pleased with the itinerant mode of life he had recently been pursuing, and, possibly, at this time, at least, he had not a very great liking for the inconvenience, hardship, and danger of apostolic missionary travelling. From the province of Pamphylia, Paul and Barnabas now proceed to the adjoining one of Pisidia; and here we find them at a place called Antioch, going into the synagogue on the Sabbath day—and sitting down with the other worshippers, they are requested to address the people. Whereupon Paul then stood up and preached a very powerful sermon, setting forth Jesus as the Messiah and Saviour of the world. This truly excellent discourse constitutes the best abstract of apostolic preaching extant. "And the next sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God." Acts xiii. 44. Hereupon the Jews were filled with envy, and raised such a persecution against Paul and Barnabas as led them to shake off the dust of their feet as a testimony against them. The apostles now left Antioch, but not till a blessed work had been wrought; for it is said that "the Gentiles glorified the word of the Lord;" and, further, that "the word of the Lord was published through all that region." Acts xiii. 49. Moreover, Luke informs us that the converts won by these labours of Paul and Barnabas, even after the apostles' departure, were in a most happy state of mind: "And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost;" verse 52.

The next place at which we find our missionary labourers is Iconium, a fortified town, the capital of the province of Lycaonia, in Asia Minor. And here also they preached Christ in the Jewish synagogue. Here likewise the Jews raised a violent persecution against them. But "the Lord gave testimony to the word of His grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands." Acts xiv. 3. Persecution, however, became very hot, and so Barnabas and Paul departed to Lystra and Derbe, towns belonging to the same province as Iconium. In these cities and the adjoining country, they preached the Gospel. It was at

Lystra that Paul healed the poor cripple who had been lame from his birth, and where the ignorant populace would have adored Barnabas and Paul as gods. The history of this transaction, with other matters, must be deferred to our next paper. W. M. B.

TRANSITORINESS OF THE WORLD.

RELIGION yields its richest rewards to those who cultivate it most earnestly and assiduously. The good man is satisfied with his choice, and finds peace like a river and righteousness as the waves of the sea. But worldly pleasures and honours never fill the heart; there is always a yearning unsatisfied, and when they are at full tide the heart is sated, but finds in them little comfort. They are felt, also, to be transitory, never sure of continuance.

Some years since a vessel lay becalmed on a smooth sea in the vicinity of an iceberg. In full view the mountain mass of frozen splendour rose before the passengers of the vessel, its towers and pinnacles glittering in the sunlight, and clothed in the enchanting and varied colours of the rainbow. A party on board the vessel resolved to climb the steep sides of the iceberg, and spend the day in a picnic on the summit. The novelty and attraction of the hazardous enterprise blinded them to the danger, and they left the vessel, ascended the steep mountain of ice, spread their table on the summit, and enjoyed their dance of pleasure on the surface of the frosty marble. Nothing disturbed their security or marred their enjoyment. Their sport was finished, and they made their way down to the water level and embarked. But scarcely had they reached a safe distance before the loud crash of the crumbling mass was heard. The scene of their gaiety was covered with huge fragments of the falling pinnacles, and the giant iceberg rolled over with a shock that sent a thrill of awe and terror to the breast of every spectator.

But what is this world, with all its brilliancy, with all its hopes and its alluring pleasures, but a glittering iceberg, melting slowly away? Its false splendour, enchanting to the eye, dissolves, and as drop after drop trickles down its sides, or steals unseen through its hidden pores, its very foundations are undermined, and the steady decay prepares for a sudden catastrophe. Such is the world to many who dance over its surface, and in false security forget the treacherous footing on which they stand. But can any one, who knows what it is, avoid feeling that every moment is pregnant with danger, and that the final catastrophe is hastening on?

SPEAK A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

SPEAK a kind word when you can, dear friends ; it costs nothing, and yet how much good it may do if spoken to the many sad and weary ones we meet while traversing the path of life. Kind words sink deep, deep into the heart, and make their lodgment there, lightening the cares of earth. Priceless, indeed, is their value ; happy are they which scatter them in rich profusion around.

Who has not felt the power of kind words ? Hearts, perhaps, more fraught with trouble than our own, have felt their inexpressible worth ; they fall as sunbeams on the soul when enveloped in sorrow's night ; like flowerets strewn in a barren wilderness, they cause the traveller awhile to forget his toils and griefs, while he tarries by the way to inhale their fragrance.

They will not fall unnoticed by our Heavenly Father ; Jesus will look in tender love on those who are thus trying to tread in his footsteps and reflect his light. He alone knows their true value, and he delighted in speaking comfortable words and kind to the needy ones who thronged his path on earth. Then shall not we do likewise ? And, oh, when the king of terrors seizes us for his prey, and the cold damp sweat settles on our brows, we shall need *his* consolations then, and shall surely have them. His gentle voice will be heard in the swellings of Jordan, dispelling our fears, and he will give us a joyful welcome to that land prepared by him for those who bear his impress and reflect his light.

E. STONE.

FAITH.

FAITH is the walking in spirit with the Father of Lights, holding a high and holy communion with him of heavenly things. It is the telescope through which we behold the pleasant mountains of the land of promise. It is also a calm and trusting confidence in him who hath given the promise of the glory that shall be revealed ; as we believe in the existence of angels, who are declared to be ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. It is a soft couch on which the weary Christian can repose ; as sweet and soothing thoughts of the land which is now afar off, and of the "inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," float over his soul, he looks forward with joyful anticipation to the time when he shall behold him face to face, whom, not having seen, he hath loved, and in the perfect happiness of

his society he shall rest secure in glorious realities for evermore.

"Faith is the spirit's sweet control
From which assurance springs;
Faith is the pencil of the soul
That pictures heavenly things."

ANN TUFFIN.

COMPOSITION COMMENDED.

ONE of the best methods to acquire the knowledge of a subject is to attempt to write about it. Ideas have a sort of cohesive and magnetic attraction for each other, and seem to flow together when the pen is taken to express them. Many a time have we commenced to pen a sentence, and there came to us matter for a paragraph, and even for an essay. Then, again, when a person attempts to write, it becomes necessary to acquire ideas upon the subject under consideration. He will do this in the most expeditious, practical manner, without loading the memory with those *cumuli* of particulars and demonstrations in which pedantry is so fond of dealing. Hence, the pen teaches better than the pedagogue, and the closet is vastly superior to the schoolroom in the work of developing intellect and cultivating the scholar.—OLD JONATHAN.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

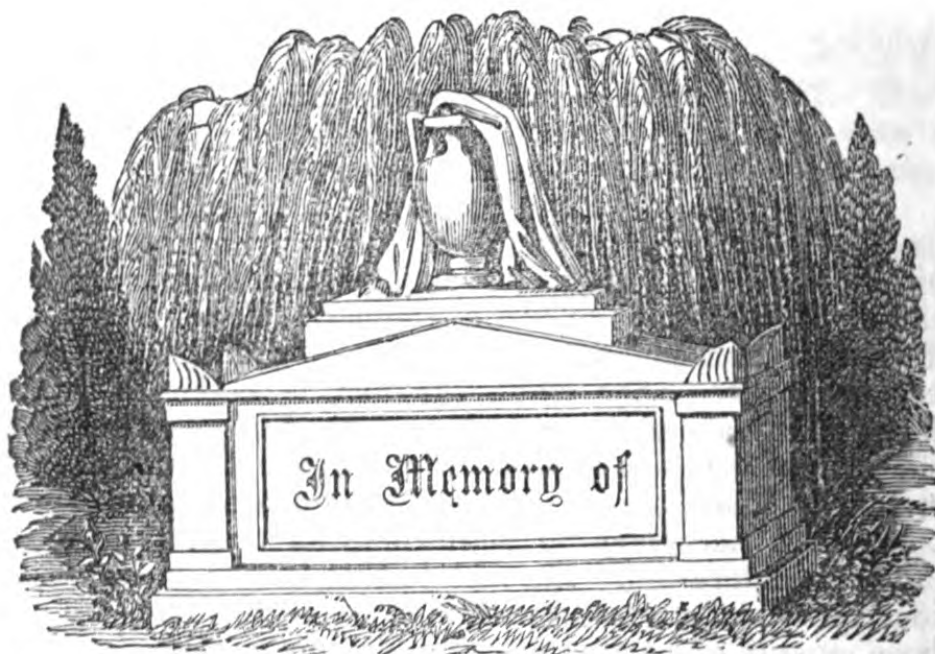
ONE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings,
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts,
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour, day by day,
Another point to gain, [feared,
And soon the mountain which you
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far off duties,
But of duties which are near;
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

Juvenile Biography.



SARAH ANN, the daughter of Jeremiah and Mary KING, who was born 9th January, 1845, at Eastcott, in the parish of Swindon, Wilts. She was of a meek, quiet, obliging disposition, and from infancy manifested strong affection for her parents. This state of things continued and increased as she advanced in years. She was surrounded by religious influence, and blessed with pious parents; both of whom are members of our society at Wootton Bassett, and her father is a local preacher in this, the Brinkworth circuit. They strove to train her in the fear of the Lord; nor were their efforts in vain. She soon manifested a disposition to learn; and, obtaining a considerable share of general information, she after-

wards became apt to teach. At first, she received instruction in the British School at Swindon, but removing with her parents to Wootton Bassett when she was ten years of age, she entered our British School, and remained a scholar therein until the year 1860, when she passed her examination with success, and became a pupil teacher. She spent about two years in that capacity, at which time her health failed, and though reluctant, she was necessitated to leave the school.

The following statement is made by Mr. Bullock, master of the school: "Dear sir,—In complying with your request, I may just say that Sarah Ann, as we used to call her, was a pious, consistent, and very intelligent young person. Her disposition

was particularly gentle and Christ-like. She was always willing to learn and do her best; and during the five or six years she was with us, either as a scholar or pupil teacher, I do not remember ever to have received an unpleasant word from her. Paul's advice to Timothy was received by her; she gave attention to reading, and was given to communicate. A little girl belonging to our school died some twelvemonths since, and her mother told me that she was constantly saying, before she died, 'How I love Sarah Ann for telling me so many nice things about good little girls!' I have no doubt but that both of them are now in heaven. Miss King's life plainly taught me that it is possible for a young person to follow the Lord Jesus Christ with much sincerity."

The time and circumstances of her conversion were as follows. On Sunday, 24th of July, 1859, after a love-feast conducted by the Rev. Samuel West, or during the prayer-meeting which followed, she was deeply convicted of sin; the friends pointed her to Jesus, and that evening she found peace in believing.

Her class-leader, Mr. Elias Wallis, says: "She was a very consistent member. Above all other means of grace amongst us she prized the class-meeting, which, when health permitted,

she punctually attended. When her spiritual state was inquired into, she would express, in strong and plain language, her longings to be filled with the Spirit and fully sanctified to God. When reminded of her weakness, she would say, 'Well, I am in the hands of the Lord, not my will, but his be done.'"

Her affliction (consumption) she bore without a murmur or complaint, though at times she suffered severely, waiting to be called by Christ to his kingdom and glory from day to day for several weeks. At last the deliverance that she often prayed for came, and in a tranquil state of mind she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Sunday, 10th of May, 1863, aged eighteen years.

About a month before her death she said to her mother, "I have been thinking of the goodness of God. I see it is all right, for what should I have done now if you had been taken away by death when ill last summer? But the Lord spared you to attend to me." She also said, "You will feel lonely, mother, when I am gone. I know I shall die; I have no desire to recover. I have given you up, and you must give me up. It will not be a long separation; you will soon follow." She continued, "Father has been very, very kind to me, but what could I have done without you?" She desired them to

meet her in heaven. She urged her sister to give her heart to God; and then her happy spirit sped its way to the paradise of God. May we all join her above.

G. FOWLER.

SUTCLIFFE BOLTON was born at Barrowford, in the Colne branch of the Burnley circuit, March 6th, 1843, where he spent the days of childhood and youth in innocent pleasure. He was naturally of a mild and kind disposition, which made him greatly respected and beloved by all who knew him. As a scholar in our Sabbath-school, his behaviour reflected great credit both on himself and his parents. He was the first that was converted during a series of revival services held in January, 1861. His conduct as a member proved that the grace of God was not bestowed on him in vain. Soon after his conversion he became a teacher in the Sabbath-school; his attendance was punctual and regular, and his manner of imparting instruction very kind and interesting, which soon gained him the affection of his scholars. He was also very diligent in attending all the means of grace, and especially the Sunday morning prayer-meeting. His love for the Bible was great, he loved it as tenderly as a mother loves her only child; it was his constant practice to read a chapter or two before re-

tiring to rest at night, generally on his knees by the bedside. For music and singing he displayed considerable abilities, and when any unpleasantness arose amongst the choristers, his influence was so great with them that he could soon make all as quiet as the still waters of a peaceful lake. His short existence in this world was marked by the endowment of a sweet and amiable disposition, by inoffensive conversation, and by a rich enjoyment of religion; hence, his soul was calm amidst the storms and strife of his earthly pilgrimage. Had his life been prolonged, he gave promise of becoming eminently useful, but the all-wise Disposer of events saw it best to remove him from this world of transient pleasures, to where there are fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

Gastric fever entered the family, and one member after another caught the direful disease; he escaped for a time, yet it seems he had an impression that his turn would come, for, on his mother remarking, "Our Sutcliffe still escapes," he replied, "Only let our Thomas get better and you will see."

He took to his bed on a Sunday, and during his short illness he suffered much, but he never murmured, or wished his sufferings less.

The disease rapidly increased,

and, after an illness of eight days, hurried him, at the age of twenty, into a premature grave.

He departed this life on the 3rd of May, 1863. His removal is deeply felt by his relatives and numerous friends, but our loss is his gain; he has escaped from the vale of affliction and mortality to the enjoyment of immortality and eternal bliss; he has exchanged sighs of sorrow for songs of joy—death for life—earth for heaven. Thus, while

"Mortals cry, 'A man is dead,'
Angels sing, 'A child is born :'
Born into the world above,
They his happy spirit greet,
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet."

May it be ours to imitate his noble example and to share his bliss.

L. E. E.

JOHN NORFOLK DUNWELL, youngest son of Samuel and Elizabeth Dunwell, of Goxhill, in the Barton circuit, was born June 13th, 1852, and died May 13th, 1863. He had been a scholar in our Sabbath-school about four years. He was an amiable child, and much endeared to his relatives and friends. But how uncertain is everything here, and often the loveliest flower is the soonest blighted. In March he was taken seriously ill, and his throat being much affected by the disease, it was with difficulty that he could talk or receive any

support. At first he appeared wishful to recover, and could not say he loved the Saviour; in this state of soul death would naturally be repulsive, but he sought and ultimately experienced a blessed change, and he felt that he loved Christ, and was calm in the thought of death. From this time his thoughts were much upon heavenly things. He made many inquiries about the separation of the soul from the body, such as if he should know his dear kindred again, whom he hoped to meet in heaven, and how the soul would be sustained there. One night he thought he should die, and he requested his dear parents and brothers not to leave him; he then urged them to meet him in heaven, and repeated a favourite verse that he had learnt at the day-school—

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Sing glory, glory."

The instructions he had received from the master of the day-school had made a good impression on his mind. A few days before he died he said to a friend that often visited him, "Do you think that I shall get better?" the reply was, "No, I do not think you will; you are going to join the happy children round the throne in heaven." On seeing his brother weeping,

the dying boy said, "You must not cry, you must pray to God." He was much pleased for any one to read and pray with him.

On the morning on which he died he was asked, "Do you still love the Saviour, and believe you are going to heaven?" He answered, "Yes." When dying, the words were repeated to him:

"Bright angels are from glory come,
They are round thy bed and in the
room,
They wait to waft thy spirit
home."

He looked up and raised his arm, with the finger pointing upward, and waved his hand, no doubt in token of victory over death, through Jesus Christ our Lord. He then clasped his hands, his lips moved, but his words could not be heard. Another moment and his mortal life was ended, and his spirit gone to join the happy band in heaven.

MARTHA HARDY.

SUSANNAH, the daughter of Abraham and Maria Gill was born at Bradley, Yorkshire, in the Silsden circuit, May 31st, 1845, and died May 14th, 1863, aged seventeen years and eleven months. She was admitted into our school at three years of age, and continued her attendance as a scholar until her affliction, which commenced in January, 1862. She made rapid progress in learning to read, and took

great delight in reading our large and small magazines, which were of great service during her long and painful affliction. She was unable to walk from the commencement of her affliction, and was obliged to sit down and push herself to and from her bed with her hands.

She was a subject of temptation to an amazing degree, but she would often sing,

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
A little while on life's rough way," &c.

Some time before her death she made choice of six of her school companions to carry her to her grave. Her sufferings were very great for some days before her death, but when her strength would allow, she would sing—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly," &c.

She died without a struggle.

ABRAHAM GILL.

SUSEY ANN STRINGER was born at Accrington, March 4th, 1845, and died on the 24th May, 1863. She became a scholar in our school in the year 1855, and was regular and orderly in her attendance, and when at school she took great delight in reading her Bible, and in hearing what her teacher had to say; but, unhappily, she lived without a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus till a few weeks previous

to her death. She then began to attend the class meetings and other means of grace, and though young, her experience was sound. She often expressed her thankfulness to God for calling her to seek his face in her youthful days, and she promised to be a useful member of the Church of Christ. But he that walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks has taken her from the church militant to join the church triumphant. Her affliction was apoplexy. The uncertainty of life and the certainty of death remind us of that passage,—“Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” On Sunday, May 24th, 1863, the weary wheels of life stood still, and her happy spirit took its flight to the regions of the blessed, in the nineteenth year of her age.

“With songs let us follow her flight,
And mount with her spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.”

T. WHITTAKER.

ELIZA, the much loved daughter of Thomas and Amelia Waite, both of whom are members of society at Chapel, in the Alford circuit, became a Sabbath-school scholar at an early age, and such she remained until May 30th, 1863, at which time she entered into the joy of her Lord.

Eliza was naturally kind, and of an amiable disposition; and,

as the blessing of God accompanies the efforts of pious parents, had she been spared, most likely she would have walked in wisdom's ways, and perhaps have become a pattern of piety and a mother in Israel.

Nevertheless, she knew that her nature was depraved, and that she had need of a change of heart. The 31st of May was the time appointed for the school anniversary, when she was expected to take a prominent part in reciting, but “in the midst of life we are in death.” Ten days previously to the time specified, while she and her school-mates were looking forward to the school feast, she was violently attacked with diphtheria. Under this terrible affliction she earnestly sought the Lord, and requested her mother to pray for her that she might be fully prepared to meet Jesus and her departed brother in heaven.

The prayers of the sorrowing mother and of the afflicted child were both heard and answered, and Eliza knew her sins were forgiven, and repeatedly spoke of the blessed assurance she felt. And she told us that she longed to depart to be with Christ. After she had charged her relatives and friends to be sure to meet her in glory, the Lord took her to himself, aged twelve years.

T. RATCLIFFE.

ELIZABETH WALKER was born at Colne, on the 15th of March, 1845, and died May 31st, 1863, in the nineteenth year of her age. On removing to Accrington, she became a scholar in our school, and so continued until prevented by a protracted affliction. But there was no evidence of a change of heart while she attended the school, but the precious seed sown in the school, although buried for a while, afterwards germinated, and she became spiritually minded, was lamblike in her temper, and fervent in prayer. During her sickness she was visited by her teachers and the visitor of the school, and found quite conscious, and to the very last she had no desire to get better. I saw her the night but two before she died, and read to her the twenty-second Psalm, and also the seventh chapter in

Revelations, and pointed her to heaven with all its attractions, and while repeating a verse, she clasped her hands together, and, with her eyes upwards, she smilingly said,

"No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,

Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

I asked her if she should like to go to that happy place and be for ever with the Lord; she said, "Yes." In this state she continued until removed by death, and she is now, we doubt not, perfectly happy before the throne of God and the Lamb, casting her given crown at Jesus' feet, lost in wonder, love, and praise.

May the youthful readers of this short account so live as to be constantly ready to meet death and judgment!

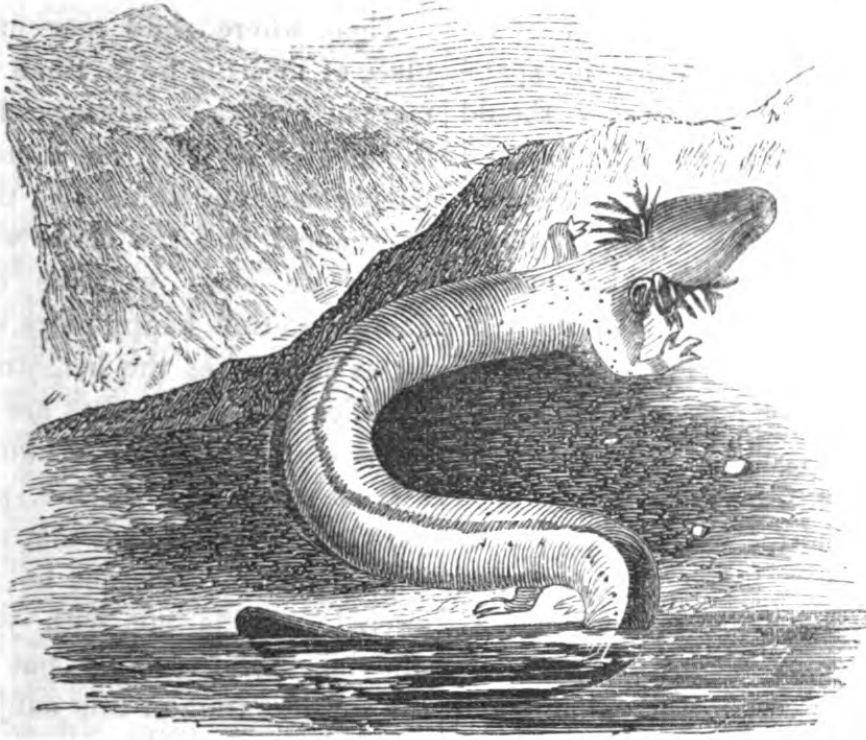
T. WHITTAKER.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE PROTEUS.

THE Proteus is found sometimes in dark, underground lakes, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, where no ray of light can possibly penetrate. Its eyes are small, and covered with skin, and said to be useless for vision. When in captivity the creature always wants to be in the dark. The Proteus has two

ways of getting its breath—by lungs and by gills. The gills are like tufts on each side of the neck, just above the fore limbs. The circulation of the blood in the gills can be easily seen with a microscope. The body is of a pale flesh colour, but the tufts or gills are rather pink. Exposure to the light darkens the colour of both the



tufts and the rest of the body. The Proteus can be easily kept in water, and requires no feeding. But the water should be frequently changed for the sake of keeping the animal healthy. Its movements are slow, and like those of an eel, and its limbs do not seem to be much used. Its scientific name is *Anguinus*, which signifies that it is snake-like. It is found on the soft mud of a small lake in the grotto of Maddalena, at Adelsburg, in Austria, but is not always to be seen there, so that it has been supposed by some persons to be forced through crevices of the rocks from some

subterranean or underground body of water. It has also been found at a place called Sittich, thirty miles from Adelsburg.

EDITOR.

THE TEACHER'S FAREWELL.

FORWARDED BY REQUEST.

THERE is always something painful attending the separation of friends when for a length of time they have enjoyed each other's company, and felt mutual respect and esteem. If we are compelled to part without the expectation of meeting again, we can scarcely bid the last farewell without deep sorrow of heart.

When the apostle Paul bade farewell to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, they sorrowed greatly, but most of all for the words which he spake unto them, that "they should see his face no more." You and I have been fellow-travellers for a short time. We were strangers before, and must become as strangers again. You must go your way, I must go mine, and it is very probable you will see my face on earth no more. Though our acquaintance has been short, I feel very anxious to leave you better than I found you—yes, leave you on your way to heaven. We have often talked together, and well understand that we are parts of one great family—the family of man. We are all possessed of one great treasure—an immortal soul. We are all travelling to an eternal world. Very soon I shall say to you, my dear scholars, farewell. And shall we never see each other again? Probably we shall never meet again—never, until our spirits have left their dying clay—never, until day and night have come to an end—never, until spring has ceased to follow winter, and summer, spring—never, until the sun has ceased to shine and the stars to twinkle—never, until days and months and years are no more—never, until the voice of the archangel and the trump

of God shall summon the dead to rise, and proclaim the arrival of the judgment day.

Then where shall our next place of meeting be? Shall we meet in heaven? Transporting thought! if so it be, our countenances will then shine like that of an angel, and the smile with which we shall welcome one another to that happy place will be as cheerful as the brightness of a clear morning. But are we prepared for heaven? I would ask, am I, as your teacher, prepared? Oh, think not that it is a question which cannot be answered. Trifle not with your undying souls. Do not put off the consideration of this subject while there is only a step between you and death. Delay not a single day or hour to seek the pardon of your sins. Once more, as your teacher, I would ask, are you reconciled to God? Oh! that in these, my last words to you, I could reach your hearts, and, by the Spirit's power, lead you to mourn over and forsake sin, and bring you to the foot of the cross of Christ for pardon and salvation.

We have often read God's holy word together; and there we are told by Jesus Christ, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God." Without a wedding garment of righteousness we cannot sit down at the marriage supper of the

Lamb ; but if we are justified and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of the living God, we may meet in heaven. Joyful anticipation ! Glorious prospect ! Yes, we may meet again—happy, triumphant, glorified ; at all events, we *shall* meet again. We shall all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ to give an account of ourselves to God, and to receive according to the things done in the body, whether they have been good or bad ; for we read in his word that he will bring “every work into judgment,” and “every idle word,” and “every secret thing.” He shall sit on his great white throne, with all the family of Adam before him : he will then divide “the righteous from the wicked,” as a “shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.” He will then say to the righteous on his right hand, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” And to the wicked on his left hand, “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” We may be in opposite divisions of that vast assembly—the one be saved, the other lost ; the one to ascend to heaven, the other to sink to hell, and see each other’s faces no more for ever, and ever, and ever. Oh, eternity ! vast eternity !

“Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 ’Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment’s space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.”

Gladly, you say, would you escape hell if you knew the way. Have we not read that Jesus said to one of his disciples, “I am the way, the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.” Do you ask how you are to be saved from hell ? Jesus says, “I am the way.” Would you know how you may enter heaven ? Jesus says, “I am the way.” We have also read in the holy Bible that “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Here you have the provision of salvation. Consider what I say, and may God give you understanding in all things. Do not forget these words. They are addressed to you by one who earnestly desires your eternal welfare. You will soon hear the last from me. Regard them as the last words of a true friend. I entreat you to improve the gracious moments of your youthful days. Do not rest in such a dying world as this without religion. Can you rest while unprepared for eternity ? Seek at once to be decided for Christ, for you will need his grace to

preserve you from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and Satan. Seek his grace by earnest prayer. Oh! that you each may soon obtain a good hope, through grace, of a happy meeting in heaven. You will not think, on a death-bed, that you began too soon to serve the Lord, for

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die."

Remember, when you are converted you can promote the glory of God and the good of those around you. I speak these words in love, because it is my heart's desire that each of you should give "diligence" to make "your calling and election sure;" that you all, at the last great day, may be presented perfect in Christ Jesus.

And now, my dear scholars, I must repeat the word *farewell*. I cease to be your *teacher*, but not your *friend*; and be assured, wherever I may be, I shall ever hold you in affectionate remembrance. I hope I shall never forget you in my secret prayers, and I ask you to pray for me. Although I now say *farewell*, I have a hope, if God spares me, of seeing you again; but life is very uncertain. My dear scholars, let me entreat you once more to give yourselves fully to Jesus, that, when far from you, I may hear of your joy and peace

through believing; and when I die, may I have the great joy of anticipating a happy meeting with you in heaven, where we shall never say, or feel the pang of, Farewell. Amen and Amen.

No night of sorrow shall be there, all
griefs, all sighs are o'er,
No bleeding heart, no tear-dimmed
eyes, on that celestial shore;
God, with his gentle hand of love, shall
wipe all tears away,
And in his presence we shall stand se-
cure in endless day.

No night of sin can enter there, like
Jesus we shall be,
For we shall see him as he is, and holy
be as he;
No wandering thoughts, no anxious
cares, shall agitate our breast,
No sin shall mar our happiness in
yonder land of rest.

No night of suffering is there, no
weariness, no pain,
The ransomed in that happy land shall
not be sick again;
No aching head, no fevered brow, shall
weigh our spirits down,
For in Immanuel's happy land all sick-
ness is unknown.

No night of parting shall be there, our
loved ones gone before,
Shall hail us at the gates of bliss, and
then we part no more;
To be "for ever with the Lord," our
griefs, our trials o'er,
No tearful eye, no sad farewell, on
yonder radiant shore.

No night of death can enter there to
close our peaceful rest,
No tender ties are severed in the
mansions of the blest;
Once in our happy, longed-for home,
we rest in Jesus' love,
For ah! no night can ever be in that
bright world above.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch, July, 1863.

Anniversary Services.

CHESHAM, ST. ALBAN'S AND HERTFORD MISSION.

THE first anniversary of the Sabbath-school at this place was held July 5th, 1863, when three sermons were preached by the writer, and several pieces were recited by the children. The congregations were large, and collections liberal. On Monday, a tea-meeting was held, when about 100 sat down to partake of that refreshing beverage. After tea a public meeting was held in the Temperance hall, when after singing and prayer, several pieces were again recited by the children, and an address was given to the teachers.

H. ALCOCK.

CULLERCOATS.

THE Sabbath-school anniversary took place on Sunday, July 12th, 1863, when sermons were preached by Mr. Henry Bell, of Cramlington Colliery. Great praise is due to both teachers and scholars for the good order that was displayed amongst them. I have visited many a Sabbath-school anniversary, but I never was at one that could equal that at Cullercoats. The chapel was crowded at each service, and a number of people were standing about the door. The collections were very good. The friends

really deserve all the encouragement we can give them.

G. L. H.

CROOK, WOLSINGHAM CIRCUIT.

The seventeenth Sabbath-school anniversary was celebrated on July 18th, and two following days. On the Saturday a tea party was held, after which, a public meeting, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Sanderson, W. Clemitson, and others. Mr. F. Spoor presided. On the Sabbath, sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. W. Sanderson, and in the afternoon by the writer. A sermon was also preached on the Monday evening by the Rev. W. Sanderson, which brought these services to a close. The collections amounted to 9*l.*, being about 4*l.* 10*s.* in advance of last year. A splendid copy of Cassell's Illustrated Bible was presented to the secretary, Mr. H. Whitfield, as a token of esteem. And we are happy to state that several souls found peace with God.

T. PARSONS.

NEWTOWN, SOUTHAMPTON CIRCUIT.

THE anniversary of our Sabbath-

school at Newtown, was celebrated July 19th and 20th. Sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Morgan, to very large and attentive congregations. The recitations were very interesting, and gave general satisfaction to the congregations, and reflected credit on the teachers and children. On the Monday following, the teachers and children, and a large number of friends met at the school at one o'clock, and processioned through the village with flags and banners. On their return, about 100 children sat down to tea in the open-air, after which, a public tea took place in the chapel, where a large party of friends sat down. In the evening, a public meeting was held, and several addresses were delivered, interspersed with dialogues and pieces. A gracious influence rested on the meeting, and many were led to say, "Master, it is good for us to be here." Our school is in a prosperous condition. During the past year, several have been added. The report showed that our funds were in advance of any previous year. W. P. FIELDER.

NORTH WALSHAM.

Our Sabbath-school anniversary was celebrated on Sunday and Tuesday, July 26th and 28th. On the Sabbath, three addresses were delivered to overflowing

congregations by the Rev. O. Jackson, and after each, the scholars recited several appropriate dialogues and other pieces, in a way that did much credit both to themselves and those who had trained them. The school treat took place on the Tuesday, and at 12 o'clock on that day, a long procession of children, carrying a large supply of banners with appropriate mottoes, and headed by the Revs. J. Winkfield and O. Jackson, accompanied by the teachers and friends, passed through the town, singing hymns adapted to the occasion. Many of the inhabitants were much interested in the sight, and freely contributed towards the school treat. At one o'clock the children sat down in a field, kindly lent by Mr. Edward Storey, to a capital dinner of plum pudding and roast beef, enjoying the good fare to their hearts' content, and at five o'clock a good tea was served to them. At six, a public tea meeting took place, which was numerously attended, and the proceedings were brought to a close by a public meeting in the field, which was suitably addressed by the ministers above-named. It is gratifying to be able to state that the collections were considerably in advance of any former year, being 5*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*

O. JACKSON.

Miscellanies.

THE GIRL WHO WISHED HERSELF A CAT.

A STORY FOR THE VERY LITTLE
ONES.

"I do not see, mother, why you wish me to work every day," said little Fanny. "You know I do not like to read and sew always."

"I think it right for you to learn to sew now," said Fanny's mother, "so that it may be of use to you when you grow up. You do not wish to live an idle life, I hope?"

"No, mother; but I love to play so well, now, and I do not see why I cannot learn to sew when I am older. I do wish I were a cat!" she said, as puss ran before the door; "then I might play always."

"Well, Fanny," said her mother, "if you wish, I will let you be a cat for one week."

Fanny gave a laugh. "O, how funny that will be! Do you really mean what you say, mother?"

"Yes," said she; "not that you can be turned into a cat, but you may act as if you were one, and I will try to treat you as if you were one."

Fanny put down her work. "What fun I shall have! Let me see: what shall I do first?"

I think I will take my ball and have a nice play in the yard."

When the bell rang for tea, she came in, and was going to take her seat at the table.

"No, no," said her mother, "pussy does not eat with us. You may go out to the cook, and she will give you some bread and milk."

Fanny did not like this very well; still she did as she was told, and when Betty had given her the bread and milk, she went to bed.

When Fanny went to bed her mother used to go with her, to ask God to bless her, and to see that she was nice and warm in bed; but this night Fanny went to bed alone, with no kind mother to pray with her or to cover her up. "Cats do not need to pray," said Fanny to herself; "that must be why mother did not come up to me. I don't know, after all that I shall like to be a cat."

The next day, while busy at play, she saw a lady, of whom she was very fond, come up the walk. "I must go in and see dear Mrs. Bell," she said; "she may have come to take me home with her." But as she came to the door, she heard her mother say, "I am sorry I cannot call Fanny;

as she wants to be a cat this week, I cannot let her come in to see you."

Fanny went away, for she knew her mother would do as she had said. It made her feel very cross to be shut out of the room. Still she did not like to go to her mother and say that she was tired of being a cat, as it had been but two days since she had made the wish.

The next day was Sunday. She had been used to go to Sunday school to meet her class and the kind teacher who took care of it.

Fanny saw that her mother was not going to do as she had always done; that is, wash and dress her, and then get her book for her, and help her to learn her lesson. So she went up to her and put her arms round her neck, while the tears ran down her face.

"Mother! dear mother!" she said, "do not treat me as a cat any more. I want to be your own child again, and have you talk to me and pray with me as you used to do. And now, mother, I see that I was not made to be idle, and play always; and I shall be glad to sew whenever you tell me."

"It makes me glad," said her mother, "to hear you speak in this way; and, now that you are tired of being a cat, you will be my own dear daughter again."

TRUE REFORMATION.

JUDGE BURNETT, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour,—“What is the matter with you, Tom?” said the Bishop, “what are you ruminating on?”

“A greater work than your Lordship’s History of the Reformation,” answered the son.

“Aye! what is that?” asked the father.

“*The reformation of myself!*” replied the son.

A GOOD TRICK.

ONE afternoon, a young man, who was studying in college, walked out with one of his instructors. They saw an old pair of shoes lying by the side of the path, which appeared to belong to a poor old man at work close by. “Let us have a little amusement at his expense,” said the student. “Suppose we hide these shoes, and conceal ourselves in the bushes to watch his perplexity when he cannot find them.”

“I can think of a better trick than that,” said the instructor. “You are rich; and suppose you put half-a-crown in the toe of each shoe, and then we will hide.”

The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes.

You can imagine his surprise when he stooped down to take out a pebble, as he supposed, from the toe, and found it to be half-a-crown; and then his absolute perplexity and astonishment when he found still another in the other shoe. His feelings overcame him. He fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind Providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing his sick and helpless wife, and his children without bread. Do you wonder that the young man stood in his hiding-place deeply affected, and his eyes filled with tears?

THE EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

It was a bright June afternoon when Edward Layton entered the room where his mother was sitting. "Dear mamma, may I go with cousin Henry to fish in the pond?" he asked, coming round to the back of her chair.

"No, my dear boy; not this afternoon. You know the grass will be much too damp after yesterday's rain."

"But it is so fine——" began Edward.

"Not another word, Eddie. I cannot allow you to go with that bad cold."

The little boy stood for a few

minutes irresolute, and then turned and left the room. Edward was not naturally a disobedient boy; but on this particular afternoon he had set his heart on fishing, and he determined that his project should be carried out. He had felt so certain of his mother's permission, that to be refused was more than he could bear.

"Oh!" thought he, "I will go by myself, and then there will be no one to tell tales!"

Accordingly he went out the back way, so that his mother might not see him from the drawing-room windows. He had been fishing for some time, when his line became entangled in a bush, and, in attempting to disengage it, he took a false step and slipped into the pond. He could not swim, but, shrieking with terror, sank to the bottom. His cries of distress were heard by some workmen who were in a field at some little distance. They hastened to the spot and succeeded in rescuing the little boy, whom they bore senseless, and dripping with wet, home. Great was Mrs. Layton's surprise to hear of her son's disobedience. The long and dangerous illness that followed was sufficient punishment. And many and earnest were the resolutions Eddie made on his bed of suffering never again to disobey. Dear little readers, take a lesson from

this simple story. Remember, that should your mother fail even to discover your disobedience, the eyes of God are in every place beholding the evil and the good, and one of his commands is that children should obey their parents. D. M. T.

Poetry.

ANGELS, OUR GUARD.

ANGEL bands are hovering o'er us,
Sent on duty from the sky,
They, our fathers' guard before us,
Wait to see us safe on high.
Ever present, ever prompting
Us to keep the narrow way,
While the powers of darkness tempting,
Strive to turn our feet astray.
Thus those spirits, happy, holy,
Wait upon the people still,
Who forsake the ways of folly,
To obey their Master's will.
On to their eternal ruin
Evil spirits still impel

Mortals who, the good eschewing,
Seek the paths that lead to hell.
Those who with their hearts divided,
Waver on 'tween good and ill;
If remaining undecided,
Ne'er will stand on Zion's hill.
Mightier are the powers who're for us,
Than are our most dreaded foes,
Who upon the way before us,
Would our onward march oppose.
Let the powers of darkness hinder,
Tempt us as they can and will,
Be our motto, "No surrender,"
Ready aid is waiting still.

R. S. ARMSTRONG.

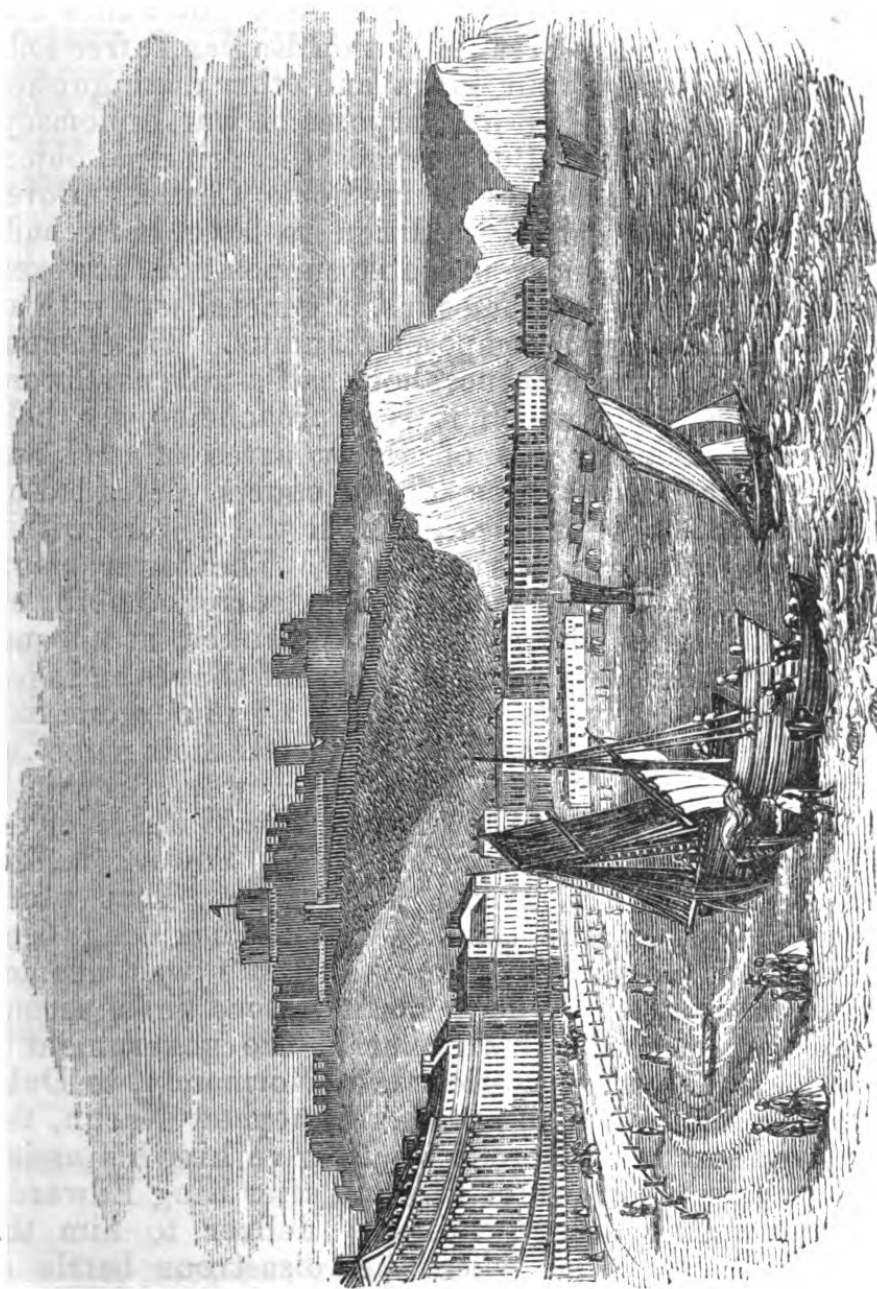
PERSEVERE.

List, ye poor and lowly born,
Suffering proud patrician's scorn,
Toiling through a lot forlorn,
Never fear.
Hope!—long years of labour o'er—
Speaks of happier days in store;
Rest on the eternal shore;
Persevere.
Work! ay, work with might and main;
Every honest effort strain;
You the victory shall gain,
Never fear.

Drive the plough, or wield the quill,
All your destiny fulfil
With unyielding, iron will;
Persevere.
Bravely through the darkness grope,
Till the morn of joy be broke;
"Bate no jot of heart or hope"—
Never fear.
Sombre skies will change to blue:
Merit win all merit's due;
Be but to your purpose true;
Persevere.

AARON SMITH.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



DOVER.

Youths' Department.

DOVER.

(With Engraving.)

DOVER is remarkable for its high white cliffs, which extend right and left to a considerable distance, one of which is referred to by Shakespeare in "Hamlet," and is now known as "Shakespeare's Cliff"—and as being the nearest point to the Continent. At Dover many potentates and foreigners of all grades first set foot on England's free soil; and from here many of our kings and other distinguished personages have embarked for purposes of war, diplomacy, commerce, science, &c. But perhaps the principal object of interest to the stranger is its noble Castle. Dover Castle is said by common tradition to have been built by Julius Cæsar. A more probable supposition, however, is, that it was reared by Plautinus, a general sent with an army into Britain, by the emperor Claudius. This famous Castle stands on a lofty eminence about half-a-mile northward from the town, from which it is approached by a bold ascent. It occupies a site of thirty acres of land, and consists at the present time of two courts, defended by wide ditches, and communicating with the towers within by means of subterraneous passages. The lower court, excepting on the side next the sea, is surrounded by an irregular wall, called the curtain, and flanked at unequal distances by numerous towers, of different shapes and ages. During the lapse of years these have all undergone considerable alteration. These towers have all their names, as Chilham or Calescot Tower, Newgate Tower, Crevignor, Craville or Earl of Norfolk's Tower, FitzWilliam or St. John's Tower, Avranches or Maunsel's Tower, Suffolk Tower, Arsenal Tower, Palace Tower, &c. That which Goodwin erected in the time of Canute has long been removed. In Goodwin's time the Castle was deemed almost impregnable. When Harold, Goodwin's second son, who had succeeded his father in the government of the Castle, made his expedition into Normandy, to Duke William, to induce him to restore his nephew Nacun, the Duke promised it if Harold would give him his assistance in gaining the crown of England after King Edward's death, and among other conditions deliver to him the Castle of Dover. And when the disastrous battle of Hastings was fought, in which Harold was slain, William, now Conqueror, marched directly to Dover to take posses-

sion of the Castle, to which many had fled for refuge. Near Norfolk Tower is a subterraneous passage leading to a vault which is sufficiently capacious to contain a large garrison. The room which was probably used for a chapel, is highly embellished, and under the chapel and first vestibule, is the dungeon, in which have languished many of noble name and deed. In the walls of the keep are galleries with holes, through which an enemy might be fired at, but so constructed as to protect the defenders. There are four wells, each 370 feet deep; a fifth was discovered a few years ago,—all within the Saxon line of defence. The more recent works are batteries mounted with heavy ordnance, casemates in the chalk rock, covered ways, subterranean passages with accommodation for ten thousand men, light and air being admitted through holes cut in the chalk, and other apertures extending to the front of the cliff.

With Dover Castle Englishmen have proud historic associations. "It has looked down on a brave people—brave even when the Roman eagles were borne triumphantly along the land, or when on a bloody battle-field the last of the Saxon kings lay cold. And though years have come and gone, and though Roman soldiers and Norman barons in their power and pride have passed away, a people mightier than they have risen up—with a loftier aim and a mission more divine.

"Still, as of old, bristling with guns and armed men, Dover Castle watches the narrow strait that divides England from France; but there are symptoms that its destiny is accomplished. Other agencies are at work. Beneath the waves that foam around its rocky base, runs the electric message free and swift as the lightning's flash; and long be it ere war rudely snaps the bond which peace and science have joined to form."

Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of a stronger "fortress" than Dover Castle, and of a higher "tower" than any here; that fortress, that tower, is Christ. Flee, O flee for refuge to him, then will you be safe, safe

"Amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

And safe for ever. Amen.

GEORGE DOE.

BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—As the heart of the venerable Eli trembled for the ark of God, so tremble the hearts of

your ministers for your peace, usefulness, and eternal salvation.

"Out on an ocean all boundless you ride—
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide,"

the shores of which are thickly strewed with the fragmentary remains of wrecked hopes, shattered fortunes, wasted lives, and ruined souls. Seeing your highest interests thus imperilled, we lift up our voice in warning; and if our words be to you as the lighthouse to the mariner, we shall have our reward. We desire your happiness; we long and pray for your salvation; we have no greater joy than to behold you bravely fighting the good fight of faith. We presume, you are confident, and rejoice at the thought, that many of you have enlisted under the banner of "King Jesus." You have taken him as your Master for life and death, time and eternity. Blessed choice, glorious decision.

"Be ye faithful, hear him cry,
In his service fight and die."

"Occupy till I come. Be thou faithful unto death. Hold that fast which thou hast. Be not conformed to this world." These are the injunctions of your Saviour, here he speaks to you, to me, to all, to every future generation. In his love and compassion he has mapped out the sunken rocks, and put the chart in our hands. One terrible reef which renders sailing across the ocean of life dangerous, is worldly conformity. Many have suffered shipwreck here. Against being conformed to this world we must watch, pray, and strive.

But what are we to understand by the phrase "this world?" It is sometimes used to signify the material universe, the visible creation. It is used to denote the aggregate of human beings, who people this our planet. It is also applied to the mass of unregenerate persons; as employed above, we understand it to refer to the ungodly; the wicked and their ways; the world and its doings. "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? Ye are not of the world even as I am not of the world. I have chosen you out of the world, for the whole world lieth in wickedness."

In yielding obedience to this behest of our Saviour, we are not called upon to exclude ourselves from the cheerful haunts of men, by retiring to some monastic cell, or ascetic cloister. No, emphatically no; to act thus is to prove ourselves the victims of a baleful superstition, and moping melancholy. This would be to pervert the end of our

being, to conceal our light under a bushel, and to be recreant to the trust reposed in us by our Master.

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not."

We are made for society. Man is the only creature on this our earth endued with the power of communicating his sentiments to his fellows by articulate sounds. A privilege, which apart from society, we cannot conceive to be of any benefit or use. How much to be pitied and blamed are they who quit the lively walks of social life, for the dull, cold, and cheerless regions of permanent solitude.

"Unhappy he! who from the first of joys
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death."—

He severs himself from brotherly sympathies, social duties, and the entire sphere of Christian toil.

Again, we are not required to abandon our secular pursuits. The farmer is not to hew to pieces his plough, the merchantman to burn his ship, nor the lawyer his brief. This would be to spread ruin and misery through the earth. In the discharge of secular duties, eminent opportunities are afforded for the manifestation of our Christian principles. Again, it is not demanded that we sullenly reject the manifold blessings which a kind providence lavishes upon us. The earth with its mighty capabilities, its varied and wondrous productions, are given into the hands of the sons of men for their sustentation and comfort. We are to use the world without abusing it, and to let our moderation be known unto all men.

To conform is to comply with, to be conformed is to become similar to; to be reduced to the likeness of something else. So that the plain meaning of the phrase is that we are not to be like the ungodly, not to be conformed to them in spirit, principles, and maxims. The principles by which the ungodly regulate their conduct are not those of the Gospel—they are selfish, worldly, and impure. How corrupt are their maxims, degrading their pursuits! How unlike the pure and loving genius of the New Testament? The pleasures and recreations of the world are degrading, many of them corrupt to an extreme degree, and utterly unworthy of the consideration of an immortal and accountable creature. The card table, the ball-room, the race-course, the giddy dance, the lewd song, the insidious novel, the midnight masquerade, saloon, and casino, are among

the sources from which the world draws its happiness. What a base prostitution of the noble powers of our nature! how degrading and ruinous to its everlasting hopes, to seek to quench its instinctive thirstings for happiness at such corrupt and puddled streams as these. The joys of the good spring from a higher source, their delight is in the Lord; his works fill them with admiration, his mercy with gratitude; his unlimited and illimitable perfections with complacency and delight. These fountains are never dry. These are the elements of true and abiding pleasure.

We are not to be conformed to the world in its conversation. "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue," says the Psalmist; and he prays that God would set a watch over his mouth, and keep the door of his lips; and incline not his heart to any evil thing. A properly governed tongue is spoken of by the apostle James as an attainment of a very high order, and much to be coveted. In nothing do young people more repeatedly fail than in the duty of properly regulating their conversation. Let your speech be always with grace. "There is," says one, "a giddiness and levity in conversation, a trifling, gossiping, thoughtless spirit, an utter rejection of all seriousness in habit and character, which, without the card table, or the mazy dance, or the race course, or the demoralizing public spectacle, may degenerate into a confirmed and unconquerable habit of worldliness, while the victim of the process hardly recalls a single instance in which the actual limits of propriety in his own view were overstepped." Guard against a trifling spirit and foolish talking—they will "eat as doth a canker."

Be not conformed to the world in its inordinate love of dress and finery. The great idol of our land is the fantastic and mutable goddess of fashion,—we should hail her dethronement with delight. Gold, silver, time, and precious souls are poured out as so many libations at her shrine. Beware of this senseless idol's bewitching smile, lest you become her devotee. She binds her captives to her chariot wheels, and subjects them to many pains and mortifications. Come out from among such as are fond of decking themselves out in useless and costly articles of finery. Why should you spend your hard-earned money in that which profiteth not? Who thinks any better of those young people who are fond of excessive adornment? None but the thoughtless and the giddy. Let your mind's sweetness have its effect on the outer man, and do not by your love of finery render yourself an object of ridicule, if not of

contempt, to the sober and prudent part of human kind. The mode of dress is all but an infallible index of character. Then be not conformed to the world. Be ye separate. Ye serve the Lord Christ. Ye are the stewards of the Saviour, and as there has been a day of distribution, there is also to be a day of reckoning. Live above the world. "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind"—inwardly and outwardly changed; "that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." To prove the good, acceptable, and perfect will of God, is to understand it, to practise it, to relish it, to delight in the law of the Lord after the inward man. Let us daily fill our minds with the ideas of God, heaven, hell, eternity, the brevity of life, and the end for which it has been given; and thus let us—

"Leave the blind and babbling crowd,
To enjoy the favour of the wise and good."

To be lively, joyful, and vigorous Christians is our privilege. The design of the Gospel is to dethrone sin, Satan, self, and the world; and to put Christ into the heart. The saints proclaim Jesus as their king, and in their hearts his name is written with a pen dipped in the bottomless ocean of eternal love. Oh, be loyal to his interests; live to his glory.

"The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies."

J. M.

CULTIVATE THE MIND.

THERE are a great many people in the world who are entirely unteachable, and we may venture to assume that they won't make much out. Having succeeded in gathering a few shells of information on the shores of truth, they conceive that they have fully scrutinized, even from centre to circumference, the great ocean. Sad mistake! How dissimilar to St. John the Divine, when in conversation with the Elder in the Isle of Patmos. When asked, "What are these?" he said, "Sir, thou knowest." O what a docile and teachable spirit he exhibited—"Sir, thou knowest." Let us, then, my dear young friends, imitate his spirit and learn: for truth is truth, whether dressed in rags or decked in the habiliments of royalty; and let us welcome it, if it come from a Macaulay, the statesman; or John Bunyan, the tinker; or Dr. Livingstone, at his spinning jenny; or Cromwell, the farmer's son; or Peter, the fisherman; or Paul, the tentmaker. But, above all, learn of him who said, "The foxes have

holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head ;” and we shall not labour in vain, nor spend our strength for nought ; but shall be as a well watered garden, producing fruit abundantly in due season : therefore let us work out our destiny and chase away ignorance, as the sun dispels darkness, and light cheers and invigorates our planet. As the silvery moon profits the midnight pilgrim, so let us fulfil our mission, go forward, and every step we take will yield the sweet enjoyment of enlightened progress. Unlike the majestic ship without ballast, which the proud ocean makes reel like a drunkard ; or, when in a storm, minus the chart, to point out the coasts, isles, rocks, quicksands, channels, and havens ; or without compass to steer her by, and bring her home,—let us have our minds well ballasted and well managed.

The mind must be free from ignorance and prejudice, as the eagle, which gazes at the central orb, in his flight towards the heavens, is far above the vapours which overhang our planet. For it is then, and only then, that the mind can see clearly, judge accurately, virtuously, and benevolently. There is the germ of the giant oak slumbering in the tiny acorn ; see it cast into the soil, and with air, light, rain, and sunshine it germinates, grows to a sapling, and eventually becomes the monarch of the woods. And trees and plants only wait for the touch of the electric wand of spring ere they evolve their blossoms and bear fruit. See the little infant as it sports in its parent’s lap, we ask you, “Is the germ of maturity in that little infant ?” We anticipate your answer will be, “Yes.” In like manner the intellectual germ, placed in favourable circumstances, becomes gradually developed—first the blade, then the ear, then the full and ripe corn. The goal of to-day is to-morrow’s starting point. But here we would pause and attest the fact that knowledge is not attainable in the academy of inattention, but in that of enduring perseverance. We cannot pick up nuggets of gold on the surface of the earth, they are deposited obscurely in its deeps, and severe toil and privation are necessary for their possession. So intelligence is not to be gathered by sluggards.

“He that would win the race must guide his horse,
Obedient to the customs of the course :
Else, though unequalled to the goal he flies,
A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.”—*Cowper.*

The time allotted to us on earth for the acquisition of knowledge is short ; yet it comes to the poor and the rich man alike, none can command a larger quantity at once

than another, for it comes to all just a moment at a time, like as golden globules from a pellucid fount. Let us then improve this talent and work while it is day.

M. BAXTER.

THE SPIDER AND HIS VICTIM.

As I was sitting the other day in my study, my attention was suddenly arrested by the buzzing of a fly at the window. Looking in the direction indicated by the sound, I perceived the fly caught in a spider's web, struggling for liberty. Instead of setting it at liberty and killing the spider, as many would have done, and as perhaps I ought, I stood and watched the result of this very common circumstance. The spider instantly darted down from his den in the corner, and after a few efforts he succeeded, by degrees, in securing his victim, by entangling its wings in a web which he spun on the spot. The struggle and buzz of the fly gradually became fainter, until the poor creature appeared to be completely in the power of its victor. The spider then darted his poisonous fangs into his victim's body, and its life became extinct. After this he dragged it off to his den, and appeared to feast upon its blood.

While I looked upon this spider and his work of destruction, his web and his manœuvres reminded me of the devil and his wiles. I thought, how many victims are secured in Satan's snares. At the fair, the horse-races, the theatre, the public-house, and the Sabbath pleasure party, this fowler lays his snares and sets his traps. O how many took their first step towards profligacy, prostitution, or drunkenness at these places, which so many regard as being harmless, and even give the same idea to their children, by leading them thither. These places will become harmless, when we can rid them of thieves, prostitutes, whoremongers, and profane babblers; but not before. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The sweeter the music, the more attractive the influence, and the more general the patronage, the greater is the danger rendered; the young are off their guard in the excitement, and are led astray. The web is thin at first and may be broken. A resolute effort will effect deliverance from evil habits when first formed; but remember, the "beginning of sin is like the letting out of water." The avenue becomes larger as the water passes, and as the quantity of water increases the force with which it runs increases also, until every barrier is carried away with the inundation. To keep to the figure of the article, the web of vicious habits, by degrees, en-

tangles all the mental and physical powers, and the wretched victim is led captive by the devil at his will. How grievous to see robust youth and smiling beauty, the victims of vile passions—masses of moral corruption—polluted themselves, and polluting all who come within the limits of their pernicious influence. All this attributable to the patronage of what some, who ought to know better, call harmless amusements and necessary recreation. Nor does the matter rest here. Our youth not only forfeit their health and respectability, but in too many instances Satan, that infernal spider, drags his victims down to hell.—Rev. xxi. 8, and Rev. xiv. 10.

My dear young reader, take this friendly warning, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Avoid the first steps to ruin; or if you have been led astray already, make haste to return to the path of virtue. Read the first Psalm, and the third chapter of Proverbs. And may we meet at last in heaven, is the prayer of your affectionate young friend,

G. R.

THE SAILOR BOY'S BIBLE.

"O DEAR! I wish I was a man," exclaimed Robert Stanley to his mother.

"Why so, my son?" said Mrs. Stanley, turning to him and laying down her sewing.

"Because, then, mother, I would be sailor, and live all the year round on the bright blue sea. That would be splendid."

"I hope you will not wish to go to sea when you are older," answered Mrs. Stanley, "for besides the many dangers attendant upon a sailor's life, I expect my only son to be the staff of my old age, and how can he be that and at the same time away across the wide ocean? Did I ever tell you of the history of your uncle Edward?"

"No, mother, tell me now," said Robert, drawing his stool nearer to his mother, and laying his curly head in her lap.

"When your uncle Edward was a boy of about fourteen years, he had a great desire to go to sea, and teased his parents very often to allow him to offer himself as a sailor to one of the captains who owned vessels in the Boston harbour. At first his parents refused even to think the matter over, but he importuned them so often, and seemed so unhappy about it, that at last they gave their consent, though very reluctantly.

"Edward was wild with delight, and little did he think

how much sorrow his wish cost his loving mother, or with what a heavy heart she prepared his little wardrobe for her sailor boy's absence. I remember the last day when mother was packing Eddie's trunk for his voyage, that he came in dressed for the first time in his sailor's rig. Mother held up a pretty brown Bible, and said to him, 'My son, here is the Book of books. I am about to place it in your trunk; promise me to make it your guide throughout life, and never part with it on any account.' 'I promise, dear mother, if only for your sake,' responded Eddie; and the Bible was then laid in his trunk.

"The next day Eddie left us, and went sailing away over the dark blue ocean; and how we missed his ringing laugh, and his merry voice about the house, I need not tell you. The next year, when the vessel returned, our Eddie came not. God had seen fit to take him to himself in the mansion which he had prepared for him above, for Eddie died a Christian.

"The captain, who came to see us, told us how he had noticed the first few days that Eddie was with him, that he read from his Bible morning and evening, and that after a few weeks had passed, he seemed to grow so fond of his little book that he would gather the sailors together on deck and read aloud from it to them; and many a time, as he closed his Bible, more than one sailor would exclaim, 'God bless ye, Master Eddie!'

"When on his death-bed, he told the captain that everything he then was he owed, next to God, to his mother, his good Christian mother. His last words were, 'Tell father, mother, and sister, to meet me in heaven,' and then he fell peacefully asleep in the arms of his Saviour, and they buried his body in a cold, cold ocean grave. And now, my son," concluded Mrs. Stanley, "can you wonder that after such sad experience, I dread for you the sailor's life?"

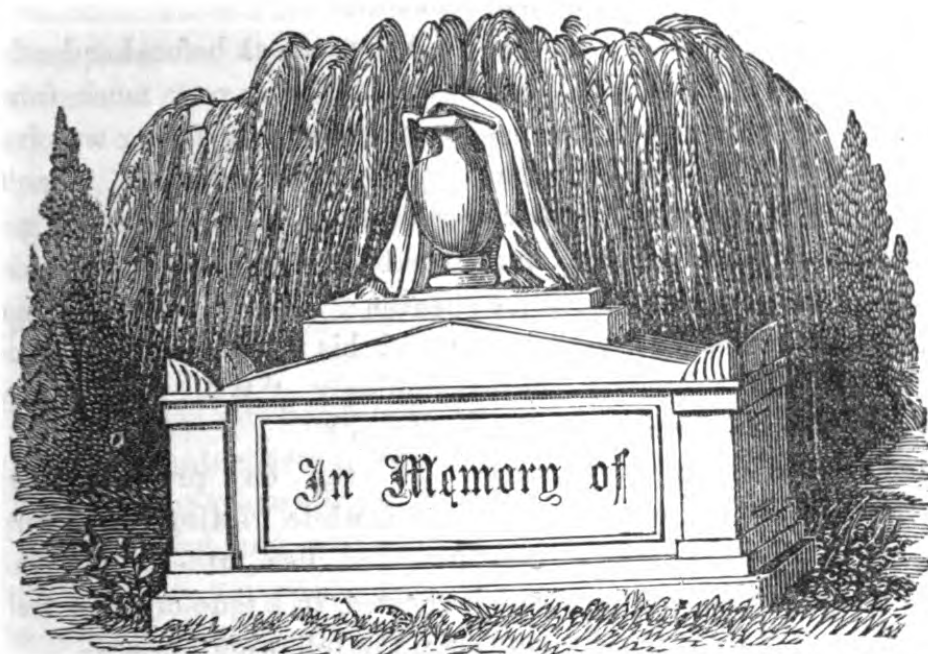
"No, dear mother, I do not. Forgive me for ever saying anything about leaving you. I think I ought to be grateful for such a dear, precious mother."

Boys, thank God for your mothers, if you have any living, and especially for a Christian one; you will never find a better friend in this cold world than your own dear mother. And thank God for the Bible. I hope you each possess one, and that you read it very often. Ponder well its sayings, lay them up in your heart, and make them the guide of your life, and that will lead you, at last, to a heavenly home on high.—*Sabbath-school Monitor.*

AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

All mortal men that live must surely die,
But how or when is hid from human eye.
Consider then thy few uncertain days,
Delay no longer to amend thy ways.
Engage thy heart to serve the Lord in love,
For all his ways the way of comfort prove.
Grant to thyself no time for vain delight,
Hate all that's wrong, and love to do the right.
In all thou ever dost, act in God's fear;
Keep still the thoughts of death and judgment near.
Learn to avoid what thou believ'st is sin,
Mind what reproves or justifies within.
No act is good which doth disturb thy peace,
Or can be bad that makes true joy increase.
Prevent the loss of time, be timely wise,
Quench not the Spirit, all his teachings prize.
Rely alone upon that Power that can
Subdue the pride and haughty looks of man.
This heavenly power is that which sanctifies
Unto the Lord the heart that's truly wise.
Wait for it then—in it such wisdom is,
Xenophon's wisdom folly was to this:
Yea, this, if 'tis obeyed, will give the youth
Zeal for the Lord, and lead unto all truth.

Juvenile Biography.



HANNAH KELSEY, who was born at Bulkington, May 8th, 1852, and died, nearly eleven years of age, on May 6th, 1863, happy in the Lord. She was of a delicate constitution, but of an intelligent turn of mind. Her progress in rudimentary education was creditable, and her love of reading great, and the book she chiefly studied was the Word of God. She was a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school at Bulkington for seven years, and bore an excellent character for good attendance and conduct. She evidently experienced a change of heart whilst a scholar, and she displayed true religion by a love of prayer, and a life of sedate and excellent manners. Her nature was full of tenderness, and she

was generally beloved. For ten months previous to her death she declined rapidly, and although death was evidently in view, she was calm and happy. On her deathbed she said, "I am going to Jesus."

"I'm not too young to die;
And not too young to wear a crown
Above the starry sky."

"I always said my prayers twice a day, but I say them always now." Her three last days were her happiest. W. FORTH.

JANE BENTON was born December 4th, 1845, at Huntington, in the county of Stafford. She was blest with pious parents, from whom she received a strictly moral and religious training, and she early became a scholar in the Sabbath-school. The truths and lessons which were there

instilled into her mind she was taught at home to put into practice, and the result was, a great impression was made on her mind while very young. When about nine years of age, her parents removed to Bloxwich, when she again joined the Primitive Methodists as a scholar, and attended very regularly for some years. When about fourteen years of age, she became a teacher, in which capacity she devoted her energies to the good of the scholars, attentively and regularly filling her place, earnestly and with constant care labouring to lead their young feet into the way she herself trod, teaching them both by precept and example, until prevented by the sickness which resulted in her death. In May, 1860, she received her first ticket as a member; and by the way in which she expressed her religious experience at the class-meetings, she left no doubt as to her being the recipient of saving grace.

Many persons visited her during her illness, and all were satisfied she was ready for death. Her class-leader especially was particularly pleased with the confidence she had in Jesus, she having a "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Her disease, (which proved to be a cancer in the shoulder bone), often caused her great anguish; yet, when racked with pain so as

to be almost overwhelmed, she found religion to be her greatest comfort.

About a week before her death, while suffering very much from pain, seeing her father weeping by her bedside, she said, "Don't cry, father, don't fret for me, but I want you to meet me in heaven;" then with her arms round his neck, she asked, beseechingly, "Will you, father, will you?"

On the day preceding her death, while resting her weary head on her father's arm, she repeated, in a tone of deep feeling, the following lines:—

"Free from distress and pain,
With my Jesus I shall reign,
On Canaan's peaceful plain,
Evermore."

A short time before her dissolution she asked for her father, who had just left the room. She seemed very uneasy until he returned, when she requested him to raise her up in bed. He complied with her request, when a bloodvessel, which had in some way become ruptured, poured forth the crimson tide of life in a terrible manner, while her head slowly dropped on his arm.

" 'Twas now her sweet voice failed her,
for life was ebbing fast,
Dark shades arose, and altered her features as they passed.
The look and air abstracted, the fitting gasps of breath,
The clear, calm brow contracted, all told of coming death!"

She fell asleep in Jesus, May 25th, 1863.

She was followed to her last resting-place by the teachers, and some of the members. According to the request of the deceased, before starting, they sang at the door, the first two verses of the hymn commencing, "Death has been here and stole away," &c.

While the hymn was being sung, the tearful countenances of many of those present spoke eloquently as to the respect and esteem in which she was universally held. The procession then proceeded in an orderly manner to the burial ground, where the burial service was read in a very impressive manner by the Rev. J. Barrow. The three remaining verses of the hymn previously commenced were now sung, and after those assembled had given one last, sad, regretful look at the coffin, during which time many were visibly affected, the ceremony terminated in the usual manner, leaving an impression on the minds of many that will not soon be effaced.

J. NICHOLS.

—
ANN, the daughter of James and Elizabeth DANDO, was born in the year 1849. Her parents are members of the Primitive Methodist Society at Radstock, in the county of Somerset. Ann,

when a little child, was taken to our Sabbath-school at the above place, and in it she showed good behaviour, and manifested a love of learning during the whole of her connection with the institution. Some time before her death she took charge of a class as its teacher, and in this office she continued till laid aside by the affliction which terminated her life on earth. She possessed a docile spirit, and was willing either to be taught, or to teach God's holy word. Her amiable disposition endeared her to both scholars and teachers, who felt much interest in her welfare.

While yet young, her mind was enlightened in reference to divine things. When reading God's Word in the school, and while hearing it in the chapel, she became impressed with a sense of her moral state before God, and of the need of salvation by Christ. The Holy Spirit strove with her and not in vain—she yielded to his power; and in a revival which took place in the latter part of the year 1861, she sought and found mercy. Her mind was now fixed to serve God and live to his glory. This she showed by "putting on the Lord Jesus Christ," and by uniting with his Church, in which she attended the class-meetings and other means of grace, which were made a blessing to her soul.

In the course of a few months

her health began to fail, and signs of consumption appeared in her frame. To this, in the spring of this year, was added a slow fever. From these afflictions we hoped she would recover, but she gradually grew weaker, till deprived of her appetite, and she finally sank into the arms of death on June 3rd, in the fifteenth year of her age.

While afflicted, her expressions in reference to her spiritual state, and eternity, were satisfactory. A neighbour who called to see her, said, "Ann, if the Lord should call you away, are you safe for heaven?" she replied, "Yes." During her affliction, she frequently asked her mother to read and pray with her; and these seasons of devotion were "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." A short time before death, her mother said, "My dear, are you safe for heaven?" She replied, "Yes, yes, mother, I am." These were the last words she was heard to speak before she fell "asleep in Jesus." During her affliction, I visited her several times, when to me she expressed a firm confidence in Christ, and a "good hope through grace" of eternal life.

I improved her death by preaching a funeral sermon to a large congregation, many of whom felt much under the word; and I hope good was done. Will

other young persons, both at Radstock and elsewhere, take warning and prepare for death and heaven, as did Ann Dando?

R. TUFFIN.

Died at East Cowton, Brompton Station, Yorkshire, on June 5th, 1863, FANNY, the beloved daughter of Robert and Ann PHILLIPS, aged sixteen years. Brought up under the fostering care of praying parents, she was early taught to fear and serve the Lord. Her natural disposition was thoughtful, gentle, and retiring. She was chaste in her habits, methodical in her movements, of an industrious turn, a close observer of men and things, little in her own esteem, and she sympathized with every object of suffering brought under her notice. Being the eldest child and only daughter, she had become a companion and adviser to her mother, and was of great service to her father; and for her prudence and steadiness of character, she was highly esteemed by her brothers and other relations. She was in childhood led to the means of grace, she became a regular attendant on the ministry of the word, and listened with close attention.

In the autumn of 1861 a series of revival services were held at Cowton. In the early part of them she was brought under deep concern for the salvation of

her soul. On retiring from chapel one evening, she was asked how she had enjoyed the meeting. "I felt," she replied, "as if what I wanted to make me happy was just before my mind, and then it glided away from me." The act of personal reliance on the atonement of the Redeemer was more fully explained to her. She continued to wait on God in the ordinances of His house. An effusion of saving influence came on the worshippers. Several penitents had their sorrow turned into joy. Fanny was one of the happy number. She found the Saviour. Her countenance testified of the inward change. It was so visible that on reaching home at the close of the service her mother could not but notice it.

Piety being now added to her natural virtues, rendered her increasingly amiable. She at once united with the church, and became a consistent, useful member. Her attachment to the ministers of the word—who have had for twenty years a home in her father's house—was marked. She waited on them, and delighted in various ways to show her tender regard. It may truly be said of her that she was loving and beloved. Last year she took her mother's place as collector for the missions, and brought £1. 14s. 8d. to the annual meeting. She also aided the trustees

of the chapel, who are all now advanced in years, by gathering in the seat rents. She was evidently framing to be of great service to our little cause in the village. But her home on earth was not to be long. Her working day was destined by our Heavenly Father to be a short one. Even so, we meekly add, for so it seemed good in his sight.

It is a consolation, now that she is gone, to know that she held personal piety as the loveliest thing in the universe. Hence often did she commune with the skies in earnest prayer after the family had retired to rest. "I know," said she to her father, when approaching the valley, "that I shall go to heaven." He replied, "You knew that before, did you not?" "Yes," said she; "but I never felt it as I feel it now; the Spirit has thrust it into my heart; my cup is full." She welcomed death with so much calmness and joy as astonished some who visited her. There was something unearthly in it. Devoted Christians alone can understand it. She said, "I would rather die than live." And by way of administering comfort to her distressed parents, who were watching, she repeatedly added, "Do not weep; never mind our parting; it won't be long; I know that it won't be long before we meet again." Her three bro-

thers being summoned, she took her last farewell, strongly recommending religion to them. She dearly loved them. It was deeply affecting.

"More constant than the evening star,
Which mildly shines above,
That diadem, oh! dearer far,
A sister's gentle love."

The vicar of the parish visited Fanny, and was delighted with her Christian experience. It was a rare sight to see a young timid girl meet the King of Terrors without dread. Fear was gone. Her hope was full. O glorious hope! Fanny died as she lived, cheerful, happy, smiling, joyful. The vicar improved her death in the parish church, and spoke highly of her decided piety.

W. LISTER.

SUSANNAH DIXON was born the 1st of May, 1857, and was brought to our school at Alford two years ago. She was very intelligent, loved her teachers much, and was very regular in her attendance at school. A few days before her death she was attacked with scarlet fever, but while her bodily sufferings were great, she had much heavenly light imparted unto her, which enabled her to talk much about heaven. She said, "I have got a crown in the promised land, and I am going to wear that crown, and shall wear it for ever." She also said, "I love

everybody in the world, and would like to meet them all in heaven." She died June 21st, 1863.

T. RATCLIFFE.

ROBERT SCARGILL, between four and five years of age, had been a scholar with us at Alford for some time. He had a very inquiring mind, was apt to learn, and at times puzzled his parents with the questions he proposed about heaven and heavenly things. A short time before he died, he sung with all his heart, "There will be no more sorrow there." The affliction he had to endure was dropsy, accompanied by inflammation. However, he passed through the fiery ordeal, and on the 22nd of June, 1863, he went through the valley of death, and is now for ever with the Lord.

T. RATCLIFFE.

SAMUEL BARNES was born at Hoby, in the Loughborough Station, on the 26th of April, 1856, and died in the same circuit on the 24th of June, 1863. His parents are Primitive Methodists, and they brought up their child in the fear of the Lord. But Hoby being a very small village, and the Primitive Methodists having no Sabbath-school, Samuel was obliged to go to the Church school. When very young he manifested a delight to repair to the house of God with his fa-

ther, and when at home he would sit and read the word of God; and the small magazines were a rich treat to him. These books were his constant companions; in them he would read for hours together. He also loved singing, and the following hymn was a great favourite of his:—

"Then onward move, and cross the stream,
For Canaan's hills are nigh;
Weather the storm, it won't be long,
And land there by and bye."

But God in his providence laid the dear boy on a sick bed. At first there was no apprehension of danger, but the disease being violent, caused him great pain of body, and deeply affected the minds of those around him. But amidst all his suffering he did not forget to lisp the name of Jesus. Being asked if he felt afraid to die, his reply was, "No, I had much rather die and be with Christ, which is far better." His pain of body increased, but with a heavenly smile on his countenance he took his parents by the hand and bade them good-bye. After singing a sweet little hymn, his happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of light, to be for ever with the Lord.

W. FOREMAN.

THOMAS CAREY was born, November 5th, 1845, and died at Hythe, Colchester, July 4th, 1863. At an early age he was

sent to our Sabbath-school, of which his father is the superintendent, and who says of him "that he was always a loving and an obedient child."

In the latter part of the year 1858, under a sermon preached by the late Rev. J. Fleetwood, he was fully convinced of the need of a change of heart, and in the prayer-meeting which followed he obtained this divine blessing, and at once joined the society, and continued a consistent member until he exchanged mortality for life. For five years he was a school teacher, and in this sphere he laboured with much zeal, and with some success, until his Master said, "It is enough, come up hither." In March last, his health began to fail. His affliction, which was at times severe, subjected him to much suffering, but his confidence never wavered, and not a word of complaint was ever heard to escape his lips.

"I would not change my condition with any one; no, not if I could," he said on one occasion to his mother, who stood by his bedside weeping. "Weep not for me, I am going to heaven," he would say when he saw his parents weeping. The Bible was to him a blessed book, and before each meal he would get his Bible and read a portion. Brother Ellis, his class leader, and Brother Holmes, with whom he was

an apprentice, speak of him in the highest terms.

So long as he was able to speak he spoke of his confidence in God, "I am not afraid of death," he said; "I have the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And when he was unable to speak, a heavenly light shone upon his soul, and his countenance was irradiated with the

glory, until the weary wheels of life stood still, and his happy spirit entered into rest.

May his sorrowing friends and school companions meet him in heaven! and may all my young readers, like him, love and read the Bible. May their life be as blameless, and their death as triumphant as his! Amen.

O. O. BRITAIN.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE COMMON TOAD.

WHAT marvellous stories are told of the toad. Its poisonous properties are celebrated in many an ancient chronicle, and so are the virtues of the jewel said to be contained in its head.

Its skin certainly secretes an acrid humour, which defends it from dogs, which can never be induced to bite a toad a second time. But a story about a young lady and gentleman being killed by eating a leaf of a shrub, at the

root of which a toad had made its abode, is not worth notice. The toad is easily tamed. We have read of one that lived in a family several years, and used to eat lump sugar for its supper. The well-known instances of imprisoned toads having spent many years in very confined habitations, are to be explained, we think, by the supposition that some opening, or crevice, has existed, by which they obtained air, and some degree and sort of food. The toad casts its skin at certain times, but it invariably swallows it, so that it is never found. The toad has got a bad name among children, and therefore, we presume, none of our young readers will wish to cultivate its acquaintance. But let us remind them there are some things more dangerous than a toad; for example, a naughty companion, or a naughty word, or naughty temper. Let no one give way to these things, but try to keep away from all that is bad, and only follow that which is good. Do not forget to say your prayers, and to love the Lord.

EDITOR.

A SERMON TO CHILDREN.

"Abraham was called the friend of God."—James ii. 23.

I wish you believed every thing that I and your teachers tell you as readily as you will believe

what I am now about to tell you, and that is,—we all like to have a friend. Yes, the most wicked boy or girl, man or woman, that ever lived likes to have a friend, and even you children, when you were much younger and much less than you now are, even then, you wished to have a friend, and it was this wish that made some of you, when you were very little girls, take so much pleasure in having a wax or wooden doll. How often have you nursed it, and talked to it, and if the doll could have talked to you again, how much more pleased you would have been with it; and now that you are older and bigger and have put away these little friends of your early days, yet still you all like to have a friend, one that can walk out with you, one who can come to school with you, and one to whom you can open your mind, and tell all about your little pains and pleasures, sorrows and joys; and as you grow up to be men and women, you will still like to have a friend. Some of your present young friends will die, and others will be removed a great way from you, but still you will look out for fresh friends, because we all like to have a friend; then take care whom you make your friends. Ought any boy or girl in this school-room to make him or her his friend who does not fear

God? Ought you to make that boy your friend who would rather take a walk in the fields and gather little flowers on a Sunday afternoon than come to school, or one who uses bad words, or tells lies? No! such friends will do you no good.

Now I need not take up any more of your time in trying to prove that we all like to have a friend; why, you know how miserable we should all be if we had no one to talk to, no one to walk out with, no one to help us when we are sick and poorly, but I want to recommend and tell you about one Friend who is better than all your other friends put together, and that is Abraham's friend.

Now the text tells us, that Abraham was the friend of God, but what does that mean, what are we to understand by being the friend of God? First of all it means to be like God. Now, when I speak of being like God, I mean being like Him in mind, in goodness, and in holiness, loving those things that God loves, and doing those things that God tells us to do; you know this is the case with your own friends, your earthly friends. If a little girl were going to make another little girl her friend, why she would choose one like herself; I don't mean like her in looks, in her face, in her person, but I mean like her in her mind, like her in her thoughts, like her in her feel-

ings, like her in her actions, like her in everything that she does. A little girl, that loved to come to school on the Sabbath, would not make that little girl her friend who would rather play about the streets, neither would that boy who fears God, who hates a lie, and who would not speak a bad word, make that boy his friend who laughs at religion, who never tells the truth, and whose mouth is full of cursing and swearing; therefore, you see, to have a friend we must have one like ourselves, and it is just the same with us and God; if we want God to be our friend we must be like him, and then like Abraham we shall be called the friends of God.

Secondly, the text means to think of God; you know when we have a friend, we are sure to think about that friend, and especially if that friend is a good and kind friend; you know friends often make presents one to another, such as a little book, or a picture, or some other little present or keepsake, and whenever we look at the present it makes us think of our friends, and it is just the same with those who are the friends of God. God is always making his friends presents, God knew that we should every now and then want something to eat, and therefore he sent us the ox, and the sheep, and the lamb, and made the clouds drop down

the rain. God knew that our bodies would get cold and want something to warm them, therefore he made cotton to grow in the fields, and the silkworm to spin the silk. Now these are all presents from God, and as we get them every day we ought to think about God every day.

Then thirdly, friends are often removed from each other; in a few years all you children that are now present will leave this school, and you will be separated from each other, one perhaps may live in the country, and another in London, one may be in America, and another in Australia, there may be thousands of miles between you, but if you are friends you will not forget each other, and though you may not be able to see each other, to walk with each other, yet you will be able to write to each other, to send letters one to another, and thus to keep up your friendship; now this is just the way you can keep up your friendship with God. We cannot see God or talk to God face to face, neither shall we till we get to heaven, but he has written a letter to us, and this is the letter, this Bible is the letter, in it he tells us how much he loves us, and how anxious he is that when we die we should go and live in his happy home.

"Oh, may I love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read its wonders o'er,
And meditate by night."

To be the friend of God means also to walk with God; you know we read in the Bible that Enoch and Noah walked with God. Perhaps you are ready to ask me, how can you walk with God, you say you never saw God, and how can you walk with him? Listen to what the Bible says, "we walk by faith, not by sight;" that means, we don't see God with the eyes that we see one another with, not with the eyes of our body, but with the eyes of our mind. Very likely you never thought we had any other eyes than our bodily eyes; yes, children, we have an eye in our mind, which is called the eye of faith, and it is with this eye that we see God when we walk with him; there is nothing very impossible in this, we often see our friends with these inward eyes. Try now and think about your homes, do you not see as plainly as if you were there, the tables and chairs, and do you not see your fathers and mothers all sitting down, and your little sisters and brothers running about? Now, this is just the way you must try and see God, and walk with God.

Then, again, to be the friend of God means also to love God; we are sure to love somebody, or something; there never was any-

body in the world but loved somebody or something; the little boy loves his top, the little girl loves her doll, the miser loves his gold, the drunkard loves the public-house, and the good man loves God; but you cannot love any object unless you know that object. It is quite plain you could not love your fathers, and mothers, or teachers, unless you knew them, and just in the same way, we cannot love God unless we know him. Now, there are a good many kinds of knowledge in the world, there is the knowledge of reading, the knowledge of writing, the knowledge of summing—these are all very good—but the knowledge of God, the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and salvation through him, is the best kind of knowledge.

Now, children, I have told you what you must be, and what you must do, if you would be the friends of God. There is nothing very hard or difficult about it, you would find it much harder, and more difficult, to make friends with some of your rich fellow creatures; why, if you were to try and make friends with some of the great people of this world, they would frown upon you, think you beneath their notice, and say you were too poor to be their friends. But that is not the way God will treat you, he will smile upon you, and

when you die take you to live with him for ever, he does not think you poor if you love him. There was a proud, rich man that lived a short time ago in a village not far from London, and one day when he was walking out, he saw a poor man just about to eat a bit of dry bread, but before he put it to his mouth, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and thanked God for it. When the rich proud man saw him do that he was very much surprised, and asked him what he was thanking God for; the poor man replied, for his dinner; "Why," says the rich man, "I never thank God for any of the nice dinners that I have," and then left him. Well, soon after this the proud man dreamed that the richest man in the village would die before many weeks; on a night or two afterwards he dreamed the same dream again, and in a night or two after that he dreamed it the third time, which very much frightened him, he thought to be sure it must be himself, as he was the richest man in the village, and that he would very shortly have to die; but who do you think was the next person that died in that village? Why, it was as the dream said it would be, the richest man in the village, and the richest man in that village was that poor beggar, who was seen thanking God for his bit

of dry bread. He was the richest man because he was rich in thanks, rich in good works, rich towards God. No, children, it is not money that makes a man rich in the opinion of God, it is religion, these are the only riches that will ever get you into the kingdom of heaven. There was a rich man a little time ago, when he was just about to die, told his friends to put a quantity of sovereigns into his coffin, so that when he got to the door of heaven he might be able to give the doorkeeper a great deal of money to open the door; but how miserably would he be disappointed when he found himself thrust back. No, children, it is not money that will buy the friendship of God; if you would be the friends of God you must be good, you must love God, you must give your hearts to him, and then he will make you his friends; and there is no reason why you should not love God, you love your little friends, your father and mother, your play, and even the little kitten that sleeps before the fire, and therefore, I am sure you can love God. What if you were to die without having any love in your heart to God; would he not ask the question when you stand at his judgment-seat, Why did you not love me? you could love other things, you had a smile, or a kind look or word for everybody else, how

is it you did not love me? You will then feel ashamed and condemned, and begin to feel sorry that you did not take the advice of your teachers who often asked you to be the friends of God; may you all take that advice now, before it is for ever too late. Amen. T. D.

CONVERSATION IN THE GRAMMAR FAMILY.

THE children of that ancient individual, *English Grammar*, were holding a confab one day, when their father was absent.

"Truly," said *Noun*, "although we are so *common* no one can say we are not *proper* in our conduct, while the *Verbs* are oftener *imperfect* than *perfect* in their ideas."

"Well," said a spruce young *Verb*, "you are certainly *possessive* of some *singular* qualities, and there is nothing so *objective* in our character as yours."

"Ah," said little *Conjunction*, "how you love to quarrel! You would not live *united* a single day without me and *Preposition* to show your relations to each other."

"Alas!" exclaimed *Interjection*, "what *strong* and *sudden* emotions I always betray at such conversation!"

"The politeness of all of you," spoke up *Adjective* and *Adverb*, as they gazed around with an

important look, "would be *imperatively* nothing without the example of such persons of *quality* as we are, to tell you the *time*, *place*, and *manner* of doing things! You do not realize it, but we are a positive advantage to you!"

"And who would conjecture," said little *Article*, "that so small a child as I could limit the *signification* of all your haughty Nouns and Pronouns! The *Participles*, too, are for ever telling of the *past* actions being so *perfect*; but we all know that all of them who are present now are *very imperfect*, always end-

ing in ing — just as *nothing* does!"

"So you are having a warm little dispute," said old *English Grammar*, entering at this moment, "I think I shall lay down about *thirty rules* for you to obey, and with but few *exceptions*, either. Seeing you have so many advantages of *language*, it is strange you should make such a poor use of them! I am sorry to see so many of you *improper* and *irregular*, while you are *imperfect* also! But it always will be so; a family with the best of training will make a parent more or less trouble!"

Anniversary Services.

CAGEBROOK, CWM CIRCUIT.

THE second anniversary of the Sabbath-school here was celebrated on the 26th and 27th of July, 1863. Three impressive sermons were preached to large and attentive congregations. In the evening it was thought advisable to hold the service in a meadow near the chapel, when it was supposed that nearly 500 persons were present. The children at each service recited several pieces and dialogues, and sang several hymns suitable for the occasion, to the credit of their teachers and themselves.

The above chapel was opened

for divine service on the 5th of May, 1861; a Sabbath-school was opened soon after, which has since progressed steadily, now numbering upwards of fifty scholars, and increasing nearly every week, notwithstanding there are three National schools near us. The collections for the day were £3 15s., being almost double those of last year. On the Monday the children were regaled gratuitously with tea, plum cake, &c., provided by their teachers, and friends, after which addresses were delivered by our old esteemed friend, Mr. W. Gilbert and Mrs. Savakir. Pieces and dialogues were said and sung by

the children, and all were highly pleased. We are thankful to God for all his mercies, and earnestly pray that our Sabbath-school may prove a great blessing to our rising Church in this place.

W. JONES.

THE OLD THEATRE, GUILDFORD, BAGSHOT MISSION.

On August 9th, 1863, the first anniversary of our Sabbath-school was held in the above place, when two short sermons were preached by the writer to very attentive congregations, and several children belonging to the school recited pieces of poetry

and dialogues very efficiently. A powerful awakening influence seemed to be felt by all during the recital of a piece entitled, "The Lost Sheep." Truly God was there. We trust the impressions made upon the minds of the people will result in lasting good. On the following day the children were plentifully regaled with cake and tea, &c. Afterward they went through several exercises, which were brought to a close with a good prayer-meeting. The collections amounted to £1 10s., which we think creditable; the school being only in its infancy.

J. COOPER.

Poetry.

DIAGENES the philosopher, one day being at a feast, a great cup of wine was given to him, which he at once threw away. On being blamed for it, he said, "If I had drunk it, not only the wine had been lost, but I also."

When to a feast one day Diogenes went,
There he had given him a goblet of wine;
At once the philosopher threw it away,
Saying he abstained from the juice of the vine.

For wasting such drink by the guests he was blamed,
When immediately thus he wisely replied:
"If the wine I had drunk, it would have been lost;
And not only that, but myself lost beside."

How wise the remark! if he'd drunk it, no doubt,
Like too many others, his reason he'd lost;
His good character too, which was of more worth
Than a cask of such wine, whate'er it may cost.

If thousands now-a-days considerate were,
 They'd not let a heathen than they be more wise ;
 From that which drowns reason they'd surely abstain,
 And prefer the pure drink which Nature supplies.

Newport, I. W.

J. DORE.

THE STREET PREACHER.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I've met a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was Death—greatest of street preachers.

Have you seen the street preacher,
 That all times of year
 Is busy proclaiming
 His message of fear,
 Which some time or other
 All people must hear?

His foes are ten thousand ;
 But such is his might,
 Were each a Goliath,
 He knoweth his sleight,
 Whereby with a pebble
 To put them to flight.

His speech is too lowly
 An echo to wake,
 As he comes to the threshold
 His errand to make ;
 Yet never a preacher
 So eloquent spake.

With look of assurance
 Right fearful to see,
 He finds out his victims
 Wherever they be ;
 But never seems seeking
 For you or for me.

He cometh at midnight
 And cometh at morn ;
 Of the mother he claims
 The baby new born ;
 The bride of her bridegroom
 He leaveth forlorn.

When spring is the sweetest
 He blights the green grass,
 And kills the young rosebuds ;
 And sighs of "Alas !"
 Are heard in the gardens
 Through which he doth pass.

No need hath he ever
 Of bread or of meat,
 No need of wild honey
 Or locusts to eat.
 Room only he asks for
 To preach in the street.

Shrink, hide from his presence
 However you may,
 Hand to hand, face to face
 You will meet him some day,
 And turn and go with him
 His terrible way.

J. DORE.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



HALIFAX NEW TOWN HALL.

Youths' Department.

HALIFAX NEW TOWN-HALL.

(With Engraving.)

THE Town-hall of Halifax is in the Italian style of architecture, especially designed for the position it occupies. It is a parallelogram, about 140ft. by 90ft., and at the corner opposite Princes-street (the principal approach) there is a tower 35ft. square, surmounted by a spire, the top of which is 170 ft. from the ground. The exterior contains two orders of columns and arched windows, the whole being placed upon a rusticated basement. The upper story terminates with a high roof, decorated with ornamental iron-work, partially gilded. The tower contains bells and a clock with four faces, which are to be illuminated at night. The interior does not contain any large hall for concerts or assemblies, the intention being to use the hall only for business purposes. The council-room, Mayor's parlour, treasurer's and other offices, are entered from a central hall (52ft. by 41), and adjoining these is the Borough Court, and other accommodation for the magistrates. The basement is occupied by workshops for the use of the corporation, which needs such premises in consequence of its acting as purveyor of gas and water to the inhabitants of Halifax, instead of allowing these duties to be performed by independent companies. The design of the Town-hall was originally prepared by the late Sir Charles Barry, whose death occurred soon after the commencement of the works. Since that time the building has been carried on under his son, Mr. Edward Barry, A.R.A., who, while supplying designs for those portions of the works which were left incomplete by his father, has carefully carried out, as far as possible, the original conception. The building does not attempt to compete with the larger and far more important structures at Leeds, Liverpool and elsewhere, which are called by the same name, but it may justly lay claim to harmony of proportion, beauty, and refinement of details, and fitness for the purposes for which it has been erected. It is built of fine sandstone from the neighbourhood of Halifax, and which appears to be admirably adapted for the execution of elaborate details. The windows are all arch-headed, and in the spandrils of the arches are carved groups of boys, symbolical of the staple industry of Halifax and its neighbourhood. These groups have been executed, for the most part, by the late Mr. Thomas, the well-known

architectural sculptor, who, like the original architect of the building, did not live to see the completion of his work. The cost of the building is expected to be something over £30,000. It is much to be regretted that such a building should be surrounded by narrow streets, and it is to be hoped that, as Halifax daily increases in wealth and importance, some well-considered plans may be carried out to improve and throw open the neighbourhood, and form public places surrounding the Town-hall.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO HALIFAX.

Most of the readers of this magazine may have heard of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the old town of Halifax, Yorkshire. But as all of them may not have heard the particulars of the visit, it shall be my privilege to supply them with a few. The eldest son of our Most Gracious Queen is called the Prince of Wales, a title which the eldest son of the reigning British monarch has for many ages borne. Some time before his visit, it was determined by the Mayor and corporation of this town to invite the Prince to open the New Town-hall on its completion. Accordingly, at the proper time, an invitation was sent him, to which he not only yielded a gracious compliance, but added that the Princess, his newly made bride, would accompany him. This intelligence filled the town and neighbourhood with great joy, and for several weeks before the fixed time arrived everybody determined to give the royal pair a reception worthy at once of their rank and of the wealth and loyalty of the town. Thenceforth both the corporation and the public were busy for weeks, the former in repairing, barricading, and ornamenting the streets through which the Royal procession would have to pass; and the latter in making their houses and shops as attractive as they could. Anticipating a large influx of visitors, those who had the means of erecting platforms on their property did so, so that some time before the arrival of the day of visit, workmen of all kinds, paviors, painters, carpenters, gilders, and decorators, were busy in various parts of the town, and when at last everything was ready, the town presented a gay, imposing, and really splendid appearance. Innumerable banners and flags fluttered in the breeze, silvered spars towering to a great height, surmounted with silken streamers, and festooned with many-coloured paper flowers, forming a sort of continuous arch, skirting each side of the line of proces-

sion, barricades guarded the causeways, while on every morsel of spare ground, as well as on the tops of the low buildings, a stout and roomy platform for the accommodation of those who would rather pay a premium than be crushed in the crowd, met the eye. But the greatest attraction in the shape of ornament was in the neighbourhood of the new hall. At the top of Princes-street—a small but handsome street facing the hall—a magnificent arch arrested the attention. Passing underneath you entered the street, on each side of which Venetian masts with garlands of evergreens and one thousand gas lights, surrounded by stained glasses, stretching from one side to the other, and with a handsome bronze statue between each pair, formed a most beautiful promenade.

The 4th of August, the day whereon the royal visitors were to arrive, at length dawned upon us. At an early hour all was life and joy. Thousands of visitors from neighbouring places poured into the town by rail and coach, car and wagon. The streets were crowded: as the hour of three approached everybody flocked to the railway station, and to every available spot between that place and Heath House, the magnificent residence of our worthy mayor, John Crossley, Esq., with whom the royal party were to sojourn. Every heart throbbed with emotion at the prospect of seeing the heir apparent to the British throne. At length the hoarse roar of a siege gun on Beacon-hill, gave warning of the approach of the royal train. A deafening cheer from the thousands who filled the vast area of the station, announced the safe arrival of His Royal Highness. But where is Alexandra, his royal bride? Alas! she is not with him. A slight loss of health at about the last moment rendered it prudent that she should not undertake so long a journey. Every countenance falls, every heart is sad. "But we must make the best of a bad job," says everybody, and so everybody cheers the Prince on his way, wishing the while health and long life to his lovely bride. The next day, the great day of all, brought with it another disappointment. As early as three o'clock in the morning, the sky was overcast with clouds, grey and leaden, pouring down copious showers upon the gay town. The sound of falling rain, pleasant at any other time, awoke thousands of happy sleepers into sorrow and gloom. As early morn waxed into day, the effect of this circumstance, coupled with the absence of the Royal Lady, was painfully apparent. Thousands who otherwise would have been here were absent. Everybody wore a countenance of sadness. The teachers and scholars

of the various Sabbath schools, who had to meet in the Piece-hall, were filled with grief. Nevertheless, on went the proceedings, for they could not be postponed, everybody determining to make the best of the case. At eleven o'clock the procession left Heath House, took a peep at the massive and palace-like orphanage now in the course of erection by the Messrs. Crossley; next entered the People's Park, the munificent gift of Sir F. Crossley, Bart.; and then made its way to the Piece-hall, where a scene such as the Prince had never before witnessed awaited him. The Piece-hall is nearly a square building, having in its centre about ten thousand square yards of land open to the sky. One-half of this space was occupied by a raised platform, on which were arranged more than 16,000 teachers, scholars, and musicians. The other half contained platforms for the accommodation of visitors. Into the midst of about 30,000 beings of all ages, from seven to seventy years, the royal cortège drove, and there paused whilst the National Anthem, "God bless the Prince of Wales," and the "Hallelujah Chorus," were sung. From this scene the Prince seemed unwilling to move. He was gratified, he was affected. And well he might be. From thence the procession went, by a somewhat circuitous route, to the New Town-hall, when the ceremony of opening took place, after which the Prince and his suite partook of lunch, and then departed for London.

During the entire visit the Prince met with a reception befitting his high position, and characteristic of the hardy and hearty Yorkshire people. At every step of his progress through the town, deafening cheers rent the air; and so thoroughly loyal and affectionate were the vast multitude that had there not been a barricade, or a policeman to guard the way, the affection of the people would have been his sure defence. And well worthy is he of the honour and love we have shown him. The son of the best of Queens and of the purest of princes, he gives promise of treading in their steps. For his royal parents he seems to entertain the deepest regard, and in his speech here he said the best way in which to realise the hopes and wishes we had expressed for his future was for him to emulate the bright example of his father. His countenance is at once manly and affectionate in its expression, and as we heard the mayor say, "He is so free and courteous in private society, as at once to disarm his entertainers of all embarrassment, and make them feel quite at home."

Well, the imposing scene passed away. Much pleasure was anticipated from the visit, much less was realized.

Thousands felt and still feel the force of the wise man's words, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

After reading this account it will be salutary to remember that a greater Prince than our Albert Edward, even the Prince of Peace, will ere long visit us, to "take vengeance on all them that know not God," and to be "glorified in his saints." Many saw not England's prince on this occasion; but when *he* comes every eye shall see the Prince of Glory. Albert Edward has not in his hands the destinies of any of Adam's race; but the Prince of Life will say to the ungodly, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" whilst to those who shall have honoured him with their love and their lives, he will say, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." That we, by an entire consecration of ourselves to his service, and a calm and unfaltering resting on his mediation, may secure a lot among the blessed is the prayer of

JOHN SIMPSON.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 261.)

IN our last paper we contemplated Paul as he appears in the toils, travels, and sufferings of his first great missionary tour. After accompanying him through this important tour we parted from him at Lystra, a city of Lycaonia, in Asia Minor. In this city a poor impotent cripple "who never had walked," heard Paul preach—"Who, steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said, with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet." A divine power accompanied this word of Paul—"And the man leaped and walked," Acts xiv. 8—10. Now we are not to suppose Lystra by any means a large town, but otherwise; consequently the fame of this notable miracle would soon be spread to its utmost borders, and perhaps was witnessed even by a large portion of the inhabitants. Further, it must be remembered that these Lystrans were idolaters, and Jupiter seems to have been their tutelary deity, a statue and temple of whom stood before their city gates. The deceived and ignorant people now, with wild triumph and tumultuous joy, lift up their voices and exclaim in their own tongue, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." Whether or not this saying was at first noticed and understood by Barnabas and Paul

we can scarcely say. Either it was spoken in a dialect of the Greek language peculiar to that district, or a tongue distinct therefrom; but the first intimation we have that the Apostles understood the purpose of these mistaken people to pay divine honours to them, is when they were about to carry their false notion into effect by bringing forth sacrifices with all the pomp of pagan devotion to offer to these holy men as gods. Be this as it may, they not only mistook these Apostles for gods, but appropriated to them deific names from their own mythology. Barnabas they honoured as Jupiter, and Paul was to be revered as Mercury.

Let us devote a little more attention to this matter in order to make it plain. I have before stated that the people of Lystra were idolaters. Now, let us remember that the ruder forms of Asiatic and European idolatry had by this time become greatly refined by Grecian letters, poetry, and philosophy; that a system of mythology had grown up amongst these polytheists setting forth the history of the various gods, and ascribing certain attributes to each of them in order; that each of these deities had its own peculiar rites, history, priests, and temples; that various great cities, towns, and districts of country were supposed to be specially under the care of some one particular god, which god had the most prominent worship in that particular place, just as the goddess Diana was particularly worshipped at Ephesus or Minerva at Athens; that this particular worship paid to one god by no means prevented or excluded the worship of other deities; that at Lystra great Jove or Jupiter was worshipped as the guardian god of the town; that the mythology or religious ethics of these idolaters taught them that the gods frequently visited the earth for various purposes, as it might suit their convenience or pleasure: I say let us remember all these things, and group them together in our minds, and then I think the conduct of these foolish and blind heathens of Lystra will not appear at all strange. They supposed, indeed, that their guardian deity had condescended to visit their city along with his attendant Mercury, and they were determined not to let the important occasion pass by without celebrating it with all due honour.

We will now suppose ourselves at Lystra, spectators of this deeply interesting scene; Paul and Barnabas are there preaching in the name of Jesus; one of their hearers is a lame man who has never stood upon his feet in his life. At the word of Paul he immediately leaps and walks.

The people at once see that in this is something far beyond all human power. Jupiter is their patron god, Mercury, according to their mythology, is his renowned attendant and spokesman. They know no better deities than these, and hence they suppose that the gods they have long worshipped are come down to them in the likeness of men. The impression gets out, spreads like a panic, is taken up by the people, and runs through the city. Jupiter's temple is before the city gates; the priests issue forth with oxen and garlands as sacrifices, and with one consent are about to worship—yes, priests and people both—"Which when Barnabas and Paul heard, they rent their clothes and ran in among the people, crying out, "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities to serve the living God, which made heaven and earth, and the sea and all things that are therein." Acts xiv. 14, 15. Notwithstanding this earnest exhortation, the people were so determined and so enthusiastic that, with their utmost persuasions, the apostles scarcely restrained them from their idolatrous purpose. Satan appears under many colours in his opposition to the servants of God. Before this he had incited the people in various places to imprison, stone, and murder the messengers of salvation; but here at Lystra he will have them worshipped as gods.

Before we pass away from this scene let us have a word or two upon Jupiter and Mercury. With regard to the former, he was invariably represented as the most powerful of all the gods. Lempriere says, "The worship of Jupiter was universal. He was the Ammon of the Africans, the Belus of Babylon, the Osiris of the Egyptians. The worship of Jupiter surpassed that of the other gods in solemnity. He was the king and father both of the gods and men. From him mankind received both their blessings and their miseries, and they looked upon him as acquainted with everything past, present, and future." Mercury was the messenger of the gods, and of Jupiter in particular; he was the patron of travellers and shepherds; he conducted the souls of the dead into the infernal regions, and not only presided over orators, merchants, &c., but he was also the god of thieves, pickpockets, and all dishonest persons. It is, however, in his character of god of eloquence that his name is given to Paul, and for this reason, "because he was the chief speaker." We will conclude this portion of our history by a quotation from Dr. A. Clarke. "The heathens supposed that Jupiter and Mercury were the gods who most frequently assumed the

human form, and Jupiter was accustomed to take Mercury with him on such expeditions. Jupiter was the supreme god of the heathens, and Mercury was the god of eloquence. As the ancients usually represented Jupiter as rather an aged man, large, noble, and majestic, and Mercury young, light, and active, the conjecture of Chrysostom is very probable, that Barnabas was a large, noble, well-made man, and probably in years, and St. Paul young, active, and eloquent, on which account they (the Lystrans) termed the former Jupiter, the latter Mercury."

What success Paul and Barnabas achieved in the way of converting the ignorant idolaters of Lystra on that occasion, or how long they remained there we have no means of determining. However, the next fact in our history is a very sanguinary one—"And there came thither," even to this Lystra, "certain Jews," blaspheming, persecuting Jews, such as Paul had once found at Antioch in Pisidia, and at Iconium, "who persuaded the people;" and, alas, under the envenomed persuasions of these cruel Jews, the fickle multitude fall upon Paul, and, as they suppose, stone him to death, and drag him out of the city as dead. Now, let us suppose the disciples there gathering outside the city, around the bruised and mangled body of the apparently lifeless Paul, bemoaning his sad and tragic end; when, lo! bruised and bloody as he is, he rises up among them, accompanies them into the city, and the next day departs with Barnabas to Derbe.—Before quitting Lystra, I may as well remark, that there is strong evidence that Timothy was a native of this town.—After leaving Lystra Paul and Barnabas preached at Derbe, another city of the province of Lycaonia. Gaius was a native of Derbe. At Derbe the return journey of our apostolic missionary party may be said to have commenced. We now see these fearless men coming back again in the face of terrible persecution to the very places where persecution had raged most fiercely before, even to such places as to Lystra, Iconium, and Antioch in Pisidia. To these and other places they came, as says Luke, "Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." Acts xiv. 22. True, O ye venerable and courageous men! Yours is a path of tribulation indeed, and that of the young disciples ye leave behind you is a rough one too, and they need your strongest consolation. "And when they had ordained them elders in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed." Acts

xiv. 23. How interesting, how natural, how appropriate and solemn these affectionate and holy partings must have been. Trouble, as well as sympathy, had welded their hearts together. They had not only mutual love, but mutual suffering. They were companions in tribulation, and so they dwelt in each other's sympathies and prayers, and their seasons of parting were deeply affecting and solemn. And so we leave these young and hopeful disciples, their apostles having bidden them an affectionate farewell. Paul and Barnabas continuing their return journey, pass through Pisidia and Pamphylia, making a special mission to preach the gospel at Perga, the chief city of the latter province. They next proceed to Attalia, a sea-port town of Pamphylia, whence they set sail again for Antioch in Syria. And thus concludes this great missionary tour, which, according to some chronologists, occupied two years, and according to others, four.

Let us now imagine our apostle and his venerable companion again at Antioch. There had they been "recommended to the grace of God," and consecrated for their missionary toil. And now they come back again to Antioch; and what a scene may we suppose occurred as they related among the Antiochian believers the adventures and events, the persecutions and dangers, the reverses and triumphs, the divine interpositions and miracles, of that wonderful journey. What a rejoicing! what earnest thanksgiving and praise followed their glowing recital of all the wonders the Lord had done by them during the period of their absence; and what hearty greetings and warm congratulations must have been exchanged. To contemplate these would be pleasing indeed had we the history, but this is wanting, and so we can only imagine what a joyful meeting this must have been, and what rapture and praise resounded in the church at Antioch on this interesting occasion. Respecting Paul and Barnabas it is said, "And there they abode long time with the disciples." Acts xiv. 28. How long this indefinite period was it is impossible to say; the general opinion seems to be that it was as long as five years. If this was so, then these five years are passed over in silence, so far as the evangelic history is concerned. If, however, the missionary tour now concluded lasted four years instead of two, then there are only three years unaccounted for. During this period all that we can say is, that our apostle "abode with the disciples at Antioch." The following, from Dr. A. Clarke, may help to make this matter more plain. He says—"It is very probable that all this time Paul and Barnabas were

employed in extending the work of God through the different provinces contiguous to Antioch. St. Paul tells us (Rom. xv. 19) that he preached the gospel so far as Illyria, which was a province north-west of Macedonia, on the side of the Adriatic Gulf. Many of the tribulations and perils through which the Apostle Paul passed are not mentioned by St. Luke, particularly those of which he himself speaks, 2 Cor. xi. 23—27. He had been five times scourged by the Jews, thrice beaten by the Romans, thrice shipwrecked, a whole night and day in the deep, probably saving his life upon a plank; besides frequent perils from his countrymen, from robbers, in the city, in the wilderness, in the sea, among false brethren, &c. Of none of these have we any circumstantial account. Probably, most of these happened in the five years which elapsed between the apostle's return to Antioch and the next recorded journey, which we shall presently see was on a special errand to Jerusalem. What a great trouble were certain of the Jews to the early missionaries of the cross. Too zealous for the ceremonialism of their abrogated law, though they themselves believed in Christ, yet would they impose the obsolete rite of circumcision upon the Gentile converts, making that rite an essential condition of their salvation. Thus these narrow-hearted men would shut the Gentile converts out of heaven unless they would submit to the essentially Jewish rite of circumcision. Some of these Jewish Christians found their way down to Antioch and introduced their traditional poison among the happy and peaceful believers of that honoured and prosperous Church. One can easily suppose the grief this circumstance would cause to Paul, and his saintly companion Barnabas. It is asserted in the emphatic and suggestive words of Luke, that these apostles "had no small dissension and disputation with them." What a fearful stir some head-strong people will make about some mere solemn trifle which is not worth half a dozen words, and for the sake of this punctilio they will destroy the peace of multitudes. What a peaceful and loving people these Christian believers at Antioch had been until the troublers from Jerusalem came down amongst them. The question they had raised about circumcision could not be decided with satisfaction without an appeal to the Church at Jerusalem. Therefore, our apostle and his companion Barnabas go up to Jerusalem, that they may lay this matter before the apostles and elders there. The Church at Antioch brought the two delegates on their way, (a custom of respect very common in ancient times). Paul tells

us, in the second chapter to the Galatians, that he went up to Jerusalem on this occasion "by revelation;" and further, that Titus was one of the company. As they proceed on their journey they come to Phœnicia, a province of Syria, or in other words, the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and likewise to Samaria. As they tarry at these several places, they do not forget to relate to the Christian brethren they meet the great work which, under God, has been wrought by them among the Gentiles. At Jerusalem they were received with the utmost cordiality, both by the apostles and the Church, to whom they related the wondrous things they had seen since their last departure. In the marvellous history of the Christian Church in its earliest days how we mark the hand of Providence. The gospel first had an opening among the Gentiles at Cesarea by the Apostle Peter. Now through the preaching of Paul and Barnabas multitudes of the heathen have been converted and joined together in Christian Churches. Paul comes and relates these facts among the apostles and believers at Jerusalem. An important question has been raised affecting the doctrine and practice of the Church as regards the Gentiles, this matter causes dissension, brings Paul again to Jerusalem, draws the apostles and Church in Jerusalem together to discuss the matter in dispute. What can be more beautiful? This is called the first Christian council, and well would it have been for the Church and the world if every succeeding council had been conducted in the spirit which characterized this.

W. M. B.

OUR QUEEN.

WILLIAM the Fourth expired about midnight at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other high functionaries, were in attendance: as soon as the king had breathed his last, the Archbishop quitted Windsor and made his way to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess Victoria, where he arrived before daylight, and announced himself, requesting an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attired herself and met the venerable prelate in the ante-room. He informed her of the demise of the crown, and did homage to her as the sovereign of the nation. She was deeply agitated. The first words she uttered were these:—"I ask your prayers in my behalf." They knelt down together, and the young princess inaugurated her reign like the young king of

Israel, by asking from on high "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude."

Soon after she ascended the throne, at a late hour one Saturday night, a nobleman occupying an important post in the Government, arrived at Windsor with some state papers.

"I have brought," said he, "for your Majesty's inspection, some documents of great importance, but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" repeated the Queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my Lord."

"True, your Majesty: but business of the state will not admit of delay."

"I am aware of that," replied the Queen; "and, as of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if these papers are of such pressing importance, attend to them after church to-morrow morning."

In the morning the Queen and her court went to church, and much to the surprise of the noble lord, the subject of the discourse was the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" said the Queen.

"Very much indeed, your Majesty," was the reply.

"Well, then," added her Majesty, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon."

Not another word was said about the state papers during the day, but at night, when Victoria was about to retire, she said, "To-morrow morning, my Lord, at any hour you please, as early as seven, if you like, we will look into the papers."

"I cannot think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour: nine o'clock will be quite early enough."

"No, no, my Lord; as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early; however, if you wish it to be at nine, be it so."

At nine o'clock the next morning the Queen was seated at her table ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

Sent by E. STROUD.

SHALL WE MEET?

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright for ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Chorus—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river, where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When the stormy voyage is o'er,
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?
Shall we meet, &c.

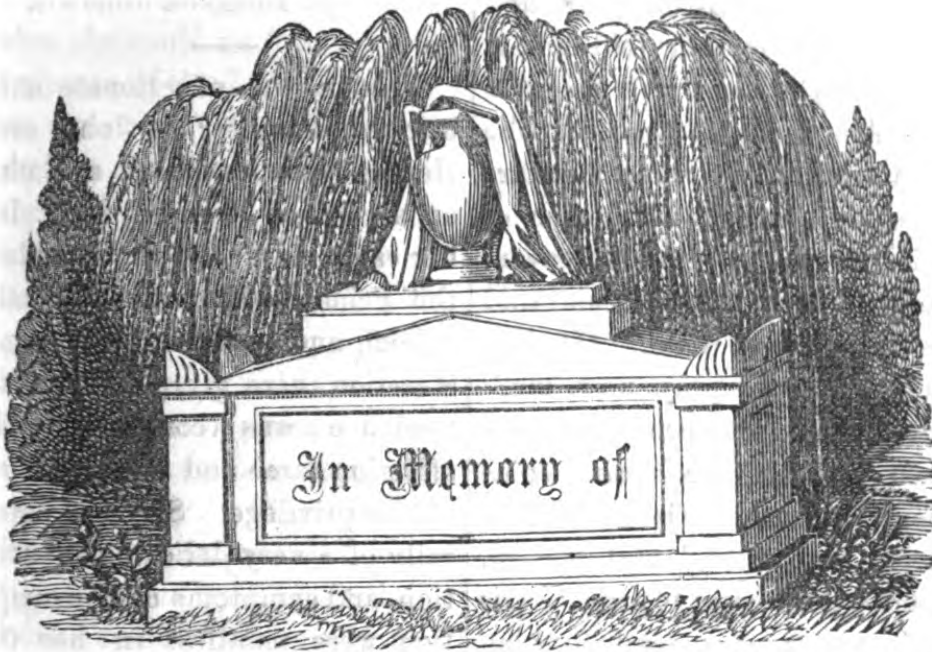
Shall we meet in yonder City,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
Shall we meet, &c.

Where the music of the ransomed,
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound,
Shall we meet, &c.

Shall we meet with many a lov'd one,
That was torn from our embrace,
Shall we listen to their voices,
Shall we see them face to face?
Shall we meet, &c.

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own,
Shall we know his blessed favour,
And sit down upon his throne?
Shall we meet, &c.

Juvenile Biography.



MARY BAGGALEY, aged three years and six months, who belonged to our school at Aiford, and was a child of great promise. She dearly loved her school; but she fell a victim to diphtheria and scarlet fever; and while under these complicated diseases the dear child suffered greatly; but, on the 4th of June, 1863, she crossed the river and entered into the joy of her Lord.

T. RATCLIFFE.

ALEXANDER JOHNSON was born at Sunderland, October 26th, 1856, and died at the same place, July 15th, 1863. His parents being members of the Primitive Methodist Society, sent him to be instructed in the truths of God's word. He was of a

loving, mild disposition; gained the love of all who knew him; feared to tell a lie; and was shocked to hear boys say wicked words in the street. He was also an obedient child to his parents, and kind and loving to his brother and sister. This beautiful flower, which we hoped would shed a lasting and cheering fragrance around us, was unexpectedly blighted and removed from us:—

"There came one who loved the flower,
And took it home to deck his bower,
Bore it away beyond the skies,
To blossom in his paradise."

He was suddenly taken from us after three days' sickness; but he bore his sufferings with much patience, and never once murmured. The first day his little brother told him he was going to Lizzie and

Jane Anne, meaning his two little sisters who had died some months before. He being affected at this, his mother told him it might be the Lord was going to take Alexander to heaven. She then read to him some memoirs from the *Juvenile Magazine*, of children who had gone to heaven. He paid great attention and said he liked to hear them. He then said, "I will pray now, ma," which he did earnestly. He then repeated the hymns commencing with, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and "Lord, teach a little child to pray." His little sister also read to him,

"Beautiful Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,"

by which his mind seemed much drawn out after heaven and heavenly things, and he was led to ask several questions about the angels in heaven, and if his little brother Joseph, who died before he was born, would know him in heaven. We did not think, however, at the time, that the sickness would end in the death of our beloved boy, or that the Lord was preparing his mind for the bliss he was so shortly to enjoy among the redeemed in heaven, as no alarming symptoms were visible till the night before his death; but then the disease took a fatal turn, and before 12 o'clock of the following day his spirit had winged its way to the mansions of bliss. May his

sorrowing and bereaved parents meet him there.

ELEANOR JOHNSON.

—

VIRTUE, the affectionate and beloved daughter of John and Harriet SEIP, was born at Bath, on the 9th of January, 1846. In her early childhood she attended the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School, and profited by the instruction there given. Her attendance was continued till affliction came and deprived her of the privilege. She was naturally of a very delicate constitution, and symptoms of consumption were manifest in her for three or four years prior to her death. During the last six or seven months of her life her sufferings were very severe, and her frame was at last reduced to a mere skeleton. Her disposition was remarkably docile and retiring, but she was very affectionate and thoughtful. One peculiar feature in her character was an extraordinary degree of conscientiousness. Her young but thoughtful spirit shrank with horror and disgust from everything which appeared to her to be wrong in the sight of God; and not only would she shun the wrong herself, but she would reprove others (when she could do so with propriety), whose conduct to her sensitive mind appeared to be deserving of censure. She was, moreover, warmly attached

to her Sabbath School, and to the means of grace in general, and she felt it a sad deprivation when she could no longer attend the house of the Lord. She was for some time a member of a juvenile class, but this, with her other privileges, had to be sacrificed, on account of her ever increasing affliction. During the trying period of her protracted illness she had not always those clear evidences of peace in Christ Jesus which her friends desired her to manifest. There was, as with others, a natural clinging to life, and some time elapsed before she could finally give all up and resign herself fully to the Lord. Nevertheless, under the prayers and counsels of her parents, brothers and sisters, five of whom are members of our society at Bath, she at length obtained entire peace of mind, and could rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Now her ardent soul longed to be with Jesus. She was perfectly resigned and happy, and her chamber was the vestibule of heaven. On the Lord's Day before she died, however, she had a dreadful conflict with Satan. But the whole of the family gathered round her bed, and earnestly pleaded with God for the deliverance of their suffering one. Their united prayers were heard, deliverance came, and the sick room of that dear afflicted girl was filled with

shouts of praise. Her own heart was full of joy, and ran over with sweet thanksgiving, and thenceforward to the end her happy soul had settled peace and seraphic joy. All who came to her bedside saw how happy and calm she was, and a clergyman of the Church of England wept as he stood beside her, and said that he had never beheld such a scene—so happy, so triumphant, was this young believer. On the Sabbath evening already referred to, though very weak and suffering extremely, yet she could not be restrained from singing. The joy of her full heart would pour itself forth in the familiar strains of the sanctuary and the Sabbath school. The sweet hymns she had there joined in singing she now sang in her chamber of death; such as this—

"O sing to me of heaven.
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!

There'll be no more sorrow there," &c.

Very solemnly she joined in singing—

"Oh ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear the shroud,
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to your tomb," &c.

With great animation and delight she sang—

"I want to be an angel, and with the
angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead, a harp
within my hand;

There, right before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,
I'll wake the sweetest music, and
praise Him day and night."

And so she continued singing God's praises and talking of heaven all the remainder of her life. On Wednesday, the 27th of May, her strength failed her very much; she could sing but once, and then it was—

"O sing to me of heaven," &c.

That same evening she desired to see the minister who had attended her during her illness, and as he, with other friends, gathered around her bed, they felt that room was the gate of

heaven. Her countenance beamed with holy rapture, although she could scarcely speak, and even at the gates of death she was peaceful and triumphant. Later the same evening, she said, "I could fly to be with Jesus; I am going to glory; hallelujah!" She then calmly wished each one present a loving farewell, and said, "I am going to sleep." Yes, she was, indeed, going to sleep; but it was the sleep from which the Archangel shall wake her! So died Virtue Seip, aged seventeen years and four months. "The maid is not dead but sleepeth."

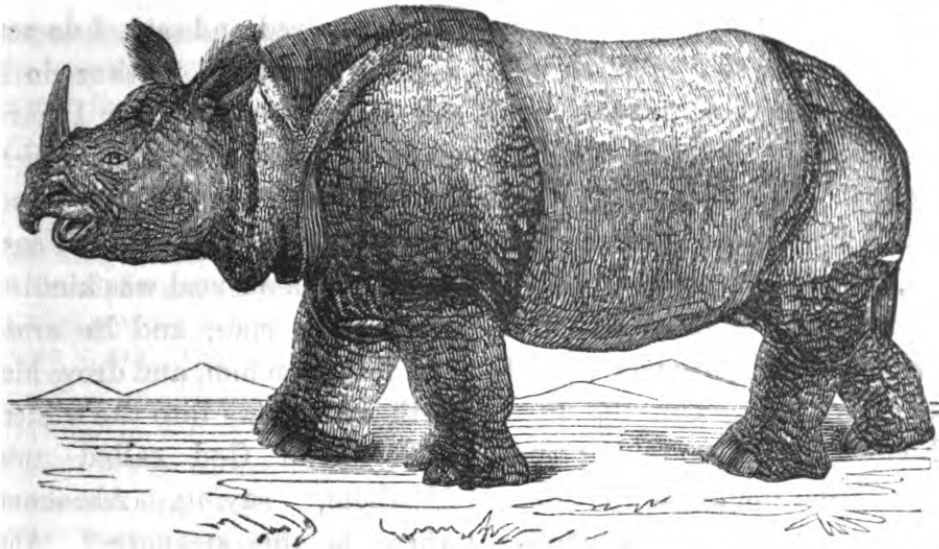
W. M. B.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE RHINOCEROS.

THE chief peculiarity of the Rhinoceros is its so-called horn, which is a mass of fibres matted together, and closely resembling the fibres of whalebone. There are said to be six species of this formidable creature—some of them African, and others Asiatic. Some have one horn only, and others have two. Those with one horn are sometimes called *Unicorns*, from the Latin words *Unus*, one, and *Cornu*, a horn. The two-horned ones are called *Bicornis* from the words *bis*, twice, and *Cornu*. The horns

grow not from the bone, as in other animals, such as the bull, the stag, &c., but from the skin. Generally the Rhinoceros is not a savage beast, but it is very suspicious and timid, and it is easily vexed, and then it would defend itself against a Tiger. It rushes headlong when fighting, and keeps its head down to receive its enemy on its horn, and the way to escape its attack is to let it come tolerably near and then give it the slip. And as its sight is but imperfect, it is some time before it can find an enemy who has so avoided it.



Like the hippopotamus the Rhinoceros delights in water and mud. It covers itself with mud as a protection from insects. Its food is of a vegetable nature, and its horns are employed to rip up the large plants on which it mostly feeds. The foot of the Rhinoceros is divided into three toes, encased in hoofs. Cumming says that the African Rhinoceros is of four varieties, the black, the two-horned black, the common white, and the long-horned white. The black ones are more fierce and formidable than the white. The two-horned ones have shorter horns than the one horns, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length. Sometimes the horns are cut off with a knife and made into drinking cups, mallets for rifles,

handles for turners' tools, &c. The skin of the animal is thick, and can only be penetrated by bullets hardened with solder. During the day the creature sleeps a good deal, and in the night it rambles about, sometimes travelling over a great extent of country. It goes in search of water from nine to twelve at night, which is found the best time for hunting the animal. When vexed it will sometimes plough up the ground for several yards with its horn. The black kinds are smaller and swifter than the white, and can hardly be overtaken by a man on horseback. A sort of bird is said to often accompany the Rhinoceros, and when he is being hunted the bird will put its bill into his ear and utter a

dreadful shriek, so as to alarm him, in which case he crashes away through the jungle and is hard to overtake. These birds are about the size of a thrush, and feed on the insects that cluster on the body of the Rhinoceros. The tame Rhinoceros in the Zoological gardens, London, will take a piece of bun or biscuit from the hand of a visitor, and seem quite pleased with the privilege. The top lip is chiefly used for taking food, either from the ground or otherwise.

EDITOR.

A PERSIAN PARABLE.

Its imitation of the Scripture style is as exquisite as its lessons are admirable:—"And it came to pass after these things that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, after the going down of the sun; and behold a man bent with age coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go thy way. And the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him,

Wherefore dost thou not worship the Most High God, Creator of heaven and earth? And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call on his name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger? And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and could'st not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

MEDDLESOME MATTIE.

Oh! how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possest,
Which like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.
Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle if you did
But turn your back one minute.

In vain they told her not to touch,
 Her trick of meddling grew so much.
 Her grandmamma went out one day,
 And by mistake she laid
 Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
 Too near the little maid.
 Ah! well, thought she, I'll try them on
 As soon as grandmamma is gone.
 Forthwith she placed upon her nose
 The glasses large and wide,
 And looking round, as I suppose,
 The snuffbox, too, she spied.
 Oh! what a pretty box is this;
 I'll open it, said little Miss.
 I know that grandmamma would say,
 Don't meddle with it, dear;
 But then she's far enough away,
 And no one else is near;
 Besides! what can there be amiss
 In opening such a box as this?
 So thumb and finger went to work
 To move the stubborn lid,

And presently a mighty jerk
 The mighty mischief did;
 For all at once—a woeful case—
 The snuff came puffing in her face.
 Poor eyes and nose and mouth and chin,
 A dismal sight presented;
 And as the snuff got farther in
 Sincerely she repented.
 In vain she ran about for ease,
 She could do nothing else but sneeze.
 She dash'd the spectacles away
 To wipe her tingling eyes,
 And as in twenty bits they lay
 Her grandmamma she spies.
 Hey-day! and what's the matter now?
 Cried grandmamma with lifted brow.
 Matilda, smarting with the pain,
 And tingling still and sore,
 Made many a promise to refrain
 From meddling ever more.
 And! 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
 She ever since has kept her word.

Sent by E. WAVELL.

Anniversary Services.

SOHAM DROVE, ELY CIRCUIT.
 —Our school anniversary at this place was held on June 14th. Two services were conducted by Mr. H. Harvey, from Prickwillow. Several instructive dialogues and pieces were recited by the children; and during the recitation many of the congregation were deeply affected. On the following day, the children were regaled with cake and tea. Tea was also provided for adults at five o'clock. At seven o'clock a public meeting was commenced. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. R. Eaglen and G. Seaman,

and recitations were given by some of the children. The collections, and profits of the tea, amounted to £3 2s. 6d., being one pound in advance of those of last year. H. FLETCHER.

KINGSLEY, RAMSOR CIRCUIT.—The sixth anniversary of this Sabbath-school was celebrated on Sabbath, June 21st, when two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. R. Robinson, from Derby. After which, several very affecting dialogues and recitations were given, and appropriate hymns sung by the

children, which reflected great credit on the teachers, especially the superintendent, Mr. Abraham Lownds, and proved satisfactory to the hearers. The school is in a very thriving condition, though in a thinly populated district; it contains 110 scholars and sixteen teachers. The collections this year are 30s. in advance of any made here before. The Great Head of the Church has

owned the labours of the society, and they have been obliged to enlarge the chapel at a cost of about £120. It was just completed before the school sermons, and we have to return our very sincere thanks for upwards of £90 subscribed by the friends. The cost would have been more but for the members doing all in their power.

T. AUSTIN.

Poetry.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death.
His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eye was growing dim;
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
Pressed it to his lips, and died.
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out unto the light,—
Although the shadow deepened
In the moment of eclipse, [tal,
When he passed through the dread por-
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers
As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying—
Death is but the gate of life;
Yet awful darkness resteth
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

From "Poems by Isa."

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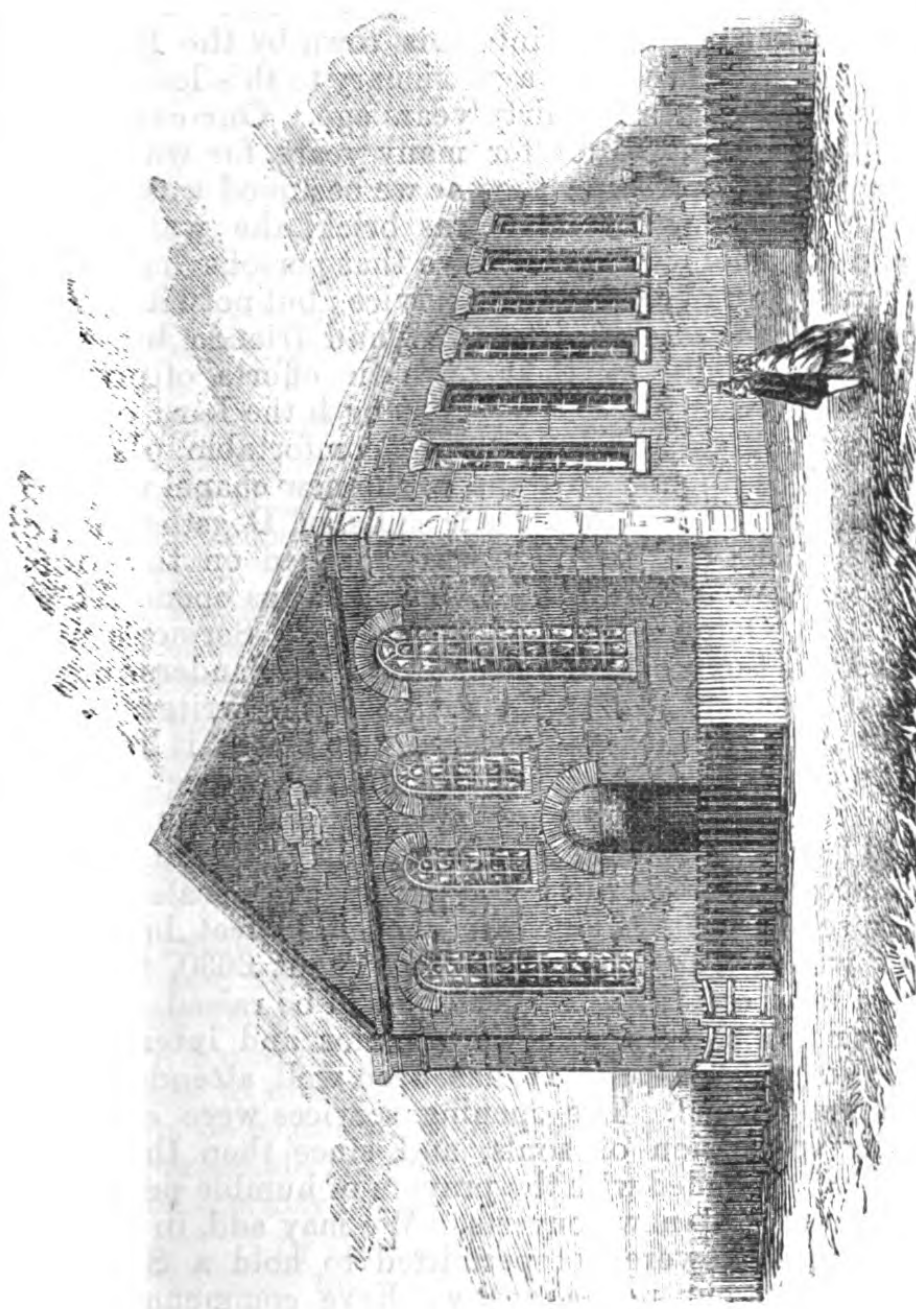
DEAR YOUNG READERS,—It affords us pleasure to present to you the last number of our JUVENILE for 1864. We are grateful to Divine Providence that we have been enabled to complete the duties of Editor another year in the enjoyment of health of body, and a good degree of peace and comfort of mind. We are also thankful for your continued support, and for your prayers in our behalf. To minister to your instruction and edification has been our aim and pleasure ; and we have reason to believe our labours, and those of our esteemed contributors, have not been in vain. The volume now completed will, we trust, be prized by many, and will compare favourably with similar publications of other denominations, and with former volumes of this series. If good has been realised we would have all the glory ascribed to the Most High. And, now let us entreat a continuance of the support of both contributors and subscribers another year. We hope the JUVENILE will be still more worthy of an enlarged circulation. It will be our object to render it all that can be desired. We shall probably give a greater variety of articles next year than during the present. *Queries and Replies*, Poetry, Biography, *Natural History*, with *Illustrative Engravings*, Essays, Anniversaries, Miscellanies, Music, &c., will occupy our pages. Our Sabbath scholars, and other young persons, will find the JUVENILE a very interesting, cheap, and useful companion. And while young children will enjoy the new CHILD'S FRIEND, and grown-up persons the LARGE MAGAZINE and the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, our elder scholars, teachers, and others, will find the JUVENILE is the thing for them. We respectfully urge all our subscribers to renew their orders, and all our friends

to aid us in our efforts to obtain a larger circulation. Above all, let us all give ourselves fully to the service of the Lord Jesus, and, if spared another year, try to bring more honour to him than in the past. May heaven's blessings be on you all. Amen.

London, November, 1864.

EDITOR.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



CROWLAND CHAPEL.

Youths' Department.

CROWLAND CHAPEL, PETERBOROUGH CIRCUIT.

(With Engraving.)

CROWLAND is a town in Lincolnshire, having about 3,000 inhabitants. It is situated nine miles north-east of Peterborough, and seventy-six miles from London. Primitive Methodism was introduced into this town by the Rev. W. Kirby, when he was sent as a missionary to this locality by the Lynn Circuit, nearly thirty years ago. Our cause had to struggle with difficulties for many years for want of a suitable place of worship; the one we occupied was rented from Mr. Jackson, the floor was brick, the walls were thin, and the roof was so defective that persons have had to put up their umbrellas during service; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, our Crowland friends by their zeal, and especially by their open-air efforts, often succeeded in crowding the place. At length the Lord opened their way to obtain a new and more comfortable place of worship. The foundation-stone of the new chapel was laid by our circuit steward, Mr. Isaac Edis, of Dogsthorpe, on May 21st, 1862; and a sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. J. Phillips. The chapel was opened September 24th, October 19th and 26th, 1862. Sermons were preached on the occasion by the Revs. W. Sanderson, W. Freear, J. Cromack, W. C. Tansom, and the writer. The chapel is built of brick and covered with slate; it has four windows in front, and six long ones on each side. It presents a very neat and inviting appearance. It is 54 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 20 feet from the floor to the ceiling. It will accommodate nearly 400 persons with seats. There is also a school-room behind the chapel, 36 feet long and 15 feet wide. The whole cost was about £630, towards which at least one-third has been or will be raised. Many are very much pleased with the exterior and interior appearance of this chapel. It has been well attended ever since it was opened. The opening services were crowned with the conversion of souls, and since then the walls have often resounded with the prayers of humble penitents, and the praises of new converts. We may add, in our old rented chapel we were not permitted to hold a Sabbath-school, but in our new chapel we have commenced one, which has already reached sixty scholars. Who can tell

the good which shall result from this alone? We conclude by saying with the poet,

"Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore."

J. ASHWORTH.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

A SHORT SERMON. BY JAMES B. HORBERRY.

"But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."—Luke x. 42.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I wish, at this time, to call your attention to the importance of religion. Religion is a blessed thing, and a needful thing to every soul of man—the young as well as the old. Happy are the individuals who have it in possession. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." There is nothing that can serve as a substitute for it. This is implied in the term "One thing." "She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her." (Prov. iii. 14, 15). How blessed the state of every Christian. The Christian is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." (Ps. i. 3.) Religion is the only thing that can make us happy, and fit us for an eternal inheritance in heaven. Therefore, "One thing is needful," &c.

Dear reader, allow me to notice, first, the need of religion; and, secondly, the possession of it.

I. THE NEED OF REAL RELIGION.

There is nothing you need so much, and there is nothing you ought to desire so much. Can a blessing, more invaluable, be bestowed, than this, which insures to the soul the imperishable inheritance of heaven, and the glorious riches of eternity?

"Of all that God bestows,
In earth or heaven above;
The best gift saint or angel knows,
Or e'er will know is LOVE."

Of all needs, the salvation of the soul is the greatest. It is just what you need, whether you think so or not. If it were not so there would be no need of the preaching of the Gospel. Preachers need not preach to you or to any one else. Alas! all have sinned, and all need salvation. To a man dying from hunger, a piece of bread would be of far higher value than silver or gold. Is it not so in a spiritual sense? Certainly it is. To the perishing soul, salvation is of far higher value than anything else. It is the "one thing needful." The Gospel offers you salvation; *not from small sins only, but from the most aggravated, the most horrid, the most enormous.* "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) *Not from a few sins, but from all sin.* "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) How blessed the invitations of the Gospel! "Come unto me," &c. (Matt. xi. 28; Isa. lv. 1; Rev. xxii. 17.) Christ is the only refuge from the burden of sin, and from a guilty conscience. But where is Christ to be found? Must you ascend the height or descend the deep? Oh, no! Christ is near, near you, God's present gift. Do you see him? Look! Look!! Do you accept him? He waits to enter your heart. Do you believe in him? He is present to save. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

It is the want of this very thing which makes you so unhappy. You may have loving parents, affectionate friends, kind teachers, and the comforts of earth, but these cannot satisfy the soul. There is still "an aching void the world can never fill." There is a constant sense of want—want within. And why?—you possess not the "one thing needful."

Be not unconcerned about your salvation, but seek it now, and seek it with all you heart. Salvation is promised to the young. And youth is the time to seek the Lord. Oh, then, seek the Lord in early life. You cannot be saved too soon.

"A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

Let us notice,

II. THE POSSESSION OF REAL RELIGION.

1. *The possession of real religion is the soul's security.*

"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." The Lord is the Christian's de-

fence, protection, and security. This spiritual shield is proof against every enemy; and religion is a treasure which cannot be taken away. Satan may rage and the world may frown; and yet these cannot take the prize away. It is a treasure that is always secure, and always the same. "For I am persuaded," says Paul, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. viii. 38, 39.) But the treasure may be sold. Hear the command. "Buy the truth, and sell it not." (Prov. xxiii. 23.) It may be unfaithfully used. Hence the charge. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 10.) It may be lost. Therefore it is written, "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." (Rev. iii. 11.)

2. *The possession of real religion is the possession of all things.*

"Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Luke xii. 31.) "Things present, or things to come; all are your's; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.) The one thing, then, includes everything. *It is peace*—peace with God. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.) *It is joy*—"joy unspeakable and full of glory." "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." (Rom. v. 2.) *It is comfort*—comfort in all our distresses. God is "the God of all comfort." (2 Cor. i. 3.) *It is strength*—great strength. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." (Isa. xl. 31.) *It is light*—shining light. So glorious, that it illuminates the whole soul. So clear, that it reveals all evil, and exhibits all good. So constant that it is "as the morning light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." *It is life*—eternal life. "Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) Well might the Psalmist say, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." (Ps. lxxxiv. 11.)

3. *The possession of real religion is very desirable.* "One thing is needful."

My dear young friends,—In you we hope for future

labourers in the work of God. To you, who shall enter the fold of Christ, do we look for the future prosperity of his kingdom. May you praise him and carry on his work when many who are now engaged therein are silent in the grave. God converted me when a boy, and has since called me to the ministry. Many, who are now ministers of the Gospel, were converted in their youth. May the Lord save you. We trust he will, and that many of you will become "Ambassadors for Christ," and that all of you will be the faithful servants of God. Our prayer is that the boys may "be as plants grown up in their youth;" and the girls "as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace." May you pray earnestly for yourselves.

On the possession of religion, I would say in conclusion, depends—

1. *Your present happiness.* None are so happy as the truly religious. In fact, there is no true happiness without religion. "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord?" (Deut. xxxiii. 29.) "Happiness is the substance of religion." "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." (Prov. iii. 17.)

2. *Your future blessedness.* Without religion you cannot enter heaven. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3, 5.) With religion you are right. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." (Matt. v. 8.) You cannot be too anxious to be right. The consequences of deception in another world can never be repaired. All is fixed beyond the grave. Gal. vi. 7, 8. May you serve God and live. Amen.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.— THANKFULNESS.

"Be ye thankful." So wrote the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his Epistle to the Christians at Colosse, after having enumerated a list of duties enjoined on them, and mentioned a catalogue of blessings enjoyed by them.

To "be thankful" is to be grateful, having the mind impressed with a sense of kindness received from some person or persons, and a readiness to acknowledge it. It is of infinite importance that you be thankful.

1. *For your Creation*, and in particular for your elevated position among the creatures on earth; for no earthly creatures occupy the same dignified and honourable place that you do. In the divine image man was originally created, and though sin has polluted the soul and all its powers, yet these powers are not destroyed, for we are still

capable of thinking, remembering, judging, and loving. Let it never be forgotten that he who so created us is the Lord, and he reasonably demands gratitude from us for our creation, and for our exalted position in creation. "Know ye that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. We are his people and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name." Ps. c. 3, 4.

2. *The immortality of the soul* is another thing for which we should be truly grateful to the Giver of all good. Man is a compound being, has two natures; one is mortal, the other immortal; hence we speak of man as having body and soul. Read Genesis ii. 7, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." It is true that the body will return to the earth whence it came, but as the soul did not come from the earth, it is not earthy, consequently it has nought to do with the ground,—the grave cannot retain it. While everything else by which we are surrounded is destined to fade and decay, the soul shall never die. Autumn's leaves and Summer's brightest flowers only endure for a very limited period. However beautiful and blooming the things of earth may be, all are hastening to the tomb. And when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, the stars shall have quitted the skies, and time be no more, the soul shall still exist.

An eminent divine was once trying to teach a number of children that the soul would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand him—he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he says, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, sir." "A little clock," says another. "Do you all see it?" "Yes, sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "It ticks, sir." "Very well. Can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause, "Yes, sir, we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other. "Now children which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches!" "The little stone in your right hand, sir." "Very well; but how do you know that this is the watch?" "Because it ticks." "Very well, again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away, there, down in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick?" "Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices. "Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. So it is with you children—your body is nothing but the

case ; the soul is inside. The case, the body, may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off." This made it plain, and even the youngest went home and told his mother that his "*little thought would tick after he was dead.*"

Had our Creator made us as the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air, or the creeping things of the earth, destitute of souls, our existence would have terminated with the death of our bodies, and this would have been the only world in which we could have lived. Let us then learn to be thankful to know that our most valuable part will live, and may be happy in God for ever and ever.

O may our souls always obey
God's gracious call, and live;
And after death in endless day,
To him hosannas give.

3. *The work of human redemption as effected for you by Jesus Christ* is another particular which calls for thankfulness from you. This subject occupied the minds of the Old Testament patriarchs and prophets, and this doctrine Christ commissioned his disciples to propagate through all the world. By the shedding of his own valuable blood Jesus purchased our salvation. And "neither is there salvation in any other;" he "appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

Yes, Jesus died that all our race
Might Eden's loss regain;
Might love the Lord, enjoy his grace,
And with him ever reign.

Nothing else, but the precious blood of God's own Son, could have redeemed sinful, wretched, and miserable man.

It cost Christ's death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own,
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

No creature tongue in the universe, whether human or angelic, is capable of describing the value of the immortal soul, and the sufferings of Christ on its behalf. We have read and heard of sums almost incredible that have been expended by some individuals for the comfort and benefit of others, but all the riches of the world are not to be compared for value to the expense Christ was at to deliver the human family from going down to the pit of destruction. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his

poverty might be rich." Learn then to adore him for the infinite love he has manifested towards you.

Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost,
And pitied rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

Resolve, O resolve, that he who is "mighty to save" shall have your thanks, your hearty thanks, your best thanks, and your continued thanks for love "so amazing, so divine." Are you at present far from God? You may be brought nigh by the blood of Christ, if you repent and believe the Gospel. Christ can save you, can save you now, can save you fully, and can save you eternally. Let the following sentiments be the language of your hearts, addressed to him who is ever worthy of all praise:—

In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

A PLAN FOR READING THE SCRIPTURES THROUGH EACH YEAR,

WITH EASE, PLEASURE, AND PROFIT.

To read the Bible through each year,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer,

Just take this simple way:—

Morn, noon, and night a chapter read,
And two Psalms extra you will need,
For every Sabbath-day.

First read its noble history o'er,
And then in the prophetic store

Rich information gain;

Read its devotional sacred part,
While faith and love inspire your heart,—

And all its good retain.

The one hundred and nineteenth Psalm
Into eleven sections form,

*To make your number meet;

Thus t' read three chapters each week-day,

And five each Sabbath, as I say,

Will make your work complete.

* * 23 chapters each week, and 3 the last day. The Old and New Testament contains 66 books, or 1,189 chapters; 1,199 in all.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—With its present yearly income, it will take the British and Foreign Bible Society more than 600 years to supply a copy of the Scriptures to each of the seven hundred millions of poor benighted heathen.

J. SPENCER.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON I.—ON THE WORK OF CREATION.

Read Genesis i., the whole Chapter.

THIS chapter begins God's revelation to man. The book is called *Genesis*, which means *generation*, because it traces the origin or generation of all things—tells us whence they sprang. In the Hebrew language, however, in which the book was written, it is called *Bereshith*. This name is taken from the first word in the Hebrew Bible, and it means "*in the beginning*," because this book is a record of the beginning of all things. This is the most ancient book in the world. The very oldest book now extant among the heathen was written many hundred years later than this; indeed, the language in which this was written ceased to be spoken more than two thousand three hundred years ago. Was Moses, the writer of this book, divinely inspired? Most assuredly he was. He often affirms that he spoke by inspiration, and the numerous miracles he wrought attest his inspiration. Our Lord and the apostles often refer to his writings as being divinely inspired (John i. 17; v. 46; Luke xxiv. 27; 2 Tim. iii. 16).

We have here a record of the sublime and glorious work of creation, and it is the only au-

thentic record of that work. From it we learn that all things had a beginning, that there is nothing eternal but God, and that nothing exists but by him (see Ps. xc. 2; Isa. xliii. 10—13).

The word *create* has two meanings; 1. To cause a thing to exist which before had no existence, and 2. To give form, order, and arrangement to anything. Here the word has both meanings. For the first meaning see verse 1, and compare with Heb. xi. 3. From these texts we see that God created matter itself. This is the first and proper meaning of the word. Then, having created the matter itself, he formed it into worlds. This is the second meaning of the word.

Do we see order and progress in the great work of creating the universe? Yes, throughout. First, rude matter was created (ver. 1); then law and motion were imparted to it (ver. 2); then light was created (ver. 3); then land, and water, and air were separated, and suitably proportioned and arranged (vs. 6—9); then vegetable life was produced (vs. 11, 12); then the heavenly bodies (vs. 14—18); then fishes, fowls, and amphibious creatures (vs. 20, 21); then land

animals (vs. 24, 25); and lastly, man, as the lord of creation and the noblest work of God (ver. 26 &c). Thus there was a graduated scale in the work of creation, with man at its summit.

Does the science of geology agree with this representation? The best geologists maintain that it does; but the science of geology is yet in its infancy, and its theories are so diversified, and even contradictory to each other, that it is not to be regarded as a standard. We are sure, however, that the Word of God is true, and true science will agree with its teachings.

We read of light being created on the first day, but the sun was not created or appointed to be a luminary until the fourth day. Perhaps you ask, how could there be light without the sun? This is another proof that Moses wrote under the guidance of inspiration; for, in his day, and for many ages after, all philoso-

phers regarded the sun as the source of light; indeed, until recently, they regarded the sun as a body of fire. It is, however, now ascertained, that the sun himself is a dark body, and the brightness we see on his disc is an immense luminous atmosphere surrounding him. Light itself, therefore, is as distinct from the sun, as a candle is distinct from the lanthorn in which it shines; and, being distinct, we see that it was created before the sun.

The heavenly bodies were appointed for signs, seasons, days, and years (see ver. 14). How truly has this been verified! What determines the period of each day, each month, each year? The motions of the earth, the moon, the planets, and stars. What are our almanacks made from? Are there any chronometers (measurers of time) so true as the heavens?

LESSON II.—CREATION A WITNESS FOR GOD.

Read Psalms viii. and xcv.

We are here called upon to glorify God, to celebrate and adore him, to love and obey him. These duties we must contemplate hereafter. At present we must observe the ground of these duties; and that ground is, that God is our Creator, and his works are here appealed to,

as both attesting his being and proclaiming his perfections.

Is creation a witness for God? Yes (Rom. i. 19, 20). It proclaims his being; for a house implies a builder, and he that built all things is God (Heb. iii 4).

Creation proclaims his eter-

nity; for, as God is the origin of all things, his own existence can have had no beginning, and, because self-existent, he can have no end (Ps. xc. 2; Isa. xliii. 13).

Creation proclaims his wisdom, for Nature is full of adaptations, and is one great system of means and ends (Ps. civ. 24; Pro. iii. 19).

Creation proclaims his power; for he who created matter from nothing, and constructed the wonderful fabric of the universe, is able to do all things (Isa. xl. 26).

Creation proclaims his goodness, for all things are arranged with a view to supply the wants of man and beast (Ps. cxlv. 9; xxxiii. 5).

Creation proclaims his glorious majesty (Ps. xix. 1).

Does creation proclaim a Trinity of persons in the Godhead? Yes: for the same works which are ascribed to God, are ascribed, also, to the Son and the Holy Spirit. Jesus said that he did the same works that his Father did (John v. 19, 20).

The creation of the universe is expressly ascribed to Christ (John i. 1—3, 10; Col. i. 16; Heb. i. 10).

The preservation of the universe is ascribed to Christ (Col. i. 17; Heb. i. 3).

In the same emphatic manner the work of creation is ascribed to the *Holy Spirit*. The first act of transforming energy on chaotic nature is ascribed to the Spirit (Gen. i. 2). By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens (Job xxvi. 13). "The Spirit of God hath made me" (Job xxxiii. 4). "Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, and they are created" (Ps. civ. 30).

But if the work of creation is ascribed to the Father, how can it be ascribed to the Son and Holy Spirit? and if it be the work of the Son and Holy Spirit, how can it be ascribed to the Father? Answer.—Such is the intimate and essential union in the persons of the Godhead, that they are inseparably united in the work. There is a union of thought, will, council, purpose, and operation. Hence creation is ascribed to each—each is our Creator and Lord; and the wise man says, "Remember thy Creators (*plural in the original*) in the days of thy youth" (Eccles. xii. 1). Yet there are not three Gods, but one; for it is proclaimed, "Hear, O Israel. Jehovah, our God, is one Jehovah" (Deut. vi. 4). If God is our Creator, we must worship, love, and obey him (Ps. xcv. 1—7; Matt. iv. 10). But if the Son and the Holy Spirit were united with the Father in creation, they also are entitled to our homage;

and hence, in our baptism and in the apostolic benediction, we are taught to worship the three Persons conjointly (Matt. xxviii. 19, and 2 Cor. xiii. 14).

DR. COOKE.

LESSON III.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG.

READ Mark x. 13-31.

INTRODUCTORY.—It was and still is a custom among the Jews to seek from the rabbis a blessing on their children. The practice may be seen in almost any Jewish synagogue. The parents mentioned in the former part of the lesson acted in accordance with this custom. The person spoken of in the latter part of the lesson as coming to Jesus was a young ruler, or a member of the Sanhedrin, Mat. xix. 22; Luke xviii. 18. Both incidents afforded opportunities of expressing love to the young, and in this view the lesson is to have our attention.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 13. *Touch them*—put his hand on their heads and bless them.

v. 14. *Of such*—Persons of whose temper and disposition little children were regarded as types, Matt. xviii. 3. The Saviour intimates that the young were admissible into his kingdom.

v. 17. *Good Master*—most excellent teacher. A title of distinction. The Saviour rebuked the habit of giving high-sounding titles to one another, ver. 18.

v. 21. *Loved him*—regarded him with interest and affection. The one thing lacked was the temper of

mind and heart out of which selling what he had and giving away to the poor would spring.

v. 23. *How hardly*—with how much difficulty. *Have riches* is explained in ver. 24, as trusting in riches, Matt. vi. 24.

v. 29. *Now in this time*—The Saviour did not mean that his followers would be compensated in temporal good for their losses for his sake, but that their happiness in following him would be greater than anything worldly could secure to them.

EXPOSITORY.—*First*. CHRIST'S READY RECEPTION OF CHILDREN.

Very likely the people living east of the Jordan, through whose country Jesus was now passing, looked upon him with greater esteem than many in either Galilee or Judea. They revered him for his teaching, his miracles, and his character, and therefore their anxiety to obtain his blessing on their children. Perhaps they had no clear idea of the good they desired. It is not, however, to them and their views, but to Christ and his design that the lesson directs us.

And his acts and words are in contrast with those of his dis-

ciples. They *rebuked*. Perhaps they thought the thing troublesome, and did not know fully the disposition of their Master.

He was much *displeased* (ver. 14) with them. What his feelings were may be seen in his language, which was encouraging to the parents. The children were welcomed by Jesus. This is the point of this part of the lesson. Parents who seek his blessing on their children, and children themselves who seek it, meet with no repulse. He gladly listens to their request.

And in that blessing much is comprised. It releases from sin and its punishment. It makes children holy and happy. It fits them for heaven, and will take them there.

It must be remembered, however, that whatever benefit may attend the wishes and prayers of parents, children must seek Christ's saving blessing for themselves. *Feel that you need Christ's blessing, and seek it. Do not be discouraged by difficulty, for Christ is loving and gracious. Seek to bring the young to Christ for his blessing.*

Secondly. CHRIST'S REGARD FOR THE YOUNG RULER.

The question proposed to Jesus, ver. 17, was one of the utmost importance. The young man wanted to obtain eternal salvation, and he thought Christ was

able to tell him how he might do so.

This question is always of the greatest moment. The present life, with every advantage, is comparatively of little importance, Matt. xvi. 26. It lasts for only a short time; its highest advantages, if nothing better be attained, leave the soul without satisfaction and without hope. Eternal life involves God's favour and everlasting happiness. We should all learn how eternal life may be obtained.

Mistake mingled with the young man's question. He thought of obtaining eternal life by his own efforts. If he only did what was right, generous and kind, he supposed he must have eternal life. He fancied he was doing this, ver. 20. Was there not something else which would gain God's favour? The young man was not quite at ease as to his own future prospects, but he imagined everything might be made safe if Jesus would point out what he, a rich man, could do to merit heaven. He would do it at once.

Poor young man, he did not know his own heart! Still he seemed sincere, earnest, candid. He wanted to learn. Jesus therefore, looked upon him with affection, ver. 21. He had proposed his question with great deference and respect. The Saviour saw this, and though he knew well the state of his heart, he was

interested in him. *A candid teachable spirit always awakens respect.*

Thus Jesus showed his love to the young. If they search for truth, if they wish to know him and serve him, he is ready to teach them, to help them, and to give them his Spirit. *Cultivate an inquiring, teachable spirit, especially in the things of religion. Guard against self-satisfaction.*

Thirdly. CHRIST'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE YOUNG RULER.

With all his teachableness, Christ saw that the young man fell into a formal, unmeaning style of addressing him. He spoke as the Jewish teachers desired that learners should speak. *Good Master.* The words were merely complimentary. Christ, therefore, discountenanced this style of address, and so showed his love, inasmuch as it was a correction of a common error. The correction was offered so as not to awaken ill feeling. The young man would of course cherish a devout reverence for God. As if Christ said to him, do not use to men language which properly can be applied only to God.

A worse state of things existed in the young man's heart than his style of address indicated. He

was full of self-gratulation and pride. He thought he was a very excellent person; ver. 20. Christ knew what was in him, and therefore his counsel, ver. 21.

There was also great love in that counsel. No reproach, no accusation, marked it, yet it touched the core of the young man's moral and spiritual malady.

Does the teacher love his scholar, who withholds instruction when he could give it? Does the physician love his patient, when, though he knows his disease, and could lessen or remove it, he nevertheless fails to employ the means of healing, because these means may be unpleasant? Even so Christ would not have shown love to this young man if he had allowed him to go back as self-satisfied as he had been.

Christ's love to the young is too great for this. He sets before them exactly the truth—the truth respecting themselves. He wants the young to know their own hearts, that they may seek eternal life in the only way in which it can be obtained. *Accept Christ's teaching, and feel his love. Renounce all self-dependence for eternal life. Seek that life as the gift of the Saviour's grace.*

LESSON IV.

THE LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

READ Matt. xx. 1-16.

INTRODUCTORY.—This parable deals with His servants; those who may be regarded as among

the first and foremost, as well as those who may be thought less deserving. It teaches that God has an entire right to do as he pleases in bestowing favour. Peter's inquiry, chap. xix. 27, indicated self-esteem, and a notion that for their devotion to Christ the disciples deserved something as a reward from him. The parable was directed to correct this feeling. We shall use the parable for practical purposes important to us all.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 1. *Householder*—the master of a family, and an employer of labour. He is spoken of in the verse as going out early, probably before sunrise, to engage labourers.

v. 2. *Penny a day*—Not a penny of our money, but a Roman denarius, equal to sevenpence-halfpenny.

v. 3. *Third hour*—This hour was reckoned from sunrise, the time from which to sunset was counted as twelve hours. A quarter of the day was gone.

The mode of engaging labourers set forth in this parable is still practised in eastern towns. Men gather together in the place of most common resort, waiting to be hired.

v. 7. *Whatsoever is right*—the engagement in respect to these late labourers was not specific, as it was with the earlier. The employer would do justly, and they were content to engage on these terms.

v. 11. *Murmured*--were dissatisfied with. *The good man of the house* is a translation of the word used in ver. 1, and translated there *householder*. The complaint made was unreasonable, for the early labourers were not injured by the kindness shown to the later, see ver. 13.

v. 15. *Evil*—envious. Envy shows itself specially in the eye. Deut. xv. 10; Prov. xxiii. 6.

v. 16. *Many be called but few chosen*—This expression, used also elsewhere in the New Testament, alludes perhaps to the mode of selecting soldiers or men for a particular purpose. A large number were commonly called together, out of whom a prince or general made a selection for his particular purpose, as he deemed best.

EXPOSITORY. — *First*. THE WORK.

Whatever service God may lay upon us is work done for Him. Not that He derives profit or benefit from what we do, as an ordinary employer of labour does. It is our privilege, and will be to our benefit to be employed by Him. He permits it of His own mercy. But we may work for Him in various ways. The disciples worked for Him in making known His truth in the world. By promoting in any way the best interests of those about us for His sake, and in obedience to His will, we work

for Him. In what we do for the improvement of our own character we may be said to work for Him, inasmuch as when that character is what it ought to be, we know God, and find pleasure in doing His will.

EXAMPLES.—The little maid in the house of Naaman was doing God's work when she spoke about the prophet in Israel who could heal her master's leprosy, for she made known to Naaman something about God likely to do him good, 2 Kings v. 3, 4.

The young men in the court of Babylon were doing God's work when they refused to bow down to the image; for by that refusal, and by their testimony, they made Him known to a people who were ignorant of His character and claims, Dan. iii. 16-18.

Jesus was always doing the work of God, John xvii. 4-6. Paul was anxious to know what the Most High required him to do, Acts ix. 6.

Secondly. THE WORKMEN.

The persons in the parable, whom the householder requested to go and work in his vineyard, complied. Their consent was prompted by the hope of advantage. All who intelligently work for God consent to do so. Their hearts are in their work.

One work which God requires, John viii. 29, is that we should believe on His Son. But the heart must be in this believing, or it is neither acceptable to God nor useful to ourselves. In like manner, in whatever way we serve God the consent of our

mind and heart must be in it, or God does not approve of the service.

These workmen went to the vineyard at different times in the day; some early, some towards noon, and some towards evening. This may remind us that those who enter upon the work of God do so at different periods of life; some when they are young, some later, and some when life is drawing towards evening. It is a blessed thing to enter upon the work of God in the morning of life's day, for there is a pleasure—great pleasure—in the work. God approves, and His approval is better than life.

And they who do not enter upon this work early are idle, or worse than idle. Labourers get no good by standing idle in the marketplace. And while we are not employed for God we get no moral and spiritual good. We get harm. Sin and neglect of God's service will bring our mind and heart more under the power of our greatest enemy. The more of our day passes away ere we enter upon God's work, the harder that work becomes, and the more likely are we to spend our whole life to no purpose.

It is, however, a mercy that God accepts those who are willing to work for Him at any time. He rejects none. The young are specially loved, Prov. viii. 17; but none are refused.

Thirdly. THE WAGES.

God never permits any to work for him in vain. The labourers in the vineyard, who had been there from early morning, were discontented and envious. None of those who truly labour for God will be so. But perhaps, like Peter, chap. xix. 27, they may have somewhat too much of self-esteem, and may overrate what they do. The Saviour rebukes this disposition. God will do right with all who serve Him.

He bestows rewards in this world. Happiness in His service is a reward; usefulness is a reward; and so also is esteem among fellow-labourers. But the chief reward is that which God will give in the world to come. It is more than we deserve. God's

grace bestows it. How vast, how overwhelmingly great will the reward be as compared with the service rendered!

The thought of this reward gladdened the heart of Paul, 2 Tim. iv. 6-8; 2 Cor. v. 9. And it has often had a similar effect on other servants of God, Heb. xi. 24-27; x. 34.

PRACTICAL.—Be thankful that God permits you to serve Him. Find out what service you can render to God. Engage heartily in God's service in the morning of life. Think of the rewards which God gives with gratitude and hope. Gladly welcome fellow-labourers in God's work, and rejoice in their happiness.—*S.S. Union.*

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I HEARD the angels singing
As they went up through the sky,
A sweet infant's spirit bringing
To its Father's house on high!

"Happy thou, so soon ascended,
With thy shining raiment on!
Happy thou, whose race is ended
With a crown so quickly won!

"Hushed is now thy lamentation,
And the first words to thee given
Will be words of adoration,
In the blessed speech of Heaven;
For the blood thou mightst have slighted
Hath now made thee pure within,
And the evil seed is blighted
That had ripened into sin.

" We will lead thee by a river
 Where the flowers are blooming fair ;
 We will sing to thee for ever
 For no night may darken there.
 Thou shalt walk in robes of glory,
 Thou shalt wear a golden crown,
 Thou shalt sing redemption's story
 With the saints around the throne.

" Thou shalt see that better country
 Where a teardrop never fell,
 Where a foe made never entry
 And a friend ne'er said farewell ;*
 Where upon the radiant faces
 That will shine on thee alway,
 Thou shalt never see the traces
 Of estrangement or decay.

" Thee we bear, a lily blossom,
 To a summer clime above ;
 There to lay thee in a bosom
 Warm with more than mother's love.
 Happy thou, so timely gathered,
 From a region cold and bare,
 To bloom on, a flower unwithered,
 Through an endless summer there !"

Through the night that dragged so slowly,
 Watched a mother by a bed ;
 Weeping wildly, kneeling lowly ;
 She would not be comforted.
 To her lost one she was clinging,
 Raining tears upon a shroud ;
 And those angel-voices singing
 Could not reach her through the cloud.

J. D. BURNS.

Vision of Prophecy and other Poems.

* " Days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying, communication of joys without lessening ; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Juvenile Biography.



JAMES, the son of William and Agnes SMITHSON, who was born at West Town, in the Dewsbury Circuit, November 12th, 1857, and died there June 14th, 1863, aged five years and seven months.

Before he was four years of age, James began to attend our Sabbath school at West Town, where, by his punctuality in attendance, marked attention to his teacher, and the kindness manifested to his fellow-scholars, he secured the love of all who knew him. He took great delight in attending the Sabbath school, and frequently have we been delighted by hearing his sweet voice raised in singing the praises of God. His health had not been very good for a few weeks

before his decease, but his parents thought that nothing serious was amiss, and that he would soon be better. A fortnight before his death his father took him out for a walk. When he got home he complained of the head-ache, but he would not stay from school. On the Tuesday following he took to his bed, and when his mother asked him if he would not like to get better, he answered, "No, mother, I would rather die than live." He said, "I shall be a deal better in heaven than here; I shall see my sister Mary Ann (alluding to a sister who died in 1860), and my cousin James (who died a few weeks before him), they are little angels, and I shall be an angel too, and we shall sing,

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

At another time he said, "I love you, mother, and father, and grandmother, but I love Jesus better than you all." His affliction became worse and worse, yet not a murmur escaped his lips. On June the 14th he appeared to be dying. At twelve o'clock at noon his father and mother shook hands with him for the last time on earth. During the day he frequently raised his arms and lifted his eyes towards heaven; and in this happy state his spirit took its flight to the regions of bliss. His remains were carried to the grave by the junior teachers of the school. May they, the scholars, his parents and friends, meet him in heaven!

"Where all is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
Where no cloud can intervene,
Where no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest."

W. WARING.

JAMES, only son of George and Ann Bocock (who are members of our society, and the father a local preacher), was born at Newmarket, January 6th, 1856, and died at the same place, July 19th, 1863. He was one of the first scholars in our Sabbath-school here; was regular in his

attendance; attentive to his learning, and when spoken to about his soul's salvation, was frequently affected to tears. On being informed of his illness, the superintendent, with one of the teachers, visited him, and found him on the point of death. They returned to the school with the solemn intelligence that one who had so often mingled his voice with theirs, was not likely to meet with them any more on earth. His sufferings were short, but severe. About eight o'clock on Saturday evening, when asked by his father if he loved the Saviour, he said, "Yes;" and when struck with death, his father being in the room at the time with him, James made mention of the seventh chapter of Luke, and then said, "I cannot read." His father asked him if he could sing? He exclaimed, "Yes." His father then asked him what he could sing; he said, "In the glittering skies my Father lives," and then commenced and sang the first lines,—

"In the glittering skies my Father
lives,
And I'll be gather'd home."

His father asked if he should like to leave father and mother and go to Jesus in heaven. He said, "Yes; and father and mother, sisters and uncle, go with me." He lingered on until eight o'clock on Sunday night, when his happy spirit was "gathered

home." His parents deeply feel their bereavement, and sorrow, but "not as others without hope."

"Happy the children who are gone,
To live with Jesus Christ in peace;
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeemed by blood and saved by grace."

W. HAYMAN.

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand."

WILLIAM CHARLES JARRAD, only son of Charles and Alice JARRAD, members of our society, was born June 21st, 1859, and died 24th July, 1863. He was a scholar in our school at Newmarket, and although very young, was very fond of the school, the teachers, and the lively tunes and heart-cheering hymns, and he used to attend regularly with his cousin Bocock, who died on the 19th. When lying upon his death-bed, he was often heard singing, waving his little hand,—

"I a soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity."

And,

"O happy land, O happy land," &c.

He suffered severely for a few days, and then "died in the arms of Jesus." Thus departed this life a very interesting little boy; yes, this lovely flower was transplanted to bloom in Paradise for ever.

"Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away his sin;
Bath'd in that pure and precious flood,
He's made so white and clean,"
And is now singing, "Glory,
glory, glory!" W. HAYMAN.

MARY MATILDA KINGSBURY, of Motcombe station, was born July 17th, 1846. In childhood, she was lively and interesting—kind and affectionate—generally cheerful—very sensitive, and as she grew in years, her agreeable manners and disposition gained the esteem of her friends and acquaintances. She became a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school before she was four years of age. Previously to her being a scholar, she sometimes requested her mother to kneel down and pray with her in her bed-room. She became decided, and gave her heart to God in the fifteenth year of her age, and continued to walk in the narrow way to the end of her earthly pilgrimage. She was firmly attached to the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and was anxious for the preachers to be accommodated at her father's house, and she felt an interest in their conversation and prayers. She cheerfully contributed to the funds of the Connexion according to her ability, and when disease gained upon her, and it seemed evident she could not survive long, she de-

cided to give the money in her possession to the cause of God, and accordingly she put part into the missionary box, and left the other for the chapel fund. Her affliction was long and painful, but in patience she possessed her soul. The devil assaulted her many times during her affliction; this led her to weep, and pray, and examine herself whether she was in the faith, and the Lord gave her grace according to her day, and enabled her to rejoice with great joy, yea, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Her prayers were often fervent and always humble. She would frequently express herself thus: "I am one of the unworthiest, but Jesus died, yes, Jesus died for me. Bless his name—bless his name!" On one occasion, she joyfully exclaimed,—

"We shall reach the shore,
We shall die no more;
We'll march the streets with music grand,
When all the saints get home."

And then she exclaimed, "O, mother, the room is full of glory, it quite overpowers me." Then, lifting up her heart to God in praise and adoration, she repeatedly said, "Bless thy name—bless thy name!" After her mother had engaged in reading and prayer with her, she felt strengthened in spirit, and spoke of the benefit she had derived; and when any friend prayed and

conversed with her, she afterwards spoke of the good she had received. On the Wednesday before her death, her medical attendant called to see her, and said she could not survive long. This gave her much pleasure, though her sufferings were very severe. She afterwards spoke of the happiness she experienced. One day, her mother spoke to her of the presence of the Lord; and she replied, "O, mother, I am all right, I knew he would be with me." A friend coming in, spoke to her of the change she would experience. She replied, "Yes, it will be a blessed change." When her brother wished her good night, she said, "Good bye,—no, not good bye, we shall meet again all round the throne." After this she said but little. A few hours before her decease, she said, "I thought I should have been in heaven before now." Just before her departure, she pointed to her emaciated face, and her father spoke of her having a new body like unto Christ's glorious body. She gave a gentle nod of her head, and spoke no more. Shortly after, her happy spirit took its flight to the Paradise of God, July 31st, 1863, aged seventeen years. Mr. Timmins improved her death, and good was done.

J. K.

ALBERT, son of James and Mary BEARDSHALL, was born at Thurgoland, January 13th, 1857, and died August 28th, 1863. He was a fine, bright-eyed, intelligent little fellow, and was sent at a very early age to our school, and nothing except sickness could prevent him from punctual attendance. I have frequently, when going to my appointment in the circuit, met him and his little brothers wending their way to the Sabbath-school. Albert practically said,—
 “To the Sabbath-school I’ll go, I’ll go,
 To the Sabbath-school I’ll go.”

And whilst there he was very attentive to the instructions given; his mind appeared to be always engaged with what was going on, so that when a question was asked he was generally prepared with an answer. His last illness only continued one week; he was taken ill on the Friday, and died the following Friday morning. The writer visited him on the Sabbath before his death, and while with him, asked him if he loved Jesus. He looked at me, and, with a smile, said, “Yes.” “Yes,” said I, “and Jesus loves you, and if you die, Jesus will come and fetch you away to heaven.” And Jesus did fetch him away. On the same day, he said to his mother, “Mother, I want to die and go to heaven.” Before this he always dreaded

death; but now the fear of death was removed, and though young, he seemed anxious to depart and be with Christ. On the Tuesday, he said, “Mother,

‘If I die before I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul to take.’”

As death neared, his mind opened up to heavenly things, and although but a child, he caught the spirit and sentiment of the poet, where he says,—

“There are my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.”

J. HARTLEY.

JAMES DAWSON was just completing his ninth year, when God took him to dwell with himself in heaven. Would you like to know how it was? I will tell you; for God may be intending to call some of the little readers of this narrative thus early to himself. He had been sick about a month with fever, when his friends saw that he must die. I loved to visit him, and to kneel down and pray with him, and to point him to Jesus, and he had in health sought the dear Saviour and prayed for his blessing.

Yet it was hard for him to give up this beautiful world and his dear parents. “Poor mother!” he said to me, “it will break her heart. Poor

Frank, he will be so lonely—he will have no one to play with him.” Thus he thought more of the comfort of others than even of his own. When his father told him that he could not live, he was silent a moment and then said, “I am afraid to die, but not afraid after death.” One morning I was called about four o’clock to visit him, for he was dying. He had disposed of all his little treasures, he had asked the friends around his bed to pray for him, and he had prayed earnestly himself before I arrived.

Soon he seemed to be sinking, as if unconscious of our presence, and complained that the way was dark. His father replied, “When it seems light let us know;” he said, “I will, if I can speak.” In a short time he said, “I see a little light in the distance,” and in a moment added, “It grows brighter now.” Then he was silent for some time, and afterwards said, “Pa! there’s an evil spirit in the way, I can’t get by him, he’s trying to drive me back; what shall I do, pa?” His father replied, “Call on Jesus.” He prayed and soon said, “I have got by him, and left him behind, and the way is bright and clear.” After a short time he seemed to be approaching the river of death, concerning which he had read in the “Christian’s Journey,” and he said, “There is the river!—how dark it looks!

—how deep it is!” In silence, with gasping breath, he seemed to enter its waters. “It grows deeper,” he cried, shuddering. I replied to him, “Call on Jesus, he will bear you in His arms and carry you in His bosom.” Turning his face to me, he said, “Will He consider me one of His little children?” I assured him that He would. After a little silence he said, “There He is! He has a book in His hand. There is the other side of the river, it is not so deep now.” Soon after he said, “There is Grandpa, he will help me.” We bowed in prayer around his bed, and when we had ended he gave us a cheerful and happy “Good-bye.” “Pa,” he said, “you will meet me in heaven? Mother, you will meet me? Tell Franky to meet me; tell Grandma—tell them all—tell Hester. Mother, you will never forget me, will you?” He rested for a little while quietly, and then seemed to be continuing his journey heavenward. “Pa,” he said, “the hill is steep, the steps are long, and I am so tired. Will it do for me to stop and rest?” His father said, “Press on.” In a few moments he said, “I see angels with flowers in their hands.”

His face grew more settled in repose, and his breath more feeble. We changed his position at his request, and in a few

moments, with glowing countenance, without a pang or a struggle, or a sigh, he passed away, so gently that none of us could mark the ending of mortal sufferings or the beginning of immortal joy.

J. BOOTH.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE BADGER.

THE scientific name of the Badger is *Vulgaris*, the Latin word for common—something of a very ordinary kind—not unusual or uncommon. This animal is very like a bear, only hardly as large, generally being but about two feet three inches long. It has a very tough skin and very thick hair, so that when dogs bite it they cannot always hurt it much, biting it being something like biting a barber's block. Its hair is much used for brushes, especially such as are used by artists for painting in oil colours, and are called, technically, *softening tools*. Its flesh is used by the Chinese for food, its hams being considered particularly rich and delicious. It generally lives in holes or burrows in the earth; commonly a male and female live together, and frequently they have five or six young ones in the spring of the year. Badgers abound in Asia and Europe, and, it is said, they are sometimes found in Scotland, but not now in England. We remember having once seen a badger-baiting, which used to be, even in Eng-

land, a very common sport. The Badger is a courageous animal, and because of its strong skin and thick hair, it is not easily worried by dogs. Men used to gratify their cruel passions by placing one in a hole and setting several dogs to draw and worry it. What a blessing that religion teaches men more kind and generous actions. The sport in question gave rise to the expression "badgering," which is sometimes used to express the act of teasing or irritating by words. The Badger lives on roots, fruits, insects, and sometimes young rabbits. It will also encounter bees and rob them of their honey. It can bear their stinging very comfortably. It makes a bed of hay or grass, and keeps in its house all day, and comes out to gather provisions at night. It is very clever at digging holes, and has been known to display something very like reason, though, of course, it was only instinct, when going on with a course of digging. For example, the male has been seen to lay himself down to enable the female to reach the place where she wanted to dig,



by climbing on his body. They work with their noses and their paws, and get through a good deal of work in a little time. So we may learn even from the badger to be industrious in our daily engagements, and that by perseverance great difficulties will be conquered. How thankful we should be for reason which is better than mere instinct, and above all, we should praise God for his blessed gospel, which shows us how to prepare for another world, as well as the happiest way of living in the present one. May we all glorify him with all our powers, and then pass to his mansions in heaven.

EDITOR.

CHURCH BROUGHTON.—BURTON-ON-TRENT CIRCUIT.—THE

PRIMITIVE METHODIST SABBATH SCHOOL.—At this beautiful village our school anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. W. Pearson, of Derby, October 11th, 1863, and some excellent pieces were recited by the children to the general satisfaction of the congregations. A rich and mellowing influence pervaded each service. On the following Tuesday a tea meeting was held. After tea a sermon was preached by our superintendent, the Rev. J. T. Neale. The proceeds of our anniversary and tea meeting amounted to £3.

J. SALISBURY.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY,
Diss.

THE third anniversary of the Sabbath School in this town was

celebrated September 13th and 14th, 1863. Three appropriate addresses were delivered on the Sabbath, by the Rev. P. Carrick, and several interesting pieces were recited and hymns sung by the children, to large and respectable congregations.

On Monday the Annual Treat was given to the children, after which a public tea was provided in the chapel, which was well patronised. A public meeting was held in the evening, when the chapel was crowded in every part. A gracious influence was felt throughout the meeting. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to £4 4s. 4d., being more than double the amount realized last year. There is also double the number of scholars this year. The superintendent and teachers of the school, although yet in its infancy, have already received some tokens of Divine approval. Some who have been taught here have been convinced of their danger through sin, led to the cross of Christ, obtained peace through believing, and are now rejoicing in the God of their salvation. To God be all the praise.

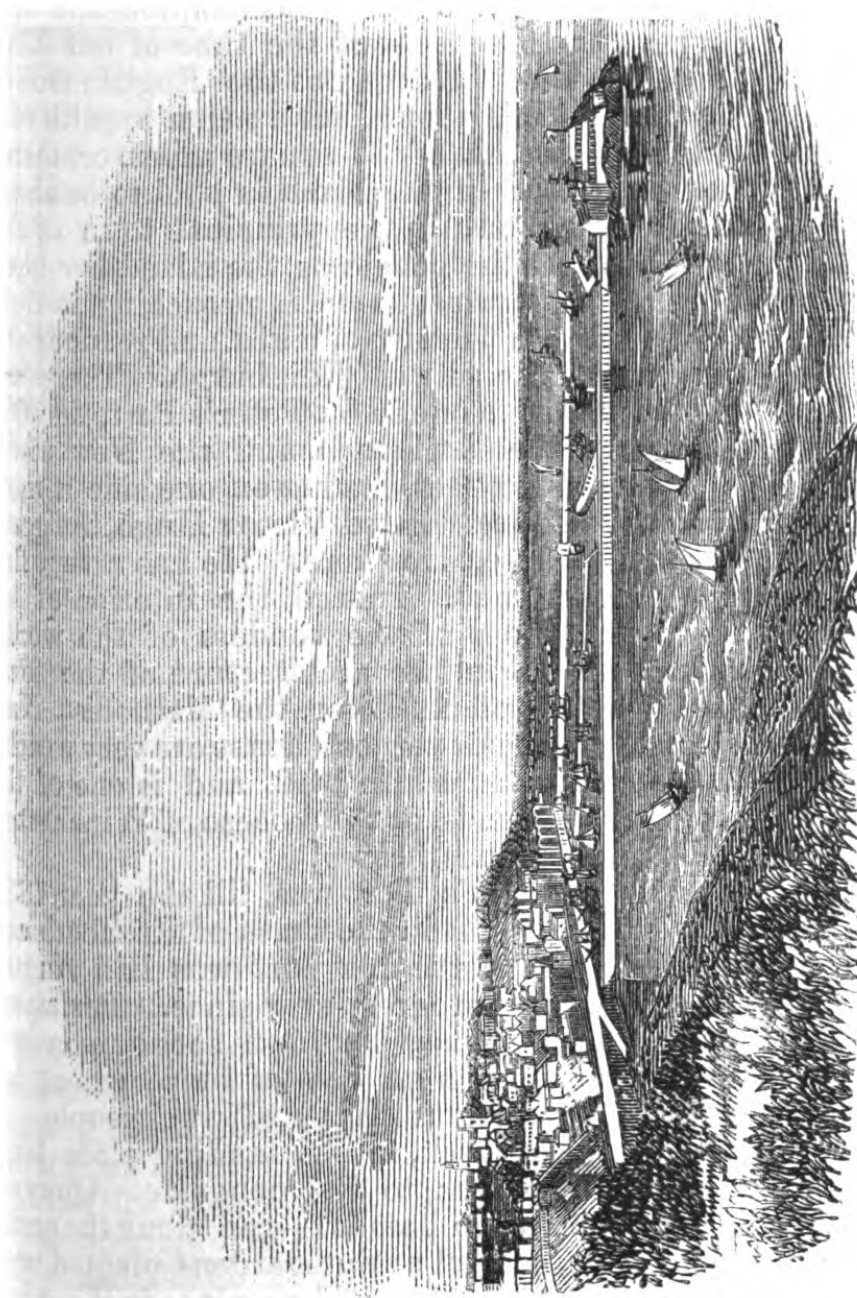
JABEZ C. WOOD.

WOOLPIT.

DEAR EDITOR,—We are happy to inform the readers of your JUVENILE MAGAZINE that we have a small Sabbath school at Woolpit, in the Bury St. Edmunds

circuit, the second anniversary of which was celebrated, as follows. On Lord's-day morning, September 27th, an excellent sermon was preached by Miss Hammond, of Norwich; and in the afternoon and evening a few remarks were made by Miss Hammond, after which several pieces of poetry and a dialogue were recited by the children in a very satisfactory manner. On Monday, the 28th, the children and other friends assembled together in an orchard, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. T. Baker, the school superintendent, where they enjoyed themselves until five o'clock when they had their tea at Mr. Baker's house, and were dismissed between six and seven o'clock, highly delighted with the day's proceedings. In the evening a few friends took tea together at the same place, after which short addresses were given by Miss Hammond and the writer. The collections, which were in aid of the school fund, amounted to £1 3s., being 3s. 8d. in advance of those last year. Much credit is due to Mr. Baker for the great care he has taken with the children in collecting their pieces, &c., and for the judicious manner in which all the proceedings were conducted. We hereby tender our thanks to all that have helped us, and pray that the blessing of God may rest upon them. W. S. HOWLETT.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



ST. PETER'S FORT, GUERNSEY.

Youths' Department.

ST. PETER'S PORT, GUERNSEY.

(With Engraving.)

THE island of Guernsey is one of the islands called the Channel Islands, sometimes the Norman Isles. It is situated in the British Channel, near to the French coast. At the nearest point Guernsey is but 25 miles from France, 90 miles from Plymouth, 108 from Southampton, and only 60 from Weymouth. From about the time of our King Richard I. Guernsey has belonged to the English crown. The island is about $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, has a mean breadth of 4 miles, and includes an area of 33 square miles, or thereabouts. The population of the island is said to be about 30,000. ST. PETER'S PORT is the principal town of the island, and perhaps half the people on the island live here. The town looks very picturesque on approaching it from England, as it is built on the side of a hill, and reminds one of the appearance of the city of Edinburgh. There are said to be like four towns in one in St. Peter's Port, the Old town, the Hautville, the Esplanade, and the New town. Hautville is a very fine street, having on one side a most beautiful sea view. The celebrated Victor Hugo, the great French writer and refugee, lives here. He has a very fine house very richly furnished. Indeed, the interior of his dwelling is pronounced one of the wonders of the world. There is little to admire in the architecture of the town but the fine old church of St. Peter, the Methodist New Connexion chapel, and the Governor's house are very worthy of note. The church was built in 1312, and is one of the largest in the Channel Islands, or the diocese of Winchester, to which the Channel Islands belong.

The harbour of St. Peter's Port was, till the year 1853, very small, having been built in the times of Elizabeth and Anne. The foundation of the new port was laid August 1st, 1853, and has been in progress ever since. Perhaps a quarter of a million of money has been spent upon it in ten years, and of course a great deal of employment has thus been provided for various classes of workpeople. It contains a large floating dock, and a landing place large enough for several steamers to lie alongside. Quays—eighty and a hundred feet in breadth—run along the entire length of the harbour, as well as fine gardens planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. It is said no place in the world is better supplied with places of worship than St. Peter's

Port. There is room in the churches and chapels for more than the entire population. The Church of England, as we call it, has four or five places, the Wesleyans have three, and the following denominations have one each, viz.—the Methodist New Connexion, the Primitive Methodists, the Bible Christians, the Independents, the Scotch Church, and the Plymouth Brethren, and the Roman Catholics have two places. The Primitive Methodist chapel is a good plain building, with a gallery at the front, and will accommodate, I suppose, about 500 persons. There are many interesting public buildings in the town, but the principal are the Elizabeth College and the Victoria Tower.

This latter was erected at a cost of £2,000, mostly raised by subscription, in honour of Her Majesty's visit to the island on the 24th of August, 1846. It stands at the back or higher part of the town, can be seen a long way and has a beautiful appearance. It is a square tower, in the mediæval style, surrounded by a battlemented gallery, and has square towers at each corner. Its height is 100 feet. The people of St. Peter's Port are among the most warm-hearted and generous people it has been our privilege to visit. The town and island are a delightful resort for English tourists and health-seekers, and we judge those who see them once will generally wish to see them again. We hope the day is approaching when Guernsey will become the head of a Primitive Methodist circuit as it has long been the scene of Missionary labour. May all its inhabitants give their hearts to Jesus, and may all our young readers do the same, that if they never see each other in this world, they may meet to part no more in a better. Amen.

EDITOR.

BOOKS AND READING, OR INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY GEORGE TUDOR HALL, AT EAGLE HAWKE, BENDIGO, IN BEHALF OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

THE present age is one of progress. Political excitement, scientific progression, and commercial speculation are among the leading characteristics of our colonial life. The march of intellect, also, is onward, and many are running to and fro in the earth, and knowledge is increasing, so that we might devoutly thank God for the age in which we live, and the circumstances by which we are surrounded; for truly we have line upon line, precept upon precept, and volume upon volume. There are also various societies es-

tablished for our social and moral improvement ; our temperance gatherings are designed to elevate society socially and morally ; and our religious congregations experience times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Preachers are labouring to instruct, enlighten, and stimulate the Christian Church, and to arouse a slumbering and godless world. And then we have the printing press pouring forth its voluminous intellectual treasures. But notwithstanding the favourable circumstances by which we are surrounded, and the privileges we have, every man must, to some extent, be the architect of his own fortune, and this is true of intellectual as well as of material wealth. The aid of others is desirable and almost indispensable in the acquisition of knowledge ; but with all the assistance that can be rendered there are many persons who never attain intellectual power, because there is a lack of hard personal toil in the field of literature. The student should have this truth deeply impressed on his mind, in order that he may reap those advantages from the instructions of others which they are calculated to afford ; and in comparing the old ages of the world with the present we should be thankful. The thinkers of antiquity seemed to voyage alone, and many of the Grecian and Roman worthies, who have been considered as models of learning, sailed over the strange seas of speculative philosophy, unhelmed, and compassless ; therefore, let us remember that while we smile at their follies, and confute their errors, we might not have acquired as much learning as they did had we lived in their day and been destitute of those helps which now surround us. Now the light of truth beams out everywhere, and the glare of uncertainty has passed away. We are surrounded by a horizon of light, we now see truth in all its lustre, and not faint glimpses of it ; and, thank God, the day when men looked through a "glass, darkly," is superseded by a more glorious era. The existence and attributes of God may now be discovered by a consideration of the works of nature, and the study of God's word. *But observe, privileges and facilities for knowledge will not make men wise*, self-culture is necessary, and the powers of the mind must be developed by mental toil, in order that our nature may bear all its intended fruit. All life should be reproductive, and hence every thought and action of our lives should be noble, pure, and holy, that the reproduction may be such as we shall be glad to see another day.

It is very desirable that we should gain *intellectual and spiritual* power ; but in order that we may do so, much *labour is required*, mental and spiritual toil is necessary, and we

ought not to satisfy ourselves with doing little, and pleading as an excuse that we have not time to read, study, and pray more than we do. Where are the moments, hours, and broken fragments of time which many of us sweep out into the waste of existence? These should all be improved, for time is short; our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle; then *read, read, think, and pray*. The *transmission* of thought from one mind to another through the medium of a book is a wonderful thing, though there are thousands who never think anything about it. Thought is transmitted from the author's mind to his book, and from the book to thousands of other minds, and by these in conversation to thousands of others, and thus the circulation of one single book or tract goes on and on *ad finitum*. One author has well said, "No one can take our thoughts; we can give them, and make others as rich as ourselves, while the thought we transmit is more than ever ours; its transmission makes our possession of it more secure;" and the good we may do in conveying a thought of truth to another mind may be greater than we ever contemplated. A thought too large to expand in our minds may grow beyond our conception in the mind of another. A taper, for example, cannot light a room, but it can kindle all the lamps in a lighthouse, which will send its guiding rays for miles on the ocean, and save men's lives. One of Luther's companions in the monastery, to comfort him, said, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." This thought produced little effect in the mind of the man who uttered it except comfort, but in Martin Luther's mind it expanded to a mighty power, which shook kingdoms and made tyrants tremble, and thus by the utterance of a thought generations were influenced.

Writing has been designated as speaking at a distance, and reading as hearing at a distance, and according to this rule of interpretation, we may regard books as a means of conversation with their authors, and hence books are personal friends, to some of which we go for assistance in the necessary purposes of life; to others because of their refinement of manners and interesting conversation; to others because of their cheerful disposition; and to others because of the substantial food they afford to the mind. And as we do not make friends promiscuously of any indifferent persons we meet, we should not carelessly load our book-shelves with trash, but make a proper selection from among sterling works, full of good thoughts and true.

The Bible is God's book, and must always be first in our studies. It is the book of books, the lamp of life, the guide

to Heaven, and we devoutly thank God for it. And next to the Bible there are well-known works on Theology, Ancient History, English History, Church History, Philosophy, Biography, Science, and Education, besides magazines and miscellaneous works. And then a very important means of intellectual cultivation is *attentive reading*, and to this end concentration of thought is necessary. Making notes while reading, and comparing the subject under consideration with the highest standard of appeal, the Bible, will be found useful and profitable. An old man between sixty and seventy years of age, who was a universalist and very dissipated, went to live at the worst place he could hear of, and when there he took up a work of Ballou's to compare with the Bible, and saw the fallacy of the work. He also read "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," and compared it with the Bible, and was powerfully impressed with its truth, and the result of such attentive reading was that he was brought as a humble penitent to the foot of the cross. *Read, mark, learn, and compare the human teacher with the divine, and what is spurious reject.*

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

GLADNESS.

"I WILL be glad and rejoice in thee," was language that fell from the lips of the sweet singer of Israel many centuries ago, and since that period this has been the pious resolve of millions of human hearts that have been purified by the all-cleansing blood of Jesus Christ.

The word "glad" and the term "rejoice" here are synonymous in their signification; they are both familiar words with all our readers, and we conjecture need no explanation. We have all experienced gladness in our own breasts, arising from some cause at some time if not oftentimes. And is it not a pleasure to meet with those who have cheerful hearts, smiling countenances, and melodious voices, all inspired by the unfeigned love of God?

We have often felt gladness in our hearts when the postman has given a *rap, tap, tap* at our door and brought us a welcome letter from an affectionate friend, or near relative. And many a time joy has sprung up in our hearts when a long-tried friend has paid us a visit at our homes. And how oft have our hearts run over with joy while we have listened to intelligence respecting the prosperity of Zion at home or abroad.

There is such a thing as mere earthly joy. The natural

man rejoices only in the things of the flesh, his joy is limited to earth and time; it partakes not of things which are eternal, for he can have no pleasure resulting from his prospects beyond the grave; for those prospects are gloomy and very unenviable. Let then all our readers seek to possess joy of a superior character to that of the unrighteous. If the Divine Being has blest us with an abundance of earthly good, we may rejoice on account of our possessions, but not in them. Our rejoicing should be in the Lord for the gift of these favours, and then it will tend to glorify him.

The kind of joy we recommend to you and earnestly wish you to seek after is that which is

1. *Spiritual in its nature*—having been produced in the heart by God's Holy Spirit, arising from the fact that Christ is not only the Saviour of the world, but "my Saviour;" that through him I have peace of mind, being the result of the justification of my person by him through faith, in accordance with Romans v. 1 and viii. 1, 2. In such experience union with Christ is implied and peace with the highest court in the universe is possessed.

When the young missionary Stoddard was in dying circumstances, he said to some of his friends, "Perhaps it may seem strange to you that I think and say so little about my sins and unworthiness, but I have no strength to look over them now. I have given myself to Jesus, and I look upon him as a family Saviour. He was my grandmother's Saviour, my mother's Saviour, Solomon's Saviour, Henrietta's Saviour, and I know he will be mine. It is well worth all the pains of such sickness to have so much peace, and such peace. I never knew such peace before."

This is the kind of peace that produces solid joy. With all your gettings get this. Without it you may have money, houses, land, and many earthly friends, but you are destitute of spiritual gladness. This joy is

2. *The most beneficial in its effects*.—It imparts the best of consolation to those who have it. It was this that enabled the little sweep to sing as he climbed the dark chimney—

"In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun," &c.

The same kind of feeling assisted another little smutty fellow to sing as he put his head out at the chimney top—

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

Surely such joy is, as the converted negro said, "good for the body and good for the soul." And divine inspira-

tion says, "Length of days is in her right hand." Think not that New Testament religion is designed to make men melancholy, it does not teach men to "pull long solemn faces, and walk upon God's earth, as if it grew only nightshade, thistles, and upas trees." It teaches its possessor to rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks. Such a system of Christianity recommends itself, and in many cases has such an influence over others that they are constrained to seek to possess the same divine principle. Dr. Watts felt something of this hallowing influence when he composed that beautiful hymn beginning with—

" My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights," &c.

This holy system of godliness affords gladness of the most exalted character. In possession of it martyrs have cheerfully gone to the stake and the rack. David speaks of being made exceeding glad with the divine countenance, Psalm xxi. 6.; and in Matt. v. 12, the lovers of Christ are commended to "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is their reward in heaven." In the days of the evangelical prophet Isaiah, the church sang, "We will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." When Philip preached the Gospel in Samaria, we are told that "there was great joy in that city." When Barnabas saw the grace of God in the new converts at Antioch, we read that he "was glad." The noble resolution of the prophet Habakkuk was, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold; and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

3. *This gladness is lasting in its duration.*—Men of the world have their portion in this life. But Jesus says concerning his people, "I give unto them eternal life," John x. 28. This eternal life implies *everlasting joy*; for "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Heaven is characterised as a country of gladness, its creature inhabitants are always full of holy pleasure, their heads are crowned with diadems of glory, in their hands they have harps of gold, their eyes gaze upon Christ, their feet walk the golden streets, and climb the ever shining hills of felicity, while their tongues ascribe all glory to God and the Lamb. In that beautiful world tears are unknown, and wailing is never heard. Who, then, would

not wish to spend an eternity in that land of gladness where

"Streams of joy for ever roll ;"

And where

"Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

May we be there.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

THE late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was a striking illustration of the truth that "Godliness is profitable unto all things."

Addressing the young on one occasion, he said, "I owe all that I now am as a minister, and all that I now possess of this world's good things, and all that I hope for in heaven to *religion*."

"I was a poor unknown boy, an apprentice in a clothier's shop, and in that humble and comparatively useless situation, in all probability I should have lived and died but for *religion*. I repeat it, religion has done all for me—made me what I am, given me what I possess here, and hope for in the future world. One evening as I was standing in the shop-door with my apron on, I saw people moving on to the village chapel. The hurry of the day was over. I turned into the shop, and asked leave of my master to go, and he said, 'Go.' Rolling my apron round me, off I started. But ah, it was the '*time of love*.' The bow, drawn at a venture, fixed its arrow in my heart: and he who went thither to sport, remained to pray, and came back crying, '*God be merciful to me a sinner!*' And that man of God, the late reverend and ever-to-be-remembered Sibree, of Frome, was he who shot that arrow.

If there was a diamond in me it was *religion* that gave it polish; if there was gold, it was unfit for the Master's use till *religion* had purified it, and refined it in heaven's own mint. All that I am I owe to *religion*. By the grace of God I am what I am."

Who would not desire to possess the piety, the usefulness, the respect and honour, the favour and love, both of God and man, enjoyed by the late John Angell James? True religion can do as much for you as it did for him. "Godliness is profitable unto all things."

"I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL."

FOR many years has this hymn done good service to our Sabbath schools. Full of good and sensible resolves, and with a blithesome chorus, it has long been a Sabbath school favourite, loved and sung wherever known. Not a few lads and lasses have sung it on the Sabbath morning, and it has been worth many a good lecture in aid of early attendance. The hymn is truly descriptive of a well-ordered school, and is sufficiently poetical to please those who cannot enter into its hearty resolves. It is one of our Sabbath school pearls, and its melody and song will last a lifetime.

A gentleman said at a school meeting a few days ago, "I never knew a good school singer, unless he loved to sing; and I'm sure your superintendent does." When our scholars love our hymns they will use them, when they love the tunes they will sing them; when they get to love the school then they will be sure to come; and only fix on their minds this hymn, and you will have many early who else would be late; while the tone of the whole school would be greatly improved if this also were the teachers' resolve. The love our young people have to the Sabbath school is traced out in this hymn, and resolves even beyond the grave are pictured forth. The concluding strain feelingly alludes to that glorious welcome many a teacher and scholar will have in the glory land.

When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath school.

Few appreciate the love our young friends have to the Sabbath-school, especially if it is a happy one, and a joyous spirit pervades the place, and songs of joy and gladness fill the air. Only a few minutes since a lady called on me. Her husband, from prejudice, refused to allow his children to attend the school. They had grown to be young women, and the youngest about sixteen, after using every effort to come, was compelled to remain away. To no other would she go, it was her first love, and our school songs were the joy and delight of her heart. She obeyed her father, but the lady said that it almost broke Eliza's heart. May God bless all the dear Elizas that love their school, and if we meet not on earth to sing his praises, may we meet in heaven.

My young reader, happy are you if your parents love your school, and prompt you to attend it. Do not forget

that your privileges will either bless or curse you. If you love Jesus, he will love you; if you do his will, he will make you holy, happy, and useful: if not your songs of praise will be turned to mourning. O, says many a little girl,—

“ I love to go to the Sabbath school,
And meet with my teacher dear.”

Bless you, my child, so did I, when a little lad, and have never forgotten how with other village lads in a country place, we would sing, as well as we could, one of the hymns we heard on the Sabbath. Then the hymns of Dr. Watts were first learned, and my resolve was what I hope is yours while you read this—

I have been there, and still will go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure nor my play,
Shall tempt me to forget that day.

Is it not a truth, my young friends, that you come to the Sabbath school with “happy hearts and free,” far more so than if you went visiting or strolling about the streets as too many do. If you have a sunny happy school, you will enjoy more pleasure than if you stayed away. The butterfly ladies of fashion who crowd our London parks on Sabbath afternoons, or the poorer girls and boys who stroll to hear the Sunday bands, have little real pleasure, besides the knowledge that they sin against their best Friend. Little ones, be joyful, and merrily sing—

“ I'll away, I'll away, I'll away, I'll away,
I'll away to the Sabbath school.”

O could we see some way by which our children might have pleasant rooms to meet in. When will the good people who are stewards of God's money help us who labour to bring the young to Christ, as they could do, by helping us to get better school-rooms?

When will our superintendents try to make our schools pleasant, cheerful, and happy, and not to be so hard upon the erring little ones, and when will come the time that the harsher way will not be used, because love should do the deed? Then when songs of praise—cheerful not dreary songs—shall be oftener heard, our children will delight to leave their home for the Sabbath school.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TREBLE.

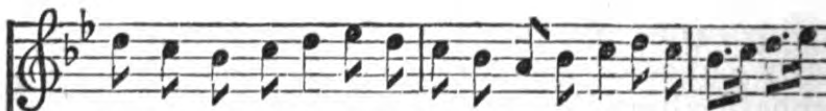


When the morn-ing light drives a - way the night, With the
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a -

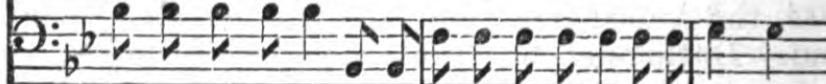
BASS.



sun so bright and full,
way to the Sab-bath school; For 'tis there we all a-gree, All with



happy hearts and free, And I love to ear-ly be At the Sab - bath



school; I'll away, away, I'll away, away, I'll away to the Sabbath school.



On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow;
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees
To the Sabbath School I'll go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I DELIGHT TO LEAVE MY HOME,
For the Sabbath School.

In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of the morning prayer ;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there :
In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
WE BEHOLD THE GUIDE OF YOUTH,
At the Sabbath school.

May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose, which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale :
When we mingle here no more,
BUT HAVE MET ON JORDAN'S SHORE ;
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON V.—MAN : HIS NATURE AND ORIGINAL STATE.

Read Genesis i. 26—31, and the whole of the Second Chapter.

Creation of Man.—We observe a wide difference between the creation of man and of other creatures. Man is created last, not brought into being until the earth is ready for him, when it is not a chaos—a barren desert—but covered with vegetation, supplied with animals, and adorned with beauty and grandeur. This marks man's dignity and importance in the scale of being (see Ps. viii. 5, 6).

There is a consultation between the persons of the Godhead (Gen. i. 26). What is meant by the word "us?" The Holy Trinity (see Isa. vi. 8, and compare with John xii. 38—41; Acts xxviii. 25—28.)

What was Man's Nature?

Two-fold—consisting of body and soul. These, though united, are yet distinct from each other. God has taken care to indicate this distinction in the record of man's creation (read again Gen. ii. 7). Here we see a three-fold distinction between the creation of the body and the soul. 1. A distinction as to *time*. The body was created *first*, the soul afterwards. 2. As to *substance*. The body was made of the dust of the ground; not so the soul. 3. As to the mode or manner of creation. The body was *made* or *fashioned*, as the word means; but the soul was not *fashioned*, but imparted by a divine *inflatus*—breathed into man. The soul being thus distinct

from the body, in the time, substance, and mode of its creation, must be distinct from the body in its nature. Though living in the body, it is as distinct from it as God himself is distinct from the universe, which he fills with his presence.

Man was made in God's Image and Likeness. Wherein did this likeness exist? In the body? No; God is a spirit, and a spirit hath not flesh and bones (Luke xxiv. 39.) The likeness, then, is in the soul; and in what respects was the soul like God? 1. Like God in spirituality, being not a material, but a spiritual substance (John iv. 24). 2. Like God's eternity, being immortal in its duration (Matt. x. 28). 3. Like God's infinity, being endowed with powers of endless progression (Eph. iii. 19). 4. Like God in its freedom, having the faculty of voluntary action. Like God in holiness, being created in righteousness and true holiness (Eph. iv. 24; Col. iii. 10). In fact, the human soul was God's image in miniature; like God in its nature and attributes, though infinitely inferior in all its degrees of excellence.

Man was also, immediately at his creation, endued with much knowledge—given at once without the labour and delay of acquiring it; for he knew the nature of the animals, and gave

them appropriate names (Gen. ii. 26). He knew also, on the very day of his creation, something of social economy and the future relations of parent and child (Gen. ii. 23, 24). He was also furnished at once with a language sufficiently copious, grammatical, and expressive, to enable him, on the very first day of his creation, to converse on domestic relations and duties, and on the future condition of families (Gen. ii. 23, 24). All this implies both copious knowledge and adequate language to express it. With such a nature, he was fitted to exercise authority and dominion over the creatures as lord of the creation (Gen. i. 28; Ps. viii. 6-8). His body, like his soul, was exempt from death while he retained his innocence; for with man death is not a law of nature, but a debt to justice. Life, eternal life, is the normal condition of all holy beings; death is superinduced or brought on by sin, of which it is the penalty (Rom. x. 5; v. 12).

Man's first residence was in Eden. The region or country is indicated, though the exact spot cannot now be determined. A river, flowing through Eden, and dividing itself into four heads, marked the spot (Gen. ii. 8-14). Two of these rivers are still known—Hiddekel, or Tigris, and Phrat, or Euphrates, but the others are not known. Probably the garden

of Eden was in Armenia, somewhere near the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates; but God by some convulsion in Nature, has blotted out all means of identifying the spot where man incurred the guilt of apostasy. In Eden man had all the pleasures of innocence and all the happiness of holiness. Nature yielded all her delights without arduous toil (Gen. ii. 9); and man enjoyed habitual communion with his Maker (iii. 8).

LESSON VI.—MAN'S PROBATION AND APOSTASY.

Read Genesis iii. and Romans v. 12—21.

Here we find that man was in a state of probation. As an intelligent being, and endued with conscience, freedom, and moral faculties, he was a proper subject for moral government. He owed his existence and his all to God, and was God's absolute property. He was therefore placed under law, and was bound, by the most sacred obligations, to obey it. The great law of his being was love—that law which applies to all intelligent beings, angels as well as men (Matt. xxii. 37). But, as a test of his love, and as an external manifestation of it, there was added one special command—abstinence from the use of a certain tree that stood in the midst of the garden. Obedience to this precept was urged by annexing the penalty of death to transgression (Gen. ii. 16, 17). This threatening involved also the promise of life eternal to both body and soul, as the reward of obedience (Rom. x. 5). The duty of man was easy, for the external command was concentrated within a single point, and was therefore easily understood, and as easily obeyed. Man was urged by the most powerful motives to obey—his own interest and God's glory being inseparably united. Man was under the covenant of works; because, being innocent he needed no pardon; being holy he needed no cleansing; and being able to obey, his eternal welfare depended on his own conduct—on his remaining in the state in which God had placed him.

The Temptation.—Man was tempted, and the agent of his temptation is called the Serpent—that is, Satan himself, who assumed the form, or entered into the creature called a serpent, or Nachash. He is called that old serpent, the devil (see Rev. xii. 9; xx. 2; 2 Cor. xi. 3; John viii. 44).

Mark the subtlety of the tempter. 1. He insinuates a doubt as to the prohibition—"Yea," &c. 2. He denies the truth of the penalty—"Ye shall not surely die." 3. He represents

the fruit as having the wonderful properties of gratifying the palate (good for food); of making them wise, and elevating their condition—"Ye shall be as gods," or rather, as God. They listened, they looked, they desired, they believed, and they fell. They transferred their confidence from God's truth to the devil's lie; and, in losing their confidence, they lost their spiritual strength, their love, their innocence, and their all. As man was lost by unbelief, we see one great reason why he is to be saved by faith. Faith is the restoration of a lost principle, and one essential to our union with God (Heb. xi. 6).

The Consequences of the Fall.—Man came under the curse of the law, and the threatened curse began immediately to be inflicted. The ground was cursed (Gen. iii. 17, 18); man was doomed to excessive labour (ver. 19); his body subjected to disease, suffering, and death (vs. 16—19.) The soul lost its spiritual life—the favour of God, love to God, and communion with him. Hence he fled from God's presence—became the subject of guilt, ignorance, fear, and even malignity to his wife (vs. 8—12). Here were the elements of spiritual death all entering his soul at once. To death eternal, also, he

became exposed, and he must have suffered it; but this part of the penalty was suspended through the covenant of redemption (Rom. v. 21 and vi. 23).

The consequences of the fall are entailed on all mankind.—This is taught in the chapter before us. The sentence pronounced implies that the consequences of original sin extended to the whole race. Other passages assert it (Rom. v. 12; Ps. li. 5.; Eccles. vii. 29; Eph. ii. 3; Ps. xiv. 2, 3). What is thus declared in Scripture is proved by experience and observation. Hence our bodies are subject to toil, disease, suffering, and death. Even infants die. Hence, also, our souls are depraved, the understanding is darkened, and the affections alienated from God. We have no relish for holiness, but are inclined to evil. Sin is our element, because natural to us; holiness is not natural, and can only be restored by a new birth (John iii. 3; Eph. iv. 23, 24). The final consequence of our sin, if unrepented of, will be eternal death; not the ceasing of the soul's existence, but a state of endless woe (Matt. xxv. 46). O Lord, give the dear children thy Holy Spirit to renew their nature, and restore them to thyself. Amen.

LESSON VII.
CHRIST AND ZACCHEUS.

READ LUKE XIX. 1—10.

INTRODUCTORY.—Jesus was now on his last journey to Jerusalem, and as he approached Jericho, a great multitude accompanied him. Near that place a miracle performed on two blind beggars greatly increased his popularity, Matt. xx. 29—34; chap. xviii. 35—43. Luke mentions but one of these two men, probably because he was the principal one. Having wrought this miracle, Jesus entered the town, and passed through it. As he passed the events occurred which the lesson records. The incident is not mentioned by any other evangelist.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 1. "Chief among the publicans"—head among the tax-gatherers. Such men as Zaccheus paid the government a stipulated sum for the taxes of a district, and to repay themselves levied all they could, and thus often became very rich. For their frequent extortions they were intensely hated.

v. 5. "Must abide"—I intend to be a guest at. Jesus knew the heart of this rich publican, and could therefore tell that he would be a welcome visitor at his house.

v. 8. "Taken anything from any man by false accusation."—One way in which publicans enriched themselves was inventing

or entertaining false charges against persons on whom they levied taxes, and then getting large sums from them on pretence of allowing them to escape punishment.

v. 9. "A son of Abraham"—a Jew whom, however, his neighbours deemed not worthy of being so called. Christ so reckoned him on account of his character.

EXPOSITORY.—First. THE WISH OF ZACCHEUS.

Most likely the rich publican had heard much of the fame of Jesus, not only of his miracles, but of his kindness to the people of his own class, whom generally the Jews greatly despised.

And now, very much to his gratification, Jesus was passing near to his abode. He resolved to see him. The wish by which Zaccheus was actuated might be only natural curiosity. Jesus was the wonder of the time. Most people were anxious to see him. So strong was the wish of Zaccheus that he adopted a means of gratifying it, which could not be thought very dignified, ver. 4. He was a little man, but he had a large mind; for probably his curiosity was prompted by his having juster ideas about Jesus than many around him had. Certainly it led

to very blessed results. Cherish a wish to know Christ. No difficulty should deter us from seeking to know him.

Secondly. CHRIST'S NOTICE OF ZACCHEUS.

It must have seemed surprising to this rich publican, as he rested amid the branches and leaves of the tree, that Jesus should have looked up at him, and spoken to him. How was it, he must have thought, that Jesus knows what is in my mind? Jesus addressed him by name, as if he had known him long; and he proposed to take that very course which, had Zaccheus expressed a wish on the subject, he would have most desired.

The Jews of Jericho did not like Zaccheus. He knew this; but here was a teacher, one more popular and wonder-working than any other teacher they could boast, proposing to accept his hospitality, and make his home for the time at his house.

With great joy Zaccheus hastened down from the tree to give the Saviour a welcome reception, ver. 6. What the people might think was nothing to him. He had thought only of getting a passing glimpse, and now Jesus was about to enter his house, and converse freely with him. Christ notices graciously the desire to know him.

Thirdly. THE GREAT CHANGE WHICH TOOK PLACE IN ZACCHEUS.

The curiosity of this rich publican betokened that his feelings in respect to Jesus were very different from those of the rich and the influential generally. A power unseen, but mighty, was working on the heart. And now that the teacher, of whom he had heard so much, had given evidence of a knowledge of his inmost feelings, he was convinced, subdued, and penitent. He became a very different man.

He had been bad enough. Unjust and oppressive. The words, "If I have taken," ver. 8, are not those of doubt, but of frank confession. He had been extortionate. He had resorted to false accusations to enrich himself. He had been dishonest to a very flagrant degree.

And he had heaped up ill-gotten wealth without thinking of the poor, and trying to do them good. Now, however, he saw the evil of all this, and determined to take a different course. He did not speak boastfully, nor as if, by what he did, he could merit divine favour. What he would do was designed to prove the sincerity of the penitence which the grace of Christ had awakened in his heart, and of the faith which was now enkindled within him.

The confession was a direct

appeal to him who knew his heart. Christ was not to be deceived by hollow profession, and Zaccheus knew this. The confession was made in the hearing of many whom, probably, he had wronged.

Notice how Jesus indicated the reality of the change in Zaccheus. The people despised him, Matt. xviii. 17. Jesus declared him a "son of Abraham." Salvation had come to his house. Lost as he was, Jesus had saved him.

And this was in character and keeping with the merciful purpose on which Jesus had come into the world, ver. 10; Matt. xviii. 11, 12. See in this history—How a change of heart operates. It induces penitence, and changes the whole conduct. How gracious Christ is to the penitent. How vast is his compassion as a Saviour.

LESSON VIII.

PARABLE OF THE TEN POUNDS.

READ LUKE xix. 11-28.

INTRODUCTORY.—This parable was spoken either in the house of Zaccheus, or very near the time of the visit of Jesus thither. It resembles another, Matt. xxv. 14-30, on a different occasion and at a different place. It was intended to teach the need of patiently waiting for the Messiah's kingdom, and of improving what had been received, to be employed in God's service and for His glory.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 11. "Kingdom of God"—the Messiah's reign, with which the Jews identified great temporal prosperity to their nation.

v. 12. "Receive for himself a kingdom"—In the time of Jesus Christ on earth, the rule over dependent kingdoms was conferred, or claimants of royal

power had their claims acknowledged by the Roman emperor.

v. 13. "Occupy"—employ in business to increase and make a profit.

v. 14. "Sent a message"—sent an ambassage to the emperor, at whose hands the kingdom was sought, to show reasons why it should not be conferred. This was done in the case of Archelaus and others.

v. 17. "Authority"—subordinate government. The pounds were given as tests of the abilities, as well as of the disposition of the servants. The reward of the faithful servants was appropriate.

v. 20. "Laid up in a napkin"—preserved, but not improved. This servant had neither ability nor loyalty.

v. 21. "Austere"—The servant thus spoke to excuse his negligence. Neglect was surely not the most natural result of the opinion expressed.

v. 25. "Lord, he hath ten pounds"—An observation probably intended to intimate that surely it was a mistake to give to one who already had so much.

v. 26. "Unto every one," &c.—The reply to the impertinent observation in ver. 25. The faithful and diligent shall be entrusted with more of service, as well as with the larger rewards.

v. 27 is the language of the king, whom some of his subjects would have rejected, and by it Jesus intended to foreshadow the punishment coming on the Jewish nation for rejecting him.

EXPOSITORY.—First. THE IMPROVEMENT OF MEANS REQUIRED.

The parable represents money as given to each servant to do with it what he would be most likely to succeed in, so that he did but improve it. And though the second servant is described as obtaining a less extensive authority than the first, both are addressed in terms of approval equally strong, and each has for reward what he had shown himself best capable of enjoying.

The leading thought of the first incident in the parable is, that we should diligently improve whatever we may be entrusted with by God.

And this is just. These things come from God. They are His gifts. We are placed in situations to employ them. Some of us can do good in one direction, some in another; but we are all to do good in one way or another.

It is implied in this, that we are God's servants; that we have been induced to devote our hearts to Him; and that we thankfully acknowledge the relation we sustain. There are other persons who are dealt with in a different way from the servants, ver. 27.

To have become God's servants, our sins must have been forgiven through the blood of Christ; our hearts must have been renewed by God's Spirit; and we must have taken Him as our God. Are we in truth God's servants? Find out what God has given you for improvement. Use whatever you have received from God wisely and well.

Secondly. THE ACCOUNT TO BE RENDERED.

The servants were called on in due time to give every one an account of what he had done; and each servant gives his own account. God will deal with every one apart. Conscience must render a faithful account. It will be useless to attempt concealment or deception, for God knows all about every one of us.

Some servants had a good

account to give. They had well employed their pound: each had been faithful, enterprising, and diligent. They rendered their account with humility. They did not commend their own industry, but they attributed all that had been realized to the pound left with them.

One gives a sad account. He had done nothing with his pound. He had not wasted it, nor spent it; he had kept it safely wrapped up in a napkin. That was his fault. In like manner many, when their account will be given, will not have to acknowledge great and atrocious crimes. They have simply not done what God required. They have not repented of sin; not believed in Christ; not sought to serve and honour God.

The negligent servant tried to excuse himself; but, like most excuses, his was frivolous. He was indolent, and had no concern for his master's honour, no desire for his approval.

We shall have to give an account of what we have been, and of what we have done. Think of the account you will have to render. No excuse will avail for idleness. Diligence from right motives and ends will supply the best materials for our account.

Thirdly. THE RESULTS OF THE ACCOUNT GIVEN.

The faithful servants were received with favour. This does not teach that final approval and acceptance with God will be dependent on what we do. Inasmuch as we have sinned, we must be forgiven; and if accepted at all, it must be by God's grace, bestowed through Jesus Christ. But what we do will be the proof that we have been thus forgiven, and are renewed in heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. Thus, though our doing is not the cause of our acceptance, we shall not be accepted and rewarded without it.

Observe the rewards bestowed. Authority over ten cities—over five cities. The reward to both was of the same kind; affording opportunity for further service; bespeaking confidence in the servants; and raising them to dignity and happiness.

And think of the lazy servant. His excuse turned against himself! His condemnation before all! He was put to deserved shame, and consigned to deserved punishment.

We may see in all this a foreshadowing of what will take place at the last day, Dan. xii. 2, 3; John v. 28, 29. Seek the happiness and honour of final acceptance and reward. While no faithful servant of God will be unrewarded, no faithless servant will be unpunished.

Juvenile Biography.



ABRAHAM MOSLEY, son of Thomas and Sarah Mosley, who was born August 4th, 1855, at North Wingfield, Derbyshire. His parents being piously disposed brought up their son in the fear of God. When four years of age he was sent to our Sabbath school at Claycross, where he was distinguished for his regular attendance and his good behaviour.

He made considerable progress in the elements of learning, and promised in time to be a good scholar.

His juvenile mind was chiefly inclined to religion. He took a great delight in singing, and when at prayer was seen to be devout.

But his days on earth were few. He was soon to be removed

to a brighter region. In the Eden above he was to grow and flourish, for in the summer of 1862 he was seized with scarlatina. This affliction he bore with remarkable patience. Even a short while before he died his mother said, "Abraham, would you not like to get better and stay with us?" To this he replied, "Mother, I would rather die and go to my Jesus." He was also heard to sing—

"I sing the almighty power of God," etc.

Also,

"My Jesus, I love thee."

Thus sweetly departed this young disciple of our dear Saviour.

J.B.

JOHN HENRY WILSON, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilson of Langtoft, Driffeld circuit, de-

parted this life, October the 21st, 1863, aged nine years. Being favoured with pious parentage, he was early the subject of religious impressions. His father having long been one of the superintendents of the Langtoft Primitive Methodist school, John Henry, when very young, became a scholar, and was remarkable for his punctual attendance. He also greatly delighted in the services of the sanctuary, especially the Sabbath evening prayer meetings. Benevolence of disposition was another trait in his character,—as he has been observed to burst into tears if a collection was made and he was unprepared to contribute. He very much enjoyed the visits of the ministers of the gospel to his father's hospitable home, and from his thoughtful, benevolent, and religious disposition it was anticipated that he would become a very useful man. Tall in stature, comely in appearance, and gifted in intellect, he seemed likely to become an ornament to God's cause, and a pillar in his house; but the all-wise Disposer of events had ordered it otherwise. He came forth like a flower, and was cut down. Diphtheria, which before had been very fatal in the village, wasted his strength, and speedily brought him to the grave.

On Tuesday, October the 20th, the Rev. J. North and the writer

conversed and prayed with him, but his breathing had become exceedingly difficult, and his medical attendant pronounced his case hopeless. The day following he breathed his last, just one week after his father had made application respecting his admission into the Connexional Jubilee School at York. Instead of his becoming a pupil in that institution, he has gone to be

"For ever with the Lord."

"Where wrought with hands no temples rise,

For God himself their place supplies;
No priest is needed in the abode
Where all the hosts are priests to God.
Think what a Sabbath there shall be,
The Sabbath of eternity."

J. R. PARKINSON.

ALICE, the daughter of Thomas and Alice HALL, of Newark station, was born March 3rd, 1849, and died October 29th, 1863. Through the influence of parental piety her youth was preserved from immorality. May 17th, 1863, a camp meeting was held at Fenton, when Alice, with others, obtained a sense of sins forgiven. Very soon after she was the subject of severe affliction. Means were used to restore her to health, but in vain. She rapidly sank, but before she left this world she gave clear evidence that all was right, waving her hands in token of victory, and then her spirit fled to be ever with the Lord. S. KEETLEY.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE SABLE.

THIS animal is an inhabitant of the North, as Russia, and some other countries in the north of Europe and America, but chiefly Siberia. Its fur is very valuable, sometimes one skin has sold for £10 or £15. It is deemed worthy to adorn the coronation robes of a monarch, and is extensively worn by ladies. The fur or hair will turn either way, which is an uncommon thing. Most animals, like little girls and boys, have to be stroked the right way to keep them in good temper. The brushes of painters in water colours are sometimes made of the hair of this animal. Criminals have often been employed in

Siberia to hunt the Sable, and they have been obliged to obtain a certain number of skins ere their return. Soldiers and other persons also have been similarly employed. The animal is shot with a single ball, as more would injure the fur. The hunting season is from November to February. Extreme cold, hunger, and suffering are often borne by the hunters. They go a long way into the woods, and have to mark the trees with a hatchet in order to find their way back. The hunter sometimes does not catch one Sable for several days, and the bait he uses is often eaten by other creatures. No wonder that the hunters often

lose their lives in their expeditions. The readers of our JUVENILE may be thankful they have not to endure such hardships. Perhaps a Sable's skin or fur has sometimes helped to keep some of them warm, but they should henceforth remember how much pleasanter it is to wear such things than to hunt for them.

EDITOR.

HAVE PATIENCE.

"MOTHER, mother, do come here, just as quick as you can, and get this hateful old knot out for me."

Freddy's mother went to the door, and said in a quieting tone,

"I'd be glad to do it for you, my son, but I think it is better for you to do it yourself; you'd always have plenty of time to get ready for breakfast, without jerking your shoe-string into a knot, if you'd get up when I call you."

"But I'm sleepy, and I can't."

"That's a foolish excuse, Freddy. You know I never call you while you are sleepy, for I want you to sleep as long as you can; so I always wait till you are wide awake."

"But this is a hateful old knot, and the breakfast-bell will ring in a minute, and I can't wait to get it out."

"Never mind the breakfast-bell this morning," said his mother, in her kind, quiet way, "You shall have your breakfast

kept warm for you, but you must get this knot out yourself, if it takes you an hour."

"I can't wait to get it out," said Freddy again; "I want to eat with the rest. There, now, the bell rings, and I'll bet anything Susan knew my shoe-string was in a hard knot, and rung it earlier than usual just to plague me. Susan is a hateful girl; she's hatefuler than this knot, and I'll tell her so."

"I can't listen to you any longer," said his mother, "and I don't want to talk with you while you are so angry. As soon as you are dressed and feel pleasantly again, you can come to breakfast."

It took Freddy some time to untie his shoe-string, get dressed, and get his face smoothed out; but before we had finished breakfast, he made his appearance.

I didn't really look at him; I only glanced at him, for I knew that when a boy had been acting badly and felt ashamed of it, he didn't like to be stared at. Freddy ate his breakfast in silence, and no notice was taken of him or his bad behaviour.

In the course of the morning I proposed going out to walk, for I was a stranger, and wanted to see the town.

"You can't find your way about alone," said Freddy, "for you've never been here before. I'll go with you if you want me

to; I can show you every thing, for I've been everywhere, and seen everything myself."

Freddy was in his pleasantest mood, and I gladly accepted him as a guide, and I found him just the guide I wanted, and very good company too.

After showing me all the public buildings and the most beautiful residences in town, he turned into a quiet shady street.

"This street," said he, "I call my street, for I always come here and walk all alone by myself when I get tired."

"I suppose," said I "that you mean when you get tired of hard knots."

Freddy laughed a little, and put his hands into his pockets, and didn't say much, till I said a little more and drew him out, and then he told me what hard work it was to untie a hard knot, and how he'd rather go barefooted than have so much trouble with his shoe-strings, and how his patience was tried.

"Now, Freddy," I said, "I want to give you a little advice. I'm not a very old woman, but then, you know, I'm grown up and you are not, and I, of course, know a great deal that you don't. I really think, Freddy, that those hard knots are worth a great deal to you."

Freddy's eyes suddenly opened very wide, and he looked as if he

wanted to say, "What can the woman mean?"

"Yes, I really think so," said I, "those hard knots are worth everything to you. You'll never make a man unless you have patience among your virtues. You'll never be good for much without patience, and your patience never will be good for much unless it is tried."

"Well, don't you like to have things go right along smooth?" said Freddy, looking at me earnestly. "It most kills me to have my shoe-strings get into a hard knot, and it always seems to me I can't stand it another minute. But I have to, for my mother won't let me off. She always sticks me right to it."

"And you think she does right, don't you?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Freddy good-naturedly; "but it's awful hard work to stand it."

"I've no doubt of it, Freddy," said I, "for I feel pretty badly myself; but just remember that people who try to live in this world without patience have a very hard time of it. Shoe-strings will get into a knot sometimes, even when we get up very early in the morning, and have plenty of time to get ready for breakfast."

"And all along through the day, and all along through our lives, we'll find hard knots to be untied, and these knots won't

always be in shoe-strings either. We'll find them everywhere, in almost everything; and if we jerk, and twitch, and pull, and scowl up our faces, and get out of breath in a hurry, it will only make bad worse, and everything will go wrong as long as we live. Now, Freddy, whenever you have a hard knot to untie, just say to yourself, have patience, Freddy Esmond, have patience.

Anniversary Services.

MORRISTON, SWANSEA CIRCUIT. —The second anniversary of our Sabbath schools was held 23rd of August. The services were as follows; in the afternoon at half-past 2 o'clock a sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Bromley, after which the children said some most delightful pieces and dialogues, and although the weather was very unpleasant and wet, yet we had a very good congregation. Two young men came forward and offered to speak two pieces in Welch, one was on "Israel, the Wicked Boy," and the other on "The Great Exhibition of the Judgment Day." At the evening service a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. P. Bellingham to a crowded congregation, and there were many who could not gain admittance. The singing was conducted by Mr. Henney. We are here a mixed people, some from Staffordshire, some from Gloucestershire, some from Devonshire, some from Cornwall, and Welchmen, all mixed together. The children all spoke

well, and great credit is due to Messrs. Morcom and Bowden who conducted the school. Our collections were £1 2s. 2d. in advance of last year.

E. MORCOM.

[Our correspondents should always state the amount of their collections.—ED.]

WHITCHURCH SCHOOL. — We held the fifth anniversary of our school at Whitchurch on Lord's day, August 16th, 1863, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Cooper of Ellesmere, and suitable hymns were sung and pieces recited by some of the scholars. The collections amounted to £5 12s., being a little more than last year, but best of all a divine influence pervaded the whole of the services. I am happy to say that the school is steadily progressing, and we feel encouraged to labour on in the grand and glorious work of training young immortals to people the skies.

W. PENKAMAN.

Poetry.

TO TIME.

Oh! Time, thou all momentous thing,
 To thee we mortal beings fain would cling;
 Contrary to our will we let thee go,
 To bear thy record for our weal or woe;
 Strive we in vain thy progress to impede,
 Nor does thy rapid flight decrease the need
 We feel of thee.

Thou art mysterious, thy ways unknown,
 Present a moment, then for ever flown;
 We cannot tell when thou, alas, wilt end,
 Nor where thy onward rapid course shall bend.
 Sufficient be it now for us to know,
 That when thy race is run our lives will show
 How we've improved thee.

How often do we wish thee far away,
 When sins allure and vice retains its sway;
 When pleasure beckons us afar to roam
 Away from duty, diligence, and home.
 Yet come thou wilt, and though thy stay is short,
 And with thee truth in all its power is fraught,
 We heed thee not.

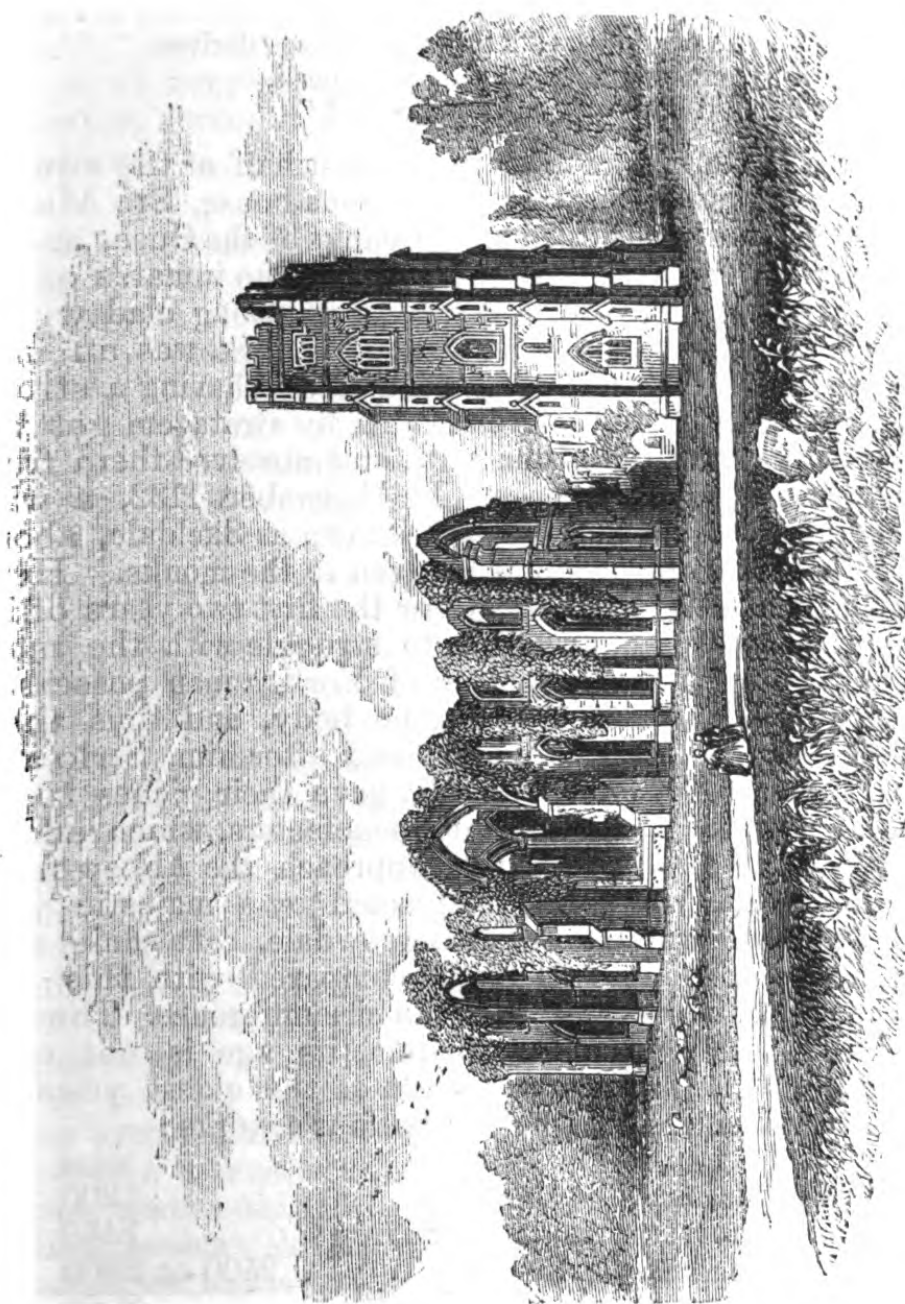
Thou art a gracious boon bestow'd by One,
 Whose love unmerited our freedom won;
 Accomplished now has he the mighty deed,
 And volunteer'd for us to intercede.
 He gave himself a ransom in our stead,
 And rose a King Triumphant from the dead
 That we might live.

Then, as Time is so precious may we prize,
 And ever keep before our wond'ring eyes
 The thought that in that great and awful day
 Our answer will be either yea or nay,
 Whether or not we've spent thee as we ought,
 And by some feeble means taken a part
 In doing good.

Thus may we ever onward strive to go,
 Zealous t'improve the moments as they flow,
 Depending solely on God's mighty power,
 That He will keep us in life's trying hour;
 And when to earth we bid farewell at last,
 To tell of mercies gone and favours past,
 May we be ready.

EMMA RUST.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Youths' Department.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

(With Engraving.)

"Low in a vale, with springs well stor'd and wood,
And sovereign herbs, whence failing health's renew'd,
A neighb'ring abbey next invites the eye,
Stupendous act of former piety.
From streams and springs, which nature here contrives,
The name of FOUNTAINS this sweet place derives,
This venerable pile, with drooping head,
Abandon'd and forlorn, in ruins laid."

ANCIENT History says that in the first half of the twelfth century a dispute arose in a religious house, St. Mary's Abbey, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Ouse, and at the Roman City, Eboricum, or York. The inmates of the house were called White Monks, from being clad with a white robe. Thurston, Archbishop of York, was an intimate friend of the Prior of St. Mary's, and having a strong leaning towards the Cistercians, he, by stratagem got the discontents out of the Monastery, and absolved them from their vows as Benedictines. In December, 1132, a wild desolate tract of land, in a place known as Skeldale, about three miles west of Ripon, was given to the monks. Here they built Fountains Abbey. For the first two years of its existence the community had to struggle with the most abject poverty, but Hugo, Dean of York, a man possessed of considerable wealth, joined the body, and thus their immediate wants were supplied; and after him, Serlo and Tosti, canons of the said church, gave their riches to it, beside what was given by other benefactors, which added greatly to its riches. As you approach the Abbey from Fountains-hall, your eye is attracted by a majestic yew tree. The celebrated yews of Borrowdale, Patterdale, and Lorton are insignificant when compared with this: its trunk is about twenty-seven feet in circumference. Though not the oldest yew tree in Britain, its age is not contemptible. The following account of the oldest yews in Britain is taken from Professor Balfour's works:—

	Years,
At Fountains Abbey, Ripon . . .	1200
In Crowhurst churchyard, Surrey . . .	1450
At Fortinghall, Perthshire . . .	2500 or 2600
At Bradburn churchyard, Kent . . .	3000
At Hedson, Bucks . . .	3200

In 1539 Marmaduke Bradly, the last abbot, made over the abbey, with its lands and immunities, to the king; and in the next year Henry sold or granted a portion of the same to Sir Richard Gresham. From the family of Gresham it passed to that of Procter, and after various changes it came to the hands of William Aislabie, Esq., whose granddaughter, the late Mrs. Lawrence, left it to Earl de Grey and Ripon.

M. LUPTON.

BOOKS AND READING, OR INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY GEORGE TUDOR HALL, AT EAGLE HAWKE, BENDIGO, IN BEHALF OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

(Continued from page 34.)

BUT in every intellectual pursuit there should be a definite object in view, and hence in commencing to read a new book, there must be a resolve to peruse its pages with thoughtful attention, that the mind may be saved from dissipation, and the memory exercised and strengthened. Reading is an old Saxon word, and according to a learned author, means "to take counsel with a book," and hence if we read with care, the thoughts represented on the page are translated into our minds, and memory lays up in its archives the prime elements of the subject, and thus instead of vague and confused notions filling up the mind, without method or regularity, forming a complete jumble, the facts and arguments are stored away, and brought out to use in a fresh clothing of words another day.

Reason and imagination are important powers of the mind, which are brought into exercise by reading. Reason will strive to comprehend the logical sequence of the subject to which the mind is directed, will solve its problems, and labour in the field of literature, while the imagination gives beauty, imagery, taste and joy to the work in hand, without which the theme may be dry and uninteresting.

But in the pursuit of knowledge we must not overlook the importance of obtaining a proper estimate of our own mental powers, that every faculty may be brought into proper exercise, and no one power of the mind be overtaxed. And O how extensive is the field of literature, and what various themes arise in our mental pathway. The star-studded heavens, the little herb which grows on the mountain side, or in the tangled wilderness; the winding river, the springing well, the rolling ocean, the hurricane, the sweeping tornado, the volcano, and ten thousand other

things in the heavens above and the earth beneath, are all subjects of thought and contemplation. But though the subjects in the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation are so multifarious, and the opinions of men expressed on those subjects almost numberless, yet we must guard against a disposition which would lead us on in a hurry from one thing to another, from one book to another, and which may end at last in mental dissipation. Without perseverance nothing really useful can be done, but with it almost anything can be accomplished, and therefore let us not hop from page to page of a book, grasshopper-like, as though we had no better employment, but with perseverance carefully lay up mental stores against the time to come. And then in the course of intellectual cultivation, it is well to review the influence of books we read on our minds, and carefully guard against an unhealthy action of the understanding and a morbid state of the feelings, as a dreamy, moodish state of mind is antagonistic to close and correct thinking. And, O, who can tell the influence of a single book on a man's life, when carefully read by him. A valuable officer in one of the churches in Boston was employed when a lad as a clerk in a store; he had been blessed with a praying mother, and his mind was seriously impressed. In the desk of one of the partners he found a copy of Shakspeare's plays, several of which he read, and the influence over his mind was so great, that he had a strong desire to attend the theatre and see them acted. In the desk of the other partner he found a copy of Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, which he also read, and was led to the house of God. But for three months his mind was swayed first by the influence of one book, and then by the influence of the other, until the good Spirit of God led him to decision, and he became an exemplary Christian.

And let me further say that in the progress of intellectual development the student should make his way good as he proceeds, and seek to be in a position to express his ideas without leaning so much on his memory as his understanding. Some persons can never express their ideas unless every word is committed to memory and repeated verbatim. This we believe is not the best course to pursue, but rather to get the mind stored with knowledge, use all its faculties, and lean on the understanding. We shall now proceed to give three cautions to young readers; and, first, never read a book of an immoral tendency. Such books are destructive of the best and holiest principles, and like a man who falls into a ditch, and comes out with some of the mire about him, so a man who reads immoral books

is sure to be contaminated. Mr. Nicholas Farrar, three days before his death, told his brother to burn a large number of tragedies, comedies, &c., which he had locked up in his study, and which had been there for years, and he desired that this might be considered as a testimony of his disapprobation of such books, as tending to corrupt the minds of men.

Second, Never read books which lessen your reverence for God's word. There is a danger of the mind becoming surrounded with the mist of scepticism, and perplexed by doubt, in reading such books; therefore, carefully avoid them.

Third, Never read books characterised by a false style, such as novels and romances. Dr. Goldsmith, who had himself written a novel, when writing to his brother on the education of his son, said, "Above all things, let your son never touch a novel or romance." And a young lady of talent who had become decidedly pious, but who had previously read many works of fiction, said, "The greatest daily cross I am called to take up is to pass by a novel without reading it, and I would say it as a warning to all my sex, beware of this fatal rock, beware of wasting not only days but nights to make yourselves fools all the rest of your days, if not absolutely wretched."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

HAPPINESS.

"HAPPY shalt thou be" is a portion of Holy Writ recorded in Psalm xxviii, verse 2. Happiness is sought after by all mankind, whether savage or civilised, learned or illiterate, rich or poor, young or old; but how many look for it where it does not exist, and, consequently, cannot be found. True happiness does not lie in the possession of wealth, it is not to be met with in the sinful amusements and practices of the ungodly.

The ale bench, the gin palace, the ball room, the card table, the skittle-alley, the theatre, the race-course are not places where it is to be found; and if you look for it only here your hopes will be blighted, for ever blighted, and you yourselves eternally disappointed. The happiness necessary for man's benefit and God's glory is the result of obedience to divine requirements. On one occasion, after Jesus Christ had taught his disciples their duty towards Himself, and their duty towards each other, He said unto

them, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—John xiii. 17.

In the commencement of His sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes, Jesus names a catalogue of persons who are happy; they are called "the poor in spirit, they that mourn, the meek; they which hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, peacemakers; they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." And in the concluding remarks of that never-to-be-forgotten sermon, Christ says, in Matt. vii. 24, 25, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." To enjoy solid happiness we must not only hear the word of God, but must obey it. "Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it." To procure happiness for man, Jesus Christ, who was rich, became poor. To teach man how to obtain happiness, the Bible has been given to us, and ministers have been raised up to instruct us in the great principles of godliness; and the Holy Spirit has gone out into the world to enlighten mankind on the subject, and "happy shalt thou be,"

1st. *If thy sins be all forgiven.* "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him."—Dan. ix. 9. However young our readers are, they have sins which, if unrepented of and unpardoned, when death comes will exclude them from the regions of endless bliss, and sink them down to the pit of eternal misery. The unpardoned sinner can in no case enter the kingdom of heaven. But let it gladden your hearts to know that "He who spake a world from nought" can speak your sins forgiven; and to you He says, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Believingly come to Him for the pardon of all your sins and you shall receive the divine blessing. Then shall his Holy Spirit be given to you to bear witness with your spirit that your name is registered in the book of life—that God is your reconciled Father. And in possession of this knowledge you shall be happy, for "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." In possession of this experience, David exclaimed, "Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."—Psalm ciii. 2, 3. "Happy shalt thou be,"

2nd. *If thine heart be right with God.* One of the most important questions in the Bible is, "Is thine heart right?"

If your hearts are unchanged by the power of divine grace, they are not right. God himself cannot dwell in them. Christ has no lodging place there. The Holy Ghost you have not received as your purifier, comforter, and guide. To have the heart right it must be washed in the all-cleansing blood of Christ's atonement. To have the heart right is the most important thing in the world. The last words of Sir Walter Raleigh, to his executioner, on the scaffold, were, "Friend, it matters little how a man's head is if his heart be right in the sight of God." Seek, then, to have your hearts fit temples for the triune God to dwell in. Implicit confidence in Christ will secure this, and nothing else will enable you to realise this blessedness. Remember that, when Christ suffered, it was for you. When Christ died, it was that you might have eternal life; when his blood flowed from his hands, his feet, and side, it was the price he paid for your souls. Learn, then, to trust in Him.

"Jesus, my Lord, was crucified,
He gave His life my heart to win;
And now he points me to his side,
And bids me wash away my sin."

Resolve, O determine to be off at once to Calvary, and seek for purification of heart by earnest prayer and faith.

"Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!"

"Happy shalt thou be,"

3rd. *If the residue of thy days be spent in the service of God.* There is no service like this; it is not only pleasant work, but profitable employment. We cannot heartily engage in it without feelings of pleasure. We may meet with a few difficulties in the way of labouring for God, but there are none so great that we cannot overcome them. It is truly honourable to be engaged in the service of God. This is true greatness. Such men as John Howard, W. Wilberforce, H. Martyn, and Dr. Livingstone would never have reached the noble position they have occupied in the estimation of the Church and the world had they not been workers in the service of God. Howard was happy while he visited the prisons of Europe, and successfully laboured to mitigate the sorrows and sufferings of prisoners. For upwards of twenty years Wilberforce was happy while labouring for the emancipation of slaves, and how great must have been his happiness when in the year 1807 the

Slavery Abolition Bill passed the House of Lords. It was the noble spirit of Christianity that prompted these philanthropic men of God to devote themselves body and soul to the blessed work of making their fellowmen more holy and happy. And these are amongst the honourable number whose "memorial is on high," and who "shall be had in everlasting remembrance." When we work rightly for God's glory and the world's moral and spiritual elevation, we are workers together with God. We shall then be rewarded with happiness in the present life, and in the life to come endless felicity shall be ours. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from December, 1863.)

OUR present paper will lead us to enter upon Paul's second great missionary tour. Having accomplished his mission at Jerusalem and returned to Antioch he continued for some time along with "Barnabas and many others also," "teaching and preaching the word of the Lord" in that city. How long the apostle stayed at Antioch on this occasion we have no means of determining, but his stay there was broken up on this wise: "And some days after Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do." Acts xv. 36. Barnabas seems to have been quite willing to accede to the request of Paul, but desired to have John Mark with them, who had accompanied them in a part of their former joint mission tour. To this arrangement Paul decidedly objected, which led to a sharp contention between himself and Barnabas. Henceforth they parted company. Barnabas took his nephew, John Mark, as his companion, and went to his native island of Cyprus; and Paul, choosing Silas, "went through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the churches." On the contention between Paul and Barnabas there is much variety of opinion. Matthew Henry supposes both these good men to have been in fault, and to have waxed very warm in temper and debate. Dr. Adam Clarke, on the other hand, supposes that they had but a moderate and unimpassioned difference of opinion, alleging that the Greek words express no more. However, be this as it may, the difference went so far as to

sever them far asunder in their gospel work, and henceforth the history of the amiable and excellent Barnabas is not continued in the Acts of the Apostles. The next chapter of that deeply interesting book presents Paul to us engaged in visiting some familiar scenes. The names of Derbe and Lystra again occur. Here a most interesting person is introduced to our notice for the first time. It is none other than Timothy, whose mother was a pious Jewish convert, but his father was an uncircumcised Gentile. Timothy was at this time but young, nevertheless having been piously taught by his devout mother and grandmother, he was far advanced in religious knowledge, was of good report among the believers at Lystra, and as Paul saw, was fitted for extensive usefulness. The apostle therefore desired to have this promising young man associated with him in his missionary travels and labours. There was one difficulty, however, in the way. Timothy was uncircumcised, and consequently wherever he might go no Jew who was acquainted with that fact would listen to his preaching. In order that Timothy might be the more extensively useful therefore, he was circumcised, and then entered on his journeyings with Paul. Our apostle is still found among the churches, administering the word and establishing holy discipline. "And so were the churches established in the faith and increased in number daily." Acts xvi. 5. In these excursions among the churches he visits several extensive provinces of Asia Minor—Phrygia, in which stood the cities of Laodicea, Colosse, and Hierapolis—Galatia, Mysia, in which anciently stood the famous city of Troy, whose siege by the infuriated Greeks forms one of the most thrilling tales of ancient history, and is celebrated in Homer's splendid song. From Mysia Paul and his companions would have passed into Bithynia, "but the Spirit suffered them not." Now they come to a maritime city of Mysia, situated on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and here it was that Paul received that remarkable vision which led him away from Asia Minor to another quarter of the globe. The vision of Paul at Troas was remarkably simple. In the night, and probably in a dream, "There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us." Acts xvi. 9. Macedonia was a country of Europe, the first where the Gospel was preached. What an important call was this whereby the Apostle's footsteps were directed to Macedonia. The Apostles had previously confined their ministry to Asiatic ground. Now another division of the globe is touched upon. Here are great

nations and peoples. Here civilisation has triumphed over barbarism. Here are some of the foremost cities in the world as to wealth, learning, and luxury. Asia is already declining. Her peoples and empires have had their day. But in Europe now and henceforward are to be found the masters of the world. In Asia, Christianity had its birth-place, its early development, and its first triumphs. Now it is about to be transplanted to European soil, where, thank God, for 1800 years it has flourished in all its native strength and glory. Blessed night when that ideal man of Macedonia presented himself to our sleeping Apostle at Troas, and pathetically cried, "Come over to Macedonia and help us." And blessed hour for Europe and the world when holy Paul, blessed Silas, pious Timothy, and the beloved physician Luke (for Luke was one of the company now), set their feet on European soil for the purposes of their high and holy mission. Here was a nation born in a day. Our Apostle having interpreted his vision of the "man of Macedonia" aright, at once sets sail for that country, lands at Neapolis, and makes his way with his companions to Philippi. But what are we to understand of Macedonia? I will here explain. Macedonia was one of two large districts, into which the Romans had divided lovely Greece, after their conquest of that beautiful and classic land. Greece had previously succumbed to the kings of Macedon, Philip and his all-conquering son Alexander the Great; and thus Macedonia was once at the head of the world. In political power it had now declined, and only comprised a part of the conquered domain of classic Greece. Still Greece stood high in learning, civilisation, and philosophy, and might be called the learned college of the world. Its world wide fame for learning had imparted a spirit of pride to its inhabitants, who looked with contempt on the people of less cultivated lands. It was to this deeply interesting country that Paul and his companions now came, and the city of Philippi was selected as the first sphere of their operations. Here a beautiful chain of successive events opens before us, upon which we might well love to linger. Philippi was an important and populous city, the chief of that part of Macedonia in which it was situated, and was endowed with the privileges of a free Roman colony. Paul's work here was of great consequence, and led to very great results, but was commenced in a most unobtrusive manner. There was a place for prayer outside Philippi. Inside were shrines and altars not a few; statues, temples, and halls, grand, majestic, and noble, beautified with art, and adorned with

classic taste were consecrated to the worship of the gods ; but in that proud city Jehovah had no place of worship, no house of prayer ; but there is a quiet secluded spot contiguous to the city, but not in it, where away from the busy throngs in solitude and retirement a-down by the river side, a few pious women are wont on a Sabbath day to worship God. Paul finds out this sacred scene, and addresses himself to the few females he finds congregated there on the holy Sabbath day. Among the rest is Lydia, a tradeswoman from Thyatira, a seller of purple (probably a manufactured cloth dyed purple). "She attended unto the things which were spoken by Paul;" the Lord "opened her heart," and she believed. This was a noble woman. How readily she received the word. Previously she was "devout" and "worshipped God;" and now that she hears of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, she receives the glad doctrine with all her heart, and invites Paul and his companions to her house. Thus Lydia's heart and house were opened at the same time. Being constrained by her entreaties Paul, Timothy, Silas, and Luke, become guests of Lydia. What a blessed household to be thus honoured. Yet these genial associations are soon interrupted by events of stern importance. The devout worshippers periodically wend their way to that quiet spot away by the river side "where prayer is wont to be made," when, lo ! the devil sends after them one whom he had possessed with a spirit of divination. This young woman really had something supernatural about her, for be it understood she was the subject of a demoniacal possession, and on some matters the demon inspired her with a supernatural knowledge. She followed Paul and his companions many days, saying, "These men are the servants of the most high God, who show unto us the way of salvation," Acts xvi. 17. At this conduct on the part of the young woman, Paul was grieved—and why ? The reasons are quite accessible. If this testimony in favour of Paul and his companions be countenanced, then the gospel Paul has come to preach will be brought into disrepute. We must look at this matter in two ways to understand it properly. Viewing it in reference to the Jews, we may say that seeing the young soothsayer following Paul and his companions with her approving declaration, and these allowing her to do so, the Jews believing that she was possessed of a devil and further detesting her as a heathen, would immediately view Paul with suspicion, and look upon him as one in compact with the devil. On the other hand the heathen looking upon this young woman as a person of considerable

importance, and supposing that the spirit of one of their gods dwelt in her, viz., Apollo Pythias, would conclude that as she was tolerated by Paul, that, therefore, the doctrines he taught were only somewhat varied from those which they themselves held. At all events Paul declines the credentials thus given to himself and his brethren by so questionable an authority, and in the spirit of that majesty and power so often manifested during his ministry, addresses himself not to the poor girl, who is but the devil's instrument, but to the indwelling demon himself, and in the name of Christ commands him to come out of her. Luke says, "And he came out the same hour." Now this singular young woman is quite herself again. But what a tempest immediately arises. Her masters have lost their gain. Their cupidity is wounded, and their dishonest trade stopped. The poor girl has no more soothsaying in her, and so her masters, in a spirit of revenge on Paul and his companions go to the magistrates of the city, and lodge the following complaint, "These men," say they, "being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs which it is not lawful for us to receive neither to observe, being Romans;" Acts xvi. 20, 21. They have dragged Paul and Silas to the forum, to make this charge against them in person. How ingenious was the charge itself. Had these chagrined and disappointed men stated the real matter of complaint, viz., that their unlawful gains had been wrenched from them by the word of Paul commanding the demon to come out of a young woman, in all probability they would have been laughed at, but instead of doing this they concoct an ingenious and condemnatory charge against Paul and Silas, and bring them forward for judgment as setters forth of strange gods. None but the gods nationally recognized must be worshipped in any part of the Roman empire. Paul and Silas are charged with breaking this sacred law. The whole city is therefore moved against them. The magistrates feel their pious horror shocked, their national gods are dishonoured, and so they actually rend their clothes, and hastily condemn Paul and Silas to be beaten with many stripes, and to be held in safe custody as dangerous and blasphemous prisoners. I need not detail here how that the jailer, having received his notorious prisoners, thrust them into the inmost citadel of his prison, "and made their feet fast in the stocks." This, doubtless, was a very painful confinement for Paul and his companion. Probably their lacerated backs were forced down upon the hard damp floor of their prison, and it is likely they had no

power to move in any direction. Nevertheless, they were joyful and happy, and sang their gladness out in strains of rapturous praise which, at the hour of midnight, amidst its deep and silent gloom, echoed and reverberated along the walls of their gloomy dungeon. But lo! something more strange and more commanding than even their joyous song is heard in this darksome jail. The prison is shaking and rending; its massive walls totter, and its iron bolts give way; its heavy doors fly open, and its prisoners are all free. The astonished jailer awakes from his sleep in consternation and alarm to behold a scene, the like of which had never greeted him before. But for the interposition of Paul, he would have killed himself outright. What proud high-spirited man would not rather kill himself than be publicly killed by others in humiliation and disgrace. He knows the rigour of his country's laws. All the prisoners in his jail are entrusted to his care. If they escape from his custody, he must be answerable for it even with his own life. He sees that the prison is all broken open, and that the prisoners are all at liberty. Doubtless, he had supposed them all safe enough under his care. Perhaps in his official dignity and confidence he had thought that the prisoner should be a skilful and strong man who should escape from his prison; but now, seeing all his prisoners at large, and being appalled by the confusion and noise occasioned by the earthquake which has produced these strange results, his first impulse is to kill himself. Perhaps, even in the darkness, Paul sees the flash of his bright sword, divines the jailer's purpose, and calls upon him to desist, as all the prisoners are safe. Our jailer now calls for a light, and we next see him quivering with emotion and smitten in his heart, falling down before Paul and Silas, exclaiming, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" The jailer is entirely mastered now. Paul, indeed, is master of the situation at this time, not the jailer. So does God reverse the order of circumstances, and work out the deliverance of His servants. Bless God, what a night was that at Philippi. It began with two abused and bleeding disciples, ruthlessly thrust into a loathsome dungeon, yet joyous and happy, both praying and singing praises to God in midnight's deepest shade. Then an earthquake shakes the prison; the jailer becomes a trembling penitent, and is converted. Paul and his companion are led to the jailer's house; their wounds are dressed, the jailer and all his family baptised, and all this, we may suppose, before the morrow dawned. Blessed night for Philippi, and especially for the jailer and his house! It is likely that the wonderful interposition of

God, which had happened in the night to the prison and its occupants, soon reached the ears of the magistrates, and thus they were made to feel that there existed a power in Philippi far superior to their own, and one that could shake them out of their seats, as well as shake the prison over which they had control. So now they send the lictors to the jail, with orders to the jailer to let these abused disciples of Jesus go. Ah, not so. In their hot and hasty zeal, the officious and cruel magistrates of Philippi have committed a grievous mistake. They have wrongfully beaten free citizens of the empire. The next scene, therefore, beholds them humiliated and coming to the prison with entreaties instead of commands, and beseeching Paul and Silas to depart. To a very considerable extent Paul has the magistrates as well as the jailer in his power now, but as a disciple of Jesus, having obtained his liberty—though with a sore back—and having witnessed the power of God in shaking the prison, converting the jailer, and humbling the magistrates, he goes peacefully forth to win similar triumphs on other scenes. Luke concludes this tragic but triumphant history with these touching and significant words—“And they went out of the prison and entered into the house of Lydia, and when they had seen the brethren they comforted them and departed.”—Acts xvi. 40.

One or two reflections must conclude this paper. 1. On the question of baptism, is it not an unwarrantable assumption to conclude as our Antipædobaptist brethren do, that there were no children either in the family of Lydia or the jailer? If there were children in either of those families they were certainly baptised, and it is at least probable that in one of them or both there were some children. In that case the Apostle Paul baptised children. Further, how is it possible to believe that the hasty baptism of the jailer and his family was performed by immersion? It must have taken place either in the prison or in his house. In neither case is it at all probable that there were the appliances necessary for immersion. If that be so, these persons were baptised in some other way, and not by immersion. 2. How deeply interesting was this apostolic visit to Philippi—the first European city missioned by the Apostles. It afforded the first opening for the Gospel on European soil. The first two families converted in Europe (so far as we know) were those of Lydia and the Philippian jailer. Blessed first fruits of a glorious harvest. When the Lord opens the door man cannot shut it. Henceforth there was a faithful and prosperous church at Philippi. Paul greatly loved these children of his hard and sufferin

travail, and they loved their apostolic father, too. They remembered him when he was far away. They sent him money twice to Thessalonica and once to Corinth, and long afterwards they sent him aid, when he was a prisoner at Rome. He wrote to them a very precious letter about ten years after his memorable advent in their city, which is alike creditable both to him and them. 3. Once more, how does God make the wrath of man praise Him. The excited multitude at Philippi clamour and shout against Paul and Silas. The magistrates hastily condemn them. Satan has his triumph for a while, but finally God turns the scale, and all Philippi is afraid of Paul. Brethren, God is ever with His faithful servants. Oh, let us take heart; do right, stand up for the true, and defend the holy, and though we may have to suffer for a while, victory will be on our side at last, and the suffering will be transmuted into glory. Better to suffer and die with the right, than to fatten and flourish on sin.

W. M. B.

HAPPY, HAPPY SUNDAY !

INDEED, it ought to be, my young friends, to you and me, while we have our Sabbath-school to meet together in. You can say truly—

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

We should joyously sing of our Sunday,
'Tis fit we should give one day
To God, who gives us seven.

May we ever welcome its return. O, what beautiful hymns and tunes we have about the Sabbath joys of earth! May we love them more than we have loved them.

Not the least of those hymns, in truth and simplicity, is the one of Dr. Watts, for children—

This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead,
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
Or waste my hours in bed?

May I hope that the resolve of your heart, my reader, is that of the verse—

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O, may I love that blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

The old proverb has it, that a Sabbath well spent brings a week of content; and much of truth is there in it. Chil-

dren who love the Sabbath, and delight to be at the Sabbath school, are among the favoured of the earth. No condition in life will make up for the absence of the religious education which our children receive in the Sabbath school. I do not wonder that the religion of England is chiefly among the working and middle classes, for they have the best of religious teaching in their childhood. The rich children are above the Sabbath school, and the very poor are below it—both are kept away. The one by pride and prejudice, the other by vice and necessity. Oh, when will the time come in England, when the rich and poor children will meet together in the Sabbath school, praising Him who is the Maker of them all. In some of the American New England States the attendance is almost universal, and the teachers are of all classes, the judge and the lawyer, the merchant and the labourer teach side by side. No wonder they stand up for freedom.

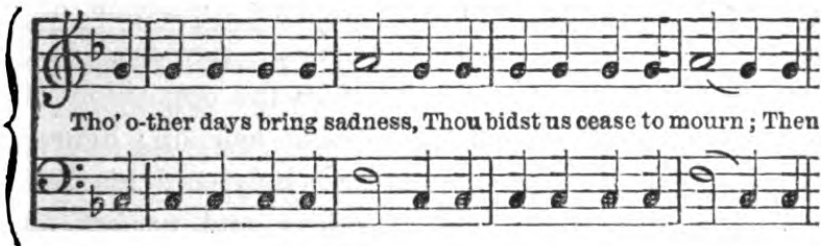
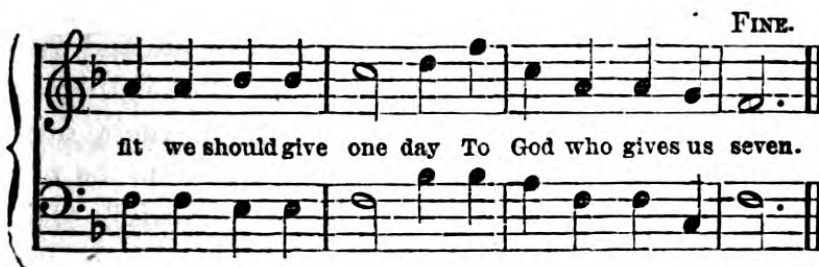
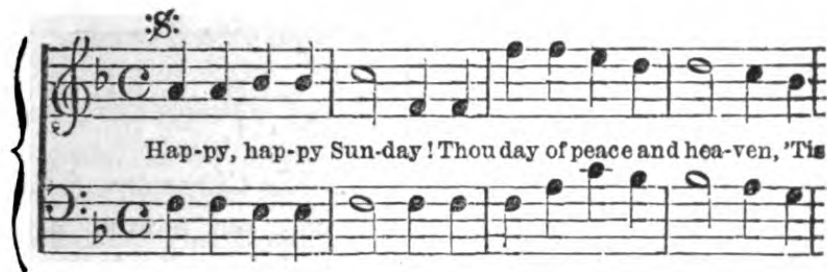
To return to our hymn. Do you, my little one who reads this, thank God for Sabbath mercies, and is the Sabbath, when it comes, a "happy, happy Sunday?" It pleases me to hear and see our infant class sing "Happy Sunday." I think they sing the truth. The Sabbath, next to the Saviour and the Bible, is God's best gift. O may we prize it, and use it rightly.

One Sabbath morning a little girl went home from the school, and when her mother asked her to dust some chairs, she hesitated, and being asked why, she said, "Teacher told me to-day that

" 'This day belongs to God alone,
He chooses Sunday for his own,
And we must neither work nor play
Because it is the Sabbath day.' "

Were all our Sabbath-schools pleasant places, what pleasure would the children have on the Sabbath which some have not now. I am sure that all the children who read their magazines love to see the smiling face of the teacher, and that Sunday is the happier for the songs they sing and the tunes they love. Nothing will better help to make the happy Sunday in the Sabbath-school than the free use of children's hymns, and I would say the banishment of every hymn and tune that is sad and dreary, except under special circumstances, such as the death of teachers and scholars. Jesus, when on earth, always said "Come" to children; he never threatened them or frowned on them, but he did on the Pharisees and old sinners; may we learn lessons from him in this matter, and there will be more happy Sundays in our schools.—UNCLE WILLIAM.

HAPPY SUNDAY.



Happy, happy Sunday! we will not toil to-day,
 But leave to busy Monday, our work, and toys, and play.
 Thy face is ever smiling, thou fairest of the seven;
 They only speak of toiling, but thou of rest and heaven.

Happy, happy Sunday! thy holy hours I prize,
 Thou art indeed heaven's own day, the emblem of the skies,
 May I, O Lord, inherit, that rest when life is o'er,
 And, with each perfect spirit, adore thee evermore.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON IX.—THE FIRST PROMISE OF A SAVIOUR.

Read Genesis iii. 15—24; Hebrews ii. 6—18; 1 John iii. 1—10; and Philippians ii. 5—11.

MAN stands now in another relation to God; no longer as holy and innocent, but as a depraved transgressor, and as such he is placed under a new dispensation. He deserves wrath; but Jehovah regards his fallen creatures in mercy, and graciously provides for them a Saviour.

In Gen. iii. 15, we have the first promise of the Saviour. Though this language is addressed to the Serpent, Satan, the Old Serpent, the Tempter, and Destroyer of Mankind, is thereby intended; and under a threatening of judgment against Satan, we have involved the gracious promise of salvation to our ruined race. Short as is this promise, and figurative as well as short, it contains the germ of the whole Gospel. It foretells the incarnation of Christ, the character of Christ, the sufferings of Christ, and the triumphs of Christ.

1. *The Incarnation of Christ.*—The great Deliverer was to be of the “seed of the woman”—that is, a partaker of our humanity, yet born supernaturally, and therefore born without sin (Isa. ix. 6; John i. 14).

2. *The Character of Christ.*—

“I will put enmity between,” &c. The seed of the serpent means that which proceedeth from Satan—sin and its consequences (James i. 15); and sinners who, in their degenerate state, are said to be of “their Father the Devil” (John viii. 44, and 1 John iii. 8—10).

Enmity is a forcible term, used to denote opposition of nature, principle, purpose, and work. Such is the opposition of Christ to Satan and sin; hence his nature is holy, and his life one of spotless and perfect obedience (Heb. vii. 26; John xiv. 30; 1 Peter ii. 21, 22); and the great purpose of Christ’s mission was declared to be “to destroy the works of the Devil” (1 John iii. 8). Man fell by joining in confederacy with Satan, he is to be redeemed by One who is Satan’s antagonist and destroyer.

3. *The Sufferings of Christ.*—

“Thou shalt bruise his heel.” The heel is the *inferior* part of our nature. To bruise implies the infliction of suffering; thus foretelling that the inferior part of Christ’s nature should suffer—his human nature, not his divine

(Isa. liii. 5, 10; 1 Peter ii. 24). This suffering was necessary for our salvation (Heb. ix. 22).

4. *The Triumphs of Christ.*—"He shall bruise thine head." The head is the *superior* part of the body, and, in all languages, is the emblem of *power, authority, and dominion*. The bruising of Satan's head by the promised seed means, that Christ shall effectually overcome Satan—destroy his kingdom and authority. This he has *virtually* done already. Our Lord, during his ministry, displayed his victorious power over Satan and his legions by resisting their temptations, casting them out, and causing them to depart at his word (Acts x. 38). He removes the curse of sin by his atonement (Gal. iii. 13; Rom. iii. 24, 25). He counteracts the power of sin by his Holy Spirit sanctifying our nature (John xvi. 7—14; Ezek. xxxvi. 25—27). He destroys death by his resurrection, which is the pledge of our own resurrection and eternal life (2 Tim. i. 10;

1 Cor. xv. 19—23). Christ will yet more completely bruise the head of Satan by utterly destroying his dominion, and establishing his own kingdom over all the earth (Isa. ix. 7; Ps. lxxii. 8; Rev. xi. 15). Finally, by the abolition of death, and by consigning Satan and all the wicked to everlasting punishment in hell (1 Cor. xv. 24, 25; Jude 6). Thus, though his heel was bruised, he effectually bruises Satan's head; and, in bruising his head, saves, sanctifies, and glorifies fallen man. How far the meaning of this promise was understood by our first parents we cannot determine; but certainly, so far as was necessary to sustain their confidence in God's mercy to save them from sin and its consequences, through the undertaking of a great Deliverer, who should partake of their nature; and the more spiritual they became in their state, the more clear would be their views of God's revelation.

LESSON X.

JESUS AT BETHANY.

READ JOHN. xii. 1—11.

INTRODUCTORY.—Jesus had for some time been travelling towards Jerusalem, teaching as he travelled. Many were going in the same direction. At length, six days before the last passover

during our Lord's life, ver. 1, he reached the village where his friend Lazarus and the sisters of Lazarus lived, where he would repose a little while.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 1. *Six days*

before the passover—This was the Jewish sabbath, the Saturday before our Lord's crucifixion, the passover being celebrated on the Thursday evening following.

v. 2. *A supper*—a meal provided to do Jesus honour. Another evangelist mentions this *supper* as at the house of Simon, a leper, whom probably Jesus had healed, Matt. xxvi. 6.

v. 3. *A pound of ointment of spikenard*—an aromatic ointment obtained from a plant grown, it is said, in India, from which circumstance, probably, in part, its great value in Palestine.

There seems to be a discrepancy between the account of the anointing of Jesus, as given by Matthew and Mark, and that given by John. Matthew and Mark speak of the *head* as anointed, and John of the *feet*. Were there two anointings? This does not follow. Both the head and the feet might be anointed at one time, though both are not mentioned by each evangelist. This anointing is the same as is mentioned, chap. xi. 2. John wrote long after the events, and would therefore designate Mary by this circumstance, without saying anything about there being one anointing or two.

v. 7. *Against the day of my burying*—Jesus did not mean that Mary kept this ointment intending to anoint him for his burial. Mary's anointing Christ with her costly ointment was an expression of her grateful affection.

v. 9. *Much people—that they might see Lazarus also*—The resurrection of Lazarus had occasioned much talk, and awakened much curiosity, and therefore many came to Bethany.

EXPOSITORY.—*First.* THE HOSPITALITY OF CHRIST'S FRIENDS.

A feast was held in the house of Lazarus or in that of Simon the leper. The disciples accompanied their Master. The host of one was the host of the others also; and both Lazarus and Simon would be glad to show hospitality to one to whom they owed so much.

In one point of view it is a little surprising that Jesus should have come to Bethany. He knew how full of enmity Jerusalem was against him; and he was fully aware of what was soon to befall him there. But he was voluntary in his sufferings. He had come to our world that he might suffer, laying down his life for the redemption of sinners; and nothing could turn him from this purpose.

Before his death, he would also give his friends in Bethany another proof of his kind regard; and they were glad to receive him. They would get many to meet him. Martha served, as she had done on a former occasion, Luke x. 38—42; Lazarus delighted in the company of his blessed Master; and Mary most willingly showed

her affection with characteristic generosity and faith. All the parties were glad of the opportunity of receiving instruction from the Saviour, and showing how truly they loved him and prized his company. They received ample compensation for the hospitality they displayed. *Seek opportunities of expressing love to the Saviour. Remember his wondrous grace to you, and praise him for it.*

Secondly. THE UNHAPPY FEELING OF JUDAS.

Mary loved the Saviour, and deemed nothing too costly to express her affection. She had kept her precious ointment in its beautiful alabaster jar, or box, a long time, waiting for an opportunity of bestowing it upon him. And when at length the opportunity came, how gladly she poured all the ointment upon him.

Judas, and perhaps some others of the disciples (see Mark xiv. 5), failed to see in Mary's act the beautiful feeling it betokened. They thought the ointment was wasted. Judas professed abhorrence of a prodigality which stood in the way of relieving

the poor. Covetous hypocrite that he was! ver. 6. A few days afterwards he gave melancholy proof of covetousness by betraying his Master for a few pieces of silver.

The Saviour, indeed, put a kind construction on the act of Mary. The disciples might at any time benefit the poor; the opportunity of bestowing expressions of love on him would soon be gone, ver. 8. He would have the poor relieved, but this duty, like every other, must be attended to in its right place.

We are not told what Judas felt at this rebuke. Perhaps it exasperated him. It showed that his heart was being read and known. He could not bear to have his hypocrisy laid open. Wickedness is often covered by well-sounding pretences, ver. 5. A bad man often cannot bear reproof and rebuke. *Never disregard the poor. Feel that Christ has stronger claims than even the poor. Never pretend a generosity you do not feel. Refrain from censuring others. Take kindly the rebukes of a friend.*

Juvenile Biography.



THOMAS TURNER, of New Mills, who, when four years of age was sent to our Sabbath-school, and was therefore early instructed in the fear of the Lord, which ultimately proved to him to be the "beginning of wisdom." His love for the school was evinced by the regularity of his attendance and his eagerness to learn the lessons taught from Sabbath to Sabbath. He continued a scholar until his sixteenth year, when it being observed that he excelled in some of the best things, he was appointed to the office of teacher. In this capacity he strove in conjunction with the rest of the teachers, to further the interests of the school.

Notwithstanding the rectitude of his life, he remained destitute of the Gospel salvation, until

his eighteenth year. Prior to this period he had often felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit; but in the summer of the year 1862, his convictions became so powerful that he was led to seek more earnestly the salvation of his soul. He did not do so in vain, for on September 21st, the Lord calmed his spirit by imparting the usual divine testimony to his adoption.

Having obtained the "pearl of great price," he gave all diligence to retain it. The night after his conversion he joined brother Wyatt's class, and afterwards was regular in his attendance. He was naturally quiet and unobtrusive in his disposition, and although on that account he did not strive to exhibit his religion so prominently

as some people do, yet he never failed to confess Christ at every seasonable opportunity, and he uniformly studied to let his light shine before men.

Having given his heart to God he felt anxious that others might share the blessings with which he was favoured. He would sometimes express to me and others the pleasure it would give him if the young friends connected with the school could be brought into the enjoyment of religion.

The temperance cause had likewise a large share of his sympathy. He had seen some of the evils that intoxicating drinks had brought on some who had been connected with the school and society during his history; with these facts before him he laboured assiduously with others to form a Band of Hope society in connexion with the school; and he efficiently discharged the duties of secretary.

Being a young man of considerable promise he was put on the plan as an exhorter. In this sphere of labour, however, he was not permitted to continue long. After he had taken a few appointments, it became apparent that consumption had taken fast hold of his system. Medical skill was resorted to in vain. His affliction was protracted over several months, and was occasionally severe, but in the midst of it he was supported

by divine grace. He was visited frequently by his leader and various members of society, to whom he gave satisfactory evidence that his soul was happy in the enjoyment of religion. To the writer when questioning him as to his prospects for heaven, a short time before his death, he said, "All's right!" He exchanged mortality for life, September 11th, 1863, aged nineteen years.

J. MORTON.

SARAH, the youngest daughter of Bullen and Elizabeth THISTLE, was born at Flitcham, Docking Circuit, August 28th, 1851. Being blessed with a pious father, she was brought up in the way in which she should go, and at an early age became a scholar in our Sabbath school, and attended regularly: on the 4th of October last she was there for the last time, and went home to her mother with great glee, because her teacher had told her she should be removed to a higher class for spelling so well. On Wednesday morning, at four o'clock, her father and mother were awaked by her moans, and got up to see what was the matter. They found she was very ill, and desired to be dressed and to go down stairs. She was placed on a chair, and looking at her mother, she said, "My time is short." Her mother said, "Do you think so, my

dear? I will call a friend in." She did so. The child said, "Lord, save my soul! Lord, have mercy on me, and take me to heaven!" She grew worse, and her father and mother sat up with her. In the night she prayed fervently for herself and her companions. She sang,—

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear."

She then said, "George, take me!" The mother said, "What George?" She looked up at her mother, but spoke not. She said again, "George, come and take me!" referring to her brother who had died. She then said "Glory! glory! glory!" and prayed, "Lord, save souls, save everybody's soul." She then sang the third verse of eighty-sixth hymn, Revival Hymn-book,—

"Content with beholding his face," &c.

She died on Friday, 10th October, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Thus she was well and dead in three days. On the 14th of October she was borne to the grave by four of the teachers, and the scholars and teachers followed her.

Thus in the midst of life we are in death. The Scripture saith, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

A. B.

GEORGE FREDERICK DEARLOVE was the son of Thomas and Mary Dearlove. He was born at Leeds, Yorkshire, October 9th, 1853, and died at Huddersfield, October 12th, 1863, aged ten years. Affectionate toward his parents and sister, and displaying early and encouraging signs of mental and religious development, it is particularly painful to us to part with our beloved boy. Except that he has, at intervals, required careful nursing in sickness, he has given us none of the trouble which maketh the heart sick, and which is too often the cause of most poignant grief to the Christian parent. He always felt an interest in the peace and comfort of our little family circle, contributing by his cheerful, playful, and yet becoming conversation and conduct, in no small measure towards it. He had great pleasure in the means of grace, in religious intercourse, in reading good books, and was very anxious to gratify and requite his parents, as well as advantage himself by a successful prosecution of his duties at school. We fondly cherished the hope that he would grow up to manhood; and that whatever sphere Providence might assign him, in future life, he would at all events, become useful in the church of Christ, and be the means (under God) of leading many—aye, *very many*, to "the Lamb of God which taketh

away the sin of the world." We say this was hope, but it was only to be indulged and then blighted. This was our prayer, but presented in ignorance of the Divine purpose in relation to the matter.

The affliction which brought forth death was an affection of the heart. His sufferings at times were most acute, but he displayed the patience and submission of the disciplined Christian. He spoke of death without the slightest dread, and of heaven with the joy of confidence and anticipation. Hear him saying to his mamma, only an hour or two before he is called away, "I shall not have any pain in heaven, not any." Again—

"O heaven, sweet heaven! I long to go there,
To meet with my Father—my Jesus is there."

"Yes," said he, "my Jesus, my Jesus is there." At his request, this verse (which was a favourite) had been sung to him, by his sister. He had read considerable portions of "Heaven our Home," and "Meet for Heaven," and in his last hours he seemed charmed with the thought of heaven his home!

"A home in heaven!" what a joyful thought. "I'm going home to heaven," he said. Seeing us in tears, he said, "Don't fret." His mamma replied, "But, my child, we cannot help it, when you talk of leaving us." "Well,

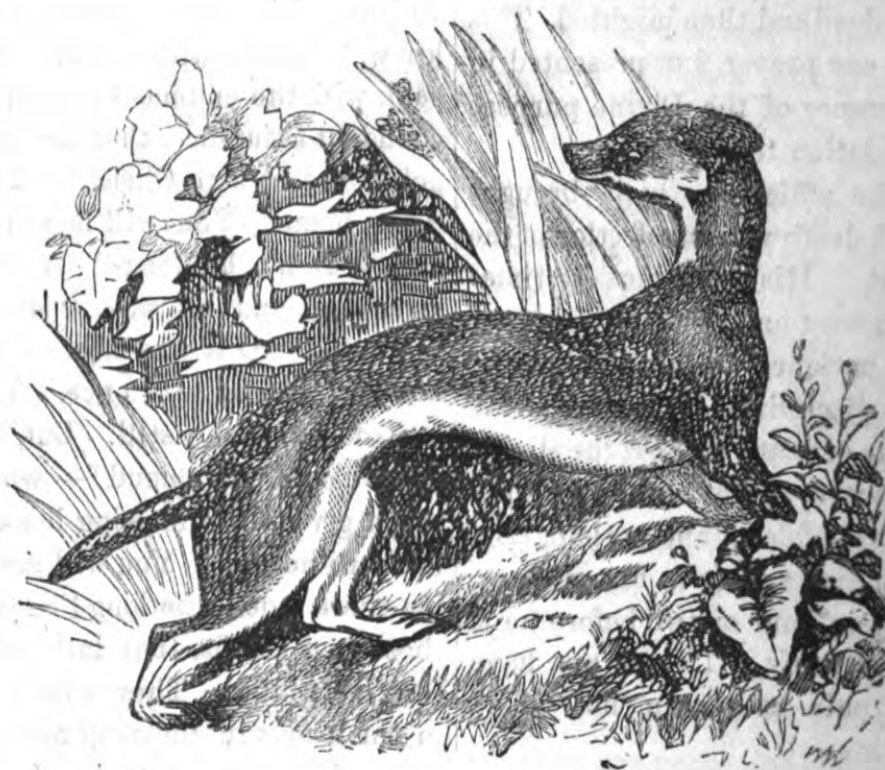
but," said he, "I'm going home to heaven! home to heaven, ma; we have often talked about it, you know." Then, with a smile, he said, with the emphasis of simple confident assurance, that he was going "to be with Christ," "I'm going home! You will meet me there—Don't be long." A few struggles, and all was "silent as death." O it was death; we realised the fact at once. We feel sad and lonely still. But, O, "the bow in the cloud"—what joy it gives! "I'm going home! home to heaven! You will meet me there; don't be long!"—O! those last words, that last look, that last smile! They will live in our hearts in undying memorial! We interred the body of our beloved child in the Huddersfield cemetery, where he awaits "the blast of the archangel, and the trump of God."

"Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die.
The less of this cold world, the more of
heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

We cannot grapple with the doctrine involved in this inscrutable dispensation; nor is it proper we should. It is painful, but it is right. Here let us bow together in grateful submission. Lord, teach us to say, "Thy will be done"—"Thy will be done."

THOMAS DEARLOVE.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE WEASEL.

THE weasel belongs to the kind of animals called digitigrades, meaning those that go on their toes, and is of the vermiform, or worm-shaped tribe. Its instinct leads it to live in holes of the earth, or of rock, for safety. Its head is small, and its body long and slender. It moves very rapidly, and has often a sort of serpentine motion. It is less than any animal of the same tribe, and very fierce. It will follow and frighten a hare, and when its victim gives up the chase through fright, it seizes it by the back of the neck and sucks its blood. The weasel is understood to be a friend of the

farmer, as it destroys rats and mice very rapidly. However, it sometimes makes choice of a chicken, and therefore gets into disgrace. It will occasionally fly at a man, and try to get hold of his throat; so that it is a rather dangerous foe. It hunts by scent like a dog, and has remarkably sharp teeth. The weasel belongs to almost every country, and in Derbyshire, and other parts of England, they may be found. Its fur, like that of the Sable, is valuable. The female has four or five young ones at a time, for which she prepares a nice bed of hay or moss. An eagle once seized a weasel, and mounted with it into the air; but the

Weasel contrived soon to bite the eagle's neck, when the bird was glad to let it go. EDITOR.

—
"BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I now wish to speak to you on a subject which I am sure cannot fail to be interesting to you; it is the patience and humiliation of our Saviour, as he cries, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." What amazing condescension on the part of our incarnate God; he stands at the door; every word teems with wonder and almost surpasses belief: "I stand at the door and knock." "I." It would have been amazing condescension if it had been only an angel, the guardian of some mighty monarch, or one of the holy prophets, or the least of the winged seraphs who had stooped so low; but it is "I," the "Prince of Peace," the King of glory, the Supreme Lord of heaven and earth, who am the object of continued adoration to all the hosts above. "I stand:" I do not sit in a chair of state, or recline on an easy couch; but I stand to manifest my readiness to come in, and my patience in waiting for admission. "I stand at the door;" I do not solace myself in a commodious apartment, with the enlivening warmth of the fire, or rest my weary limbs in a soft pavilion;

but I stand at the door, without cover or shelter, where the cold frost chills me, and the stormy winds beat upon me; "My head is filled with the dew, and my locks with the drops of the night;" not with my hands in my bosom like idle loiterers who gaze about in the market place, but I "knock." I make a direct application to the persons whose salvation I seek; I knock not one stroke and away, like one who cares not whether you will open to me, and permit me to make you happy.—Lord, what is man, that thou, the omnipotent God, "at whose presence the heavens drop," "and out of whose mouth proceed devouring flames," whose voice rends the rocks and dismantles the waving forests, should stand at our door and knock? O what miracles of grace are here!—O, then, my young readers, open your hearts wide and let him in, let him sit in the main place in your hearts, and live in you and you in him. I pray that God may incline your hearts to open to him, and that you may live with him for ever.

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A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT ORDER.—Little friends, put the things right back in their proper places. Never leave things all about, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy—*never*. When you use any article—hoe, shovel

rake, pitch-fork, axe, hammer, tongs, boots or shoes, books, slates, pencils, writing apparatus, pins, thimbles, pin-cushions, needles, work baskets, kitchen furniture, any article of housewifery or husbandry, no matter what it is—the very *moment* you have done using it, return it to its place. Be sure to have a special place for everything, and everything in its place. Order, order; perfect order is the watchword—heaven's first law. How much precious time is saved, (aside from vexation) by observing order—systematic regularity! Young friends, begin early to keep things straight in their proper places; study neatness, order, economy, sobriety,—everything just, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.

DOING WELL FOR EACH DAY.
Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy with the thought he or she has taken one step in the way of wisdom. But remember one thing, dear little friend: the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help, and it is by the same help that it increases day by day. As the little rain-drop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin, the Holy Spirit comes to us. If he breathes upon our hearts we live to do good; without him we do nothing good. Let us obey this Spirit and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

Poetry.

THOUGHTS ON THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

How swift the year has glided by,
How fast its seasons fled;
Its leaves of beauty withered lie,
And strew the path we tread.

Loved ones are passed with it away,
Their forms no more we see;
Their souls disburden'd of the clay,
Have joined the blest and free.

But still we in the body stay,
The hallowed cross to bear;
'Tis not yet ours in endless day
The royal wreath to wear.
Stroud.

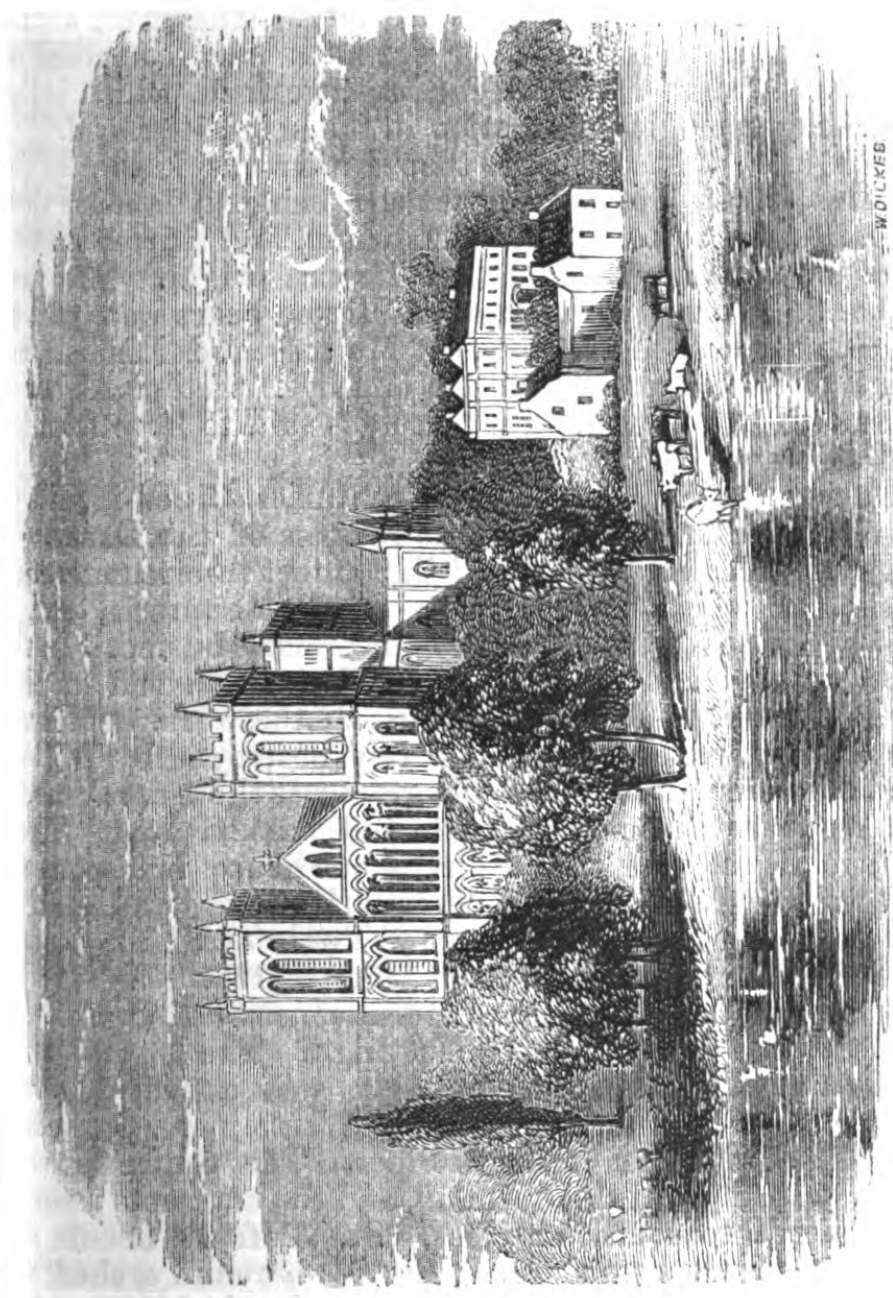
No; we must fight our passage through
Though all the world may frown,
And with each year our course pursue,
To reach that starry crown.

O God of Israel deign to guide
Our souls to yon bright shore;
Here seasons in succession glide,
There years revolve no more.

If, ere this year have glided by,
We lay our burdens down;
We'll soar with joy to worlds on high,
And grasp the victor's crown.

ELIZABETH STONE.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



RIPON CATHEDRAL.

Youths' Department.

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

(With Engraving.)

ON a fertile plain, a little to the south of the river Ure, stands the old Cathedral city of Ripon, as renowned for its antiquity, as for the beauty of the scenery by which it is surrounded. The vales of Ure, Skill, and Laver, almost unite in a point at the side of the city. The rivers are all shallow, their beds being for the most part composed of gravel and fragments of magnesian limestone, which is the prevailing geological formation in the neighbourhood.

It is more than probable that Ripon was known to the Romans, if not one of their stations, being little more than six miles from the celebrated Isurium, and skirted on two sides by roads of undoubted Roman origin. The first authentic information we have of Ripon bears date 661, in which year one Eata, Abbot of Melrose and Lindisfarne, had a piece of ground given to him by Alfred or Alchfrid, King of Northumbria, on which he is said to have founded a Monastery.

During the eighth and ninth centuries Ripon is said to have suffered much through the ravages of the Danes. A large tumulus called Ailey Hill, 900 feet in circumference, exists, in which Ælla, King of Northumbria, and a host of his followers are said to have been buried. In the fourteenth year of Alfred's reign, Ripon received its first royal charter. Ripon shared in all the wars incident to the country, until it was completely destroyed by William the Conqueror, in 1069; and so great was the havoc that for sixteen years it remained waste and uncultivated. There is little doubt that the first religious house in Ripon was erected by Eata, but the erection of the Cathedral is variously ascribed to Thurston and Roger of Bishopsbridge, who held the see of York from 1154 to 1181.

The west front of the Cathedral consists of a gable end 43 feet wide and above 100 feet high. The length of the Church from the altar screen to the west door is 160 feet, only 9 feet less than the width of Westminster Cathedral, and the extreme length is 270 feet. The centre tower is wider than those at the west end, and the transepts measure from north to south 120 feet. St. Wilfrid's needle is a crypt under the centre tower, the cell is round arched, and is entered by a narrow passage, 45 feet in length. The measurement of the chapel or cell, is given at 9 feet high.

7 feet 6 inches wide, and 10 feet 6 inches long. The bone house, a crypt under the chapter house, has terrors for the weak, but no small amount of interest for the student. As the visitor enters, he treads on a sand floor, under which is a layer of bones 4 feet deep; a layer of bones 6 feet deep stretches round the walls, and is parted by the ends of femurs and tibias, and occasionally with skulls. Several interesting relics are laid upon a wooden bench, among which may be noticed a skull completely riddled with perforations, and another with parietal bones, worn very thin; examples of ossification of joints, union of broken parts, and peculiarly formed bones, are in plenty.

The town is governed by a mayor, four aldermen, and twelve councillors; it has one singular custom—at nine every night, the beadle takes his stand at the mayor's house and blows three blasts on the corporation horn—which is perhaps the oldest custom in England.

M. LUPTON.

BOOKS AND READING, OR INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY GEORGE TUDOR HALL, AT EAGLE HAWKE, BENDIGO, IN BEHALF OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

(Continued from page 61.)

BUT it will be expected that in this lecture we should say something on the advantages of a Sabbath School Library. And the first advantage we may name is;—that by this means persons are supplied with good books who would not otherwise have them. Various causes operate against some persons obtaining good books, such as ignorance, parsimoniousness, and poverty, but these barriers are to a great extent overcome, when books can be readily obtained from a school library. Another advantage we might name is that the vacant hours of children are occupied with a library book, and thus in many cases, not only the broken fragments of time are improved, but children are preserved from danger and mischief. And O what a vast improvement there is in the literature provided for our children now, over the simple nonsense, and in some cases trash, issued from the press a few years ago. Genius is honoured in preparing books for the young in our day. But the last advantage we shall name is, that by a school library pleasurable anticipations are created in the minds of the children, and an additional inducement is held out to

attend the school. But above all, and as a climax to the whole, we say that good books are a powerful means of converting the soul, and will sometimes do this when all other means have failed; many a family have been drawn to the house of God and become permanent worshippers by the reading of some good book, and many a heart has been smitten and many a conscience aroused by the same means. A good book will sometimes revive old and deep impressions, awaken new emotions, and be the means of bringing a prodigal back to his father's house. A young man had the loan of "Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety," the reading of which proved the means of his conversion, and he became an officer in the church; another young man read the same book and three months after, on his death-bed, acknowledged that it had been the means of leading him to the Saviour. The same book was placed in the hands of another young man who was also induced to make a profession of faith in the Saviour, and a fourth read the same book and it proved the means of his conversion. O who would not desire to be the author of such a book, which has proved the means of so much good, rather than to be counted wise in science or philosophy.

But let me give you another fact which proves the same statement,—that good books are a powerful means of converting the soul. The Rev. Dr. Gill, when young, lost his pious mother, but the impressions made on his mind by her good advice followed him to College, where he procured a copy of "Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted," which proved the means of his conversion, and led to a revival in the College, when many of the students were saved, and the revival spread around the country. Then purchase good books and circulate them as much as you can. Money spent in good books is well spent. The poor Methodist girl who gave money to purchase eight copies of "Baxter's Call," was thus the means of the conversion of one old widow at least, and the poor girl had her heart rejoiced at the tidings, and considered her money well spent. To all lovers of humanity we say help to supply libraries in connexion with Sabbath schools, help to send good books in all directions, that their truths may be thrown broadcast over God's beautiful earth, until the wilderness and the solitary place be glad and blossom as the rose, and the moral desert be transformed into the garden of the Lord.

We shall now conclude by giving an extract from Bishop Hall's works, on the sight of a great library. "What a world of wit is here packed up together, I know not whether the sight doth more dismay or comfort me. It

dismays me to think that here is so much I cannot know, it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon, 'there is no end of making many books;' this sight verifies it, there is no end, indeed it were a pity there should. God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot, but through time and experience, work out many hidden truths; to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds like unto so many candles should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberations are most accurate, and these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it that without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts. That I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth to give their well studied judgments on all points of question which I propose, neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat. It is wantonness to complain of choice; no law binds me to read all, but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the minds needs be. Blessed be God, that hath set up so many clear lamps in the church; now none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness: and blessed be the memory of these his faithful servants who have left their blood, their lives, their spirits in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments to give light unto others." And Lord Bacon said, "libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed." Let us therefore attend to reading and study that we may be fitted for usefulness here, and at last dwell with those who being wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever. Amen.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

HEEDFULNESS.

IN Hebrews ii. 1, it is written, "We ought to give the more earnest *heed* to the things which we have heard."

How necessary it is that we should forget some things that we have heard. We refer to those things which are calculated to impress the human mind with evil thoughts, and so influence our actions that we shall suffer and others be injured.

How apt are we to forget the things that we ought to remember, and thus live in a state of carelessness about those things which are of vital importance.

We should give the more earnest heed—

1. *To the glorious fact of God's great love to us.*—That love has been manifested toward us in a variety of ways, but in no way is it more strikingly exhibited than in the gift of his own, his only and well beloved Son. Hear what Jesus says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. Here we have a display of Divine love to a fallen race of human beings. Here we see God's grand design to save a ruined world. Here is infinite love, love which cannot be fully described by human tongue or pen; love which cannot be fully conceived by any creature's mind. This subject has occupied the minds of good men in all ages, and it is a theme on which angels have delighted to meditate, and it will be the grand subject of study in heaven for ever and ever. If then it is a topic of such vast importance to the best and holiest creatures, surely it deserves a place in our thoughts, in our daily thoughts, in our work-day as well as in our Sabbath-day thinkings. Our gospel ministers have told us of this love. Our pious parents have whispered of it in our ears; our godly teachers have endeavoured to impress it on our minds. The Bible is full of it, and the Holy Spirit frequently reminds us of it. Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to it, for it is a pleasing, powerful, and truly profitable theme on which to allow our minds to be well exercised.

"Father, whose everlasting love,
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save.
Thy undistinguishing regard,
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace."

Here is love—love for every sinner, unbounded love, inexpressible love, love that ought never to be forgotten by those who have shared in it.

"Why, then, thou universal love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all thy bowels move,
But straitened in our own we are."

We should give earnest and constant heed—

2. *To our own personal duty of loving God in sincerity and truth.*—God having loved us with an infinite and unmerited love, he deserves and lays claim to our love in return.

“Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

Although he is worthy of more love than we can give him, yet if we give him all our love, he will accept of it and be satisfied with it.

Notwithstanding all the past manifestation of God's love to us, unless we love him, we can have no hope of eternal safety in heaven. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.” Deut. vi. 5. Here we see what should be the measurement of our love; the whole heart, the whole mind, and the whole soul must be taken up with it. True love to God is very beautifully described in Joshua xxii. 5, “But take diligent heed to do the commandment and the law . . . to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and to cleave unto him, and to serve him with all your heart, and with all your soul.” When the whole man is fully taken up with love to God, there is in possession real tranquillity of mind, and a power and disposition to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, the love of the world has fled, and the heart and tongue unitedly exclaim, “The Lord is my portion, therefore will I hope in him.” Lam. iii. 24. “The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup.” Psalm xvi. 5. All that the true lovers of God need is to be found in the supreme object of their affection. They may have treasure on earth, but they have much more treasure in heaven. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.” 1 Cor. ii. 9. Oh, then, constantly seek, earnestly seek, seek with all your heart, to lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. A lady who was once visiting at a minister's house, observed two little boys, who were the minister's sons, very busy at play with their little toys. “Well boys,” said she, “are these your treasures?” “No, ma'am,” said the elder, “these are our *playthings*, not our *treasures*. Our *treasures* are in heaven.” How well it is when rising youth is found preparing for endless blissful futurity. “It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.” Lam. iii. 27. For Christianity fits him for earth and prepares him for heaven. In the language of the Apostle Paul, we

would earnestly pray that "the Lord" would "direct your hearts into the love of God." 2 Thess. iii. 5.

Sincere love to God on earth is the only thing that fits the soul for the New Jerusalem, the city of the living God. Heaven is the land of love; pure love, perfect love, all love. The song of the redeemed there is one of love ascribed to the God and the Saviour of love. Love is a portion of the glory that lights up the celestial regions. Historians have told us that the idolatrous temple of Diana was so bright and splendid that the doorkeeper always cried to those who entered in, "Take heed to your eyes." But let us tell you that the glory of the Diana temple is not to be compared with the glory of that world beyond the skies, where He lives who prays to his Father on behalf of his lovers on earth, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

May the experience of all our readers be, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day"—i.e., the judgment day, when "every man shall be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body whether they be good or whether they be evil." Concerning all his true lovers, he who cannot lie says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish."

O may we on his throne sit down,
And hear him say, "Well done ;
Receive the blood-bought starry crown,
Which you through faith have won."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 71.)

In resuming our narrative of Paul's life we begin with the 17th chapter of the Acts. From Philippi, Paul and his company went through Amphipolis and Apollonia, on their way to Thessalonica, which was a first class city and a sea-port town of Macedonia. It is now a part of European Turkey, and contains a population of 70,000 souls, from 20,000 to 30,000 of whom are Jews. It lies 272 miles west of Constantinople, and in point of commercial importance is second only to that city. When Paul visited Thessalonica he found there a synagogue of the Jews (at present there are 76). "As his manner was," Paul went to the

synagogue and "reasoned" with his Jewish brethren "out of the Scriptures," opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus whom I preach unto you is Christ. Paul's preaching on this occasion was very greatly blessed: "And some of them believed and consorted with Paul and Silas, and of the devout Greeks a multitude, and of the chief women not a few," Acts xvii. 1—4. These words undoubtedly apply to a large number of converts. (1.) Some of the Jews believed; (2.) A great multitude of the Greeks were converted. These were Gentiles, and, in all probability, proselytes to the Jewish religion. (3.) Of the chief women not a few were likewise saved. Probably these were the chief women attendant at the Jewish synagogue. Here we have pictured to us what was undoubtedly a great success. But how soon the joy of success is broken by the clamour of persecution. At Thessalonica, as at other places, some of the Jews refused the precious gospel of our God. These gathered to themselves a company, collected a mob of the "baser sort," and attacked the house of Jason, where Paul was lodging. However, they found not Paul, and therefore determined to wreak their infuriated vengeance upon Jason and "certain brethren" whom they drew unto the rulers of the city. The whole city was moved and in an uproar. A specious charge was alleged against Jason and his companions, but security being taken of them they were discharged without further injury. The rage of the Jews was thus disappointed of its intended victims, and Paul and Silas escaped to Berea. This was another Macedonian city, twenty miles west of Thessalonica. Here Paul and Silas went into the synagogue of the Jews, but found a better class of their countrymen there than they had met with at Thessalonica. "These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so. Therefore many of them believed, also of honourable women, which were Greeks, and of men not a few," Acts xvii. 11, 12. News of this blessed work at Berea came to the ears of the malignant Jews of Thessalonica, and they went down to Berea at once, and there stirred up the people: "And then immediately the brethren sent away Paul, to go, as it were, to the sea, but Silas and Timothy abode there still," Acts xvii. 14. Paul was now conducted to Athens, whence he sent word to Silas and Timothy to come to him with all speed. Athens was at the time of Paul's visit "one of the most celebrated cities

in the world, whether we consider its antiquity, its learning, its political consequence, or the valour of its inhabitants." Its history stretches back to a period 3,419 years ago. Like all great cities, it has passed through many vicissitudes, but in several remarkable features it has never been excelled. It stands on a plain about five miles from the sea. The plain, however, is broken by several abrupt and rocky hills, which rise out of it. In Athens' glory these hills were covered with some of the grandest structures ever piled by human hands. On the sides and top of them the Acropolis, temples, halls, and statues of finely chiselled marble glittered in the sunlight, and all around was a scene of unrivalled grandeur. Here were the schools of Plato, Aristotle, and Zeno; and here, too, the buildings which rang with the thrilling eloquence of the great Demosthenes. Following these brilliant masters, there were successive philosophers who extended and perpetuated the fame of the proud capital of Greece, so that it may be said to have become the capital of the world's philosophy, learning and eloquence. According to Lempriere it fell under the power of the Romans, 86 years before Christ. "The Athenians have been admired in all ages for their love of liberty and for the great men who were born among them. Perhaps not one single city in the world can boast in so short a space of time such a number of truly illustrious citizens, equally celebrated for their humanity, their learning, and their military abilities. The Romans in the more polished ages of their republic sent their youths to finish their education at Athens, and respected the learning while they despised the military character of the inhabitants." How sad to reflect that a city which could boast of so much that is grand in nature and majestic in art, which was in itself a palace of beauty and a temple of marvellous grandeur, and which possessed a well-ordered and clever population, should have been cursed and stained by the corrupt systems of Pagan idolatry. Here you have a people brave and mighty in war, clever and advanced in science, skilful and ingenious in art, polished and profound in their philosophy, and yet "wholly given to idolatry." Such was Athens,—great, glorious, philosophic, proud Athens, with its traditions and its grandeur, its learning, and its pomp, its glory and its pride. Of Athens it was sarcastically said, by one of the heathens who was contemporary with Paul, that "in our region you may more frequently meet with a god than a man." Thus the far-famed Athens was one of the most idolatrous cities upon the face of the earth. He who had not seen Athens was accounted a block; he

who, having seen it, was not in love with it, a dull, stupid ass; and he who, having seen it, could be willing to leave it, fit for nothing but to be a packhorse. W. M. B.

(To be continued.)

RETURN, O WANDERER!

A TEACHER'S, rather than a scholar's piece, it is too often appropriate to the case of the young who attend our schools, and who are led away from their good influences by the example of evil companions.

If the zeal of Satan's followers among the young were imitated and surpassed by the teachers of youth, and the Christians among them, how many brands would be snatched from the burning.

There is pathos and power in the hymn and melody. It has long been known, and often proved a blessing to the straying lamb, or the lost sheep of Israel. The music is very pleasing, and suited for three voices. My memory traces three sisters, with whom I have often sung it. A blessing from heaven, I trust, rests upon them. They have long passed away from my knowledge, but I trust that they need not the call, "Return, return!" Their presence in the little school was always welcome, and they loved the school, at least if words were truth. One of them, Dorcas, was a sweet girl, loved and loveable, but they removed away.

Blessed truth is it, my young reader, that though you roam away in sin and folly, yet

Thy Father calls for thee.

That beautiful verse is delightfully true—

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready with their shining host
All heaven is ready to resound;
The dead's alive, the lost is found.

Oh, what condescension, that Jesus calls for thee, and that, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come!"

Giving stern reasons for coming back to Christ, we are plainly told—

'Tis madness to delay,
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

Dr. Watts, the childrens' hymn writer of the olden time, when no one else thought that children should have suitable hymns, wrote like the above, when he said—

‘Just as the tree falls, so it lies,’—
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fixt in the state in which he dies.

My young friend, let it be your aim to get instruction and be wise, seeking first the love of God, and then walking in the way that leads to happiness and heaven.

It is a beautiful finish for a hymn to end with thoughts like these, may they be fixed in your memory, and prove a beacon as well as a warning light—

Return, O! wanderer, to thy home,
The angels beckon thee;
The church in heaven and earth say, Come,
And Christ—Come unto me.

And is it true that

Angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?

So sung Mr. Wesley. And I once knelt in a room where others were at prayer. A sick woman lay in the corner, but week by week prayer was made continually for her there. One evening a child of twelve years was there, and she knew something of the love of God in Christ to her, and as she knelt by the bedside, with almost angelic rapture, I heard her exclaim, as if heaven were open to her sight—

There are my house, my portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me, my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

May we have such happy hours and glorious prospects, and then the joys of heaven above!—UNCLE WILLIAM.

RETURN, O WANDERER.

p Affettuoso *cres*

Re - turn, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther

Re - turn, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther

calls for thee: No long-er now an ex - ile

calls for thee: No long-er now an ex - ile

Slow *pp*

roam, In sin and mi - se - ry. Re - turn, re - turn.

roam, In sin and mi - se - ry. Re - turn, re - turn.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the bride say, Come,
O then for refuge flee.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
The angels beckon thee;
The church in heaven and earth say, Come,
And Christ,—“Come unto me.”

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON XI.—MAN'S CONDITION UNDER A NEW DISPENSATION.

Read Genesis iii. 20—24; Hebrews x. 1—22.

IN comparing the above portions of Holy Scripture we see how one harmonizes with and unfolds another. In the few verses just read from Genesis, we see man's condition after the fall, his mode of worship, and some glimpses of Adam's believing acceptance of the new and merciful covenant under which he was placed.

The First Sacrifices Offered.—"Unto Adam, also, and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." God is often said to do a thing when he merely appoints or ordains it to be done. It is so here. The fact recorded shows God's care even for the bodies of our fallen parents. But it shows more—a revelation in which God ordained a new mode of worship—that of *sacrifice*. Here were skins of animals, and therefore animals had been slain. But why slain? Not for food, for animal life was not allowed for food until after the deluge (Gen. ix. 3). If not for food, then for sacrifice; and if for sacrifice, then this mode of worship was ordained by God himself; and moreover, as the victims had been used by man in sacrifice, the covenant itself was accepted

by him and its conditions fulfilled. Here we see a signal change in the mode of worship. While man was innocent he had access to God as an obedient child; but now he is a sinner he must draw near as a penitent, deprecating wrath, seeking mercy, and offering up the life of an animal, because he had lost all claim to his own. Nor is this all. The victims offered were propitiatory and typical of Christ, who is said to be the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world (Rev. xiii. 8).

It thus becomes evident, that before man was expelled from Eden he was a penitent, an humble believer, and probably as such was pardoned and restored to the Divine favour; and this becomes the more probable from the new name he gave to his wife;—"And Adam called his wife's name *Eve*; because she was the mother of all living." *Eve* literally means, in Hebrew, *Life*. Now Adam could hardly have applied this hopeful name to her while he was under a cloud of guilt and despair. It finely contrasts with his former gloomy reproaches against her. Before, Adam had laid on his wife the blame of his apostasy.

He now applies to her a name expressive of his faith and hope—as one through whom He should come who is “the Life,” and who gives life, eternal life, to the world.

The Tree of Life.—Read again vs. 22, 23. Here we see the properties of the tree of life. Man was excluded from the use of that tree, lest, by using it, he should “live for ever.” The tree, therefore, had a sanitary and life-preserving property. This is evident, also, from Prov. iii. 16—18; xi. 30; xv. 4. As such it is an emblem of the ever-during blessedness of heaven (Rev. ii. 7; xxii. 2, 14). While man was innocent he was entitled to life, and therefore to the use of that tree which was the natural means of preserving life from decay; but when he fell he became subject to death, and had no longer any right to the tree of life.

The Cherubim and Flaming Sword.—Read again ver. 24. The Hebrew words rendered “flaming sword” indicate, we think, not a fire in the form of a

sword, for no such instrument as a sword was then known; but it means, rather, a body of flame in motion, giving out flashes and coruscations, as a symbol of the Divine majesty and glory; such as Moses beheld in the bush in Horeb, and which afterwards filled the tabernacle and the temple with its splendour (Exod. xl. 34, 35; 2 Chron. v. 14). The *cherubim* were celestial beings, who at the first accompanied the shekinah, or the glowing symbol of the Divine majesty, and are usually represented as the attendants on Jehovah’s presence. The cherubim were afterwards permanently represented by golden forms, whose expanded wings covered the mercy seat, &c. (Exod. xxv. 20—22; Ps. lxxx. 1). Thus, the locality at the east of Eden, where the cherubim and the glory were situated, was the sacred spot where man worshipped God after his exclusion from Eden, and which place we find, in the next chapter, spoken of as “The presence of the Lord” (Gen. iv. 16).

LESSON XII.—CHRIST’S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Read Luke xix. 29—44.

INTRODUCTORY.—Having arrived at Bethany on the last day of the week before his crucifixion, the Saviour would enter Jeru-

salem on the next day, just one week before his resurrection. His entry into the city on this occasion must have been different from

all previous entries. Prophecy had spoken of it, Zech. ix. 9. He would declare himself the anointed Messiah and King, yet denoting at the same time his lowliness and meekness. His choice of this day for his entry, the day on which the people, according to Mosaic appointment, selected the lambs for the passover feast, was designed, probably, to intimate that he was the true passover Lamb whom these victims typified.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 29. *Bethphage and Bethany*—two spots or villages near the road to Jerusalem, down on the eastern declivity of the Mount of Olives. These villages were on opposite sides of the road.

v. 30. In the village from which the ass was to be procured the Saviour had friends, who, doubtless, would readily accommodate him.

v. 35. *Garments—clothes*, ver. 36.—The use of clothes, and branches of trees, and flowers, as is here described, was customary in token of honour and welcome to a king, 2 Kings, ix. 13.

v. 41. *Beheld the city, and wept over it*.—At a particular turn in the road down Olivet, Jerusalem bursts suddenly in great beauty upon the traveller. Jesus thought of the approaching doom of the city, and his pity was moved. He compassionates the woes of the ungodly, though his

justice necessarily inflicts those woes.

v. 43. *Cast a trench about thee*.

—A reference to the siege by which Jerusalem was to be reduced to the utmost distress, at last falling into the hands of its foes.

v. 44. *One stone upon another*.

—The city and its chief buildings, especially its temple, were utterly destroyed by the Romans; the very foundations being ploughed up.

Time of thy visitation—the time during which the people might have repented and found mercy. The time during which Christ was on earth, chap. i. 68, 78.

EXPOSITORY.—*First*. CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Jesus had frequently been in Jerusalem before, but he had gone there then, as the Jews generally did, to celebrate the appointed feasts. He had presented to its people the teaching of which these feasts should have reminded them, and which, had they received it, would have made them wise unto salvation. Now he must enter as a king. His greatness must be proclaimed. Prophecy respecting him must be fulfilled.

Yet he had but little about him, so far as appearances went, to awaken awe. There were no appointed heralds: no marshalled attendants; no splendour

and pomp, such as earthly monarchs delighted in. The animal on which he rode was borrowed. The people about him were for the most part Galilean peasants. No trumpets sounded; no flags waved: nothing of external pomp betokened his majesty and greatness.

Still he was great. The people remembered proofs of this greatness. Miracles had proclaimed him to be more than man, ver. 37; John xii. 17, 18. The very calmness and dignity of his bearing was itself an indication of greatness surpassing all human pomp. He was entering the city where soon he was to be crucified, yet no reluctance, no fear, no hesitation marked his steps. His was the greatness of infinite compassion and boundless love, John xii. 27—29.

Secondly. THE PEOPLE'S JOY AND TRIUMPH.

The disciples of Jesus and the people shouted, ver. 27. The air rang with their acclamations. They probably remembered the prophecy, Zech ix. 9. They had attended the Saviour now for many months, expecting that he would declare himself a king. Was he not now about to do so, thus putting himself into a condition to reward their devotion to his interests? Would not the people of the metropolis, now that miracles, especially that on

Lazarus, had displayed his greatness, receive him as king?

The whole multitude of the disciples exulted in the prospect. Their cloaks and outer garments, the branches from the neighbouring trees and shrubs, covered the animal and bedecked the road, and flowers filled the air with fragrance. Everything indicated joy.

Jesus accepted these expressions of homage. The multitude addressed him in terms not applicable to a merely human being, ver. 37, 38. Yet he did not disapprove. On the contrary, when the angry Pharisees would fain have put a stop to these acclamations, he declared that they were just and natural. If the people had not thus shouted, the very stones of their streets would have broken forth in song. Jesus thus showed that he knew himself to be entitled to worship.

The children of the city united their voices with those of the multitude, Matt. xxi. 15, 16. This was fulfilment of prophecy, Psa. viii. 2; Matt. xxi. 16. Their little hearts bounded with joy at having among them that divine Teacher whose words they could so well understand, and whose love they were so quick to perceive and feel. The Pharisees might frown. What of that? Jesus approved. Multitudes concurred in the feeling of the children.

Thirdly. THE SAVIOUR'S COMPASSION.

Deeply interested as Jesus was in these proceedings, the thought of Jerusalem's sins, of what its people were about to do, and of what they would so soon suffer, weighed heavily upon his heart, ver. 41—44.

As he passed down the hill towards the city he wept. His spirit was infinitely tender and loving; he wept in the midst of triumph. The sin and misery of the city affected him more deeply than did the applause of the multitude. He wept over Jeru-

salem, that beautiful and highly favoured city, for which so much had been done by divine mercy, but whose sins were so aggravated.

The people had not improved their opportunities. Prophets had been sent to them. Christ himself had come to instruct them. Very much had been done to guide them to peace, to favour with God, and to unceasing blessedness, but they had neglected all. Jesus thus laid upon the people themselves the guilt of their neglect and the cause of their suffering.

THE CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD OVERCOME BY INTemperance.—

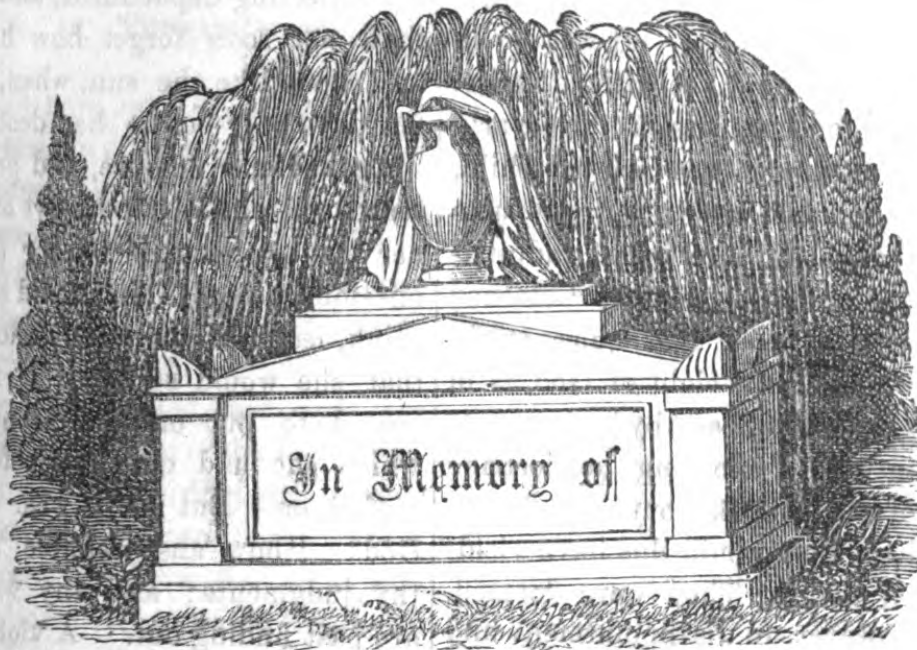
Alexander the Great, after his arrival at Babylon, was continually solemnizing new festivals, and was perpetually at new banquets, in which he quaffed with his usual intemperance. After having spent a whole night in carousing, a second was proposed to him. He consented and there were twenty guests at table. He drank to the health of every person in company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules' cup, which held six bottles, it was filled, when he poured it all down, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteus by name, and afterwards pledged him again in the same enormous bumper. He had no sooner swallowed it than he fell upon the floor. In

this condition he was seized with a violent fever, and carried half dead to his palace. A few days afterwards he expired, aged 32 years and eight months, of which he had reigned twelve years. "Here, then," says Seneca (describing the effects of drunkenness), "is this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches, by the danger of sieges and combats, by the most violent extremes of heat and cold, here he lies conquered by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules. Alexander endeavoured more to vanquish others than to subdue himself; not knowing that to triumph over one's passions is of all conquests the most glorious."

—From *Rollin's Ancient History*.

Sent by J. DORE.

Juvenile Biography.



ELIZABETH WRIGHT, of Sale, in the Manchester Second Circuit, who was born April 25th, 1850, and died September 12th, 1863. Her parents being members of our Connexion, she was sent at three years of age to one of our Sunday schools. She loved both teachers and scholars, and was much pleased when any of the preachers visited the house of her parents.

She was a missionary collector, and one of her last journeys was with her box soliciting subscriptions for the cause she loved. Her affliction was short but severe. During its continuance she prayed much for present help and meetness for heaven; and before her spirit took its flight, the chamber of death was filled with the divine presence, which

enabled the weeping parents to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

JOHN WRIGHT.

SARAH ELIZABETH GLENDINNING, the daughter of William and Martha Glendinning, was born at Huddersfield, March 16th, 1854, and departed this life, in the same town, on October 10th, 1863. The "lessons of correction and instruction in righteousness," which had been given her at home and in the Northumberland Street Sunday school, Huddersfield, had not been without effect. She was naturally of remarkably fine sensibilities, of quick perception, docile and affectionate in disposition; qualities these comparatively rare in

children, and when found, they most generally kindle in the soul of the parents the hope of further and future good. It was so in this case, and not without cause. The fond parents of this dearly beloved, and now sainted child, anticipated seeing her grow up a thoughtful, intelligent, industrious, and pious woman, "adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price;" and by her example in word, "adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour." And what happiness would this have yielded them! They were doomed, however, to disappointment and grief. "Their own sweet child," "Gem of their hearth, their household pride,"

was "carried away as with a flood." So early! so suddenly! She,

"By the roadside fell, and perished
On the threshold march of life."

But,

"O, weep not though the beautiful
decay—

* * * * *

Secure beneath the earth the snow-
drop lies,

Waiting the spring's young resurrec-
tion-day."

Our dear young friend was regular in her attendance at the Sabbath school—orderly in her behaviour, both in the class and the sanctuary; and when the officiating minister had to share the hospitalities of her paternal home, the kind little creature was usually found standing at the chapel door, eager and pleased

to conduct him thither. She embarked last year in the missionary collecting department, and I shall not soon forget how her face shone like the sun, when, a few days only before her death, she called at my house, and presented me with her first—aye and her last gatherings too, for the missionary fund. Little did she think, less did she really know, that she would so soon be required to put off the harness which she had only just before girded on. But so it was. O God! "how unsearchable are thy judgments; and thy ways are past finding out." A violent fever was raging under her parents' roof, and had prostrated her dear mother; she also became its victim. She was seized about Friday, the 9th of October; and on the following days she died. In two more days she was deposited in the dark grave, in Woodhouse churchyard, and there left to sleep until "waked by the trumpet's sound," she shall "spring forth as the morn." Then "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks

be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THOMAS DEARLOVE.

MATILDA ANN, daughter of Thomas and Matilda HEATH, was born at Brownhills, October 6th, 1857. Her parents being members of our society sent her to our Sabbath school, and taught her to fear God and keep his commandments. She had a loving and mild disposition, and good temper, and was never known to tell a lie. She was obedient to her parents and teachers. Her views of salvation were more correct than those of the generality of children. A minister once said to her, "Do you love Jesus Christ?" She said, "Yes." "And why do you love him?" "Because Jesus died for me." A short time before she died, she said, "Mother, if I were to die I should go to heaven." *

On Thursday, October 8th, 1863, she was seized with inflammation of the throat. When asked, during her short illness about her prospect of heaven, she gave satisfactory evidence that all was right. On Sabbath morning, the 11th, her happy spirit fled to the realms of the blest.

M. H.

"God took thee in his mercy
A lamb untask'd—untried—
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.
Now, like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the source of love,
The everlasting One!"

ELIZABETH WARE was born at Charlton, in the parish of Kilmersdon, 17th of August, 1852. When between four and five years of age she lost her mother; she was however carefully trained to habits of virtue by her pious and judicious father, who took unusual pains to impress upon her young and tender mind the value of religion, and the greatness of the Saviour's love. At a very early period she manifested great delight in attending the ordinances of God's house, and this increased with her years.

She was always a quick child at her books, and was remarkably fond of her school. In the spring of 1861, Elizabeth came to Wales to reside with her father, who is employed in the Blaina Iron Works. She became a pupil in the Blaina British School, and attended regularly up to within a few days of her death. Her conduct at school was such as to gain the approbation of mistress and teachers. The diligence and perseverance she evinced in her studies met with a merited reward, for in the competitive

examination held at Newport for the Iron Masters' Prizes she bore away the best in the school that year, viz., 10s., and a certificate presented by the Bishop of Llandaff.

At the Sunday school, Elizabeth was noticed for her good behaviour, attention and diligence, and her decease has caused great and heartfelt sorrow. She had also attended the Welsh Sunday school for a year and a half, and had made such progress in the language during that time that she could read the Welsh Testament.

The dear child was first taken ill on Friday, 16th October, but nothing serious was apprehended until the following Friday, when her symptoms became alarming. That night she sang the doxology with her father, and but a few hours before her death, she was heard repeating to herself the Lord's Prayer. From Friday, she rapidly sank, and on Saturday, 24th October, her happy soul took its flight.

E. KOVACHICH.

MISS JANE ELIZABETH LINE, of Newton Longville, Aylesbury Circuit, died in peace October 27th, 1863, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. She was brought into the enjoyment of salvation at one of our missionary meetings, about six years ago. The passage of Scripture

that was the means of leading her to Christ and giving her comfort was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Having found redemption through faith in Christ's blood, she felt it was her duty to do good to others. She entered the Sabbath School, and took great delight in directing the young mind to Jesus. Moreover she was diligent in collecting for the mission cause. She was a lover of the prayer meeting, and generally brought down a good influence when engaged in prayer with the Lord's people. In the class she mostly expressed herself as enjoying the presence of God, and having confidence in his promises. For her friends she felt a deep concern, and she frequently prayed for their salvation.

The disease that terminated her earthly career was consumption. In her affliction she was happy, having no strong desire for either life or death, but putting herself into the hands of the living God, believing that his will would be the best. Her brothers visiting her before she expired, she was asked whether she had anything to say to them. She replied, "Nothing but what I have said before;" and urged them to meet her in heaven. To a friend she said, "I am going to Jesus, will you meet me

there?" Just before she died she waved her hand and exclaimed, "So bright! so bright!" Thus died our sister, with glory in her view, and in full assurance of a blissful immortality.

By her desire the members, teachers, and scholars, and many of the friends followed her to the grave, having first sung the beautiful hymn,—

"Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize;
And swift on eagle wings of love,
To joys triumphant rise."

Her death was improved by Brother R. Line, to an overflowing congregation. The Divine presence pervaded the meeting, and we have no doubt good was done.

In her death the church has lost a devoted, consistent, and useful Christian; but we hope the visitation will prove a blessing to those of her friends whom she has left behind, and that they will prepare to meet her in the skies.

T. JACKSON.

—
ELIZABETH FELLOWS, daughter of James and Sarah Fellows, was born at Sodom, March 30th, 1851, and died at Bradley, near Daisy Bank, Nov. 7th, 1863. When about fourteen months old she lost one of her eyes, which was a source of great grief to her parents, and caused their hearts to entwine more

closely around her. As she advanced in life she secured for herself the esteem of all with whom she became acquainted. She was a dutiful child and a kind sister. About this period of her life remarks were often made by wicked boys in reference to her having only one eye, when she would go to her mother and say, "Never mind, I shall have two eyes when I get to heaven." Elizabeth soon became very useful, for in household duties, as far as she was capable, she was ever busy. She seemed fully to appreciate the sentiment of St. Paul, "Let all things be done decently and in order." She was trained in our Sabbath school, and was extremely fond of reading, especially in the Bible. Often she would reach herself and her parents a Bible each, and say, "Now let us read a chapter, verse for verse, and we shall soon get through it." When at the school she was attentive to her book and obedient to her teacher. On the 25th of October, 1863, after having complained several weeks of being poorly, she told her mother she was getting worse, which soon became evident, as on the following day she was unable to do anything in the house, and was obliged to lie on the sofa all day. Medical assistance was called in, and every means used to bring about her recovery, but to no

avail. The Master was about to call, and Elizabeth must away to meet him in that happy land. Her last words to her weeping mother were, "Mother, I am going to heaven. Don't you be wicked, but follow me to heaven." Two days before she died she was deprived of her speech, which was a source of great grief to her parents, but still she seemed sensible, especially when the name of Jesus was mentioned, a smile would then stay upon her countenance, which told that all was right. She sweetly breathed her last, and fell asleep in Jesus, in the thirteenth year of her age.

JAMES LAWFORD.

ELIZA, daughter of James and Sarah DAVIES, of Bleddfa, in the Knighton branch, was born in the year 1847, and died on the 17th of November, 1863. She was one of those who are blessed with the privilege of being nursed amid the prayers and pious instructions of a Christian home. The first efforts of her infant voice were made to lisp the name of Jesus, and on her mother's knees to utter a child's prayers. Thus she was brought up "in the way she should go," nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and led to the God of her fathers. Generally at home, away from the gay and the giddy, her mind gradually

as a spring time opened to those divine principles which were possessed by the other members of the family. Kind in disposition, gentle and affable in manners, she was the darling of her home, and a favourite in the neighbourhood. Eliza promised to be an ornament in the household, a pattern to youth, and a comfort to her widowed mother. But how soon earthly hopes wither. This flower was only just beginning to open to the morning sun-beams, when an eastern blast, cold and chilly, nipped it in the bud. About twelve months ago she became a member of our society, and so continued until the time of her departure. During the time of her affliction she manifested marked resignation, it was doing her Father's will, and so she would not murmur. And as she drew nearer to the goal her confidence strengthened, and her joys became rapturous. There was nothing in it spasmodic—it was "peace that flowed like a river." Such a case of Christian triumph in a young person it was never our lot to witness before. That chamber was hallowed ground, and we felt it: there was the presence of the Holy One, and indeed it was the gate of heaven. The voice of the sufferer was mellow with a Saviour's love. Her face shone with virgin smiles. O what a halo of glory

seemed there as she lingered just on the threshold of her Father's house. The verses of Scripture and poetry that she quoted were choice portions too many to name. Consumption was her disease, she knew its mission, and with a happy soul thanked her God for the message. With a faltering voice she uttered many counsels to her weeping friends and relatives. She knew that her end drew near, and so on the morning of her death, she requested all her earthly treasures to be brought, that with her own hands she might give her dying legacies. This was about her last effort, for after shaking hands and leaving her parting blessing with the friends, she turned to her weeping mother, just to ask, "now let me die in your arms;" once more she whispered, "heaven!" and then, when her voice ceased to articulate, her delicate hand was raised to betoken victory, and thus she fell asleep. A father, sister, and brother had reached the shore before her, and now there remain a mother, two sisters, and a brother, all following her to rest.

G. MIDDLETON.

THOMAS DAVIES was born at Blakeshall Common, near Oldborough, in the Kidderminster circuit, December 21st, 1842, and died in the Lord, November 18th, 1863.

He was one of the first scholars in our Sabbath school at Oldborough, and continued one as long as health permitted. He was not known to run to excess in sin like some youths. Being blessed with a praying father, he was led to the house of God, where he heard the Gospel, which proved the power of God to his salvation. His teacher in the Sabbath school saw symptoms of the strivings of the Spirit. One morning the teacher was questioning and talking to him and others about prayer. On asking him what would be the first thing he should pray for,—with tears glistening in his eyes he answered, "A clean heart." But it was not till the eighteenth year of his age that he obtained the pardon of his sins, and the witness of the Holy Spirit. When by faith he laid hold on Christ he sang aloud the praises of God. From that night till the day of his death he continued a follower after righteousness. The morning of his departure at length arrived, and with holy ecstasy he sang,

"Happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God."

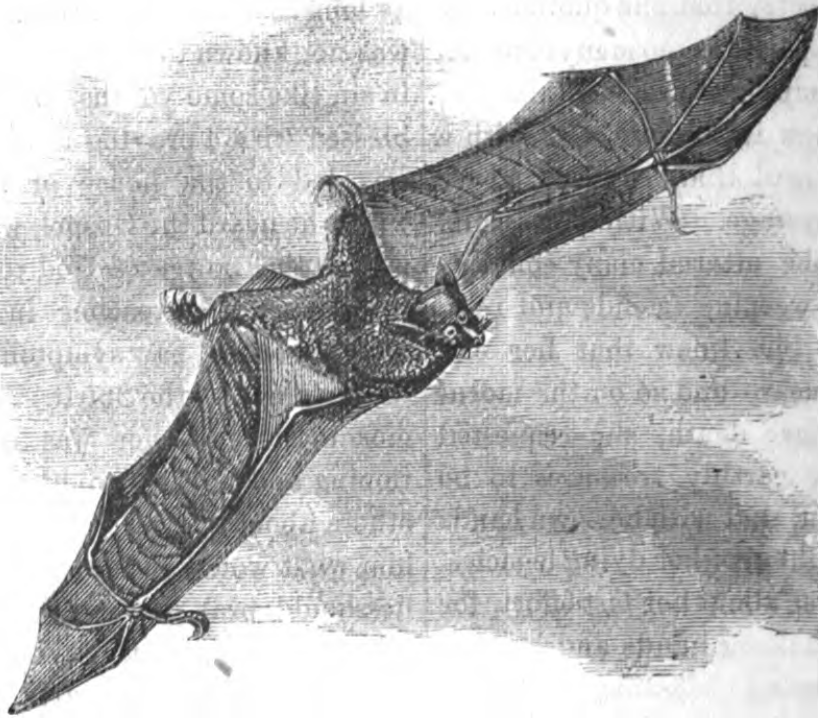
And again,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

His last words were, "All is well; I am going home!"

J. JENNINGS.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE PTEROPUS.

IMMENSE numbers of the Pteropus, or Flying Fox, have made their appearance lately in New South Wales, and in Gipps Land, and committed great ravage among the orchards. Some have also made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, one of which has been shot, and the accompanying engraving has been made from it. A slight description of the Australian Bat may not be unacceptable to our readers. The grey-headed Pteropus, peculiar to the south-east coast, is well known to almost everybody, in particular to farmers and orchard proprietors, on account of its

destructiveness to their fruit trees. During the day time it retreats to some secluded spot away from any habitation, where suspended by one leg and wrapt up in its wing-membrane, it hangs from the branches of the surrounding trees. The fur of the body is rather coarse, and very thin upon the back. That all frugivorous bats are good eating does not appear to be generally known. In their movements the "flying foxes" resemble monkeys or sloths, attaching their large hooked first finger or thumb—which is not joined by a membrane with the others—to almost anything if wishing to progress, and mount-

ing trees or rough walls with equal facility. While feeding they hang by one of the hinder extremities, head downwards, using the other paw to hold their food, and carefully distending the wing-membranes to save any pieces, which may chance to break off, from falling to the ground; they are also furnished with cheek pouches, by which they are enabled to take in large morsels at a time. Of some fruit the juice alone is extracted; but of apples or pears, if thoroughly ripe, they reject the peel only. They never shift their position of head downwards either sleeping or feeding. These bats appear to be restricted to the south-eastern coast line, probably as far as they find banksias and other honey-producing trees, upon the blossoms of which they feed during other seasons. The specimen from which the accompanying was made, was about 3 feet 6 inches from tip to tip of the wings. They have been found as large as 4 feet 3 inches in New South Wales.

Queries and Replies.

GUERNSEY.

REV. SIR,—Seeing that God made the angels holy, and that heaven was free from all iniquity, how was it that sin entered heaven at first? This to me is a great difficulty. D. M. M.

This is a question that has puzzled learned heads for many generations, and though attempts have been made to answer it, they have left the subject as dark as ever. We must regard it as among the secret things that belong to the Lord. See Deut. xxix. 29.

WOLVERHAMPTON.

DEAR SIR,—In reading Amos ii. 6, I find a hard knot which I am not able to untie, and if you will be so kind, you will much oblige—"Thus saith the Lord:

For three transgressions of Israel, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they sold the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes."

An answer to the above when convenient will much oblige.

A PUDDLER.

This passage may be supposed to mean—The transgressions of Israel have been repeated, so that their punishment will not be unjust if severe; for the sins enumerated in the following verses have laid them open to divine chastisement. They have taken bribes to pardon the guilty, and in the absence of bribes have punished the innocent. Silver and clothing, even a pair of shoes, had been used as bribes. Read the whole chapter.

ELY.

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of asking you to be kind enough to explain the former part of the forty-eighth verse of the ninth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. Also the last verse of the last chapter of John and the the first verse of the first chapter of Acts.

A. D.

The text in Luke ix. 48, is parallel to one in Matt. xviii. 1—6. The reader should compare the two texts. The design of our Lord was to teach humility and kindness to his disciples. The words seem to say, whosoever shall be as humble as a child, and shall be kind to my disciples for my sake, is sure to be loved

and received by me. The child is put as a substitute for disciple. The passage in John is figurative, and by a common mode of expression, especially among people in the East, (called *hyperbole*) represents the great number of Christ's wonderful works. Virgil says of a man that he was so tall as to reach the stars—meaning simply he was very tall. See Gen. xi. 4; Num. xiii. 33; Dan. iv. 20. So the first verse of the Acts—does not literally mean *all*, but the principal part. Such modes of expression were common. See Acts xiii. 10; 1 Tim. i. 16; James i. 2; Matt. ii. 3; iii. 5, &c.

Poetry.

THE NEGRO CHILD'S PETITION.

Missi, missi, tink on we,
Toder side de big blue sea,
How we flogg'd, and how we cry,
How we sumtime wish to die!

When we young, and when we weak,
Massa flog, we no dare peak,
If we peak or murmur sigh,
Massa flog till almost die.

Den he clap on hebby chain,
Gib poor neger body pain,
But dat pain, no neer so deep,
As de mem'ry make we weep.

Oh, we member well de day,
Piccaninny* round we play,
Oh, we member well de night
Piccaninny tolen quite.

How we poor heart trob and ache,
How we cry dey almost break;
How we head swim round and round,
How we wish we under ground.

Do, missi, say how tink on we.
Toder side de big blue sea,
Missi pray her massa dear,
Wipe away de neger tear.

Do, dear Missi, plead we cause,
When de Gobnors mak de laws,
Tell dem, pray dem, tink on we,
Beg dem set poor neger free.

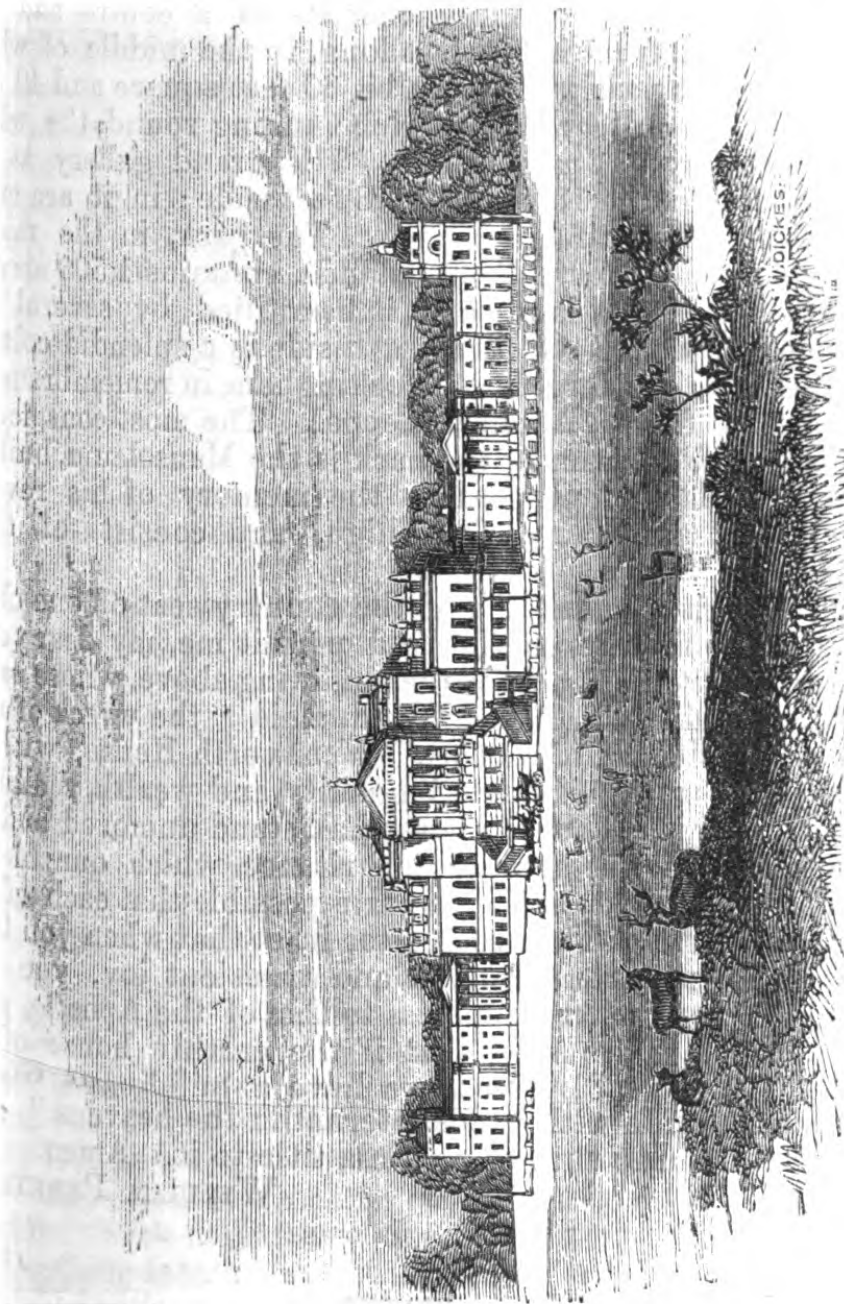
Missi den fill neger eye
Wid de tear brim full ob joy;
And we tongue too short to tell
Half de lub we bosom swell.

De neger for dear Missi pray.
For Massa too de lib-long day,
For fader, broder, ebery friend,
For ebery blessing widout end.

Sent by E. J.

* A child.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



WENTWORTH HOUSE.

Youths' Department.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

(With Engraving.)

WENTWORTH HOUSE—formerly called “Wentworth Woodhouse”—is the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam. It is eight miles N.E. of Sheffield, and four miles N.W. of Rotherham. This magnificent building consists of a centre and two wings. The front is 600 feet long, in the middle of which is an elegant porch. The hall is 60 feet square and 40 feet high, with a gallery 10 feet wide running round, the whole supported by 18 Ionic pillars. The grand gallery at the end of the hall is 130 feet by 18 feet wide; in it are many exquisitely beautiful paintings. The park, in the middle of which Wentworth House stands, contains 1,500 acres of richly variegated land, and is beautified by several fine sheets of water. On the north side is a splendid column, erected by the Marquis of Rockingham in remembrance of his gallant friend, Admiral Keppel. The most conspicuous object on first entering the park is the Mausoleum, built by the late Earl to perpetuate the memory of his revered uncle; it is ninety feet high, and consists of three divisions.

From this brief sketch of the country seat of one of the most noble families in the land, permit me, my dear young friends, to remind you of that building above, whose architect and builder is God. When, amid “the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,” Wentworth House, with all other specimens of human ingenuity and wealth, shall have passed away, the house above shall stand unmoved and uninjured. It is the glorious inheritance which our blessed Redeemer bought, and it is quite possible that each of you may possess it. Then seek after it, so that when you leave this world of certain trouble and transient joy, you may experience a similar happiness to that of the Apostle, when he said, “For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” May God help you at once to obtain a title to it. Amen.

WILLIAM PERKINS.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

THOUGHTFULNESS.

"MEDITATE upon these things," is advice given by the Apostle Paul to Timothy, after having directed the attention of this young minister to certain ministerial duties. Man differs from all other earthly creatures in his possession of powers to meditate on the *past, present, and future.*

The God of the Bible is an intelligent Being—"a God of knowledge"—and a Being possessing infinite wisdom; and angels, who dwell with him in heaven, are intelligent creatures. And he has so constituted human beings on earth that they are capable of reviewing the past, meditating on the present, and contemplating the future.

Man is not only capable of thinking, but the Divine Being has furnished him with themes for meditation. He is therefore responsible not only for the words he utters, but for the thoughts he encourages in his bosom. It is important not only that we endeavour to think, but that we try to think aright—think for our personal benefit, the good of others, and the Divine glory. It is a lamentable fact that, notwithstanding all the intelligence by which we are surrounded, there is a vast amount of mental idleness existing among persons who ought to be actively engaged in the Lord's vineyard instructing the ignorant, and endeavouring, by counsel and example, to make mankind wise unto salvation.

Angels in heaven are ever engaged in thinking of the goodness, wisdom, power, &c., of the Divine Being. Christian believers on earth love to have their thoughts turned towards Him, who is the object of their supreme affection. But with regard to the ungodly, the Book of holy inspiration declares "God is not in all their thoughts." How empty of all that which is good is the natural heart. In such a heart it is no wonder that vain thoughts lodge, and that unbelieving thoughts, proud thoughts, mean thoughts, and uncharitable thoughts are to be found. In such a heart Satan reigns, rules, and has the pre-eminence; here the world lives, and self occupies a very prominent position. What base ingratitude! How cruel, how offensive to a Holy God to be kept out of a temple which his own hands have made, and in which he ought to reign and constantly govern. Such callousness of soul we cannot fully describe, and nothing is more certain than that its possessor will be punished with everlasting burnings, unless this sin be repented of. Long has the Lord Jesus been standing at the

door of the hearts of some of our readers, and saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

O how friendly would Jesus be with mankind if they would allow him a place in their hearts. There he would live, and enable the possessors of those hearts to feel their lives to be hid with Christ in God.

The following are some of the subjects on which our readers should meditate:—

1st.—The Fallen Condition of Mankind.

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "All we like sheep have gone astray." The Scripture hath concluded all under sin. The first act of human transgression was against a holy God, and it was this single act of disobedience, by which sin entered our world, made man a fallen creature, and caused the Divine Being to withdraw his favour. It was not until our first parents had sinned that they were driven out of Paradise, neither were the Jews exiled from the land of promise until they had violated the commandment of the Lord; and have not all our readers been guilty of transgressing the righteous laws of heaven? Let it not be forgotten that sin is still offensive in the sight of God; and "the face of the Lord is set against them that do evil to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth."—Psalm xxxiv. 16. Unless we think, seriously think, on our fallen condition as sinners, there can be no hope of our returning to God, for we shall not see or feel the necessity of seeking pardoning, saving mercy. It is the sick man who sends for a physician; it is the man who feels his position to be a dangerous one who cries out for help. "Consider your ways" is a Divine injunction as binding as ever on the ungodly portion of mankind.

Our thoughts should be exercised on—

2nd.—The Grand Means used by God to restore the World to Himself.

Need we tell our readers that God was manifest in the flesh to destroy the works of the devil? Need we to remind you of the Apostle's statement that "Christ appeared in the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself?" Is it necessary to inform you that the Lord hath laid on him (i.e. Christ) the iniquity of us all? Have you not heard that "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us;" and that "by his stripes we are healed?" Such a subject is

worthy of our thoughts, for it affords joy that is unspeakable, and imparts peace that passeth all understanding. Well might Paul desire that the Ephesians might be "able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Such a subject cannot occupy our minds too frequently. By meditating on this delightful theme, our souls may be inspired by the hallowing, saving love of Christ, and we may be renewed in the spirit of our mind, and thus become new creatures in Christ Jesus. A complete fitness for heaven may be obtained by faith in Christ. Do you ask what saving faith in Christ is? We reply it is to come to Christ, to receive Christ, to trust in Christ, to look to Christ; such faith has to do with the affections as well as with the understanding; it affects the heart as well as the head; for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." And

"All the fitness Christ requires
Is to feel your need of Him."

He died for your offences; you must feel sorry for your sin. He paid the debt you had contracted, and it remains for you to believe in his sacrificial death; it is this faith that lays hold of God in Christ. By faith we are justified; by faith we are sanctified. "This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent," and "he that believeth hath the witness in himself;" and

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below."

It is begun within them, and it is visible in their lives.

Again, we should meditate on

3rd.—*The all-important Duty of Man to seek to Glorify God in the Present Life.*

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify."

Whatever our position in life may be, we are inexcusable if we neglect to seek to glorify God. How apt are the vast majority of mankind to seek their own glory. How common it is to hear persons boast of what they have done for the spread of the gospel, and for the spiritual elevation of mankind. They give not God the glory for having put them in possession of the means to help on the gospel chariot. All honour to those who do anything for the promotion of Divine truth and the good of man: but we should

ever aim to give all the praise where it is due. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us," &c.—Psalm cxv. 1. If neighbourhoods are improved by our efforts, if churches are multiplied by our endeavours, let God have all the glory. "He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord."—2 Cor. x. 17. Christ has set us the noble example of doing all for the glory of God. In his visit to earth, in all his sufferings, and in his death, this was his aim. Surely, then, we should seek to glorify him by our thoughts, and all our actions. Let him be *first, middle, and last*. Prayerfully meditate on these subjects. May we be among that honourable class of persons referred to in Psalm i. 2, who meditate in God's law day and night.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 95.)

LET us now consider the circumstances of Paul's visit to Athens. His first thought seems to have been to wait for Silas and Timothy; however, as a careful observer, he went about the city, to make himself acquainted with it. As he thus explored it he saw too many evidences of the sad fact that with all their excellences the proud Athenians were debased and cursed by the foulest idolatry. Wherever he went in this great city priests, temples, and gods abounded. From the Parthenon, the grand temple of Minerva, in which was a statue of the goddess, one of the masterpieces of Phidias, down to the meanest place of devotion in which the Pagans worshipped, Paul, as he went about the city, could not fail to see the practices and effects of Athenian Polytheism. Who can wonder that his spirit should be stirred within him at what he saw, a large, wealthy, and populous city, "wholly given to idolatry." Now he cannot wait for the arrival of his companions and helpers, the brave Paul will begin his mission, all unfriended and alone.

First he goes to the synagogue of the Jews and preaches Christ to his fellow-countrymen and the proselytes worshipping there. But this sphere is not quite public enough, so that in the market as well he is found disputing and preaching in his own peculiar style. The appearance and preaching of this singular man soon attracted attention in Athens. "And certain philosophers of the Epicureans and Stoics encountered him."

The Epicureans were a school of philosophers founded

by Epicurus, who flourished about 300 years before Christ. Epicurus taught that the happiness of mankind consists in pleasure, not such as arises from sensual gratification, but from the enjoyments of the mind and the sweets of virtue. His followers, however, degenerated, and taught that pleasure is the chief good, and that even virtue is subordinate to it. Practically they became atheists, denying the existence of the gods or of a future state. Quite naturally they were a sensual and dissipated race. The Stoics were the followers of Zeno of Citium. This was undoubtedly a great man, a great moralist, and a great philosopher. He taught a school of philosophy at Athens, and died 264 B.C. The Stoics after Zeno's death became a sect of fatalists, holding that the gods as well as men were bound over by fate. Luke informs us that some of the philosophers of these sects encountered Paul in dispute. "And some said, What will this babbler say?" implying, of course, contempt for both the apostle and his doctrine. "Some said, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods, because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." The setting forth of strange gods was expressly forbidden, both at Rome and at Athens.

Out of the plain on which Athens was built there grew several abrupt hills. One of these was the famous Acropolis. Adjoining it and somewhat lower, was Mars' hill, on which in the open-air was held the solemn court of Areopagus. Its judges consisted of the most learned, most religious, and most just men of Athens, and its judgments were of such impartiality, dignity, and wisdom, as to win universal respect. The Areopagites had charge of the public laws and morals, tried all causes relating to murder, immorality, or idleness, and especially had the care of the public religion, and visited with severe punishment all blasphemy of the gods. To this august and learned tribunal was Paul brought apparently on the charge that he was a setter forth of strange gods, which, if proved against him, would have involved him in a serious penalty. Paul seems to have been forcibly brought to the Areopagus, but whether as a criminal does not appear. The record simply states, "And they took him and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears, we would know therefore what these things mean." Acts xvii. 19, 20. Among those who brought Paul "unto Areopagus," we may fairly suppose that some were opposers and some inquirers. However, it seems to have been the opinion of the people who heard

Paul in the market, that if he was about to introduce a new religion, the Areopagus was the place at which to explain its tenets, and that as the judges of that solemn court had charge of the public religion, it was nothing but right that they should hear of this new doctrine. So now was Paul brought to the Areopagus.

Mars' hill, on which the Court of the Areopagites sat, was a rocky elevation almost in the centre of the city, and commanded a wide range of prospect. The eye looked around on scenery rarely equalled—above, around, below, were works and wonders of polished art—statues, altars, temples, halls—the glorious scenes of nature—mountains, islands, and seas. Here, at last, in the proud city of Athens, and before its grave and venerable court on Mars' hill, stands our heroic apostle. But besides the judges of Areopagus, there are present undoubtedly a large concourse of Athenian gossipers; for Athens was a gossiping place. We have the testimony of Luke and also of its own historians to this fact. The spirit of gossiping curiosity is very excitable, and is readily aroused. Hence the interest in Paul's new doctrine. He is required then to explain his tenets of belief on Mars' hill. His soul has previously been stirred within him at the sight of Athenian idolatry. He has preached Christ in the Jewish synagogue and in the public market. Now he is brought to Mars' hill, and is required to bear his testimony there. O wise, O wondrous Paul! Had some impulsive, rash, or obtrusive men been placed in his circumstances on this occasion, what sad work they would have made of it. Not so Paul. With what respectfulness, caution, and wisdom he begins his address: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are greatly addicted to religious practices;" (not ye are "too superstitious," but very much given to the worship of divinities)—"everything shews you to be a very religious people." Thus Paul wisely pays to his learned audience a truthful and a graceful compliment. How well it is to treat respectfully those whom we may have to address. It opens both their ears and their hearts to our communications. And with what wonderful skill Paul proceeds with the matter of his discourse.

Having complimented his Athenian hearers on their religious practices, he proceeds in a strain somewhat like this:—"While I as stranger was contemplating the religious edifices and the objects of worship with which your magnificent city so remarkably abounds, I observed that besides the many known divinities worshipped among you, you have erected an altar to the unknown God. Him to

whose honour your own city has reared an altar, and whom ye unknowingly worship, I am come to declare unto you." O the wisdom and the skill of this address, associating the Athenians as the apostle does with that God he has come to declare, and thus at once doing away with the charge that he was "a setter forth of strange gods."

Next follows a striking disquisition on the nature and attributes of this their unknown God. Him he declared Lord of heaven and earth, dwelling not in a temple made with hands, yet giving to all life, breath, and every good thing. One of the Grecian poets is quoted in proof of one of the apostle's sentiments, viz., Aretas of Cilicia, or Cleanthes, in his hymn to Jupiter. Having asserted that God is Lord of all, and Maker of the universe, he next strikes with a blow of terrific force at the folly and wickedness of idolatry. This Paul does in presence of the grave court of Areopagus, and within sight of the splendid temple of Minerva, the guardian goddess of Athens, glittering on the top of the adjoining Acropolis. Having denounced idolatry, he tells his hearers that "the times of this ignorance God winked at" in the past, but that a new dispensation has come, and that now "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." This done he informs them of the last judgment in which every man must "give account of himself unto God." The effects of this powerful oration were various. "Some mocked; others said, We will hear thee again of this matter;" but thank God "certain men clave unto him and believed, among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." Acts xvii. 34. It is probable, however, that the converts on this occasion were not by any means numerous. Nevertheless, it is pleasing to know that a church was planted at Athens in connection with the apostle's visit, and that that church still lives.

W. M. B.

THE TWO VOICES.

AN old man once lived alone in a hut on the side of a mountain in Germany. The path which led to it was steep and stony; it might easily have been made smoother by a little trouble, but trouble is what some people don't like, and so the stones remained, just as they lay when the winter storm had washed them out of the sides of the hill years ago. Yet it was worth the pains of climbing the hill, in spite of the rough path; for when you got to the old man's door, and turned round, you could see for miles

and miles ; and when the day was hot, and the soft mists spread over the distance in a blue haze, it was more lovely than words can tell.

Still there may be two opinions about most things ; for one day, when a stranger ventured to express his delight, old Simon muttered that he "wondered how people would like to have the fog all up to their doors, and down their chimneys, as he had many a day ; for his part he thought that sort of blue haze any thing but pretty."

Now, above the cottage stood a pine tree ; it was old and crooked, bent with weight of snow in winters long gone by, and twisted by its struggles with the mountain wind. Some thought there was a likeness between the tree and its master, and pretended that it was an old relation of his, whom, for his misdeeds, the witches had turned into a pine ; and they said, when the wind was high, they could hear a moaning voice coming out of the branches. But that was all fancy, you know.

However, a voice the tree had sure enough. It was the voice of a black raven, whose cage was hung on the lowest branch, just above the old man's door. "Croak, croak," would it keep on hour after hour, sometimes in a most dismal tone. The cowherd's children, who went by night and morning on their way to and from their home in the valley, were quite afraid of him, and as soon as they came within hearing of his voice, they would set off running as fast as their legs could carry them, not caring for the steep hill or the stones, till they were out of sight of the raven's tree.

Now, Simon had a little grandson, a blue-eyed, yellow-haired child, like many other German boys. His name was Fritz. He was very friendly with the cowherd's children. They went to the same school, and often when lessons were over they would set off up the mountain together, their wooden clogs making a fine clatter up the steep path. But when the other boys heard the hoarse "croak, croak," of the raven, and began to run away, as they always did, little Fritz stayed behind, because he wasn't afraid of it, and, besides, he came on purpose to see his grandfather. Still he was very sorry that they would not come too. He thought he should like them to stop and play with him in the old man's hut ; and he had tried many times to coax the raven to be quiet, by giving him bits of maple-sugar and cake. But it was of no use, the raven would croak.

"Well, grandfather, how are you to-day?" said Fritz one morning.

"Bad enough, all alone up here," replied Simon gruffly.

"Don't anybody come here ever?" asked Fritz.

"Not they, indeed."

Fritz was silent. At last he said, "Grandfather, I think it is the raven; if you would only send him away, or keep him quiet, I think the people wouldn't mind coming. I know the boys would stop, and then you wouldn't be so lonely."

"Send the raven away, indeed! Why, he's the only friend I've got. No, old Simon's not such a fool as that."

Fritz said no more, and presently he went home.

It was a lovely autumn morning sometime after, the golden leaves were bright on the trees, and the dew of the early frost lay like thousands of diamonds on every blade of grass. The cow-bells were sounding far away on the hills, like silver music, when little Fritz, with sweeter music in his heart, went up the mountain. He had something in his hand, covered over with a handkerchief. Presently he came to the old hut under the pine tree. How rough and harsh sounded the "croak, croak" of the raven! It seemed the only discord in the harmony of peace. Fritz opened the door of the hut, and called out joyfully, "Grandfather, dear, I've brought you a new friend;" and, drawing off the handkerchief, he displayed in a wicker cage a snow-white dove. "Coo! coo!" said the dove, and happy tears stood in little Fritz's eyes. Many a silver penny had he saved up to get it.

"Now, grandpapa!" said he, "take my dove, and let me have the raven."

The old man was hard to persuade at first. He said he liked the raven's voice better than the dove's; that his own bird knew him, and the dove was strange, and too white to be pretty; but at last he said, "Yes," and the boy joyfully hung up the new cage in the tree, and ran away quickly down the hill with the old raven. He was terribly frightened at his burden though, and as soon as he was out of sight he placed the cage on the ground, opened the door and let the black bird fly away into the forests, listening joyfully as the sound of its "croak, croak" died away in the distance.

Well, months passed by, and a change came over the old man's hut. It was as if the silvery "coo, coo" of the dove were a note of love on the dreary mountain. First of all the children stopped to see it, and the old man began to talk to them, and thus by degrees gentler and kinder

thoughts gained admission into his heart. Then, on a Sunday sometimes a neighbour would come up from the valley and have a chat, and at last old Simon himself ventured down now and then to return the call. If you looked into his face you could see something like the new dawn of a day of rest. Old hard lines were getting softer; old harsh tones were getting sweeter. Thanks, Fritz, for the friend you brought him. The "coo" of the dove has been stronger than the "croak" of the raven.

In our own homes we sometimes keep a favourite, but I would rather, like little Fritz, carry away all the ravens, and let them fly into the black forests, and I would seek for the gentle doves, that I might have friends around me and peace in my own heart.

Rather than the cross voice, I would choose the voice of love.—*Extracted from the "Christian World," by*
Portadown. J. YOUNG.

OUR SCHOOL SONG.

SOME years since I took part in a Tonic Solfa Singing Festival at the Crystal Palace, near London. There I first heard the joyous tune put to these words, and loving the tune for its melody, I was induced to alter some of the lines, and fit it for our Sabbath School. I thus changed the patriotic hymn of America to the hymn for our schools. Other places have used it, and put their own name in it, and thus the boys and girls have often sung the truthful stanzas here placed before you.

If the man who loves his country can sing—

"Before all lands in east or west,
 I love my native land the best ;—"

the teacher and scholar ought to sing—

"Before all schools in east or west,
 I love my own dear school the best."

If we love our Sabbath Schools, we shall be glad to be there,

"Though cold the blast may blow,
 Heaping high the snow."

And what a difference would it make if all who say they love their school would shew it by being early there, ready to welcome their teachers.

There are little children who not only love to come to

school, but who dearly love the hymns they sing, and these are learning and fixing sweet truths and melodies in their hearts that time will never rub entirely out.

They can unite and sing with me—

“Before all songs in east or west,
I love the hymns we sing the best—
They point the way to heaven;
Teachers and children take their part,
And when we sing with joyous heart,
We raise the songs of heaven.”

Happy are you, my little friends, if you have teachers who learn and love the cheering songs now spreading through the country, and who have left the steady old tunes, like the Old Hundredth, in their music books at home, there to remain till the Chapel Service comes again. I would you had always the tunes and hymns you love—hymns of heaven and Christ—hymns and tunes that speak of joys to come, and glory, glory, glory. In this life the pleasure of loving and serving God, and in the world to come the bliss that never ends; it is, my dear reader, just what you sing—

“Religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while you live,”

and when you die. ♣

I hope you love your teacher. I am sure you will if she is always punctual and kind, gives you cheery words and no hard knocks. You should love your teachers; and if you can say and do as I once saw and heard a little girl, it will be a good sign. She met her superintendent one evening going to the chapel, and she clasped his hands and said, “O I love you so!” Dear child, she is now grown up, or has ceased to live. If she loved her Saviour, Jesus, it will be well with her in time or eternity.

Every nation has its National Anthem; we have two—God Save the Queen, and Rule Britannia. Every school should have its tune or anthem, and this is ours; in conclusion—

“To every school I give my hand,
My heart I give our Sabbath band;
Who seek my good, my glory:
I honour every teacher true;
Esteem, who keep the prize in view;
My teachers love, who love me.”

OUR SCHOOL SONG.



Be - fore all Schools in east or west, I



*love my Sabbath School the best, with God's best gift 'tis



teeming, No gold or jew - els here are found, But



youth with pre-cious souls a-bound, and eyes of joy are



gleaming, and eyes of joy are gleaming.

* In singing this hymn, any School may use its own name, as that of the compiler has done, and often with a pleasing effect, thus—

"I love 'THE MILES STREET' School the best."

Before all songs in East or West,
I love the hymns we sing the best
They point the way to heaven:
Teachers and children take their part,
And when we sing with joyous heart,
We raise the songs of heaven.

Before all teachers, East or West,
I love my Sabbath friends the best—
Christians of noble spirit!

They think of me with generous heart
They live and love, yet would they part,
With all, and bliss inherit.

To every School I give my hand,
My heart I give our Sabbath band,
Who seek my good—my glory:
I honour every teacher true;
Esteem, who keep the prize in view:
My teachers love, who love me.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON XIII.—ON CAIN AND ABEL.

Read Genesis iv.

We have here a brief but remarkable history of the first family of mankind. Adam had probably many sons and daughters during his long life, but we have the names of only three—Cain, Abel, and Seth; and of these one was a murderer, another a martyr, and the other the father of a pious posterity. How awfully prolific is sin! how soon its deadly virulence spreads! (James i. 15).

The Sacrifices.—Read again vs. 3–5. Cain's offering was rejected, Abel's was accepted. Yet God is no respecter of persons; there must, therefore, have been some great and important difference in the character of these two brothers and their offerings. Paul gives us the key to the explanation (Heb. xi. 4). Here we see the distinction was one of principle—*faith*. But faith in what? Not in God's existence; for if Cain, as well as Abel, had not believed in God's existence he would not have worshipped him; but he had no faith in God's covenant of redemption. His offering proved this. He presented the fruits of the earth only—acknowledging God as the Creator, but not as the Saviour; presenting a tribute of thanksgiving,

but not one of penitence; he recognized providence, but not the covenant of mercy: proofs these, that he was self-righteous, hard-hearted, and full of unbelief. He was, indeed, either a Deist or a proud rejecter of God's revelation of mercy; and because he thus rejected God, he and his offering were rejected of God.

Sin lieth at the Door, ver. 7.—Sin means here "a sin offering" (see 2 Cor. v. 21). Though God rejected Cain, yet he mercifully sought to convince him of his error, showing him both the cause of his rejection and the way by which he might still draw near with acceptance. "See, an animal for a sin offering lieth at the door; it is subject to thy power; take that, and offer it in humble, penitent reliance, and thou shalt find mercy."

Abel's sacrifice was presented by faith. Animal sacrifices had been ordained by God, and Abel complied with God's requirement. Here was *humble submission*. In the violent death of the animal Abel confessed his own deserving of death as a sinner. Here was *penitence*. In presenting a slaughtered victim, he saw a type of Him whose heel, or human nature, was to be

bruised for him. Here was *faith* in God's covenant, and dependence, not on himself, but in the promised seed for salvation. Abel's sacrifice being thus right in itself, and offered with right dispositions of heart, was accepted of God.

Mode of manifesting God's Approval or Disapproval.—The approval of Abel's sacrifice and the disapproval of Cain's were evident to them both; for "Cain was wroth" because of his rejection, and Abel "obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts" (ver. 5, and Heb. xi. 4). The manifestation was either visible or audible, for such were given in after ages (Gen. xv. 17, 18; 1 Kings xviii. 38, 39). Probably when Abel had finished his devotions, a scintillation of fire was sent from the excellent glory, which consumed his sacrifice; while the offering of Cain lay neglected and disapproved on the altar; and the voice of God proclaimed, also, from the radiant cloud the approval of the one and the rejection of the other.

The Martyrdom.—Read ver. 8. Thus unbelief led to murder,

but faith sustained the martyr. Unbelief engendered enmity against God, and ere long the same enmity was directed against his own brother. Enmity indulged led to murder—the murder of one who claimed his love as a brother and his reverence as a saint (1 John iii. 12). We see from this that unbelief contains the germ of every other sin. He that rejects Christ is surely in danger of crimes he would shudder to name.

God judged the murderer, but he blended mercy with judgment (vs. 9—16). What is meant by setting a mark on Cain? (ver. 15). The Hebrew means not a mark set on him, but a sign given to him; some sign or token that no one should kill him for his crime, but that he should have time for repentance. It does not appear, however, that he did repent; for we hear no more of him except that he devoted himself to secular things—building cities and acquiring possessions; and from him sprang a clever but wicked progeny—cultivating the arts, but neglecting and despising God.

PARABLE OF THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

Read Matthew xxi. 33—46.

INTRODUCTORY.—On the day next after that on which Jesus had vindicated the sacredness and purity of the temple, he taught the people assembled there by parables. The authority

with which he drove out the traders was called in question, ver. 23; but the questioners were baffled by the inquiry put to them, ver. 25—27. One of our Lord's parables on this occasion showed the objectors the emptiness of their professions of doing God's will. This parable was followed, perhaps immediately, by that which is selected as the lesson for this afternoon. This parable will be found also, with little variation, in Mark xii. 1—12, and in Luke xx. 9—19.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 33. *A certain householder*—a man of substance, who held land, and had a number of servants. What the householder is described as doing for the vineyard may indicate the greatness and value of the blessings God bestows, and of which He expects a faithful improvement. A similar thought will be found, Isa. v. 1—7.

v. 34. *Time of the fruit*—The vintage was generally a joyous occasion, inasmuch as vines were a principal article of revenue.

v. 35. *Beat—killed—stoned*—words indicating the persecutions to which the servants of God in all former ages had been subjected.

v. 36. *More*—superior to. God's dealings with his ancient people betokened, as ages ran on, more and more of clearness in

the instructions given, and the opportunities vouchsafed.

v. 37. *His son*—the heir of his property, whose authority was next to his own. The Saviour marks the great distinction which placed him above prophets and former messengers.

v. 38. *Seize on*—This was the climax of the servants' wickedness. The conduct of the people to Jesus Christ was the climax of their long-continued iniquity.

v. 41. *Miserably destroy*—put them to death with severe tortures. The scribes and Pharisees, in giving this answer, missed, or pretended to miss, the point of the parable, and its application to themselves.

v. 42. *The stone*—This quotation is taken from the psalm which had been quoted the day before, in the shouts of welcome to Jesus, and was intended to show the application of the parable to the people, some of whose rulers Jesus was now addressing, Psa. cxviii. 22, 23.

v. 44, 45. The reference in ver. 42 to the corner stone suggests the consequences of the treatment Christ was receiving at the hands of the scribes and Pharisees. They were offended, or stumbled at the lowliness of his circumstances. This was a great evil to them—*shall be broken*. But their rejection of him would carry in it their entire ruin—*grind him to powder*.

NOTE.—It has been said, though perhaps without good foundation, that criminals were punished by being struck, as they stood on the edge of a platform or on a precipice, so that they fell. If the blow and the fall killed them, nothing more was done; if not, a heavy stone was thrown upon them to smash and despatch them.

v. 46. *Feared the multitude*—durst not incur the hazard of a riot. The people generally were in favour of Jesus; perhaps the more so, because he dealt so faithfully with the rulers.

EXPOSITORY.—*First.* GREAT PRIVILEGES.

Jesus intended to set forth in this parable the conduct and approaching doom of those whom he was addressing, but in such a manner as to obtain from them an acknowledgment of the justice of that doom. The comparison with a vineyard is frequent in scripture, Isa. v. 1—7; Psa. lxxx. 15; and as vineyards were taken great care of by their owners, so great care had been taken of the Jewish people. They were defended. Their position was in every respect favourable. They had among them the best means of instruction.

We should remember that, whatever of this kind had been done by God for His ancient people, has been exceeded in what He has done for us. Mira-

cles have not interposed on our behalf; but we have truth from God shining amongst us with clearer lustre than it shone amongst them. Christ is proclaimed to us as the object of faith, love, service. What God would have us do is clearly made known, Isa. xxviii. 10. What are our sabbaths, our means of grace, but privileges? *Be thankful for the privileges God gives to you. Seek to understand the instructions with which you are favoured.*

Secondly. REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

The owner of the vineyard, when he let it out to husbandmen, had a right to look for the fulfilment of the conditions under which they held it. The vineyard was his; he had parted with it on these terms. He made no claim till the fruit was ripe; and when he did make the claim, he gave due notice. The tenants did not complain of the expectation, under which the notice was sent to them.

All this remarkably exhibits God's dealings with His ancient people. They were expected to yield the fruits of faith, love, obedience.

Nor does the parable less exhibit what is expected from us. If pains be taken to instruct us, it is that we should become wise. If our sin is set forth, it is that we may repent; and if

its consequences are presented, it is that we may shake off the sin, and avoid the consequences. If Christ be presented to us as the Saviour, the only Saviour, able and willing to deliver us from woe, and to bestow upon us holiness and happiness, it is that we may believe in him, and seek grace at his hands.

God's authority, God's grace, and our own welfare, render the expectation of such fruit just and natural. Can any reason be given why the expectation should be disappointed? *What return are we making for the privileges we enjoy?*

Thirdly. GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

In the treatment which God's messengers, the prophets, received from the Jews there was very much wickedness. Those messengers suffered. Jeremiah was beaten and imprisoned, Jer. xx. 2; xxxvii. 15; Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, was stoned, even in the temple, 2 Chron. xxiv. 20, 21.

Still God did not abandon His people; and, last of all, He sent His Son, on whom their greatest crime was perpetrated.

These things seldom find an illustration in what is now done to

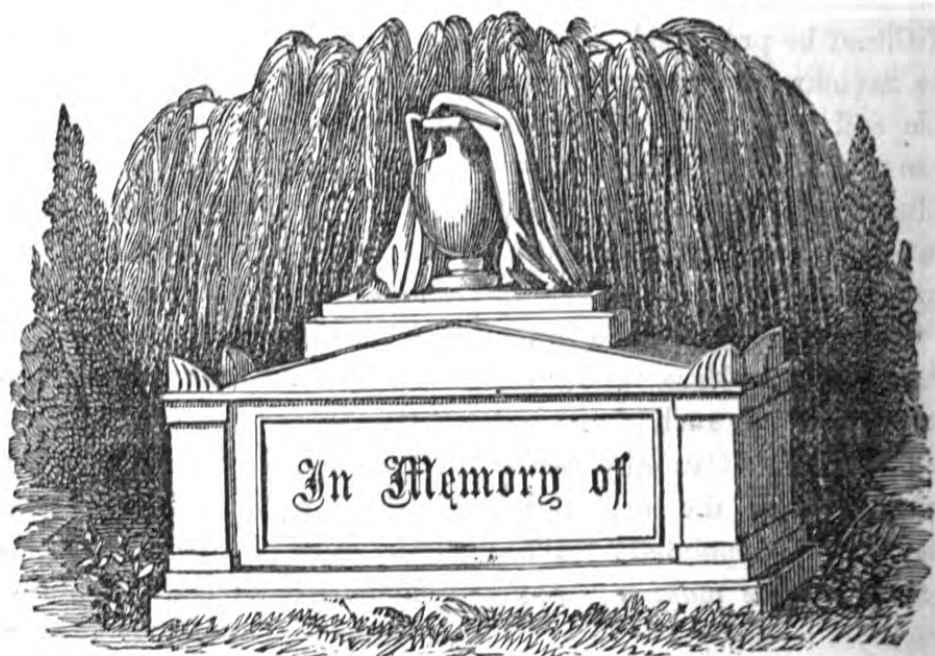
the servants of God. But still the neglect of God's word is like the conduct of the Jewish people. Its messages are sent for our good. They require of us nothing unreasonable. There is great forbearance, as well as great love, in continuing them to us. *Never think to blame and condemn the Jews, while you overlook yourselves.*

Fourthly. TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

The wicked husbandmen were to be destroyed. And soon the Jews were destroyed by the Romans, God's instruments of punishment. Privileges were taken away. They had abused these privileges, and were consequently given up to their own hardness of heart, Rom. xi. 8—10; 1 Thess. ii. 15.

It is remarkable that the scribes and Pharisees justified the treatment they were themselves to receive, ver. 41. *Conscience will approve of God's judgments on the impenitent neglecters of His mercy. The doom of such neglecters will be awful beyond description; and it will be equally just. Escape this terrible doom while you may.*

Juvenile Biography.



MARTHA ANN, the beloved daughter of Henry and Margaret KNOWLES, who departed this life December 25th, 1863, aged nineteen years. The subject of these lines was born at Tadcaster, and was taken early to the house of God. Consequently her attachment thereto became strong and abiding. Her demeanour, both in and out of the means of grace, was both admirable and graceful. She was instructed from childhood to contribute to the institutions of religion, to accomplish which she was disposed to make any sacrifice.

Martha Ann was naturally lively, but there was a prudence connected with the manner of manifesting her cheerfulness, which rendered it agreeable rather than otherwise. This

feature in her life became more attractive when she realised the evidence of saving grace, which occurred after several hours' struggle, on the morning of December 1st, 1855. She had often been deeply impressed prior to this, and had wept much on account of the depravity of her nature, but what had been said to her by a local brother in a prayer meeting held in the school room, Driffeld, led her, after she had retired to rest, to weep. On being asked the cause, she replied with deep emotion, "I was just thinking that if I were to die before morning I should not go to heaven." She was at once advised to pray, being assured that her prayer would be both heard and answered; but although she had been taught

from infancy to repeat prayers, she felt at that time as if she could not pray; but by the aid of her mother, directing her to the penitent's promise, "Come unto me all ye that labour," &c., and also "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," the attempt was made, and the blessing of pardon obtained between two and three o'clock in the morning; and such was the joy she felt that she shouted so as to be heard by the neighbours. Her father being at this time from home, on his return he was made acquainted with the fact, and the part she took in the family devotions was sufficient to satisfy him that the change effected was real, for it was no longer the repeating of prayers, but there was evidently a lifting up of the soul to God, with simplicity and fervour: and it is pleasing to observe that no sooner had she found peace herself than she began earnestly to pray for her brother and sister. In about a fortnight the latter, who was older than herself, found peace through believing. Martha Ann at once united with the people of God, contributed her penny per week and sixpence at the renewal of the tickets, and though but eleven years of age she did credit to her profession. Brother Thos. Jackson, of Driffeld, was her first leader, who with herself would spend last Christmas day

with a company such as earth does not possess, as they both died near the same hour.

The strength of the subject of this memoir not being equal to her growth, symptoms of weakness and debility became clearly visible. After our removal to Pocklington indications of weakness still existing, medical aid was procured and seeming relief experienced. In this and other stations to which her father has been appointed she laboured diligently with her needles for the benefit of the missionary basket, and while residing in this town she diligently read and found unspeakable interest from the biographical sketches furnished in the large and Juvenile Magazines, so that she was often enabled to "desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Indeed her passion for reading the Juvenile periodical was such as to cause her often to say that "If I live to be a woman I shall always take them."

On her removal to Retford in 1860 she felt desirous of doing a little towards promoting the interest of her fellow creatures, and hence she commenced teaching in the Sabbath school, and she often felt blessed while endeavouring to impress on the minds of the children the necessity of serving the Lord in their youth, but owing to a return of indisposition she was obliged

to relinquish the duty. She was very desirous to attend all the means of grace, and therefore often went when she was scarcely able, but being frequently blessed by the lively singing and faithful preaching, her countenance as well as her life often declared—

"I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

Her aversion to anything that tended to irreligion was such that she would not suffer her eyes to behold vanity, for she said that even to look on the vain amusements around was giving countenance to them, which in "her opinion was not pleasing in the sight of the Lord."

On March 10th, 1863, when the Prince of Wales was married, while tens of thousands rejoiced on that memorable occasion, it was the lot of this dear child of God to suffer; for on the morning of that day symptoms of death appeared, in a profuse bleeding from the lungs, but the means used, attended by the blessing of God, tended to prolong her life. A sea side station being strongly recommended by her medical attendant, the district meeting held at Barton-upon-Humber, 1863, kindly complied with the request of the Bridlington Circuit officials, and appointed her father to that station.

When we had got settled at Bridlington, every advantage was taken to procure the benefit of the sea air, and for a few weeks her strength was somewhat recruited, but alas! we were again obliged to call in the aid of the doctor, who when he had made his observations, stated that the disease had taken so deep a root as to render any means unavailing. This intelligence she received with a meekness worthy of her position. She had been for a few times able to attend the house of God, and had got once to her class; but she deplored being so far from the sanctuary, as it rendered it impracticable for her to attend as often as she would have liked. She took to her bed on Sunday, December 6th, from which time to the day of her departure she was attentively watched over by her parents and sister, for which she gave the clearest evidence of her high appreciation. The manner of her asking God's blessing on anything she was about to receive, even to a drink of cold water, was impressive and affecting. On one of the days when her father was sitting with her, she said, "Father, I hope that when you die, you will have some one to attend on you in your dying hour. The Lord has spared you to see my dying day, at least to the present." She said, "I mean, mother and sister as well. Nay,

indeed, the whole of you." The father having replied by saying, "Yes; he doubted not but they should," she said, "That will do. Now let me think, for I often get a great deal of good by thinking; for Satan wants so often to perplex me, that I have to think so deep before I can get good, and conquer him, which the Lord knows I want to do. For you know, father, it is only through Jesus that I can conquer." She paid special attention to the reading of the Scriptures and secret prayer, but she felt now somewhat inconvenienced by being confined to her bed, for it had been a rule with her for several years to retire at three o'clock in the afternoon for reading and prayer; and so familiar was she with the sacred volume that she might almost be regarded as a living concordance, for if a passage of Scripture was at any time applied for by any member of the family, she, with little trouble, was mostly able to find it. It was her custom to take her Bible with her on retiring to rest, and in the morning she would read for hours while others were taking their rest; and when advised not to do so for fear it should injure her health, she would reply by saying, "I cannot sleep, and I had better do that than lie doing nothing." It would be difficult to state what this dear candidate

for the skies had to grapple with from the enemy of her soul. He assailed her from various points, but he gained nothing by his crafty attempts, for they only induced her to look with stronger confidence to Him who had promised that "in every temptation he would make a way for her escape."

She received considerable comfort by repeating the Lord's prayer, for her manner of repeating it was such as was seldom heard; it was not a mere repetition of it, but she really prayed. On the morning before her demise, her mother and sister being unavoidably engaged, she said, "Father, we we have not had prayer this morning." "No," replied her father, "but when mother is at liberty, we will attend to that duty." "Very well," she said, "but you and I can pray." We did so, she closing with the Lord's prayer. When she had done so, she said, "Something tells me that I have done wrong." "Why?" said her father. "Because I prayed so short." On being told that she lacked strength, "Well," she said, "but there was in that prayer which Christ gave to his disciples all that I need. And I meant and believed every word of it in my heart." - While confined to her bed she often desired the Scriptures to be read, and when asked

if she had any choice, she would say, "Any part where it states what Jesus did." And when unable to hold the Bible herself she would ask for it to be held that she might read a portion herself, seldom omitting to read the heading of the chapter, as well as the chapter itself. She had a particular taste for poetry, and was often blessed while repeating in her mind—

"Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine :
And lo, from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name." &c.

About eleven o'clock in the evening preceding her removal from earth, she calmly and deliberately said, "Father, I have got it into my head that I shall die to-morrow." "Well," replied her father, "the Lord's will be done." "Yes," she said. Being told that she would soon be in heaven, "Yes," said she, "through Jesus." She now requested that a Psalm should be read, at the close of which the Christmas singers stood nearly opposite the house, and sweetly sang—

"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.
And when repeating the last two lines of the second verse—

"Then into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last,"

the afflicted one replied with an emphasis such as could only be employed by one who was just at the landing place of the heavenly port:—"Amen! thank the Lord." After this she wished to be placed on her knees, that she might once more worship her God in that attitude in which she had spent so many hours before the throne of his heavenly grace, and in which she had taken such great delight. When she was told that it was more than she could bear, she replied, "Very well, I must pray as I can." About half-past one o'clock she calmly said, "I think I am dying." She was told that the last enemy that should be destroyed was death, she said, "Yes." The last word she was heard to articulate was "Jesus," and without a struggle did this saint of God, prepared for heaven through faith in the atonement made by Christ, pass through death to join the angels who sang at the Redeemer's birth. May all who read these lines, as well as those related by nature's tie, who do not "sorrow as those without hope," but whose feelings may be better imagined than described, meet her at the right hand of the Father of lights. Amen.

HENRY KNOWLES.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE ECONOMIC RAT

Shows great skill and perseverance in the formation of its granaries, which consist of a number of little caverns about a foot in diameter, and arched at the top; the chambers are connected with each other by numerous galleries or tunnels, and are filled with their winter stores, consisting of roots and plants of various descriptions; it is the business of the females, during the summer months, to bring out these stores frequently, when the sun shines, and expose them to its rays, to prevent their becoming mouldy.

These little creatures will sometimes, from some cause

which is not yet thoroughly explained, undertake long and laborious journeys. Pallas has well described the march of their numerous hordes: "They gather together about the spring season, in surprising numbers, and proceed in a direct course westward, occasionally swimming with the utmost intrepidity, over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea. During these perilous journeys, some are drowned, and others destroyed by water-fowl, fish, &c. Those that escape rest for a while to bask in the sun and refresh themselves, and then again set out on their migration. It is said that the inhabitants of Kamtschatka, when they happen

to find them in this fatigued situation, treat them with the utmost tenderness, and endeavour, by every possible method, to refresh and restore them to vigour. Indeed, none of the smaller animals are so much esteemed by the natives as these; since to their labours they owe many a delicious meal, robbing their hoards in autumn, and leaving there some kind of provision in return, accompanied by some ridiculous presents by way of amends for the theft.

"As soon as the migrating host of these animals has crossed the river Penschim, at the head of the gulf of that name, it turns

southward, and reaches the rivers Judoma and Ochot about the middle of July; traversing in this manner many hundreds of miles.

"The flocks during this time are so numerous that an observer has waited two hours to see them all pass. Their return to Kamtschatka is in October, and is attended with the utmost festivity and welcome on the part of the natives, who consider their arrival as a sure prognostic of a successful chase and fishery! They are said equally to lament their migrations, which are usually succeeded by rainy and tempestuous weather."

Anniversary Services.

STAFFORD.—On Monday, June 23, 1863, our Sabbath-scholars at Stafford, were regaled with cake and tea; after which, we held a very interesting missionary meeting; eighteen children recited appropriate pieces, which reflected great credit on the superintendent, teachers, and children. The congregation was delighted with the recitations, and the hymn sung by the children, viz.,

"Jesus when he left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In his mercy passed not by
Little ones like me."

We all felt it good to be there.
The amount raised for the Aus-

tralian fund by the children's cards, varying from seven shillings to a penny, with the collection, is £1 17s. 2d.

WILLINGTON, WOLSEINGHAM CIRCUIT.—Dear Editor, — We held the third anniversary of our Sabbath school at Willington on August 9th, 1863, when three short addresses were given in the morning at ten, and the evening at six, by Mr. James Wilson, and in the afternoon at two by Mr. Edward Brown, after which the children recited many Scripture pieces and dialogues, and sang many delightful hymns. Our

chapel is twelve yards by twelve. The congregation was very large in the afternoon and evening; many had to go away unable to gain admittance. In these services the Lord of Hosts was with us. On Saturday the 8th we held our tea meeting, when about a hundred scholars took tea, and nearly sixty adults. After tea we held a public meeting, which was addressed by the teachers, and we had a glorious meeting. The Sabbath collections amounted to £2 17s., and the tea brought us £1. This is more than we have had any previous year. Our school is in a good state; we have twenty-two teachers, and one hundred and sixteen scholars. The Lord has done great things for us. To his name be all the praise.

J. JOHNSTON.

ST. ANN'S CHAPEL, LISKEARD MISSION.—Dear Editor,—The anniversary of our Sabbath School was held on September 6, 1863, when three sermons were preached by Mr. W. Bray. The chapel throughout the day was

crowded, and numbers were unable to gain admittance. The presence of the Most High was felt at each service. The children recited and sang some beautiful pieces, in a manner which did credit to themselves and their teachers. On Monday, September 7th, the children processioned the village, and then proceeded to the chapel, where a sermon was preached to them. After service they enjoyed themselves by partaking of the good things which God has sent for the refreshment of the body. Tea was provided for adults, and a large number partook thereof. Afterwards a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. Chynoweth, superintendent of the school. A report was read, which shewed the school to be in advance of last year. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. Stephens, and Messrs. W. Bray, J. Trevithick, and G. Hendy. The anniversary surpassed either which had been held before. The proceeds were £7 12s. 8d.

E. STEPHENS.

Queries and Replies.

SILVERDALE, NEWCASTLE-
UNDER-LYNE.

DEAR SIR,—How are we to reconcile the passage in Genesis

xxxii. 30, which says, "For I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved;" with that passage in 1 John iv. 12, which

says, "No man hath seen God at any time?"

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

We understand the meaning of the former expression to be that Jacob had a manifestation of the presence and glory of the Saviour, the Angel of the covenant; and of the latter expression that no one hath ever seen the essence or essential nature of Deity at any time. The former expression refers to God the Son, and the latter to God the Father. There are other texts which speak of Moses and others having seen God, which we think are to be understood as meaning the Father, and the passage in 1 John iv. 12, is properly the antithesis of them. But the above explanation will be found,

we think, as good in these cases as any we can offer. The nature of the Godhead cannot be seen by mortal eyes, but manifestations of his glory have often been seen, and these are figuratively, at least, manifestations of God.

WROCKWARDINE WOOD.

REV. SIR,—If the word "beginning" does not refer to the commencement of time, to what does it refer?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Our friend does not give the place where the word occurs, or we might be better prepared to reply. In Gen. i. 1, the word seems to refer to the period of the creation: the same may be said of John i. 1.

Poetry.

MAY.

Welcome! bright, happy, joyous May,
We greet thy coming with delight;
We hail thee in thy fair array,
In robes of green and colours bright.

Queen of the months, thy beauteous reign,
Reminds us of that land of rest,
Where spring eternally remains,
Where dwell the glorified and blest.

How pleasant are thy mornings bright,
When the glad songsters of the wood,
In one sweet chorus all unite,
And sing that God, our God, is good.

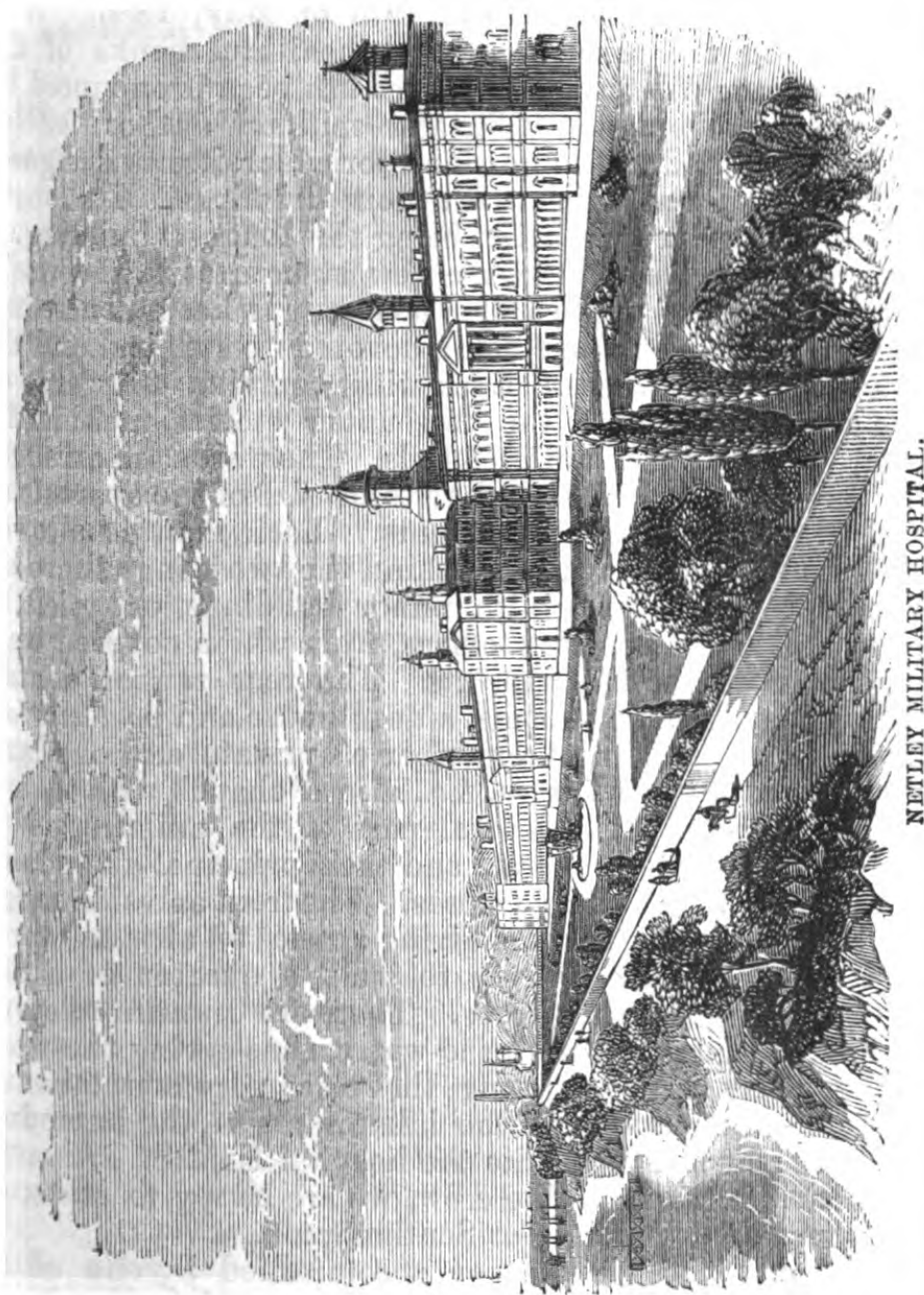
How beautiful is nature now,
Refreshing is the balmy breeze,
And pure as newly fallen snow,
Are blossoms on the bending trees.

Then welcome, welcome, joyous May,
May we improve thy passing hours,
We'll hail thee at the op'ning day,
We'll greet thee with thy leaves and flow'rs.

Stroud.

E. STONE.

**THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.**



Youths' Department.

NETLEY MILITARY HOSPITAL.

(With Engraving.)

THIS magnificent building stands about three and a half miles from the important and flourishing town of Southampton. Report gives the credit of its origin chiefly to Lord Panmure. The foundation stone was laid by Her Majesty Queen Victoria the 19th of May, 1856. It is situated on the picturesque and healthful banks of the Southampton Water. The edifice has been pronounced by the most eminent scientific and military authorities admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. It is built of red brick, with stone dressings. Its length is over a quarter of a mile, being the longest building in England. Indeed, there are few structures in the world that are longer. Its height is 50 feet. It has a centre and two wings, one of these being devoted to surgical and the other to medical cases. Each wing contains 45 wards on the ground floor and the two upper stories, making the total 138; these contain 1065 beds. The wards are arranged for 9 or 2 beds each, according to the size of the apartments and the disease of the patients. Each man is allowed 1700 cubic feet of space. Behind the two wings there are extensive court yards with minor buildings, occupied by provision and associated offices, from which covered ways extend to all the departments. The rear ranges contain libraries and reading rooms, a dead house and *post mortem*, bath rooms, containing a number of private and one large plunge bath, wash houses, &c., also a chapel with a well laid out garden. The central part of the building is occupied by the medical staff and their principal attendants, with rooms for official purposes. The front and side ranges have continuous corridors giving access to all the wards, and enabling convalescents to walk a quarter of a mile without retracing their steps. There are beautiful pleasure grounds sloping down to the water, thus giving the whole a fine effect, and rendering the place very attractive not only to strangers but to the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood. Opposite the hospital H.M.S. *Dauntless* is anchored; some of the crew, we are happy to state, are members of our society at Southampton.

Not long since the Queen, accompanied by one of the Princesses, visited the Hospital. In one of the wards was a poor fellow dangerously ill. Her Majesty, with her

characteristic kindness, spoke to him. His face, bronzed by an Eastern clime, wore an earnest aspect as he said, "I thank God that he has permitted me to see your Majesty with my own eyes." Such an outburst of loyalty from a brave soldier near death visibly affected the Queen, and the Princess was moved to tears. While we are thankful that our sick soldiers are so tenderly cared for, let us pray that peace, amity, and love may soon belt all the nations of the earth.

J. W.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

FORGETFULNESS.

"BEWARE lest thou forget the Lord," said one of God's ancient servants to Israel of old, after they had been brought safely from the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. How apt are mankind generally to forget their Maker, and what feeble efforts they make to retain God in their thoughts. In Job viii. 13 we read of the paths of those that forget God, and in Ps. ix. 17 we read of nations that forget God. Forgetfulness of God has ever been a characteristic of the unrighteous. To forget him is an evil attended frequently with consequences of the most distressing character. It is a manifestation of ingratitude to forget our friends; how base then must be that ingratitude which indulges in forgetfulness of the world's best Friend. May our readers never forget—

1st. God's infinite goodness to them.

The whole book of divine inspiration describes the Almighty as a Being of indescribable goodness; hence we read of his being "abundant in goodness," of his "great goodness," his "satisfying goodness," his "goodness to all," and he is said to "crown the year with his goodness." This goodness is "great above the heavens," and it "reacheth unto the clouds;" and in it we have all shared to a very great extent; all our past history has borne evidence to the truth of this statement, and our present opportunities and privileges are a demonstration of it. We have no favour but what has come from his hand. The same hand that stretches the sky and that supplies the need of teeming millions of creatures supplies our temporal need and spiritual wants. Well might the sweet singer of Israel say, in Ps. cxlv. 7, respecting the class of persons who rightly consider the divine goodness, "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness." This goodness is not bestowed upon men grudgingly. The Lord taketh pleasure in the

bestowment of it. Hence we read in Jer. ix. 24, "For in these things I delight, saith the Lord." It therefore follows that if the Lord delighteth in giving us blessings, doing us good, we ought to receive them thankfully, and resolve that they shall not slip our memories. Beware that thou forget not the goodness of God which is designed to lead thee to repentance and to eternal life.

2nd. *The almighty power of the Lord* is another subject that we should never forget. By this power the heavens were created, the earth was brought into being, all creatures were made, and all things are now upheld. The spacious firmament, the blue ethereal sky, the bespangled heavens, the blazing sun, the shining moon, the rising mountains, the mighty ocean, the beautiful rivers, the rippling streams, the extensive forests, and the world's ten thousand hills, rocks, and woods, and a thousand other objects by which we are surrounded, all proclaim the almighty power of God, and should so impress our minds with this power that we should not be able to forget it.

"How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines;
Spread through eternity, thy fame,
With rising lustre shines."

Respecting the Divine Being, the Scriptures abound with expressions which imply that his power is unlimited. In Gen. xxviii. 3, he is styled "God Almighty," and in the same book, chap. xvii. 1, he calls himself "the Almighty God;" and in chap. xviii. 14, the inquiry is made, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Elsewhere we read of him as "the strength of Israel," "a strong Lord," "the Lord clothed with strength," "a stronghold in the day of trouble," "the Lord God omnipotent," "the everlasting God that fainteth not neither is weary;" "with God all things are possible;" "thou hast a mighty arm, strong is thine hand, high is thy right hand." "There is no restraint to the Lord." He is "mighty in strength." St. Paul speaks of him as being "able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think." Holy Job, in chap. xlii. 2, says, "I know that thou canst do everything." Let it ever be understood that God's power is not a delegated power; there never was a period when he was without it, neither will it ever be diminished, and the fact that he possesses such power is evidence that he is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto him through his Son Jesus Christ. Whilst, therefore, he has power to create worlds, to uphold the universe, to pardon sin, to fit mankind for

heaven, he has also power to punish the ungodly, and to shut up the workers of iniquity in the prison house of hell. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord." The Old and New Testaments abound with instances of his power to punish evil doers. Pray, then, that you may be preserved from all evil and may have an abiding place under the shadow of his wings, then shall you not forget him, for his love shall influence your hearts, his praise shall occupy your memories, and his grace shall be your joy and strength.

"O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine :
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine."

3rd. *The Divine engagements on behalf of those who love him* should not be forgotten by us. Read Rom. viii. 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Such a declaration is fraught with real encouragement for men to enter the service of God, and heartily and constantly to labour for him.

"Who keeps with most paternal care
All who on him depend ;
Watches their every number'd hair,
Does all their steps attend."

To his servant Abraham the Lord said, "Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." And to Israel of old it was said, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." In the same relationship does God now stand to his people as he did to Abraham and Israel. And "he will keep the feet of his saints." 1 Sam. ii. 9. "The Lord will not forsake his people for his great Name's sake." None of them who trust in him shall be desolate. "The Lord will give grace and glory. No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," &c. Ps. xcii. 12—14. Elsewhere we read that "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." As all these engagements are divine they cannot fail, for "he is faithful that hath promised," and "there is no unrighteousness in him." O, then, remember and never forget how precious God's people are in his eyes, and he that toucheth them toucheth the apple of his eye. Such truths are necessary to be remembered by us not only to encourage us to worship God, but to teach us our duty to set a high value upon them, i.e. God's people, and to esteem them for the sake of Christ.

4th. *God's awful dealings with the wicked in the past, and his present threatenings against them* are subjects that should not be forgotten by us. In Heb. x. 31 we read, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." And again, in Heb. xii. 29, we are informed that "our God is a consuming fire." In the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th chapters of Exodus we read of the many plagues and judgments God brought upon Pharaoh and the Egyptians for their sins in not letting Israel go; and who amongst our readers has not read of the leprosy that was inflicted on Miriam on account of sin? Num. xii. And as Israel journeyed through the wilderness, how many carcasses fell through sin. It was through sin that Jerusalem was ruined and Judah fell, for "their tongue and their doings were against the Lord to provoke the eyes of his glory." Is. iii. 8. And does not the Word of God declare that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God?" And in Mal. iv. 1 we are told that "the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." And St. Paul says, "We are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth." Rom. ii. 2. Resolve, therefore, that you will not forget the Lord, but will set him always before you, so that he may be your light and your salvation, your all in all. Beware of the world with its influences, and of the flesh with its lusts, and of the devil with his devices, for all these things seek to cause you to forget the Lord. Remember, always remember, that

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death,
That death that never dies;
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THIS YEAR THOU SHALT DIE.

WHAT solemn words are these! What a deep impression should they make upon the minds of all our young readers; not only may they with certainty be addressed to many whose wrinkled brows bespeak their nearness to the grave, but also to many in whose eye the fire of youth is beaming, and in whose ruddy countenance the hue of health is glowing.

Although this is only the fourteenth of January, yet the pale conqueror, Death, has already entered our Yaxley Sabbath school, and with a ruthless hand plucked one of its fairest flowers, ere she had reached the fourteenth year of her age.

None appeared more likely for life and health than Fanny Walker, who is the subject of our sketch; none took a greater delight in her Sabbath school. "She was in my class for three years," says brother Daniel Langford, her teacher, "and yet I cannot remember one single instance in which she disobeyed me." Her countenance wore a pleasing and constant smile, and yet seriousness and good behaviour marked all her conduct in the house of God. Fanny was present at the watch-night service, but on the following day was seized with a burning fever, and in one short week her spirit took its flight, to be, we believe, "for ever with the Lord." During her short illness she often lifted up her heart and voice in prayer. Even when delirious she would call her teachers by name, and fancy she heard them singing some of her favourite hymns.

The day previous to her death a friend asked her if she were afraid to die, she calmly replied, "No, no, I am not afraid to die." The words she was most attached to when at school, and which she repeated most frequently in her sickness, were—

"O the blood of Jesus,
The precious blood of Jesus,
O the blood of Jesus,
It washes white as snow."

My dear young friends, the sudden death of this dear and affectionate Sabbath scholar has made a deep impression upon the minds of most who knew her. May not you be as suddenly called away? Have you ever seriously thought of dying? Are you prepared to die? Have you ever sung about the precious blood of Jesus? You are not too young to die, and you are not too young to be converted—to be washed in the precious blood of Jesus. That precious blood was shed for you; it now avails for you; it can cleanse you now, if you will but come to God through Christ. May it be sprinkled on the heart of every Sabbath scholar and youthful reader.

J. ASHWORTH.

THE SWEETS OF LABOUR.

How secretly has the all-wise Creator hid his treasures from man! Why has he acted so? A fable tells us of a certain father, who, on his death-bed, informed his sons that he had concealed a vast treasure in some particular spot on his estate, and enjoined them to dig industriously till they found it. Whether such a treasure was concealed in the way stated has never transpired; but the sons found one treasure at least in looking for another, since the land thus turned over thoroughly brought forth abundant crops. Our Father who is in heaven has hidden his treasures, concealing gold in the depths of the earth; giving us raw materials instead of finished articles; bestowing upon us ivory in the elephant's tusks, pearls in an oyster's shell, silk in a caterpillar's web, and sugar in the sugar-cane and the beetroot. Would we have any comfort, any luxury, we must work for it. Labour is made the foundation of well-being. Our desires thus conduce to our discipline by stimulating us to those exertions which are required to satisfy them. When Samson on the occasion of his marriage went down to the vineyards of Timnath, "he slew a young lion which came out and roared against him." On his next visit he turned aside to look at the carcase, and found it converted into a bees' nest—those industrious little creatures having replenished it with their sweet stores. But Samson slew the lion before he tasted the honey, and some lion must be slain before we can obtain any pleasure that is worth enjoying.

"You look tired after your day's work," said a kind-hearted employer.

"And so I be," was the reply, "but no bread eats so sweet as that which comes by labour, and you can't think how I enjoy my bed."

What a testimony to Scripture was this homely observation. The God of the whole earth takes human form, toils through life, and groans in death, but rises from the grave and sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied, rests in his love, and eternally rejoices over the church which he has purchased with his own blood. The family of God enter into all the unsought blessings of the Gospel by the Spirit's work on the soul, whereby sin is opened up and heart travail begins. "What shall I do to be saved?" is the cry of the convinced sinner. The one desire of the soul is salvation, and to know and realise this is the ultimatum of happiness short of heaven, and when attained the believer finds the spiritual meaning of those words, "The sleep of the labouring man is sweet." The toil is over, the struggle has

ceased, the labours of the heart are ended ; Christ is seen as the end of the law for righteousness : " He that believeth entereth into his rest."—*Old Jonathan.*

POWER OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

THE present war in America has been marked with several incidents fully illustrating the right and power of conscience and the invincibility of passive resistance. One of the most striking of these occurred in connection with the late battle at Gettysburgh. A considerable number of the Society of Friends had been forced into the Confederate army by that relentless conscription intended to compel every able-bodied man in the South to take up arms for the establishment of a slave-holding republic. But these men had taken upon them an allegiance to a higher authority than Jefferson Davis or Abraham Lincoln, and, like the early disciples of Christ, when forced into the ranks of the Roman legions, they said, " We are Christians and cannot fight." No punishment nor privation to which they were subjected, could overcome this conviction and determination. The guard house and prison had no terrors sufficient to make these quiet, meek men give up their adhesion to a great principle of their religious faith. Had they resisted on any other principle they would have been immolated on the spot. But on this they were invincible. Still the Confederate officers would not release them, but made them follow in the army on its march of invasion into Maryland and Pennsylvania. At the great and terrible battle of Gettysburgh, when the day began to go against the Confederate army, the Southern colonel who had them under his command determined they should fight or die. He ordered up a company of soldiers with guns levelled at the little band of defenceless men, and declared if they did not take arms and go into the battle they should all be shot down there and then. The undaunted Quakers looked into his fiery eyes and into the muzzles of the levelled guns and said, with a mild firmness, but loud enough to be heard by the soldiers, " If thou commandest them to fire on us we shall only say, in our Saviour's words, ' Father, forgive them for they know not what they do ! ' " " Fire ! " shouted the Colonel, cutting the air with his sword. But his soldiers, who heard those sublime words, in a moment dropped the guns they had already sighted for the work of death. Not one of them dared to pull a trigger. The colonel, maddened to frenzy at this double treason to his mandate, endeavoured to run upon the band of Quakers and trample

them in the earth under his horse's hoofs. But the horse, as if he saw what Balaam's ass saw, shied away and dashed off into the battle, where a rifle ball struck his rider from the saddle and laid him dead on the field.

On the retreat of the Confederate army these Southern Quakers fell into the hands of the Federals, and are now, we understand, in Philadelphia or its vicinity, under the care of the Society of Friends in that city. E.B.

THE GRATITUDE OF A NEGRO.—THE INGRATITUDE OF MAN.

MR. —, a merchant, once went on board a slave ship. Looking round her deck he saw a fine-looking negro youth in chains. Having a Christ-like spirit, he felt for him, and said to his wicked owner, "What is the price of that slave?" A very large sum was named. The merchant looked grave and thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "Well, I must have him, even if it takes all I am worth!" He paid the price, and the papers were put into his hands. Then calling the trembling slave on to the quarter-deck, he said to his white servant, "Strike those fetters from his arms, and those fetters from his feet!" It was done. The negro stood unchained before the merchant, who, smiling kindly upon him, said, "I have bought you, not that you may remain a slave, but that you may be free. Here, use your freedom well!" presenting to him the papers. The negro fell upon his knees, and, while the big tear of gratitude rolled down his swarthy cheek, said, "I will never leave you. I will be your slave for ever!" "Not my *slave*!" replied the merchant; "but you may be my *servant*, if you choose. You shall do my work, and I will pay you wages. We will thus help one another."

It is soon spiritualized. Man was fettered in chains, and when we speak of man, we mean every man—all of the race of man. It is taken in its widest sense; he was a slave to sin and Satan. He owed ten thousand talents, and had nothing to pay. And if there had been no kind friend to intercede and interpose, not only would he have been fettered in the chains of sin, but in the chains of the bottomless pit. Misery and woe would have been the portion of his cup for ever. Justice required a sum far greater than the slave-holder required for the negro. Gold or silver would not purchase his freedom, or it would easily have been paid. Nothing less than the blood of the Saviour would satisfy (see 1 Peter i. 18, 19). When the price was named the Saviour did not hesitate; but said to

Justice, "Knock those fetters off! I'll pay the sum required." Yes, and he gave his heart's blood to redeem you and me from hell. But, look at the difference between the negro and man. The negro showed gratitude for what had been done for him by saying, "I will never leave you; I will be your slave for ever!" And when the kind merchant said that should not be, he gladly submitted to be his servant. But not so with man. Instead of showing his gratitude by giving his services to the Lord, he rebels against him, and even curses him to his face. Now, the Saviour does not require man to be his slave; but his son and servant. And he entreats him, and says, "Give me thine heart." "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden"—heavy laden with the chains of sin,—“and I will give you rest.” But many (fearful assertion!) scoff at the call and deride the invitation, at the peril of their immortal souls.

Dear reader, let it not be so with you. Think of what the Saviour has done for you—the price he paid for you—how he was insulted for you—wounded for you—died for you, and at once give up the service of your slave-holder, and come to your Soul-Saver and Soul-Redeemer.

E. D. SOLOMON.

IN THE LIGHT!

"PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell" is a pleasing hymn, and with a singular but expressive chorus. It is an American melody, and one that children love. True, in our schools we have no bells to summon us to the house of God, but to me there is always a charm in the bells of our churches, even when they clatter in the crowded city, while in the country how sweetly they sometimes sound o'er the waters soft and clear.

In Cowper's Alexander Selkirk the poet exclaims,—

"The sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard."

The chorus "In the light; in the light of God," is expressive of the higher Christian life. It is illustrated to my mind by a little incident that occurred some years ago.

A Methodist leader went to visit a young person who had met in his class in the country. When he saw her she said, "I see before me a dark valley—dark as the blackest night—how shall I get through it?" "Oh!" said he, "God will send thousands of his angels to light up for you the dark valley." He called again but she was dead. On inquiring

about her death they told him that she appeared to rave a little, and as she was dying she was heard crying out "Lit up! lit up!" "Ah," he said, "God had lit up the valley of death for her." It was truly "in the light."

My young friend, God will light up the valley of death for you if you turn from your sins and love him. Jesus is the light of life. In him is no darkness. If you pray to him the light of his Spirit will illumine your mind and you shall rejoice greatly.

"O how bright are the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon my sight;
Even so I long to go,
These parting hours are sad and slow."

So Edmerton sang of one ready to depart and to be with Christ, and multitudes of dying children have like Stephen had heaven opened to them ere they left this world, and they have by the eye of faith seen glory, bright glory. May it be yours and mine, my young friend, to joy in the light of God in all the scenes of life.

The adaptation to the old favourite reminds me of the little story that the Rev. H. Stowell once narrated. Once when away from home he was roused up in the morning by hearing some singing at the top of the house. He listened and then he found that it was a little climbing boy singing—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

Few hymns contain so much truth in so few words as this one. It is the great joy of religion—the love of Christ to man and our love to him—that

"It lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in the breast a little heaven."

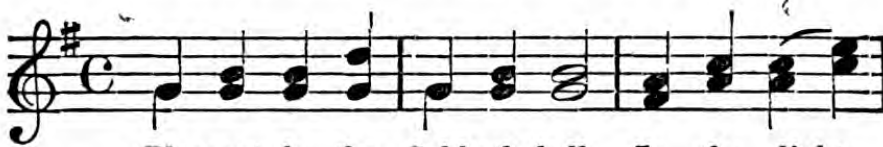
Sing, my young reader, sing this hymn, and let the joyful tune be loved by you, and while you sing breathe a prayer to Jesus that he would lighten your darkness by the light of his converting Spirit.

Then will you—

"Sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ will be your song."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.



Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, In the light,



in the light; Seeming much of joy to tell;



In the light of God. But a mu-sic sweeter far,



In the light, in the light; Breathes where angel-



spi-rits are. In the light of God. Let us



walk in the light, Walk in the light, Let us walk



in the light, In the light of God.

Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
In the light, in the light :
Seeming much of joy to tell—
In the light of God.

But a music sweeter far,
In the light, in the light :
Breathes where angel spirits are,
In the light of God.

Shall we ever rise to dwell,
 In the light, in the light :
 Where immortal praises swell,
 In the light of God ?
 And can children ever go,
 In the light, in the light :
 Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
 In the light of God ?
 Yes, that bliss our own may be ;
 In the light, in the light :
 All the good shall Jesus see,
 In the light of God.
 For the good a rest remains,
 In the light, in the light :
 Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
 In the light of God.

'Tis religion that can give,
 In the light, in the light :
 Sweetest pleasure while we live,
 In the light of God.
 'Tis religion must supply,
 In the light, in the light :
 Solid comfort when we die,
 In the light of God.
 After death its joys will be,
 In the light, in the light :
 Lasting as eternity—
 In the light of God.
 Be the living God my friend,
 In the light, in the light :
 Then my bliss shall never end,
 In the light of God.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON XV.—ENOCH'S PIETY AND TRANSLATION.

Read Genesis v. 18—24 and 2 Kings ii. 1—18.

Two memorable characters are here brought under our notice—Enoch and Elijah. We have not space for both; but as the translation of the latter is more fully described, it may serve to illustrate that of the former.

Enoch's Piety.—The history of Enoch is brief. His character is summed up in one short sentence—"He walked with God." This phrase is very frequently employed in the Old Testament to indicate a life of habitual holiness, intercourse with God, and consistent obedience. Thus it is said of Noah that "he was a just man, perfect in his generation," and that "he walked with God" (Gen. vi. 9). So of Abraham (Gen. xvii. 1).

Enoch's piety was severely tested by the apostasy of the Church and the abounding iniquity of the world, for all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth (Gen. vi. 5).

Enoch's piety flourished amid persecution.—The earth was filled with violence (Gen. vi. 13); and that violence was directed against the faithful saints of that day, as we learn from Jude 15.

Enoch was a Prophet as well as a Saint.—Probably he foretold the approaching destruction of the world; but assuredly he foretold the great day of judgment (read Jude 14, 15). How remarkable that, in so early a period of the world, the day of

judgment should be foretold, showing that, in every age, God constantly kept eternity before the minds of men!

Enoch had an assurance of God's favour.—Paul tell us that "before his translation he pleased God" (Heb. xi. 5). Though he lived under an obscure dispensation, he had not to wait until he arrived in the next world to know that he was approved of God. He had this assurance on earth. But how? *Within*, by God's Spirit, or *without*, by some sign or signal? Perhaps both. Assuredly the former, for that is the common privilege of God's children; and probably the latter also, for in ancient times Jehovah often revealed himself to man by vocal and visible manifestations.

Enoch's translation.—In Gen. v. 24 we read of Enoch that "he was not, for God took him." This Paul explains by saying that he was translated—taken up to heaven, as Elijah was, body and soul. In this there was no death and no pain; but was there not a change? Yes; a change in the body, causing it to become at once spiritual and immortal, like that which all the righteous shall experience who will be alive on the earth at the coming of Christ to judgment (read 1 Cor. xv. 50—54).

Why was Enoch translated?

—1. As a reward to Enoch himself for his singular piety; and as his translation is said to have been by faith, it would seem that God had previously promised the translation to Enoch, which he steadfastly believed, and his faith was honoured by the fulfilment of the promise.

2. As a visible and public testimony of God's love of holiness; so that a careless and ungodly world might see that Jehovah governed the world and observed the characters of men.

3. To convince the unbelieving, profligate, and sensual race of men of the certainty of a future state of being, and to encourage the righteous to be faithful unto death.

4. To afford us, we think, some idea of the mode of man's exit from earth had he never fallen into sin. He would not have remained always an inhabitant of earth; but after remaining here for some suitable time on probation, would have been removed to a nobler sphere of existence, not by death, but by translation. We see, too, from the translation of Enoch that we may live constantly in readiness for heaven.

LESSON XVI.—THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Read Matthew xxii. 1—14.

INTRODUCTORY.—In the parable of the wicked husbandmen, our Lord pointed out the approaching doom of the Jewish people, as the result of their having withholden from God that which his kindness to them fairly claimed. In this parable their doom is dwelt upon as resulting from their refusal of a proffered favour. The latter part of the parable indicates, that merely to profess to value, and to receive God's favour, will not be enough.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 2. Marriage—a marriage feast. These feasts usually lasted seven or fourteen days, Gen. xxix. 27; Judg. xiv. 12.

The Jews were wont to speak of the Messiah's kingdom as ushered in, or accompanied by, a glorious feast. For a description of a marriage festival, see Biblical Treasury, vol. iii., 710.

v. 3. To call them that were bidden—to remind the invited. In the next verse the thought is repeated. Jesus refers, probably, to the repeated invitations given to the Jews by himself, his apostles, and servants like the apostles. The sending twice indicates the forbearance of God towards even those who slighted his mercy.

v. 5. Made light—laughed at and ridiculed; one busy with

what he had—his farm; another with what he was acquiring—his merchandise.

v. 6. The remnant—Some, who did not ridicule, treated the messengers with insult and injury, 2 Chron. xxx. 10. There is abundant illustration of this in the book of Acts.

v. 8. Were not worthy—did not think it worth their while to come.

v. 9. Highways—street crossings. The scene of the parable was the city. Our English word highways suggests country places.

v. 10. Both bad and good—some of all sorts. The words here, however, do not necessarily imply moral qualities.

v. 11. To see—to inspect. The original word implies a most careful and close investigation.

v. 12. Wedding garment—a suitable robe in which to appear at such a feast. Such robes were provided.

We read in classic story of Lucullus, who had 5,000 mantles in his wardrobe. Sir John Chardin mentions a Persian king as having his wardrobes always full of splendid robes. An old traveller, speaking of the introduction of himself, and the company with whom he travelled, into the royal presence, says that they had to hang over their other clothes splendid dresses, "sent to them from the king for that

purpose." Not to appear in these dresses would be regarded as an insult to the king.

Speechless—gagged,—the meaning of the word employed,—by the consciousness of the wrong he was committing.

v. 13. Outer darkness—Outside the banqueting-room was dark and dreary. Possibly the man was doomed, to a dark prison.

EXPOSITORY. — First. THE FEAST.

The king would make a magnificent feast to celebrate his son's marriage. Provisions would be plentiful. The occasion was joyous. It was an honour to be invited.

The feast represented the rich blessings of the gospel, to which first the Jews were invited in the ancient law, and in prophetic messages. They were again repeatedly bidden in the early ministry of the gospel.

Those blessings are large, free, and of unutterable value. God is ready to accept sinners. Christ is ready to intercede on their behalf, and to become their friend. The Spirit is ready to sanctify them. There are pardon, peace, comfort, hope, joy. Such is the gospel,—a feast which, seeing we are needy, perishing, and helpless, one might think would be gladly accepted, especially as the invitation to it is so earnest, Rev. xxii.

17. Thank God for the feast he provides. You need it. Come to the feast without delay.

Secondly. THE SLIGHTED INVITATION.

The ancient people of God, though for a long time previously bidden, and though repeatedly invited when the feast was ready, poured contempt upon the invitation, ver. 4, 5.

And worse than simply treating the invitation with contempt, they persecuted those who brought it, ver. 6. See Acts iv. 3, 5, 6, 18; vii. 58; viii. 3; xii. 3; xiv. 5, 19; xvii. 5; xxi. 30; xxiii. 2. God dealt with them, therefore, by bringing against them the Roman armies, and destroying their nation, ver. 7.

Others were invited. Gentiles, who till then were comparatively unblest with religious privileges, had the gospel sent to them.

Thus God's mercy found objects on whom to bestow its provisions. The parable speaks of the Gentiles as coming in, ver. 10. This in great degree corresponds with the fact.

Yet by many Gentiles the invitation was slighted. It is slighted now. God sends it. He would receive, and bless, and save; but too often those whom he calls will not accept. Many hear, but only few obey. The invitation is addressed to us. The feast is ready. We need it as much as ever it was needed.

How are we affected by the message

Thirdly. THE UNACCEPTED GUEST.

Among the guests there was one who did not comply with the terms prescribed, which terms, no doubt, were well known to him. He was discovered at once; his trial was brief and conclusive; and the sentence on him was speedily executed.

The king came in to see the guests; to inform himself of the effect of the message his servants had proclaimed; and to welcome those who had come. God takes particular notice of all who profess religion, and declare themselves his servants; such notice that no one can escape, and none can deceive, Rev. ii. 1, 2. Hearts are open to him.

For the man not to have a wedding garment on would seem to be easy to notice. Everybody present must have seen it. But it was not the proper business of one guest to pronounce upon another. Each one was required to be the most particular with himself. The king noticed it, for the absence of the wedding garment betokened the want of right feeling towards him.

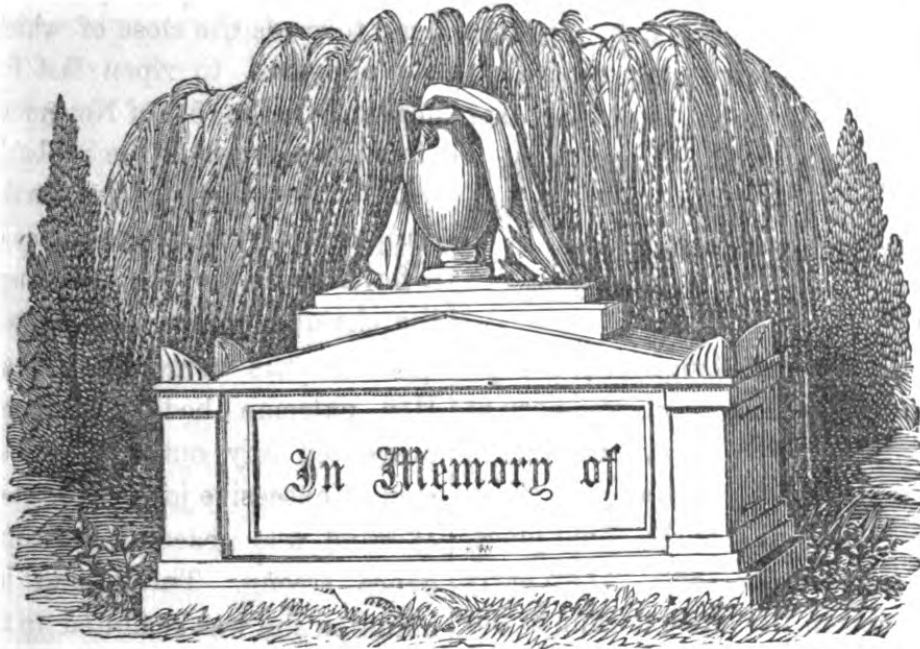
The wedding garment may be taken for a frame of heart and course of life worthy of the

gospel, Ephes. iv. 1; Phil i. 27 or it may be taken for the righteousness without which no sinner can be accepted of God, Rom. x. 4. To be without either is to pour contempt on God's method of salvation.

Notice how brief and conclusive the man's trial was. The dress was ready for his use; offered to him as well as to other guests. Why did he not accept it? This was the trial question, and by it he was convicted. He had nothing to say. If he could have made excuse, no doubt he would. But he was speechless. Well he might be. His being at the feast was condemnatory. Since he despised the king's provision, why did he seem to accept it? Sinners, especially hypocrites, will have no excuse in the great day. Every one will be exposed, disgraced, and condemned apart.

This man's sentence was immediate and awful, ver. 13. He could make no resistance, as he had offered no defence. How useless is the mere profession of religion! How perfect is God's knowledge of every heart! Excuses, sometimes made now, will be of no use when most required. How important the prayer of David! Psa. cxxxix. 23, 24.

Juvenile Biography.



SUSANNAH SCOTT, who was born at Shipdham, in the East Dereham Circuit, on the 18th January, 1848, and resided with her parents at the same place till her death, which took place on the 3rd of December, 1863. Her parents sent her to the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School, at Shipdham, when she was about eleven years of age, and her conduct at school was always punctual, regular, and steady. While at school she was an example of good behaviour to all the scholars, and won the affection and highest esteem of her teacher; her loss was deeply felt both by the teachers and scholars, and the whole of the teachers followed her to her last resting place. Her death was caused by rapid decline, which worked very insidiously; she was not confined to bed until the day on which she died. Mrs. Groom was with her for a while before she died, and brother Holman came in and prayed with her. She had much pain in her back, but still she was patient and resigned to the will of God. The family stood round her bed, and she kissed each of them, and wished them "to meet her in heaven," all the time speaking with a clear voice; and then she added, "I am happy; there is a crown and a palm for me, and there is a crown for you all." When the tears flowed freely from the eyes of those around, she said, "Don't cry, don't cry; I am happy—I am going to heaven; tell father," she said, "if he be faithful he will meet me in heaven." And again she said, "If he be faithful

he will meet me in heaven;" and a third time she said, "If he be faithful he will meet me in heaven." About five minutes before she died she ceased to speak, and then with her last breath she said, "I am happy," and "So peacefully she sank to rest" in her sixteenth year.

SAMUEL SMITH.

SARAH ANN, daughter of Joseph and Mary FERGUSON, was born at Bothel, in the Maryport Circuit, Cumberland, November 23rd, 1847, and died at the same place, December 4th, 1863. At an early period in life she was sent to our Sabbath school, and remained connected with it until she left home for service. About her fourteenth year she united with the society, and was regular in her attendance at the means of grace. But afterwards going to live at a place where there were no Dissenters, she fell into a declining state. Having returned home, last summer she attended a camp meeting at Crosby, and was happily restored to the favour and fold of God. She re-united with the society, but was not permitted long to remain with us upon earth. About this time the symptoms of consumption made their appearance; medical aid was employed, but in vain. That fell disease wasted her strength. In much bodily weakness

and pain she lingered for several months. During her affliction we frequently visited her; towards the close of which she appeared to ripen fast for heaven. On the 15th of November after the services of the Sabbath, while administering the Lord's Supper to her, in the presence of a few friends, we felt as though the chamber where she lay was quite on the verge of heaven. Her extreme bodily weakness prevented any outward expression of excessive joy. Her state of mind was peaceful, her confidence strong. Throughout her affliction she was resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, and in reply to the inquiries of friends she invariably expressed herself as "quite happy." Being of a close turn of mind, she appeared reserved in conversation; she, however, gave pleasing assurance of her acceptance, through faith in the atoning merits of her Redeemer. Her last words were "The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

After a night of bodily suffering, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. She has now gone to mingle with the redeemed, and meet her dear sister Mary who, seven months previously, died of consumption, and left a clear and cheering testimony that she was going to be with Jesus. The happy sisters, not long divided in death, are now for ever united in

heaven. May the bereft and sorrowing family be finally reunited there.

JOHN TAYLOR.

MARY ANN BAXTER was a scholar in our Sabbath school at Shipdham, in the East Dereham Circuit. She was sent to school when four years old, and was always noted for her quiet, gentle, obedient and attentive conduct, and she made rapid progress from one class to another until she was placed in the Bible class: her teacher loved her much, and when at home she frequently spoke to her parents of her lessons at school. For the last twelve months her health was very delicate, but she continued her attendance as long as she possibly could. She was confined to bed for a week, and on the evening of her death she said to her father, "Good-bye, father, I am going," as she clasped her little arms round her mother's neck, and her mother said, "Where, my dear?" the dying child answered, "I am going to heaven!" and so she gently fell asleep on the 14th of December, 1863, in the ninth year of her age. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said the Saviour, "and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

SAMUEL SMITH.

MATTHEW, the son of George and Esther PENNOCK, was born at Cropton, in Pickering Station, November 17th, 1852, and died there November 25th, 1863. Being favoured with pious parents, and residing near our chapel, he regularly attended the Sabbath school and Divine service held therein; consequently he obtained clear views of the first principles of Christianity. His parents being wishful to train him up in the way he should go—in particular to be a lover of the missionary cause—procured for him a missionary box, that he might give and collect a little annually in support of our missions. During each of the last four years he did well, considering his age and circumstances; and his efforts were worthy of imitation.

Matthew and his brothers and sister had been sick with fever, which prevailed among the children in the village; but Matthew and his two brothers were apparently recovering when, suddenly, the disease returned, and death quickly followed and chilled their lovely forms. Thus, during one week, the parents were bereaved of three dear children; but they have the consolation to believe that they are gone to the land of the blessed, to be with him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid

them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"They are all gone! that band of sunny youth,
Who once our hearts and homes surrounded,
With eyes of love, and lips of fearless truth,
And breeze-like steps which gaily bounded.
They are all gone! but still each form and face
Our resurrection-dreams revive,
And oft unsepulchre each buried grace
That so entranced us when alive."

Though gone! they are not forgotten. Their ashes and their excellences still live in our memory.

Of Matthew it is said "that he prayed and spake like one of riper years." Having earnestly pleaded for a clear sense of his acceptance with God, and the assurance being given, he exclaimed, "I have it; I have it; there is salvation for me!" His father said, "Yes, there is salvation for thee." And he replied, "Yes, there is salvation for me." Then he repeated the Lord's prayer, and one of his favourite hymns, beginning with

"There is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high."

He told his little cousins who came to see him to meet him in heaven, for heaven was his home. Having clear views of the way of salvation by faith, he exclaimed, "I have faith;" and then repeated the following poetical lines:—

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary.
Saviour Divine,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day,
Be wholly thine."

So he was. Bless the Lord for ever! But ere he left the world, like an affectionate son of mature years, he committed the whole family to the care of God, saying, "The Lord bless father and mother, Mead and George, Henry and Dorcas, Hannah, Robert, and Thomas; and when we have all done on earth, may we all meet in heaven, through Jesus Christ. Amen." The Lord grant that his last prayer may be answered, for Christ's sake. A. WORSNOP.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE JERBOA.

THIS odd-looking creature has also been called the Two-legged Rat, its fore-legs being so ex-

tremely small as to be almost imperceptible. It is very common in the northern parts of Africa, particularly in Egypt. From the



disproportionate length of the hinder legs, it has some resemblance to the kangaroo; and, like that animal, its movements are performed principally by leaps.

Jerboas are very abundant in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, where they dig holes in the ground for their habitations. Sonnini, the French traveller, while he was in Egypt, fed for some time six of these animals in an iron wire cage; the very first night they gnawed entirely asunder the upright and cross sticks of their prison, and he was obliged to have the inside of the cage lined with tin. They appeared perfectly harmless and gentle, and allowed themselves to be handled freely. They never made a noise or quarrelled,

even when food was scattered among them. They breed several times in the course of the summer, and have seven or eight young ones at a litter.

— "I LOVE IT, SIR!"

I walked away from the little sanctuary in company with a Greenwich pensioner. His dress shewed that he had beheld strange scenes and braved many dangers; while his silvery locks, wrinkled face, trembling voice, and faltering step, all told me of the aggressions of age, and the nearness of death. The Lord had been graciously near unto his people in the sanctuary, and we were returning from that abode of peace like giants refreshed with new wine.

Speaking of our holy religion, he said warmly, as he lifted his withered hand, "That is a cause I love; I love it, sir! and am thankful I was ever acquainted with it."

I thought those few remarks from my aged friend were marrow and fatness, and suggestive of great truths.

There was a time in the old pensioner's life when he did not know Christ. And there is a period in the history of all men when God is not in all their thoughts, when they are not thoroughly acquainted with religion, its nature and tendencies. And so it has been with you, my dear reader. Suppose you are now one with God, and possessing somewhat of that mind which was in Christ, still, if you look back, you will see a portion of your life, of your invaluable time, covered with the darkness of spiritual night, and wrapt in mantling gloom. St. Paul says, when writing to the Ephesians, "That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world," &c. Not only had the old pensioner fought against an earthly enemy, but he had also rebelled against God, and fought against the best interests of his soul. Such is your case, for "by nature ye

were the children of wrath, even as others."

But there was a time in the old pensioner's history when God spoke peace to his soul, and enabled him to burst the shackles of despair, and snap the chains of bondage. He said he had been a prisoner in France for nine years during the late wars, and that, while in captivity, the Spirit of the Lord strove with him, removed the veil of ignorance, and showed him the revolting picture of his misdoings. The arrows of conviction pierced deeply, but the balm of Gilead cured the wound. The Spirit whispered accents of consolation, an unearthly radiance encircled his soul, and a voice said unto him, "Lo, I am with you alway." God makes use of various means to snatch the soul from the yawning gulf, and accomplish the work of grace in the heart. Circumstances, evil and depressing, have been made subservient to the good pleasure of God. Events calamitous in themselves, have rent the mantling gloom which overhung the soul, and brought about a desirable change.

When the pensioner's heart was changed, he could say of Christianity, "I love it, sir!" And so we ought to love it; think of it with grateful remembrance, and love it with ever deepening affection. Love it, because our Saviour died that we might know

its accomplishment, rose again that we might believe its truth, and intercedes that we might feel its saving properties. Love it, because it has made desolate homes inviting, and desolate hearts happy. Love it, because those who really enjoy religion have no desire to turn back into the world, or feed on its husky pleasures. Love it, because various agencies are at work, and you cannot be truly happy unless you yield to their suggestions.

Ye young, ye proud, listen to the words of the aged pensioner, "That is a cause I love; I love it, sir! and am thankful I was ever acquainted with it."

W. NORRIS.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your faults and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and contrives and works for you every day you live? It is your mother—your own dear mother. Now let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother?

CHARADE.—No. I.

There was an orphan just in bloom,
Left to her uncle's care;
Was carried captive far from home,
Though beautiful and fair.

By royal mandate she was brought
With others to be seen;
For at the palace it was thought
The king would choose a queen.

This maiden pleased above the rest,
And so became the bride;
In royal robes she then was dressed;
Was known both far and wide.

Some years passed on, a law was made
That Jews should all be slain,
That law was altered through her aid,
Reveal to us her name?

No. II.

There was a great and angry king,
His name we will not say,
Who was enraged because some men
Did not his word obey.

They came as strangers from afar
To see a wondrous sight,
Being guided only by a star,
Which led them day and night.

At length they came to ask this man
The infant Prince to see;
He said, "Go find him if you can,
And bring the news to me."

The king was wroth for long delay,
Of these rebellious sons,
And sent his soldiers out to slay
Some scores of helpless ones.

And now, dear children, will you say,
Whence came these men? what gifts
they bring?
And tell us where that infant lay?
And who that angry king?

Anniversary Services.

MANGOTSFIELD SCHOOL ANNI-VERSARY.—On Lord's day, September 20th, 1863, three sermons were preached to crowded congregations, in the morning and evening by the writer, and in the afternoon by the Rev. T. Hobson. After each sermon, pieces and hymns of an interesting character were recited and sung by the scholars. On the following day a tea was given to the children at half-past three o'clock, which they enjoyed with great delight. At five o'clock about 150 adults sat down to an excellent tea; which was followed by an interesting public meeting, presided over by Mr. T. Hemmings, and addressed by E. Ball, Mr. Newman, the Rev. R. Bennetts, and the Rev. Thomas Hobson. The collections and profits of the public tea, after treating the children, amounted to £3 5s., being in advance of last year. There are on the books seventy-six scholars and fifteen teachers. To God be all the glory. E. BALL.

HAGWORTHINGHAM, HORN-CASTLE CIRCUIT.—The first anniversary of the Sabbath school at this place, was held October 11th and 12th, 1863, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Nickels, of Lincoln. A

love-feast was held in the afternoon, and the presence of God was felt, tears flowed, and loud hallelujahs rose from many hearts. At each service the congregation was large; and at night many went away that could not gain admittance.

On Monday 12th, tea was provided for the children at half-past three o'clock, and at five for the public, after which a public meeting was held; the chair was taken by Mr. Dawson (Wesleyan), and very powerful addresses were delivered by Revs. T. Nickels, and Isaac J. Hardy, both aiming at the instruction and salvation of the audience. The children recited several pieces. The collections and proceeds of tea-meeting, &c., amounted to £5 8s., which sum was more than we expected.

A short report was read, from which we take the following. "This school was established November 2nd, 1862; our present number of scholars is seventeen, we have eight teachers, and during the eleven months that the school has been opened, the children have committed to memory 1522 verses of scripture. Several scholars have removed to other places with their parents." There have been six fresh scholars received since the

anniversary. While the superintendent and teachers express their devout gratitude to the Almighty, the giver of all good, they also desire to thank the friends for their kind assistance at this anniversary.

W. J. HOWSAM.

BATTERSEA SABBATH SCHOOL, HAMMERSMITH MISSION.—We celebrated our second anniversary, November 22nd, when the Rev. G. Jones preached two appropriate sermons to good congregations, and on the following Monday the children were regaled with plum cake and tea, after which a repast of a similar kind was provided for adults, and nearly one hundred persons sat down. A public meeting commenced soon after seven. The house of the Lord was full to overflowing. W. Evell, Esq., took the chair, and said, that though he was a churchman, he was glad we had given him an invitation to be present with us. Addresses were also delivered by W. Cassell, Wesleyan, Mr. Fearn, Rev. G. Jones, and the writer. During the whole of the services the presence of the Lord was felt, and the congregation responded cheerfully to an appeal to their benevolence.

THOMAS TIDBURY.

PHILLIP-STREET, HOXTON, LONDON FIRST.—On Sunday, November 29th, 1863, the twelfth anniversary of our school was held in the above place, when three sermons were preached to large and attentive congregations, and liberal collections were obtained. In the morning Thomas Cooper preached, in the afternoon Danzy Sheen, and in the evening the Rev. Dr. Hoby. On Monday evening, the 30th, the examination of the scholars took place, preceded by a tea meeting. After tea the friends and public assembled in the chapel. The chair was taken by James Harmon, Esq. The scholars gave some very effective pieces and recitations. Mr. Paddy, the secretary, read the report, which showed the income for the year had amounted to £14 6s., while the expenditure was £13 1s. 5d. The whole of the collections and subscriptions, proceeds from the tea, &c., amounted to £20 9s.

JOS. POTTIER.

NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.—Dear Editor,—We held our annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting on Thursday evening, December 17th, 1863, when the Rev. J. Symonds occupied the chair. The children recited several portions of Scripture, pieces of poetry, and a dialogue on the Gospel, with very good effect, after which the farthings

were called in to the number of 3,120, the teachers' subscriptions 13s., which together with the collection amounted to the sum of £4 4s. Our old friend Mr. Joseph Dash, with brother Penrose and the writer, addressed the meeting, and altogether it was considered a very interesting one.

JOHN ALDERSLADE.

BRIZE NORTON, WITNEY CIRCUIT.—The first anniversary of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school in this village, was held on Sunday, December 27th, 1863, when the Rev. J. Hill gave an interesting address to the parents and children in the morning, and in the afternoon and evening preached two instructive and

appropriate sermons. The next day the scholars were regaled with abundance of cake and tea, after which more than a hundred friends partook of the bounties of Providence provided for the occasion. In the evening the chapel was crowded. F. Butler, Esq., presided at the public meeting with great efficiency. The addresses were highly satisfactory. The proceeds of the anniversary, after all demands were met, amounted to £2 3s. 4½d. Our school is doing well, three of the scholars have given their hearts to the Saviour, and several others appear under deep convictions. That all the dear children may speedily be brought to know the Lord is the earnest prayer of every teacher.

JOHN HOLTON.

Poetry.

A HYMN.

Come thou spring of Christ'an joy,
Raise my thoughts to things on high,
Let my heart be ever thine,
In thine image may I shine.

Then thy name I will adore,
And will love thee more and more.

May thy love inflame my soul,
Let thy word, Lord, make me whole,
May the pow'r of grace divine
Ever in my conduct shine,

Then thy name, &c.

May my life be spent on earth,
Not in folly, not in mirth,

But in working, Lord, for thee
And thy glory may I see.

Then thy name, &c.

While I have this fleeting breath,
May I live prepar'd for death,
And when call'd away from earth,
Pass to scenes of richer worth.

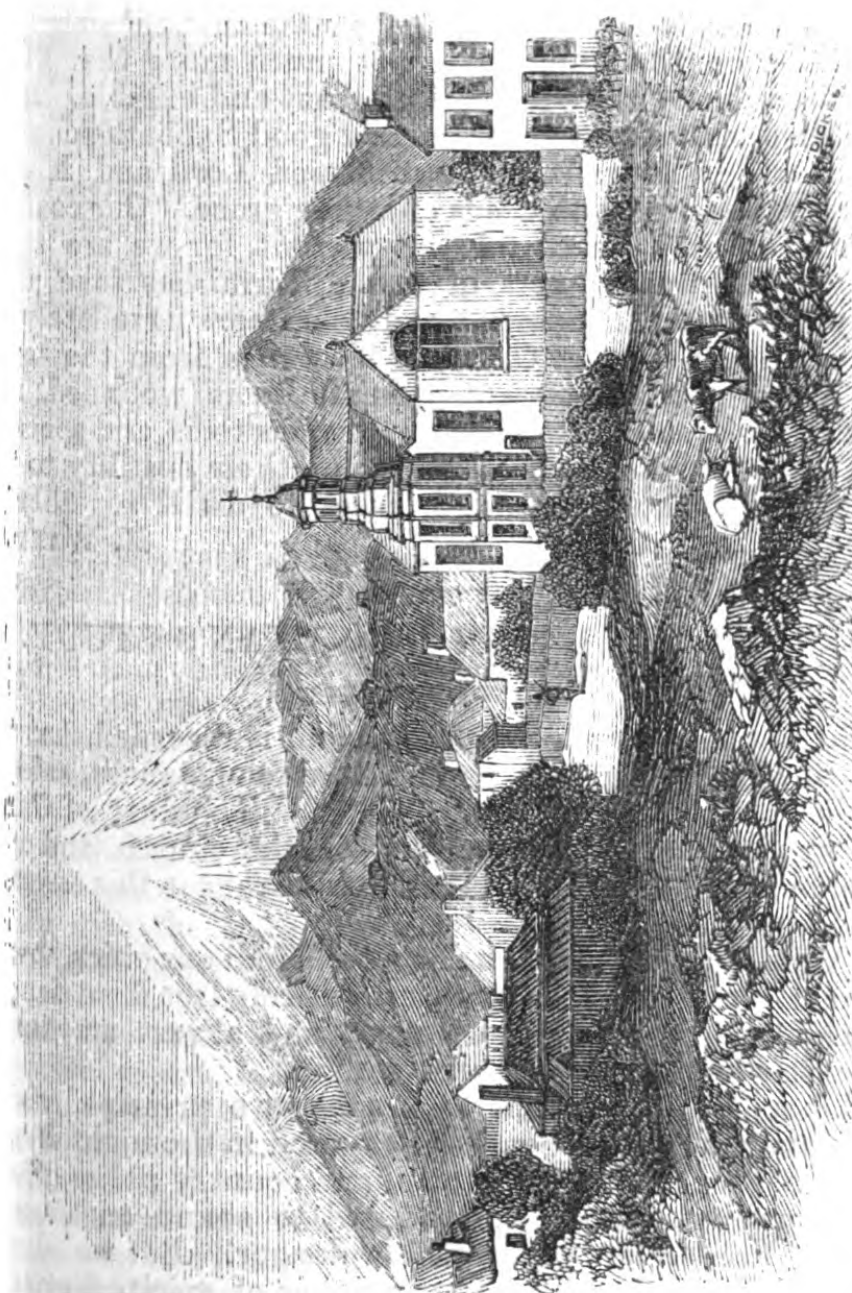
Then thy name, &c.

Then in regions bright and fair,
Lord, my eyes shall see thee there,
Live with Christ my Friend above,
Sing the song of saving love,

Then thy name, &c.

W. BIRKS.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND.

Youths' Department.

NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND.

(With Engraving.)

THE accompanying engraving contains a view of the Primitive Methodist chapel in the town of New Plymouth, New Zealand, with Mount Egmont clothed in its winter garment of snow, in the background. This chapel was erected in 1862, at the cost of nearly £650, by a community suffering from the spoils of war, and we are happy to state that the debt now remaining on the building is not much more than £100. The situation of the chapel is pleasant and eligible. It is well filled with attentive hearers; a good Sabbath-school is taught within its walls, and our blessed Lord and Master deigns to cheer us with deeds of saving grace. Our country work is entirely closed for the present, for we are again plunged into the dangers of war. Skirmishes take place every few days. The troops and volunteers have lately returned from a fight at Omata, a few miles from the town, and many poor men were brought home wounded, and some mortally so. May God be gracious to us, and speedily lead the infatuated natives to give up their hostility to the Government, and induce both races to dwell together in peace and righteousness.

R. WARD.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

WATCHFULNESS.

IN St. Mark's Gospel, xiii. 37, we find it recorded that the Son of God, under very important circumstances, said to his disciples, "I say unto all, Watch." The duty of Christian watchfulness is still binding on the church, and it is highly important that all our readers engage in this essential employment.

"Watchfulness" implies danger. If all our cities, towns, villages, hamlets, and houses were entirely free from danger, watchmen would be unnecessary, and a vast amount of expense would be saved to the public.

Fire and thieves seem to be the two principal visible evils to which we are generally exposed in the night season, and the duty of our city, town, and country police officers is to apprehend the dishonest, and to sound an alarm in case of fire, or any other visible danger. But we should remember that there is a vast number of spiritual evils to which mankind are exposed, and while ministers watch

over their churches and congregations, while parents watch over their children and household, and while governments watch the interests of nations, there is a duty of personal "watchfulness" devolving on each individual of the human family, and this is necessary for our personal safety here, and for our endless happiness hereafter, and it consists in looking after

1st. The workings of our own hearts.

As each of us possesses a heart, so we have a heart that is always at work for either good or evil, for God or Satan. In Eccles. ix. 3 the preacher informs us respecting the unchanged heart, "The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live." Moses tells us in Gen. vi. 5, that previously to the destruction of the antediluvian world, "God saw that every imagination of the thoughts of their heart was only evil continually." The prophet Jeremiah in describing the awfully vitiated state of the natural heart observes, "it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." It is so bad that none can fully describe its errors, and the amount of spiritual, physical, and eternal evil it will entail on its possessor without the strictest watchfulness over its workings. Well might Jesus Christ 1800 years ago speak of it as a treasury, and as such it is to-day, a treasury either of good or evil. "A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things." Let it be well understood that "from within, out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness—all these evil things come from within and defile the man," and without much watchfulness these evils increase in strength, and out of them will arise a thousand other evils detrimental to our personal and relative good. Hence the necessity of complying with the Divine direction recorded in Prov. iv. 23; "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." You should watch over

2nd. The words of your mouths.

In Ps. xxxix. 1, we find a noble resolution which was made by king David. "I said I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue, I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." It is a lamentable truth that we are surrounded by many great and evil talkers who need the bridle as much as any horse. These evil speakers injure personal reputation, and to a very great extent prevent the spread of Divine truth. "There is a

time to keep silence," but there is no time for evil speaking. The reputation of Gospel ministers, pious office-bearers, and faithful members of the household of faith have all been injured by the sins of human lips. It is necessary still to use the prayer of a pious old Jew mentioned in Ps. cxli. 3, 4, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips; incline not my heart to any evil thing to practise wicked works with them that work iniquity, and let me not eat of their dainties." However congenial it may be to the carnal appetite to speak evil of God or men, the psalmist wished for none of this dainty, and our earnest resolve should be with Job, xxvii. 4, "My lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit." Evil speeches carry evil influence with them, and cannot fail to exert some influence. And "how forcible are right words," saith holy inspiration, and how desirable is it to do good rather than evil by our conversation one with another. Therefore determine to "keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile;" speak not against thy brother, let thy tongue frame no deceit; give not thy mouth to evil; "put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee." Forget not that it is those who utter the truth with their heart and lips, and that backbite not with their tongue, that shall abide in the tabernacle of our God. "Be not as the fool who uttereth all his mind," but be as "a wise man who keepeth it in till afterwards." Let all idle conversation too be kept far from you. St. Paul, in 1 Tim. v. 13, speaks of these talkers "wandering about from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." How important that such persons remember the words of Jesus which are to be found in Matt. xii.; "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." O how happy is that man who offends not in word, who minds his own business, and whose "speech is always with grace, seasoned with salt." Of such a one the Bible speaks as "a perfect man." Determine therefore that "your communication shall be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." You should watch

3rd. Against the devices of Satan.

It is highly important that we endeavour to understand his private as well as his public efforts to ruin immortal souls. St. Paul, in writing to certain Christians, says. "We are not ignorant of his devices;" and how well would

it be if all our readers could truthfully utter the same language respecting themselves. Satan is full of subtlety as well as envy; and what a variety of agencies he employs to delude blood-bought souls, how intent he is upon our destruction. Look at the false teachers he employs to deceive mankind. We refer to the teachers especially of the Romish church, the Mormon church, the Mahometan church, the Greek church, the New Jerusalem church, the Socinian church, &c. Then there are infidel teachers who endeavour to pass under the title of Secularists. Then we have the teachers of Puseyism who are afraid to show their real colours by going over to the mother of harlots; and beside all these there are other numerous traps set to ensnare immortal souls. The present age requires every one to have his eyes open. There is no time to fall asleep in mental or spiritual idleness with all these evil agencies around us; if we do there is danger of losing our correct views of the Almighty, and an awful danger of losing our piety if we have any, "for strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." St. Paul says, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Philip. iii. 4. And this pressing is still necessary. To get to heaven there must be a pushing through the crowd of opponents, a forcing our way; and to be able to do this we must have on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Human nature is so corrupt, the flesh is so weak, the world is so powerful, and the devil is so unceasingly busy to destroy mankind, that the "righteous are scarcely saved;" yet, thank God, they are saved, and they shall be saved for ever by continuing in the Divine service. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." To watch successfully much prayer is necessary. "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always." Luke xxi. 36. Without prayer our hearts will wander, our lips will go astray, and satanic influence will be too powerful for us to overcome. Have faith in the blood of Christ, for "this is our victory even our faith." Take the advice of the apostle Peter (1 Peter v. 8); "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 121.)

FROM Athens Paul journeyed to Corinth. It is not likely that he prolonged his stay at Athens more than three months, and thence he took his departure for the splendid city of Corinth. "Situated on the isthmus that separates the Ægean from the Ionian Sea, and possessing singular advantages for commerce, as it was a mart for the exchange of Asiatic and Italian goods, it became celebrated for its wealth and magnificence, as well as the learning and ingenuity of its inhabitants. The splendour of its arts and architecture were almost incredible. Profane historians speak of it as the light and ornament of all Greece. It was not less remarkable for its corruption and licentiousness. Vice reigned without molestation, and luxury had corrupted all classes of the population." Even the public worship was utterly obscene. In the famous temple of Venus at Corinth the worship was conducted by a thousand priestesses. The services of this temple constituted a source of general pollution and vice, and the Corinthians became an exceedingly degraded race. It is of importance to note this, because after the apostle Paul had planted a church at Corinth, we find him writing a letter to the members thereof, in which he reproves them severely for allowing sin amongst them. We can scarcely wonder that in so licentious a city as Corinth, even some of the Christians should be drawn into sin. It is, however, very pleasing to know that if Paul had first to weep over a declension, he had afterwards to rejoice over a reformation. On Paul's arrival at Corinth, which was forty-five miles distant from Athens, he found two disciples there in the persons of Aquila and Priscilla, who had been driven from Rome by the edict of the Emperor Claudius and had settled at Corinth. Paul took up his abode with them, and wrought with them, for they were all of one occupation—tent-makers. During his residence in Corinth Paul went to the Jewish synagogue and there preached Christ. His companions arriving from Macedonia inspired him with increased energy in proclaiming to the Jews that Jesus is "the Christ of God," whereupon the Jews, as at other places, opposed and blasphemed. Paul now turns from the Jews saying, "Your blood be upon your own heads, I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles."—Acts xviii. 6. Paul seems now to have removed his lodgings from the house of Aquila to that of Justus, "one that worshipped

God," perhaps already a proselyte to the Jews' religion. Paul now lived near to the Jewish synagogue, and the ruler thereof, whose name was Crispus, was converted to Christianity. "He believed in the Lord with all his house, and many of the Corinthians hearing, believed and were baptised." This was the beginning of a very blessed success, and Paul continued here a year and six months preaching the word of God among them, and succeeded in planting one of the most numerous and powerful of the apostolic churches. It is not to be supposed that Paul could prosecute so large a work without exciting the malicious envy of the Corinthian Jews, and accordingly we find that he is at length brought into trouble by their malicious interference. Paul had been previously assured of Divine interposition and support in "a vision of the night." At the time of his residence in Corinth, Gallio was deputy governor of Achaia, which was a district of Greece distinct from Macedonia. Corinth was its capital. Paul's bitter enemies, the Jews, made insurrection with one accord against him, and brought him to the judgment seat of Gallio. To a more suitable person they could not have brought him. Gallio listens to the charge, but that is all. He will not trouble himself to hear Paul's defence. He sees at one glance how utterly frivolous the accusation is. He therefore, like a wise and judicious man, determines to send the plaintiffs away nonsuited, saying, "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you; but if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters. And he drave them from the judgment seat."—Acts xviii. 14—16. It would seem that the Greeks took the side of Paul, for they beat Sosthenes, the ruler of the synagogue, before the judgment seat. Still the easy-going proconsul would not interfere, but left the Jews to fight out their own squabble. Fancy to yourselves a fat, plethoric man, of high position and birth, affable in his manners, accomplished in his person, and, withal, a proconsul under imperial Rome, the administrative and judicial representative of the empire, in a beautiful and important province, and then I think you will scarcely wonder that he would not trouble himself about this matter of words and names of the Jewish law. Of such a man it is not strange that Luke should have to write, "And Gallio cared for none of these things."—Acts xviii. 17. The decision of Gallio in reference to the charges against Paul, was a great blessing to the apostle. With so shrewd and common-sense a man as this in the proconsul-

ship, the Jews must have seen that they could not raise a state persecution against Paul, and on the other hand Paul must have felt far greater security in prosecuting his labours. After this he continued a considerable while at Corinth, a great number of persons were converted to Christ, and after staying for the space of two years, he had the unspeakable pleasure of leaving behind him a powerful and prosperous church.

W. M. B.

A LETTER TO OUR JUVENILE MISSIONARY COLLECTORS; OR, PRAYER ANSWERED.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have many times been requested to send you the particulars of the following case, but for several reasons I have felt reluctant to comply. I feel, however, after reading our editor's remarks in the monthly summary of the Large Magazine, respecting our missionary operations having to be more circumscribed if more unwonted liberality be not put forth, and finding that our missionary treasurer is now in debt to the amount of several hundred pounds, that I can no longer refuse without making myself the subject of very uncomfortable feelings. My object is purely to encourage those who are now engaged in this noble work, and to try to stimulate them to greater diligence, and may I hope that some who have not entered upon this labour of love through a fear lest they should not get as much as they wish, will take courage and at once begin? About twenty-two years ago, I was in the same position as you—namely, a scholar in a Primitive Methodist Sabbath school, and at the age of twelve years and ten months, through the instrumentality of my teachers, I experienced a change of heart and joined society. In my first love I sang—

“O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace.”

Young as I was I really felt as if I should like to do something towards the conversion of the world; my heart's language was, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? While I was the subject of these feelings I attended a missionary meeting, and with great emotion I listened to the telling speeches that were delivered. I felt a yearning pity for those dear children that had never heard of Jesus, and wished I could tell them about the dear Saviour I had found, but this was impossible; so I resolved to do something towards sending others; I thought at the close of the meeting, I will ask the minister, the Rev. S. Morris, if he will favour me by allowing me to have a missionary box. I was so much

in earnest about it I pushed my way up to the platform lest others should go before me, and all the boxes should be gone. I, however, succeeded in getting one, and as soon as I received it I offered up a prayer that God would bless me in my labour of love, and help me to get ten shillings in the year, and every time I entered my closet during the whole of the year, my simple but earnest prayer was— Lord, bless the missionary cause, and incline the people to give—help me to get ten shillings this year! I had not the means to give much myself; my parents were then ungodly, and did not allow me money for religious purposes. I am happy to say that some years after they both found pardon, and died in the faith. Like many other parents they allowed me coppers to spend, but instead of spending them in sweetmeats, &c., I took care of them to pay my class; as a member of society I felt it my duty to deny myself little things that children consider luxuries, that I might pay my weekly pence and give something for my ticket at the end of each quarter. In this matter I do not remember ever having failed. After these payments were made nearly all that I could muster was deposited in my missionary box. In begging I did not meet with the success I desired; I was often discouraged even by those who I thought ought to help me. The close of the year was now drawing near, and at times I entertained doubts about getting the sum I had fixed my mind upon; nevertheless, I still kept praying. But after I had given all I could, and begged all I could, I had but about five shillings in my box at the time the bills appeared announcing our missionary meeting. The enemy now came in like a flood, and tried to show me the folly of such prayers as mine. I, of course, felt discouraged on account of my little success, but I did not leave off praying. I remembered reading in my Bible that the gold and silver are the Lord's, and, again, "If ye shall ask anything touching my kingdom it shall be done." I resolved to make one more good effort, and so I did; for on the day before my box was to be opened, I went everywhere where I thought I could get a copper, and on that excursion I got two shillings and some odd coppers. I had now seven shillings and a few coppers in my box, but where the other three were to come from I had not the remotest idea. The time for opening the boxes at length arrived, and I took mine with a heavy heart. When I arrived at the place for opening, the money of one collector was being counted, and mine was to be the next. All hope was now gone; my mind was racked, and my little heart almost bleeding. At this juncture, about half a minute be-

fore the key (that tells so many tales of honour and disgrace) was put into my box, the sainted Mrs. Callow, whose memoir appeared in our magazine some years ago, stepped up to me and put three shillings into my hand; she whispered in my ear, "This is for your missionary box." Our young friends will better guess how I felt than I can describe; I don't think that I could have felt more joy spring up in my young heart if a legacy had been bequeathed to me. Those of you that have read your Bibles, and understand the nature of prayer, will know who it was that moved the giver. What makes this answer to prayer appear the more signal is, the donor herself had a missionary box, and knew nothing of my inward struggle. Are any of our juvenile collectors cast down? From my experience let them take courage; the Lord is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Fix your mind upon some reasonable sum according to your circumstances, and be determined to obtain it, perhaps some of you can better get a pound than I could ten shillings; if so, be determined to get one; some may not be able to obtain ten shillings, but you can all do something. Now will you promise before you lay down the magazine that you will do what you can towards relieving our missionary committee of a burden that must press heavily upon them? There are three ways by which you can do this: firstly, by denying yourselves little things that are useless; secondly, by using your influence with others to do the same; and lastly, but not least, by praying that God may open the hearts of our up-grown members, that have money at their command, that they may be led to unite with you in this important matter. If you are hesitating to fix upon the sum that you should like to realise, ask your father or mother how much they think you are able to get, and if they help you to fix upon the sum they will no doubt help you to obtain it. We believe there are hundreds of fathers and mothers in our beloved connexion would rather their children gave their pence to the missionary cause than they should spend them in trifles—that would rather see their tables or chimney-pieces ornamented with a missionary box than with all kinds of useless toys and trinkets. But I must come to a close, or I shall exhaust your patience with this long letter. In closing, my advice is, let us have a strong pull and a pull altogether; and if we do so, instead of our missionary operations having to be circumscribed, our editor will soon have the unspeakable pleasure of telling us that a wider field is being opened. "Haste, happy day!" is the prayer of your humble adviser,

C. STAFFORD.

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

CROWLAND is said to be one of the oldest towns in England; it has an old abbey with broken arches and dilapidated walls, part of which is fitted up as a church. There is also a very singular triangular old bridge; around this old abbey and bridge there are many old houses; houses which bear the striking marks of age. Yet some of these old houses are occupied by King's sons and daughters—we mean the sons and daughters of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

In October last, upon a beautiful Sabbath, we were appointed to preach three times in this ancient town of Crowland. After closing the afternoon service we went, in company with brother Kempsten and several friends, to one of these royal residences, for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Fletcher (one of our dear members), who was ill.

We found her pillowed up in bed, labouring under the combined diseases of asthma and dropsy; for nights together she was unable to lie down for a single moment. We rejoiced to find that that God whom she had served in health did not forsake her in her hours of trial and affliction. For twenty-five years our dear sister, Mrs. Fletcher, has been a faithful member of our beloved connexion; and during this period her conduct has been one continuous stream of Christian fortitude, patience, kindness, and benevolence. I have known her for nearly six years, and though I have often visited her, I never heard her speak one unkind word or give utterance to one uncharitable expression respecting any Christian sister or brother. We are glad, therefore, to say that her life was consistent, and her death was as triumphant.

We shall never forget the memorable occasion we have already referred to. The room appeared to be full of heavenly influence; the smile—the complacent smile of immortality rested on her countenance. When myself or friends attempted to speak to her, or pray with her, our feelings were quite overwhelmed; her language was, "I am happy!—I have fully given up my dear husband and children! I have had some keen conflicts, but, thank God, I have given all up,

"Not a cloud does arise
To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment
The Lord from my eyes."

She lingered for several weeks after this visit, but continued in the same blessed state of mind. Her last words on earth were, "Glory! glory! glory!" Methinks her first words in heaven would be, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

Unto him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, be glory and dominion for ever and ever !” O how lovely is the Christian’s life ! How happy is the Christian’s death. Do you not say, my dear young friends, with me, Let me die the death of the righteous ? Does not this death-bed scene render Christianity increasingly attractive in your estimation ? What but Christianity can render your life useful and happy ? What but Christianity can plant the rose of Sharon near your dying pillow ? What but Christianity, when you tread the verge of Jordan, can “bid each anxious fear subside, bear you through the swelling current, and land you safe on Canaan’s side ?”

O, dear young friends, while you are yet young seek this glorious Christianity, seek it earnestly, seek it prayerfully, seek it penitently, seek it believingly, seek it just now, and never rest till you personally experience all its saving and salutary power. God has said, “Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” God has said, “I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.” We would in conclusion urge you who have sought and found this pearl of great price, to hold fast to the end ; be faithful unto death, and you shall receive a crown of life. God grant it.

J. ASHWORTH.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

“MOTHER, I will be everything to you that I can be ; I promise you that.”

A look of high resolve made the young brow man-like in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. His earnest blue eye looked fondly into the faded face that bent over him. There was a world of love in his soul, a love that was not only lip deep, but was proved by acts of self-denial.

They were poor, that mother and son ; oh, how poor they were ! But in holy heart-love they possessed untold riches. Yes, out of their bank in heaven they drew every day, every hour, uncounted treasure.

He had just secured a situation in a shop about five miles from where they lived. It was but a small pittance ; but, of late, the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing.

The boy was to have his meals with his employer, and could, if he chose, sleep there. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from mother, for a pressure from that feeble hand, for the tender, Christian words that came from those

pale lips, he was willing, after his day's work, to walk home, dark and tedious though the way was. When he earned any trifle extra, he brought home some little delicacy to his mother, which was sweet to the invalid because he brought it.

One night the mother looked from her window, and said, as she saw the twilight deepening earlier than it was wont, "He will not come to-night." So, quite confident that he would not venture in that storm, she read her Bible till her heart kindled with the holy words, and then, putting out her light, she went to rest.

She knew not how long she had slept when a voice awoke her. The voice so dear to her was crying, "Mother, mother!" Instantly rising, she, groping for a light, unfastened the door, and there stood her son covered with mire from head to foot. His face was wet, but the honest, happy smile was in no degree abated.

"My boy! how could you come on such a night?" exclaimed the widow.

"Why, mother, a storm couldn't keep me from you! I lost my way, got into a creek, and it must be midnight; but I meant to come, for my master gave me a trifle to-night, and I knew how much you needed it."

"My dear boy!" sprang from the mother's full heart, as the silent tears trickled down her pale cheeks.

"I wonder I haven't thought of it before," she said musingly. "After this I will put a light in the window; it won't show far, but it will be pleasant for you to see it, and know I am watching for you."

For three years the lamp was placed in the window every night, and "as bright as Mother Lock's little window," became a favourite saying.

At the end of that time the widow's son was offered a place on board a vessel, and he accepted it. It cost him none knew what a struggle, to part from the being he loved with an almost worshipful affection. But the time had come when he must go into the world to do battle for himself and her, and a sailor's life seemed to open up the way.

"It seems to me," said the fond mother, as with a deep sigh she parted from him, "as if I must still put the light in the window for you. I shall think sometimes I hear the fall of your footsteps, the click of the latch, your pleasant voice. O, my son, my son, if I could but light you over the stormy waters."

"Mother, God will do that," said he, pointing to the glowing heavens; "God will light me through storm and through calm; but, mother, I shall think every night that the lamp is in the window, that you sit near it, that some-

body blesses you for the guiding ray, and, above all, that you are praying for me."

The long voyage was nearly ended, but another voyage was to end before that. The widow was taken ill, and as she lay helpless upon her bed, and the neighbours came in to care for her, she would say, "Put the light in the window; my son will be thinking of it."

Night after night, and even until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying sometimes, "Shall I live to hear his footsteps?" "Will that feeble flame still burn when my life's light has gone out?"

She lay quietly; a smile upon her lips, her hands folded. "I have longed to see him," she said, "I have prayed earnestly, but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world."

"Have you put the light in the window?" she asked suddenly, earnestly, a few moments after. "It is growing dark."

Alas! it was not the light that was growing dark. Her hands grew cold. Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face.

"O, my son! my son!" she whispered; "tell him —" they bent lower to catch the failing words; "tell him I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

Not many days after a ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all who stepped from her decks none was more hopeful, more joyous, than the widow's son. He had passed through the ordeal of a sea-faring life so far unscathed. He had kept himself as spotless as if, at every nightfall, his feet had been turned towards the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her! It did not occur to him that perhaps her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. O, no! He only thought of the pleasant light in the window that her hands had trimmed for him.

Beautiful was the day on which he travelled again the long accustomed road. How pleasant now to go home with sufficient to provide for the comfort of that dear mother! She should never want again. He would take her to a better home, and give her the luxuries he had once longed to see in her possession. Hope on, dreamer; yonder comes one who trudges on laggingly; a farmer in heavy boots and frock, and a whip in his hand.

"I see you know me," said the young sailor, smiling; "Well, how is my mother?"

"Your mother?"

"Yes; is she well? Is she expecting me? Of course she is; we're late by a month, full."

"Your mother, James, well"—he strikes his whip on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart?

"There, you need not speak!" cried the young man, in a voice of sudden anguish, and he buried his face in his hands.

"My poor lad, your mother is ——"

"Don't, don't," cried the other, showing now a face from which all colour had fled. "O! my mother! my mother! she is gone, gone; and I was coming home so happy!"

For some moments he sobbed in agony. How dreary the world had grown; the flowers had lost all fragrance, the sun warmth—his heart seemed dead.

"James, she left a message for you," said the farmer, wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

"A message for me?" It seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

"Yes," said she; "tell my son that I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

"Did she, oh! did she say that? God bless you for telling me that. All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along, till it seemed to grow brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window! Yes, mother, I will think still you are waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years, but I knew the light was burning; I cannot see you now, but I know the light is burning. I will come, mother."

Slowly he went to the graveyard, and there he knelt and wept over her lowly grave. But not there he thought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. Then he knew that the light was placed in the window of heaven.

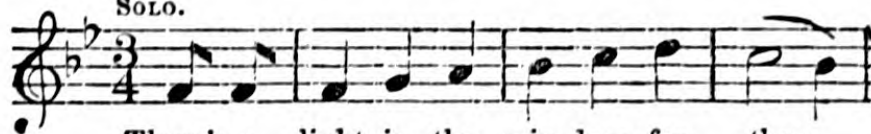
Once again he knelt in the room where he had last left her. Nothing was removed; but oh! how much was wanting! There, on the window-sill, stood the lamp—that brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well-worn Bible, and kneeling with it in his hand, as if she could hear him, he sought her Saviour, and consecrated himself to a life and work of righteousness.

From that cottage he went out into the world, carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always, wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of heaven.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

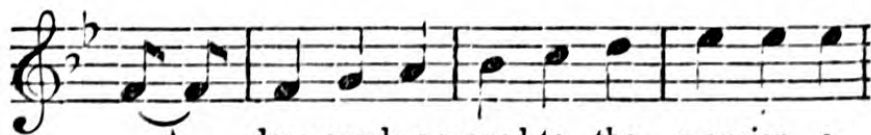
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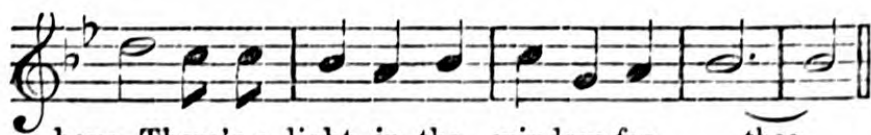
There's a light in the win-dow for thee,



brother, There's a light in the window for thee;



A dear one has moved to the mansion a-



bove, There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.



A mansion in heaven we see, brother, And a



light in the window for thee, A



mansion in heaven we see, brother, And a



light in the win-dow for thee.

There's a crown and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.

A mansion, &c.

Oh watch and be faithful and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.

A mansion, &c.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.

A mansion, &c.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON XVII.—THE UNIVERSAL PREVALENCE OF SIN—GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

Read Genesis vi.: See also Hebrews xi. 7.

THIS is a memorable chapter, giving us a picture of degeneracy and crime the most awful ever recorded in the history of man, and of the wonderful means which God took to bring about the repentance of a guilty world, to secure the preservation of his servant Noah, and the fulfilment of the covenant of redemption. Let us carefully study it.

Ver. 2.—“*The sons of God.*”—A title given to those who professed to be God's children, and who were distinguished from the world and from the “*daughters of men,*” because the latter made no profession of religion. They belonged not to the church but to the world, and lived a life of carnality. Up to this time there had been a distinction between the church and the world; but now, by intermarriages between

the godly and the ungodly, that distinction was destroyed, and the church soon became like the world.

Ver. 3.—“*My Spirit shall not always strive,*” &c.—To strive means to plead with, and expostulate powerfully. “For that he also is flesh.” “Flesh” means carnal; men were wholly given up to sensual pleasures. “Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.” He shall even yet have that period for repentance. (1 Peter iii. 20.)

Ver. 4.—“*Giants.*”—Not so much as to their size as to their violence and ungovernable passions. The Hebrew word for giants means those who had fallen and become apostates; and this was now the general state of those who had once composed the church.

Ver. 6.—“*And it repented the Lord,*” &c.—Repentance, applied to God, does not mean the same as when applied to man. In the latter case it always implies sorrow or regret for some error in judgment, or some blamable conduct; but as God knows all things, he can commit no error; and being perfectly holy, he can do no wrong. Yet as man had changed by becoming totally corrupt, it became necessary that God’s treatment of man should be changed, mercy being turned to vengeance. This is called his “repentance.”

Ver. 8.—“*But Noah found grace,* &c.”—“Grace” means favour. Noah was not corrupted by the general apostasy. He still believed in God’s promises; and, by faith in the promises, found peace with God, and, like Abel, obtained witness that he was righteous.

Ver. 12.—“*And God looked upon the earth,*” &c.—This denotes God’s strict observance of the human character. Nothing can, nothing does, escape his notice. And what a scene did a holy God behold! The whole of the earth’s population, which probably consisted of many millions, all, with very few exceptions, having become corrupt and abominable; insomuch that not only the actions of men were profligate and sensual to the last degree, but even the very imagi-

nations of their thoughts were evil, evil only, and that continually. (Compare Ps. xiv. 2, 3.)

Ver. 14.—“*Gopher wood.*”—The kind of wood cannot be positively determined, but probably it was the wood of the cyprus tree. This was durable, it abounded in Assyria, and was anciently much used in shipbuilding. As the ark was 120 years in building, the most durable timber would be required.

Ver. 15.—“*Three hundred cubits.*”—A cubit was originally a measure taken from the distance between the tip of the middle finger and the elbow; but as this space varies with persons of different stature, about twenty-two inches was adopted as the general standard measure. The size of the Ark would therefore be as follows:—The 300 cubits in length would make 547 feet; the 50 cubits breadth would make 91 feet 2 inches; and the height, 30 cubits, would make 54 feet 8 inches. Such a vessel has been computed to have had a capacity for 81,062 tons burden; a space large enough to contain all the animals that had to be preserved, and all the provision necessary for their subsistence.

Ver. 18.—“*But with thee will I establish my covenant.*”—A covenant means an agreement between two parties. The covenant made with Noah was of a

twofold kind. It included a renewal of the ancient promise of redemption, and to this was added the special promise of the temporal safety of himself and his family from perishing by the deluge. The fulfilment of the former involved the certain fulfilment of the latter. Noah believed in both; for if he believed the former, he could not but believe the latter. Had God destroyed all the wicked, and taken Noah and his family to heaven even by translation, the original promise of a Saviour could not have been fulfilled. It was only by Noah's family being preserved alive that the covenant of human redemption could be carried into effect. Noah believed this, and

because he believed this, he had a certain guarantee of his personal safety as well. Hence Noah is said to have been saved by faith, a faith which primarily refers to the Saviour of the world; but if the Messiah must indeed come the preservation of his family, at least, was made certain thereby. Noah's faith, like that of Abraham, was counted unto him for righteousness. (Rom. iv. 3; Heb. xi. 7.)

1. Learn from this chapter the corrupting influence of sin. 2. The long-suffering and forbearance of God. 3. The certainty of punishment when God's mercy is abused. 4. The distinction which God puts between the saint and the sinner.

LESSON XVIII.—THE GREEKS' DESIRE TO SEE JESUS.

Read John xii. 20—43.

INTRODUCTORY. — Soon after the parable of the wicked husbandmen, as reported Matt. xxii. 1—14, plots against Jesus were devised, and several controverted questions started, in the hope that he would commit himself. These questions are mentioned in Matt. xxii. from ver. 15; Mark xii. from ver. 13; and Luke xx. from ver. 27. The Saviour then uttered certain warnings and counsels against the Scribes and Pharisees, recorded Matt. xxiii. An incident mentioned Mark xii. 41—44; and Luke xxi. 1—

4, shows the condescension and grace of the Saviour. And next after this, in Gospel Harmonies, follows the circumstance mentioned in the present lesson. All these things are supposed to have taken place on the third day of the week in which Christ was crucified; or, as we should say, on the Tuesday of that week.

EXPLANATORY.—v. 20. "*Certain Greeks*"—Gentile proselytes, attending the Jewish feasts at Jerusalem.

v. 23. "*The hour is come*"—the time is now very near. The com-

ing of these Gentiles to see Jesus was an indication of the approaching wider and more triumphant progress of his gospel in the world.

v. 24. "*Die*"—The Saviour refers here to a popularly received fact in nature; that seed-corn, and indeed almost every other seed, decomposed in the ground, except the germ, perishes to nourish that germ, so that it may fructify and yield the harvest. Christ's death, now very near, was essential to his being glorified by a large increase of the number of his disciples.

v. 27. "*Troubled*"—The pains, darkness, and aggravated sorrows of his approaching death were coming on the Saviour, Luke xxii. 41—44. The inquiry should be extended to the end of the verse.

v. 28. "*A voice*"—Words were uttered in answer to the Saviour's petition, which words all present did not understand. A similar voice had been heard at the baptism of Jesus, and again at his transfiguration. It was uttered now in connection with his approaching death.

v. 31. "*Judgment*"—The word is crisis. The death of Christ, regarded in connexion with its momentous results, was a crisis in the world's moral history. It was the means of establishing the authority of God's law and government, and thenceforward

men would be judged according to the views they might take of the death of Christ.

v. 32. "*Lifted up*"—offered as a sacrifice, ver. 34. The expression, all men, means men of all nations; Gentiles as well as Jews.

v. 36. "*Children of light*"—Show that you have light, and value it. After saying these things, Jesus privately left the people, to escape present danger.

v. 29. "*Could not*"—Obstacles, which they themselves strengthened, made it impossible to believe, chap. v. 44.

v. 41. "*His glory*"—the glory of Christ. What we read in Isa. vi. is, therefore, spoken of Christ. Thus did Christ affirm his own deity.

v. 42. "*Put out*"—excommunicated from. Cut off from the community, and deprived of the privileges of worship and fellowship in the synagogues, chap. ix. 34, 35.

EXPOSITORY.—*First.* THE DESIRE OF THESE GREEKS.

The lesson does not tell us how many Greeks there were; whence they had come; nor what it was that produced their desire. The fame of Jesus had doubtless attracted their attention, and they had probably noticed the authority with which he had driven from that court of the temple with which they were most fami-

liar, those who were profaning that sacred building.

At the birth of Jesus, foreigners came from a great distance to see him that was born King of the Jews, Matt. ii. 12. Now, at his death, foreigners manifested a similar desire. These circumstances prefigured the wide influence of the gospel in the world.

These Greeks had come up to the feast. They had abandoned the idolatry of their fathers for Judaism; but in Judaism they did not find the satisfaction of their spiritual wants. They might, as they thought, find that satisfaction in Jesus.

Notice the means they took to have their wish gratified. Perhaps they knew Philip better than any other disciple. So they sought an introduction to the Saviour through him. They desired a certain benefit, and they were industrious in the use of the proper means of attaining it. Desire and seek to know Christ. We should gladly learn from those who already know Christ and love him.

Notice, also, how Philip dealt with their wish. He was a cautious man. He could not decide whether Jesus would like to have the strangers introduced to him. He reported their wish to Andrew, who, perhaps, was older than himself, in order that the two might take counsel what to do in the matter. Seek counsel

in difficulty from those who are wiser than you.

The narrative does not expressly indicate whether the Greeks were brought to Jesus. Their request was made known to him, and it is most likely that he met it. Jesus was teaching publicly. The Greeks were among his hearers, and probably they thought that the discourse of the Saviour was specially applicable to them. We may at any time come to the Saviour. He enlightens, encourages, and blesses all who come to him.

Secondly. THE USE WHICH CHRIST MAKES OF THEIR DESIRE.

The Saviour saw in the wish of the Greeks a foreshadowing of the triumphs his truth would obtain. Gentiles were inquiring after him. The Gentiles should soon be called by his gospel and should flock to his church.

This is what the Saviour means by the expression, "The Son of man is to be glorified." The redeemed would be augmented in number, and he, their Redeemer, would be honoured. And this, as Christ says, was very near. He himself had restricted his ministry to the Jews. The disciples whom he had sent forth were directed to go only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, Matt. x. 6. Soon he would enlarge their commission, and glorious results would follow.

True, he would first have to

endure much, and die. But as was commonly thought, the death of the seed issued in the harvest, ver. 24, so it would be with him.

This thought sustained him under his sufferings which were then beginning, ver. 27, 28. Those sufferings were occasioned by sin, the load of which he was about to bear. He was to be smitten in our place, and in our behalf. His sufferings would be unlike any other suffering. Should he shrink from those sufferings? No. He was anxious only that God might be glorified.

Notice here two things, which Christ's death was to effect.

1. He himself was perfectly voluntary in all he endured. He was no unwilling sufferer. In sacrifices generally it was deemed of ill omen that the victim should have to be forced to the altar. And so, if Christ had not willingly suffered, our sins would not have been expiated by his sufferings. Hence the frequent

testimony to Christ's willingness to suffer, chap. x. 17, 18.

2. That Christ's sufferings should be in harmony with the will of God. They must honour God. And they did so in their exhibition of God's character as holy and just; as merciful and gracious. Testimony was borne to this, as the lesson shows, ver. 28—30. On this testimony the disciples, the Greeks, all who stood by, were encouraged to rely. By the death of Christ the power of the devil would be overthrown; souls would be converted and drawn to God; and unbelieving multitudes should believe in him, and find eternal life.

This is our way to eternal life. Believing in Christ; coming to God through him; and relying on his atonement. Do we rely on the sacrifice of Christ for pardon, for acceptance with God, for everlasting salvation? The warning in ver. 35 shows us that we should believe on Christ now, if we would have life and salvation.

MOTHER'S LOVE.—Oh! who has known the depth, the breadth, of a mother's love, until the knowledge, too late, brings gratitude, which sinks into bitter remorse and self-upbraiding over the tomb? Who remembers all the self-sacrifice, life-long, as unfaltering and unpretending, which breathes out from the mother's heart, to make a world of fragrant beauty for her child?

Alas! we forget the love until it has passed from us, and left the earth gloomy, deserted by its brightness. We forget the self-sacrifice until it has been consummated by death, and offers its last oblation to heaven. Then we weep bitterly but fruitlessly, seeking in vain to recall any return for the kindnesses with which our lives have been overwhelmed.

Juvenile Biography.



HARRIET WALKLEY, of Stroud, in the county of Gloucester, who departed this life December 25th, 1863, aged five years. She was a child of much promise, manifesting a degree of intelligence beyond her years; but her Heavenly Father has taken her away to bloom in a better world and in a holier clime. She was a good girl; obedient to her parents, amiable in her disposition, and loving to all around her. She delighted in the Sabbath school, and was always anxious to be in time. She loved her teacher, was attentive to her lessons, and was beginning to read very nicely when affliction's hand was laid upon her; after which death ensued in four days. One Lord's day she was seen in her place in the Sunday

school, but ere the next arrived she had gone to be taught the lessons of a Saviour's love in the paradise of God. She was particularly happy in the prospect of dying; when she saw her mother by her side weeping, she said to her, "Don't cry for me, mamma, I am happy!" Her father, who was present, asked her where she was going. She replied, "To heaven." Shortly before she died, she put her little hands together and said, "Happy! happy!" and seemed wishful to say something more, but her strength failed her, and her happy spirit passed away to regions of eternal glory, where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more."

CHARLES P. MAGER.

JOSEPH FORSTER, son of James and Ann Forster, was born December 2nd, 1849, and died at Castle Eden, January 7th, 1864, aged fourteen years. From his birth he manifested a mild and amiable disposition, and as he grew in years he was remarkably thoughtful and serious. He attended the Sabbath school regularly, though nothing is known of him during this time beyond the fact of his being a quiet and orderly scholar; but at a subsequent period in his short life it was evident he had imbibed correct views of the Saviour of mankind; the seeds of Divine truth had been sown in the Sabbath school, and the results were glorious.

It was not his lot to have parents who obeyed the royal mandate to "train up a child in the way he should go," as they were ignorant of the "blood that bought their pardon on the tree." They were quiet, inoffensive people, but religion was a subject they knew little about. Under these circumstances, Joseph was left to follow his own inclination;—the result of this neglect was, he was seldom seen at a place of worship. When about twelve years of age he was sent to work in a coal pit; his occupation being to attend to what is called a trap-door. His duty was to open it on the approach of any miners or tubs

laden with coals. This duty, though light, was solitary and monotonous. On one occasion, Joseph's mind being occupied with the formation of a small toy with a piece of wood and a knife which he intended for his infant brother, did not hear the approach of a miner, and, of course, the door remained shut. For this trifling neglect of duty the miner very wickedly and cruelly illused poor Joseph, and amongst other things kicked him in the bowels. From that kick he never rallied, though he survived about eighteen months in pain and suffering. From that time until two months before his death he said nothing to his parents about religion. But he gradually grew worse in health, so that he was confined within doors. One day, his mother and he being alone, he said, "Mother, I'll not get well again, I shall die. But," he added with great emphasis, "I shall go to be with Jesus." Often during the first month of his last illness he would implore his mother to promise to meet him in heaven. "Mother," he would say, "I am going to heaven, and it's all through Jesus; and he died for you, too, mother. Heaven is for you as well as me. O, mother, I am happy, happy! I cannot tell you how happy I am!" He then began to sing "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," &c.

repeating several verses of the hymn. At another time, when in great pain, he commenced singing—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again—
In heaven we'll part no more.
O that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more!"

At another time he broke forth with the following—

"Then let your songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We are marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high."

On one occasion a young man in the kitchen uttered a very unbecoming word, which he overheard. He instantly requested him not to repeat it, telling him the consequences of sinning against God, and strongly advising him to repent. The young man was greatly moved, and wept much.

On Sunday, January 3rd, he fully expected to go home to his heavenly Father. He watched the clock all the day, repeatedly saying, "I should like to go home to Jesus to-day."

I visited him that evening and asked him if he was happy. He looked at me earnestly, while a radiant smile overspread his pallid features as he readily answered, "Yes."

"What makes you happy?"
—"Jesus."

"Do you love Jesus?"—"Yes, I do."

"Why?"—"Because he first loved me."

"Are you not afraid to die?"
—"No."

"Would you not like to get better, and grow up to be a man?" He gave me an earnest look, and after a moment's hesitation answered "No" decisively.

"Why?"—"Because I want to be with Jesus, which is far better."

"Do you love your mother?" At this question the look of tender affection he gave her was unutterable, as he answered, "I do love my mother." This scene was beyond comparison the most affecting I ever witnessed.

Almost choking with emotion, I asked, "How is it, then, Joseph, that you love your mother so well, yet you want to leave her?" With joy beaming in his countenance he answered, "I love my mother, but I love Jesus better; and my mother has promised to meet me in heaven."

To all persons who visited him he preached Jesus, urging on all his relations to promise to meet him in heaven.

He often begged of his father to pray. At one time he said, "O, father, go down on your knees by the bed-side, and pray to God to have mercy on your poor soul." His father lay across the bed weeping, and said, "My dear, I cannot pray." "I'll

teach you, father," cried the dying child. "O, father, will you, will you, will you meet me in heaven?" Calling his mother also to him, he said, "O, father, mother; perhaps the Lord is keeping me here a few days longer in pain until you promise me that you will meet me in heaven." The mother had already given him that promise, the father could no longer keep back the promise. He did promise. Several persons were in the room. He, addressing them, said, "Now, you all hear my father's promise. Now all of you tell him of this promise after I am gone, if he be likely to forget it."

At another time he called his mother to his bed, and said,

"Mother, I love everybody." A short time before his death, seeing his relations weeping, he said, "I won't cry, I am going to heaven soon." As his dissolution drew near his sufferings were exceedingly severe, and his mother overheard him praying: "O Lord Jesus, give me patience to bear this, and to suffer thy will; and oh when thou pleassest take me to thyself." After a while he lay still, stretched himself, and said, "I'll soon be with Jesus; yes, I will." These were his last words. A few minutes after his happy spirit took its flight to that Jesus whom he loved so dearly. O that my last end may be like his!

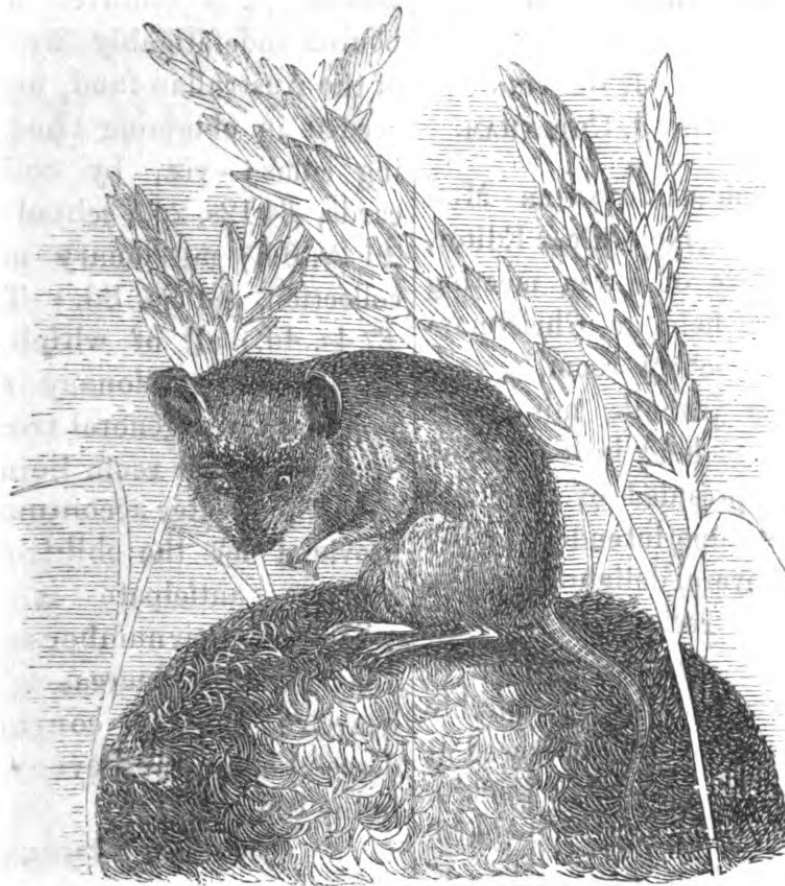
R. H. FAWCETT.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE HARVEST MOUSE.

THE harvest mouse is the smallest of British quadrupeds (or four-footed animals), being only two inches and a quarter from the nose to the tail, and two only weigh as heavy as a halfpenny, so that it would take six to weigh an ounce. It builds its nest of grass about eighteen inches above the ground, and fastens it

to standing corn or a similar substance. It lines it with soft articles, such as wool and grass. The size of the nest is about the same as that of a cricket ball, and it is very compact and neat. It is said that a nest was once found, in the month of October, having about forty grains of maize or Indian corn in the lining; they had been arranged with great care and regularity,



and each gain had had the cerule | dently to prevent it from grow-
or growing part eaten out, evi- | ing. EDITOR.

Anniversary Services.

BOARDMAN STREET, OLDHAM.— The missionary auxiliary or juvenile band held its annual missionary services on the 8th of November, when a sermon was delivered in the morning by the Rev. Enoch Stubbs, of Bury. In the evening addresses were delivered by members of various auxiliaries and by Mr. Stubbs, and they seemed to give general satisfaction, and we think that all felt it to be a good time. We believe that our society has been made useful in the hand of God in supplying our minds with knowledge, and preparing us for religious usefulness. The collections during the day were in advance of the two or three preceding years ; the sum realized amounted to £4 4s., which we think you will agree with us was good. Out of his sum has

already been sent to the missionary treasurer £3 10s.

J. BUNTING.

J. CHEETHAM.

SHREWSBURY JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.—Dear Editor, At the close of a tea meeting which was held on Christmas-day in the school room, a very interesting juvenile missionary meeting was held in the chapel, efficiently presided over by Mr. J. Davies, superintendent of the school. Several delightful pieces, which were recited by the children, gave great satisfaction to the numerous assembly. Suitable addresses were also delivered at intervals by Messrs. S. Deakin, R. Askin, J. Higley, T. Pritchard, C. Temperton, and Miss E.

Bowen. The children had laboured indefatigably in behalf of the Australian fund, and succeeded in obtaining the following sums:—viz., by collecting cards, £4 12s. 2d.; school boxes, £1 2s. 6d.; missionary meeting collection, £1 9s. 8d.; Total—£7 4s. 4d.; all of which, with the circuit missionary money, was sent to the general treasurer. The new school room being now open and greater accommodation provided for the children, the teachers anticipate a larger school, and their numbers already are on the increase. May heaven's blessing continue to descend on this and every school in the connexion.

CHARLES TEMPERTON.

Poetry.

TIME, MISSION, AND DESTINY:

Or, Verses for the Year 1864.

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me."—ISAIAH VI. 8.

O Lord, alarm my heart,
And wake me all within,
Let me from folly part,
And give up every sin;
My dormant slumbering powers inspire,
And touch me with thy quickening fire.

My hours are gliding past,
And soon will speed away,
My life is ebbing fast,
'Tis but a fleeting day:
'Tis like those vap'rous clouds that soar
A little while—and all is o'er.

O God, how blest is time,
How precious every day!
Its mission how sublime,
And yet how short its stay;
No tongue can tell its boundless worth,
Here my immortal has its birth.

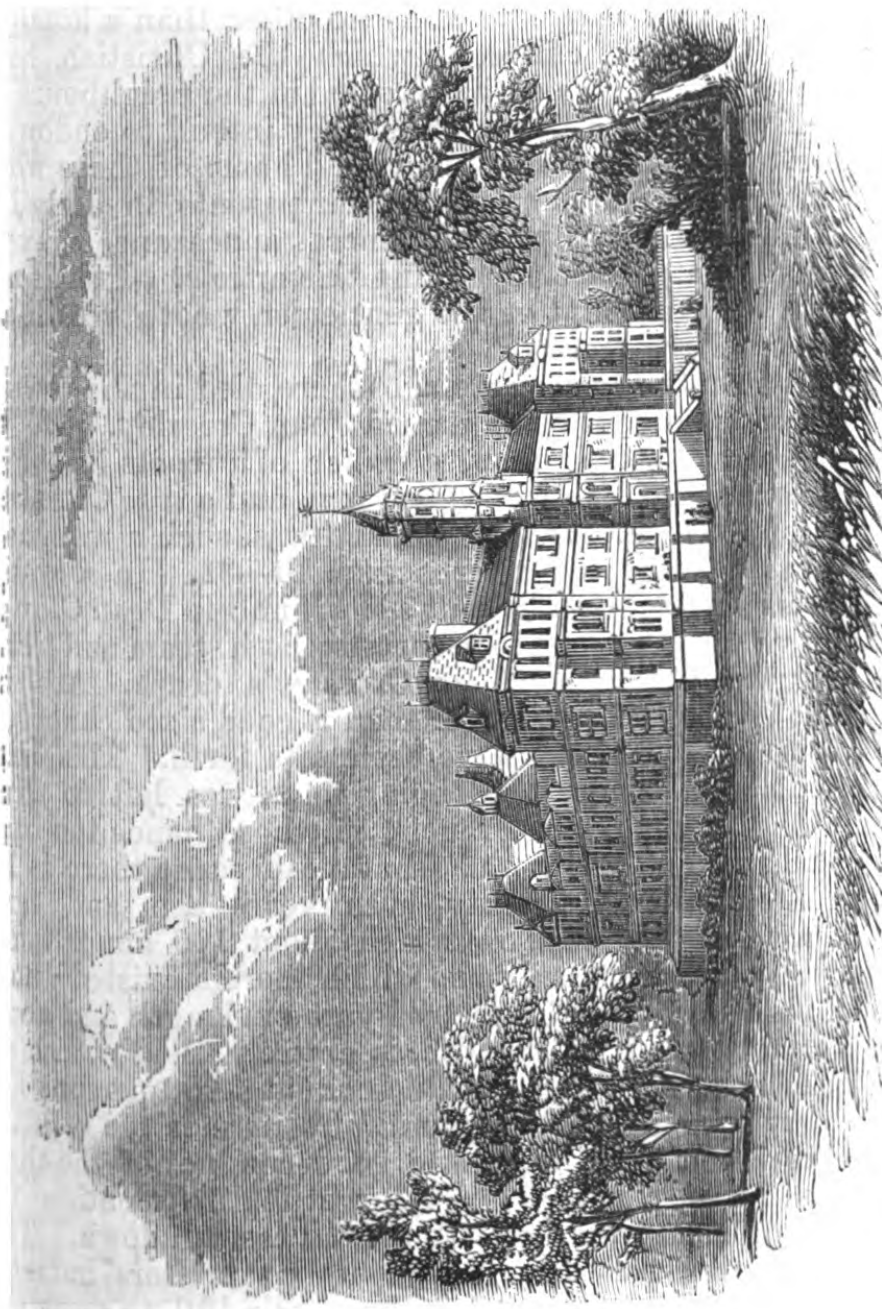
My endless destiny
Depends on life's short years,
My vast eternity,
Its hopes, its joys, its fears;
Long as its deathless years may last,
Into the lap of life are cast.

Within this trembling hand,
The future now I hold,
But lo! the quivering sand,
More precious far than gold,
Is running fast—and soon will come
The trembling hour of awful doom.

Great God, why do I still
Live on from year to year;
But that I should fulfil
Some solemn mission here:
Some high and holy work should do,
For Him who does my life renew.

W. M. B.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



HALIFAX ORPHANAGE.

Youths' Department.

THE ORPHANAGE, SKIRCOAT, HALIFAX.

(With Engraving.)

ON the preceding page the reader is presented with a beautiful engraving of one of the noblest buildings in the land—noble in its appearance, but still more so in the purpose for which it is built. It is no other than a home for about 450 orphan children, which the Christian benevolence of three brothers has erected in the neighbourhood of Halifax, Yorkshire, and which they intend to endow for all time, as the permanent school and home of those whom God may see fit to deprive of their parents in early life. The building in its size and general appearance may be seen in the picture accompanying this article. I shall now give you some account of the gentlemen whose wealth and kind hearts have reared it.

About twenty-seven years ago there died in the town of Halifax an aged gentleman named John Crossley. He began life as a working man, a maker of carpets by handloom operations. He was a good man and a true Christian. His wife also loved the Saviour, and was such a woman as Solomon describes in Proverbs xxxi. 10—31. In course of time this excellent couple built a small mill in Dean Clough, Halifax, where they made carpets by both steam and hand-power, until the time of Mr. Crossley's death. At that time the factory was no larger than a good sized chapel, as a painting of it which I have seen sets forth. This little mill, with the business belonging to it, was left to three sons, John, Joseph, and Francis, in whose hands the business still remains. But oh! what a difference there is between Dean Clough twenty-seven years ago and now. Then, a small building, in which about 100 hands found employment, was the only one which therein existed; now, the Clough, for several hundred yards in length and about one hundred yards in breadth, is entirely filled with large and handsome buildings, in which about 4,000 persons find daily employment. This splendid business is the result of the skill, tact, enterprise, and good conduct of the three brothers already named; not forgetting to mention the blessing of Him who "raiseth up and casteth down." This large business has brought to its proprietors immense wealth, how much I have not been mindful to ascertain. But this I do know, it is not spent, as much wealth is, in

riotous living, but is devoted, at least a deal of it is, to godlike purposes. Struggling tradesmen are assisted in their business, the poor are aided in their efforts to "keep the wolf from the door," nearly all the religious denominations in the town, neighbourhood, and even beyond, are helped to build their chapels and schools, whilst nearly all the good enterprises of the nation are strengthened by their cash and their influence. Primitive Methodism owes much to their aid. Mr. Joseph, some time ago, gave more than £500 towards wiping off the debt which pressed upon our Halifax chapel. He has for many years given the superintendent preacher of this circuit about £18 a year to relieve the poor of his congregation; for five years he paid the salary of one of the three preachers belonging to the station, and now that very preacher is aided by him and another gentleman with 5s. a-week during the entire term of his ministerial probation. Being engaged in building several chapels in this circuit, the writer made known to the firm his position, when one of the brothers wrote him to say that they would give him 5s. for every 15s. he could beg for any or all of his intended new chapels. Neither tongue nor pen can tell the comfort and joy this promise has put into my heart. Some years ago one of these excellent men, Mr. Frank (now Sir Francis Crossley, Baronet, M.P.), spent more than £30,000 in forming a handsome park, which he gave to the people of Halifax forever, and he erected on one side of his mansion a pile of handsome houses, in which about forty poor and aged persons will be kept in comfort as long as the world exists, so that literally in this case the "rich and the poor meet together." A short distance from the almshouses of Sir Francis, Mr. Joseph has just completed the erection of a similar institution, a line of beautiful buildings, twenty-two in number, with a chapel in the centre. I will endeavour to get you a picture of these houses by and by, and will then tell you more about them. I will only here say that a short time ago I had the pleasure of opening this chapel for worship, on which occasion it was well filled with the tenants and others. These good men are not proud, as are some rich men. They are never ashamed of the humble origin of their family. I have heard Sir Francis speak of it in public with great emotion, and one night at a public meeting, when some one complimented him on being "a self-made man," he said, "Nothing could be a greater mistake; for every man, woman, and child, who had worked from morning till night at Dean Clough up to that time had helped to make him." They never seem to be weary of the visits of those who go for

help. One day I apologised to Mr. Joseph for the persistency of my visits, when he said, "It is right to be persistent in a good cause."

I have not written this hasty paper to flatter or please those who are the subjects of it, for it is not likely they will ever see it, or if they did, I question whether it would please them. I have written it for your good, my dear young readers. I want you to emulate their good deeds. "Ah!" you may say, "we cannot do likewise; we have not the means." This is a great mistake. You all have, and will have as long as you live, a certain amount of means of doing good, and it is this means, and not that which others possess, which you are called upon to employ, and which, when employed, yields the heart its rich and true reward. Great riches, it is true, enable a man to do good on a large scale, and I have no objection to your aiming to become rich, if your motive be to do good with your gains. Do not wait till then before you begin to do good; begin now, and go on therein, leaving it to Providence to guide your feet into that worldly path which will be the best for you and others.

J. SIMPSON.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

READINESS.

TITUS iii. 1, contains the following advice given by St. Paul,—“Be ready to every good work.” The words “ready” and “readiness” imply a willing disposition as well as a power and a preparation to perform any deed.

When we read in Psalm lxxxvi. 5, “Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive,” we understand that Jehovah possesses the moral ability to pardon sin, and it should never be forgotten that his willingness to do us good is as great as his power.

Some persons always seem willing or ready for the performance of some evil action towards their fellow-creatures. Readiness to do mankind evil is a very prominent characteristic of Satan, and all those who are characterised by the same principle are very closely allied to man's infernal opponent.

The word “ready” is one that frequently meets our eye in the perusal of the divinely inspired volume. In Ezra vii. 6 we read that Ezra “was a ready scribe in the law of Moses which the Lord God of Israel had given.”

Nehemiah ix. 17 speaks of the Lord as "a God ready to pardon." Job iii. 8 refers to a class of persons "ready to raise up their mourning." Job also speaks of houses ready to become heaps.—Job. xv. 28. And elsewhere he refers to the grave as being ready for him, *i.e.*, waiting to receive his mortal frame when his earthly life shall become extinct. The inspired penman of Psalm 38th seems to be almost overcome with mental affliction and outward trials, so that in verse 17 he exclaims, "I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me." Luke the Evangelist informs us in his 22nd chapter, 33rd verse, that on one occasion Peter said to Jesus, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both to prison and to death." In this instance we can admire Peter's courage, but we do not commend the spirit in which he uttered the language, for we fear it was in his own strength only that he so resolved, for very shortly afterwards we find him ready to deny his Lord and Master, for he began to curse and swear, and positively said that he did not know Jesus.

In Romans i. 15 Paul says concerning himself, "I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also," thus expressing his willingness to proclaim the tidings of salvation in that city as well as elsewhere. On one occasion, when Paul was about to proceed from Cesarea to Jerusalem on a missionary tour, his friends at Cesarea desired him not to go, fearing the evil that might befall him there; but like a man of strong confidence in God, and full of holy zeal, he said to his friends, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."—Acts. xxi. 13. And when this same Apostle of Christ was appointed to suffer the death of a Christian martyr, he said, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Although we do not imagine that Paul was desirous to leave our beautiful world and the church on earth, yet if Nero the Roman tyrant would have his life taken away he was willing to die for the sake of Christ. Already he knew something of the happiness which awaited him on his arrival on the other side of death's cold river; he was perfectly aware that his services in the Lord's vineyard were very imperfect, yet the fight in which he had been engaged was a good one, the race he had run was one of profit, and the faith he had kept was of a saving character, therefore says he, "henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Paul's Christianity made him a workman that needed not to be ashamed, and wherever we find him after his conversion we find him "ready to every good work," and in the letters

he writes to persons and churches he exhibits a spirit of anxiety for the churches' good and the world's salvation; how desirable it is that we should possess the same spirit and ever "be ready to every good work."

We should be ready to the good work,—

1st. Of Reproving Sin.

In St. Paul's epistles to Christian churches and to private individuals we find him reproving sin. This he does unflinchingly wherever he beholds it, whether in parents or children, masters or servants, husbands or wives, teachers or the taught, the rich or the poor, magistrates or prisoners, ministers or congregations, monarchs, tyrants, governors, or judges,—he was resolved that no man's blood should stain his garments. Some of his letters contain very sharp reproofs, but not sharper than were necessary, for even amongst Christians reproof is sometimes very essential to their personal and relative good. Would it not be well if all our readers who have ceased to do evil and learnt to do well would reprove sin at suitable times when opportunity presents itself? How indifferent many professed Christians are about this matter, and we fear that the blood of many lost souls will in the great day of accounts be required at their hands. Would you save your own souls and be free from the blood of all men? do your Christian duty in reproving sin at home and abroad. Do it at the right time, and in the right place, and in the right manner.

You should also be ready to the good work,—

2nd. Of Giving Advice—

Advice that will be profitable for body and soul, for individuals or families, the young or the middle-aged, or for those farther advanced in years. To "communicate, forget not," that information especially which will improve the morals, enlighten the mind, make glad the heart, and assist in the elevation of mankind. If your advice will tend to prevent intemperance, stop dishonesty, or shut the mouths of blasphemers, give it; give it heartily, give it earnestly, and in giving it pray God's blessing to attend it. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Eccles. xi. 6. Never mind a few scoffs and jeers at the advice you give. Noah did not preach about the coming flood without being termed a fool or a madman. Enoch did not proclaim a future judgment of all nations without the jeers of wicked men. The apostles of Jesus did not find it all pleasant work as they went everywhere preaching the Lord Jesus. And

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?"

Then be not discouraged by a few difficulties, stay not thy efforts to do the world good because thou hast a little opposition to meet with. "Be not weary in well doing;" be valiant for anything that will better the world and glorify God. If thou shouldest neglect to give moral or religious advice thou canst not tell the evil that may be committed in the land, and the souls that may perish through thy sin of omission.

You should likewise be ready—

3rd. To lend a helping hand to all good works, as far as practicable. We have read of St. Paul making collections for the poor saints at Jerusalem; also of the liberality of the Christians of Macedonia, and some time ago England contributed largely of her wealth for the relief of the sufferers in the Indian mutiny. Since then all the counties of England and many other parts of the world, have nobly helped Lancashire and other cotton districts of England in the time of their severe distress and sad calamity. But whatever assistance may have been rendered in the past for the temporal good of churches, districts, and countries, we have still the sick and the poor amongst us, and our churches still need monetary aid and every other kind of assistance we can render them. We should therefore seek by our personal and combined efforts to relieve the sick, help the poor, and to propagate the great truths of our holy religion. Perhaps our readers may not have the genius of a Milton, or the learning of a Leland, or the science of a Newton, or the reasoning powers of a Locke, yet they may all have the liberal heart of Christ, and possess a disposition to do all the temporal and spiritual good they possibly can. Let then our Christian Missionary societies, tract societies, Sabbath school institutions, Bible societies, mechanics' institutes, &c., have all the aid we can render them. While therefore you are thus engaged seek for divine wisdom and strength. And may "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all, Amen." 2 Cor. xiii. 14. "Prepare to meet thy God."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 176.)

AFTER departing from Corinth Paul sailed for Asia Minor, and proceeded to Ephesus. Here, however, he did not tarry, but after preaching in the synagogue on the Sabbath day he made his way to Jerusalem to the approaching passover. Here he salutes the Church, celebrates the passover, and then proceeds to Antioch. How natural that he should go to Antioch. It was from thence he had started out along with Silas about four years before. During that four years he had visited many important cities, traversed wide regions, preached the Gospel in Europe, and prepared the way for its reception among the greatest nations of the earth. What blessed tidings he would now bear to the Christians of Antioch. How he would tell them of Philippi, Berea, Thessalonica, Athens, and Corinth. And how would the Antiochian believers rejoice in Paul's visit and praise God on his behalf. It is probable we have now arrived at the twenty-first or twenty-second year after Paul's conversion, and at the year of our Lord 56. The apostle's journey to Jerusalem and subsequently to Antioch would not be a period of labour, but rather of recreation, friendly re-union and fellowship. But this must not last too long, and so the restless spirit of Paul is speedily found projecting a fresh journey of missionary toil and enterprise. Here commences his third great missionary tour, in the course of which we soon trace him back to Ephesus.

Having first gone through Galatia and Phrygia, confirming and strengthening the disciples, he now proceeds to the capital of Asia Minor, Ephesus. Since Paul had called at Ephesus on his way to Jerusalem, an eloquent and pious Jew (Apollos) had arrived there from Alexandria, and preached in the synagogue. He knew but little of the Gospel, only what he had learnt through the ministry of John Baptist. He preached all that he knew with great energy and power. Aquila and Priscilla, who were now residing at Ephesus, instructed him further in the Gospel, and he henceforth became a powerful and successful preacher. Apollos, however, leaves Ephesus for Corinth, and shortly after Paul arrives at Ephesus. At this time Ephesus was one of the most flourishing cities in the world. It abounded with famous orators, artists, and philosophers, and was adorned with buildings of the utmost splendour and magnificence. In the New Testament history it occupies an

important place. Here Paul abode preaching the Gospel for two years, Timothy was bishop of the church at Ephesus, Paul addressed one of his epistles to the believers here, one of the Apocalyptic epistles was addressed to the Ephesian bishop or presiding elder, and it is said that the apostle John died here at a very advanced age. Supposing we were to go now to the seat of this once powerful and populous city, what should we find? I will tell you in the words of those who in modern times have visited the instructive scene. "What was formerly the busy harbour is now a dreary marsh, from which the sea has long since departed. On the hill some traces of the former walls and a solitary watch tower mark the extent of the city. A more thorough change than that which has passed over Ephesus can scarcely be supposed. Once the seat of active commerce the very sea has shrunk from its solitary shores. Its streets once populous with the devotees of Diana are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasants. It was early the stronghold of Christianity, now not a solitary Christian remains within it." Two travellers who visited it in 1826 found one Christian there. Another writer speaking of Ephesus says, "Its streets are obscure and overgrown; a herd of goats was driven to it for shelter from the sun at noon, and a noisy flight of crows from the quarries seemed to insult its silence. We heard the partridge call in the area of the theatre and the stadium; Ephesus is the habitation of herdsmen and farmers who live in low cottages of dirt covered with earth and sheltered from the weather by mighty masses of ruinous walls, the pride and glory of former days. Amidst the forsaken ruins green corn is seen growing, and where once assembled thousands exclaimed, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' now the eagle yells and the jackal moans."

Such is Ephesus now, once the proud capital of Asia Minor, and at the time of the apostle Paul's second visit to it, or about the year 57, it existed in all its glory. Paul found a few disciples there whom he instructed more perfectly in the Gospel. He likewise went to the synagogue for three months, and there boldly preached Christ. Opposition arose among the Jews; Paul therefore withdrew from the synagogue, and henceforth used a public building, called the school of Tyrannus, for the preaching of the word. Here, for two years, he preached with extraordinary success, so that "all they which dwelt in Asia (Asia Minor) heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks." Acts xix. 10. Here Paul displayed marvel-

lous and extraordinary powers, so that diseases were cured and demons expelled by the mere touch of handkerchiefs and aprons from him. Here, too, an extraordinary circumstance occurred in reference to seven brothers, the sons of a Jew. They went about practising exorcism. Seeing Paul's success through the name of Jesus they began to practise in that name; but the evil spirits were not awed by these men as by Paul; but they in whom the spirits dwelt leaped most furiously upon the false practitioners, and scarcely allowed them to escape with their lives; and so they learned to their cost that the name of Jesus will stand impenitent hypocrites in no stead; and they have taught us that we had better take the name of Jesus honestly or not at all. The circumstances here detailed had a most remarkable impression. "And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus, and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified." Acts xix. 17. Ephesus was renowned for a species of incantation or magic, for curious arts and divination. The Ephesian letters consisted of amulets or charms, which being worn about the person, were supposed to keep away evil spirits and to cure diseases. There were many persons too who obtained a livelihood by these curious arts, and they had vast numbers of books treating upon subjects pertaining to their dishonourable profession. Many of these being converted under the ministrations of Paul gave up their base practices and brought their books to the value of £2,000, and publicly burned them. Thus a base trade of the devil receives its death blow at the hands of Paul. "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

Paul now purposes to leave Ephesus; but, no, the end of the chapter is not yet. Paul has another contest to wage, not this time with the sorcerers, but with certain interested men who combine to save their craft. Satan had not only a stronghold of sorcery and magic in Ephesus, but he had another much more powerful, even the worship of Diana, the goddess of the Ephesians. Paul had struck a heavy blow at Satan's power in converting so many magicians, and now the converting work is beginning to tell upon the popular worship of Diana, so that many of her former devotees are found worshipping another deity in the school of Tyrannus. This, too, operates seriously against the trade of certain silversmiths whose chief employment was to make images of Diana and her temple, to sell to the worshippers of the goddess. A diminishing trade makes these men feel very sore, and one crafty Demetrius deter-

mines to submit quietly no longer to the present order of things. He first calls together the men of his own craft, makes a very ingenious and cunning speech to them, and says as a matter of fearful concern that not only is their craft in danger, but also the worship of the great Diana. This goddess was one of the twelve chief deities of the Greeks and Romans, and her worship was long practised in a great part of the ancient world. At Ephesus she was worshipped with consummate splendour and magnificence. Her temple was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. It was 425 feet long, and 220 broad. It had 127 columns reared at the expense of so many kings; each pillar adorned with the most splendid statues. It occupied 220 years in building, and all Asia Minor contributed to the expense of it. The image of the goddess was in front, and consisted of a stone which was said to have fallen down from heaven. The temple and statue drew many thousands from surrounding countries to Ephesus; and thus Diana became a means of wealth to the city. Diana was the great mother-god, and was worshipped as nature personified. After the speech of Demetrius to his fellow-craftsmen, they became exceedingly infuriated, and began to exclaim, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The whole city was speedily filled with confusion and tumult. Two companions of Paul are seized, and immediately the multitude rushes into the theatre. Paul would have rushed after them, but his friends wisely interposed and prevented him. "Some cried one thing, and some another, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." The Jews now put one Alexander forward to speak, and he attempted to do so, but the multitude would not hear him, but met his attempt with one tumultuous cry for two hours, saying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Now the town clerk or magistrate appears, and gaining for himself a hearing, makes a very sensible speech, quiets the passions of the people, and dismisses the assembly. How Paul's companions fared I cannot say, and how Paul escaped the tumult may seem somewhat wonderful, but the next chapter presents him embracing the disciples affectionately and bidding them farewell. W. M. B.

"THE GOOD RULE."

I FIRST heard this, my little one, among the tonic-sol-fa singing classes, and I thought it would just suit the English Sabbath school children. It is one of the beautiful things that some good men and noble musicians, who love little children in America, have given us. The scholar's resolve

is here expressed in pleasing words and to a lively tune. Wherever known it is loved. Only go to bed on the Saturday evening, my young friends, with this firm resolve, and act it out in the morning, and you will find the readiest opening for a pleasant day. I once heard of three children who, when they awoke in the morning of the Sabbath, would sing a hymn. The first who woke would begin—

“This is the day when Christ arose :”

and sing through the verse.

The second would then commence,

“This is the day when Jesus broke,” &c.

The third would then sing the verse,

“To-day with pleasure Christians meet ;”

And then all would unite in singing,

“I'll leave my sport to read and pray,

And so prepare for heaven ;

O may I love this blessed day,

The best of all the seven.”

This is a good way for a little family to begin the Sabbath. I now often think of my father's singing with us on the Sabbath morning the old hymn beginning,

“Awake, my soul, and with the sun,

Thy daily stage of duty run ;

Shake off dull sloth, and early rise

To pay thy morning sacrifice.”

How true it is, my dear young friends, that the birds are up before most of us on Sabbath mornings. Only learn from their example and you will never be late at the Sabbath school.

My young friends, value your Sabbath hours : these are given you

“To meeten, instruct, and prepare you for heaven.”

They are your best days, and now is the day and hour when Christ says to the wandering and the weary child, “Come unto Me.” He hath loved you, and in the school you read of his love.

“These Sabbath-days will soon be o'er,

And these happy hours shall return no more.”

You may be called away, death may come, and Jesus may give you a home in the better land ; or you may have to go to other lands where no Sabbath schools are found, or be put to service where you cannot get to the school ; but if you act well you will

“Ne'er regret that 'twas your rule,

Never to be late at the Sabbath school.”

UNCLE WILLIAM.

THE GOOD RULE.



I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For 'tis
 wrong to doze ho - ly time away, With my
 les - sons learnt this shall be my rule,
 nev - er to be late at the Sabbath School.

Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing,
 None are tardy there, when the woods do ring.
 So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule,
 Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

When the summer sun wakes the flowers again
 They the call obey—none are tardy then:
 Nor will I forget, that it is my rule,
 Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
 And these happy hours shall return no more:
 Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule,
 Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON XIX.—THE DELUGE.

Read Genesis vii.

Ver. 1.—“*Come thou and all thy house into the Ark.*”—The Ark was now ready. God had waited for the repentance of mankind during 120 years, but they repented not. Noah had presented an example of remarkable obedience and faith, yet they continued hardened and reckless. They saw the Ark gradually and slowly preparing, until that huge vessel was completed; yet they only derided Noah's pious labours. Noah was a preacher of righteousness as well as a prophet—joining his exhortations and tears with his prophetic denunciations during that protracted period; yet they heeded not (2 Peter ii. 5). The Spirit of God, though grieved and insulted, continued to strive with men, but they resisted all his holy influence, becoming each year more deeply depraved, until it became necessary that Divine justice should vindicate God's dishonoured law, and that the earth should spew out that guilty generation.

Ver. 2.—“*Of every clean beast.*”—Such as chewed the cud and divided the hoof were clean; others were deemed unclean (Lev. xi. 1—8). From this it

appears that the distinction of animals into clean and unclean was known even before the Deluge; showing that under that dispensation there was much more revealed than what is recorded in Genesis. “*By sevens.*” Clean animals were much more serviceable to man than the unclean, and therefore the breeding stock of these must be seven couples, while that of the unclean animals was only a single pair.

Ver. 4.—“*Yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain.*”—This was the final notice. It seems that after God had waited so long as 120 years, and all was ready, he gave at last seven days' notice, in order that mankind might have another week's warning prior to the awful judgment descending upon them. How true it is that God is slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy; and has no pleasure in the death of the sinner.

Ver. 11.—“*The fountains of the great deep were broken up.*”—Beneath the earth's surface were immense reservoirs of water; that surface being rent by earthquakes, the concealed water burst forth. “*The windows of heaven were opened*”—that is, the clouds and vapours

which had been held up in the regions of the air were now collected together; and, being rent asunder by lightning, discharged their vast volumes of water, rushing down like cataracts, as if flood-gates were opened from above as well as from below.

Ver. 15.—“*They went in unto Noah into the Ark, two and two.*”

—This indicates a special providence and a special influence from God; nothing else could have controlled the nature of the animals, or have induced this wonderful order. Yet this itself is not more wonderful than what we see day by day in the instinct of animals.

Ver. 16.—“*And the Lord shut him in.*”—A remarkable passage this, so expressive of the Divine care. Everything was done at the instance of God’s command and under God’s providence. At God’s mandate Noah built the huge vessel; at God’s bidding he went in; and now it is God’s own hand that shuts him in.

How it must have strengthened the patriarch’s faith and comforted his heart to hear that door closed by Divine interposition. Yet, awful to contemplate, the act that shut him in shut the world out: and now the storm of vengeance burst forth in all its fury.

Ver. 20.—“*Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail: and the mountains were covered.*”

—It is probable that in this great catastrophe there was a gradual sinking down of part of the earth’s surface, forming a convex space where the waters lay, thus causing the mountains to be submerged.

Ver. 23.—“*And every living substance was destroyed.*”—The deluge extended over the whole earth, so far as it was inhabited by man, so that every human being perished, and every land animal perished within that area; not one was preserved alive, whether man or beast, except those preserved in the Ark.

LESSON XX.—PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS.

Read Matthew xxv. 1—13.

INTRODUCTORY.—If the questions Matt. xxiv. 3 be considered as denoting improper curiosity as to the time of Christ’s coming, under the influence of which present duty might be forgotten and neglected, the first of

the parables, chap. xxv., forming our present lesson, would meet this danger.

Two general truths lie in the parable, the practical effect of which was applicable not then only—it is applicable always.

The coming of Christ will be sudden. Great numbers of those who profess to be his servants will be unprepared for it. We will take up the parable as speaking to us, rather than as addressing the immediate disciples of the Saviour.

EXPLANATORY.—Ver. 1. *The kingdom of heaven*—the coming of Christ to judge the world, and the circumstances of his coming. The parable alludes to the customs of the Jews in the higher walks of society in celebrating nuptials. There were usually many bridesmaids, and a long procession of females, which often moved at night. Lamps, or torches fed with oil, were used, not only because they were required in the darkness, but to augment the grandeur of the procession.

Ver. 2. *Wise—foolish—thoughtful—thoughtless*. Some provided against delay. Others did not think of delay, and, therefore, made no provision against it. An expressive description of sincere, earnest disciples of Christ on the one hand; and on the other of thoughtless, careless professors merely.

Ver. 6. *At midnight*—This was later than marriage processions usually were, and hence the sleep of the virgins.

Ver. 12. *Know you not*—do not acknowledge you; I do not

admit you to be friends, either my own or the bride's.

Note.—In this parable, as in many others, there are several particulars—such as the application of the foolish virgins to the wise, ver. 8; going to buy oil, ver. 9—to which the facts of the final judgment will give no corresponding circumstances. To attempt to explain them, therefore, would be injudicious and unsuccessful.

EXPOSITORY.—*First. THE MARRIAGE.*

The emblem in this parable fitly sets forth the coming of the Saviour to final judgment. That coming will be in circumstances of great glory to himself, and of great joy and triumph to his friends.

The disciples had asked when he would come, and by what sign his coming should be announced. Christ deemed it a sufficient answer to intimate that his coming would be sudden and unexpected, and that all ought to be prepared for it.

He had taught the same truths on a former occasion, Luke xxi. 34—36. They who profess to be his servants should attend on him, realizing their relation to him, and seeking his honour, John xii. 26. And that they should be expectants of his appearing, Heb. ix. 28. Christ's coming may seem to be delayed,

but he will, nevertheless, come, and they who say they are his followers should be prepared to receive him, see Mark xiv. 34—37. We have an interest in Christ's appearance. Are we thinking of it, preparing for it, waiting with affection and with hope?

Secondly. THE VIRGINS.

These are intended to represent the professed servants of the Redeemer. They have avowedly devoted themselves to his service. They say they are interested in glorifying him.

Some are wise. These represent those who are truly and actively what they profess to be. Their hearts are under the influence of the grace of God. Not only have they the light of a fair and bright profession, but they have genuine faith in Christ, true love to God, and a persevering zeal for his honour.

Some are *foolish*. They have no holy principle. They profess. They make as much show as the wise virgins, but they are wanting in deep-rooted attachment, fixed and settled resolutions, and patient, persevering zeal.

The foolish virgins had no oil in their vessels with their lamps. Mere professors acting under the influence of external inducements, void of spiritual life, recommend themselves for the pre-

sent only; they lose sight of the future.

Thirdly. THE DELAY.

This is one of the circumstances in the parable which, though contributing to its general lessons, must not be interpreted as referring to any special circumstance in the coming of the Saviour to judgment.

It may denote the time given to us; the time during which God's purposes ripen and are fulfilled; the time during which Christ's servants may display the graces which his Spirit implants in their hearts; our time on earth for serving Christ and honouring him.

This time may be long or short; but in either case it should be properly employed. To waste it, to spend it in pursuit of trifles, to the neglect of the soul and eternal interests, will be to sacrifice those interests, and not to be ready when Christ calls for us. We are all too apt to become careless; but the difference between a real friend of the Redeemer, though he be remiss, and one who only professes to be the Redeemer's friend, is immense and awful. And though it is not discerned now, it will be discerned when the great Searcher of hearts shall come.

Fourthly. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

He for whom the virgins

waited came at last. The wise were prepared. "They arose," &c., ver. 7. This done, they joined in the procession, and were admitted to the feast. "The door was shut," ver. 10. The foolish were terribly disappointed. Their lamps went out. A fair profession, long undetected, will be found of no good at last. Hope fails, and whatever comfort it occasioned is lost when real comfort is most wanted, Job xi. 20; xxi. 17; Isa. l. 11.

It was the foolish virgins' want of oil which kept them out from the procession and the banquet. They would have been glad to obtain part of their companions' supply. Thus those who disregard vital godliness while they live would be glad to have it when Christ calls for them, Numb. xxiii. 10.

The request of the foolish virgins was prompted by necessity. It was made too late. They might have had oil, had they detected their want sooner, and sought a supply. In like manner sinners may obtain God's grace now.

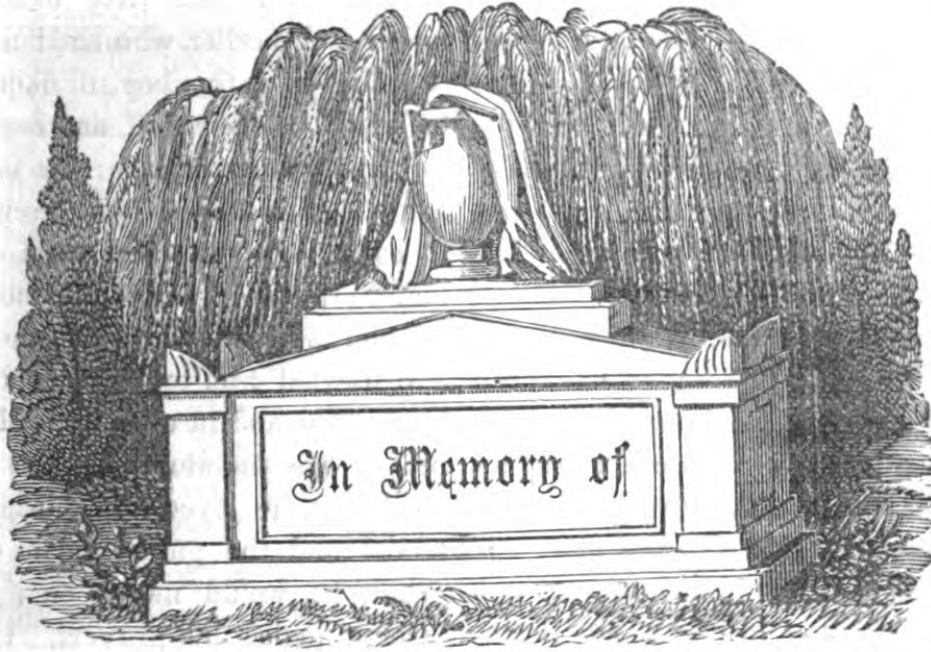
The disappointment of the

foolish virgins is affectingly set forth in the latter part of the parable, ver. 11, 12. They found the door shut. They wished to get in, but the answer to their application destroyed all their hopes. Vain confidence may carry a person very far, but it cannot stand against the sanctity of the Saviour. He does not acknowledge the hypocrite; and when once he arises to judgment, cries will be of no avail, Prov. i. 24—28; Luke xiii. 25.

ILLUSTRATION.—Many, no doubt, wished, some perhaps tried, to get into the ark, when the rain of the deluge began to fall.

PRACTICAL.—Christ enforces from the parable the duty of watching, ver. 13. We should watch that sin and our own hearts do not deceive us. We should watch against neglect of our best interests. We should watch diligently and faithfully for the time beyond which opportunities will not be granted us. This duty the Saviour urges by the uncertainty in which we are as to when that time may come.

Juvenile Biography.



RACHEL GRASBY, who died of diphtheria, at Hotham, in the North Cave Circuit, March 18, 1863, aged twenty-two years. She was taught the way to heaven by precept and example, but continued a stranger to saving grace until the fifteenth year of her age, when she was converted to God after hearing a sermon preached by the Rev. H. Woodcock. She was naturally of a quiet, kind, and an affectionate disposition; and her deep piety and spiritual graces made her beloved by all who knew her; and her sweetness of temper and kindness of disposition made her an excellent Sabbath school teacher, in which work she manifested almost an unexampled diligence, from her conversion until she was prostrated by af-

fliction. She was quite unassuming, and did not seek to aspire by making unwarrantable pretensions; her path was that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day. Her life was a pattern of piety; her conversation, and the putting on of her apparel were such as become a young woman professing godliness; and she being dead yet speaketh. She adorned her profession by a holy and devoted life, and gave indubitable evidence of vital Christianity. She lived and died a trophy of redeeming grace. Her Christian excellences were not fully developed nor appreciated until she died. In a short, modest, and unassuming life, she had attained to the perfect stature of a woman in Christ. There was nothing

dwarfish about her religion; but she possessed the bloom and vigour of Christianity, and died in full triumph, having a bright hope of a glorious resurrection. Few, if any, ever left a brighter testimony; her life would have been a sufficient testimony; but her end was not only peace but triumphantly glorious. Death was vanquished. It was a crowning day. The writer has been favoured to see a few die; for it is a privilege to see a Christian die, but he never saw such a victory over death as the one he is now writing of; he never saw one that had so bright a manifestation of the divine presence.

It was her express desire that we should sing while she died; and for about two hours we sang hymns of her choice, and if we ceased to sing the least she exclaimed with a rapturous voice, "Sing on, and sing higher;" and her happy spirit dropped the shackles of mortality while we were singing the hymn—

"For ever with the Lord,

Amen, so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality."

May her sorrowing friends and the writer meet her in heaven, is the prayer of

MARK GRAVES.

JULIUS THOMAS PEATE, son of William and Mary Hulme, and the last of eight children, was born in Birmingham, June 7th,

1855, and died August 5th, 1863, after an illness of only six days. This has been a sore trial to his father and mother, who had built their hopes on this boy, thinking he would be their staff and comfort in advancing years; but the Lord has taken him from the evil to come. He was the child of many prayers. I prayed for him as soon as he was born, and then I dedicated him to God, to be his in time and in eternity. My prayer was answered, he was a good boy, he loved the Sunday school and the public means of grace; he would never on any account neglect his prayers. He loved to talk about heaven, and about his brothers and sisters that were already there. He had also a great love to all the ministers, he was never so happy as when he was in their company. He made great proficiency in learning and singing. He could read his Bible well; and often-times while singing the praises of God, which he delighted to do, the Lord made him very happy. He always appeared delighted to kneel down with us at the family altar. The seeds of grace were sown in his heart. He often reproved his playmates when they said bad words: telling them God would not take them to heaven. The hand of affliction was suddenly laid upon him. Six short days of suffering terminated his life; nearly the whole of this time

he was unconscious. The first day of his illness, while he had his speech and reason, I asked him if he loved Jesus, he said, "Yes, I do." I then asked him if he should like to die and go to Heaven, and leave me behind, he said, "Yes." The day before he died, while his mother was watching by his side, he became conscious, and, without noticing his mother, he prayed "the Lord's prayer," and then he prayed for me and his mother, and also that the Lord would bless him, and make him a good boy, and take him to heaven. This was the last time he was heard to speak. From this time he gradually sank into the arms of death, and his happy spirit took its flight to the paradise of God, where we hope to meet him. The last public means of grace he attended was a camp-meeting, at Smethwick, conducted by Mr. Higginson. The Lord made my child very happy in the lovefeast. When we arrived at home he said, "When I get to be a man, I'll speak like my father. I would have spoken to-night, only the people would think I was such a little boy."

"Farewell my lovely boy, farewell ;

A few more years at most, [swell,
With thee in heaven our notes shall
On Zion's heavenly coast.

We'll haste to join thee in the skies,
With those that went before ;

To share those everlasting joys

Where parting is no more."

THE FATHER.

JANE HULL, the daughter of John and Margaret Hull, was born at Wolsingham, September 23rd, 1851. After her birth her parents remained at Wolsingham a considerable time, but then they removed to Towlaw, and thence to Willington. She attended our school up to the time of her death. She was a kind and affectionate girl, and was noticed for her punctuality and regular attendance. During the last twelve months, she was known to be absent only once, when she was confined to her room through a severe attack of cold. Often when her teacher has been speaking on the love and sufferings of Christ, it has affected the whole class to witness tears streaming down her rosy cheeks. On the Sabbath day after returning from the house of God, instead of running about with other children, she took great delight in repeating and singing the hymns she had learned at the Sabbath school; she often used to sing while doing her little duties at home,—

"In heaven above where all is love,
There 'll be no more sorrow there."

About three weeks before her death she went to see some distant relations, but on arriving at the place she felt unwell; and alas, her sickness soon proved to be the typhus fever. After being with her friends a fortnight

her parents wrote for her to come home, but she could not come. She continued very ill till November 29th, when inflammation in the wind-pipe put an end to her sufferings, and she landed, we hope, in the haven of repose.

How worthy of imitation was this dear little girl, and how pleasantly would our schools be conducted if her example were followed; her behaviour was such that she secured the respect of both the superintendent and teachers. At an early age she set a high value on their favour, and her desire was to cheerfully obey their commands; but she did not live long to gladden the hearts of parents and teachers. The earnest prayer of the writer is that all our scholars may be led to follow her example, that when we have done with the trials and temptations of this life, both teachers and scholars may meet with our little sister in the kingdom of heaven.

JOHN MOULD.

GEORGE NEEDHAM, son of William and Ann Needham, was a scholar in our Sabbath school at Flagg, Winster circuit, and died December 7th, 1863, aged five years.

Though so young he gave to his teachers and parents numerous striking evidences that at that early age he was under the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and

he took great delight often in singing the beautiful hymn commencing:—

"I want to be like Jesus,

So lowly and so meek,

For no one mark'd an angry word
That ever heard him speak."

We humbly hope and believe that he who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" has taken this little one to himself.

P. DAYKIN.

MARY ANN, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth CURRY, was born June 1st, 1852, at Tanfield Lee, Shotley Bridge circuit. Her parents removed from Tanfield Lee to Ockey's Cottages when she was about five years of age. She then became a scholar in our Sunday School at Shield Row. As a child she was noted for her willing obedience to her parents, and her sedate and steady conduct secured for her the esteem of all her friends. As a scholar she was remarkable for her regular attendance at school, loving and obedient to her teachers, and kind and affectionate to her schoolmates, so much so that she was beloved by all in the school. She was a member of the select class up to the time of her last illness. Her last Sabbath at school was the Anniversary day, June 21st, 1863, when she recited several pieces of poetry, and took part in several

dialogues. On the Monday evening following she attended the Sabbath school tea party. A few nights before her departure she prayed earnestly for her father and mother and her friends, after which she said, "I hope they will try to enter in at the strait gate, and then they will meet me in heaven, where

"We will range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,

And sing of salvation for ever and ever."

A few days before her death the superintendent of the school and a few friends called to see her, and perceiving that she was sinking fast one of them asked her if she was afraid to die. She answered "No!" They talked to her awhile of the love of Jesus; then another said, "Mary Ann, would you like to get better?" After a short pause she meekly answered, "Just as the Lord pleases." Just before the closing of her eyes in death she prayed for patience. Shortly after she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 10th, 1863, aged eleven years and six months.

FRANCIS PURVIS.

MARGARET NEWBY, daughter of Stephen and Eleanor Newby, was born at Beverley in the Hull First circuit, September 13th, 1845, and at an early age she was sent to our Sabbath school for religious instruction, and continued an obedient scholar until

she became a teacher. In this important sphere she laboured with credit and acceptance. She was naturally of a very peaceable and amiable disposition, and she the subject of early religious impressions. In the fourteenth year of her age she was deeply convinced of sin, and sought the Lord under the influence of a broken heart, and obtained pardon through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Being strongly attached to the Primitive Methodists from childhood, she united in church fellowship with them, and in her subsequent life she evinced the soundness of her conversion by a steady and consistent walk, and was very regular in her attendance on all the means of grace until affliction prevented. Her affliction was long and protracted, but she bore it with Christian fortitude and resignation. She was frequently visited by our ministers and other friends, and she hailed their visits with the greatest pleasure. She did not like to talk much about her death, for fear of harrowing up the feelings of her parents, but she was sensible that her course was nearly run, and the time of her departure was at hand. A short time before she died, she said, "Mother, I think I am dying." Her mother asked her if all was well, if Jesus was precious, and she answered, "Yes! Jesus is my only hope."

Soon after she calmly and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, December 28th, 1863, in the eighteenth year of her age. May her death be sanctified to the good of her parents, the Sabbath school, and the church is the prayer of,

JOHN JENKINSON.

Died at Chittoe, in the Chippenham Circuit, January 12th, 1864, CHRISTIANA, daughter of Isaac and Hannah HILLIER, aged six years. Being the child of pious parents, she was the subject of many prayers. Her father is a local preacher, and her mother is a member of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and their object was to train up their children in the ways of truth and piety.

At a very early age Christiana

manifested a desire for heavenly things, and often held conversations with her father about Jesus and heaven. She possessed a gentle, kind, and affectionate spirit, both towards her parents and her brothers and sisters.

About two months before her death she took cold, which was followed by inflammation of the chest. Being in great pain she said she did not want to get better, but would rather die and go to heaven. On the last morning of her life she called her father to pray for her; she then told her mother she was going to be with Jesus. That her death may be sanctified to her five sisters and four brothers, is the prayer of her father,

ISAAC HILLIER.

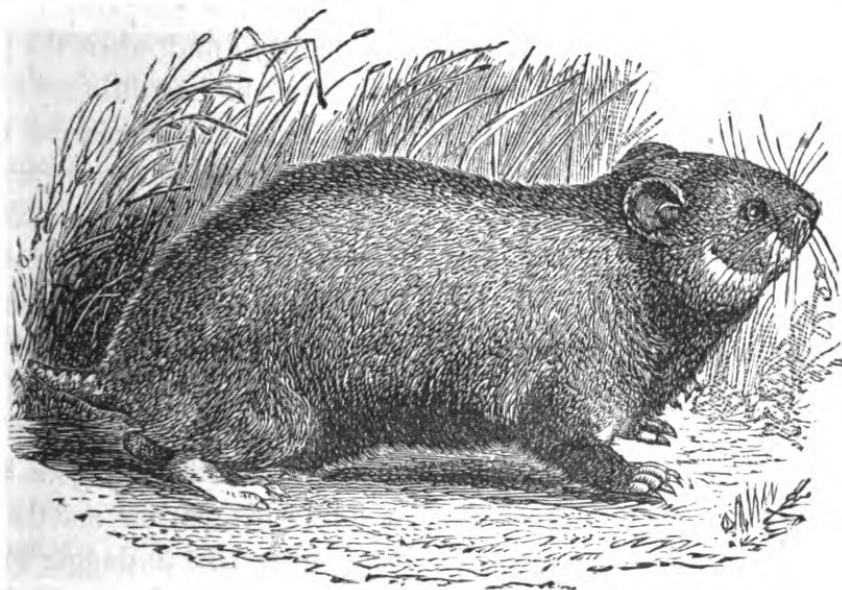
Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE HAMSTER.

Is very abundant in the northern parts of Europe, and commits great devastations among the corn and grain at the time of harvest: the storehouses in which it lays up its winter provender frequently contain several bushels of grain: and, to enable it to carry home a quantity at a time, it is provided with two pouches, one within each cheek, large enough to contain a considerable store. Although the

Hamster provides for its winter wants on so extensive a scale, it is itself not much larger than a common rat.

When its cheek-pouches are full, it may be easily caught with the hand, without the fear of being bitten, as it has not, in this condition, the free use of its jaws. On dissecting one of these animals, Dr. Russel found the pouches stuffed with young French beans, arranged lengthwise, so close to each other that



it appeared strange by what mechanism the arrangement had been effected; when the beans were laid loosely on the table, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body.

The life of a Hamster is divided between eating and fighting; he will attack every animal that comes in his way, without in the least attending to the strength of the enemy. Rather than yield, he will allow himself to be beaten to pieces with a stick. If he seize a man's hand, he must be killed before he will quit his hold, and the magnitude of the horse terrifies him as little as the address of the dog.

A HOMILY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

2 KINGS, iv. 1—9.

A VERY long, long time ago, there lived in a distant part of the world a man and his wife, with

two children; they were all very poor, but they were very good, the father feared God and taught his family to do the same. He could not do very much work, for he had a weak body and was often ill. At last he had to keep his bed, and the doctor and every one about him plainly saw he would not live much longer; he felt himself getting worse every day, and he thought he should soon have to die; however, he was prepared for that, for he loved God, but still he was anxious to live on account of his wife and two little boys; they were too young to work, and he often thought what would become of them. I dare say he would sometimes call them to his bedside, and with tears in his eyes tell them he should soon leave them, and then ask them to be good boys, to love their mother and be obedient to her,

and to love God and pray to him, and then God would take care of them. His poor wife would listen to all this touching advice and conversation, and the tears would roll down her cheeks at the thought of being left alone with her two boys.

At last the sad and mournful day arrived. Oh! it was a dark, dreary day for that family; all were gathered together in the room, the poor dying father is on his bed, he can scarcely speak, but his lips move in prayer to God, and while his wife and children are looking on and weeping aloud, he closes his eyes, his pulse stops, his heart ceases beating, his arms fall lifeless by his side, and he dies. In a few days they put him into the dark and cold grave, and the weeping mother, with her two fatherless boys return home to their little cottage. They soon begin to feel their loss, and if they were poor before, they are much poorer now, no father to work for them and get them bread now. Well, they soon begin to part with their furniture, the poor widow sells one article after another—chairs, pictures, clothes, beds, tables, counterpanes, everything she has got is sold to buy herself and children something to eat.

Having nothing more to sell they soon get into debt, but they could not do that for a very long

time, for the shopkeeper wants his money, and when the poor widow sends her little boy to the shop again, the shopkeeper says, "No, your mother must pay her bill, and if she does not do so very soon I shall send the officer to sell her children; both you and your brother must be sold to pay my debt." (See Matt. xviii. 25; Joshua xxv. 39; Exodus xxi. 7). Well, the little boy goes home and tells his mother, and the message goes like a dagger to her heart. What! she would think, must I see my two little boys dragged out of the house to be sold in the market-place? Better had I followed them to the grave with their father, than live to see that; better that we had all died together and been buried in one grave, than it should come to that; and then she would go up into her little room and pray to God; and God heard her prayer and answered it in a most wonderful yet very simple way, it was just by putting a wise and good thought into her mind.

In the same place where this family dwelt, there lived a very good and holy man, she at once went to him, fell down at his feet, and bursting into tears, she said, "My poor husband is dead, you know what a good man he was, how he feared the Lord. Ever since his death I have been trying to keep the children and get them bread, but cannot do so

any longer; I am now in debt, and I can't pay what I owe, and they have threatened if I do not pay the debt very soon they will sell my two little boys, and that I can't bear to think about. Oh! what shall I do? if you can help me, oh pray do."

The good man asked her what she had got in the house. She replied, "Not anything; I have sold all, all, everything except one little pot of oil."

"Well," said the good man, "go home, borrow some vessels, a great many of them, and pour the little drop of oil into them, and then come back to me."

So off she went with a light heart and quick step to her little cottage. The children were very glad to see their mother return, for they were hungry, and they hoped she would bring something for them.

"Now, my dear children," says she, "go out and knock at the next door, and ask them to lend me a vessel—a large earthen vessel—then go to the next house, and do the same to all our neighbours, and borrow as many vessels as you can, and bring them all home, and you shall see what I am to do with them."

So the two boys went and they knocked and knocked, and borrowed I don't know how many large earthen vessels. No one refused, for the neighbours knew the woman was a good woman, and was very poor. So when all the vessels were put into the room, the mother took the two boys and shut the room door; she then took hold of the little pot of oil, and began to pour it out into the large earthen vessels, and strange to say, though she still kept pouring, yet it still kept coming, and very soon the first vessel was filled, and then the second and third, and so on till all the vessels were filled in the room, and all from one little pot of oil. She then ran back with a light heart to the good man and told him the wonderful story about the oil, and he told her to go and sell the oil and pay the debt with the money.

You see, my children, how good it is to ask counsel of good men, and above all to love and serve the Lord. Try, all of you, to be good, and the good Being will be your faithful and unchangeable Friend.

T. D.

Anniversary Services.

STANTON ST. JOHN, OXFORD | seventh anniversary of our Sab-
CIRCUIT.—In celebration of the | bath-school, on Lord's day, De-

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

cember 20th, 1863, two thrilling sermons were preached by the Rev. G. Warner, and collections made. On Christmas day the scholars received their annual treat, after which a public meeting was held, and several recitations were given by the scholars, much to the credit of the teachers. Also addresses were delivered by brothers J. Hudson, R. Morbey, J. Lock, J. McBey, J. Rogers, and T. Collett. At the close of this interesting meeting one soul experienced the new birth. The proceeds, after expenses were cleared, amounted to 13s. 6d.

E. BISHOP.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.—

Dear Editor,—I am glad to inform you that the missionary spirit is reviving in our society, and the children of our Sabbath-school are doing their part in the good work; they have laboured hard and successfully to increase the income of the funds, and thus enable the Missionary Committee to send out additional labourers into the work. The meeting was held December 25th, 1863, a good congregation attended. The platform was occupied by Messrs. J. Robinson, A. Brown, and others, your correspondent being in the chair. Pieces, dialogues, and addresses, suitable for the occasion, were recited by scholars. The collec-

tion was £1 8s. 7d., and by boxes and cards as follows:—Girls' school box, 5s. 7d.; Misses H. Pool, 11s.; J. Row, 10s. 6d.; A. Pepper, 8s.; E. Harrison, 7s. 7d.; M. E. Brown, 5s. 7d.; M. E. Ellerton, 4s. 1d.; A. Dodd, 4s.; S. Mc Fell, 3s.; A. Lawton, 3s.; M. A. Edge, 2s. 10d.; M. A. Rhodes, 2s. 7d.; S. A. Hadley, 2s. 6d.; C. Shropshire, 1s. 11d.; A. M. Saunders, 1s. 6d.; S. J. Hickman, 1s. 4½d.; Masters E. C. Challinor, 3s. 6d.; J. Appleby, 2s. 3d.; J. S. Hickman, 1s. 4½d.; total £5 11s. 5d.

We still hope to make advance, and pray that the good work may go on and prosper.

RALPH CAPPER.

ANSWER TO CHARADES.

MR. EDITOR,

The following are solutions to the charades which appeared in the PRIMITIVE METHODIST JUVENILE MAGAZINE for June:—

Solution to No. 1.—Queen Esther.

Solutions to No. 2.—The Wise Men came from the East.

Their gifts consisted of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

The baby Jesus lay in a manger.

The angry king was Herod.

Yours respectfully,

A. M. S.

No. II.

Estranged from her Fatherland and home,

Sat the young maiden beautiful and fair.

Till she was summoned by the Persian King;

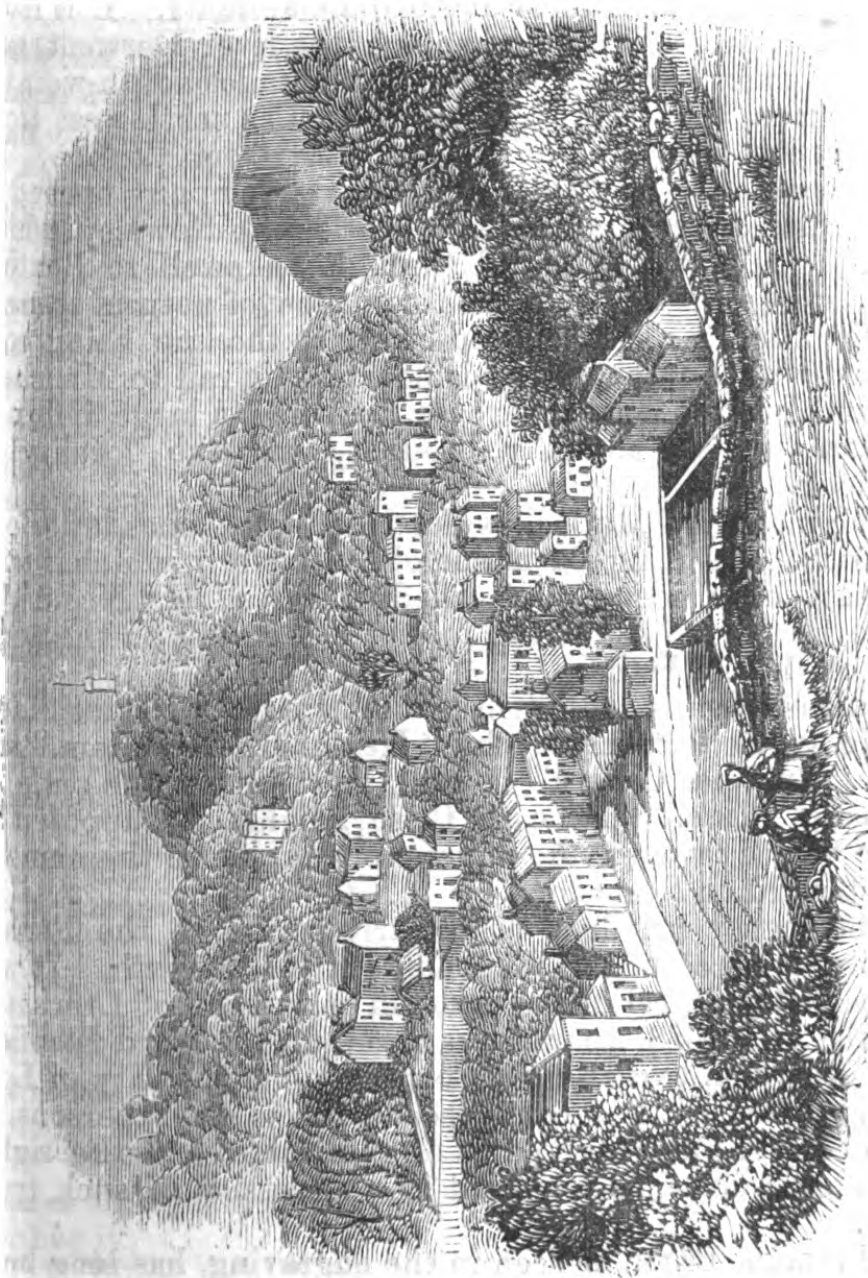
Her hand he took and they were made a pair;

Even man and wife, and sure he lov'd her well.

Read this Acrostic and her name you tell.

E. S.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE.

Youths' Department.

MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE.

(With Engraving.)

MATLOCK, anciently called Mestesford, is a parish of great extent, including Lumsdale, Rilor, Starkholmes, Willersley, &c., and contained in 1851 4,010 inhabitants. It is most pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Derwent, and is eight miles south of Bakewell, nine miles south-west by south from Chesterfield, seventeen miles north-west from Derby, and 144 miles north-north-west from London. In the year 1849 the Midland Railway Company opened a line from Ambergate through Matlock to Rowsley, which line, in 1863, was extended through Bakewell to Buxton, affording to the traveller the finest view of natural scenery of the kind in England; and owing to the line being connected with Buxton, access is now had by rail to Manchester and Liverpool by this route, by which a large influx of visitors is now annually brought into the locality of Matlock.

The manor of Matlock is described in Domesday Book as part of the King's demesne of Mestesford, which is supposed to have been a place called "Nestes" or "Nestus," a little mining village at the foot of a high hill on the north side of the old bath.

This opinion is confirmed by the name of "Nestes Side," being given formerly to the "Heights of Abraham," and the "Rutland Cavern" is still held under the title of "Nestes Mine." Beneath these heights is supposed to have been a ford for the miners to pass, hence the name of Mestesford or Nestesford.

The manor belonged at an early period to the Ferrers family, as parcel of the Wapentake of Wirksworth. It was successively parcel of the earldom and duchy of Lancaster, till the year 1628, when it was granted to Edward Lichfield and others, in trust for the Corporation of the City of London, by whom it was conveyed to three other persons, as trustees for the copyholders of the manor, and the rights have ever since been vested in a succession of such trustees.

MATLOCK BATH, as seen in the engraving, has long been celebrated for its medicinal springs, its salubrious air, and the surprising beauty of its scenery. The cold

winds of the north and east spend their violence on the huge hills around, and but rarely sweep through the valley. Hence it is, that during the winter the air is comparatively mild, and even winter here seems shorn of its terrors. The frosts are imbued with an exhilarating spirit, and the snows, undisturbed by currents of air, fall softly, like descending doves, into the bosom of the vale, and feather the trees with beauty.

The scenery of Matlock Dale is seen to great advantage when approached from its northern extremity. The picturesque beauties of this dale then succeed each other in a gradation which renders their grandeur and effect more impressive. The attention is first arrested by a vast rampart of limestone rock, clothed with yews, elms, and limes, of singular beauty and foliage. Further on, the "High Tor" bursts upon the sight in extreme magnificence, rearing its awful brow nearly 400 feet high. The lower part is covered with small trees and underwood, but the upper part for fifty or sixty yards is one broad mass of bare perpendicular rock, standing in the pride of its gigantic strength, pre-eminently the monarch of the dale!

The fragments that have fallen from this eminence form the bed of the river, which flows immediately below; the foaming waters dashing over the obstructing masses with restless rapidity and considerable noise, give an air of greater interest to this sublime scene. Immediately opposite the "High Tor" is Masson Hill, an abrupt acclivity, standing 803 feet high, and overlooking the country to a great distance. A portion of this mountain, at an elevation of 516 feet, is named the "Heights of Abraham," where several neat mansions have been erected, which command a picturesque view of nearly the whole of the dale. The path to the summit has been carried in a winding or zigzag course, and on various places on each side rows of firs have been planted, which open at different elevations, and admit the eye to range over the beautiful scenery beneath. The romantic cliff, which forms the eastern boundary of the dale, is seen with pleasing effect from the "Old Bath," where the river Derwent recedes in a curve from the road, and a little strip of meadow composes the foreground. On crossing the river near this place, the "LOVER'S WALK" is seen winding its course on the margin of the water, arched by the intermingling branches of the trees which enclose it.

Let those who love the grand in Nature's scenery go to the top of Stonnis, better known by the name of "Black Tors," and look down upon Matlock from this

eminence. How glorious the prospect! How varied! How beautiful!

"Here hills on hills in woodland beauty rise,
Which wend their way in grandeur to the skies."

"I stood," says a certain writer, "on the top of Stonnis. Masses of rocks lay scattered at my feet; a grove of pines waved their dark branches over my head; far below, embosomed in an amphitheatre, one of the finest landscapes that Nature anywhere presents, was spread before me: but in the contemplation of the woods and rocks of Matlock Dale, the windings of the limpid Derwent, the pine-crowned Heights of Abraham, and the proud hill of Masson, they were all forgotten!"

The structures man has reared here and there over this scene, seem as nothing amidst the beauty and grandeur of the works of God! The walks and rides in the immediate vicinity of Matlock are deeply interesting and highly instructive; to those attached to botanical pursuits the variety and beauty of Nature's garden, peculiar to this locality, will be highly gratifying; and here the geologist may speculate on the disrupted state of the stratifications; and the mineralogist will be delighted with the variety and gradations of colour found in its sparkling gems; but the Christian philosopher will trace all these things to the products of an Infinite Mind—to God!

Turning now (until a future period) from many other objects of natural and physical interest, bearing on the social welfare of the inhabitants of this beautiful locality, to those of a spiritual and eternal interest, we may add that much has been done during the last fifty years to benefit the inhabitants. We could disclose a dark picture of what Matlock was half a century ago, but to what avail? Only a dark stroke or two from the pencil shall now be given. Forty-six years ago, and the only place of worship was the Established Church of England. It is true it had a faithful minister, but his efforts were insufficient for the demands of this extensive parish.

The Sabbath was openly and constantly profaned; the intellectual and spiritual interests of the young were not thought of; yet a school for the dissemination of infidelity was held on the Sabbath, and during the nights depredations were not unfrequently carried on to a fearful extent, while on the "Bank" the houses or huts of the miners lacked nearly every social and domestic comfort and convenience.

In the year 1838 the first Primitive Methodist chapel at

Matlock Bank was built after the Gospel had been preached amidst much opposition for a considerable period in a cottage. About eight years ago it was enlarged to nearly twice its former dimensions. This is now too small to accommodate its members, congregation, and its 240 scholars, with its noble host of teachers, and those who desire to meet within its hallowed courts,

“When prayer and praise awake the day,
Or friends with sacred minstrelsy
Call them from earthly cares away.”

It is the intention of the trustees and members to erect a neat and commodious house of prayer this year at a cost of about £500, and to convert the present chapel into a school and lecture-room, and to afford those of our friends and schools who may from season to season visit this interesting locality the opportunity of taking the social cup together there.

The Wesleyans built a chapel at Matlock Bridge in 1840; the Independents one at Matlock Green in the year 1848; and J. Smedley, Esq., has one at his hydropathic establishment connected with the Wesleyan Reformers.

May the Great Head of the Church give his blessing to the efforts of all his churches, is the prayer of the writer.

P. DAYKIN.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

BUSINESS.

“I must be about my Father's business.”

MORE than eighteen hundred years have rolled away since these words fell from the lips of him who in Scripture is described as “David's Lord” and “David's Son.”

Very evident it is from the inspired volume that the short earthly life of Jesus was full of useful activity. Never, no, never under any circumstances do we find him uselessly or wickedly engaged in any kind of employment; every year and day of his life furnished mankind with some lessons of infinite importance.

We have read the pleasing story of his visit to the Temple at twelve years of age, and the influence he there exerted when with his teachings he astonished the Jewish doctors. It should never be forgotten that one part of the Saviour's business while in the world was—

1st. *To instruct mankind in knowledge essential to salvation.*

It was his delight to reveal to mankind the mind and

will of God concerning fallen humanity. Many centuries prior to the Saviour's advent, the prophet Moses spoke of him as a Teacher who should thereafter instruct the people, and during the Saviour's manifestation in the flesh one of the Jewish Rabbies said to Christ, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God;" and how frequently do we find him acting the part of an allwise teacher of the great truths of religion. What sublime truths he taught respecting the eternal God, concerning fallen humanity, about man's various duties, and the things relative to a future state! What proofs he gave of his own infinite wisdom, his boundless knowledge, his unlimited power, and the purity of his nature! And what grace was visible on his lips as he proclaimed eternal truths in the ears of listening multitudes! We are not surprised that his wisdom should fill so many with wonder, and cause even some who were not his friends to exclaim, "Never man spake like this man." His statements none could gainsay, for they were full of truth of the purest kind. His opponents frequently tried to entangle him in his talk, but he was more than a match for them all; he knew what he said, and whereof he affirmed, and therefore was not to be confounded by the false teachings and craft of wicked men. In that interesting dialogue which he had with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, he deeply impressed her mind with the fact of his great knowledge, for when she went back to the city she said to her neighbours, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did."

Let, then, all our readers seek to spread divine knowledge and help to fill the world with divine truth. This should be a portion of our daily business, for this is one of the grand designs our Creator had in our creation. May we be among the happy number concerning whom Jehovah says, "This people have I formed for my glory," &c., and

"O may it all our powers engage,
To do our Master's will."

Another part of the Saviour's business in the world was—
2nd. To promote the temporal good of human beings.

Hear his own words: "I came not to destroy men's lives but to save them." Listen to the honourable testimony of one who was an eye-witness to many of the Saviour's public and private actions. Concerning Jesus, he says, "Who went about doing good." Acts x. 38. What a different course do many of our fellow-creatures pursue! Some go about to create mischief by backbiting, raising false reports, &c., others go about to destroy property, and

to plunder and to take away human life ; but the grand design of the Saviour in going about was to do good, and his deeds of kindness were not limited to any particular family, or neighbourhood, or village, or town, or city. No, no, from family to family he went, from place to place he travelled, ministering consolation to the distressed, imparting joy to the sorrowful ; he made gladness to spring up in the heart of many a one who was almost overwhelmed with the difficulties of the present life. Look at the thousands of hungry bodies which he gladly fed. Harken while he endeavours to cheer the hearts of Martha and Mary by telling them that their brother Lazarus shall rise again, and then almost with the same breath he bids the dead man live. And have we not read of him stopping a funeral procession and raising the dead young man to life, and giving him back to his widowed mother ? And O ! how glad would that dear woman be to have back again her own and only son, and it afforded Jesus no less happiness to raise him from the dead than it did the loving parent to take him home again alive.

Look again at this same Jesus giving eyesight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, feet to the lame, health to the sick, and in addition to all these good things we find him preaching the Gospel to the poor, which is a good thing for the temporal and spiritual interests of the world.

Let us endeavour to imitate Christ in acts of kindness and Christian charity. Let us consecrate ourselves to the work of doing good, and resolve that our Christian efforts shall be more vigorous in the future than they have been in the past. There is an indescribable pleasure connected with good works when they are performed with pure motives relative to mankind, and with a design to glorify God. Let us not rest satisfied unless we are trying to make somebody happy, trying to better the world by removing its miseries, alleviating its sorrows, and helping to raise it from its fallen state of sin and degradation. Another part of the business of Christ while in the world was—

3rd. To worship his heavenly Father.

Jesus was a true worshipper ; there was no formality about his religious services. All his public and private prayers were characterised by deep piety, godly sincerity, and holy earnestness, and his praises were distinguished by the same features. He delighted to honour his Father by doing his will and seeking his glory. We have read of his going up to the Temple at Jerusalem to worship, and we have seen his reverence for God's house manifested by

his holy zeal when he upset the stalls in the Temple, and drove out the buyers and sellers, and exclaimed, "It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Matt. xxi. 13. In all Jesus taught and did he sought to worship God. Hear him as his earthly end drew near addressing his heavenly Father: "I have glorified thee on earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." John xvii. 4. In worshipping God Christ has set us a noble example, and our business should be to copy it, for unless it be copied by us we shall not answer the end of our creation. To man individually everywhere God speaks and says, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Again, while in the world the business of Jesus was—

4th. To suffer patiently for our sins, to die in our stead, and thus place all mankind in a salvable position.

To this end was Christ born, and for this cause came he into the world. Read 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And it is through his sufferings and the shedding of his blood that life, eternal life is purchased for, and offered to guilty man. Man could not save himself, neither could his brother save him, and the law did not possess the power to do it, therefore Christ willingly became a High Priest of good things to come; he offered himself without spot to God for man's redemption. Hear him while he says, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me: then said I, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." God's will was that he should become the surety for man's sins, and those sins he has borne in his own body on the tree. His soul has been made an offering for sin. He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; for us he was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. Well may a certain poet sing—

"For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died."

To you we would say,

"See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding Sacrifice."

Learn to love him, resolve to trust in him, and

"Rise exalted by his fall.
And find in him your all in all."

Remember that he is the Lamb in the midst of the

throne, who was once slain on earth, and because he has been slain he "is worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Rev. v. 12. Determine then to consecrate yourselves to him in the present life. Do it now, do it in earnest, do it in the midst of all the opposing influences by which you are surrounded; and as Jesus Christ has done so much to magnify the law and make it honourable, to save a world of sinners, to save you, make it your business to seek to possess his spirit, have his mind, embrace the religion he practised. Remember that you have business to do upon earth, which, if neglected in time, cannot be done in eternity. Resolve to study your duties towards God, towards yourselves, and towards others; practise those duties on earth, and hereafter in heaven you shall rest from your labours.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE SABBATH EVE.

THE light of the Sabbath is fast receding; the setting sun sheds a halo of glory o'er the earth, and lingers still as if unwilling to leave our happy country, which has been so highly favoured on this blessed day.

Troups of weary pilgrims have sped on their way to the courts of the Lord's house, a blessed multitude which love to keep holy day. Tired and oppressed with the difficulties of the week, weary and dispirited through manifold temptations, this happy Sabbath has been a foretaste of that rest which remains for the people of God. In his house their spirits have been cheered, the Holy Ghost deigned to be their Comforter, Jesus revealed himself to them as the "fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely," and their hearts in holy rapture exclaimed, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee!" And now the Sabbath hours are well nigh o'er, they feel they have new strength to combat in the warfare and strife of the future.

A group of worldly, thoughtless ones have also repaired to the sanctuary on this sacred day. To them the Sabbath has no charms; its calm and sacred hours are a dull monotony; the sweet and thrilling tale of a Saviour's love fails to call forth the tender emotions of their hearts; the cross has no charms for them, and in the suffering Nazarene they see no beauty to desire him; fastened to earth and its sinful pleasures, they are loth to be freed.

O the vast responsibilities connected with this one Sabbath, which is almost gone for ever, with its precious privi-

leges. While to one the Gospel has been the savour of life unto life, it may have proved to another death unto death. May the eyes of sinners be speedily opened to their danger.

E. STONE.

THE TWO TRAVELS.

THE principal teacher of a little village was one day sat down in the middle of his school instructing his pupils. The little boys and girls from the village were sat around him, listening with as much attention as pleasure: his manner of instructing was simple, full of amusement and benevolence.

Upon this day he had spoken of the good and bad conscience, that inward voice which is heard at the bottom of the hearts of all men.

After he had finished the lesson, he said to his scholars: "Which of you can compose a parable on what I have just told you?" A little boy rose and said, "I can certainly make a comparison, but I fear it may not be right."

"Always speak your feelings," said the teacher; and the young scholar commenced in these terms:

"I compare the tranquillity of a good conscience and the torments which persecute the man who feels guilty, to two travels which I made some time since. One day the soldiers, enemies who traversed our country, took with them by force my father and our horse. As our father did not return, my mother and all of us were grievously afflicted and wept very much. At last my mother sent me to the neighbouring village to seek and inquire for my father. After this course to the village, I returned home at an advanced hour of the night with a very sorrowful heart, for I had not found my father.

"It was during a dark autumn night; the wind roared through the oaks and firs and among the rocks; the owls and nocturn birds rendered the night still more horrible by their incessant shrill cries. My heart was full with the thought that we had lost our good father, and the apprehension of my mother's lamentation when she would see me returning home by myself. Under the impression of those sad thoughts, my whole body was shivering in the midst of a dark night; and even the noise of my steps among the leaves was enough to frighten me. Then I thought within myself that such ought to be the position of a man travelling with a guilty conscience."

"My children," cried the teacher, "would you like to find yourselves thus, in the midst of a dark night, seeking

your father in vain, and only hearing around you the roar of the storm and the cries of ferocious animals?"

"No, certainly not," replied the frightened children together.

The little narrator resumed his recital thus:—"On another day I returned from the village by the same way with my sister, and we brought back a great number of pretty things for our mother's festival, for which my father was preparing in secret, to be celebrated the next day. This time still returned to us in the midst of the night; but it was in the month of March; the sky was pure and serene, the air sweet and calm, permitted us to hear the murmur of the rivulet which ran the length of our route, and the nightingales sang in the bushes around us.

"We both walked quickly, with our arms intertwined, feeling so happy that we were scarcely able to speak. To complete our happiness, we immediately met our father, who had the goodness to come to meet us. Then I thought within myself: it is this sweet satisfaction which ought to reign in the soul of that man who has done much good."

When the little boy had finished, the teacher looked at his pupils with pleasure, and all of them cried: "Yes, truly we wish to be good and honest, and we will be so."—
Translated from the French.

J. DAY.

THE IRISHMAN AND HIS THREE CHILDREN.

On board one of the American lake steamers, bound for the far west, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was the admiration of their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travellers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation:—

"I proceeded," he says, "immediately on my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair—

"'You are very poor?'

"His answer was very characteristic.

"'Poor, sir!' said he, 'ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both ov uz, for we'd be about aquil.'

"'Then how do you manage to support your children?'

"'Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them

any way ; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when *they* do.'

" 'Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?'

"It was too sudden ; he turned sharply round.

" 'A what, sir?' he cried, 'a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hand chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief, indeed! What do you mane?'

" 'You don't understand me,' I replied. 'If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?'

" 'No, sir,' said he ; 'I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but tell us what you are drawing at?'

"I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children, and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

"This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and the child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said,—

" 'Oh, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of 'em; an' it wouldn't be right to be givin' away her children before her face, and she to know nothing at all about it.'

" 'Away with you then,' said I, 'and bring me an answer back as soon as possible.'

"In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

" 'Well,' I inquired, 'what success?'

" 'Indeed, it was a hard struggle, sir,' said he. 'But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above will give us strength to bear it.'

" 'Very well, and which of them is it to be?'

" 'Faix, and I don't know, sir,' and he ran his eye dubiously over both. 'Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't need her mother so much; but then—oh, tear an' aigers, it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that comes wid a blessing. There, sir,' and he handed over little Norah. Turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears,—

" 'May God be good to him that's good to you.'

"Then, taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

"I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye, he began making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"'What's the matter now?' I asked.

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we're thinkin' that it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you plase, sir, will you swap?'

"'Certainly, whenever you like,' said I.

"So he snatched up little Norah, as though it was some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"'What's wrong now?' I inquired.

"'Ay, sir, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell ye. Ye see, I've been talking to Mary, an' she didn't like to part with Norah, because she has a look ov me; an' I can't part wid Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one; for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap again, sir?'

"'With all my heart,' said I; 'it's all the same to me; and little Paudeen was left with me.

"'Ha, ha,' said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, 'so the affair is settled at last.'

"But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without form or ceremony, and snatched up the baby, and said,—

"'It's no use; I've been talking to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest and the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from uz. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an' Biddy has a look ov Mary; but little Paudeen has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a little of both of uz all over. No, sir; we can bear hard fortune, stavation, and misery, but we can't bear to part

with our children, unless it be the will of heaven to take them from us.' ”

“I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.”

THERE are many delightful associations clustering round this children's hymn. Tender and endearing are the memories it wakes up in many a saddened heart; it tells of little ones who loved the hymn, and sang of angels and Jesus, and now they are gone, and we gladly linger on the thought that they are among the angels in heaven. The origin of this hymn is said to be the narration of a little fact that once occurred.

A little child was seen one evening sitting on the doorstep of the house, and intently gazing on the stars above. His mother asked him what he was thinking of, and he replied, “I want to be an angel.” She thought little of this at the time, but that night the dear child sickened, and after giving cheering hopes that he was going to dwell among the angels, he passed away. A friend, who saw the incident in print, is said to have thrown the idea into a hymn, and fastening to it the delightful idea of a Saviour's love to fallen man, he puts into the child's language simple words that bring him as a sinner to the feet of Jesus—

“I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus can forgive,
For many little children
Are gone to heaven to live.”

Here is simple child-like faith beautifully brought out amid the most cheering facts a child can think of, that there are children in heaven singing, Glory, glory, glory! The influence of sacred hymn and melody in a child is clearly brought out in the composer Bradbury's account of his little Katie, and I here annex it, because “I want to be an angel” was this child's favourite, and I rather suppose her father's composition. He says, “Kittie is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came and took her away. She was a lovely child, gentle as a lamb, the pet of the whole family; the youngest of them all. But she could not stay with us any longer; she had an angel-sister in heaven who was waiting for her. The angel-sister was with us only a few months, but she had been in heaven many years, and she must have loved Kittie, for everybody loved her. The loveliest flowers are often the soonest plucked. If a little voice sweeter and more musical than others was heard, I knew Kittie was near. If my study door opened so gently

and slily that no sound could be heard, I knew Kittie was coming. If after an hour's quiet play a little shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else opened and shut it, so as not to disturb papa, I knew Kittie was going. When in the midst of my composing I heard a gentle voice, saying, 'Papa, may I stay with you a little while, I will be very still?' I did not need to look off my work to assure me it was my little lamb. You stayed with me too long, Kittie dear, to leave me so suddenly, and you are too still now. You became my little assistant, my home angel, my youngest and sweetest singing bird, and I miss the little voice that I have heard in an adjoining room, catching up and echoing little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and sweet kisses; I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed upon my forehead to drive away the pain; I miss the sound of those little feet upon the stairs; I miss the little knock at my bed-room door in the morning, and the triple good night kiss in the evening; I miss the sweet smiles from the sunniest of faces; I miss, oh, how I miss the foremost of the little group who came out to meet me at the gate for a first kiss. I do not stoop so low now, Kittie, to give that first kiss. I miss you at the table and at family worship; I miss your voice in 'I want to be an angel,' for nobody could sing it like you; I miss you in my rides and walks; I miss you in my garden; I miss you everywhere; but I will try not to miss you in heaven.

"Papa, if we are good will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?' When the question was asked, how little did I think that the angel was so near. But he did truly come, and the sweet flower is translated to a more genial clime.

"I do wish papa would come.' Wait a little while, Kittie, and papa will come, the journey is not long; he will soon be at home."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



I want to be an an-gel, and with the an-gels



stand, A crown up-on my fore-head, A harp with-



in my hand. There, right before my Saviour, So



glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest



mu-sic and praise him day and night.

Some of our Sunday School friends, ignoring the incident that records the little child's wish, and thinking for self rather than the little ones, have altered the beginning, and commence it thus.—

"I would be like an angel,"

The last verse, however, they retain,—“O there I'll be an angel.”

I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live:
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die;
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON XXI.—NOAH'S PRESERVATION IN THE ARK.

Read Genesis viii.

THIS chapter records some interesting transactions which took place within the ark during the twelve months' residence of Noah and his family therein. But let us look on the world outside for a moment. The morn when Noah entered the ark was bright as ever; the sun rose in his usual splendour; all Nature looked gay; men left their couches as usual, or closed their revels, at the break of day; many scornful jests were passed on the old dotard who had entered the ark. "His folly," said they, "has now reached its climax." Business and pleasure went on as before; the mart of trade was thronged; the bride and bridegroom held their festal; and at the orgies of licentiousness men sung defiant that the world would last for ever. But now the clouds gather; they thicken fast; all heaven darkens; the winds moan; red lightnings flash; the clouds burst; cata-racts fall; the earth heaves; deep fissures gape; and chasms wide disgorge their surging floods. All feel the day of wrath is come. Wild with despair, they flee from place to place; everywhere they meet the rushing tide. They seek the heights; wild billows chase them there. Ten thousand hands are uplifted, ten thousand voices call aloud for mercy. Thunders alone respond. One wide waste of waters buries all, and silence universal reigns (Matt. xxiv. 38, 39).

Meanwhile the ark floats safely. Solemn but secure is that family within—confiding and peaceful. Each day begins with worship, and ends with thanksgiving and praise. Oft are God's promises repeated, and oft the provisions of redemption's covenant rehearsed. The past is reviewed, the future anticipated; the dreadful evil of sin is contemplated; the blessings of faith and obedience are recounted. The ark is no prison, though its doors are closed. Jehovah's presence is there; his holy consolations are enjoyed; and hope patiently waits the return of a brighter sky and a renovated earth. "And God remembered Noah."

Ver. 4.—"*Upon the Mountains of Ararat.*"—The mountains of Ararat are situated in a district lying near the centre of the kingdom of Armenia, but the particular mountain on which the ark rested cannot be determined at this period.

Ver. 6.—“*Noah opened the window of the ark,*” to admit light and air; and, the rain having ceased, once more to look on the cerulean sky.

Ver. 7.—“*And he sent forth a raven.*”—A bird living on carrion could find subsistence on the refuse lodged on eminences or floating on the wreck of the old world.

Ver. 9.—“*But the dove found no rest.*” The dove, living on grain, could find neither support nor a dry resting-place as yet, and therefore returned.

Ver. 11.—“*An olive leaf plucked off.*”—The second dove, sent forth seven days after the former, finds the tops of trees for a temporary lodgment, but returns at even with the evidence of this by the olive leaf. Beautiful symbol of hope and peace, since then adopted by all civilized nations. It is remarkable, that on a medal, struck in the reign of Philip the Elder, is a representation of a man and his wife seated in a floating chest, the name of Noe being impressed thereon, and a dove exhibited on the wing as approaching the ark, bearing a branch in its mouth.

Ver. 16.—“*Go forth of the ark, thou and thy sons.*”—Though the third dove sent forth

by Noah returned not, and though he knew that the waters had retired, yet he presumes not to leave the ark until he who shut him in gives him authority to go out. “He that believeth shall not make haste” (Isa. xxviii. 16; 1 Peter ii. 6).

Ver. 20.—“*And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord.*”—Gratitude, piety, and faith are expressed in this act of devotion—the first act of Noah on returning to the earth. How changed the earth since Noah occupied it twelve months before! Then there were millions of mankind; now none but himself. Then the earth was filled with violence and impurity; now all is calm and serene; and he and his family being its sole human population, the history of man begins afresh.

Ver. 21.—“*And the Lord smelled a sweet savour.*”—This language is metaphorical. The acceptability of sacrifice and service is set forth by the odour of a fragrant perfume (Phil. iv. 18). In ages afterwards, as expressive of this, and as typical of Christ's intercession, sweet odours were burnt as incense before the Lord (Exod. xxx. 8). The phrase before us is a strong indication of God's approval of the sacrifice of his servant Noah.

LESSON XXII.—THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Read Matthew xxv. 31—46.

INTRODUCTORY.—The lesson contains the concluding part of the reply of Jesus to the question of his disciples, chap. xxiv. 3. When he would come to judgment was not to be made known, chap. xxiv. 36. Enough that there would be such a judgment; that all would have to give an account of themselves and their doings; and that according to this account the everlasting destiny of every one is to be determined. It is remarkable that Jesus speaks of himself without hesitation as the judge, ver. 31. It surely cannot be the work of a created, dependent being to judge the world; but if it is not, then Jesus Christ teaches his own deity.

Ver. 42. *Ye gave me no meat*—Those on the left hand are shown to be the opposites of those on the right. They had no love to Christ, and they showed none. It is worthy of remark, that the terrible sentence pronounced by Christ on the wicked rests on their not doing. Their character is simply negative.

Ver. 46. *Everlasting—eternal*—The same word is used in the original text. The punishment and the life are of equal duration.

EXPOSITORY.—*First.* THE GREAT JUDGE.

The Saviour declares himself to be the final judge. He has the requisite attributes, which are perfect knowledge, infinite purity, inflexible justice, and almighty power. He must be acquainted with each one who is to be judged. He must have no leanings contrary to holiness; his decisions must be infallible; and his power to have them carried into effect must be irresistible.

Ver. 33. *Right hand—left*—The right hand was the place of honour; the left, the place of dishonour, denoting condemnation.

Ver. 35. *For I was an hungred, &c.*—These facts are brought out to justify the proceedings of the judge. They on his right hand showed their love to him. While Christ knows the heart, and needs no trial to show him who

Christ's appearance to judge the world will be glorious. He will be acknowledged King and universal Lord. A magnificent retinue will attend upon him. He was once arraigned as a pri-

soner at Pilate's bar. Then he will sit upon the tribunal before which all shall assemble. Angels will attend him, ver. 31; to gather his saints, chap. xxiv. 31; to bring together the wicked, chap. xiii. 40; to witness the glory and happiness of the redeemed, Luke xii. 8, and the shame and misery of the wicked, Rev. xiv. 10.

Secondly. THE MULTITUDES WHO WILL BE JUDGED.

All of every age, from the beginning of time to its end. The young and the old. The good and the wicked from every land. Not one will be absent. There will be no mere spectator. All nations will be gathered at the tribunal of the judge, that every one may receive according to the things he has done.

Numerous, however, as the judged will be, all will range under two classes. People greatly differ now in character. Some are worse than others. There are the moral and amiable, so far as outward deportment goes, who do not love Christ; and there are the proud, the passionate, and the immoral of every degree. Many who think they never have done harm to anybody, and many who have been pests to almost all about them. All will be present at this awful judgment, each to be dealt with according to his deserts.

The classification made will be brief and complete. Those who have loved the Saviour will be on the right hand; those who have not loved him will be on the left. There will be no mistake, no omission.

Thirdly. THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE JUDGMENT.

The Saviour describes the careful and accurate bringing out of the character of each of the two great classes. The welcome given to one class is justified by showing what they were. Self-denying in their efforts to do good; feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, befriending the stranger, comforting the sick, and taking the part of the oppressed. They loved the brethren of Christ, because they were his brethren, and, for his sake, they sought in every way to do them good. They had in all this a devout and grateful regard to the Saviour himself, acting under the guidance of love to him, ver. 40.

Remark here how condescending is the regard of Christ to his followers. He will own them, even the poorest, the youngest among them, as his brethren, chap. x. 32; Heb. ii. 11; and he takes kindnesses done to them as done to him.

These things will not be taken to merit the honour and blessedness bestowed at the day of judgment. All will be free, the gift of Christ's grace only. But

the things referred to will be brought out as proofs that those placed at his right hand do love him, and are prepared to dwell with him in everlasting blessedness.

In like manner, the character of those at the left hand will be brought out as the ground of the shame and misery to which they will be condemned. They did not love Christ; they did not care for his followers. The whole charge resolves itself into omission. They were selfish; taken up with their own ease; took no thought of Christ's suffering, poor, and oppressed followers, Jude, ver. 15; Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.

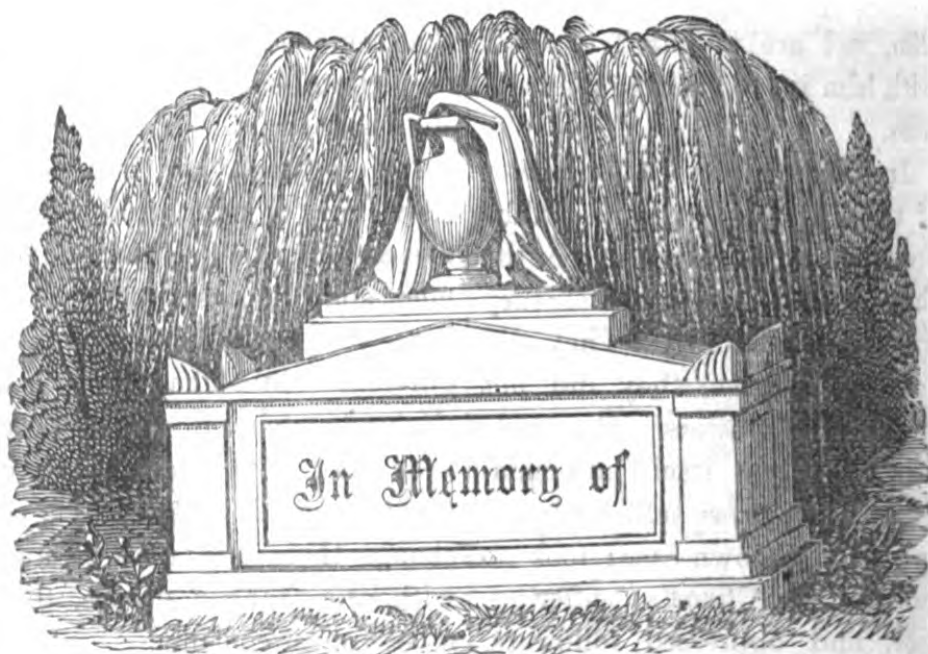
The replies, both of the righteous and the wicked, mentioned in the lesson, are to be taken as representing the accuracy and the personal application of the sentences pronounced in the final judgment. Christ knows perfectly every character, and every heart.

Fourthly. THE IRREVOCABLE DECISIONS OF THE JUDGMENT.

The Saviour represents himself as uttering sentence upon the two classes before him; and that sentence will be carried into immediate effect. The wicked shall go away. The language seems to imply an irresistible conviction of guilt, and a final despair of escape. Their punishment shall be everlasting. The grace that could have made them different in character was slighted, when it might have been had. Its overtures have for ever ceased. They will never change their own natures, and, without a changed nature, their misery must continue.

The righteous shall go away into life eternal, ver. 23. Their condition after the judgment will be one of unending blessedness. They will dwell with Christ; they will be like him; they will enjoy everlasting fellowship with him. Death will never enter the world to which they go, nor sickness nor pain, Rev. vii. 15—17. They will be ever with the Lord, 1 Thess. iv. 17.

Juvenile Biography.



WILLIAM THOMPSON, who was born November 23rd, 1845, in the parish of Etherly, Durham. William lost his mother when five years old, and his father was killed in the year 1859. At this time he was a promising boy in our Sabbath school at Byer's Green. A short time after this, a class was formed by Brother Stout, especially for the young teachers and large scholars. Among the rest William and his brother Henry began to meet, and William continued to do so until his death. His attendance was constant, his conduct very becoming, and his piety was deep and unwavering; and his leader and many others saw in him great promise of usefulness in the future. And how did our hearts ache, when early one morning the news rang

through our village that poor William was killed—yes, he was killed in a coal pit. William was observed as he came on to that pit-bank that morning, he seemed so serious and thoughtful as he hummed a verse of a favourite hymn—

“Hush, my dull spirit, the worst that
can come,
Will but shorten thy journey, and
hasten thee home.”

And in less than an hour he was found by one of his class mates under a tub of coal crushed to death, December 3rd, 1862.

M. RICHARDSON.

MATILDA MAUD CURTIS was born at Canterbury, August 17th, 1850. Her parents being members of our society, she was trained up in the fear of the

Lord, and at an early age became a scholar in our Sabbath school, and it was a rare thing to see her place vacant. Her regular attendance, amiable disposition, love for her teachers and fellow scholars, her seriousness, and eagerness to get all the good she could, soon won for her the respect of all in the school, and in fact all who knew her. She shortly removed with her parents to London, where she again became a scholar in East-street Sabbath school, in the London Fourth Circuit, where she was placed in the 1st Bible class. She had not attended here long before it was visible to all that there was something good in her, and she was very soon removed to the senior class. Shortly after which, at one of our monthly prayer meetings, she was induced to give her heart to God, and enabled to rejoice in sins forgiven. Her illness, consumption, which the doctors considered constitutional, was hastened through cold, and took such hold of her that from the time she first complained to the day of her death was but four months; but during the whole of her affliction she was never heard to complain, but she bore it with lamb-like patience. She was much delighted with the visits paid by the teachers and scholars from time to time. During the last few days

she suffered rather more than usual; her throat was sore, her voice also failed, and it was very difficult to understand what she said. About two hours before her death, she took a little drink, after which she said, "I shall drink no more:" neither did she. About an hour after she thought she could once more walk round the room with her mother's assistance, which she nearly accomplished, and afterwards sat in her mother's lap, but very shortly her mother observed that death was rapidly approaching, and she was laid upon the bed, when soon, without a struggle, her happy spirit took its flight to be

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in;"—

on the 15th of July, 1863, in the thirteenth year of her age.

T. CURTIS.

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JOHN FLETCHER WHITESIDE was born November 8th, 1859, and died January 13th, 1864. He was a scholar in our Sabbath school at Goulden street, Liverpool. Although very young, he was very fond of the school, the teachers, the lively tunes, and the heart-cheering hymns which were sung; and he attended school up to the 3rd of January, 1864. We little thought it would be the last Sabbath of his meeting with us, as our hearts were cheered with his

heartly singing of that beautiful hymn—

“My Jesus, I love thee;
I know Thou art mine!”

But, alas! how uncertain is life! On the Monday following, while warming himself, his clothes caught fire, and he was seriously burnt. His sufferings were great, but his patience was such as is seldom to be met with even in a person of riper years. While she was standing at his bedside, he said to his mother, who was weeping, “Don’t cry, mother, but sing,

“I love Jesus;”

and

“My Jesus, I love Thee.”

A short time before his death he said to his parents, “I am going to heaven, will you come?” he also told one of the teachers to tell the scholars to meet him in heaven. He suffered severely for a few days, and then fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Thus departed this life a very interesting little boy. Yes; this lovely flower was taken from earth and transplanted to bloom in heaven for ever.

J. UNDERWOOD.

THOMAS HARRISON BROOKS was born at Bradley, in the parish of Bilston, in the county of Stafford, on the 2nd of April, 1841. At an early period of his life the Spirit of God strove with him, and he was inclined for re-

ligion, and very anxious to attend the means of grace. When he was about seven years old, he was taken by his sister to the Independent Sabbath school, and he remained in it till he was about seventeen years of age. He then left that school and cast in his lot with the Primitive Methodists at Salop-row, in the Bilston Circuit. He joined my class and remained with it about twelve months, then in an unwatchful moment he was led away by company; but still the Spirit of God followed him, and the prayers of his pious mother had great hold of his mind, so that he did not run so deeply into sin as some young men do. His moral character was generally good, he was remarkably quiet in his manner. Soon after he left the society he was overtaken by consumption. This affliction at times brought him very low, and he suffered much pain. While lying on his bed he felt the burden of his guilt, and truly repented before God. Not because he felt that if he died in that state he should go to hell, though he knew that he richly deserved that; but because he had sinned against the good and holy God, who had not merely brought him into existence, and preserved and fed him, but had so loved him that he gave his only begotten Son to die to make atonement for his guilt; and

while he was viewing the mercy and love of God, he could say—

“ I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more ;
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.”

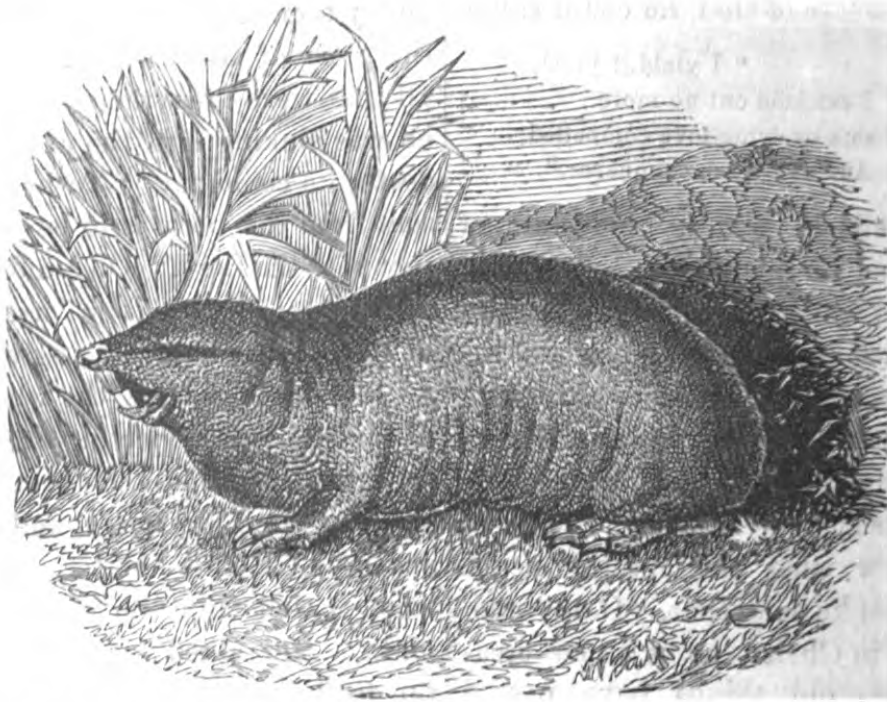
While he was in this state of mind he was visited by a friend, and while he was talking to him about Jesus and the power of his resurrection, he was enabled to cast his soul by faith on Christ, and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Then he knew what the apostle meant when he said that, “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away, and behold all things are become new.” After his conversion, it pleased the Father of spirits to restore him from his sick bed, and he at once joined his old class. On the 13th of January, 1864, his affliction returned with great violence, and at once he had to leave his employment and return to bed, and no sooner did he enter his chamber than he requested his parents to suffer none to come to see him but those who would talk about Jesus. On Saturday night, January 16th, he was visited by brother Thomas and a few more

friends. The chamber in which he lay appeared to be filled with the glory of God; and although all that were there thought that he was sinking into the arms of death, he could say, “To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.” On Sunday, the 17th, I visited him myself and found that he was doing well in soul matters, and the whole of our talk was respecting Jesus. On the 22nd, I and brother Hawks visited him again, and he appeared a little better than when I left him on Tuesday night. He talked much about the good things of God, and he assured us that he should triumph over death and the grave. He fell asleep in Christ on the 26th of January, 1864, aged twenty-two years and nine months. I improved his death before a large and much affected congregation in our chapel, Salop-row, on Sunday evening, February 14th, 1864, after which two souls were brought out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light. And another young man has given in his name in our late brother's place at the class. To God be all the glory.

P. LLOYD.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE BLIND, OR MOLE RAT. | earlier accounts of that animal,
“As blind as a Mole,” is a com- | it is said to be positively blind;
mon observation; and, in the | but there is every reason to be-



lieve that these descriptions applied to the BLIND RAT, or Mole Rat, to whom the organs of sight would really appear to be of no use whatever; for, in addition to their being extremely minute, and deeply buried in the fur, they are completely covered by a small fold of skin. Whether or not the Mole Rat has the power of sight in any degree, is still a matter of uncertainty, and further observations are required before that point can be settled; deficient, however, as it may be in this respect, its powers of hearing are, as if to balance this defect, extremely acute.

The habits of the Mole Rat are nearly the same as those of the mole, which it resembles so much in outward appearance; it seeks its food by burrowing in

the ground and forming long subterranean galleries, and differs from it only in feeding on vegetable instead of animal substances. It is a native of the warmer parts of Europe, and the western portion of Asia, and lives in burrows in large communities.

AFRAID TO DIE.

"I do not wish to die!" said a little girl six years of age, as her head was pillowed for the night. This she said to herself, for she did not wish her mother to hear her. Her kind mother had just bid her good night and closed the chamber door. Oh! how that little heart beat with the thought of death, she knew that God was in the room, and felt the tears running down her

blooming cheeks, she wiped away the tears with her little hand and closely hugged the pillow for sleep. The fast flowing tears would open those little eyelids, she could not sleep because she was a sinner. Lizzy was afraid that God would come with the angel of death that night and take her soul and cast it down to hell. This was a dreadful thought to her, and so it would be to any little girl. She said to herself, perhaps God will save me from dying; and with this thought she fell fast asleep. When she awoke in the morning she thought of her feelings the night before. All at once her blue eyes sparkled when she remembered her dream. It was a beautiful one. In her dream she saw the Saviour coming towards the house, he had a white robe on, and a golden crown on his head, and around the crown a dazzling light. He looked so beautiful, Lizzy was pleased with him, she was willing to have him live with her, and he has been her friend ever since. My little reader,—are you afraid to die? the old must die, the young may. Have you given your heart to Christ? if you have not, I know you are afraid to die, as Lizzy was. Christ says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Before you retire this

night kneel down by your bed and ask God to forgive you all your sins, and make you his child. He took little children up in his arms and blessed them when he was upon earth; I know he will bless you if you ask him with a right heart, then you will not be afraid to die. J. B.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Our Sabbath schools are now confessed to be among the most important and beneficial institutions of this nation. Their influence is powerfully felt in society, and contributes in a great measure to make so many of the happy homes of England. Any effort to encourage and extend their interest is worthy of commendation.

Our Sabbath school at C—— has just been favoured with an exhibition of liberality which we think worthy of record. A kind lady belonging to the "Society of Friends" knowing that our funds were low, and feeling deep sympathy in our welfare, presented all the children and teachers, also the mothers of the children, with a sumptuous tea provided in our chapel. After tea this generous lady presented each senior scholar with a nice bible, and each junior scholar with a small testament, and each mother with a suitable book. The children and mothers were highly pleased with their pre-

sents, and the teachers and friends united with them in presenting to the lady a very cordial vote of thanks. Our school by this act has received an impetus for good, and our teachers and friends have been much encouraged in their work. We think such a noble act performed by one who is a comparative stranger to us is worthy of being copied,—not only by members of other denominations assisting us, but by the better-to-do of our own societies coming forward and in a similar way manifesting their sympathy and good feeling towards the rising race. Our schools are in a great measure the hope of parents, the Church, the nation, the world, and anything done with a pure motive for their benefit, shall not be forgotten by Him who loveth a cheerful giver, and rewards with good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

T. WILKINSON.

Poetry.

I WOULD NOT BE AN ANGEL.

I WANT to join the ransomed,
And with the ransomed stand,
"A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."
I want to join their chorus,
My voice I want to raise,
And swell the song of victory
To my Redeemer's praise.

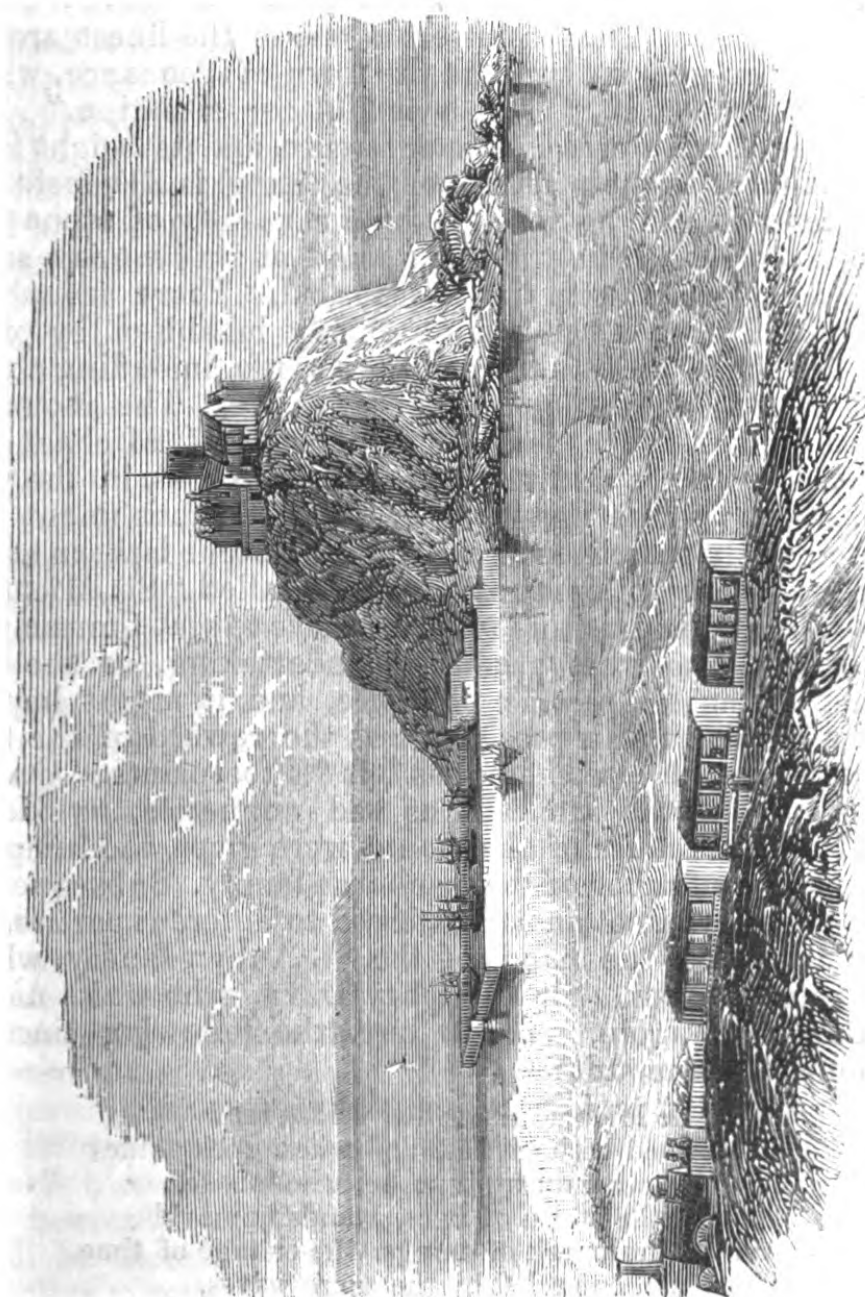
Angels look on in wonder;
They cannot join that song,
But list in silent rapture
While saints the notes prolong.
Make me a saint in glory;
Oh! let me see thy face,
Like those who, now before thee,
Repeat thy wondrous grace.

They cast their crowns before thee;
They hail thee Saviour King;
And while they thus adore thee
New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
The blissful rapture grows,
And thus through endless ages
Thy love unchanging flows.

I would not be an angel—
For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
In Christ the crucified.
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come;
At his right hand he'll place me
In our eternal home.

S. S. ADVOCATE.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

Youths' Department.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NEAR PENZANCE, CORNWALL.

(With Engraving.)

THIS mount is about 400 yards from the shore at Marazion, and forms an object of great interest and attraction in the Penzance bay. The bay itself is one of the finest around our sea-girt isle, and renders the town of Penzance, which looks out upon it, "very beautiful for situation." The mount is about a mile in circumference, and its height from the sea-level to the platform of the chapel is 231 feet. At low water it can be reached by a causeway of stone and pebbles embedded in the sands; and at its base is a small pier, at which vessels are discharged. There are about forty dwellings on the mount, chiefly inhabited by pilots and fishermen. On the summit is a castle, including a very ancient and interesting chapel, tower, &c. The mount is called by the above name in honour of St. Michael, the archangel, who is said to have appeared on it in the year 405, and to whose honour a religious establishment was subsequently reared upon it. There is a stone lantern at one corner of the top of the tower, which is called "St. Michael's Chair," on which visitors often contrive to seat themselves; but it is a somewhat hazardous undertaking, as the lantern overhangs a terrific precipice, and it might happen that a fall down this precipice was the reward of the feat. Popery here, as elsewhere, has left its footprints. On the dissolution of the monasteries and nunneries, by Henry VIII., the revenues of the mount were given to Humphry Arundell, a member of the Lanherne family. Subsequently they were forfeited, and transferred to different parties, till they came into the hands of the St. Aubyn family, which still retains them. Sir Humphry Davy, who was a native of Cornwall, wrote, when a boy, the following lines in honour of the mount:—

"Majestic Michael rises; he, whose brow
Is crowned with castles, and whose rocky sides
Are clad with dusky ivy; he, whose base,
Beat by the storm of ages, stands unmov'd
Amidst the wreck of things, the change of time.
That base, encircled by the azure waves,
Was once with verdure clad; the tow'ring oaks
There waved their branchy groves,—the sacred oaks,

Whose awful shades among, the Druids stray'd,
To cut the hallow'd misletoe, and hold
High converse with their gods."

EDITOR.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

HOLINESS.

"Be ye holy," is a Divine injunction enjoined by a holy God on a race of fallen creatures, polluted by sin. We have read of holy persons, holy places, and holy things—and let it not be forgotten that all the unholiness existing in the Almighty's vast domains is the result of sin. Sin is of a filthy nature, and wherever it exists defilement is the result. How full of statements is the Bible concerning the all-important subject of holiness,—its nature, necessity, and blessed effects are clearly set forth. Need we tell our readers that sermons have been preached, letters written, and essays published in abundance, with a design to induce mankind to seek for the possession of this invaluable blessing. The doctrine of holiness is taught in every Gospel sermon to which we listen. The grand design of the Gospel ministry is to lead men to the "fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." Zechariah xiii. 1. And to this fountain we would now point you.

The *holiness* to which we now direct your attention consists in a separation of the soul from sin, and in a dedication of the whole man to God. And who amongst our readers would not desire to possess such heaven-like blessedness as this?

"Our souls break out in strong desire,
This perfect bliss to prove;
Our longing souls are all on fire
To be dissolved in love."

What longing after God is here expressed! What desire to realise divine conformity is here implied! It reminds us of the apostle Paul's words recorded in 2 Cor. vii. 1. "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Is it necessary to inform our readers, that without the realisation of this blessed state, we shall not only be excluded from the heavenly regions of holiness and happiness, but we shall be thrust down to hell, where all is impurity and hopeless misery? "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord," no man shall pass through the pearly gates into the land of perfect holiness, none shall sit on the throne of

the spotless Lamb of God, none shall there sing the song of the holy, the happy, and free. Does not Divine revelation inform us that all the inhabitants of heaven are holy? There live the spirits of just men made perfect—there dwell the hundred forty and four thousand, of the twelve tribes of Israel, mentioned by St. John in Rev. vii. 4—8. There are the holy souls of millions of martyrs, and besides all these, there are the innumerable company the apostle John saw in a vision of the heavenly world, and respecting this great company we read that they had “washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Again, the four and twenty elders that we read of in the Book of Revelation, are all holy; and he that sitteth upon the throne is perfectly holy, essentially holy, eternally holy, and holiness is his nature; and in his own words he says, “I am holy.” If then such is the character of our Creator and Redeemer, we wonder not that holiness is enjoined upon the human family. Consider—

1st.—*Holiness of heart should be experienced by us.*

The natural heart is often described as a corrupt fountain, sending forth streams of the same nature. The depravity of the unregenerate heart is so bad that we cannot fully describe it. Divine revelation inquires, “Who can know it?” The viciousness, the selfishness, the deceitfulness, the covetousness, and the maliciousness which show themselves in the conduct of the unchanged man, all bespeak the vileness of his affections, the corruption of the heart, the callousness of the soul, and the rottenness of sinful principles; and in the possession of these things he must, of necessity, be exposed to the wrath of a holy God. How important, then, that we seek to have the fountain cleansed, the heart made whole, the inner man cured of the dreadful malady, sin. Thank God, there is balm in Gilead, there is a physician there. The physician is Jesus, and the remedy is the blood of atonement. “The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” 1 John i. 7. Seek then to experience this blessedness. Come to the blood of sprinkling, and wash thine heart from wickedness. Pray, earnestly pray, believingly pray, “Create in me a clean heart, O God.” Then shall your stony heart be taken away, and a heart of flesh shall be given you, and “I will dwell in you, and walk in you, and I will be with you, and ye shall be my people, and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”

Remember that purity of heart is obtained by implicit confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ; and when this blessing

is bestowed—as in the justification of a sinner—the Holy Spirit is given unto us, to bear witness to the fact that the house is swept and garnished; that which was polluted is cleansed; and where sin abounded, grace reigns. And where malice, envy, unbelief, pride, hatred, and a thousand other evils formerly had a lodging-place, now the fruit of the Holy Spirit is seen, which fruit is, “love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.” Gal. v. 22, 23. It is the privilege of all God’s people to know experimentally that “the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.”

2nd. — Our conversation should be characterised by holiness.

We are commanded to be holy in all manner of conversation; whether at home or abroad, in public or in private, on the Sabbath or on the week-day, our conversation should be distinguished by this feature. The unholy delight in filthy conversation; but this kind of talk vexed the soul of righteous Lot, and since the days of pious Lot it has vexed many righteous souls. We should seek to have our words seasoned with Divine grace. Let them bear the impress of a heart purified by blood divine, so that those by whom we are surrounded may know that we fear God and keep his commandments.

“O to perfection’s height,
May we still nearer rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in God’s eyes.”

As is the state of the heart so we generally find is the state of the mouth. When oaths, and curses, and lies, and blasphemies, and backbitings, and evil speaking, proceed from the lips, they give indisputable evidence that the heart is unholy and wicked. “Out of the abundance of the heart man speaketh.” We therefore exhort you to set your affections on those things which are holy, and then under the influence of holy thoughts and feelings you will be constrained to order your conversation aright, and it will be such as becometh the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

3rd. — Holiness should be stamped on all our public and private actions.

We should seek to have all our desires, thoughts, purposes, and actions under divine influence, and then we cannot fail to exhibit the spirit of Christ, which is a holy spirit. To “rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks, which is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning us,” will be our delight, and men

shall know that we are passed from death unto life. And such a course of conduct pursued by us, under the divine direction, will render us a blessing to the church and to the world. And the more like God we are, the more useful we are likely to become in the salvation of a fallen world, and the more glory shall we bring to Him who gave himself for us that we might become his peculiar people, zealous of good works. Study then to promote holiness of heart, purity of conversation, and aim in all your actions to honour God.

Do you ask—when may I experience holiness of heart? We reply,—Now, to-day, this hour, this moment. Christ waits to cleanse you now from all your filthiness. Christ died that you might have the blessing at once. O then stretch out the hand of faith now, and lay hold of this full salvation, and at once you shall experience that to you, “Christ is made wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.” Dr. Doddridge once had the honour of carrying a reprieve to a prisoner condemned to die, and when he arrived at the prison cell and told the wretched criminal that he had brought him pardon, such were the feelings of the poor man, that he fell down at the doctor’s feet and said, “O, sir, every drop of blood in my body thanks you.” Then, we ask, will not all our readers fall down at the feet of Jesus now, and thank him for having, by his sufferings and death, purchased a full salvation for us, and sent his word, his Spirit, and his servants to tell us that

“None need perish, all may live,
For Christ hath died?”

Through Christ we obtain a complete fitness for heaven. And the intelligence of a full salvation for guilty man demands that every power of our soul and body exhibit signs of gratitude for the same.

“Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.”

WILLIAM BIRKS.

A WEEK UNDER THE SNOW.

A SWISS NARRATIVE.

UPON the sunny side of one of the mountains in the Grisons there once dwelt a poor chamois hunter with his wife and five children. The isolated dwelling which they inhabited was one of those chalets which look so very pretty

in pictures, but are in reality sadly wanting in comfort. It consisted of a kitchen with an immense hearth and huge chimney, and of two little lofts which served as bed rooms. At a distance of a few feet from the chalet stood a small stable, where the few goats which the family possessed were housed through the winter. The father daily imperilled his life upon the steep mountain sides in the dangerous pursuit of the chamois, whilst the mother worked hard at home. They were a happy family although so poor, for the Lord God was their portion, and gave them day by day the bread for which they prayed, and added to this contentment and peace, for the various hardships with which they had to struggle only served to make them love each other the more. There was but one boy, the pride and delight of both his parents, and well they might love him, for Tony was not only a beautiful boy, with his ruddy face, and teeth like pearls, his curly head and bright hazel eyes, but he was a good son and brother, and loved his Saviour with all the strength of his warm young heart. He had none of the advantages which you English children have and often value so little. He had no school to go to, no books to read except the old family Bible, with its bright brass clasps, and no church where he could hear of the Friend of children and sing his praise, but his mother had taught her little Tony to read the Bible and to pray, and when he sat on the mountain top watching his goats, nature spread before him her glorious book, and Tony knew its language well.

One winter's night the wind roared more fiercely than usual, and as the father lay awake he heard the frozen snow-flakes beat thick and fast against the bed-room window. How the storm raged! But by degrees the sound appeared to come from a distance, and then became muffled and dull. At last it ceased altogether. Greatly comforted, the father once more pressed his head upon his hard pillow and fell asleep.

At their usual early hour the mother rose, lighted a candle, and went to the kitchen to prepare the scanty morning meal. The father meanwhile provided himself with a lantern, and unlocked the door of the little chalet, intending to go to the stable. Strange to say, the door would not open. In vain did he try with all his might; it was fast, and would not move an inch. At this moment his wife called to him from the kitchen. It was full of smoke; the fire would not burn, and when he tried to reach up the wide chimney large masses of snow fell down upon the hearth, and extinguished the last spark of fire.

The poor couple regarded each other with anxious faces. Alas! they soon guessed the truth. The snow had covered them, chalet and all, and God only knew how long their imprisonment would last.

The brave pair, however, did not lose their presence of mind. They tried every means of effecting an escape. The whole family pushed with their united force against the door, which opened towards the outside, but all their exertions were fruitless. The thick wall of snow would not give way, and when they tried to clear the chimney the clouds of snow which continually came down proved but too well under what a dense mass they were buried. The hours rolled on; the clock struck eight, nine; daylight came no longer to cheer the poor prisoners; all was night, and at last the children began to cry bitterly. They were comforted for the time by some pieces of bread and cheese. Although the stock of provisions was very small—for they could not get to their goats, whose milk was their chief nourishment—yet the parents kept bravely up, and tried to hide their anxiety from each other.

"The loving God still watches over us," said the father, "come, little ones, kneel with me, and we will commend our souls and bodies to his care, for he will care for us."

Many were the prayers which daily arose from this dark room to the throne of light, and now the older members of the family reaped the full benefit of their diligent study of God's blessed word; when the candles were exhausted, and the oil lamp would not burn in the close confined air, then they opened the treasure of their memories, and repeated many a sweet psalm and comforting text. The children remained quiet, and listened eagerly to the touching Scripture stories, and again and again the mother would raise her bowed head, and whisper,—“My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.”

Three, four days passed, and no change came. Daily the father tried to force a passage, but the snow was as hard as a rock outside the door. Continually the fire on the hearth was extinguished by the melted snow, and at last their small provision of tinder and matches was almost used up. They sat down in the darkness with apparently nothing before them but starvation and death. Their last crumb of bread, the last piece of cheese was gone; the children cried bitterly with hunger and cold, and their distress waxed greater from hour to hour.

The sixth day had come. Alas! it was but the little hammer of the carefully wound up clock which for them marked the difference of day and night. The poor

prisoners had tasted nothing but snow water for the last few days. The confined air became almost intolerably heavy, and the children moaned and lamented piteously. At last their weak frames gave way, and they lay most of the time on their little beds or their mother's lap in a sort of torpid sleep. Only Tony kept bravely up, and as the evening of the sixth day drew to a close he knelt with his parents, each holding the others closely embraced, and trying to strengthen each other with tender words and earnest prayer for the hour, the terrible hour, which they felt must come.

The seventh day's sun rose in unusual splendour over the earth. Alas! they saw it not who were buried in a living tomb. All hope of release had now fled, and they prepared in silent resignation for the fate that awaited them. "Yet once more," said the father, "let us try that power which has so surely prevailed with God in times of old; let us pray, wrestle; let us not let him go except he bless us." With their hands tightly locked in each others they knelt and prayed as only those pray who have but one hope—that on the mercy of God. And what saith the psalmist? "In my distress I called on the Lord and he heard me." Whilst the three yet prayed, a loud and unusual noise was heard in the kitchen. The father started to his feet, exclaiming, "The roof is falling, the end is at hand!" The children shrieked, the mother pressed them closer to her breast. But all was again silent.

Presently a low bleating sound was heard. Seizing the last pine knot which remained, the father lighted it with trembling hand, and hastened to the kitchen, whilst Tony and his mother followed in timid wonder. And oh, the merciful providence of God! there, on the hearth, buried amidst great heaps of snow, lay a young chamois. It was evident that the snow must be thawing fast, for it had already been sufficiently softened to give way under the light weight of the chamois as it set its tiny feet right upon the spot where the chimney of the chalet was buried.

Need I tell you what grateful tears were shed, what heartfelt praises rose to their almighty Deliverer? The chamois was killed with much regret, and served for some days to provide the starved family with food, for when it fell down the chimney it had cleared it of the snow, and now the blessed air of heaven once more came in, and caused the fire to burn. The provision lasted until the snow was gone, and at last, after a captivity of ten days, the happy family stood once more under the blue dome of heaven, and raising his eyes towards that bright blue

sky, the father cried with a trembling voice, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name," and all joined and said, "Amen."—*The Chamois.*

THE WORLDS.

BEHOLD, the world of WATERS at your feet—a world far, very far greater in extent than the land—and in that mass of mighty waters there dwell unutterable myriads of creatures endowed with life, and in millions of different forms. This world, unlike our own, is not limited to the mere surface, but possesses its various regions down to the profound abyss.

There is the world in which we *live*, and its thousand millions of intelligent beings destined for immortality, and also creatures innumerable, both small and great. What mind can grasp a thousandth part of this world's teeming wonders? None but the Creator can comprehend the things created.

There is also the world *beneath our feet*, nearly two hundred times more populous than this world of ours, and there two hundred thousand millions of bodies lie mouldering in the dust; and these will one day form either the joyful congregation of the righteous awaiting the blessing of their Elder Brother, or the assembly of sinners in shuddering expectation of the decree of the Judge.

There is the telescopic world, or universe, with its seven millions of comets, and its countless millions of suns—the worlds heaped upon worlds of other systems, and these myriads upon myriads of systems in their THIRD evolution—possibly revolving round the celestial centre of attraction—the GREAT I AM.

There is the microscopic world—a world which man has not yet explored; a world so vastly prolific of life, that when a breath of wind causes a leaf to fall into the lake beneath, an empire is overturned, and millions of its inmates perish.

There is, so to speak, the aerial world, the infinity of space, wherein dwell in these high places, principalities, and powers, spiritual wicked ones whose name is legion, and their liege lord, the prince of the power of the air, reserved by the Almighty fiat for the regions of endless night.

Nor have we yet travelled in mind through the worlds with which man is mysteriously connected.

There is the world of departed spirits, devoid of bodies, wherein men seek death and cannot find it—where men

curse God and live—where wisdom is learned, but learned too late—where prayer has lost its power—where mercy never enters, and where hope is unable to live: this is the temporary abiding place of men who knew not God.

There is, moreover, in this place of safe keeping—this Hades—another world, the world of spirits forgiven, where bliss reigns, and praise has taken the place of prayer. The spirits who abide here are the Lord's heritage—guests invited to the marriage supper, and waiting to be attired in the wedding garment.

There is, besides all these worlds, the world of perfect woe, when the body and the spirit are again united; and it will be said of the inhabitants of this dread world, they died, not because of sins committed, but because of the rejection of the remedy appointed. These outcasts from God and all that is good, learn in the world of woe what is meant by the direful term, *THE SECOND DEATH*.

Happily for all who in this life have given Christ a place in their hearts, there is the world of perfect bliss, in which the body and the soul are united. In this region of light and joy the pleasures are ever new, and new pleasures are ever expected. Therein the redeemed become the minor representatives of the glory of their Lord, and therein the ennobled are made kings and lords; and Christ, the exalted one, is to them the King of kings and Lord of lords.—*Quiver*.

A GOOD OLD MAN.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley he went up and knocked at the door. Out came a Hernouten (better known by the name of United Brethren), with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at a distance of about a quarter of a league farther they reached another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, said to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble—the first field was much better than this." Very true, Sir, replied the good old man, "but it was not *mine*."

"THE HEAVENLY CITY."

THE prettiness of the poetry, the subject of the piece, and the stately march of the opening strain, united in attracting my attention to this pleasing melody when I saw it first. I know not its origin or writer, but there must have been imagination in his mind as well as feeling in his heart when he penned those lines, and few hymns have been better fitted with music.

It is little known in London, not having gone the round of Sabbath school or chapel anniversaries yet, but I think it soon will, and the boys and girls of our schools will soon trot home on Sabbath afternoons gleefully singing as they walk along,—

"City of the pearl-bright portal,
City of the jasper wall,
City of the golden pavement,
Seat of endless festival."

The joys of heaven delightfully attract the child whose home is perhaps sad and gloomy, and whose parents are not very loveable. Such children think of heaven with a zest; they will listen with rapture when told of the glories of the happy land. Though we know not all, yet enough is revealed to light up the path of poverty.

How personal comes the repeating strain,—

"Heir of glory! heir of glory! heir of glory!"

Thrice called, we cannot neglect the concluding line,—

"That shall be for thee and me."

Friendly reader, may it be even so.

The second verse appeals to the feelings of the youthful heart, and speaks of the spells that would allure to the sins of youth.

The opening line is truthful,—

"Yes, I need thee, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need thee, earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare."

Looking forward to the end we come to the blissful hope,—

"Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There, beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
There, with nought to cloud or sever,
Ever with the Lamb to be.
Heir of glory!
That shall be for thee and me."

My young readers, what think ye of heaven? You have read the verse,—

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death cannot enter there.”

Perhaps you say, what is heaven? and are told it is a place of light and glory. Dr. Watts says beautifully, and you have perhaps often sung it,—

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides,
That heavenly land from ours.”

In his hymns for children he very simply says,—

“There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.”

Perhaps you say,—

“I long to be there,
Its glories to share,
And to lean on Jesus' breast.”

Let me remind you of this verse,—

“First of all ask his forgiveness,
Jesus little children blesses,
Oh, how he loves!”

O, it is a pretty verse we sometimes sing—

“O happy land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell,
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell;
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.”

UNCLE WILLIAM.

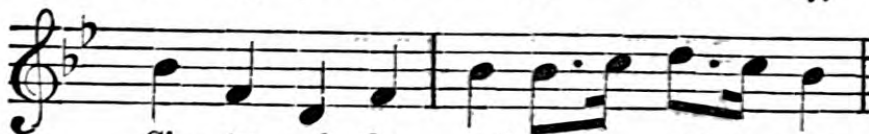
THE HEAVENLY CITY.



Ci - ty of the pearl-bright por - tal,
Ci - ty of Je - ho - vah, Sa - lem,



Ci - ty of the jas - per wall;
Ci - ty of e - ter - ni - ty,



Ci - ty of the gol - den pave - ment,
To thy bri - dal hall of glad - ness,



Seat of end - less fes - ti - val.
From this pri - son would I flee.



Heir of glo-ry, Heir of glory,



Heir of glo-ry, That shall be for thee and me.

Ah! with such strange spells around
Fairest of what earth calls fair, [me,
How I need thy fairer image,
To undo the syren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie;
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Yes! I need thee, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes! I need thee,—earth's enchant-
ments
So beguile me with their glare.

Let me see thee, then these fetters
Break asunder; I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me;
Faith has won the victory.

Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon, where earthly beauty blinds not,
No excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There, beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
There, with nought to cloud or sever,
Ever with the Lamb to be!

Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Scripture Lessons.

LESSON XXIII.—NOAH'S NEW CHARTER.

Read Genesis ix. 1—17.

Ver. 1.—“*And God blessed Noah and his sons,*” &c.—Here Noah begins a new era of his life, and God gives him a new charter of blessings and promises. These comprise a repetition of former promises, with the addition of others. “*Be fruitful,*” &c.—Though God had destroyed the wicked race of men, his purpose was still to have the race multiplied, and to replenish the earth (compare Gen. i. 28).

Ver. 2.—“*And the fear of you,*” &c.—This implied man's dominion over all the creatures; the same authority he gave to Adam, (Gen. i. 28).

Ver. 3.—“*Everything that liveth shall be meat for you,*” &c.—The original charter given to Adam (Gen. i. 29) allowed only vegetable substances for man's food; but to Noah and his posterity animal food is allowed; probably because the condition of the atmosphere was changed by the Deluge, and the human constitution required more support.

Ver. 4.—“*But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat,*” &c.—The reasons for this prohibition are both physical and moral. Blood is said to be crude, indigestible, and unwholesome as

food; and, under the law, it was used as a typical expiation for sin, and emblematic of the blood of Christ. It was therefore forbidden to be used as food; and the prohibition was continued under the law of Moses, and also under the Gospel (Lev. xvii. 14; Acts. xv. 20, 29; xxi. 25).

Ver. 5.—“*And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast,*” &c.—It is probable that the word rendered *beast* in this verse signifies a “*living being*,” not an inferior animal, but a human being. Thus rendered, the former part of the verse agrees with the latter; and the whole teaches the sacred guard which God has thrown around human life, inasmuch as the murderer must assuredly be put to death.

Ver. 6.—“*For in the image of God made he man.*”—This is the supreme reason why our great God and Lawgiver commands murder to be punished with death; for man, being made in God's image, has a spiritual and immortal nature, the eternal destiny of which depends upon the state in which it leaves the body. Therefore to take away life by murder is to jeopardize the soul's everlasting interests.

Ver. 11.—“*Neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.*”—This promise is given to allay fear lest there might be another fatal and universal deluge; and with the promise we have also a remarkable sign.

Ver. 13.—“*I do set my bow in the cloud,*” &c.—We are not to suppose that the bow was then seen for the first time, for the bow is a natural effect of the sun’s rays falling upon the drops of rain as they descend in a shower; but the bow was now appointed by God to be a sign or token of his covenant, and thus a natural phenomenon was applied to a Divine and spiritual use. The covenant of God was ratified by appropriating the most beautiful meteor of heaven as its sign—the Rainbow. What more appropriate than “the many-coloured iris—that seraph zone of the sky—whose warp is the rain-drop of the earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, chequered with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction?” The bow is of itself a thing of majesty, like the God who appointed it. It is an emblem of stability and harmony, representing the firm and unchanging word of his promise, and the Divine perfections blen-

ded and displayed in the redemption of a lost world. It is conspicuous, as God would have his covenant to be, in the sight of all nations; it is impressed on the bosom of the dark cloud, and the darker the cloud the brighter the colours displayed: so God’s covenant is the brightest and yields the richest comfort in the day of adversity and calamity. It is said to be looked upon by God himself, as well as by man, to indicate that as there are two parties in a covenant, and both are equally bound to be faithful, so God assures us that while we remember our duty, he will never forget his promise. “Faithful is He that hath called us, who also will do it: he cannot deny himself.” Thus saith Jehovah to all who love him, and trust in him: “For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee” (Isa. liv. 9, 10).

LESSON XXIV.—ON THE REST PROMISED TO GOD'S PEOPLE.

Read Hebrews iv. 1—11, and Numbers xiv.

FROM verses 1 to 11 the great theme of the apostle is the rest that remaineth for God's people—proving the truth itself, that there is such a rest, and urging its attainment both by gracious promises, solemn warning, and earnest exhortation. The apostle speaks, indeed, of three rests, two of which were typical—namely, God's rest after creation, the Israelites' in Canaan, and the future rest of blessedness in heaven, which last is the fulfilment and consummation of the other two.

Ver. 1.—“*Should seem to come short of it.*”—The meaning is, “Should actually come short of it;” for in this sense the word “*seem*” is sometimes used in Holy Scripture.

Ver. 2.—“*For unto us was the Gospel preached, as well as unto them.*”—Here we find that the great truths made known to the Israelites in the wilderness are called the Gospel, or good news. Why so? Because the promises of the Jewish covenant were full of Christ; the sacrifices and ceremonies of their tabernacle were full of Christ; the miracles of the cloudy-fiery pillar, the manna from heaven, and the water from the rock in Horeb, were types of Christ; and Canaan itself was a figure of the better land, even heaven,

procured by Christ. (See Galatians iii. 8; Hebrews x. 1; John vii. 31—35; 1 Cor. x. 1—9).

“*Not being mixed with faith,*” &c.—When the people saw the very fruits of the promised land, they would not believe either the testimony of the faithful men whom they had sent, nor the testimony of God, though supported by astounding miracles. They disbelieved, they rebelled, and they perished. What a monumental warning is their history! (See Numbers xiv. 1—5; and 1 Cor. x. 10, 11).

Ver. 3.—“*For we which have believed do enter into rest.*”—Here the *present* tense is used for the *future*. The meaning is, “*shall enter into rest;*” because, with God, the certainty of his promises and predictions is as great as if they were already fulfilled. (See 2 Cor. i. 20.) And, because of this certainty, faith in God's promises is “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” (Hebrews xi. 1.)

“*Although the works were finished from the foundation of the world*”—that is, God's great works of creation were finished, and therefore God then rested from his work. That rest was on the seventh day, and that day was called the *Sabbath*, which means “*rest;*” and that Sabbath

was a type of the heavenly rest. Thus it is manifest that the Sabbath was an institution made at the beginning of time, closing the first week of the world's existence. (See verse 4, and compare with Gen. ii. 1, 2.)

Ver. 5.—“*If they shall enter into my rest.*”—This refers to the awful declaration of God uttered against the unbelieving and murmuring Israelites. (See Numbers xiv. 28, 29.)

Ver. 6.—“*Seeing, therefore, it remaineth that some must enter in,*” &c.—The meaning seems to be this. Truly, though they to whom this rest was before offered, entered not into it, yet still a spiritual or heavenly rest remaineth for others.

Ver. 7.—“*Again, he limiteth a certain day,*” &c.—That is, he speaketh again on another occasion respecting another rest. (See Psalm xcv. 7, 8.)

“*After so long a time.*”—The time now spoken of was the time of David, which was about four hundred years after the time of Moses and Joshua; and therefore the rest now spoken of was not the earthly Canaan, for that was already possessed, but another and a better rest that was still to come.

Ver. 8.—“*For if Jesus had given them rest,*” &c.—It was Joshua who led Israel into Canaan; but he is here called Jesus, because Joshua, in He-

brew, is the same as Jesus in Greek, and the apostle wrote in Greek.

Ver. 9.—“*There remaineth, therefore a rest to the people of God.*”—Seeing that, in the time of David, four hundred years after the Israelites entered Canaan, God speaks, in Psalm xcv. 7, of another rest, it must needs be one not yet possessed —“a rest that still remaineth for God's people.”

Ver. 10.—“*For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, even as God did from his.*”—He hath ceased from the diversified labours of the Christian life, and entered into the perfect rest of an eternal Sabbath, even as God, on the evening of the sixth day, ceased from the great work of creation. Hence, the expected “rest” of the believer must be heaven itself.

Ver. 11.—“*Let us labour, therefore, to enter into that rest,*” &c.—The time for resting is not yet come; therefore, admonished by the example and final ruin of the Israelites, let us work out our salvation with fear and trembling; giving diligence to make our calling and our election sure. For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. (See Philippians ii. 12; 2 Peter i. 10; Matthew xi. 12.)

Juvenile Biography.



MARY NORMANDALE, who was born at Haisthorpe, Feb. 3rd, 1844, and died at Thorngumbald, January 30th, 1864, and was buried on her twentieth birthday. She was sent to a Sabbath school at a proper age, and was very much beloved by her teachers and fellow-scholars. Her superintendent speaks of her in terms of high commendation. She was very apt in committing portions of Scripture to memory. During the week she would often commit to memory twenty verses, and then repeat them on the Sabbath morning at the school. The readiness with which she would answer scriptural questions showed her proficiency in scriptural knowledge, and her advancement in other branches of learning was equally

creditable, and to encourage her she received several prizes, among which was the "Sunday at Home," presented to her by a lady who was on a visit at the school. But notwithstanding these excellencies she remained a stranger to real religion until May, 1860, when she gave her heart to God. She was ever afterwards an ardent lover of the means of grace. She was especially fond of the class-meeting. She joined the class of which her father was the leader. As the father is a local preacher and the class meets on the Sabbath, he cannot always attend. But though the distance is nearly three miles from her home, when her father was away at his appointments in the circuit she would often go and take the

lead in singing. There was in her the bud of promise. It was anticipated that some day she would be a useful member of society. But alas, how soon are human hopes blighted! At the close of the year 1862 she took cold and became very much afflicted. The two last public means of grace she was able to attend were the Sunday school anniversary and her class-meeting. She found great pleasure in reading the magazines, *Large* and *Juvenile*, and other good books. After her conversion she began to read the Bible consecutively, and for the first time finished reading it through May 23rd, 1862. Whether she was at home or abroad she still read her Bible. Since her decease her parents have found many scraps of paper on which her thoughts were written. These are precious relics, and show the operation of the grace of God in her heart. In one of these scraps she writes as though she was speaking to the Lord. She tells him of her weakness and infirmity, and her incapability of preserving herself from sin, and then she rejoices in the promise given to Jacob and praises God for it, claiming it as her own. "Behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will not leave thee." In another scrap she

from a murmuring spirit, and that she may have proper submissive feelings in her affliction, and in the same she blesses God that she had found him to be so gracious to her. In a letter to her grandmother, written June 25th, 1863, she says, "I am only very poorly, but I feel God is my portion, my strength, and strong tower. I can trust in him and say, Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." In another of those scraps she says, "My resting place, the lonely grave, No terror has for me."

The toilsome warfare will be ended, Jordan crossed, Canaan entered, and sin no longer felt. 'Tis sweet to think of that time." Her parents cherished the fond hope that she would recover until the Monday before her decease. Inflammation in her brain, which took place on that day, extinguished those hopes. The day following she said to her mother, "I want my Jesus, I want my Jesus." She then ceased to speak, and appeared unconscious until the following Saturday, a little before her death, when she asked for her brother and sisters, and desired to be raised up. Heaven then seemed full in view. She said, "It is bright, it is bright," and then she breathed her last. May we all meet her in heaven. Amen.

E. TYAS.

JOHNSON THOMAS TURNER WAS born at Hampton View, near Sheffield, October, 10th, 1854, and died Feb. 3rd, 1864, aged nine years. He was a scholar in the Primitive Methodist school, Philadelphia, Sheffield. On May 4th, 1862, the first day the school was opened, he was led by the hand to the school, and was entered as second scholar in the book, in which position he remained till his death. From the time of his entering the school his attendance was regular and his conduct good, for which he received one of the first prizes. Both at home and at school he was remarkable for his quiet disposition. When at home he was very fond of reading good books; when at prayer at school he would kneel with his eyes closed and his hands clasped, and he listened with great attention to the addresses delivered by the teachers; and the teachers were looking forward to the time when he would be a bright ornament in the church, and useful in the cause of God; but the Lord willed it otherwise. He was taken ill with the brain fever, from which he never recovered. From the first he seemed to be aware that he should never recover. He was very fond of talking of Jesus and heaven, and he talked of meeting his teachers there. He was very fond of singing, but he was so feeble and

his voice so weak that the words he sang could not be heard, but the tunes were such as he had learned at school; but one day he sang that beautiful chorus,

"Hallelujah to the Lamb,

Who died on mount Calvary," &c.

He asked his mother to meet him in heaven. One day as his mother and grandmother stood by his bed side, looking up to them he said, "It would be nice just to be entering through the gates of heaven; it would be nice," and then he said "I should like to be one of those angels in heaven, it would be nice, it would be nice." Thus was this young plant transplanted from the garden below to the Eden above, to be for ever with the Lord.

G. NEWTON.

LEWIS LEE was born February 28th, 1848, at Eastfield Side, Mansfield circuit, Notts. Prior to entering on his fourth year he became a scholar in our Sabbath school, and by his regularity and punctuality in attendance, and marked attention to his teachers, he secured the love of them and others. Having continued as a scholar until December, 1861, it was thought advisable to appoint him teacher of a class, which office he sustained in a most creditable manner until laid aside by that affliction which terminated his earthly existence.

About the time he became a teacher he determined to give his heart to God, and after a time he obtained peace through believing, at once joining the society, and becoming a most consistent follower of Christ, and remaining so until February 6th, 1864, when after a few days of affliction he ceased at once to work and live. His remains were borne by the members of society, followed by his bereaved friends and associates, to their last resting place.

The subject of the brief sketch was a rigid teetotaler, and suffered much persecution on that account from those under whom he was placed to learn his business. On one or more occasions he was held down while intoxicating drinks were poured into his mouth, which were never swallowed. Through all he stood firm, and held his profession. He was also an obedient son, docile, humble, and affectionate in his character, and doubtless has left an impression which will be a source of comfort to his parents and a means of saving others.

W. LEE.

MEMORIALS OF JOHN BEAVERS
AND HIS TWO SISTERS.—PICK-
ERING.

"Take this child away, and nurse it
for me."

"It is impossible to over-esti-

mate the importance which attaches to the first few years of a child's existence. Only give me the successful moulding of a child's character through early youth, and I shall never, under God, despair of him afterwards. Whatever may be said of the latter stages of life, the commencement will leave traces never to be worn out."

Impressed with these sentiments the bereaved parents, John and Ann Beavers, paid constant attention to the moral and religious welfare of their children: consequently John and Rachel Elizabeth, as soon as they were capable of receiving instruction, were placed under judicious and pious teachers in the week-day school, as well as under similar ones in our Sabbath school. The parents, in connection with the day and Sabbath school teachers, took an active part in forming the habits of the children, and in giving them instructions, particularly in training them up in the worship of God at the family altar. How delightful it was to hear them join in the songs of Zion, and after the earnest pleadings of the father in behalf of his household, they harmoniously united their sweet voices in repeating the Lord's prayer. Mary Ann, the youngest, was as ready to take an interesting part in the family worship as any of them. But these three loved

ones are gone, all gone. As if too refined for this bleak world, they have been kindly removed to a heavenly clime. "How precious the thought that these tender flowerets of hope are not so much nipped and withered by death, as transplanted to a heavenly garden, there to flourish in brighter bloom through ages unknowing of an end." What a multitude of little children are gone to that bright land! What a delightful thought—they are all in heaven!

"O happy world! O glorious place!
Where all who are forgiven,
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like melting streams,
shall flow
For ever one—in heaven."

This affecting bereavement was occasioned by a fever which spread among the children at the west-end of our town, and entered the house of Mr. Beavers. His youngest child, at the age of three years, a beautiful little girl, engaging in her manners and conversation, was the first that became the victim of the prevailing disease. In the commencement of her affliction she rose from her bed at midnight and calmly went to her mother's bed-side, saying, "Mammy, take me into thy bed. I have seen Jesus." The mother said, "Where?" She replied, "Up there." And in six days she went to be with Jesus, who hath

said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." But ere she left the world, she presented to her brother John, as a token of affectionate regard, her beautiful Bible, which she had received as a birth-day present.

John, though he had received such a precious book, could not long peruse its sacred pages ere he was seized by the fatal malady which speedily laid him prostrate on his bed. But then his piety shone more brightly in affliction than in health. O how it calmed his mind, filled him with joy, and gave him an assurance of a better country. His father asked him "whether he would rather die than live?" He replied, "that he would rather die and go to Jesus and his little sister." When his mother heard his answer, she began to weep; but he said, "Do not weep, mother; I shall go to Jesus." When the mother heard these words, overwhelmed with anguish and tears, she threw herself prostrate at Jesus's feet, saying, "Thy will be done;" and instantly found relief of mind, and the approval of God for such resignation to his will. When the time of John's departure drew near, the Bible which he had received from his late sister, Mary Ann, he bequeathed to his sister Rachel Elizabeth, each one es-

teeming it a great privilege to possess the sacred book. All medical efforts apparently were in vain to arrest the fiery disease. It still pursued its destructive course, and soon laid the amiable and endearing son prostrate. But as the earthly house of his tabernacle became more feeble, his faith in God became stronger and stronger; so that he could triumphantly say, as death approached,—

"Soon in heaven I shall be,
And then I'll shout the glory."

And to the glory-land he has gone, at the age of nine years.

The next, and only surviving child, Rachel Elizabeth, at the age of six years, was seized by the fatal malady, which soon enfeebled her lovely frame. Two days previous to her departure, being a little revived, she said, "Father, I am better, and can sing. Start me a hymn." He asked, "What shall I start you?" "Ready to die." And the father sang part of the hymn.—

"With a sorrow for sin, let repentance begin,

Then conversion, of course, will draw nigh;

But till washed in the blood of a crucified Lord,

We shall never be ready to die.

When our race we have run, and the victory won,

We to mansions of glory shall fly;
There eternally praise, the blest Ancient of Days,

For His love made us ready to die."

The father, bathed in tears, was unable to proceed, but the little daughter was full of joy through believing. For her the valley of death was lighted up, and in her last moments in the prospect of her future home, she fixed her eyes upwards, and, as though she had got a sight of the heavenly land, pointed to heaven, saying, "Heaven, heaven!" Thus departed this dear child to be with Jesus, which is far better.

"They have gone to heavenly mansions,

Leaving many a lovely spot;

But 'tis Jesus who has called them;

'Suffer, and forbid them not!'"

How mysterious are the ways of God! Many of them are beyond the comprehension of our contracted minds, but he will make them plain and satisfactory at the last day. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We will, therefore trust in Him—

"Till in heaven we take our place."

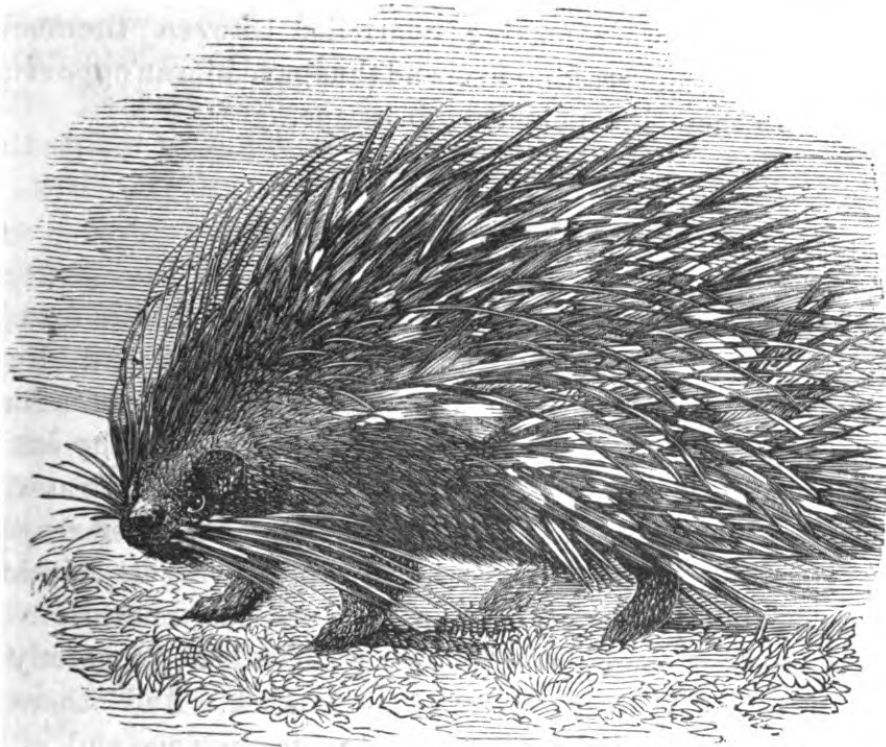
A. WORSNOP.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE PORCUPINE.

THE Porcupine is an animal of which the most ridiculous tales

have been told, particularly as to its power of darting its quills to a considerable distance when at-



tacked, and in that manner wounding its enemies; instead however of being an enemy to be feared, there is not perhaps a more timid creature in existence; and it would not be a whit more inclined to lose one of its quills by violence than a goose would one of her wing-feathers in the same manner. But still, as a defensive armour, these quills are of great service to their possessor, and preserve it from the attacks of most of its enemies: its teeth are also very strong and sharp; and if it had courage enough to employ them it would become rather a formidable opponent.

The original country of this creature appears to have been India and the eastern parts of

Asia, but it is found now in Italy, in the south of France, and the warmer countries of Europe; having been introduced in the time of the Romans: it has, however, much degenerated in size from its Asiatic original; the natural effect of a colder climate. The female produces, generally, two young ones at a birth.

A curious mode of defending itself was resorted to by a Porcupine in the possession of Sir Ashton Lever; he used frequently to turn it out to play on the grass with a tame hunting leopard, and a large Newfoundland dog. As soon as they were let loose, the leopard and dog began to pursue the Porcupine, which always at first endeavoured to escape by flight; but finding that

ineffectual, he would thrust his head into some corner, making a snorting noise, and erecting his spines; with these his pursuers

pricked their noses, till they quarrelled between themselves, and thus gave him an opportunity to escape.

Anniversary Services.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY IN NEW ZEALAND.—My Dear Young Friends,—whom I never saw,—for none of the tens of thousands of scholars who are found every Sabbath in our connexional Sunday schools were born when I left my father-land, on a message of mercy to New Zealand,—I wish to say a few words to you about our last Sunday school Anniversary.

The war which was commenced in this province nearly four years ago still rages with undiminished determination, so that our country work is entirely suspended, and our labours are confined to the town of New Plymouth. Here we have many proofs of the divine favour; we often sit with Christ in heavenly places, and with our hearts throbbing with emotion exclaim, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Our chapel is filled with attentive hearers in the forenoon and evening of the Lord's day, and in the afternoon it is filled also with the Sabbath school. It is pleasant to look in upon six classes of girls, and as many of boys,—reaching from bible

classes to infant classes—and see them all engaged and happy. Some of the bible classes have a subject sketched for the ensuing Sunday, to be illustrated by maps and other references,—distinctly shewing its relation to Christ as our immediate and complete Saviour,—for study during the week. And others, according to their age and ability, are searching for the treasures hid in the sacred scriptures; so that the Sunday school is not the least interesting part of our mission work.

Our last anniversary services were held just as time measured off the last days of one year, and noiselessly, but significantly commenced another; may we understand his meaning, and apply our hearts unto wisdom. With you in England this period is associated with snow storms and frost, with large fires and close rooms, with furs and great coats, with long nights and short days; but with us it is just the reverse; for the country now blooms in beauty, gardens are filled with flowers that perfume the air, the earth is warm, the

days are long, the nights are pleasant, and it is the appropriate time for enjoyment.

The Sabbath services of the anniversary were conducted on the 27th of December, 1863, when three sermons were preached, two of them by Wesleyan ministers, and the goodly sum of £17 6s. was collected. Suitable hymns had been printed, and were sung on the occasion, instead of those which are ordinarily used. So pleased were the friends and parents of the children, that they subscribed a further sum of £12 4s. in aid of the school fund.

On New Year's day the annual school feast was held in a pleasant spot, about a quarter of a mile from the town. There tents were erected, which, including a military marquee kindly lent for the occasion, opened into each other to the length of seventy feet, and were wide enough for two rows of double tables. The interior of the long tented room was beautifully ornamented with the graceful branches of New Zealand shrubs, and English flowers—the favourites of many generations—which lose none of their beauty and fragrance by being grown in the southern hemisphere. In this interesting—I might almost say elegant—range of tents, about 700 persons including children drank tea, in successive companies.

The green sward also presented a lively and pleasant picture. There were scores of bright-faced little girls, formed into rings of pleasure; the joyful shouts of the boys echoed among the hills; the youth drank freely of the stream of hallowed delight, while they contributed to the enjoyment of all; and elderly people looked upon the scene, and quietly partook of its joy.

We spared no necessary trouble nor expense to make the arrangements as complete and satisfactory as possible, yet the net proceeds of the tea meeting amounted to a handsome sum; so that the total amount realized after giving the school their feast and defraying all expenses, was £41 2s. 6d. This is the largest sum that has been raised on a similar occasion in this province; and it is generally said that this has been the best Sunday school anniversary which has been held in New Plymouth. Very good was the anniversary held twelve months ago, when the goodly sum of £35 11s. 10d. was realised, after paying all expenses; but this year has been better still; last year we were enabled to make a valuable addition to our library, this year we shall place a few more volumes on our shelves, and make further improvements in the school.

Although the above descrip-

tion relates chiefly to enjoyment, you must not suppose that we have no cloudy and dark days, no sorrow which is sometimes too great for the heart to utter; nor is it, perhaps, really desirable that we should be always free from sorrow in our present life; for it is often better—more instructive and helpful—to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. But it will not be always so; for we are looking forward to a brighter and better world, where no tears are shed, and sorrow and sighing have no place.

We have all entered upon a new year; to some the year opens with cheerful circumstances, and to others with gloom and sadness. But all things work together for good to them that love the Lord with all their hearts. We stay ourselves upon

this principle amidst the hurry and noise and danger of war. Seven of our teachers are engaged in military service, either as volunteers or militia; and scarcely a week passes without their being exposed to the dangers of armed expeditions against the determined but deluded Maories, who hold several positions within three or four hours' march of our town. You will join with me in prayer, that God will cover their heads in the day of battle, and that both races now in the island may inhabit the land in peace and prosperity.

Now let me say farewell, and urge you all to become holy, active and useful Christians, then will your heavenly reward be great. I am, my dear young friends, affectionately yours,

ROBERT WARD.

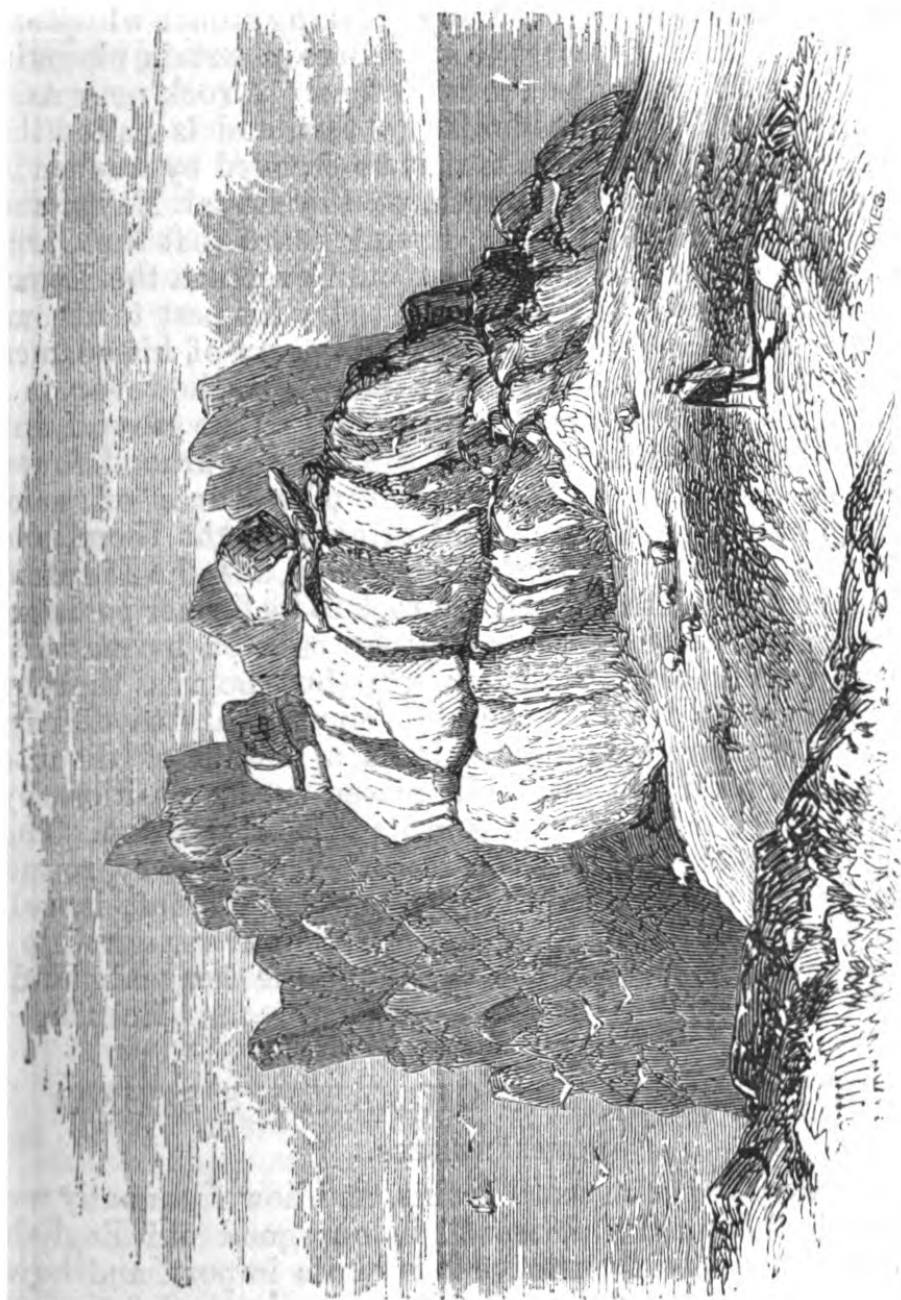
Poetry.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove that God is here;
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.
For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living
Wondrous alike in all He tries, [flood,

Could form the daisy's purple bud,
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
At every step the stamp of God?

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



THE LOGAN ROCK.

Youths' Department.

THE LOGAN ROCK.

(With Engraving.)

AMONG the curiosities of Cornwall the Logan Rock holds a distinguished place. Visitors who go from Penzance to the Land's End usually diverge from the direct path on purpose to see it. It is one of those huge rocking stones which are objects of so much interest to travellers in certain places in the kingdom. It weighs about 70 tons. A rock near Ashburton, on the Downs, is similar to this, and is called the "Nutcrackers," because nuts may be cracked by it when in motion. Lieutenant Goldsmith, of the Royal Navy, and nephew of the poet Goldsmith, having heard that the Cornish people said no human power could overturn the Logan stone, in the year 1824 determined to try his best to accomplish the feat; and with the aid of a party of his seamen he succeeded in rolling it over. It was caught, however, in a narrow chasm, and so saved from rolling to the ground, and into the sea. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood found that they had thus been deprived of a source of gain, which the visiting the rock had often brought them, and hence they complained to the Admiralty, and the Lieutenant was compelled to restore the rock to its former position. This he did at a considerable expense, assisted by material from the dockyard at Devonport; but he was thereby involved in debt, which it took him some years to defray. He shortly afterwards died. It is a matter of dispute whether the rock was originally placed in its position by human power, or whether it is in its natural position. The latter theory seems most common. The scenery round about, and at the Land's End, a few miles distant, is well worth a visit. What wonders there are in our sea-girt isle! But greater wonders will be found in the heavenly land.

EDITOR.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

PLEASANTNESS.

WHAT a very common word is this, and how frequently we meet with the word "pleasant" in our good old English Bible, and how comprehensive it is in its import, and how well it is understood, even by vast numbers who cannot read a sentence of our English language.

What talk we hear about pleasant persons, pleasant voices, pleasant singing, pleasant conversation, pleasant places, pleasant things, pleasant sights, pleasant doings, and pleasant feelings, and how we all love to possess feelings of gratification. And how desirable it is ever to aim to promote pleasantness among our friends and associates; indeed in the company of all with whom we may have to do.

What a number of unpleasant persons there are in the world, it is scarcely possible to transact any kind of business with them with feelings of pleasure. They have unpleasant looks, say unpleasant things, and do unpleasant deeds, they are unpleasant at home and abroad, and wherever they go they exert an unpleasant influence, and nobody wishes for their unpleasant company. If our readers wish to have pleasant feelings, and to be distinguished for pleasant actions, and to be remarkable for pleasant words, they must seek to obtain the possession of "the pearl of great price."

Let your minds be impressed with the following truths:—

1st. Vital Godliness has ever been characterised for its pleasantness.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Perhaps no man ever possessed so much knowledge of the pleasures of earth as King Solomon, yet says he, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Yet this monarch bears his testimony in favour of "the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom."

Does the man of fashion, or the miser, or the philosopher, ask, "Who will show us any good?" Listen to the Bible reply to this question, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, (i.e. true religion), and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold; she is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her; she is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."

We have read not only in the pages of books, but in the countenances and conduct of thousands of pious persons, "Blessed is the man who maketh the Lord his trust." Do you wish to have a correct description of the nature of that religion we now commend to you, then read James iii. 17. It is "From above, first pure, than peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without

partiality and without hypocrisy." Surely a system of such a character must of necessity elevate the man who embraces it, and thus constitute him happy, for it gives him the power and the privilege to read his

" Title clear,
To mansions in the skies,"

and thus enables him to say, "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." And "this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our Guide even unto death." Wonder not then that with such a portion the Christian is satisfied. It was in possession of this portion that pious Job was so patient and pleasant under trials the most keen. And it was under the same influence that he said, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." And this same pleasant principle has given power to many in dying circumstances to say, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," and "When my flesh and my heart fail, thou art the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." Tell us not that religion causes gloom in the believer's soul. O no, "it lifts the fainting spirit up" in prosperity and poverty, in sickness and health, at home and abroad, amongst friends or foes it makes the heart glad. And in the midst of a tide of hellish and earthly opposition, it says to its possessor, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him," James i. 12. Under the influence of such divine language the servant of Christ exclaims, "The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea," Psalm xli. 1, 2. What strong confidence is here expressed, and what a firm resolution to trust in the Lord is here implied, and from such expressions we cannot fail to see that "the peace of God which passeth all understandings shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus," Philippians iv. 7. Thus the soul is continually brought into closer communion with the Author of our holy religion, and there is a growing in grace and in divine knowledge, and though the feelings may vary, yet a knowledge of the fact is retained. "Unto you who believe he is precious." Yes; amid all earth's vanities, amid all the changing scenes of time, he is valuable to us—the most valuable—for he is our "All in all." And

"As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,

Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone;
 Let me thus with thee abide
 As my Father, Guard and Guide."

2nd.—Christianity has ever prompted its possessor to promote pleasantness.

All God's people are for peace, they live for it, pray for it, and labour earnestly to spread it. As Christians are full of divine love themselves, they wish for the same holy principle to fill the heart of every human being, and for this they not only pour out their souls in prayer, but they willingly make sacrifices of their time and property for the good of their fellows. See the vast number of churches, chapels, and Sabbath-school buildings that stud our land, which have been erected for the temporal, spiritual, and eternal good of mankind. All these buildings, and a thousand other objects proclaim aloud that Christianity and its possessors are blessings to the world. How earnest was Paul for the welfare of his fellow-men; hear him saying, "God is my record, how I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ." And what earnest prayers we find in his epistles on behalf of those to whom he wrote, and the same spirit that thus prompted Paul still exerts a holy influence over all those who have the mind of Christ. It was this holy religion that united the first Christian churches, and made them one in Christ. And it is the same blessed principle that David refers to in Psalm cxxxiii. "Behold how good," &c. It is this oneness of feeling that unites man to man, church to church, nation to nation, and earth to heaven. Such a feeling is one of pleasantness. And the Christian Church will do well to exert all her influence to fill the world with it. Then strive to promote it, live to advance it, and with the psalmist pray for your individual selves. "Uphold me with thy free Spirit, hold up my goings in thy paths that my footsteps slip not, keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings." Let it console your hearts to know that

"God bows a gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain;

if our prayers are in accordance with the divine will, for

"All the promises are sure
 To persevering prayer."

3rd.—Christianity is the only system that leads to the world of endless pleasantness.

Not Christianity and Heathenism, not Christianity

and Puseyism, not Christianity and Mohammedanism, not Christianity and Judaism, not Christianity and Mormonism, not Christianity and Socinianism, not Christianity and Popery, but Christianity alone; this is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Heaven is a pleasant land,—all, all is pleasantness there; disturbers of the peace are never met with there. And the Christian is on his way to that world; and if the way is so pleasant what must it be at the end of the journey? Diogenes was once asked to what country he belonged, and he replied, "I am a citizen of the whole world." But it is the privilege of the believer on earth to know that though he lives in this world, yet he is a citizen of heaven. Hear him sing,

"There are my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my eternal home."

There is the house not made with hands. There are the mansions Christ has prepared for his servants. And

"Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing:
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing."

Our great business, therefore, should be to be "looking for and hasting unto" our heavenly home.

"Looking home, looking home,
Towards the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom."

The way to the kingdom is through the atonement of Christ. When Dr. Johnson was dying, he said to his physician, "Believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God." And this doctrine is still true.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 207.)

AFTER Paul's long residence at Ephesus, he entered on a long and circuitous course of travel, which ended on his arrival at Jerusalem. He first went into Europe, and visited Macedonia. In Greece proper he stayed three months. To this journey he refers when in the 2nd epistle to the Corinthians he says: "For when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears."—

2 Cor. vii. 5. What the peculiar troubles which the apostle had to suffer during this visit to Greece were, we are not informed. Probably he wrote his epistle to the Romans at this time, and having from Greece returned through Macedonia, he embarked at Philippi, and in five days arrived at Troas. Here he met with the Christian believers, and held an evening service in an upper room. Paul preached to the congregation, and continued his discourse a long time. The shades of evening deepened and passed away. Lamps were lit; night settled down upon the assembly. Even midnight came, and yet Paul continued preaching, and the congregation still listened, with one exception. Sitting in an open window there is a young man named Eutychus. The service is protracted; Eutychus becomes weary—falls into the embrace of sleep, loses control of himself, and falls down three stories, and is taken up dead! Well for Eutychus that the preacher on this occasion was Paul; for by the apostle's miraculous interposition, under the blessing of God, Eutychus was restored to life. This done, Paul goes on with his preaching till break of day, as though nothing whatever had occurred. In reference to the sleep of Eutychus, it may be said that, considering the fact that he was young, and that the service was so protracted, it is not at all wonderful that he went to sleep; nevertheless had he been in a devotional frame, had his spiritual powers been in lively exercise, had he been anxious to profit by the preaching of Paul, as he certainly ought to have been, he might have listened without weariness, and sat without slumbering. So much cannot be said for those who sleep under sermons in our times as could be said for Eutychus. Unquestionably as a general rule such persons are wanting in the first principles of true worship—devotion and earnestness; and those who habitually sleep in the house of God, display a lack of reverence and piety.

From Troas Paul went on foot to Assos, a maritime town of Asia Minor. Here he met with his company who had travelled from Greece by sea. Embarking here together, they sail along the coast of Asia Minor, call at Trogyllium, a promontory of the Asiatic coast, and tarry awhile at Miletus, a seaport town, about forty miles from Ephesus. Here we have a very touching scene. To Ephesus Paul sends for the elders of the church. He has a strong impression that after this opportunity he will never see his Ephesian brethren again, and he desires to leave them his farewell counsel and blessing. The elders came to Miletus in obedience to the wish of their apostle and father; and how pathetically and solemnly he addressed them, we may

see by reference to the 20th chapter of the Acts. "And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him." Acts xx. 36, 37. The vessel in which Paul has sailed is awaiting his return, and so, accompanied by his sorrowing friends from Ephesus, he goes down to the sea, that he may sail for Syria. Here the Ephesian elders take a fond, and probably a last lingering farewell, and the apostle is borne across the waves of the Mediterranean, by the islands of Coos and Rhodes, disembarking at Patara, and thence setting sail for Phœnicia, they passed the island of Cyprus on the left, and landed at Tyre. Here they abode with the disciples seven days. Tyre was once the leading maritime city of the world; but like many others where the feet of apostles and prophets have trodden, is now no more, only as a vast ruin—a monument of its former splendour, and a standing witness to the truthfulness of Divine prophecy. At Tyre the kind-hearted disciples foreboded danger to Paul at Jerusalem, and desired him not to go. Nevertheless Paul conceives it to be his duty, and danger or no danger he will go. After an affectionate parting from the disciples, he sets sail again for Ptolemais in Palestine, where his sea voyage came to an end. On their journey hence to Jerusalem, Paul and his companions halt at Cæsarea. Here Philip the Evangelist resided, and his four daughters, "who," says Luke, "did prophesy." Many days did our travellers tarry here, and the prophet Agabus coming down to Cæsarea in the meantime, took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet with it, predicting that so should it be done at Jerusalem to the man who owned that girdle. Again was Paul importuned not to go to Jerusalem; but he would by no means listen to the affectionate advice of his friends, but declared himself ready to be bound or to die, if the Lord so willed it.

Arrived in Jerusalem, James and all the elders met together to welcome Paul, listened to the recital of his labours and success: "And when they heard it they glorified the Lord." Here ends the third missionary tour of the enterprising and unwearied apostle of the Gentiles. In Jerusalem strange events occurred to Paul. James and the elders knowing the hatred which prevailed against him, and fearing that when it became known to the Jews that he had arrived in Jerusalem a public demonstration would inevitably take place with a view to Paul's destruction, advised him to unite with four men who had a Nazarite vow, and with them to attend to certain ceremonies for the

discharge of their vow, as a prudential measure, thus showing his respect for the laws of Moses, which it was supposed he dared both to violate and condemn. This Paul did; but it was of no avail, for before the days of his purification for his vow were ended, "the Jews which were of Asia, when they saw him in the temple, stirred up all the people, and laid hands on him, crying out, Men of Israel, help: this is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place." Acts xxi. 27, 28. The whole city was thrown into a commotion, Paul was dragged out of the temple as not fit for so holy a place, and forthwith the gates were shut. The multitude were determined to kill the apostle, when the Roman officer in charge of Jerusalem, whose name was Claudius Lysias, and who is here called the "chief captain," hurried to the scene of uproar with a troop of soldiers, at the sight of which the Jews left off beating Paul, and thus was he rescued from the hands of violence, his life was spared, and he was safely lodged a prisoner in the castle. On the way to that building, the people followed, crying, "Away with him." Arrived there, and after a word or two of explanation to the chief captain, Paul requested liberty to speak to the people, which being granted, he detailed the history of his conversion, his call to the apostleship, and declared how that he was sent unto the Gentiles. Scarcely had the apostle mentioned the fact of his mission to the heathen, ere with the wildest excitement the people cry out, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live;" at the same time with wildest fury tearing off their clothes, and throwing dust into the air. Well for Paul that at this moment there was the authority of the chief captain between him and the people, else would they in all probability have torn him to pieces. But seeing the excitement and rage of the clamorous hosts, Lysias orders Paul to be brought into the castle, and examined by scourging. Paul remonstrates against this outrage on the ground of his being a free citizen of the Roman empire, whereupon the chief captain is afraid, for he has already exceeded his power in placing in bonds a free citizen of Rome. Instead, therefore, of putting him to the rack, Lysias determines to bring him before the Jewish Council. This was accordingly done; but it helped to make the matter no clearer, and ended in the council falling into divisions among themselves; and for fear that Paul should be torn to pieces, Lysias sent the military again to rescue him from the violence of the Jews. "And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for

as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." Acts xxiii. 11. To Paul this was a blessed testimony. He had long desired to preach the gospel at Rome. No matter what he may have to pass through, if in God's providence he may but get to Rome. And truly he shall yet stand in the Imperial City, and at the head of the world's empire proclaim salvation through a crucified Saviour. Moreover the persevering hatred of the Jews shall only tend to help him on to this important and desired mission. Forty of those Jews at this time bound themselves together under an awful curse and a solemn oath, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. The Jewish council it would appear were base enough to enter into this murderous design; but providentially the apostle has a nephew who overhears all this, tells Paul and the chief captain of it, and the latter consequently orders a company of soldiers out at the third hour of the night, commits Paul to their charge, and sends him down to Cæsarea, where Felix, the governor of Judea, resided, that Paul might be examined by Felix, and his case be decided at the governor's court. Lysias at the same time sends a courteous letter to Felix, and informs him that he has commanded Paul's accusers to come down to Cæsarea, that they may there meet the prisoner face to face. Felix promises Paul a hearing when his accusers are come, and in the meantime commands him to be kept in Herod's judgment hall, a part of his own state residence. How exasperated the Jews must now have been to find that their prisoner had thus been borne away from them! And what of those bloodthirsty wretches and their cruel oath, who had bound themselves to kill Paul? Surely if they kept their oath they had a long fast. But ah! how impotent is the rage of man when restrained by Almighty God. So was it in this case; for just as the Jewish plot for the assassination of Paul was ripe for execution, the apostle was borne to Cæsarea, and sixty-two miles away from Jerusalem was safely lodged in Herod's judgment hall. Foiled then in their murderous attempt, all that the Jews can do is to get up the best case they can, and proceed to have their cause tried before the governor Felix. Five days elapsed, and Ananias the high priest, with the elders of the Jewish nation, went down to Cæsarea with an orator named Tertullus, whom they had engaged to plead their cause. Felix sits on his judgment-seat. Paul is brought forth. Tertullus begins his insinuating address, first flattering Felix, then charging the apostle as a seditious person, a breaker of the public peace, who had set himself

at the head of the sect of the Nazarenes, and made no scruple to profane even the temple of God. To this charge Paul made an excellent reply, and Felix having heard both sides, refused to give judgment till Lysias himself had come down, when he would decide further upon the matter. This postponement was to the Jews a decided rebuff, and from that moment they had lost the case. A few days after this, Felix gave Paul a memorable private hearing. In this conference he was joined by his unlawful consort Drusilla, and it was on this occasion that Paul reasoned with such force on "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," that the guilty soul of the governor of Judea was moved within him, and behold "Felix trembled." Acts xxiv. 25. Still it was only a momentary trembling; for alas! Felix was both covetous and unjust. He allowed Paul to remain a prisoner, in hope that he should receive money for his release, and when he was superseded by Porcius Festus, in order to court a little favour with the Jews, he heartlessly left Paul a prisoner. On Festus succeeding to the governorship of Judea, the Jews revived their opposition to Paul, and sought to incense the new governor against him. They tried to their utmost to get Paul to a trial in Jerusalem. To this proposal Festus would by no means consent, but answered that as he would be going down to Cæsarea soon, they might go there likewise, and he would give them a hearing. In this way Paul is brought before Festus, and is met by his implacable enemies from Jerusalem. Every charge they can find they allege against the apostle, without proving one of them; and Paul, with a manly Christian dignity, nobly answers them all. Nevertheless Festus wishes to be popular among the Jews, and therefore proposes that Paul shall go to Jerusalem, and there be judged before him. With a dignity becoming a Christian, and in words worthy alike of his character and innocence, Paul answers thus: "I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews I have done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I have been an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar." Acts xxv. 10, 11. As a Roman citizen, Paul had a perfect right to carry his appeal to the imperial throne. This he would rather do than fall into the hands of his malignant countrymen.

W. M. B.

THE OLD BRIDGE IN THE COUNTRY.

SOME time ago I was living in the country. One day, when I was out walking, I came to a deep dark river, rushing rapidly down from the mountain to the sea. I could see far below the great deep, dark pools, with huge lumps of rock all broken, and jagged, and worn into fantastic shapes and smooth round edges by the rush of the water. There were high, steep banks on both sides; so steep, that you could neither clamber down the one side nor up the other. The only way to get across was by a rude and rustic bridge, that was made of two round logs with narrow strips of wood nailed across them. The logs were all rotten-looking, many of the little strips of wood had fallen off, and here and there large rusty nails stuck up in places where the wood had rotted off and dropped away. This was the only bridge, and there was no other way of getting across; but I did not like the look of it. When I stamped on it with my foot, it swayed to and fro, and bent and cracked in a very ugly manner. I thought within myself, if I go over on that bridge it may break; and I am sure that if I fall down into that roaring torrent among those ragged rocks, I shall never rise alive till the resurrection.

While I was standing deliberating, I saw a stout countryman at work in a meadow over on the other side. I cried out to him, and asked him whether he had ever crossed that bridge?

"Oh yes, sir," said he, "very often; I came across it only a little while ago; it's all right."

I asked again, "May I trust to it, do you think?"

"Oh yes," said the man, "it's all right enough; you may safely trust to it."

Looking at the man, I saw that he was much stouter, and to all appearance heavier than I; and so I thought, if this bridge could bear him, it will also bear me, and then over I went, trusting cheerily to the bridge, and reached the other side in peace and safety.

As I wandered on the other side, it occurred to me that all this was simply faith, or trust. Does my little reader know the meaning of having faith, or putting trust in God? If you will listen a very little longer, you will understand it by the help of this rotten bridge. In crossing that bridge, I trusted three ways, and was not deceived in either. First, I trusted the honest-looking countryman; I thought he looked a decent, truthful sort of man; and so, when he told me that he had gone over that bridge a short while ago, I believed him, I trusted his word. He might have

lied to me, you know ; he might have *said* he went over the bridge, though he did not ; and I might have trusted his word, the bridge might have broken, and I might have been drowned. But he had no reason for deceiving me, and I thought that by his look he was a truthful man, so I put trust in his word and was not deceived. Second, I trusted my own judgment. I thought the man looked heavier than I ; I argued that if the bridge had borne his weight, it would also bear mine. I might have been deceived here again. It was quite possible that I was heavier than the man ; and if I had been much heavier, the bridge that bore him might not have borne me ; but I was not deceived ; the bridge did bear me. Third, I trusted to the rotten-looking bridge. I had good reasons for doing so, and I did so. I put my whole weight upon it. I had no other support whatever. If the bridge had broken down, I should most certainly have fallen into the river below, and been dashed to pieces on the hard ragged rocks. But I trusted the bridge ; it bore me safely, and all was well.

Now when you are told to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, or to trust in him, you have to trust in that same threefold way that I did. You have first to trust the word of another ; but that other is the Son of God himself. He is true ; he cannot lie ; and if you ask him whether he is able and willing to save you, he will tell you that he is both ; he is able to save unto the uttermost all that come to God through him. Second, heavier people than you have crossed that bridge. Though your sins be many and great, never fear that he has not saved sinners greater than you. He saved Saul, who helped the men who stoned God's first martyr to death, who persecuted God's church, and dragged men and women bound to prison because they loved Jesus. He saved Mary Magdalene, and out of her he cast seven devils. He saved a thief who was condemned to be crucified. You may safely trust to him. Third. But will the bridge bear you ? Ah, you may safely trust to it. The Lord Jesus Christ himself is the bridge. He says, "I am the way." He is the Jacob's ladder from earth to heaven. He is mighty to save. He is strong : his hand holds the sun, moon, and stars in their places. Jesus has all power in heaven and earth ; he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

I had no great need to cross that old bridge. I could easily have remained on the side where I was, and have suffered no damage. I could have sat still on the top of the bank, and looked down on the river boiling and seeth-

ing below. But you cannot long sit still where you are; to do so is to die; you are on the wrong side; you *must* cross or die. That man, as I said, might have deceived me; but God cannot deceive you. You may put the most perfect trust in all that he says to you; and he bids you flee for your life, and do it now.

I might have cheated myself, and been lost by thinking that the man was heavier than I; but you cannot be wrong. Jesus says in special, "Suffer the little children to come;" and "They that seek me early shall find me." Jesus loves to carry the little children over in safety; the Good Shepherd carries the lambs over in his arms. Besides all this, I had at the last to trust to a very shaky old bridge. It was very creaky and very narrow, and looked fearful indeed as I swung in the middle high over that black foaming torrent. If you had seen it, it would have made you tremble. But you have only to trust in One who is mighty to save; he is able; he is the sum and the source of all strength. He never grows old; but is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

I got but little by crossing that old bridge; but you get God and heaven and glory by trusting in the Lord Jesus. You get the sweet song of the angels, the white robes, the golden crown, and the green palm of the saints. You get all that is glorious in heaven, and you avoid all that is dark and terrible in hell. You go from death to life; from the bottom of the cold dark grave to the green earth and glorious sunshine; from hell to heaven; from the devil to Jesus Christ; from all evil to all good; and that is a journey you cannot begin too soon. You ought to start now, if you have not begun it already; and if you have already begun, then you must hold fast the beginning of your confidence steadfast to the end. Lean your whole weight upon Jesus. A little boy, a dear friend of mine, was dying. His minister bade him lean his whole weight on Jesus. "Just," said he, "as you are now leaning your head on that pillow." On the morrow the minister returned; he asked, "Are you trusting to Jesus?" The little boy was dying and could hardly speak; but leaning over him, they heard these two words twice repeated, "Soft pillow, soft pillow." Lean on Jesus, my little friend, and you will find his bosom a soft pillow for your young head.—*Sunday at Home.*

"I'M TOO BUSY."

A MERCHANT sat at his office desk; various letters were

spread before him ; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of religion entered the office. "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the cause of Christ," said the good man.

"Sir, you must excuse me," replied the merchant ; "I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, iniquity is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it? I'm sorry : but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir ; I wish you a good morning." Then, bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me."

The merchant laid down his pen ; his head grew dizzy ; his stomach felt faint and sick ; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering, ever and anon, "You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart ; spectres of ships, notes, houses, and lands, flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat more slowly, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death.

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy." Humanity, mercy, religion, had alike begged his influence, means and attention, in vain ; but when death came, the excuse was powerless ; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.—*The People's Friend*.

"I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS."

THIS favourite of the children has been long known in our Sabbath-schools, and its simple melody has proved quite an attraction to the little ones. I have often heard it sung with feeling, and many delightful scenes have been witnessed at the time. There is a simplicity in the words of the hymn that is well suited to profit the children of the Sabbath-schools.

In Scotland it is known as little Janet's hymn, and a fact recorded about it is of an impressive character. Little Janet was a Scotch girl of an engaging disposition, and what was better was a pious child. She loved many a hymn, and among her favourites was this one. Little Janet attended school one day, and was noticed singing this hymn and reading her little Testament. During the afternoon a violent storm came on. Thunder and lightning accompanied it, and one heavy crash took place, and the fierce lightning entered the room. Many of the scholars were struck down and hurt, but little Janet was killed, and the scholars afterwards called this hymn, "Little Janet's hymn."

Not long since I met with a pleasing instance of the childlike trust this hymn induces, and some kind friend has put it into verse. I am sure it will please the little ones, if they have not seen it before; and it reminds me of the little child who was so confident in the storm, because its father was at the helm of the ship.

How forcible the lessons of the hymn. Like as the scape-goat bore symbolically the sins of the people, so Jesus bore away the sins of the world in his own body, when he died on Calvary.

"He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load."

My little reader, may I hope that you will learn to rest your soul on Jesus, as did this little girl, and then you will feel that he all your burden bears.

"'Twas night, and by my parlour fire
I sat and worked alone,
And heard the March winds sweeping by
With howl, and shriek, and groan;
And great trees rocked, and chimneys cracked,
Before the hurrying blast,
And shattered fragments strew'd the roads
With ruin as they passed.

While trembling at the tempest's force,
As on that awful night
It crushed the strongest works of man
With its tremendous might,
The sweet tones of a childish voice
Came floating down the stairs,—
 "I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 He all my burden bears."

That moment, from the loosened roof,
A mass of stonework fell;
Alarmed, I climbed the stairs to know,
My babes were safe and well:
That little voice was trilling yet
Of trust in love divine,—
 "I rest my soul on Jesus,
 That weary soul of mine."

Louder and louder roared the blast,
Around, above, below;
The very houses, at its will,
Seem'd rocking to and fro;
And in the pause of wind and storm
Still rose the childish song,—
 "I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the white-robed throng."

O, when the final hurricane
Shall sweep a sinking world,
And temple grand, and towering steep,
In flaming gulfs are hurled!
Dear child, may thy sweet confidence
To our faint songs be given;
So shall our songs, amid the storm,
Proclaim the peace of Heaven."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

MASON.

I lay my sins on Je - sus, The

I lay my sins on Je - sus, The

spot - less Lamb of God, He bears them all, and

spot - less Lamb of God, He bears them all, and

frees us From the ac - cur - sed load.

frees us From the ac - cur - sed load.

I lay my wants on Jesus—
 All fulness dwells in Him!
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus—
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord,
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is pour'd.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To

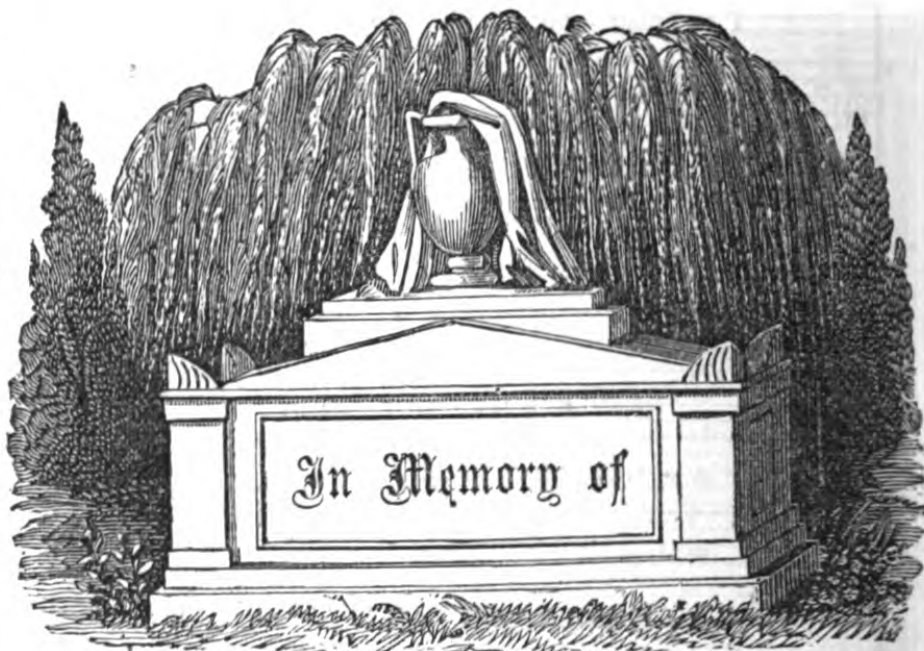
wash a - way my stains, White in His blood most

pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

I long to be like Jesus
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Juvenile Biography.



EMMA SHIMWELL, who was born at Youlgreave, in the Winchester circuit, May 8th, 1849. From a child her amiable disposition and engaging manners won the affection and esteem of all who knew her. She became a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school, when very young, and was early taken to the house of God. But a real change of heart did not manifest itself in her until her last affliction. She bore a long painful affliction with exemplary patience and fortitude. She was never heard to murmur; many, very many, were the sleepless nights she passed, and from the nature of her disease she was unable to lie down in bed; but she endured all her sufferings with meekness and re-

signation. When fast sinking, she would exclaim, in broken sentences, "Bless the Lord, he is good, for pardoning all my sins." On the day previous to her death, being asked by her father if she should go to heaven, she instantly replied, "Yes; and I want you and mother to meet me there." She continued to rejoice in the Lord, and was often heard to repeat the words, "Bless his holy name, I do love him." Towards the last, when her sufferings were indescribable, she said, "It is hard work, it is hard work, but it will soon be over." And so it proved; for while the words, "Lord, help me," were on her lips, death, her last enemy, triumphed over her frail tenement. Her warfare was accomplished,

her sufferings were terminated, the silver cord was loosed, and her glorified spirit joined the happy number of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, on the 8th of November, 1863. That we may all meet as an unbroken family in heaven is the prayer of a surviving sister,

LYDIA SHIMWELL.

URIAS R. STOCK, of Pensnett, in Brierley Hill circuit, was born October 27th, 1859, and departed this life January 10th, 1864. He came to our Sabbath school about four months before his death. Although he was so young, he

was very remarkable for his kindness and he was a very loving child. As soon as he began to talk, his mother taught him the Lord's Prayer, and he became very fond of praying and singing, and very often when he had been at chapel, he went home and told what the preacher had said. While he was on his death bed one time he said, "I am going to glory." At another time he said, "I am going home." Also he sang a verse of a hymn that his mother had taught him, viz.:—

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand ;
A crown upon my forehead,
And a harp within my hand."

JOHN SMITH.

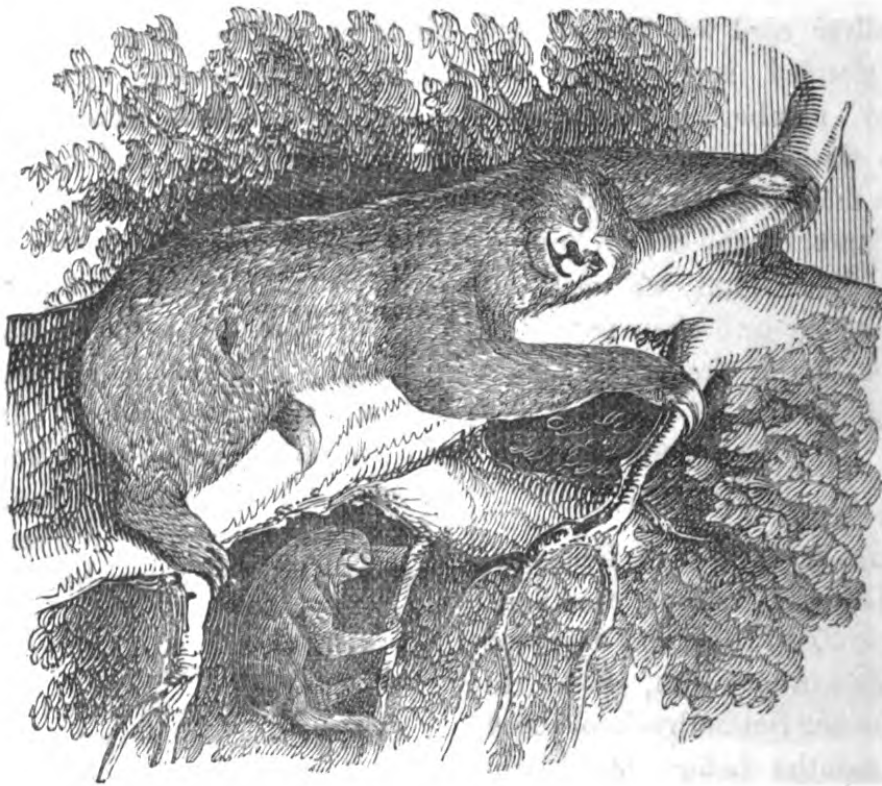
Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE SLOTH

COMBINES within itself several peculiarities of conformation, which are to be met with in no other part of the creation. Its habits fully bear out the name which has been applied to it; for the slowness of its movement, and its quiet and careless demeanour, are proverbial. The cause of these habits is to be found in the singularity of its structure. The bones of which the feet are formed have very little power of motion, and are articulated to the limb in such a

manner as to prevent their harmless owner from placing them on the ground in any other way than on their sides. Their enormously long and thick claws present another obstacle to their free movements; the fore-legs, likewise, are much longer than the hind, which adds to the difficulty of motion, and thus the attempt of a sloth to walk on level ground is as clumsy and awkward as can well be imagined.

The structure of the animal, however, notwithstanding its restricted power of motion, is per-



fectly well adapted for the life it is destined to lead. Clinging to the trunk and branches of a tree, it slowly proceeds from one to another, devouring the foliage in its progress, and never leaving the tree till it is entirely stripped of leaves. It is said, whether with truth is uncertain, that the laziness of the sloth is so extreme as to induce it to prefer a tumble from the branches of a tree, when obliged to leave it, to the trouble of descending its trunk.

The sloths are found in the warmer parts of America, and there are several species, which differ from each other chiefly by the number of their toes, or rather claws.

THE VISIT OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSESTHE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO CAM- BRIDGE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Our town was lately thrown quite into a state of excitement on account of the royal visit. For weeks before the time it was the conversation of all, and the press with her thousand tongues proclaimed it far and wide, so that all, from the rustic farm youth out of the surrounding country, to the nobleman in his mansion, were big with anticipation, and longed to hear the announced arrival, to wave a hat or send up a cheer. At length the decision was come to that

Thursday, June 2nd was the day of the visit. The evening preceding being unfavourable, doubts were entertained as to the fineness of the weather. However, the morning broke on the town in smiles; as the last star disappeared, God seemed to lash the clouds, polish the sun, and arch us with a deep blue sky. All nature seemed to wear her best robes.

The walks and drives, for which Cambridge is famed, the towering trees, overshadowing branches, plots of grass covered with myriads of little daisies and buttercups, intersected with rippling streams, all seemed to wear an imposing aspect. And then there was the town in all its greatness, grandeur, and gaiety. From the railway station to Trinity College, a distance of a mile and a half, all exhibited a spectacle of extraordinary animation. A grand stand was soon filled to excess, as from that an address was to be given by the Corporation. Several more stands were erected that held hundreds, all making a superb show—waving banners, streaming flags, and costly mottoes—and right and left up and down, wherever the eye turned, there were emblems of festivity to be seen, in fact an entire population making a holiday. About one o'clock the roar of guns was heard, and bells clashing

forth their merriest peals, as an announcement of the royal arrival. In a few moments the royal carriages were slowly moving along through the densely crowded streets, attended by life guardsmen mounted on horses, and the University Rifle Corps. At the grand stand, where the address was delivered, there was one general impulsive rush to see and cheer. The carriage in which the Prince and Princess sat, was surrounded in a moment, swallowed up, almost climbed into by eager hundreds, while repeated shouts were heard, "God bless them! Heaven save them!"

Yet notwithstanding all the excitement, dear children, one's mind could not refrain from reflecting on the great coming of the Prince of Life and Peace, when scenes brighter than mid-day shall burst on our view, and voices louder than thunder break on our ears. Multitudes countless as the sands of the shore will crowd our vision, while a voice louder than seven thunders shall announce his coming, exclaiming, "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so amen."—Rev. i. 7.

Did any of you children ever see the Prince of Wales? Suppose I could ask all the scholars in our Sabbath schools, numbering

208,399, some would say, "yes," and very many would answer, "no," that's what we should enjoy! Well, some of you may have the privilege, and some may not. But many of our beloved scholars who have fallen asleep in Jesus, never saw Victoria's son, but are gone over the river to see God's Son, a Prince infinitely higher than any earthly prince, on whose head are "many crowns."

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins have been forgiven,
A holy, happy band."

And though you may never all see England's future King, yet all will see, must see, the King of glory. When the shout shall be heard of his coming down, surrounded by ten thousand times ten thousand angels thronging the descending way, then all, all, all, shall see him. Your ministers, teachers, parents, friends, yes, "every eye shall see him." Some will see him with intense joy—they who are saved—they will then feel that all labour, sorrow, pain, and death are over; and they will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Others will wail when they see him, because of their offences, and the recollection of their banishment from his presence and the glory of his power.

God save us all! Well, he is willing, able, waiting to save all, to wash out our deep-dyed stains, cleanse the corrupt fountain of our souls, and to make us his own, and his when he enumerates his jewels.

Oh! children, let me urge you to resign all to him, that you may be meetened for his kingdom, and shine as the brightness of the stars in the hemisphere of glory.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

DOING GOOD.

IN London there is a large building called Exeter Hall. It is used chiefly to hold religious meetings and anniversaries in. Once they were holding a Sabbath-school anniversary there. A clergyman was addressing the children. He told them about two bad little boys, whom he had once known, and a good little girl, whom he afterwards learned to know. One day this little girl was going home from Sunday-school, where she had learned to try to be like Jesus, "who went about doing good." On her way home she saw two little boys, about her own age, quarrelling. She went up to them, and told them how wickedly they were acting. She made them stop quarrelling, and finally persuaded them to go to her Sunday-school. The boys were named Jim and

Tom. The girl was called little Mary Wood.

"Now, children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?"

With one voice they all shouted "Yes."

"Jim, stand up," said the gentleman, looking to another part of the platform. A tall, reverend-looking gentleman, dressed in black, and wearing a white cravat, arose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"There," said the speaker, "That is Jim. He has been a missionary for several years in one of the South Sea Islands. Now would you like to see Tom?"

"Yes, yes, sir," was heard all over the house.

"Here he is," said the speaker, straightening himself up; "he, too, has been a missionary for years."

"And now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?"

"Yes, yes; oh yes!" burst forth in a perfect storm of voices.

"Well, do you see that lady over there, with a black velvet bonnet putting down her veil, and blushing like a rose? That's little Mary Wood. And now I have a secret to tell you, SHE IS MY WIFE!" That good girl sowed a very little seed in God's garden. The fruit which it bore was two missionaries to the heathen, with all the good resulting from their labours.

LAME AND LAZY.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a whole loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What! ask a cracker and receive a loaf! Well, I will ask for a loaf, and I shall expect a load of bread; or, if I ask a biscuit, she will give me a batch of bread."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread. "Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you to be an idler. You are of that class and character who ask, but do not receive."

Lazy, who always found fault, with fortune, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill-treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of a promise.

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared fairer and larger than her sisters.

He noticed her right hand held a pot of honey which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

"Don't understand it," said Lazy.

Charity replied: "It means that Charity feeds the lame and chastises the lazy."

Lazy turned to go. "Stop," said Charity; "instead of coin I will give you counsel. Do not go and live on your poor mother,

for I will send you a rich ant."

"Rich ant," echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th verse."—*Quiver*.

Queries and Replies.

WROCKWARDINE WOOD.

REV. SIR—Will you kindly inform me through the medium of your JUVENILE what is the meaning of the latter part of Genesis iii. 22? Was the tree of such a nature as to have delivered Adam from the death to which he was exposed?

J. D.

ANSWER.—There are various opinions as to the tree of life, but the common one is, that the tree possessed some mysterious virtue by which the eater of its fruit would be rendered immortal. Hence, the Lord drove out Adam, lest he should eat and live for ever, although he had sinned and deserved death.

KINGSLERE.

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of asking you to be kind enough to tell me "Who King David's mother was." An answer to the above when convenient will oblige yours in Christ,

HENRY.

ANSWER.—We cannot tell; this

being one of the things which the Divine Author of revelation has not thought fit to inspire his servants to record. The name of David's father was of sufficient importance to obtain a place in holy writ, but not that of his mother.

STROUD.

REV. SIR,—In reading the 26th chapter of the Book of Proverbs I found a passage at the fourth verse, which reads thus: "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him." And at the following verse it says, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." Will you be so kind as to explain how these passages may be reconciled, and you will much oblige

J. C.

ANSWER.—The meaning of the former verse is supposed to be, answer not a fool in a foolish manner, lest thou make thyself look foolish. And the meaning

of the latter verse is, answer a fool according to his own principles,—that is, show how by another use of the sort of arguments he employs, all his reasoning may be turned against him. This may prevent his becoming wise in his own conceit, or thinking what he says is unanswerable.

WROCKWARDINE WOOD.

MR. EDITOR,—What is the literal meaning of the resurrection of dry bones, and must the word wind be taken literally, for the thing wanted was to come from the four winds? Ezekiel xxxvii. 1—11.

I am, yours respectfully,

J. B.

ANSWER.—It is generally understood that the restoration of the Jews from the Chaldean captivity is the primary meaning of the passage, and that the wind refers to the work of the Holy Spirit in their restoration. There are other meanings attributed to the *dry bones*, and then, of course, other interpretations are given of the wind. The general resurrection of the dead, and the return of the souls of men from all quarters whither they may have gone, are by some writers understood to be spoken of here.

SWANSEA.

REV. SIR,—I should be very much obliged to you if you would

please to explain to me the 3rd verse of the 3rd chapter of the book of the Prophet Habakkuk; the words are as follows:—"God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens and the earth was full of his praise." D. J.

ANSWER.—Teman was the capital of a province of Idumea, to the south of the land of Canaan, see Num. xx. 21; Jer. xlix. 7. Paran was in Arabia Petrea, and gave its name to a province, see Gen. xxi. 21; Deut. xxxiii. 2. And the prophet in a poetical style refers to what God had done for the Israelites in delivering them from Egypt, and speaks of him as having come from these places in order to their rescue. "Selah" is supposed to be merely a musical term, designed to guide the singers and performers. It might mean they should pause or stop here. "His glory covered the heavens," &c., refers to what took place on mount Sinai, and when God appeared in a pillar of fire, &c., the earth or land was then filled with his praise or glory.

ENMORE GREEN.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to favour us with your idea of the meaning of the following passages:—"For the creature was made subject to

vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." Rom. viii. 20—23. An answer would greatly oblige.

H. G. N.

ANSWER.—This text is confessedly very obscure, but the best of our commentators believe it to refer either to the Gentile part of mankind, or to the human body. Those who take the former theory see in the passage a reference to the effects of the gospel among the Gentiles as well as among the Jews. Those who adopt the latter see a reference to the resurrection of the saints at the last day. We cannot here go into any details or arguments, but the above will afford a key, which, in the absence of anything more complete, may aid a student in unlocking the difficulties of the text.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY AT COCKERMOUTH, MARYPORT STATION.—On Sunday, March 27th, 1864, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Gill, of Whitehaven circuit, to large congregations, and were attended with a gracious influence. The annual tea meeting was held on Tuesday, March 29th, and was well patronized by the friends in the town. The scholars received their tea gratis. In the

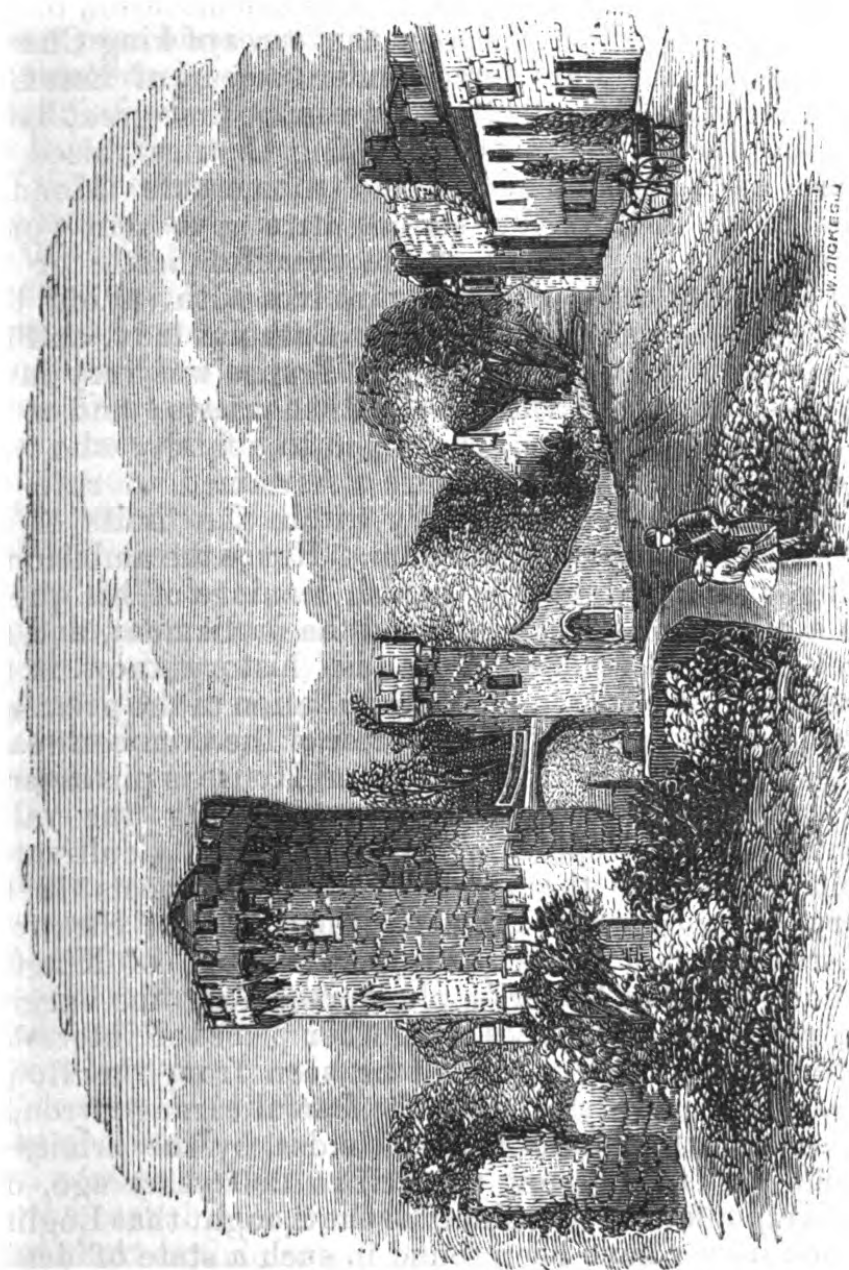
evening the chapel was crowded. A short address was given to the parents and teachers by the writer. The scholars recited several interesting dialogues and pieces, and suitable hymns were sung on the occasion, accompanied by Master Llewellyn Winstone on the harmonium. The proceeds of the whole amounted to £6.

THOMAS WINSTONE.

FROM THE PERSIAN.—BY SIR W. JONES.

"On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep."

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



THE ROUND HOUSE, EDGEHILL.

Youths' Department.

THE ROUND HOUSE, EDGE HILL.

(With Engraving.)

THE Round House, represented in the engraving, is situated on the south-east side of Edge Hill, near Banbury, Oxfordshire, and is a favourite resort for pleasure-seekers and jaunters. It was built, it is said, in commemoration of the great battle fought there between the forces of king Charles I. and the parliamentary forces under the earl of Essex, on Sunday, October 23rd, 1642. This was the first great battle fought by the two armies after king Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, on the memorable Monday, August 23rd, 1642. We cannot here give our young readers all the particulars of the dreadful battle or the causes of it, but must content ourselves with saying that king Charles had married a Roman Catholic lady, and she being sister to the Catholic king of France was very much under the influence of the pope and the priests; and at the same time Charles himself belonged to a family who were vain and head-strong, and were determined to rule the country without keeping strictly within the limits of the constitution and laws of the realm. Hence the ambition of the king, influenced by the popish leanings of his queen, led to a collision between him and the parliament, and the quarrel ended, as readers of English history know, in the beheading of the king, and the installation of the great and good Oliver Cromwell as the Protector of the Commonwealth of England. The view from the Round House is picturesque and extensive. The river Avon runs along the valley below, and the wide spreading vale is now highly cultivated, presenting one of the most pleasing prospects in the country. The spires of Coventry, the church of Stratford, (the birth place of Shakespeare), the village of Kington, the scene of prince Rupert's plunders among the baggage of the parliamentary forces, and other places of interest to the student of history, can all be seen from the Round House. When contemplating the fearful carnage wrought on these beautiful plains and hill sides, by the armies of king and parliament, now more than 200 years ago, one cannot help a feeling of sadness at the thought that Englishmen should ever have been found in such a state of deadly antagonism one to another. Nor can one avoid feeling a desire that that glorious Gospel which brings peace and

good-will may soon become universally prevalent in spirit as well as letter, that so wars may cease to the ends of the earth, and men in every land learn to regard other men as friends and brothers. For such "a better day" let our young readers continually pray. And may the Lord of hosts hasten it in mercy. Amen.

EDITOR.

ECHOES FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S STUDY.

FIRMNESS.

How possible it is to call things by the wrong name—if we charge some persons with pride, they tell us it is "self-respect;" if we complain to others of their stupidity they tell us it is "firmness;" thus they have either mistaken views of the meaning of words, or they wish to deceive us by making a false impression on our minds.

We are desirous that our readers should be characterised not for pride but for Christian humility, not for stupidity but for Christian firmness, or for what St. Paul represents as "steadfastness."—1 Cor. xv. 58. "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable." One Old Testament saint has more than once written in the book of Psalms respecting the resolution of his soul with regard to matters of salvation, "My heart is fixed, O God," &c.

What a variety of influences are at work in the world to move man from one profession to another, from one principle to another, from good to bad, from the service of God to that of Satan. How important it is that if we have entered the service of God we be firm in the possession of our religion in the midst of all opposing influences. We should

1st.—*Firmly resist the Attractions of the World.*

How numerous are these attractions and what an influence some of them possess, and with what difficulty do we overcome them. There is fashion to contend with, fashion in dress, fashion in conversation, fashion in visiting places of worldly amusement, such as the play-house, the gin palace, the dancing room, &c., there is also the fashion of desecrating the Christian Sabbath by encouraging railway and steam boat excursions, &c. What an amount of evil results from all these practices, and though they may to the carnal mind appear very gratifying for the moment, how short is their duration, and what an aching void they leave, and what remorse of conscience is often experienced when they have been indulged in. O if we could but visit the beds of some when in dying circumstances who have

spent twenty, thirty, or forty years entirely in following the maxims and fashions of the world, what tales of woe should we hear! What bitter lamentations would ring in our ears from the lips of these dying creatures! They would tell us of their evil actions, their misspent hours, their years murdered in sin and folly, the deceiving allurements of the world, and they would point us to their destitution of hopes of happiness for hereafter. Resolve therefore not to be led by the evils of the world in your desires, words, and actions, but at once, even now, "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."—Rom. xii. 1, 2. Remember that the fashions of this world pass away, and we should willingly let them pass away without taking any part in them. Obey the language of divine inspiration, "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," &c.—Colossians iii. 1, 2, 5.

2nd.—Firmly resist the Invitations of the Ungodly to do Evil.

"If sinners entice thee consent thou not." It may sometimes seem difficult to say "No" to the evil entreaties of these who profess to be our friends, but if we mean to be manly and act the part of a Christian we must have courage to object to evil in every form in which it may be presented to us by either friends or foes. Never be ashamed to give the world evidence that you are opposed to sin and cannot comply with the evil requests of sinners. Copy the example of that manly young man named in Genesis xxxix. 9, who when tempted to commit sin said, "How can I do this wickedness and sin against God?" O how many have been led astray from virtue to vice by pretended friends; how many by thieves have been taught to practise dishonesty, how many have become drunkards by the persuasion of strong drink lovers; and what vast numbers have become characterised for lying, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking owing to their having associated with liars, swearers, and Sabbath breakers! Perhaps by not complying with the evil wishes of pretended friends you may lose their friendship. Well, lose it; it will do you no good, but much harm: lose it; it is better lost than kept; lose it, for it is only friendship in league with hell. Rather lose all the friendship of the world than bring upon yourselves the wrath of Almighty God. Determine therefore that no human being shall have such in-

fluence over you as to induce you to leave the good and the right way. May "the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ."—Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.

3rd.—Firmly withstand the Temptations of the Devil.

Satan has long been characterised for his subtlety; his craft and deceitfulness have been visible in the world for thousands of years; by these things he first led the first human pair into sin. It is true that he does not always visit man assuming the character of God's opponent. No. He does not always say in direct opposition to the Divine statement, "Ye shall not surely die," but in the form even of "an angel of light" is he capable of finding his way to the human heart and suggesting to the mind that which at first sight seems to have no evil design in it, but if we begin to investigate we frequently find sin connected with the suggestion, therefore we should well scrutinise every suggestion that comes to the mind, if we are at all suspicious that it will tend to dishonour God or injure ourselves. St. Luke in his Gospel, viii. 13, speaks of some falling away in time of temptation, and be it remembered that however much genuine piety we possess, without we take a firm stand against the temptations of our great adversary we shall be liable to lose the battle in the conflict. How necessary Christ found it to be when in the wilderness to take a firm stand against the temptations of "the wicked one," and when Satan found that he could not prevail on the God-man to comply with his sinful requirements we are told that "he departed from him."—Luke iv. 13. He who thus conquered Satan has engaged to help us in the time of our temptations, and through him we shall conquer. It is true that thousands have fallen victims to sin in temptation, but their fall has taken place when they have ceased to trust in Christ. Millions of Christians have withstood the most powerful temptations of the devil. Let us resolve to have the confidence of the church in David's time, which sang, "Through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that will tread down our enemies." Our readers should not forget that to withstand the trials of life, the attractions of the world, the invitations of the wicked, and the temptations of Satan, we must have on the whole armour of God, which comprehends "having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of

righteousness," &c. For a full description of this armour read Ephesians vi. 14—18.

4th.—Firmly maintain the Great Principles of our Holy Christianity.

Maintain them by Divine grace in your own hearts, by your prayers and contributions in the church, by your Christian profession and upright walk in the world, by holy conversation among your fellows. Never let your conduct bring Christianity into disrepute, never let the Gospel chariot be impeded in its march through the world for want of your help; you will meet with some opposition and difficulties in standing up for Christ, but while you firmly stand by the cross (though others may run away and desert the Master), you shall be conquerors. O then be "strong in faith, giving glory to God." Change not with the times and seasons but maintain your Christian principles and seek to spread them in the world. Some of your most intimate friends may turn against you, but hold on your way.

"Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!"

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Long as on earth we live may we experience the power of the blood of the cross of Christ, so that sin shall not have dominion over us. It is through the cross we look to the crown, and it is only while we cling to the cross that we are safe, safe in the present life, and safe for the life that is to come.

"See, there, the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
And take the glorious prize."

Heaven help us. Amen.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

IMPOLITE THINGS.

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving church or chapel before worship is closed.

8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourselves, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table ; and,
20. Not listening to what one is saying in company, unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker.

MY TEACHER'S GRAVE.

"The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there."

ONE beautiful Sabbath morning, about the year 1844, I was guided by Divine Providence to a Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school, in the village of P——, and often when the sun has been shedding forth its rays of splendour over hill and dale have I hastened with pleasure to the Sabbath-school where little children are taught to sing the praises of God : and how delightful it is to our minds to see little children meet on the sweet day of rest in our Sabbath-schools, for it is there that children are taught to read the blessed Bible and to love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for us that we might be made the children of God and heirs of heaven. And many times have we been blessed when we have been singing,

"Blest be the man whose liberal heart
Our Sunday-schools began,
To train the youth in wisdom's path,
How God-like was the plan."

It was in the Sabbath-school that I was placed under the care of a pious teacher whose object was to point his scholars to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and I am happy to say that his labours were not in vain in the Lord. He manifested a spirit of kind-

ness to his scholars, instructing them in the ever-blessed Gospel of our Saviour; and many times he told us to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other needful things should be added unto us. But alas, the time soon came when a separation took place between my beloved teacher and me. His health began to fail, and his seat became vacant in our little class, and it was very painful to sustain the loss of so kind a friend. But the Lord's ways are not as our ways, and as time passed on his earthly tabernacle began to dissolve; but he had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

During his sickness and confinement at home, I had many opportunities of visiting him, and I can truly say that they were precious seasons from the presence of the Lord. His language was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God." He was confined to his home for many months.

"Long days of affliction he bore,
Which wasted his delicate frame,
But now all his suff'rings are o'er,
He never will suffer again."

It soon became evident that his days were swiftly drawing to a close, but his hope was bright, and his prospect clear, for a better home in heaven. I remember the wise and judicious counsel he gave me on my last visit, telling me to love Jesus and serve him in the days of my youth, and to do all I could to promote the glory of God, and then he bade me farewell, and told me that he was going home to heaven through Jesus Christ. Soon after this he passed away from earth to joys above, to join in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. A kind friend watched over him in his last moments, and wiped the death-sweat from his brow as he safely passed over Jordan's river to the promised rest. A few mourners in Zion met on the day appointed for his interment. It was very solemn indeed to see a follower of Jesus pass away just in the midst of his usefulness in the cause of God, but the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord for ever; and at the west end of our village churchyard, beneath the shade of a spreading tree, is the grave of my beloved Sabbath teacher. I have often visited that sacred spot, and wept a silent tear, but he sleeps in Jesus,

and his happy spirit is for ever at rest, and my prayer to God is that the reader and writer may meet him in heaven,

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers."

JAMES ARDERN.

A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

Not many months ago I was called to visit a young man whom death had evidently marked for his prey. When I entered his room a smile of welcome beamed from his intelligent-looking face, and I thought by his appearance and address that brighter days had no doubt dawned over his earlier history. He bade me take a seat in his humble abode, whilst he told me a little of his mind. He began with tearful eye and broken utterance to say, "O, what a life I have led! what a sinner I have been! what a mercy God has spared me till now!" He continued his address by saying, "When young in years I was the subject of pious training; my father was a minister of the Gospel, and my mother was an 'Israelite indeed.' When I was very young my mother died triumphantly, and I soon afterwards left the home of my father, and launched my bark on the ocean of life. I soon found myself mixed up with worldly companions, and surrounded by severe temptations. Alas for me! I tried to shake off the good impressions of childhood, I yielded to the tempter's power, fell into sin, and wandered far away from God. I was fond of company, but it was the company of the drunkard and the scoffer at religion. To drown conviction I took freely of the intoxicating cup, and oh, the drink has been my ruin." After giving vent to his deep feeling in tears, he resumed, "In spite of my conduct conscience still loudly spoke, and I was often the subject of the Spirit's powerful strivings. Sometimes in the midst of my midnight frolics I have thought the form of my sainted mother has stood behind me, and with her gentle hand over my head I fancied I could hear her loving voice saying, 'William, stop and think! William, meet me in heaven!' For a time," said he, "I resolved to do better, and lead a new life, but resolutions made during the day were often broken the very same night. I did not ask God to help me to reform. All my vows were made in my own strength. For seven long years I never entered the house of God, or listened to a Gospel sermon. One night, however, a few Sabbaths ago, I wandered out, and thought I would once more enter

a Primitive Methodist chapel, and while you were preaching the Word, it came to my heart with the power of the Spirit. My conscience awoke, my past conduct came in black array before my mind, and I determined from that hour to begin to seek pardon in good earnest. I returned home with a heavy heart, but with a determination not to rest until I could rejoice in God as my salvation. And oh! the anguish of mind I suffered after that night no tongue can describe. My load of guilt was oppressive, and I groaned aloud in the bitterness of my spirit. One night when crying for help deliverance came, my chains were broken, my load was gone, and I was enabled to rest by simple faith on the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Since then I have been enabled to

"Read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,"

and I feel now that 'if my earthly house is dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I rest alone in Jesus; he is my rock; my refuge is in God." I visited him several times after this interview, and found him gradually sinking in death, but always resting by simple trust on the great Atonement. His temptations were keen, his spiritual conflicts severe, but soon all was over.

"The messenger came,
The summons was given,
He mounted the chariot,
And passed off to heaven."

From the above circumstance let the young hear the voice of warning, and let them learn from the conduct of "William" to cherish those devout impressions they received in childhood's years. Let them learn the danger of yielding to temptation, and mark the consequences of forsaking God. This young man learned by bitter experience that "the pleasures of sin are but for a season," and "the way of transgressors is hard." In the midst of life his constitution was broken down, his career terminated, and he sank to an early grave. From his dying pillow as well as from the word of inspiration a voice loudly speaks to the young, and cries, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men: avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

Parents may hear from the above the voice of encouragement. Let them not despair of their children's conversion, but exercise faith and prayer on their behalf. Let their

example be such as shall tell upon their offspring in after life, such as will

“Allure to brighter worlds,
And lead the way.”

Let them not forget the word which says, “Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.” “The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.”

T. WILKINSON.

“THERE IS A BETTER WORLD THEY SAY.”

THIS hymn not only tells of heaven and its joys, but while it raises our expectations heavenward, it teaches us the life, the truth, the way,—Jesus who died for us. Heaven and how we get there are, in a sense, embodied in the hymn before us, which is specially suited for young people. I have often deeply felt the truths of this hymn while in course of singing, and have seen the little ones' eyes glisten while they sang,

“O, so bright.”

You, my dear reader may learn to love and sing of that heaven so glorious and so bright, where

“Music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair.”

The descriptions given are truly scriptural. Our Sunday-school scholars have the truths of the Bible put into verse, the best form for retention. It is a beautiful thought that in heaven all tears shall be wiped away from all faces, and as we sing,

“No clouds ere pass along the sky,
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land,”

how often have I thought, who so favoured with sweet music and song as the Sabbath-schools of England? The songs of the Sabbath-school have all the beauty of melody that the songs of the worldling have, for we pick out the sweetest and best, and put holier, happier words to them; and then we possess others which they have not, wedded to simple rhymes, or united to holy breathings or songs of glorious triumph, such as the world knows not of and never will. The hallelujahs of earth will roll majestically towards heaven, and carolled by grateful hearts will rise

to the throne of God, and return in blessings to the prayerful spirit. Glorious in praises is our God.

Shall you and I, my young reader, meet above? Perhaps we have often sung,

“We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven.”

Shall we

“Drink the gushing stream of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,

in that happy land we so often sing about? Let us rejoice that we have such beautiful songs of heaven to fill our thoughts and tune our voices. It is a blessed age for pious youth. Fifty years ago there was only one song, or perhaps two, for the children that sought in simple words to picture heaven, and to lead them to think of that glorious sun-bright clime. There was “Joyful,” and the legacy of Dr. Watts,—

“There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love.”

But these were all the children had for their own. Our hymn tells of heaven, and then brings to the child's mind the source of all our bliss—Jesus died. It plainly tells the truth of the verse—

“Jesus hath died that we might live,
Might live to God alone,
In him eternal life receive,
And be for ever one.”

Blessed truth, my little reader, does the hymn tell us that

“We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,”

because Jesus hath died. Let us rejoice in this, that Jesus is our Saviour, and we can say that he hath shed his blood for us. Now, said a little child, I can sing,

“Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.”

UNCLE WILLIAM.

CHILD'S SONG ABOUT HEAVEN.

TREBLE.

ALTO.
There is a bet - ter world, they say,—

BASS.

O, so bright! O, so bright! Where sin and woe are
done a-way,— O, so bright! O, so bright!

And mu - sic fills the bal-my air, And an-gels

No clouds e'er pass along its sky,—Happy land!
 No tear-drop glistens in the eye,—Happy land!
 They drink the gushing streams of grace, —
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
 Whose brightness fills the holy place,—Happy land!

Though we are sinners every one,—Jesus died!
 And though our crown of peace is gone,—Jesus died!
 We may be cleans'd from every stain,
 We may be crown'd with bliss again,
 And in that land of pleasure reign:—Jesus died.



Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come, Come away!
 We long to reach our Father's home—Come away!
 O listen to the music sweet,
 That comes so rich from yonder seat,
 There all the good in glory meet—Come away!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE BOY ON THE ANNIVERSARY
 OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

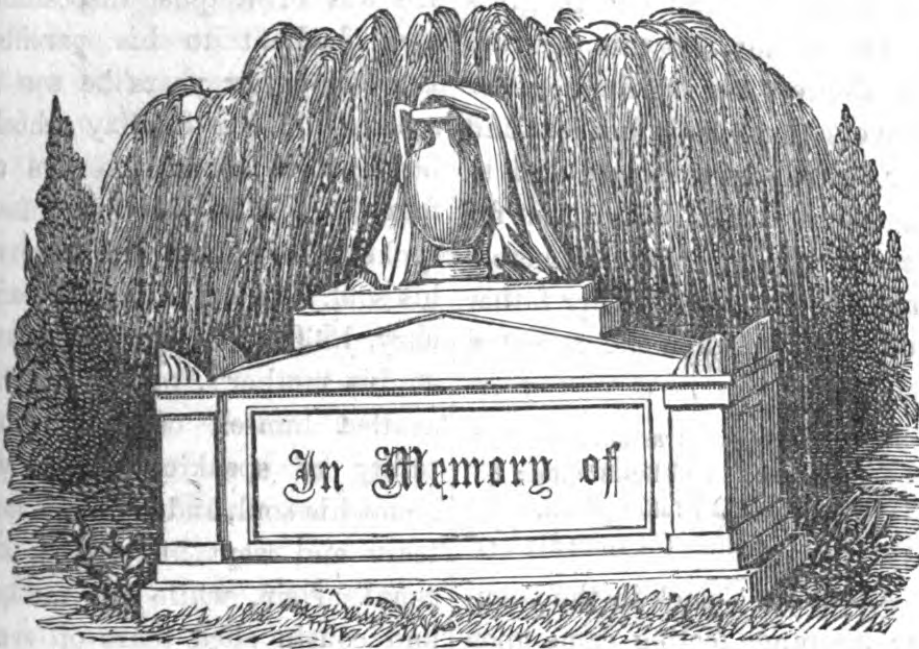
WHILE here on earth the Saviour said,
 "Let little children come to me;"
 Blest be his name,
 He's still the same,
 His heart is full of sympathy.

Although he's now ascended where
 Bright angels ever sing his praise,
 He says to thee,
 "Come unto me,
 And I will be thy Guide always."

May'st thou, my boy, his favour seek,
 Who thus so kindly welcomes thee;
 Then wilt thou find
 There's none so kind,
 So worthy of thy love, as he.

J. DORE.

Juvenile Biography.



ANN MORLEY, who was born at Rougham, in the Lynn circuit, October 15th, 1838. She was trained in our Sabbath school and became the subject of early religious impressions. At the age of fourteen she went to service at Lynn, and although her master and mistress were solicitous for her spiritual well-being, she became rather careless and indifferent about good things. After about three years she removed to Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire, and here it was that she found the "Pearl of great price"—and became a sincere and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and joined our society. She soon after removed to Lynn, and entered the service of Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, and under their pious care made

great advancement in the Divine life. Affliction now overtook her and she became an in-patient of the hospital for ten weeks, bearing her affliction with cheerful resignation to the Divine will. On leaving the hospital she returned to her old place and had the mournful satisfaction of attending her beloved mistress in her dying illness. Shortly after this event she was obliged to return home through affliction,—this was in May, 1862. The nature of her illness was such that she was confined to her bed and gradually declined—but her genial spirit, unshaken confidence in Christ as her Saviour, and her uncomplaining meekness, never left her; our visits and those of other Christian friends were always thankfully

acknowledged and duly appreciated by her. The best medical aid failed to arrest the progress of her malady, but this fact did not depress her spirits, for her conversation was in heaven, and her desire was to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. On the morning before she died she called for her father and mother, when she repeated the lines—

" 'Tis done! the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

About six o'clock in the evening a strange feeling came upon her; she asked her dear mother if she thought it was a fainting fit; her mother said, "My dear, I think you will soon be delivered from the sufferings of this world." At this she began to brighten up, and praised God, saying, "It will all be right," and in a few minutes closed her eyes in death, calmly and confidently resting in the atonement made by Jesus.

"Safe on the expanded wave—
Gentle as a summer's eve,
Not a soul of Jesu's care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there."

Thus departed our beloved sister, January 12th, 1864, leaving her father, mother, (who are local preachers) sisters and brother to lament their loss and rejoice in her "eternal gain."

J. SCOTT.

ALFRED COVINGTON was born at Bedford, January 10th, 1844. He was of a quiet disposition and obedient to his parents. For some few years he was a scholar in our Sunday school, but left it about the age of fourteen. His mother often spoke to him about the state of his soul. One Sunday, in January, 1860, when his cousin was at his mother's, taking tea, he availed himself of an opportunity of speaking to Alfred about his soul, and he burst into tears and wept bitterly on account of sin, while his mother and cousin shed tears of sympathy and poured out prayers to God,—but he did not then obtain peace with God. On Sunday, February 12th, he joined the Sunday afternoon class. He was soon converted to God, which he attributed chiefly to his mother's prayers. He therefore blessed God for praying parents. He became a man of one book and delighted in searching its sacred pages. His character was formed on what he knew of the Divine will. It was chaste and even, abhorring the trifling vanities of the day, and he could rebuke sin wherever he found it. He had a desire to impart the knowledge of salvation to others, accordingly he entered our Sabbath school and became a constant and zealous teacher. But the young pilgrim had not long been

on his journey to the better country before his principles were keenly tested by severe affliction, so severe that at times it was doubtful whether it would not be unto death. He bore it with great patience and resignation to the will of God, and after eighteen weeks prostration it pleased God to restore him to his wonted health and strength. No sooner did his restoration take place than he was found in the vineyard of his Lord, and at our yearly meeting we elected him to the office of librarian, which he faithfully filled as long as his health permitted. Alas, affliction set in upon him more steadily, and the grim monster death pursued him through every lane of life.

At every visit I paid him I found his bodily strength gradually sinking; but his experience was, "God is drawing me nearer to himself."

As it became more evident that his sickness was unto death I asked what he thought of it. I was deeply impressed with the manner in which he expressed himself, "Living or dying" said he, "I am the Lord's."

On the Sunday week before his departure, his cousin and a Christian brother visited him, when in prayer they had an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence resting on them. On the Friday night I found him in

very great pain; his soul was patient and tranquil; his mental faculties clear. Before I had time to speak to him, he said with much assurance, "I am going home, I am going home;" then his soul rose into a state of ecstasy, and he exclaimed, "Heaven, heaven, heaven, sweet heaven, bliss, bliss, bliss!" At this burst of feeling nature was exhausted. He exhorted his father and sister to persevere in the good way, and requested them to meet him in heaven. In speaking to a particular friend he exhorted her to attend the means of grace, especially the class meeting, for that had been a special assistance to him in prosecuting his journey to the realms of the blest.

On Sunday afternoon he told the watchers by his side that he had been blessed with a view of heaven. At twelve o'clock at night, in his very weakened state, much to the surprise of those who were with him, he sang the whole of that beautiful verse,

"For ever with the Lord."

On Tuesday morning, about half-past four o'clock, February 2nd, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

JAMES GARNER.

JOHN GEORGE THOMPSON departed this life at Bensham, in the Gateshead circuit, February 2nd, 1864, aged eight years. He

had been a regular attendant at our Sabbath school for eighteen months, and was very attentive to the instruction given him. The day before he was seized with scarletina, he had been thinking about his sister who had died a few days before, and he said to his mother, "We often sing,

"I have a father in the promised land,"

but now I can sing,

"I have a sister in the promised land."

A short time before he died he lifted up his feeble arms towards heaven and exclaimed, "I am coming." His father went to his bedside and asked him if he wanted to be lifted up. "No, father," he said, "I can get up myself, my sister Mary Ann is come to take me to heaven to be with Jesus. He then expired, saying, "Our Father which art in heaven." D. HEPBURN.

HARRIET WEBB was born at Stanton St. John, in the Oxford circuit, January 10th, 1859. She was the child of pious parents, who feel the responsibility of training up their children in the way they should go. She was early sent to our Sabbath school, and was very regular in her attendance till seized by the affliction which terminated her earthly career. She often said, "I don't want to get well; I want to die and go to Jesus," singing,—

"Will you go to the Eden above?"

She patiently bore all it was the will of her Heavenly Father she should suffer, and frequently sang,—

"If we don't delay, but believe,
watch and pray,

He will soon make us ready to die."

On the morning of February 11th, 1864, with her arms clasped round her mother's neck, she fell asleep in Jesus.

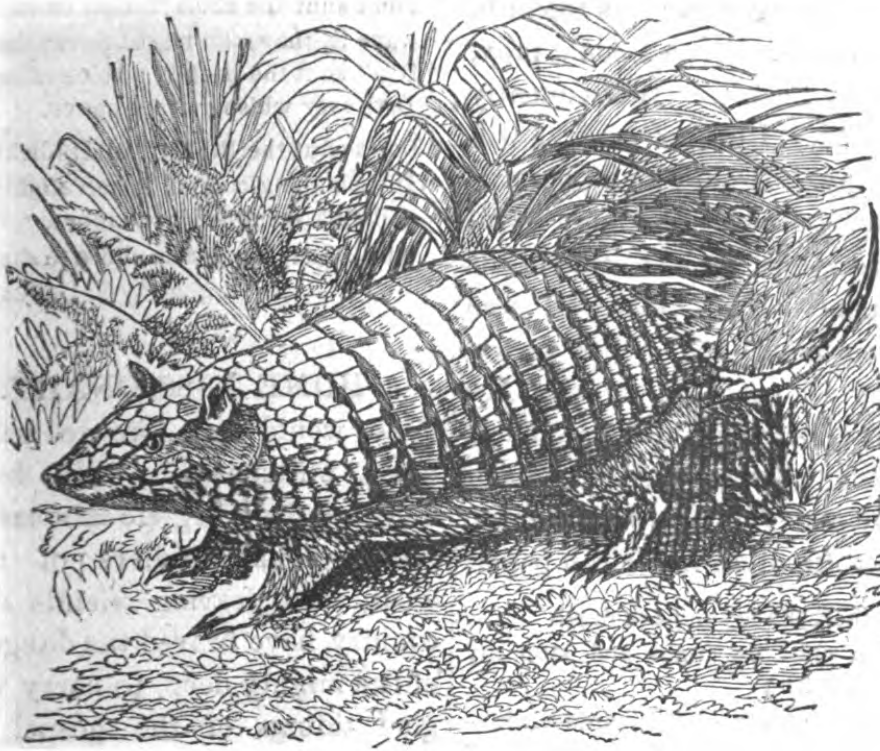
EDWARD BISHOP.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE ARMADILLO.

THE different species of armadillo are confined to the continent of South America; and in outward appearance are among the most remarkable of nature's handiworks. In speaking of beasts, we are always led to expect that we shall find their bodies covered

with hair; but we have already met with one instance in the porcupine, in which this general rule has been departed from; in that case the anomalous covering appeared to approach in formation to the feathers of birds, as they would appear if stripped to their shafts; but the covering of



the armadillo has more resemblance to the horny plates which cover the back of the tortoise.

The armadillo lives in burrows and holes in the ground, which it digs with its strong claws for the purpose of safety, or in search of food; its principal diet consisting of the white ants, which swarm in countless numbers in those regions; it feeds, also, on any animal substance it meets with in its way. The females are very prolific, and have three or four litters a year.

A CONTRAST.

A SOCIETY of infidels occasionally met together on Sabbath mornings to ridicule religion, and to encourage each other in all manner of wickedness. They pro-

ceeded so far as to meet, by previous agreement, to burn their Bibles! They had lately initiated a young man into their awful mysteries, who had been brought up under great religious advantages, and seemed to promise well; but on that occasion he surpassed his companions, threw his Bible into the flames, and promised with them never to go into a place of religious worship again. He was soon afterwards taken ill. He was visited by a serious man, who found him in the agonies of a distressed mind. He spoke to him of his past ways. He said, "It all did well enough while in health, and while I could keep off the thoughts of death." When urged to look to Christ, he said, "I tell you

it's of no use now; 'tis too late, 'tis too late. Once I could pray, but now I can't." He frequently repeated, "I cannot pray; I will not pray." He shortly afterwards expired, uttering the most awful imprecations against some of his companions in iniquity who came to see him; and, dying in an agony of soul, he cried, "My Bible! oh, my Bible!" What a striking contrast presents itself as we read the following verses, copied from an American paper.

"Mother, the icy hand of death
Doth chill my limbs and stop my
breath;
Read me those sacred words again—
They soothe my spirit, ease my pain."

She took the precious Book, and read
How Jesus long ago had said,
"Let little children come to me,
Of such shall heaven's kingdom be."

She closed, and laid aside the Book,
And in her arms the sufferer took;
His eyes grew dim, his utterance
weak,
But still he struggled hard to speak.

He struggled long,—What would he
say
Ere death had sealed his lips for aye?
"Don't shut it up," at length he cried,
"Don't shut the Book," then calmly
died.

"Don't shut it up," his spirit sings,
While upwards borne on angel's
wings:

"Don't shut the Bible," seemed to say
His cold and pallid lips of clay.

"Don't shut the Bible," still I hear
It sounding sweetly in my ear;
From morn till noon, from noon till
even,
It speaks to me, a voice from heaven.

"Don't shut the Bible!" God on high
Gave it, that man might never die;
"Don't shut the book!" a voice of love
Doth ever whisper from above.

"Don't shut the Bible!" till its light
Dispels the gloom of Pagan night;
Till sin's dominion is no more,
And Jesus reigns from shore to shore.

Sent by S. BROCK.

A HOME MISSIONARY.

Who would not like to be a home missionary? We hear much of the energetic labours of those valiant soldiers of the cross, who, leaving friends and country, have braved the dangers of the mighty deep, to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to souls perishing for lack of Christian knowledge. But has the thought never come over us, that we have a mission work to perform, an important office to fulfil in labouring for the good of heathens at home, whose condition should excite our deepest commiseration and pity, because perishing in the blaze of gospel day?

Shall not we who enjoy the rich blessings the gospel imparts strive to gather these abject ones into the fold? Shall not we warn them of the dangers which await them, and strive to bring them with their guilt and misery to the sin-bearing Jesus? He will accept our service of love, and help us in our endeavours to labour for him; and though Satan and the world

would obstruct us in our work, querors who labour for the
all shall come off more than con- Saviour's sake. E. STONE.

Queries and Replies.

GUERNSEY.

DEAR SIR,—As an admirer of your JUVENILE MAGAZINE I should feel greatly obliged to you for an answer to the following question: In 2 Cor. v. 10, we read the following words,—“For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.” It is generally believed by Christians, and that belief is founded upon Scripture, that when the converted Christian dies his soul takes its flight to heaven, and when the wicked die they are cast into hell. Now, Sir, would it be just to suppose the wicked do enter upon their punishment or are cast into hell before they are condemned at the judgment seat, or, on the other hand, that the Christian enters heaven before he is judged worthy? If it be not so, does there not appear an intermediate state?

Yours truly, S.H.

ANSWER.—A good deal depends on what is intended here by an intermediate state. If it be intended that some state like the popish purgatory is necessary

we say NO. But if what is often called a separate state—that is a state between the death of the body and its resurrection, we say YES. The soul passes, we believe, at once into a state of happiness or into one of misery, but the body will have to share the one or the other after the judgment day. What some divines call a particular judgment may take place at death, so that the case of each person is known and decided at once, but a general judgment will occur at the last day, when all who shall be in their graves shall come forth. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

BRADLEY GREEN.

DEAR SIR,—In reading the 21st chapter of Revelation, about the new Jerusalem, I read in the 14th verse that the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. I should be glad if you will be so kind as to say whether you think the name of Judas is there.

Yours, J. C.

ANSWER.—No. We should rather think that of Matthias, or more probably that of Paul.

Poetry.

"THE DAILY LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN CHILD."

Come hither, little Christian,
And hearken unto me!
I'll teach thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.
When a Christian child awaketh
He should think of God, in heaven;
And softly say, "I thank thee, Lord,
For the sleep that thou hast given."

He must say, when he ariseth,
"From evil and from harm
Defend thy little child, O Lord,
With thine Almighty arm."
Then dressing very quietly,
The Christian child should say,
"With thy spotless robe of righteousness,
Lord, clothe my soul, I pray."

He reverently kneeleth
To pray, beside his bed,—
With closed eyes and humble voice,
His earnest prayers are said.
And as he thus approacheth
The God of heaven above,
God looketh down and smileth on
This little child, in love.

He goeth to his chamber
To his work or to his play;
But the prayers that he hath prayed,
He must keep in mind all day.
He hath ask'd to be obedient,
And so he must fulfil,
His parent's bidding cheerfully
With a glad mind and will.

In all his daily duties
He diligent must be,
And say, "Whate'er I do, O Lord,
I do it unto Thee."

If a playmate take his playthings
He must not rudely try
To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
Or meekly pass them by.

He hath ask'd to be made holy,
So he must strive all day,
To yield his will to other's will,
His way to other's way.
No greedy thoughts dishonour
The Christian child at meals;
He eateth what God giveth him,
And ever thankful feels.

When no human eye can see him,
He knoweth God is nigh,
And that darkness cannot cover him
From his all-seeing eye.
When in a fault he faileth
He must not hide the stain;
Repentance and confession
Must yield their needed pain.

He must kneel, then, in his chamber,
Confess what he hath done,
And ask to be forgiven
For the sake of God's dear Son.
Again, when evening cometh,
The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
To him throughout the day.

Then his soul to God committing,
He quietly may sleep;
God and his holy angel hosts
Will watch around him keep.
God bless thee! little Christian!
Be holy, humble, mild,
Obedient, truthful, diligent,
A truly Christian Child.

From "The Way Home."

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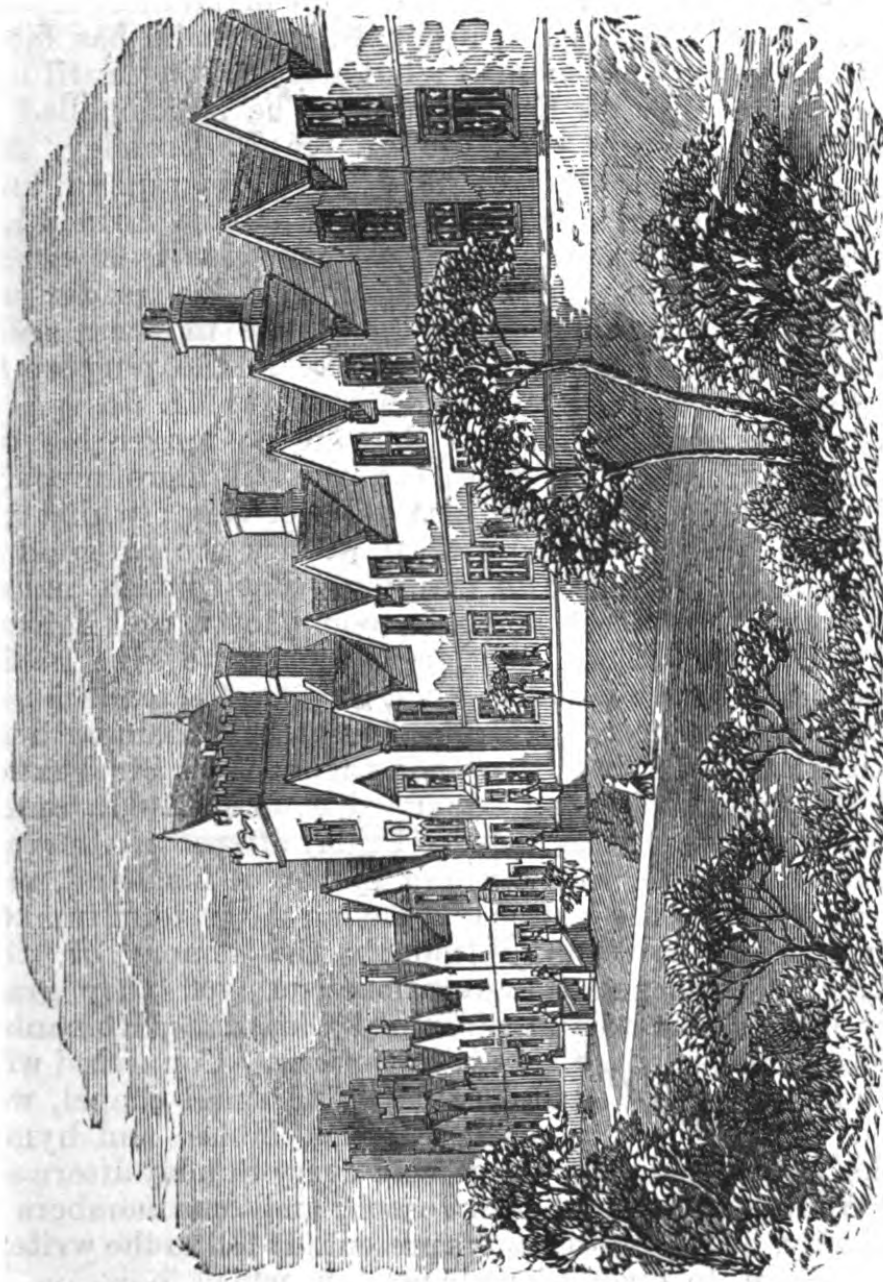
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THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



SIR F. CROSSLEY'S ALMSHOUSES, HALIFAX.

Youths' Department.

SIR F. CROSSLEY'S ALMSHOUSES, HALIFAX.

(With Engraving.)

THE readers of the JUVENILE will recollect the article we published in the August number, (together with an engraving) respecting the magnificent orphan-house recently erected on Skircoat Moor, by the Messrs. Crossley of Halifax. In that article the writer promised to furnish his readers with a view of an imposing pile of buildings called "Mr. Joseph Crossley's Alms-houses," which he has lately built, endowed, and tenanted; but after waiting until now for a photograph of those buildings, he is compelled to substitute a picture of those of Sir F. Crossley, Mr. Joseph not being willing to have his photographed until the promenade and gardens in front shall be formed and completed. The picture which we now give is a capital likeness of the houses in question, and the reader will acknowledge that they are as handsome in their architectural character as they are godlike in the purpose for which they were built. Those belonging to Mr. Joseph, or rather those built by him (for they are no longer his but the tenants' for the time being), are even still more imposing and beautiful, commanding also a better view; whilst the style and quality of the internal fittings are as good as those pertaining to his own mansion. Each house, indeed each apartment in each house, is roomy, lofty, well lighted, and well ventilated, and nothing is lacking to give health and comfort to the inmates. Not only are the tenants well housed, but an income, capable of providing them with the necessaries of life, is settled upon them; both Sir Francis and Mr. Joseph allowing a married couple 8s. 6d., and a single person 6s. a week. Every Friday afternoon a servant of each gentleman, with a bag of money in his hand, may be seen entering the houses and paying the grateful inmates their weekly allowance. Although the donors of this charity are attached Congregationalists, yet they grant their charity alike to all evangelical Christians, Romanists and Unitarians being the only exceptions. Connected with the houses of Mr. Joseph is a beautiful small chapel, well fitted up with reading-desk, benches, bibles, and hymn-books, and in which service is held every Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening, Mr. Joseph, and some members of his family, being almost always present. It fell to the writer's lot to have to open this chapel, on which occasion he selected as his text, "Friend, go up higher." The worthy

patron was present, and took the opportunity, at the close of the service, to express his gratitude to God for having given him the means and the heart to do as he had, observing, at the same time, that no one present could be happier in receiving than he was in affording that shelter and maintenance, and expressing a hope that the inmates would live peaceably together and all live to God. He concluded by telling them that he had just completed the endowment of the buildings by a tax on land, and that it was now out of even his power to disturb them so long as they obeyed the rules of the institution. A few weeks afterwards, the tenants with a feeling and consideration at once appropriate and touching, presented, through brother W. Parry, one of our local preachers (a tenant), the following beautiful address, which Mr. Crossley kindly accepted, evidently affected by this unexpected mark of gratitude.

TO JOSEPH CROSSLEY, ESQUIRE, BROOMFIELD HOUSE, SKIRCOAT,
HALIFAX.

We, the undersigned, tenants of your Almshouses, influenced by a sense of gratitude deep and sincere, beg leave to approach you in this manner, to declare our undying obligations to you for the comfort, competence, and peace which your bounty, guided by Christian principle, has conferred upon us. Truly "the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." Poverty is no longer known by us, nor do we dread its approach. Our days are happy; our sleep is sweet. A knowledge of this will, we are sure, be pleasant to your thoughts; while in the many promises of good which God has made to those who care for the poor, you have a rich reward. The blessing of those who were ready to perish hath come upon you. Daily we remember you and your family in our prayers—prayers which, arising from hearts sincere, must prevail with God. May you and they long be spared to bless the poor and needy; and when at length our common Father shall have nothing more for you or for them to do in this state, may you each hear his blessed Son say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We remain, esteemed Benefactor, your very grateful servants,

ELIZABETH HASKELL,
SARAH ALDERSON,
JOHN NORCLIFFE,
JAMES WHITELEY,
MRS. BOOTH,
ROBERT ASHWORTH,
SAMUEL HAIGH,
ELISHA SALTONSTALL,
ELI HANSON,
TIMOTHY SCOTT,

EDWARD RUSHWORTH,
ROBERT FRY,
MARY FLETCHER,
JAMES WOOD,
SARAH GARTH,
JOHN BANCROFT,
SUSANNAH GREGORY,
MARY BASTOW,
AMOS SMITH,
WILLIAM PARRY.

Men like the Crossleys are an honour to humanity and a real blessing to their kind. Their benevolence takes a wide range and enters into almost every enterprise. Primitive Methodism owes them much. They understand its polity, they love its character, they admire its achievements; and hence I have only to intimate a fresh enterprise in my station, and I have in them almost unbounded help. Not long since I drew a check for £39 15s. 6d., being the percentage on the amount raised for one of our new chapels; and a month from the time I now write will not elapse before I shall have drawn nearly £300 more in a similar way for like purposes. May they long be spared to bless mankind as they have done and are doing. Amen.

JOHN SIMPSON.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You have entered upon another year, and you ought to learn lessons of usefulness from the one that is gone. Its cares and troubles are gone; aye, and its blessings are gone too; but blessed be God, with every new year, he sends new and precious blessings. Though the just-named things are gone, we cannot, we dare not say the *recollection* thereof is gone. Things that transpired at the commencement of last year you see plainly and vividly before you, as though they had transpired just now. Oh! memory, thou inimitable photograph of the past, how thou exhibitest the past to our view! Then, as the recollection of the past is not gone, you doubtless remember things that grieve you. You think of the sins you have committed—the God you have offended, the mercy you have slighted, the Spirit you have grieved, the hell you have deserved, and the heaven you would not prepare for; and as you contemplate these awful truths you feel grieved. Not only do you feel grieved for what you have done to God, but perhaps you have in many ways injured your friends, for which you now feel sorry. If you consider all your actions of the last year, and weigh them rightly, you will find many things for which you ought to repent. But take the other side of the subject. Are there not things you remember which make you rejoice? Yes, verily. I would not attempt to tell you what they are; you know best. However, that which ought to cause you to rejoice most is the kindness of your heavenly Father, the way in which your Saviour has dealt with you. Why are you spared to this present time? Why are you permitted to enter upon another year? Here is the mystery, “God hath

not dealt with you according to your sins, but according to his great mercy." As you are just entering upon this year, we would give you a little friendly, and, we think, good advice, and that is, begin the year well. If you do this you will never have cause to regret; but if you do not begin well, you doubtless will repent in time, and it may be in eternity. A poor sailor hanging o'er the grave, giving advice to a young man, said, "Take care, young man, one start put me on a wrong track for life, and I never got right after." You may start wrong this year, and go on and on in sin, and finally reap your reward in eternal fire, prepared not for you, but "for the devil and his angels." It is a common saying, that "All is well that ends well." Yes! but the way of the sinner does not end well; for at the end "there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!"

"The way is dark and leads to hell,
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Imprisoned in despair?"

Oh! be persuaded to leave the paths of sin, and to make a beginning now. In order to begin this year well,

1. *Engage in the service of Christ.* You cannot begin better than this; and to induce you to do so we say he is a good Master. He does not desire to reap where he has not sown, nor gather where he hath not strewed. "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." He will not require you to do more than you are able. If we love him with all our heart, acknowledge him in all our ways, strive to promote in every possible way his honour and glory, he will give us a crown of life, pronounce the "well done," and admit us into the happiness of heaven. But Satan is a *hard* master, and those who continue in his service will ere long be convinced of it. Oh! what slavery! what thralldom! what misery, sorrow, and anguish are laid up for the slaves of this tyrannical master. Those who serve him are said to be making a chain, and when they have made it a certain length go to him for their wages. They are commanded to make it twice as long. Again it is taken, and again the command is, "Double it," and this is the wages. And when it is finished, what then? "Go," says the tyrant, "and with the chain he has made bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the fire!" Sinners are manufacturing a chain that will drag them to hell and bind them there for ever! Reader, every sin you commit adds a link to the chain, every evil word you utter, every Sabbath you break, everything you do contrary to the will of

God, is adding link after link to the chain ; and ere long the dreadful sentence will be pronounced, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," &c. Then at once engage in the service of him, who, when your work is done, will reward you with a crown of glory which will shine with living lustre when earthly crowns have crumbled into dust. You may enter his service now. Ask for pardon, ask for salvation. "For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." (Matt. vii. 8).

2. *To begin well be workers ; do good to those around you.* It is our duty not only to "flee from the wrath to come" ourselves, but to warn others ; not only to go up and possess the goodly land ourselves, but to say, "Come with us ;" not only to seek to be happy ourselves, but to put forth every possible effort for the happiness and welfare of a world of guilty sinners. Reader, seek in every way to promote the earthly welfare of those with whom you associate ; but seek more ardently, more perseveringly, more assiduously to promote their eternal welfare and the glory of God. There is no benevolence like that which seeks to save the soul of man from hell. You, perhaps, have done many a kindness during your lifetime ; yes, and you have been amply rewarded for it. Labour on. Remember, kindness will not by God be *overlooked* ; and the way in which you treat his children he regards as the way in which you treat him. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these my little ones, ye do it unto me." A drop of cold water given for the alleviation of the suffering of his "saved ones" is not forgotten by him (see Matt. x. 42). The apostle tells us to "Do good unto all." There are many ways in which you may do good:—

1st. *By patronising the missionary enterprise, or, to speak plainly, collecting for the missionaries.* This is, we hesitate not in saying, a noble employment, and you may be employed in this sphere. You may not be able to do much, yet you can do a little, and great things are often composed of littles. You, in this way, may assist in conveying the Gospel of the Saviour to the dark benighted heathen, and in rescuing them from the flames of hell.

2nd. You may do good by the *distribution of tracts*. How many have been made a blessing to the world, and have immortalized their names by helping on the work of the Lord in this simple way. Many while perusing tracts have been struck with some Gospel truth ; it has conveyed conviction to their hearts, thus they have been led to the Saviour, and the good has not stopped there, for they have been the

means of saving others. A poor pedlar, a humble but zealous Christian, once stopped at the house of a respectable person, and tremblingly knocked at the door. The master himself came, and purchased a tract called the "Bruised Reed," by Dr. Sibbes. He threw it carelessly aside, and thought no more of it. That small despised tract his son saw and read, and by the Spirit's power it became to him the means of saving grace; that son was the celebrated Richard Baxter, who wrote the "Saint's Rest," which was the means of converting Dr. Doddridge. That man of God died, but the mantle fell on others, and he has left us the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and that conveyed the flame to the celebrated Wilberforce. He also died, but his influence was not extinguished, for his "Practical View of Christianity" communicated divine light to Legh Richmond, who now lives in his "Dairyman's Daughter," and other works to comfort and perhaps to convey conviction to many hearts; all this and more *had its rise in one small tract*. Surely God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the strong; and when we think of the good that was effected by that "single tract," ought it not to animate us to use every effort for the salvation of the world?

3rd. You may do good by *rightly exerting your influence*. You have influence, you are not so insignificant but you have influence over some, and this being rightly used may, nay, *will* do good.

4th. *Prayer*. God will hear the breathings of a child. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," will lend an attentive ear unto your cry. "Make your requests known unto the Lord." If you have a father whom you desire to be saved, tell the Lord about him, and perhaps he will speedily awaken him and bring him to a "knowledge of the truth." I heard of a drunken father who was led to the cross by hearing his child in prayer say, "Lord, save my father!" Begin now to serve Christ, labour for the temporal and eternal welfare of your fellow-creatures, and I venture to say you will have a "Happy New Year."

E. D. SOLOMON.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

ON the occasion of a visit by a neighbouring ruler who presided over a district bordering on Judea, Paul obtained a second hearing before the governor Festus. This neighbouring king was Agrippa, the son of Herod Agrippa, who

killed James, imprisoned Peter, and for his vain-glory was smitten of God and eaten of worms.—Acts xii. Now, as Agrippa was a Jew, Festus supposed that he would understand the case of Paul much better than he could, who was simply a Roman. Agrippa, nothing loth, expressed a desire to hear Paul. With great pomp he, his sister Bernice, Festus, the great men of the city, and the chief captains, assembled in the governor's audience chamber at Cæsarea, for the purpose of examining the apostle on the matters alleged against him. Paul was brought forth a prisoner in bonds. Festus informed his august assembly that Paul had been accused by the Jews of certain crimes which they said he had committed, that his accusers demanded his life, but that he, the governor, could find nothing worthy of death proved against him, therefore he would not cause him to be executed; that Paul had appealed to the emperor—but here arose another difficulty, for he had no particular charge to allege against him, and it seemed quite absurd to send a prisoner to be judged at Rome, and not to specify the charges laid against him. Hereupon Paul is informed that he is permitted to speak. The apostle readily avails himself of this privilege, and in presence of the magnificent court assembled to hear him, recounts the history of his life and conversion, and brings out beautifully in the conclusion of his discourse the grand Christian doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection. Here it would seem that Festus interrupted Paul. The truth is, the governor understood none of these things; they were strange and abstruse to him. He therefore exclaimed with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." How appropriate was Paul's reply, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him, for this thing was not done in a corner." With splendid power Paul now turns upon Agrippa, saying, "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?" He scarcely waits for an answer, but declares, "I know that thou believest." This forcible appeal had its due effect. It was an arrow shot right into Agrippa's heart, and the eager confession was wrung from his lips, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" What a pity that Agrippa halted here! His judgment was won, his intellectual assent was on the side of the truth. Alas! that he was only almost persuaded. Imagine, if you can, the scene in that grand assemblage as Paul returns his memorable answer to the

frank confession of the king. "I would to God," says he, "that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether such as I am except these bonds." What genuine simplicity and deep sincerity are here. Paul could wish his august auditors his Christian peace, and hope, and joy, but not his bonds. May we not suppose that here Paul exhibited his fetters to the court as he said "these bonds"? How touching the appeal! The stately court at once rose and retired. Was the scene really more than these great personages could bear? However they subsequently hold but a very short conference, and the universal opinion is, "This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds." The conference ends on Agrippa's pronouncing as his sentence that, "This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar."—Acts xxv. 26. How was pride humbled that day in the court of Festus. With what mighty pomp, superb attendance, and splendid retinue, did Festus, Agrippa, and Bernice sit as the examiners and judges of Paul; and how strange that this unsupported prisoner confounds the glittering assembly, becomes the hero of the day, and carries off all the garlands, shewing us that "God hath indeed chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."

W. M. B.

(To be continued).

THE CHILD PREACHER.

A YOUNG student was one day walking in the country, sorely distressed. The terrors of the future had made him afraid. He saw nothing before him but "a fearful looking for of judgment to come." Hearing a childish voice carolling a simple strain, he hastened forward and overtook a little girl with a school-bag in her hand. "So, my little maid," said the stranger, "you are returning from school? Will you repeat that little hymn you were just now singing?"

"Oh yes, sir! it is very pretty,—

" 'There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.' "

"I am afraid, my dear child, I have been straying in the wrong path for many years, can you direct me in the right path?"

"Nothing is so easy, sir! Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by him."

"And this path, you think, is the right—the only one?"

"Yes, sir,—

"It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last."

The words of the child struck home; and though sadness filled his breast as he passed from her, the young man earnestly sought and speedily found the pearl of greatest price.

How simple the means! how great the good which was done by that little child! And to you we would say, "Go and do likewise." You all may be of benefit to your neighbours, by leading the ignorant ones to Christ; and may be the means, through Christ, of snatching their souls from the burning pit of hell. Perhaps you say, "I am weak, and have not power to save a soul from hell!" Who said you had? If you have not the power, remember your Master has. Then go to him, and solicit his help! Those who have been the means of saving sinners from hell, have not done it of their own power, but by the power of Christ within them. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Look at the apostle Paul! None of us should hesitate in saying that he was a man of power. Yet he declares otherwise. He says, "I am weak!" but he adds, "When I am weak, then am I strong!" And why so? Because Christ was his strength. He of himself could do just nothing, but through Christ, he said, "I can do all things." There seemed nothing powerful about the verse the little child was carolling. It was a glorious truism, of course; for "there is a path that leads to God." Yet it would not have ended in the conversion of the student if it had not been for the application of the Spirit of God. Here is the secret! This is why the words went home to his heart. Oh! then get a large portion of this Spirit, and God will make you useful in this dark, benighted, sin-stricken world. This is it that applies the word. This is it that directs and fastens the arrows of conviction. This is it that gives sinners to see that they are in danger of hell fire, and enables them to flee from the wrath to come. And (blessed be God) this Spirit is attainable. He will give his Spirit unto them that ask. We may ask largely; but he can give us more than we can either ask or think.

E. D. SOLOMON.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

WE can never meditate on the incarnation, life, passion, and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, without being led to admire the unexampled love that

“Caused him to quit those glorious realms
And royalties above.”

“He who was rich”—rich in dominion—rich in power—rich in glory—“for your sakes became poor;” and oh, how poor did he become! We find him exclaiming on one occasion, “The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

Bishop Horne has truthfully remarked, “He could not have suffered unless he had been man; he could not have saved by suffering unless he had been God, ‘God manifest in the flesh.’ By this amazing and most beneficial union, the law was kept, the ransom paid, sin done away, Satan overcome, death swallowed up, immortality brought to light, man redeemed, hell confounded, earth made to rejoice, and heaven peopled with glorified saints.”

The love of Christ—what a delightful theme! Here is a mystery we can never unravel—a problem we can never solve. No tongue can express it; no language can define it; no orator can portray it; no artist can paint it; no mathematician, however skilful, can fathom it; no mind, however great, can comprehend it. There is a length, a breadth, a height, and a depth in it, which we can never understand. Were you to ask angels what they thought of the redeeming love of Christ, they would reply,—

“’Tis mystery all we can’t explain,
The depths of love Divine.”

“The firstborn sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery—
The length, the breadth, the height.”

His love was disinterested. “Jesus loved me, and gave himself for me.” He left heaven with all its glory for me; was born in the stable for me; cradled in the manger for me; endured temptation for me; became the subject of adversity and poverty for me; agonized in Gethsemane’s garden for me; bore the scoffs, frowns, and jeers of an inveterate mob for me; climbed Calvary’s hill for me; was nailed to the rugged wood for me; was uplifted between heaven and earth for me; trod the winepress alone for me; sorrowed and suffered, bled and died, that I, that you, dear reader, that we might not die eternally.

"O for such love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break!
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak."

Ought we not to love Jesus? Ought we not to serve him? Ought we not to honour him? Ought we not to obey him? Surely we do. For he was "slain and hath redeemed us to God by his blood."

"How vast the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee."

Let us all prayerfully, believingly, constantly go to Calvary; let us live near his bleeding side. Then—

"Let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing think or speak beside,
 My Lord, my Love was crucified."

May the Lord give us grace to love him.

H. G. NORTON.

OLD MOSES, OR, THE PRAYING NEGRO.

MR. B—— was a great merchant in Baltimore. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf, he stepped upon the deck of one at the stern of which he saw a negro sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress. He accosted him with,—

"Hey! my man, what is the matter?"

The negro lifted up his eyes, and looking at Mr. B——, replied,—

"Ah, massa, I'se in great trouble."

"What about?"

"'Kase I'se fetched up here to be sold."

"What for? what have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o' dat; its bekase I don't mine de audes."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa stranger, I will tell you. Massa Willum werry strick man, and werry nice man too, and ebery body on the place got to mine him, and I break trew de rule, but I didn't tend to break de rule doe; I forgot myself, an I got too high."

"It is for getting drunk then, is it?"

"O no, sah, not dat nother."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."

"For prayin', sah."

"For praying! that is a strange tale. Will not your master permit you to pray?"

"O yes, sah, he let me pray easy, but I hollers too loud."

"And why do you halloo in your prayers?"

"'Kase de Spirit comes on me, an I gets happy 'fore I knows it; den I gone; kant'trol myself den; I knows nothing 'bout massa's rule."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"Oh yes, no help for me now; all de men in de world couldn't help me now, 'kase when massa Willum say one ting he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa's name Colonel Willum C——."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on de Easin Shoah!"

"Is he a good master, and treats you well?"

"O yes, no better massa in de world."

"Stand up, and let me look at you," and Moses stood up and presented a robust frame, and as Mr. B—— stripped up his sleeve his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jis cumin to de warf."

"As Mr. B—— started for the shore he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B—— was a trader, and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B—— the desired information. Mr. B—— reached the wharf just as Col. C—— did. He introduced himself and said,—

"I understand you want to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner."

Colonel C—— replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old do you reckon him to be?"

"Somewhere about thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very. He never had any sickness in his life, except one or two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir, he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest, and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeyed my orders. As I said, he is my foreman, and that he might be available at any moment I might want him I built his hut within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his hut every night and morning, and when he began his prayer it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if, as he termed it, he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him nearly a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and my children, and our whole family connection to the third generation, and sometimes when we would have visitors Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation, and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry and the children would cry, and it would get me almost frantic, and even after I had retired it would sometimes be near daylight before I could go to sleep, for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore as long as I could, and then forbade his praying any more, and Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed, and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' hut; I suppose from that he has a family?"

"Yes, he has a woman and three children, or wife I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"

"If you want them for your own use I will take seven hundred dollars, but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the state."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

"Mr. B—— and Colonel C—— then went to B——'s store, drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel, and Mr. B—— approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, wrapped in meditation and the most awful forebodings—said,

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied,—

"Is you massa? where is I gwine, massa? is I gwine to Georgia?"

"No," said Mr. B——, "I am a merchant here in the city; yonder is my store, and I want you to attend on the store, and I have purchased your wife and children, too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God for dat; and, massa, kin I go to meetin' sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath, and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose, and as loud as you choose, and as long as you choose; and every time you pray, whether it be at home or in the church, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children, for if you are a good man your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much, and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of my name in the state. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B—— was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast, and his heart's response was, "Bress God, bress God all de time, and bress you too, massa; Moses neber tinks 'bout he gwine to have all dese commendationers; dis make me tink 'bout Joseph in de Egypt."

And after Moses had poured a few blessings upon Colonel C——, and bidding him a warm adieu, had requested him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children, and all the servants, he followed Mr. B—— to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring as Mr. B—— was one day standing at the store door he saw a man leaping 'upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel, and walk hurriedly towards the store. He recognised him as Colonel C——. They ex-

changed salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B—— replied that he was upstairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B——'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one talking very hurriedly, and when he reflected upon Colonel C——'s singular movements, and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon one knee, with his arm around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings he told Mr. B—— that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and children had been converted to God.

Moses responded, "Bress God, Massa C——; doe I way up here, I neber forgit you in my prayers; I allers put de ole massa side de new one. Bress God! dis make Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B—— that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B—— assured him that was out of the question, for he could not part with him, and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold to Egypt God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. He eventually proved the instrument, in God's hands, of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own, and is doing well for both worlds.

Sent by T. WIGHAM.

EPIGRAM.

Expert physiognomists teach us to trace,
 All another's defects in the lines of his face,
 By infallible rules, if we mind 'em;
 But sure, with regard to the faults of our neighbours,
 It were much better worth a philosopher's labours,
 Could he cure us of seeking to find 'em.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—Perhaps in the whole range of modern hymnology there is not a hymn so sweetly pathetic and so prayerful, so suited to the trials and sorrows of both young and old, and blended so appropriately with music that chastens the spirit as the one before us. It is known and loved almost everywhere. North and south, east and west, from Land's End to John o' Groat's house, has this hymn found a dwelling in the hearts of the people. Young and old have been soothed by its melody, and the sweetness of resignation to the will of God has been realised in the use of its feeling stanzas. A lady is said to have been the writer, no doubt one who felt its power while she wrote its lines. "Thy will be done" is the simple echo of a hallowed sentiment of great import, and one of the Saviour's teaching, forming a portion of the Lord's Prayer as recorded in the Gospels. Verse after verse leads us onward through the various phases of pain and suffering that mortals are liable to, and though you and I know little of pain and sorrow, yet we know not how soon we may be called on to suffer as our friends have suffered. Happy will it be for us when in affliction's furnace tried if we can always breathe the prayer divinely taught,—"Thy will be done."

There are few painful circumstances in which we may be placed wherein we shall not find this hymn become a blessing, and our wisdom is to learn its lines and plead the promises, that so we may be able to say and feel before our God, "Thy will be done."

Scripture examples are before us, from the speech of him who said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," to that of the dying Saviour, whose acting life was, "The will of the Lord be done," and whose agony at Gethsemane brought out the words, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

My young friends, may we not join in the concluding verse with hopeful feelings?—

"Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

THY WILL BE DONE.

My God, my fa-ther, while I
stray, Far from my home on
life's rough way. Oh! teach me
from my heart to say, "Thy
will be done, Thy will be done."

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done, thy will be done.

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, help me still to say
Thy will be done, thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will be done, thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done, thy will be done.

Juvenile Biography.

ANNE WRIGHT, of London Fourth circuit, was born June 10th, 1846. She came under our notice about two years previous to her death. She then attended our chapel and became impressed with the truths of religion, felt herself a sinner needing salvation, and at a meeting we once held in the chapel in Bath street, she found the Saviour to the joy of her soul. For a time her path shone brightly, but in taking up the cross she had to encounter many troubles best known to herself and friends, and these brought a dark cloud on her mind, causing her to lose her confidence. But it pleased God again, at Walworth chapel, to lift upon her the light of his countenance. About a year previous to her death she entered the Sabbath school as a teacher, and her conduct in school was unblamable. She did not come to see or to be seen, but applied herself to her task with earnestness, diligence, and meekness. She was and still is highly esteemed and beloved by her fellow teachers, and when it pleased God to remove her from school by affliction, they visited her and found her hanging on Christ. On one occasion when visited by the school visitor, she expressed a doubt as to her being

sure of heaven. He read the Scriptures, prayed and talked with her. Her faith revived, and she said she could doubt no more. From that time till the day of her death, the candle of the Lord shone brightly upon her. She exhorted her parents and friends to meet her in heaven; and when departing to her eternal rest, her last words were, "Mother, come; mother, come." And thus she fell asleep in Jesus, November 19th, 1863, at the early age of seventeen years and five months. A little before her illness she began to meet in class, as a member of the church; but she is gone, and the prayer of the writer is, that her parents and fellow teachers may meet her at God's right hand, where are fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. And may the young who read this, like her, in youth give themselves to God.

R. POVEY.

WILLIAM THOMAS BARKER was born at Stubley, in the Rochdale circuit, June 17th, 1851, and died at Featherstall, Jan. 11th, 1864, with but one week's sickness. At the age of four years his parents sent him to the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school, Stubley, where he was distinguished for his regular attendance, his good

behaviour, and his marked attention to his Bible, which he had lately purchased, and in which his parents found, after his death, written with his own hands, "Read this book, and treasure it up in your heart:" which bespeaks to us that he loved and highly valued it. By his attention to his books he increased in knowledge and in favour with God and man; and his juvenile mind was inclined to religion, he loved the sanctuary of the Lord, he was always willing to comply with the commands of his parents, and was very affectionate to his little brother and sister. His parents at first were reluctant to part with their darling boy, but as his pain increased they said, "Lord, not our will but thine be done." It is only right to mention that he took a great interest in our Band of Hope at Stubbley, of which he had been a member two years. His short affliction he bore with remarkable patience, without even a murmur escaping his fevered lips. During his illness he asked his father and the writer to pray for him. He often sang with a cheerful countenance,

"I want to be an angel," &c.

He at last waved his hands in token of victory, and while the writer was on his knees by his bedside, amidst the tears of those present, he died as if he was sleep-

ing in the arms of his Saviour, and now he is enjoying the presence of him whom while on earth he delighted to honour.

ROBERT CLEGG.

Died at Skipton, Silsden circuit, March 9th, 1864, MARTHA ELLEN CORNFORTH, aged nineteen years. From childhood she was distinguished for amiability of disposition and filial obedience, and though of an exceedingly delicate constitution she took great delight in attending the various services of the sanctuary, and particularly the Sabbath school.

When about twelve years of age she was deprived of a father's care by the hand of death. This loss, however, but increased her devotion to her mother, for whose comfort she appeared to regard herself responsible; and many were the plans she laid down relating to the future, in which she manifested a forgetfulness of self, and an anxiety for the well-being of her surviving parent. Notwithstanding the many estimable traits in her character during this time, she became convinced that something more was wanting to render her acceptable in the sight of him who searcheth the heart. She felt herself a sinner, and gratefully accepting salvation by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, found peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. When a

little more than thirteen years of age she became a member of our society, and by her general deportment evinced an aim to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.

The last illness of this dear girl was painful and protracted. For upwards of two years she was the subject of keen suffering, indeed, at intervals, distressing to witness. Still not a murmur escaped her lips. Truly, patience had its perfect work. With marked serenity of mind she would refer to her approaching dissolution, expressing gratitude to her heavenly Father for being about to remove her from a world for which she had no love, to that brighter land upon which her affections were fixed. The Bible lay almost constantly by her side, and when able to do so she perused it prayerfully and lovingly. If prevented by sheer exhaustion from reading herself, she generally requested those who visited her to favour her with some choice portion of the sacred volume. When able to speak she frequently summoned her sister (who was much younger) to the bed-side, and besought her to give her heart to the Saviour, adding with great fervour, "What should I do now if I had religion to seek?" and whenever she observed her mother sorrowing at the prospect of a separation, she never failed to

repeat some cheering promise, advising her to lean upon the Strong for strength, assuring her that what they could not comprehend here relative to the dispensations of Providence they would understand hereafter. Those of her school companions who are members of society she urged to cling more closely to him who will be their guide even unto death. Those who are not decided for Christ she begged earnestly to choose the good part which should never be taken from them. During the last few weeks of her life, owing to extreme weakness, she could seldom converse, but the little she was able to utter indicated the unwavering nature of her faith and her implicit trust in the merits of the Redeemer. She was visited by members of various religious societies, who greatly admired the Christian fortitude with which she bore her sufferings. On the Saturday previous to her death her Sabbath school teacher said to her, "Martha Ellen, you appear very near to the eternal world; if I do not see you again here I shall know where you will be." She replied faintly, "Yes, Miss ———, in Heaven; Jesus is precious." Shortly afterwards a lady remarked pityingly, "Poor creature, how you suffer!" With an effort the dying girl exclaimed, "Oh! what are all my sufferings compared with those my Saviour

bore for my sake." The following Wednesday proved to be her last day upon earth, and though she endured such physical agony as to render a release most desirable, her mental composure continued uninterrupted, and with a smiling countenance she encountered her latest foe, and towards evening her happy spirit entered into everlasting rest.

A TEACHER.

ELIZA JANE QUAYLE was born at Ramsey, Isle of Man, on the 11th of April, 1851. At an early age she was sent to our Sabbath school at Ramsey, and continued a scholar until her parents removed to Liverpool about five years ago. She was then sent to our Rathbone street school, and was regular and punctual in her attendance when her health would permit. Shortly after her removal our people opened a school in Holden street, near to her father's house, and as she was only delicate it was deemed prudent for her to attend there. With this school, which was afterwards removed to Goulden street, she remained connected, first as a scholar and then as a teacher, to the close of her life. She was naturally of a meek and quiet spirit, amiable in her deportment, and discreet beyond her years. She was strongly attached to the school and would

in no case be absent when it was possible for her to attend. She was fond of singing and had a naturally sweet and musical voice. Often has the attention of the writer been drawn and his heart rejoiced by the manner in which she joined in singing the praises of God. About the close of last year her health rapidly declined, and soon it was painfully evident that pulmonary consumption was preying upon her vitals. In her affliction she was brought to see her lost state as a sinner and to feel her need of the cleansing blood of Christ. Her father and others spoke to her about her soul, but she was afraid to die, not having found peace with God. They endeavoured to point out to her the way of salvation, but it was through reading the memoirs in our small magazine that she was led to Christ and obtained the forgiveness of her sins. Afterwards she was very anxious that the different members of the family should enjoy the same blessing; and sometimes she pressed their hands in hers and urged them to meet her in heaven. Towards the close of her life her sufferings were very acute, but she bore all with patience and resignation, saying her Saviour had endured much for her that she might live with him in heaven. On one occasion, after a very violent convulsion,

through which she suffered much, she broke out in singing—

“Though often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above,” &c.

She was also very fond of singing the hymn beginning,

“My Jesus I love thee, I know thou art mine.”

The writer often visited her in her affliction, and found her relying only on Christ, and rejoicing in hope of everlasting life. She fell asleep in Jesus on the 1st of April, 1864. Her end was peace.

R. A.

ELIZABETH, daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth GLOVER, was born February 13th, 1853, and died March 18th, 1864. Blessed with pious parents, who have been members of our society for many years, she was surrounded with religious influence and instructions. From infancy she was sent to our Sabbath school at Hanley. When very young by her gentle, loving disposition, her truthfulness and obedience, she gained the esteem of both teachers and scholars. The affliction which terminated her mortal career was scarletina; her sufferings were great, still she did not complain, but resting on the atoning death and merits of Christ for salvation, she died with a scriptural hope of glory in her soul—left her

friends on earth to join the blood-washed souls in heaven.

EDWARD BRYAN, Teacher.

MARY ANN GLOVER, sister to the above, was born April 16th, 1849, and died happy in the Lord, March 22nd, 1864, in the fifteenth year of her age. From a child she was sensitive, thoughtful, and affectionate. She was very regular in her attendance at the Sabbath school, was attentive to her lessons, and made creditable advancement in knowledge. She was respected by her class mates. Her deportment in life was such that gave me every reason to believe that ere long she would have been a useful member of our society and a blessing to her youthful companions. Being the eldest child she had become a great help to her mother, a comfort to her in trouble, and a consoler in the time of sorrow. She delighted and loved to assist her father in all she possibly could. She was esteemed and respected by all with whom she stood connected. Her affliction was short but severe. During her illness she often exhorted her class mates to begin to serve the Lord. The night before she died she said, as I stood near, “Edward, if I die shall I go to heaven?” I told her I believed she would; she then said, “Sing ‘On the cross,’” and the larger girls of the class to

which she belonged being present, we began,

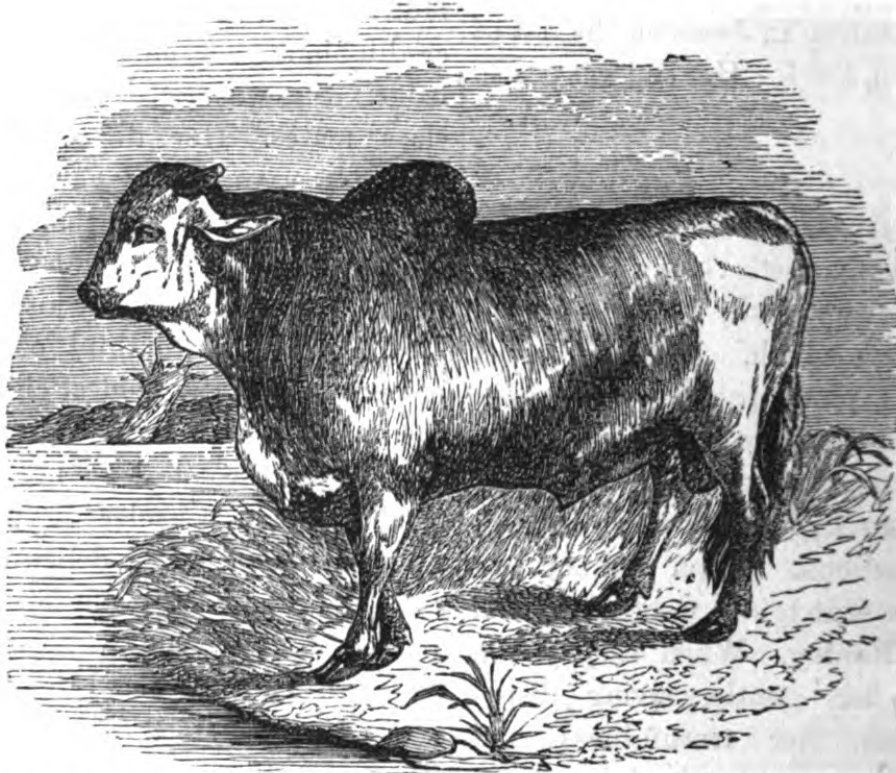
"I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross he shed his blood
From sin to set me free."

All in a moment she exclaimed, "Teacher, I shall go to

heaven." These were her last words to me. I saw her again the night after and remained with her till she died. When, all glory be to God, her blood-washed soul rose to join the church of the first-born above.

EDWARD BRYAN, Teacher.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE BRAHMIN BULL.

THIS fine animal is a native of India, and is held in high estimation by the Hindoos. Some of the race are set apart as sacred animals, and protected and fed with great care. Bishop Heber says:—"These animals are turned out when calves, on

different solemn occasions, by wealthy Hindoos, as an acceptable offering to Siva. It would be a mortal sin to strike or injure them. They feed where they choose, and devout persons take great delight in pampering them. They are exceeding pests in the villages near Calcutta; breaking

into gardens, thrusting their noses into the stalls of fruiterers' and pastry cooks' shops, and helping themselves without ceremony. Like other petted animals they are sometimes mischievous, and are said to resent with a push of their horns, any delay in gratifying their wishes." The animal is distinguished by the large hump on its shoulders. The Hindoos do not show as much reverence for the common

ox as for this Bull, for they fasten the oxen to their ploughs and make them work like our horses, and often punish them very severely. The Zebu cow, too, is in less repute than her male partner, but she is better served than the ox. Zebu, by the way, is one of the names by which the Brahmin bull is known. The scientific name is *Bostauris*.

EDITOR.

Anniversaries.

CHURCHSTOKE, BISHOP'S CASTLE CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of the Sabbath school at this place was held April 17th, 1864, when three sermons were preached—those in the morning and evening by the writer, and that in the afternoon by Mr. Mansell. Pieces were recited by the children, which gave great and general satisfaction. The collections amounted to 17s. 9d. R. SMITH.

WHITTINGTON MOOR. — Our school anniversary services this year at Whittington Moor, in the Chesterfield circuit, have proved the most successful in the history of the school. They commenced on Easter Sunday with two sermons by Mr. Jesse Bamford, of Clay Cross, and were continued on the following Sabbath with

two sermons by the Rev. T. Hartshorn, of Bolsover. At the annual tea meeting on Easter Monday about eighty friends were present, but at the public meeting in the evening the number was increased, and the claims of Sabbath schools were effectively advocated by the Rev. J. Haigh and other friends. We have thirty-six teachers and 230 scholars. During the services the children recited several pieces, which were not only interesting but instructive. Hymns and anthems were selected for the occasion, and sung as children can sing when well conducted. Our congregations were overflowing, collections in advance of former years, amounting to £9 5s. 8½d. We rejoice and praise God for his goodness, and

earnestly pray for his blessing to attend our future movements.

J. SANDERSON.

SABBATH-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, HERSTON, POOLE CIRCUIT.—The third anniversary of this school was celebrated March 25th and 27th, 1864. On the former day, at half-past three o'clock, the scholars were regaled with plum cake and tea. At 5 p.m. a public tea was held, and between sixty and seventy persons were present. After tea we held a public meeting, which was of a very interesting description. The claims of Sabbath-schools and the instruction of the young and rising generation, were advocated by Mr. Hoods (clerk of the Established Church), Mr. Talbot, and the writer.

On Easter Sunday two sermons were preached in behalf of the school by the writer to very attentive congregations. Sinners felt the force of truth, and wept over their transgressions, and we trust that lasting good was done. The proceeds of this anniversary are £1 14s. 9½d. N. WATTS.

YAXLEY, DISS STATION.—The first anniversary of this school was celebrated on the 25th and 27th of March, 1864. On the former day tea was provided in the chapel for the friends, after which a public meeting was held,

when addresses were delivered by the Rev. P. Carrick and other friends; brother G. Moss presided.

March 27th a sermon was preached by the writer in the afternoon at two o'clock, and an address was given to the teachers and friends in the evening at six. Several interesting pieces and dialogues were recited by the children. We were also favoured with the service of a choir of singers from a neighbouring village. The chapel was crowded, and many were unable to obtain admission. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to £2 0s. 6½d. J. C. WOOD.

SHERFIELD GREEN.—The anniversary of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school, Sherfield Green, Basingstoke circuit, was celebrated on Sunday, May 8th, 1864, when three sermons were preached; those in the morning and evening by Mrs. Obern, of Newbury; that in the afternoon by Mr. Wallis, circuit minister. On Monday the children were regaled with plum cake and tea, after which an address was given by Mrs. Obern, and Mr. G. Wallis addressed the Band of Hope. (We are happy to say we have a Band of Hope connected with our school). At every service the children recited select pieces to the credit of themselves and their teachers. The

collections—£1 18s.—exceeding those of last year.

G. WALLIS.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT.—On Sunday and Monday, the 8th and 9th of May, 1864, we celebrated our Sabbath-school anniversary at this place. On Sunday two appropriate and telling discourses were delivered to large congregations by Mr. W. Chaloner, of Lincoln; after which pieces were recited by the children. On Monday evening Mr. Chaloner, as announced, delivered a very interesting address to parents and children, accompanied with some good and practical advice to the teachers; and the children recited several interesting and appropriate pieces to the satisfaction of all present. The proceeds of this anniversary, with donations, amounted to upwards of £10 10s., for which the teachers and managers of the school wish to tender their heartfelt thanks to those friends who have so generously contributed to its support.

F. RICHARDSON.

DRIFFIELD, YORKSHIRE.—The thirty-sixth anniversary of the Driffeld Primitive Methodist Sabbath school was celebrated on Whit-Sunday, May 15th, 1864,

when sermons were preached afternoon and evening by the writer. The congregations were such that numbers could not obtain admission. Several of the scholars related dialogues and pieces of poetry with a degree of accuracy which was highly creditable, and which greatly interested the congregations. On Whit-Tuesday about 240 of the scholars, accompanied by the circuit ministers and teachers, formed in procession, and marched round the town; after which they partook of tea in the enlarged school-room. A public tea, of which about 150 persons partook, followed, after which a public meeting was held, and ably presided over by Mr. E. Moody, one of the superintendents of the school. Addresses suited to the occasion were afterwards delivered. All the services were of a most interesting and profitable character. The hymns and tunes were admirably selected, and the singing of the children elicited, so far as we know, the commendation of all. It was stated that the public collections were considerably in advance of preceding years, and that during the past five months £98 17s. 8d. had been collected or promised in aid of the fund for the enlargement of the school.

J. R. PARKINSON.

Poetry.

TUNE:—"NEARER HOME."]

Grace crowns the Christian's lot,
 With blessings from the Lord ;
 And dispensations alter not
 The promise of his word.
 Let unbelievers scoff,
 The raging tempter foam ;
 My Father's house is not far off,—
 He calls me nearer home.

Dark ills in mercy's chain,
 Are golden links of love ;
 And joy in sorrow, bliss in pain,
 Come sweetly from above.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

The furnace fires refine,—
 To purge the dross of sin ;
 And robe the heart in light divine,
 Th' immortal prize to win.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

Affliction leads to rest,—
 A rest serene and bright ;
 For all the mansions of the blest
 Are rich with cloudless light.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

In him the sick have health,
 The sorrowing have joy,
 The poor are led to stores of wealth,—
 To treasures in the sky.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

Let darkness deepen gloom,
 And death its shades disclose ;
 There are, through grace, beyond the tomb,
 Calm regions of repose.
 Let unbelievers scoff, &c.

MURRAY WILSON.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



KOW TOE ROCKS.

Youths' Department.

ROW TOR ROCKS.

(With Engraving.)

Row Tor rocks are a remarkable assemblage of gritstone rocks, in the village of Birchover, near Bakewell, Derbyshire. They extend from seventy to eighty yards in length, and from forty to fifty in height. A subterranean passage, about ninety feet in length, runs through them. These have other passages in various parts of them; armed seats of solid rocks, and other curious fragments, are likewise met with. A little east of this pile is a large rocking stone, of an irregular shape, twelve feet high, and thirty-six in circumference, and estimated at fifty tons weight. This formerly could be shaken with the hand, but having been forced from its equilibrium, it now requires a man's whole strength to put it in motion. It has been put in its former situation, but the exact balance it once possessed is destroyed. A little north is a second rocking-stone of the shape of an egg, which can be moved by a single finger, though twelve feet in length and fourteen in girth. A third rocking-stone stands a little farther north, resembling the latter both in figure and facility of motion, and a little west are seven stones piled upon each other, varying in size and form, but all move alike by the pressure of a hand. It is pleasing to reflect that there is one stone that neither earth nor hell, men nor devils can shake—the Rock of Ages. May the reader and the writer each build firmly upon that Rock—build for eternity.

P. DAYKIN.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Continued from page 9.)

WE now enter on Paul's famous journey to Rome, the account of which is contained in the 27th and 28th chapters of the Acts. The apostle was committed to the care of one Julius, a centurion, together with a number of other prisoners all in charge, to be brought to Rome. It would seem that Luke, and one Aristarchus, of Thessalonica, were the companions of Paul on his eventful and important journey from Caesarea to Rome. At Adramyttium, a sea-port of Mysia, in Asia Minor, that memorable sea voyage commenced on which we must now dwell. The day after sailing, the voyagers touched at Sidon. Here, through the kindness of Julius, Paul was

allowed to go on shore to refresh himself ; soon, however, they set forth again. In those days there was no mariner's compass ; their navigation, therefore, was nothing better than mere paddling by the sea-shore with the help of sails to waft their vessel along. The course of the vessel in which Paul sailed was a coasting one, keeping Asia on the right hand, and passing along by the northern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Because the wind was contrary, they sailed under the island of Cyprus, and then directed their course over that part of the great sea adjoining the coasts of Cilicia and Pamphylia. Their first voyage ends at the port of Myra, in the province of Lycia. Here was an Alexandrian ship, bound for Italy, and they set sail in her ; their progress was very slow, for they were hindered by contrary winds. After sailing many days they came to Cnidus, a port of Asia Minor, lying north-west of the island of Crete. From this place they passed "under Crete," over against Salmone. Crete is a very considerable island of the Mediterranean Sea ; it has lost its old name, and is now called Candia. Having passed Salmone, they came to Fair Havens, a port towards the south side of the island. It is evident the time was now drawing towards autumn ; perhaps it was the latter part of September. Paul saw that at such a season it was dangerous to sail, and he advised Julius not to leave Fair Havens for the present. The commander thought otherwise, and as the harbour was not convenient for wintering in, and the more westerly port of Phenice afforded better accommodation, and, moreover, as a soft and gentle south wind was just now blowing, everything seemed favourable for their gaining Phenice. Scarcely, however, had they set forth before they were caught by a terribly tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon. This wind is now known under the name of a Levanter ; it blows from all points, and its danger results from its violence and the uncertainty of its course. Our voyagers could not hold up under it. The ship became disabled, and the poor sailors were obliged to let her drive. Lying in the Mediterranean, and south of Crete, was the little island of Clauda ; alongside of this island the vessel was driven, and so out to sea. Here they were dashed to and fro by the merciless winds and the frowning waves ; the ship was undergirt, her sail reduced, and her lading cast into the sea ; still the tempest continued, and the Euroclydon blew frightful gales. "On the third day," says Luke, "we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship. And when neither sun nor stars in

many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." Acts xxvii. 20. It was just at this extremity that Paul communicated to the managers of the ship the striking intelligence that an angel of God had stood by him, assuring him that he should not perish in this storm, and that God had "given him all them who were sailing with him." Still they drift helplessly on, and are now brought into that portion of the Mediterranean called the Adriatic Sea. At midnight of the fourteenth night the shipmen deemed that they were drawing nigh to land. Their soundings showed twenty and fifteen fathoms of water successively; surely they are approaching some unknown shore. For fear that they may be dashed on the rocks four anchors are let down, and very anxiously they wish for dawn. The sailors were a cowardly crew, and would now have left the ship, passengers, soldiers, and prisoners to their fate, but for Paul, who had by this time become the chief director of the voyage. The sailors pretended to want the ship's boat to cast anchor from the prow: poor wretches, they only wanted to get safely to land. Paul saw and announced their object whereupon the soldiers cut the cable of the boat, and let her topple over into the sea. Paul has likewise become the chaplain of the ship. As day dawns, he begs the crew to take some food, for during the last fortnight they had not enjoyed a regular meal. He breaks bread and gives thanks. "Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat."—Acts xxvii. 36. After the sailors had refreshed themselves, they lightened the vessel by throwing the wheat on board into the sea. [Anything may be sacrificed in a shipwreck for the purpose of saving life. Bags of gold have been thrown overboard, or strewn on deck in such circumstances.] Land is discovered as day breaks, but none on board know where they are; however, they behold a creek and a shore, and any kind of harbour on land may be exchanged for the wild commotion of the sea. They make a desperate effort to gain the inlet before them, but not taking sea room enough they ran the stem of their vessel into the sands, and so stuck her fast; the waves beating on the stern soon demolished that part of the ship, and the vessel became a total wreck. In this critical juncture the blood-thirsty soldiers who constituted the military guard would have killed all the prisoners to prevent their escape. Out of respect for Paul, the kind-hearted Julius kept them from their fiendish design, and gave orders for every man to

shift for himself as best he could. Those who could swim were commanded to proceed first for the shore. "And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."—Acts xxvii. 44. The land turns out to be the island of Melita, now called Malta, and at present a station for British ships. Its kind-hearted inhabitants, barbarous as they were, received with great kindness the two hundred and seventy-six cold and dripping mariners and others cast on their hospitable shore. They lighted them a fire, and Paul, not afraid of soiling his apostolic fingers, took hold of a bundle of sticks, thus doing his best to alleviate the general suffering. A deadly viper, roused perhaps by the warmth of the fire, fastened on Paul's hand. The Maltese immediately judged that this Paul must be a murderer, whom, though he had escaped the horrors of the sea, vengeance would not suffer to live. Paul shook off the venomous beast into the fire as if it had been a spider, and felt no more harm. Momentarily the people of the island expected to see him fall down dead, but seeing that no harm came to him from the venomous bite of the viper, they "changed their minds and said that he was a god." Publius, the governor of the island, received the shipwrecked apostle into his house, and lodged him with Luke and Aristarchus for three days. In the meantime a miracle was wrought on the governor's father, whom Paul healed of a fever and a bloody flux.

W. M. B.

(To be continued).

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

BABYLON reached its grand climax in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. It was situated on an extensive plain, comprising an area of 225 square miles, surrounded with a strong wall and a vast fosse, which wall was 350 feet high, 87 feet thick, and provided with 100 brazen gates. See its celebrated Euphrates, which signifies sweet waters, its gem-like lake, its numerous canals, magnificent bridge and quays, the temple of Belus, the palaces and terraced gardens diversified with trees, plants, and flowers. The king climbs a series of steps which link garden to garden, from whence he obtains a view of the city, and inflated with pride, he exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" While the word was in the king's mouth

there came a voice from heaven, saying, "O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee." Because he attributed the glory to himself which belonged to God, Jehovah moved out of the common course of his providence—as in the matter of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram—and the monarch's pride was brought low and his reason dethroned. But Israel, instead of confiding in God, broke her marriage covenant, and departed from him, sacrificing, paying homage, and, to her shame, playing the harlot with strange gods, and as a consequence her sin and iniquity are written as with a diamond pen. Israel was disloyal to him who multiplied her temporal blessings; to him who was to her a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night; to him who had entered into covenant with and called her by his name. Yet his disappointed love lingers, looks, and calls finally to his disunited spouse, saying, "Let her therefore put away her whoredoms out of her sight, and her adulteries from between her breasts; lest I strip her naked, and set her as in the day that she was born, and make her as a wilderness, and set her like a dry land, and slay her with thirst. Lest I remove her candlestick; turn her streams of mercy into vials of fury; break her bow, and bleach her bones, because she has gone after lying vanities."

Now, my readers, let us ever remember that the light of the ancients was dim-dawn to noon-day in comparison to ours, and so let us humbly and thankfully receive all our bounties both temporal and spiritual from the God of providence, against whom we also have rebelled. Oh! may we never forget our gracious Benefactor, but repent and seek his favour. M. BAXTER.

LONDON: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

LONDON is known to have existed as a town at least as early as the reign of the Emperor Nero. The first notice of *Londinium* occurs in Tacitus, where it is spoken of as not then a colony, but still as a place much frequented by merchants, and as a great depot of merchandise. At a later date London appears to have been made a colony under the name of Augusta. The ancient wall is supposed to have been built by Theodosius, the Roman governor; it had fifteen towers. The prætorium and its adjuncts are supposed to have occupied the site of the Poultry and Cornhill. In regard to Anglo-Saxon London, our information is as scanty as it is with

respect to the Roman city. In the sixth century it became the capital of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Essex, and in the following one a bishop's see. Sebert, king of Essex, having been converted to Christianity, erected a cathedral and Westminster Abbey. At this period, and long after, the city was little more than an assemblage of hovels, intersected by narrow miry lanes, the whole enclosed by walls, except on the side towards the river. The residence of the Anglo-Saxon kings is supposed to have been near what is now termed Doctors' Commons, whence it was removed to Westminster by Edward the Confessor.

For many ages the public buildings of London were chiefly religious houses and hospitals, both of which were very numerous previous to the Reformation, and of several of them the names are retained at the present day. What few residences there were of any note were scattered about and mingled with the meanest habitations. As to the actual appearance and condition of the metropolis, we have little more than conjectural and piecemeal information until we come down to times that may comparatively be termed recent. We know, however, that in 1532 the streets were very foul and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and offensive, as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as for those on foot, and they were in total darkness at night. It is no wonder that such a city suffered much from the plague in 1665, and from fire in 1666.

During the sixteenth century the metropolis greatly extended itself westward, along the north bank of the river, where many of the nobility erected stately mansions, and the names of several of them are still retained in the streets opening into the Strand.

Of the older architecture the metropolis retains some fine specimens, though they are not numerous. Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus; Westminster Abbey, by Henry III., with the splendid addition of the chapel of Henry VII.; the Temple Church, which has been restored in most excellent taste; and St. Mary Overies (or St. Saviour's), in which the restoration of the Lady Chapel has been very successfully effected, are the principal. Of a more modern date is the Whitehall of Inigo Jones.

(To be continued.)

A SERMON TO THE YOUNG.

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—Psalm lxi. 2.

It is supposed these words were written by the psalmist when an exile on account of the persecution of his son Absalom. This wicked son not content with killing his own brother and usurping his father's throne, now sought to crown his wickedness by taking his pious father's life. No wonder the psalmist's heart was nearly overwhelmed with trouble, when we remember that his persecutor was his own favourite and darling lad Absalom.

The love and attachment he had shown for him must have made his sorrow peculiarly poignant, as, perhaps, none like a parent can feel the bitter pang of unrequited love. In a season of trouble like this whither should the psalmist go for comfort and rest but to the clefts of the Rock of Ages? He was no stranger to this covert; for he afterwards joyfully sings,—“He only is my rock. He is my defence, I shall not be moved; the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God . . . God is a refuge for us.” To any young reader who is seeking Christ, this rock is as accessible as it was to the Psalmist. For you must understand that the term rock is figurative of Christ. One of the prophets speaks of him as a sure and calm refuge for his people under the beautiful similitude of a “great rock in a weary land:” and the Apostle Paul following up the thought, says, “And did all drink of the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ.” No wonder these natural objects should be so often used as figures by the inspired penmen when we remember how indebted to them Eastern nations are. It is in the deep shadow of the overhanging rock that weary travellers across Eastern deserts are glad to find shelter and repose from the glare of the noontide sun. You who are weary of wandering on the plains of sin, flee to the rock-like shadow of Christ for spiritual rest and tranquillity. If amid the brokenness of nature's cisterns you are longing for the infinite and only satisfying fountain head, fly to Christ. It is there alone you can find rest for your troubled spirits, it is there alone you will be safe and secure from the snares of the devil and the allurements of this wicked world. You will not be tantalized like the mirage-deluded traveller of the desert, for in Christ none was ever yet deceived. He has sent out the invitation, “Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden, and I *will* give you rest,” and he has never yet dis-

honoured his word. Will you not comply with this invitation? If you feel yourself to be sinful and weak, breathe forth the simple but earnest prayer, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Let not the magnitude and blackness of your sins deter you. It matters not how high your sins may be, they may swell and reach to heaven, but Christ is infinitely higher than they. His mercy knows no such bounds. Though you cannot see clearly your way to Christ there is One who will assist your most feeble efforts. If you only make for the rock he will meet and take you by the hand and lead you to its never-failing springs, where you may drink of its life-giving stream.

Don't delay. Act the part of wise master builders by choosing a good foundation. We read of a certain foolish man in the Gospel, who built his house upon the sands, where, when the rain descended and the wind blew and the storm beat, the house fell and overwhelmed its occupant in the ruin.

Learn a lesson from this, and emulate that wise man who built his house upon the rock. If you build your hope on Christ, the rain may fall and the winds blow and the storm beat, but in spite of all you will stand firm and secure. Do you hesitate to put your trust in the fitness and security of this rock—Christ Jesus? Let the words of the prophet Isaiah and of the Apostle Peter dispel all doubt on the matter. They not only say he is "elect" and a precious corner stone, but also a "tried stone"—its strength and durability have been tested to the utmost wants of fallen man. It would be no experiment on your part as millions have scaled its heights already, and millions more are now sheltering in its clefts. With such a foundation—elect, precious and tried, dare you for one moment doubt its security? No fear of its deceiving you, for before the world's foundation this rock was firmly fixed, and "He is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever." The world may invite your stay, and offer you peace and happiness in pursuit of her gilded pleasures. But these can no more satisfy the cravings of your immortal nature than could wedges of gold have slaked the burning thirst of the dying Israelites of old. Satisfaction is to be found alone in Christ, the infinite and only satisfying fountain head. If you will come to him all your wants shall be supplied. He has been smitten for you and will become your spiritual Horeb whilst passing through life's wilderness.

Those of my youthful readers who have started on their

Christian pilgrimage, will often have occasion to cry out with the Psalmist "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Christian experience has been similar in all ages of the world. We have similar trials and temptations to contend with, to those the Psalmist had. But when "harassed by temptation and oppressed by your own low and earth-born tendencies," thank God you have the same rock to fly to, "where you may hush the agitations of your spirit to rest in his repose-giving presence." There will be seasons when the world with its pleasures will allure, and former appetites and passions will come in like a flood and crave for indulgence—when former youthful companions or fellow apprentices and shopmen will tempt you and perhaps scoff at your good determinations and resolutions, but on all such occasions fly "to the rock that is higher than" you, where you can always obtain a fresh supply of grace and renew your spiritual strength, for he has promised he will not "allow you to be tried above what you are able to bear."

In common with all God's people you will have your seasons of spiritual weakness. By reason of outward trials or inward troubles you will often feel desolate and desponding. Spiritual comforts will be gone, and with the Psalmist you will have to exclaim, "O Lord, why hidest thou thy face from me?" Our great spiritual adversary will seek by his subtle temptations to overcome you and disengage you from Christ. But cling the more closely to the rock of your strength: on all occasions and under all circumstances when you feel your own feebleness and insufficiency fly "to the rock that is higher than" you. There is safety no where else, and so long as you trust in Christ nothing can pluck you from this rock. Seek to be rooted and grounded in Christ, the storms of life and the waves of Satanic malice *may* then rage, but you will be firm and unmoved.

In conclusion let me urge you to treasure up the words of my text in your hearts, and meditate upon them that they may be made to you what they were made to one, who at the close of life confessed "they had been like a spell upon his life." "His salvation in every moral danger." "The pole star which had guided his wanderings; the balm which had healed his wounded spirit, and the shield which had preserved him in temptation."

"JARRATT."

SEEKING FORTUNES.

DEAR READER,—Many emigrate from the place of their birth, leave their friends and their home, and go into a foreign land to “seek their fortunes.” Some have gone to California or Australia and have obtained gold in abundance, others have proved the truthfulness of the Proverb : “It is not all gold that glitters.” Many have, in seeking gold, lost their health—lost their religion—lost Christ—lost heaven—lost their souls. There are also some bright instances on record, of those who went to a foreign land to seek gold and there found Christ. I know of one who was going to a dangerous part of the world to seek gold, but before he started he sought and found the sinner’s Friend and the pearl of greatest price. Oh ! happy thought, he found something far superior to all the gold in California. This is the fortune we wish you to seek, this is the treasure you may find. Christ hath said in reference to it, “He that seeketh findeth.” It is not a treasure that will pass away but it will give you pleasure even when you are dying. When dying you will be able to clasp it in your arms and triumph over death. It gives the gold digger great pleasure to see but a small piece of the precious ore ; but it will afford you greater pleasure to be under the smile and approbation of the Saviour, so that you may call him Father. The Christian need not be afraid of perishing for want of anything ; because the gold and silver and the cattle upon a thousand hills belong to his Father ; and he is assured that his Father will never let him want. What is the use of laying up treasures here, unless we are “laying up for ourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves break not through and steal” ? “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?” Solve this problem, E. SOLOMON.

PRICE OF A SOUL.

“WILLIAM, you make me quite unhappy,” said a mother one day ; “you used to be gay and full of nonsense, but now you are dull and thoughtful ; what are you ever thinking of ?”

“I am thinking just now, mother, how much a soul is worth ; can you tell me, mother ?”

“A soul, child ! nonsense ; you are getting demented.”

“Am I, mother ? Well, I begin to fear I am ; for I

have never thought about where I am to live after this short life is ended. What is a soul worth, mother?"

"Do, my son, go and ask your cousin Charles to play a game at chess with you, to drive these dull thoughts out of your head."

"I will, mother, if you will allow me to read this story to you which I have just read; that is, if you wish me to do so after you have heard it."

"A story! yes, read me a story, anything to put these dull subjects out of your mind."

"Please listen then, mother:—

"A few years ago there was living in a large city a young lady, who was the only child of worldly and rich parents. She was very fond of pleasure, and plunged into it with all the enthusiasm of youth. Her gaiety, youth, and wealth were sure passports to the highest circles of fashion, and there she lived as though there were no higher world. While thus living in pleasure, she was asked one evening by a female friend to accompany her to the weekly prayer-meeting in a church in the city. There she became convinced of sin, and bowed down her heart in anguish at the thought of her guilt. Her heaviness of spirit was soon discovered at home, and her parents were in consternation lest their beautiful daughter should leave the circles of pleasure for the service of God. They besought and commanded her to return to the gay world, they surrounded her with her fashionable friends, but she was still stricken in heart. At last these parents actually bribed her to attend a large party of pleasure by the gift of the richest dress that could be purchased in the city. Love of dress had been her besetting weakness. Caught in the snare of Satan, she consented, went to the festival, and returned without one trace of her religious emotions; she had put out the light of grace. But the joy of her miserable parents was short. In another week their daughter was at the point of death, and the physicians they summoned in their alarm could only tell them there was no hope. When this was made known to the dying girl she lay for a few minutes in perfect silence; her soul seemed to be surveying the past and looking into the future; then rousing herself she ordered a servant to bring that dress and hang it upon the bed. She next sent for her father and mother; in a few minutes they stood weeping by her side. She looked upon each of them for a time, and then, lifting up her hand and pointing to the dress, said to each of them distinctly, and with the calmness of

despair, "Father, mother, there is the price of my soul!"

"O, mother, was it not dreadful!" said William, as he laid down the book, "to drive her down to the gate of the grave like that? How will they meet her in the judgment? Was not her soul worth more, mother? You would not like to see me die so, mother, would you?"

"Do not talk so, child; it is horrible; you make me quite nervous."

"But, mother, the Bible asks, 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' and the soul must be worth a good deal, mother, as the Saviour died to save it. Do you not think so, mother?"

"Perhaps so, William."

"I do not think I can play chess this evening, mother; I would rather read another story to you."

Saying this the young man pulled from his pocket a small thin book. Mrs. Hammond glanced towards it, and replied,

"Why, William, that is your Testament!"

"Yes, mother; but there are stories here for all that. Only listen while I read the story of the ten virgins in the 25th of Matthew."

"O, mother," said William, earnestly, after he had read it; "I hope the door will not be shut against us."

"I hope not, my son," replied Mrs. Hammond, affectionately taking his hand, while a tear glistened in her eye; "you have become a good teacher to me; where did you get your knowledge?"

"I have been thinking about these things, mother, ever since our minister preached from the text, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and I begin to think eternity is of more importance than this world. How much do you think the soul is worth, mother?"

Copied by W. WALTERS.

INDUSTRY.

Dost thou mark, little boy, that buzzing bee
 Pass from flower to flower, and from tree to tree?
 It rises betimes, with the rising sun,
 And hastes to its hive when his race is run;
 And hark what the Scripture itself doth say—
 "Awake and work while 'tis call'd to-day."

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

Who that has heard "Joyfully" sung by hundreds or thousands of scholars and teachers can ever forget the strain? There is something so buoyant and joyous in the tripping melody of the song that it dwells on the memory. It was a delightful time when among the thousands who thronged the London Tabernacle on a Sunday afternoon, this hymn was sung by the scholars, and its gladsome strain fell on our listening ears. Sweet was the thought of that time and that scene when we shall be met in heaven by those we love; and

"Songs of sweet music shall ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome."

Both hymn and tune are believed to be American. One of the multitude of sweet thrilling melodies for children that Bradbury Mason, Root and Woodbury have written. Sung in the Free States of the North, it has awakened the joyous pulses of the young, and old England has loved it, and her sons and daughters have sung it everywhere.

For a scholar's hymn it is one of the best we can use. It treats religion as a religion of love and mercy. It really allures to brighter worlds, while at the same time it tells the young that it is only when to Jesus their hearts have been given, that heaven will be their home. The reality of death is brought fully out, and the fact that our Jesus has broken the bands of death and hell is laid before them, ending as such hymns naturally end, in landing them,

"Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home."

Dear young reader—Can you sing "Joyfully"? Perhaps you can, if not, try. If so, do you love its sentences, and do you feel that you are safe in the hands of your Saviour, and fear not death's blow. Then the knell of death will be the ringing in with shouts of joy—of immortality, eternal life. What a blessed truth to think of,

"Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home!
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone."

So may it be to you and me, my reader, is the fervent prayer of

UNCLE WILLIAM.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.



{ Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move,
Je - sus our Sa - viour in mer - cy says, Come,



Bound for the land of bright spi - rits a - bove ; }
Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly, haste to your home. }



{ Soon will our pil - grim - age end here be - low, }
{ Soon to the pre - sence of God we shall go ; }



Then, if to Je - sus our hearts have been given,



Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly, rest we in heaven.

Teachers and scholars have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us while passing along,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home!"
Songs of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome!
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come!

Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home!
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

Juvenile Biography.

HENRY MITCHINSON, son of James and Mary BEWSHER, was born at Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire, June 19th, 1859, and fell asleep in the arms of Jesus on the 9th of January, 1864. Henry's parents are both members of our society, and consequently he was sent to our Sabbath-school, where he was taught to love and fear the Saviour. He was a wonderful child. His attendance was regular, his conduct good, his mind extraordinary, and his attainments truly amazing. He could converse on spiritual subjects with more accuracy than many aged Christians, and so profitable were his conversations that the neighbours would send for him frequently to talk with them on heavenly subjects. He was much beloved by his teachers and school-mates, and though but very young, was the first scholar in the school.

A Sunday or two before he died he asked to be allowed a few minutes to preach to the other children, which was granted. He took his stand on one of the forms, and said, "I am only a little preacher, and I have only a little sermon, so I have got a little text,—'God is love.' Now you big lads, God loves you; you big lasses, God loves you; and you little lads and lasses,

God loves you all. God so loved us that he sent Jesus Christ to die for us all. We ought to try

'To be like Jesus, meek, loving, lowly, mild.

I long to be like Jesus, the Father's Holy Child;

I long to be with Jesus, amid the heavenly throng,

To sing with saints his praises, and learn the angels' song.'

Amen."

This little sermon of "Harry's" took great effect on both teachers and scholars, and the good done by it will be seen in eternity. "He being dead yet speaketh."

Harry was suddenly seized with a fever, and it soon became apparent that death was fast approaching. Sister Bewsher, "like a fond mother, mourned and wept," but Harry reproved her, and told her that "Jesus knew what was best," and that she "ought not to complain." The neighbours who visited him pitied him, saying, "Poor Harry! poor little Harry." And turning his eyes towards them he repeated the following lines:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

He considered himself neither poor nor little, but great and

rich, being a "joint heir with Jesus Christ." To his father he said, "I am not afraid to die, Jesus will be there, and will send one of his shining angels to bear me to the sky." A short time before he died he breathed out the following prayer. "O Lord, our blessed Father, look down upon me and bless me. Make me pure and holy. Help me to do thy will. I pray that thou wilt bless father and mother and make them happy. Bless my little brother and all good boys and girls, and at last, blessed Jesus, may we meet around thy throne to sing glory to the Lamb for ever." Having repeated the Lord's Prayer, he exclaimed, "Amen! amen! amen!" and then requested his father to sing the verse,—

"See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms;"

which having been sung Harry passed away into the bosom of his Saviour where he now rests. The writer, by request, preached a sermon on the occasion of his death from "But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Crowds of people assembled to hear what would be said respecting this "wonderful boy," and truly the Lord was with us. The following lines

were composed by his teacher, Mr. Thomas Cowin:—

"Thou beautiful boy, how short was thy stay
In this region of sin, in thy body of clay!

Thou early hast gain'd the repose of the blest,

Thou art gone to the home where the weary find rest.

Thy parents may mourn and sadly deplore

Because on this earth their Harry's no more,

But far from all pain with Jesus thou'rt blest,

And safe in the home where the weary find rest.

Then farewell, dear Harry, we shall see thee no more,

Till Jordan we've cross'd to Canaan's bright shore.

No parting, no sorrow, no sighs from the breast

Will be known in the home where the weary find rest."

R. ROBINSON.

WILLIAM JOHN WARREN was the child of poor but industrious parents. He was born April 9th, 1855. When about five years of age he manifested a strong desire to attend a Sunday-school, which being seen by his parents they entered him a scholar in our Church Street Sunday-school, in the Hull East circuit, where he continued until removed by death from this world of sin and sorrow to the world of holiness and joy. His attendance at school was good. He paid great attention to his

teachers, and his conduct bespoke that good impressions were made on his mind. On one occasion he said, "I would not do wrong for threepence." He was soon led to believe in Jesus Christ for the pardon of his sins.

Soon after entering our school he had an accident, which ultimately terminated in death. One day, while standing in the street, he was knocked down by a dog which was running past him; the fall injured his knee, and the inflammation passed to his body, and broke out in abscesses, which caused him more or less suffering for several years. During the former part of his affliction he was not altogether prevented attending the school; he went by the aid of two crutches; but as he grew worse he grew weaker, and was confined to his home and then to his bed.

During his long affliction he was very happy in the love of Jesus; he also loved good books, especially such as spoke of Jesus, but the Bible he loved most, because he said, it was God's Word. I often visited him, read portions of the sacred Scriptures to him, and examined what were his future prospects. He said, "My prospects are bright." On one occasion I asked him if he thought he should go to heaven when he died. He replied with

apparently great confidence, "Yes." "Why do you think you will go to heaven?" After a short pause he looked up and said, "Because I love Jesus." When asked if he would like to get better, he said, "I don't care; as the Lord pleases."

He was resigned to the will of God. Sometimes his parents had little to eat. His mother would say, "Well, Willie, I don't know what we shall do, for the food is nearly all gone." "Never mind, mother," he would say, "the Lord will send us something to eat as long as I live." And so he did; for when they had eaten their last, before another meal time arrived, some of the neighbours brought in something. On his parents retiring to rest he would say, "Never mind letting the candle burn, mother, for I'm not afraid, for Jesus is with me all night." He was very fond of singing, and would often sing,—

"There will be no more sorrow there," &c.

His favourite hymn was one which he had learnt at the Sunday-school, viz.,

"Here we suffer grief and pain," &c.

He fell asleep in the arms of Jesus on the 26th of February, 1864. We doubt not that his happy spirit is now before the throne of God. May his parents

and teachers also meet him there.
Amen.

G. SHORE.

CLOWES COOPER, the son of William and Mary Cooper, was born at Bedford, July 7th, 1852, and died at Chatham, March 2nd, 1864, aged eleven years and eight months. He was a promising youth, and we were cherishing hopes respecting the future, when it pleased the Lord to permit symptoms of approaching dissolution to appear, and on careful examination it was found that his left lung was affected, and then the glands of his stomach not acting he soon became prostrated, and suffered considerably; but in the midst of his affliction he was enabled to rejoice in Christ his Saviour, and one day he asked which we thought would be best for him, to die or get better; and when answered the Lord would order it all right, he replied, he would rather die than grow up and turn wicked. Only a few days before he died, as he lay in bed, he would sing some of the hymns he had learned at school, such as—

"I want to be an angel,"

or—

"Hail, Sabbath-school, hail," &c.

He loved his school, and was much blessed through the visits of his teachers, and could rejoice in the prospect of heaven, and when

his sufferings were somewhat severe while his mother was encouraging him to look up, as one hour in heaven would make up for all, "Yes," said he, "half an hour will." And seeing his mother weeping he tried to comfort her, saying, "Do not cry, mother;" and when asked about the state of his mind, he with pleasure could tell us he loved Jesus, and that he was going to heaven, and one of the days he thought he saw his sister (one that died some time ago), and that she beckoned to him to come. The last few days he sank rapidly and was scarcely able to speak, but he was calmly waiting for his release. About half-past two on Wednesday morning, March 2nd, he ceased to breathe, and was not, for God took him. At his request the teachers carried him to his grave, and the scholars followed and sung over the grave a hymn that he dearly loved—

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger;
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover," &c.
May we all meet him in heaven.

WM. COOPER.

CHARLOTTE ANN, daughter of Elias and Sarah WALLIS, of Wootton Bassett, was born April 16th, 1848. Being blessed with

pious parents, she was sent at a very early period to our Sabbath-school, to which she became strongly attached. She was very submissive and obedient to her parents, being of an unusually thoughtful disposition; she shared with them their sorrows, and frequently manifested deep anxiety for the welfare of their numerous family. About two years since a revival of religion broke out, and among the number that sought and found salvation, was our dear young sister. She at once became a member in brother Mapson's class; but on the breaking up of the same, she joined the class of which her father was the leader. She was very fond of reading, and strongly attached to the means of grace. She took a lively interest in the conversion of sinners. On her father coming home from his appointments, she would ask him how many sinners had been converted. Being the assistant leader of the class, I had frequent opportunities of ascertaining the state of her mind. I found her humbly, yet confidently resting on the atonement for salvation. At the family altar she could be heard earnestly responding to the petitions.

She was of a delicate constitution, and for some months it was apparent that her end was drawing near. Impressed with this, her father questioned her as to

her future prospects. She said, "Oh, I shall go to heaven, because I am converted;" giving him the time and place when and where she believed to the saving of her soul. The same night she was carried by her father upstairs for the last time. When being undressed by her mother, she reminded her that she had not prayed, wishing to attend to that first; and she knelt down by her bedside for the last time.

From that time her suffering was very great. Just before she died, she called her father to her bedside, and with strong emphasis said, "It is all right! it is all right!" and fell asleep March 26th, 1864. She was buried in our chapel burying-ground, the teachers and children paying their last respects by following her to the grave.

E. BELCHER.

TOM, son of Joseph and Jane STUART, of Bassenthwaite, Maryport station, was born Jan. 20th, 1860, and died April 4th, 1864. As he lived near the school, he came on Sabbath and week days as soon as he could walk. He was remarkably fond of singing our hymns, and was often engaged when not at school holding little meetings with his brothers and sisters and others; and this was done with so much solemnity

and earnestness, that not unfrequently those much older were moved to tears. This dear little child was taken ill March 17th. His sufferings were very severe, but he bore all with remarkable patience, and when able to speak, he was either singing or engaged in prayer. Nearly the last of his words were a verse he had learned for the approaching anniversary,—

"Oh, be kind to each other, for little
you know
How soon you may weep the sad
tears of woe,
For a brother, a sister, a friend loved
and dear,
Reposing in stillness on death's sable
bier."

ANN BOYS.

JAMES NARRS, of Bassenthwaite, died August 11th, 1864. He was a remarkably peaceable child. A little before he died, he desired his sister to sing, "I am a pilgrim bound for glory," and then, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Some little time after he asked for the former to be sung again, "I am a pilgrim bound for glory," when he joined with much earnestness, considering his weakness, and soon after left this world to join in the praise of the redeemed in heaven.

A. BOYS.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE RACCOON.

THIS creature is about the size of a large fox, and in several respects resembles one. Its scientific name is *Lotor* (Latin for a washer), as it is said to wash its food before eating it. It is an inhabitant of Canada and other parts of the American continent. The hunters are anxious to secure it for the sake of its skin, which is very valuable. The food of the raccoon is principally small animals and insects; it has also a good relish for oysters, and displays great

tact in eating them. It bites off the hinge of the oyster, and then scrapes out the fish with its paws. It holds its food much like a squirrel, and sits on its hind quarters while it eats. It is much like the fox for its depredations among the poultry of farmyards, and as it only eats their heads, it kills a considerable number. Of course like the fox again it does its business chiefly in the night. Light does not suit naughty animals any more than naughty people. The young of the raccoon may soon be tamed; but they often lose their



sight if kept in a light place, their eyes being more adapted for darkness. The Americans commonly call the animal a 'coon for shortness, while the Mexicans give it a very long name—Civatlamacazque.

EDITOR.

A MOTTO.

[A motto for our young readers, on which is inscribed--Flowers, an Hour-glass, a Scythe, an Arrow and a Spear, a Pair of Wings, and a Trumpet.]

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—How swiftly time flies! What is our life? "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and

then vanisheth away." The motto above reminds us that life is uncertain, and death is sure, and it tells us, "Remember, you must die." Now look at the motto, and notice minutely—

1st. The Flowers.—They seem to say to us, "A short time ago we flourished fair in the field, gaily did we lift up our heads towards the sun, and we looked as though we should live for many years, and never dreamed that a dark cloud would ever pass over our heads. But a few days since we heard a rustling among the grass, in a moment we were cut down, and here we lie withering away." Learn a lesson from us.

To-day, ye have life in your power, to-morrow you may be a breathless corpse. Yes, my young friends, "Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; yea, he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

To-day you may be blooming and healthy, to-morrow you may die.

"Thy mortal frame, though young and sound,
May soon be mouldering in the ground,
Shortly a stiff pale corpse become,
And friends be weeping o'er thy tomb."

If you should be cut down like the flower, though your body shall lie mouldering in the dust, may you rise to bloom in the paradise of God. That this may be the case, seek Jesus Christ, and ask for pardon of sin at once, for he has promised, "Those that seek me early shall find me."

2nd. Look at the Hour-glass.—You know that there is sand in one end of the glass, and a little hole in the centre, through which, when the glass is turned up, the sand may run into the other. In this manner the hour of the day used to be reckoned, for it takes just one hour for the sand to run from one end into the other. Now what does the hour-glass say? It says, "Young friends, observe the sands run out one after another, until the last has

run. Now learn this lesson, your life is going away by moments, one moment runs after another, until the last is gone.

"Time by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
But it soon amounts to years."

Soon the last moment of your life will have run out, soon you will yield up your breath to God who gave it. May you be prepared for that solemn moment whenever it may come. Give God your heart, seek to know him experimentally, do everything to please him, and do it now, for, remember, time flies, and you must die.

3rd. The Scythe.—Time, like a mower, cuts down one flower after another. With one reach he cuts down the aged and the young. The scythe of Time, in the motto, says, "Prepare yourselves against my coming, I am no respecter of age, or persons; the young, the middle-aged, the old, the rich and the poor, all must fall before my keen edge. Like the grass shall I cut you down, and your bodies will wither away as the green herb." Young reader, like

"the flower,
Which blossoms and is gone;
You flourish for an hour,
With all your beauty on;
But the scythe of Time, oh, sad to say,
He comes and cuts the flower away."

Perhaps the great God has commanded Time to use his scythe, and cut some of you down very soon. Are you prepared for the fatal stroke? "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again." But when you are cut down by death, in the state in which you die you will remain. When cut down, O may you live again in heaven!

4th. The Arrow and the Spear.—What a lesson do they teach. The arrow tells of the speed of time.

"Time, what an empty vapour 'tis,
And days how swift they are,
Swifter than Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star."

They both remind you of the dangers that beset your way, while you are in the world, of the fierce diseases, of the trials and troubles with which you will have to meet; and that time, swift as an arrow, is hastening on, when death shall strike his dart into your body, your healthy countenance be changed, and your eyes be closed in death. Then may your soul ascend to the celestial mansions to "join in the everlasting song," and crown Jesus Lord of all.

5th. The Wings.—Old Father Time is on the wing, flitting, flitting away. If we ask him to give an account of himself, he will tell us, "I cannot stay."

"His chariot is a cloud,
His horses are the wind;

He as a shadow flies away,
And leaves no trace behind."

Father Time, where are you going? "I am flying to eternity." Some little boy cries, "Wait awhile for me." "I cannot," he says, and keeps flying away. We cannot catch him, we cannot stop him, but we must go with him. He takes us on his wings, and away he flies with us. And whither does he mean to take us? He is carrying us to eternity, and we shall soon be there. I know many who are ready to say to him, "Stay, stay; we are not prepared for eternity." But he will reply, "I cannot," and will keep flying on. My dear young friends—prepare to meet your God to-day, to-morrow may be too late. Time may have arrived at his journey's end with you ere the dawn of another sun, and you may be in eternity. Are you prepared for heaven? If not, seek mercy at once through Jesus Christ, who is able, willing, waiting, and longing to see you come to him. "Him that cometh, he will in no wise cast out."

6th. The Trumpet in the motto says, "The day is coming when I shall speak once for all, and at my voice the world shall be startled, the dead unshrouded, the tabernacles of death uncharnelled; the dead raised. The eternal Judge will be seated on his throne, which, according to the prophet Daniel's declaration,

'was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire.' And it shall be all done 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.' And I shall summon every creature to judgment." Yes; this is true, for the Bible tells us so. The archangel will stand with one foot on the sea, and the other on the earth, and will proclaim, "that there shall be time no

longer." My young friends, when Time shall be no more, will you dwell with Christ in heaven, or with the damned in hell? When the Judge appears, will he say to you, "Come, ye blessed;" or "Depart, ye cursed"? I pray that "when Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

Sent by H. PORTNALL.

Queries and Replies.

WROCKWARDINE WOOD.

DEAR EDITOR,—If the sun is a fixed body, as astronomers say it is, how am I to understand the command of Joshua, in commanding the sun to stand still, and it stood still? Joshua x. 12, 13. And Habakkuk iii. 11, reads, "The sun and moon stood still in their habitation, at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shining of thy glittering spear."

J. B.

ANSWER.—We understand Joshua to have spoken in accordance with the then prevailing custom and belief (and indeed with still prevailing custom), as to the rising and setting of the sun, &c. But, of course, scientifically, the expressions are not literally correct. It would be the earth, rather than the sun, that halted in its course, and the

moon would do this as a consequence. This was a miracle wrought by Joshua in the strength of faith on the power of God. God honoured the good man's faith and prayer in the sight of the people, by causing a temporary suspension of the ordinary working of some of the laws of nature. All things are possible to him, and also to the man that fully believes in him. Let us be strong in faith and we shall give glory to God.

WISHAW.

QUERY.—Rev. Sir,—I delight in David's history, and was pleased to see the question proposed in our November Magazine, "Who was King David's mother?"

Now in 1 Chron. ii. 16, we are informed that Zeruiah was

David's sister, and in 2 Samuel xvii. 25 we understand the same Zeruiah to be Abigail's sister, and the daughter of Nahash. Now if Zeruiah was David's sister and Nahash was her mother, was she not David's mother also? We cannot see otherwise, unless David's father had two wives, and Zeruiah was by one, and David by the other. T. M.

ANSWER.—Nahash is supposed to be another name for Jesse, and is in that case the name not of the mother, but of the father of Zeruiah, Abigail, and David. We have reason to believe that the word in the original stands for a male and not for a female. Hence these texts leave the question, "Who was David's mother?" still unsolved.

Anniversaries.

LYNG, EAST DEREHAM CIRCUIT.
—On Whitsunday, May 15th, 1864, three services were held at Lyng, in the open air, conducted by Rev. S. Smith, of Dereham, at which there was a very large attendance, there being in the afternoon no less than 2,000 persons on the ground. The Sabbath scholars went through their recitations satisfactorily. On Whit-Monday a treat was given to the scholars, and a tea meeting for friends was held afterwards. Suitable and effective addresses were delivered by some of the teachers. The whole services brought about £6 to the school funds, much more than in previous years, for which devout thanks are offered to the Giver of every blessing.

— S. SMITH.

BUBWITH, SELBY CIRCUIT.—Mr. Editor,—On Wednesday, the 1st of June, 1864, the children of our Sabbath school, met to enjoy themselves in what is commonly called "A Sunday School Feast," which is, in our opinion, preferable to the so-called Sunday school trips. The children, with a few friends, proceeded to a field, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Pratt, of this place, in which they seemed to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. They then returned to the chapel, where about forty children and a goodly company of friends (some being of other denominations) partook of an excellent repast, to which was paid the strictest justice. At seven o'clock, p.m., a public meeting was held, when an address was delivered by the writer on "The

Teacher: his qualifications and duties." We are glad to say that this school has been formed since last year, without any apparent injury to other schools in this place, and also that not many schools of its age and number have brighter prospects of future usefulness.

R. HARRISON.

—
WALL HEATH, BRIERLEY HILL CIRCUIT. — We celebrated our school anniversary on Sunday, May 8th, 1864. The Rev. W. Evans, of the Lye Waste, preached in the morning and evening, and Mr. S. Jones in the afternoon. The presence of the Lord was felt throughout the day, and we believe great good was accomplished. The children recited their pieces to the satisfaction of the friends that came to help us. The collections, including donations amounted to £6 10s. 1d., being more than £3 in advance of last year. Our school is going on exceedingly well; a number of our scholars have given their hearts to God, and we trust the rest will follow their example. May the blessing of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," rest upon the little ones, and upon the whole church.

C. MITCHARD.

—
CAMDEN CIRCUIT, N.S.W. — Our Sabbath school anniversary

was celebrated on February 21st and 22nd, 1864. The examination of the children took place in the morning, and was conducted by the Rev. E. C. Pritchard, of Newtown, by whom two impressive sermons were preached in the afternoon and evening, to crowded congregations. At the close of the evening service four young persons came forward to declare themselves on the Lord's side. To God be all the glory! Total proceeds of the anniversary services, about £5.

CHARLES WATERS.

—
GREENDALE, N.S.W. — Sabbath school sermons were preached on Lord's-day, March 13th, 1864, by Messrs. J. Wilson and C. Harrison. A public meeting was held the following evening when Messrs. C. Waters, C. Harrison, and G. Wilson addressed the audience. At each service the children recited interesting pieces in a satisfactory manner. Proceeds about £3 10s. C. WATERS.

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WOORE, NANTWICH AND CREWE STATION. — The anniversary of the Sabbath school at this place was celebrated on Lord's-day, 8th May, 1864, when two excellent sermons were preached by Mr. J. Wood, of Nantwich, to crowded congregations, and several interesting dialogues and recitations were given by the children. The collection amounted

to £6 4s. 8d., being in advance of last year; but best of all the Divine influence pervaded the whole of the services. I am happy to say the school is steadily progressing; we have sixty - three scholars and ten teachers, and have much to prompt us to firm and continuous labour. That heaven's blessing may continually rest on teachers, children, and parents, is the earnest prayer of

ELIJAH LIGHTFOOT,
Superintendent.

CODNOR, RIPLEY CIRCUIT.—
The seventh anniversary of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school in this village was celebrated on Sunday, May 29th, 1864, when two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Dickenson, of Nottingham, to large congregations, many being

unable to gain admittance to the evening service. A piece on the "Primitives at War with the Devil," and several other interesting pieces, were recited by the scholars in a very creditable manner. On the following day a public tea meeting was held, when 140 of the friends partook of an excellent tea; after which, at 7 o'clock, a public meeting was held, when able addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Hurd and Messrs. J. Smith, and P. Dodge. The choir was also present, and sang several anthems in good style. The collections and proceeds of tea amounted to the sum of £11 9s. 2d., which is nearly £5 in advance of last year. The School numbers 100 scholars and twenty teachers, and is in a very prosperous state.

J. WATSON.

Poetry.

NEARER TO THEE.

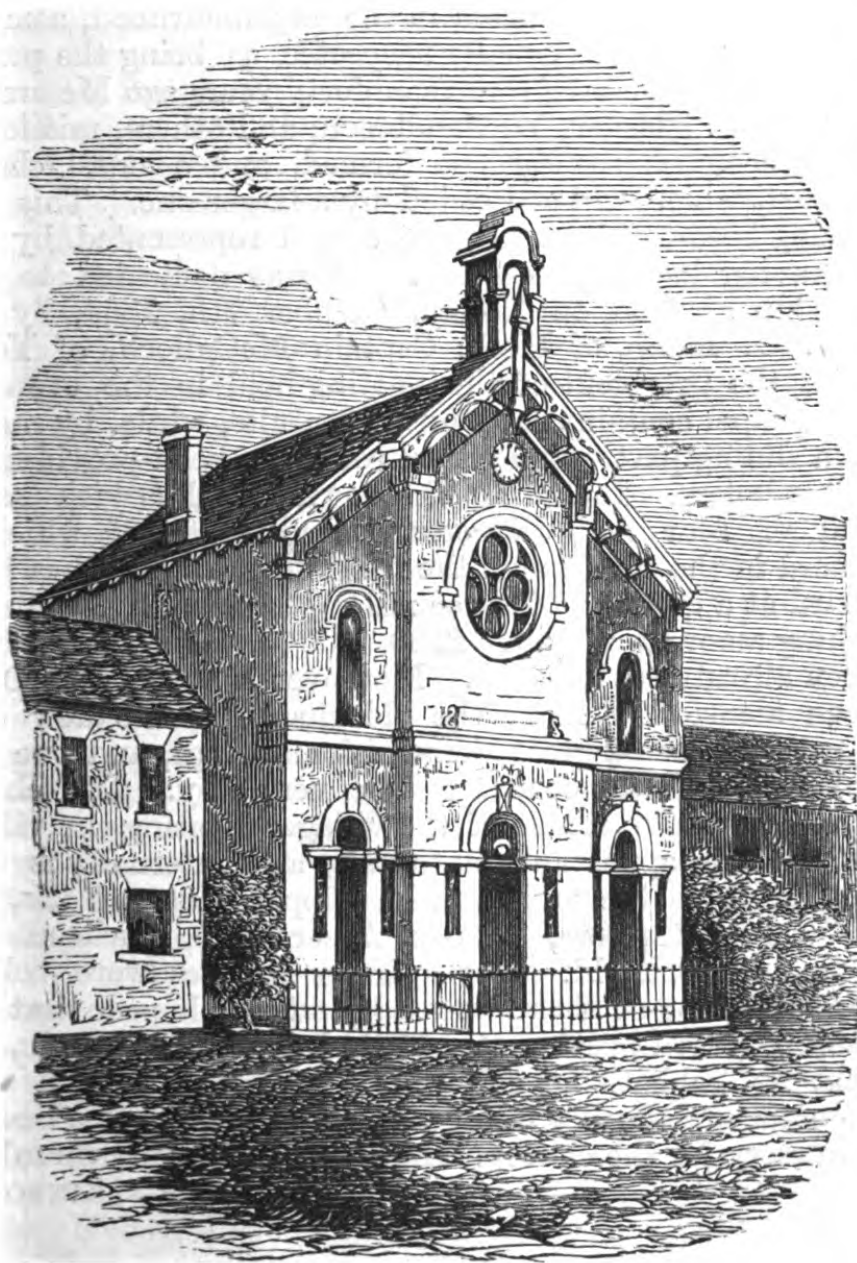
NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee :
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me !
Still all my song shall be,
While from my sins I flee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
Though like a wanderer !
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me ;
My couch a stone ;

Yet, in my dreams I'd be
With one I cannot see,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, let my way appear,
Steps into heaven ;
All that I meet with here,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
To join the blest and free ;
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee.

Sent by S. ANTLIFF.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, CRANSWICK.

Youths' Department.

THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL AT CRANSWICK, DRIFFIELD CIRCUIT.

(With Engraving.)

CRANSWICK is a neat village situate four miles from Driffeld, and sixteen from Hull, containing a population of about eleven hundred persons. Formerly its inhabitants were noted for wickedness, so that when a breach of the peace had been committed in the neighbourhood, some of their number were usually suspected as being the perpetrators of the act. More than forty years ago Messrs. J. Oxtoby, J. Flesher, W. Sanderson, and others, missioned the place. A society was formed, and a small chapel erected, which was succeeded by a larger one. This also having become too small, the chapel represented by the engraving has been erected. It was dedicated to the worship of God on Friday, October 7th, 1864, by the Rev. G. Lamb, of Hull; Captain McCulloch, of York, being the president of the meeting held in the evening. The chapel contains seats for 360 adults, while, by means of a sliding partition a school-room has been provided for 100 scholars. Including the town's clock (which has a dial of four feet diameter, and the bell of which is placed in the turret over the front entrance, and has been heard at a distance of three miles) the cost of the undertaking amounts to about £580. Of this sum £350 have been already contributed. Moreover a debt of £130 has been transferred from the old chapel to the new one. There has been a great demand for sittings, and the circumstances of the chapel will be very easy. The chapel is situate in the centre of the village, fronting the village green. Its appearance externally and internally is very creditable to the architect, H. Fippard, Esq., York, and to the contractors, Messrs. Freer, Dry, Hickson and Baron, of Driffeld. The opening services were well attended, some of them crowded, and it is hoped that this sanctuary will become the birthplace of many souls, and that its Sabbath school, which has recently been commenced, and already numbers eighty scholars, will become a nursery for the church. which contains eighty members.

J. R. PARKINSON.

THE LIFE, LABOURS, AND TRAVELS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

(Concluded from page 33.)

AT Malta the shipwrecked company remained for three months, during which time Paul preached to the inhabitants and healed their sick, and when he departed from them received at their hands every necessary for the voyage to Italy. An Alexandrian ship bound for Italy has wintered at Malta, and now as spring dawns, proceeding on her voyage she takes Paul and his company with her. Landing at the city of Syracuse, in Sicily, they tarry there three days. Then passing through the Straits of Messina, Sicily on the left, Italy on the right, they come to Rhegium, and the next day to Puteoli, "Where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days, and so we went towards Rome." Acts xxviii. 14. At Rome the Christians had heard of Paul's near approach. He was already known to them although they had never seen him. To them he had written a most important and valuable epistle, and so to testify their love to him, a company of them came out as far as Appii Forum, a distance of fifty-two miles, to meet him. Another party of these devoted brethren went a distance of thirty-three miles to meet the apostle. What earnest and affectionate greetings may we suppose were exchanged between Paul and the Roman Christians! What compassion and love they would pour out on their apostle in bonds! On this occasion Paul "thanked God and took courage;" and well he might. Looking back on the past how had God watched over and delivered him! What a winter he had just now passed! After that dreary winter spring finds him nearing Rome, the place of all others he had long wished to see. The brethren from the imperial city have come out to meet him. His happy soul is in full harmony with the season, and so he gives vent to feelings of gratitude and joy. Having arrived at Rome Paul was suffered to dwell somewhat at large under the charge of a soldier. He speedily called the Jews together, conferred with them in reference to his position and character, and the charges alleged against him. They assured him that as Jews they had heard no complaint respecting him, but desiring to hear further from him as to the Christians, a conference was appointed, and many Jews assembled at his lodging, "To whom he testified and expounded the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus both out of the law of Moses and out of

the prophets, from morning till evening. And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not." Acts xxviii. 23, 24. The curtain now drops on this miraculous and entrancing history, and it leaves Paul dwelling two whole years in his own hired house at Rome unmolested and uncondemned. During this time he received all who came in unto him, "Preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him." Acts xxviii. 31. It is marvellous that Paul enjoyed this measure of liberty under the reign of the cruel and persecuting Nero. It may however be understood that as yet the emperor had not commenced his fiendish butchery of the saints. From this point the history of Paul is chiefly derived from tradition, and from some scattered facts in his writings. It is material to notice that his labours were greatly blessed in Rome. During his imprisonment there he wrote to the Church at Philippi, and informed them that his imprisonment had turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel, so that his bonds were manifest in all the palace, and in all other places. Nay, so far were Paul's triumphs carried that there were disciples of Christ in the Imperial household itself. During his imprisonment he likewise wrote to the Ephesians, the Colossians, the Hebrews, and to Philemon, as well as to the saints at Philippi. These epistles were written probably about the years 61—63. It would appear that the Jews did not prosecute their case against him in Rome, and, therefore, being set at liberty he pursued his ministry and, perhaps, his travels also; but henceforth we have no authentic record. Perhaps Luke was no longer his companion; and indeed, the beloved physician may have been removed by death. It is however said that after Paul's release he visited Crete, Macedonia, Jerusalem, Corinth, Troas, and Colosse; that he went into Spain and France, and that he planted the Gospel in this beautiful island in which we now live. Tradition alone is our authority here, and it cannot be implicitly relied upon. However, I think this much is clear, that Paul was released from his first imprisonment at Rome, that he travelled considerably afterwards, that he returned again to Rome, that he was arrested under the cruel Nero during the persecuting part of his career, and that he was beheaded at Salvian Waters, three miles from Rome, about the year of our Lord 65—67.

How marvellous is the history of this wonderful man! How striking his Christian and apostolic career! What thousands of souls were blessed by his ministry! What

multitudes would welcome him to glory at his martyrdom, as their apostle in Christ! What a treasure to the Church and the world are the epistles which bear his name! How many will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ! Through eternity what untold glory will redound to God in consequence of his devoted labours! O blessed, O wondrous Paul! It was grace that made him what he was. By grace he broke away from the traditions of his fathers, and grasped the divine truths of the Gospel. By grace he rejected a blind Pharisaism, and embraced the religion of love. By grace he went forth a sublime and mighty missionary of the Cross. Grace gave him a divine sanctity of character and fired him with a splendid courage of soul, enabling him to suffer all things for Christ, and to glory even in martyrdom itself. Never man endured more for Christ. But what are all those sufferings now? His sorrow is transmuted into everlasting joy, and his suffering is turned into glory. Blessed Paul! May the writer and all his readers follow thy holy example, and in the end of life be enabled to adopt thy thrilling and triumphant exclamation, "I have fought a good fight!"

W. M. B.

LONDON: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 35.)

THE terrible destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral, numerous other churches and public buildings, and about 13,000 houses, by the great fire of 1666, opened the way for an improved construction of the city. Plans were suggested for this purpose by Sir Christopher Wren and Sir John Evelyn; but both were neglected, and London was rebuilt without any general or comprehensive system having been adopted. Sir Christopher, however, was enabled to erect the Cathedral of St. Paul's, though not according to the plan he would himself have preferred, a model of which is preserved in the present cathedral. The edifice is in the Italo-Roman style, and the exterior is magnificent and picturesque. To Sir Christopher Wren we also owe, either in the whole or in part, the Monument, St. Bride's, St. Stephen's, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and many other churches of great beauty.

The next hundred years from this date the metropolis extended itself considerably to the west and north-west. Soho Square and Golden Square were built before the close of the 17th century; Hanover and Cavendish Squares

appear to have been erected between 1716 and 1720. In 1700 Old Bond Street was partly built ; but its situation was then almost rural, all to the north being fields, lanes, and uncovered ground. Of the architecture of the period the churches of St. George, Bloomsbury (1731), St. Martin's, and St. George's, Hanover Square (1742), erected during the reign of George I., are the best specimens.

It was not till the beginning of the reign of George III. that the metropolis began to put on a civilized appearance, by the safety and convenience of the public being attended to. Sign-posts, waterspouts, and all similar nuisances and obstructions were removed ; footpaths were laid down, and lamps were lit at night. But architecture did not improve in an equal degree. Somerset House, the older portions of the Bank, the Adelphi, Portland and Stratford Places, two sides of Fitzroy Square, and the Pantheon, in Oxford Street, were among the new streets and buildings of the latter half of the century.

The present century opened with a large increase of private buildings, of which squares formed a considerable part, with no marked architectural character. Covent Garden Theatre led the way to a number of new structures devoted to the drama and purposes of exhibition. Coming down later we have the Regent Street and Regent's Park improvements, which have certainly led the way to a taste for a degree of architectural display which would formerly have been considered quite prodigal. The alterations occasioned by the building of new London Bridge, and forming approaches to it, in consequence of the change of site, greatly changed that part of the city, and awakened a spirit of improvement in that part of London, which has been evinced by the alterations around the new Royal Exchange, by the building of Princes Street, the widening of Lad Lane, and by similar improvements in other parts of the city. The new streets from Oxford Street to Holborn, from St. Giles's to Long Acre, from Coventry Street to Long Acre, and from Spitalfields to the London Docks, are great improvements. The new street from Farringdon Street to Clerkenwell has been commenced, but remains unfinished. Other new streets are in process of formation through busy parts of the town.

With the exception of the terraces in the Regent's Park, Hyde Park Terrace, near Bayswater, Carlton Terrace, Belgrave Square, and a few others, none of the newer ranges of private houses make any pretension to architectural decoration. Internally, however, the houses them-

selves are, in proportion to their size, far more commodious and better fitted up than those of half a century ago. All the newer parts of the town are likewise sufficiently airy and cheerful, owing both to the greater width of the streets themselves, and to the greater breadth of the foot pavements and the areas before the houses. Many important architectural works, some of which are the chief ornaments of the metropolis, also belong to this period: we may enumerate the Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the Royal Exchange, the British Museum, Lincoln's Inn Hall, the New Houses of Parliament, London, Southwark, and Waterloo bridges; a great number of churches, in the erection of which a great improvement of taste has been displayed; the North-Western and South-Eastern railway stations; many of the club-houses and several private edifices; and numerous edifices partaking of a public character, such as banks, insurance offices, hospitals, &c. Model lodging-houses have also been erected, of which the one in Pancras Road is the largest.

In addition to the more obvious improvements as regards paving, lighting, and widening of streets, the water supply and the drainage have been greatly improved during the present century. Although, in comparison with many other capitals, London is by no means rich in public collections of works of art, some advancement has of late been made even in this respect. The National Gallery, the British Museum, the Soane Museum, the increased facilities for visiting Westminster Abbey, the numerous annual exhibitions of pictures, the Art Unions, all tend in this direction; to these may be added the Diorama, Colosseum, Cyclorama, and numerous panoramic exhibitions. The two Zoological Gardens, the Botanical Gardens, and numerous scientific institutions, are improvements in another direction. Another class of establishments which, as now organized, and may be said to be peculiar to our own times, are the club-houses, principally at the west end of the town, which in some degree partake of the nature of places of literary as well as convivial meeting.

One improvement of very recent date, though long before demanded by a regard to public health, is the formation of cemeteries beyond the suburbs. The first of these was Kensal Green Cemetery, opened in 1832; and it has so well suited the requirements of the times, that several more have been since formed.

Besides Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the Green

Park, and St. James's Park, the Victoria Park at the east end of London, and the park now forming in Battersea fields, afford the inhabitants of nearly all parts of the metropolis a liberal supply of public promenades.

Until a comparatively recent period the police of the metropolis was very defective ; but in 1829 the metropolitan police force was formed, and subsequently the city police. The latter has a jurisdiction within the city only ; but the metropolitan force is spread throughout the villages which surround the metropolis on every side, as far as ten or twelve miles from St. Paul's. The city police establishment had, in 1848, 6 divisions, 81 officers of various grades, and 493 policemen. The metropolitan police in the same year had 120 stations, 18 superintendents, 117 inspectors, 480 sergeants, and 4,460 policemen. The expenditure for the metropolitan police in 1847 was about £330,000, chiefly raised by a rate on householders.

(To be continued.)

A PEACEFUL END.

THE wise man has truly said, "A good name is better than precious ointment ; and the day of death better than the day of one's birth." And the devout Psalmist has also observed, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace." How desirable it is to make a good end, and finish the Christian course with joy. We have been led to make these remarks by the peaceful death of a young female who resided at Shapwick, in the Poole circuit. Her name was Sarah Hathaway, aged twenty-six years. She possessed an amiable disposition from her early days, and grew up in the cultivation of good morals. For some considerable time she sat under the ministry of the Primitive Methodists, and was awakened to a sense of her lost condition. But it pleased God to afflict her with the dropsy for some length of time ; however she had reason to praise God for the afflictive dispensation ; which led, under the Holy Spirit's influence, to her soul's salvation. And though for the last twelve months especially she suffered severely, she bore all with great patience and resignation to the will of God, and was exceedingly happy in the Saviour's love. To all who visited her she spoke of Jesus' dying love, and she besought the unsaved to seek the Lord. During the last month of her mortal life she enjoyed an unearthly and rich experience of the Divine presence, and often exclaimed with rapturous emotion,

"I'm going to heaven!" And towards the close she summoned her father, mother, brothers and sisters, around her dying bed, saying, "Good bye, I'm going to heaven! there is Jesus!" She desired them all to meet her in heaven, saying, "Do meet me, do meet me; do come to me to heaven!" She was a lover of the JUVENILE MAGAZINE, and desired some humble record to be made of her interest in Christ, and in honour of her Saviour's glorious saving name. Her end was peaceful and even triumphant, and took place on the Sabbath, November 27th, 1864. Oh, may her surviving friends and readers meet and greet her in the land of eternal repose. Amen.

E. HANCOCK.

WHY AM I A TEMPERANCE BOY?

I AM not ashamed to tell. Is it not the design of my heavenly Father? Does he not hold the drunken boy in abhorrence? Can I be otherwise, and be a happy boy? Is not intemperance the source of the greatest wretchedness? Does not the Bible say, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"? Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine. Why should I want sorrow and trouble?—I who am made to be happy as the birds, to be full of enjoyment and pleasure. Can I be otherwise than temperate and be as useful? Oh, what distress should I bring upon my father and mother, should I prove to be a drunken boy? How ashamed my brothers and sisters would be of me! What progress could I make in my studies? Of what value could I be in a store, or in a mechanic's shop? Who would employ me in their business, or harbour me in their home? How soon should I be a poor, good-for-nothing castaway, universally despised? And then, how wicked and vile I should become!—a Sabbath breaker, a profane swearer, a licentious wretch; lose all my good standing in society, and lose my soul! No, I'll keep away from the wine cup, the beer barrel, and the dram shop. Get thee behind me, thou cruel tempter; thou who hast swallowed up hundreds and thousands of innocent beings. Honour and manhood, everything that is noble and virtuous, impels me to walk in the path of temperance, and to induce all around me to shun the way of death.—Copied from the "*Dewdrop*," by H. G. NORTON.

SONG OF THE DECANter.

THERE was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping wide;
the rosy wine had ebbed
away, and left its
crystal side, and
the wind went
humming, humming,
up and down the
sides it flew, and
through the reed-
like hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in
the window, where the
blast was blowing free, and
fancied that its pale mouth
sang the queerest strains to me.
They tell me puny conquerors, the
Plague has slain his ten, and War his
hundred thousands of the very best of men;
but I ('twas thus the bottle spake), but I have
conquered more, than all your famous conquerors, so
feared and famed of yore. Then come! ye youths and
maidens all, come drink out of my cup! the beverage
that dulls the brain, and burns the spirit up; that puts
to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below, for
this deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though
in the tide of battle darkest waves of blood may roll,
yet while I killed the body, I have damned the very
soul! The Cholera, the Plague, the Sword, such
ruin never wrought, as I in mirth or malice on
the innocent have brought. And still I breathe
upon them, and they shrink before my
breath, and year by year their thousands
tread the dreadful road to death!

Extracted from the "DEW DROP" by H. G. NORTON.

"MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE."

POWERFUL is the combined influence of song and music, when rightly joined, and few hymns have had greater influence on the young, where known, than this one. It is loved in many a school, and encouraging are the incidents that illustrate its power on the hearts of the little ones as well as the teachers themselves.

John F. Whitehouse loved this hymn. While by the fire, his clothes caught and he was seriously burnt. He suffered much, but in patience. While his mother was standing at his bedside, he said, "Don't cry, mother," but sing, "I love Jesus," and "My Jesus, I love thee;" and shortly after said, "I am going to heaven, will you come?"

Mr. Decker, of Sierra Leone, tells the following story of a negro girl, that was fond of a simple couplet of like character:—

Eliza Peter was a little negro girl. When very near death she said to her mother, "Don't you hear singing?" "No," said she, "I don't, where?" Eliza then began singing herself,—

"I cannot tell why, I cannot tell why,
King Jesus so love me, I cannot tell why."

After she had sung, she said, "Mother, don't you see the angels?" "No, my child," said her mother. Afterwards she began singing,—

"Glory, glory to my soul,"

and then said, "I will shout glory! With a golden chain around my neck, I will shout glory! With palms of victory in my hand, I will shout glory!" The child soon after said, "Good-bye," and passed away.

The simplicity of faith portrayed in the hymn before us is delightfully illustrated in the case of many a youth; one of which we give.

George Anthony Prodmore, of Bermondsey, aged fourteen, having obtained pardon, he assured his friends that he found Christ to be precious. His hope of heaven was bright. "I am dying," he said; "but Jesus has prepared a place for me." Just before he closed his eyes in death, he called his mother, and said, "Mother, mother, Jesus is close to me, and his arms are stretched wide open to receive me. He has prepared a beautiful home for me. I am dying. I shall go to heaven; I shall go to heaven!"

With such confidence, my young reader, may we pass away through death triumphant to a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

My Je - sus, I love thee, I
 know thou art mine, For thee all the
 foll - ies of sin I re - sign,
 My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my Sa-viour art
 thou, If ev - er I loved thee, if
 ev - er I loved thee, if ev - er I
 loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

I love thee, because thou hast first loved me,
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
 I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow:
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
 And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
 And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore thee in the heaven of light;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Juvenile Biography.

CAROLINE CLARKE was born at Bollington, Cheshire, February 3rd, 1849. Her mother being a member with us, Caroline was sent to our school at a very early age, and she continued a scholar until her death. Her conduct was always very good at school. When about twelve years of age she joined the society; and often has she been heard to pray for her father who was then unconverted. In October 1863 she was taken ill, but little did we think her affliction was unto death, but so it was, for on December 14th, her happy spirit took its flight to the paradise of God. She bore her afflictions with patience; when asked whether she was afraid to die, she without hesitation answered, "No; I believe the Lord has pardoned all my sins." A little before she died she sang, "My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,

Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below," &c.

She was also heard to repeat those beautiful words of the poet;—

"Yonder's my house, my portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

Then without a struggle she calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

G. M.

—

JAMES ROYLE was born at

Pointon, Cheshire, December 12th, 1840. He became a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school at Pointon when old enough, and continued one until his parents died, when his uncle and aunt Joel and Mary Hallum took him to live with them at Bollington. He was then sent to the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school at Bollington, and remained a scholar until he removed with his uncle and aunt to Rainow, and there being no Primitive Methodist Sunday-school in that place, he was sent to the Church-school. While there he was very much respected by all who knew him. While at Rainow, having a taste for music, he joined the church choir, but in consequence of his removal to Bollington again he joined our choir. He was of a delicate constitution, but notwithstanding this he was very regular at his post in the orchestra. He did not join the society until a short time before he died, but he was always a steady moral character, so much so that people generally thought he was a member in the society. When he joined us he earnestly sought the Lord and found him. He was visited in his illness by friends, to whom he gave great

satisfaction as to his acceptance with God ; and though not long a member of the church militant he has left a satisfactory testimony that he has gone to join the church triumphant. G. M.

ELIZABETH ANN PAGE, of Saint Mary's Bourne, in the Andover circuit, was convinced of sin and brought to a saving knowledge of divine things at an early period. At about the tenth year of her age she joined society, and she continued to exemplify the Christian character until death terminated her probation. Through life her experience was clear, her piety deep, and her conduct worthy of imitation. She was attentive to the public ordinances of God's house, and spent much time in private devotion. She devoted one day in the week to fasting and special communion with God. She also devoted her time and talents to Sabbath-school teaching ; and in order to make herself useful in this work she read the Old and New Testaments through three times. She was greatly blessed in reading a little work entitled "The Guide to Holiness." She was of a fine temperament, always placid and comfortable in domestic duties, and a valuable child to her parents. As she advanced in age she shone in the church and in the world.

Consumption undermined her health, she gradually sank, and after fourteen days' confinement she sank peacefully into the arms of death. During the period of her suffering she so brightened in the furnace as to greatly edify those who attended her. But notwithstanding the depth of her piety, and her strong faith in the atonement of Christ, she often suffered from the thought of not having done more to promote the interests of the Redeemer's cause. But when on the brink of eternity she said to her mother, "What a grand sight it will be to see the Lord, and when I am gone, you will have three children in heaven." She sang,

"I believe I shall be there,
And walk with Christ in white."

and,—

"On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies."

Thus she died in full and certain hope of a glorious immortality, on March 22nd, 1864. Her remains were buried in the ground connected with our chapel at Bourne, being the first connexional chapel built on this station.

H. YEATES.

MARTHA SIDEBOTHAM was born at Bollington, March 24th, 1854. When very young she was taken by the hand to the

Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, where she received religious instruction which was a consolation to her in her afflictions. When about nine years of age she joined the society and was very regular in attendance at class and also at school, but she did not experience a change of heart until the Sunday after she was taken ill, when while her father was praying by her bed-side she believed and felt the Lord saved her soul. Her affliction was of but about five weeks' duration. One night it was thought she would die; she sent her love to some of the scholars, saying that she should have her charity sermon in heaven. And while friends were weeping around her, she cried, "Glory, Hallelujah"! On April 2nd, the silver cord of life was loosened and the wheels of life stood still. After shaking hands with all around her, she fell asleep, and without a groan her happy spirit took its flight to the regions of eternal bliss.

G. M.

—
JOSEPH WRIGLEY, was born at Brampton, in the Chesterfield circuit, August the 12th, 1846, and died April the 2nd, 1864. When about six years of age he lost his father. So that he with a brother and two sisters were left to the care and

training of a pious mother, who has, by the help of God, trained them up in the way that they should go. Joseph was from a child a very kind and dutiful son. By his affectionate disposition he secured the esteem of all who knew him. At the age of thirteen he became a scholar in our school, and by his good conduct and attention he soon gained the favour of both teachers and scholars. He was not long before he became a teacher, and he remained one until about six months before his death. About this time, with the consent of his mother he went to live with a pious relative at Sheffield, a class leader in the Sheffield 2nd circuit. The first night after he arrived at Sheffield, he was invited to go to class, and he willingly accepted the invitation. During the meeting the hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit was felt by all present. Joseph was at once convinced of sin, and was led to the foot of the cross, where he found mercy through the blood of the Lamb; and before the close of the meeting he could sing—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear," &c.

After his conversion he was regularly at the means of grace, and was very useful in the school. In February he was taken ill, and returned home to

his mother, who did all she could to restore his health, but in vain; medical aid was tried, but he grew worse. A violent fever had seized him, and everything that could be done was done to save his life, but without success. During his illness he was very patient; though his sufferings were severe he never murmured. He loved to talk about Jesus, but his disease was of that nature he was ordered to be kept still. On one occasion when talking with his mother, he said, "I cannot tell you how I love you, but I love Jesus better. I ought to love my Jesus, he has done so much for me." He then recited those beautiful lines,—

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend," &c.

He was quite resigned to the will of God; he lingered until Saturday, the 2nd of April, 1864, when convulsions seized him in the morning and never left him until six o'clock in the evening, when his spirit took its flight to join the blood-washed round the throne.

R. BECKETT.

—
MARY ANN ROWLAND, of Compstall, in the New Mills circuit, commenced her mortal life in the year 1848. Her grandfather and grandmother, who have long been connected with our cause, residing under

the same roof with her parents, it was the privilege of Mary Ann to be nursed amidst the prayers and pious instructions of a Christian home.

She became a scholar in our Sunday school when but four years of age, and was always found in her class except when prevented by affliction. Being naturally of a kind disposition and affable in her manners, she was not only esteemed by her teachers but was beloved by all who knew her. Her mind seemed ever open to the reception of good things. Even prior to her conversion she evinced an attachment to the word of God and the means of grace. When at the family altar, and she had the privilege of finding a chapter to be read, her love for the best of books was often strikingly displayed. She was often led by the Holy Spirit to see herself a great sinner in the sight of God. She felt the strivings of the Spirit, and in the year 1861 her convictions became so powerful that she was led to struggle more earnestly than theretofore for the blessing of salvation; nor did she struggle in vain. The Lord calmed her troubled spirit by imparting his divine testimony to her adoption. She was ever afterwards enabled to rejoice in a sense of sins forgiven. Having

obtained "the pearl of great price" she became a steady and consistent member of our society. The soundness of her conversion was strongly illustrated by her love to God and his cause, and the desire she evinced for the salvation of sinners. Since the time of her conversion the society has been blessed at times with seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; seasons which were duly appreciated by our dear departed sister. She was often found amongst mourners pointing them to Christ, the source of all comfort. She was useful in the hands of God in the conversion of her parents, and her father is now an efficient local preacher with us. How true it is, that while she rests from her labours, her works follow her!

During her Christian career, she was distinguished, though young in years, for strong faith in God. The expression of her experience in the class meetings and other religious services was distinct and clear; and her religious life was one of progress. While a scholar she expressed a desire to attain to two positions which it pleased God to permit her to enjoy for some time ere she died, namely, a seat in the monitors' class, and a seat in the singers' pew. She loved to sing the songs of

Zion, and had many favourite hymns. Often has she realised God's blessing, and her friends have at times discerned the tranquil state of her mind while she has sung:—

"In seasons of grief to my God
I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelm'd
with sorrow and care,
From the ends of the earth to him
will I cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher
than I."

During her affliction, which was protracted over several months, she manifested marked resignation to the divine will. As her end drew near her confidence strengthened, and her joys became rapturous. Such a display of Christian triumph over the king of terrors, in a young person, it was never before our privilege to witness. A few days before she died, she requested her friends to tell her the opinion of the doctor on her case. When informed that he could give no hopes of her recovery, she was not in the least moved at the intelligence. All was right. She disposed of her clothes, gave her books to her brothers, and imparted instructions about her funeral in the most tranquil state of mind. All who came to see her she told to meet her in heaven. The day before she died she desired her friends to sing the following appropriate lines:—

"What though my heart and flesh
shall fail,

God is love.

Through Christ I shall o'er death
prevail,

God is love.

Through Jordan's swell I will not
fear,

For Jesus will be with me there, —

My head above the waves to bear,
God is love."

About twenty minutes to three o'clock in the morning of April 9th, 1864, she felt that she was drawing near to her departure, and desired that the family might be called up. As soon as her father got to her, she said "I can hear them playing their harps." To a member of society who stood by at the time she said, "There's a light in the valley." As she became weaker she kissed her parents and waved her hand in token of victory, and thus died in peace. She was interred in the burial ground connected with our chapel; and her mortal remains were followed to their last resting place by a large number of teachers, monitors, and members of society. "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day." Her bereaved parents feel the stroke keenly. They have not only lost their daughter, but the angel-hand which, under God, was the means of bringing them to the invaluable treasures found in Christ. And yet, having "obtained like

precious faith," they "sorrow not as those without hope." She has passed to her mansion home but a short time before them. While they sojourn here below may they not hear a voice exclaim, "Come up higher"? That the family may meet her in heaven is the prayer of
J. MORTON.

CHARLES RICHARD ROWLAND, of Tranmere, in the Birkenhead circuit, was born September 16th, 1858. His father (being a member with us) took him to our Sunday-school, and very often at the close of school he would take him to the class meeting held in the vestry. Being unwell for some time he was prevented from going to the school, and when his father came home he would say, "Did you see my teacher? Did he ask for me?"

To his mother he said, "What sort of a place is heaven?" and when he was told that he would have a harp there, and never be ill again, he said, "I would like to go to heaven." He loved singing, and would often strike up—

"I have a Father in the promised
land,

When my Lord calls me I shall go
To meet him in the promised
land."

Being afflicted with brain fever he was insensible for some

time, and on April 10th, 1864, the "Good Shepherd" took this young lamb to his fold above. **HOPEFUL.**

Only five days elapsed and then ALICE PLUMBE was called away to follow little Charles. She was born at Dudley, on September 4th, 1855, of pious parents, her father being one of our local preachers. She became a scholar in our Sabbath school as soon as age would permit; and she was regular in her attendance. Some years ago she came with her parents to reside at Lower Tranmere, where, in October, 1862, we opened a chapel, which also has a Sabbath school. Revival services were held, and many sinners were converted, and Alice among the number; and when questioned by her mother and others she answered,

"Now I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

And often when she came from the Sunday school she would say, "Mother, I have Christ in my heart; I feel I have." About Christmas 1863, her health began to fail, and in the February following a severe cough, with spitting of blood, gave her friends notice that her end was near. Now she would ask for her testament, and read or ask

her father to read, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c.; then, as she held her finger on the part she would ask many questions about the mansions, and Jesus being gone to prepare them. She was much pleased to hear her father sing—

"I am glad I am converted
Before my dying day."

As the time of her departure drew nigh she seemed to rise above all weakness and reserve, and she spoke very freely and calmly to her friends. To her parents she said, "I do love you, and my brother and sisters, and everybody, but I love Jesus most." At the last anniversary she recited the hymn,

"I want to be an angel," &c.

This she went through distinctly on the night she died, and when she came to the verse—

"There right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright;
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night,"

she said, "Yes, Amen! It will be so. I am dying! I am going to glory! There I shall see my cousin, and many of the people of God whom I knew on earth, and those whom I never knew; but they will know me and I shall know them." To her parents she said, "I shall know when you are coming home to heaven, and I shall wait at the gate to welcome you; the time may

seem long to you, but it won't be long to me. It is sweet to die when young; oh, it is sweet! Did you ever wish you had died when young?" And so she continued till about midnight, telling all her friends and visitors that she was going to glory.

"When right before her Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
She joined in sweetest music,
To praise him day and night."
HOPEFUL.

THOMAS WHITFIELD was born at Beachamwell, in the county of Norfolk, May 22nd, 1854, and departed this life, Saturday May 7th, 1864. In 1857 his parents removed to West Dereham in Downham circuit, where he was sent to the Sabbath-school, to which he attended regularly, till the Lord saw fit to take him to his paradise home. He was very fond of the Sabbath-school, and hailed with pleasure the time to go there, and before going he would often sing a verse of the hymn,

"The clock has struck." &c.

There were many pleasing traits in his character; as a son, he was dutiful and affectionate, and would often try to explain the Scriptures to his parents after having read a chapter. As a scholar, he was active and obedient, kind to his school-fellows, and ever ready to give an answer to questions put to

him. The affliction which terminated his earthly career, was scarlet fever. At the time he was taken ill he was preparing to take his part in the anniversary which was approaching, but God sees not as man seeth. He had better things in store for him, for while we were left to sing on earth, he had joined that innumerable company where they will ever sing "Unto him that hath loved us and washed us in his blood, unto him be glory, and honour, and power, and dominion, for ever and ever."

The disease which brought this dear boy's life to a close was of short duration, but it was very severe. On Sunday, May 1st, he had been out with his father to see some friends, and when he returned home at night, just before going to rest, he complained to his parents of not feeling well. During the night he became worse, and he continued growing weaker and weaker every day, and on the following Saturday his happy spirit took its flight to the God who gave it. From the time of his being taken ill he had not the least desire to recover. On one occasion his father asked him if he would rather die and go to heaven than get well. "Father," he said, "I would rather die and go to heaven," and again, when a

friend said to him, "My dear, are you afraid to die," he assured her he was not, but was going to be with Jesus. Every means was used to restore him, but in vain. His parents encouraged the hope that their boy would recover, but their hopes were blighted.

A TEACHER.

MARY HIGGINBOTHAM was born at Woodley, Stockport station, April 26th, 1848, and was received into our Sunday-school at a very early period of her life, and continued to attend when health would permit until her last sickness. Affliction proved a messenger of mercy and removed her to that rest that remains for the people of God. From her childhood she gave indications of the Spirit's strivings, and manifested strong attachments to her teachers and to all in the school. She was remarkable for her docile disposition and constant obedience to those who were placed over her as teachers, and long will she live in the memory of many that are connected with the school. In 1862 she manifested more than an ordinary desire for a change of heart. She attended the means of grace, and sought by earnest prayer for a sense of sin forgiven. She gave evidence of having found what she so earnestly sought

for; first, by uniting with God's people; second, she frequently engaged in prayer in the class and prayer meeting with such fervour and simplicity as astonished all that heard her. About Christmas, 1863, she was laid aside by affliction altogether, but in all her affliction she manifested the strongest confidence in God, and frequently when visited by her leader and teacher she expressed herself as having no fear of death. She exhorted those who saw her to be good and serve God and meet her in heaven. A short time before her death her teacher being with her, she told her to pray with her for the last time, as she felt sensible she was then going to be with Jesus. She sent her respects to all in the school, and shortly after breathed her soul into the arms of Jesus, on the 18th of May, 1864, aged sixteen years. J. L. BUCKLEY.

CAROLINE RICHARDS was born at Cannock Wood, Lichfield circuit, August 22nd, 1845. She was of a mild and quiet temper, and from a child she was under the strivings of God's Holy Spirit. By searching the Scriptures she was led to see there must be an inward change wrought by the power of God. She used to attend our services on a Sabbath-day, but she lived

a stranger to the blood which bought her pardon on the tree, until the 24th of June, 1861, when, listening to the word of life the Holy Spirit operated on her mind so powerfully that she was led to yield her soul to him who died for her. After her conversion she soon began to show a wish to glorify God, by making herself useful in his cause; this she did by teaching in the Sabbath-school. But how frail is human life! A disease, which proved to be consumption, soon reduced a fine blooming young woman to a mere skeleton; but during her illness she manifested a strong confidence in him who had found her when a stranger wandering from the fold of God. When she

found her end was approaching, she repeated a verse of that beautiful hymn,

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights." &c.

Just before she expired, she said to her nurse, "My race is almost run." She was then advised to look to Jesus, to which she replied, "He has been with me in my affliction and he will never leave me now."

"I love Jesus, yes I do,
Jesus smiles and loves me too."

These were her last words. Her happy spirit then took its flight to that happy world where sorrow is no more. She was only eighteen years of age, but she has gone to a land where her sun will never set.

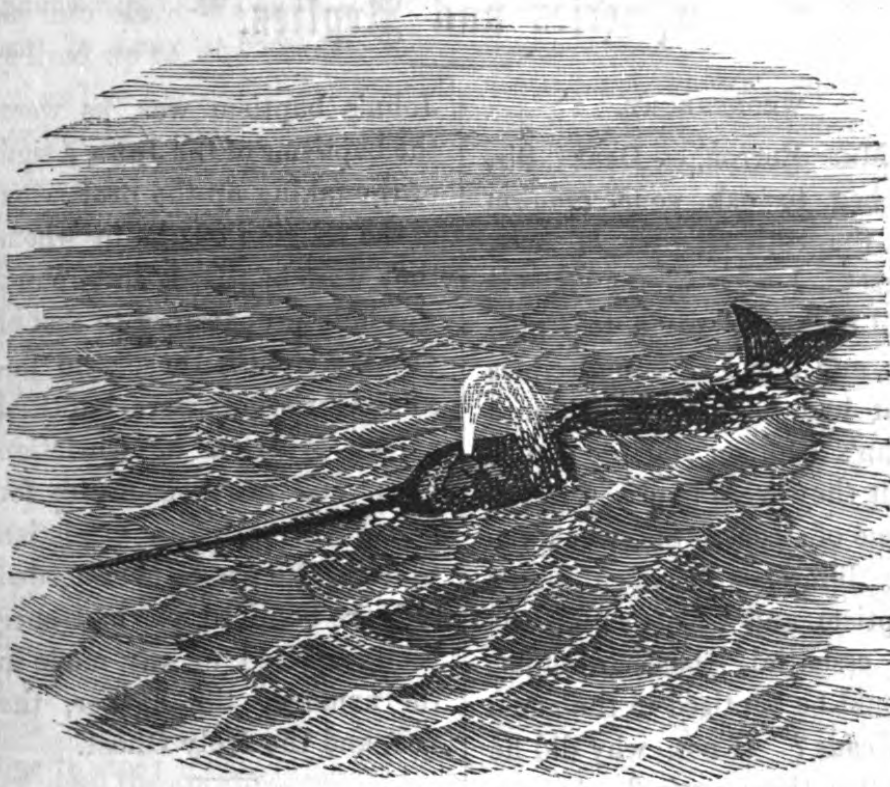
H. BRATT.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

THE NARWHAL, OR SEA-UNICORN.

THIS creature is a species of whale, and its scientific names are *Monodon* (from two Greek words signifying one tooth) and *Monoceros* (signifying one horn). It is an inhabitant of the Frozen Sea, and one of the most ferocious of the whale tribe. Its horn or tooth grows from its upper jaw, and resembles the tusk of the ele-

phant, except that it is harder, and has a spiral twist and a sharp point. The Narwhal will attack anything that comes in its way, and is said to have a particular fancy for attacking the common or whalebone whale, and it can by its horn or tooth penetrate that creature to the very heart. It is supposed that the Narwhal digs up sea-weeds with its tooth, and eats them; and it sometimes



has attacked the timber of vessels with this powerful weapon, and made holes therein. The Greenlanders employ the horn of the Narwhal for spears, arrows, hooks, &c. The animal is caught by them by a kind of harpoon attached to a line, with a buoy at its extremity. The use of the buoy is to harass and annoy the victim when struck, and to give notice when it is about to rise. When it comes to the surface a lance is thrust

into it, which generally gives it a death-blow. The Greenlanders obtain oil, food, and ropes, as well as weapons from this creature. Its body is from thirty to forty feet long, and its tusk measures from five to nine feet. Besides the tusk or horn that projects on the left side of the head, it has another on the right side that does not project. Hence the scientific names are not strictly correct. EDITOR.

Queries and Replies.

WEDNESBURY.

MR. EDITOR, — Dear Sir,
I beg to ask your opinion on the 19th chapter of Acts, verses 1—5, where it is said that Paul came to Ephesus, and found certain disciples that had been baptised unto John's baptism, but on Paul's visit they were baptised in the name of Jesus. Sir, what was the difference between John's baptism and Christ's? or was it essential those disciples should be baptised in the name of Jesus? If not, why did he baptise them again? An answer will oblige, Yours, &c.,
D. M.

ANSWER.—This is the only instance on record in the New Testament of the re-baptism of any one; and some suppose it does not signify that they were twice baptised, but only that they made two confessions—one of their repentance, and another of their faith in Jesus. But we understand the passage to mean that the Ephesians had been first baptised by John as a sign of their penitence and their belief that the Messiah was about to appear; and now they were again baptised by Paul as a public testimony of their belief that Jesus had come and was the true Messiah.

John's baptism was, as were the baptisms of the Jews, a sign of the taking up the profession of the religion of him by whom they were baptised, and John's was only preparatory to that of Jesus. Hence, those who became Christians were baptised as an evidence of Christian faith, and of their desire for fellowship with the Christian Church. No person ever needed to be re-baptised who had once been baptised in any mode in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

WEST BERGHOLT.

TO THE EDITOR,—Dear Sir,
—You would oblige me if you would insert your views in the Magazine on James iii. 2, "For in many things we offend all;" likewise 9th verse, "Therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we man;" then 11th and 12th verses, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh."

S. S.

ANSWER.—"In many things we offend all" means we all offend in many things—that is, often fail to do what we ought to do, and often do what we ought not. We make mistakes, and even yield to temptation and

run into sin. We need not if we lived up to our privileges ; but we live beneath them. As to the tongue many men make use of it for very improper things ; for, while all ought to use it to bless and praise God—which many do—there are others who with it curse men, which they should not. Nay, sometimes those who profess religion use bad language, which is highly blameworthy. It is not to be supposed, however, that true Christians will curse their fellow-men. But some who profess to be Christians are not ; and the apostle means that different men by the same member do very different things—some blessing God and others cursing men ; and sometimes the same men profess to praise God, and will also for want of true religion curse their fellow-men. As a fountain cannot yield water of opposite qualities, as bitter and sweet, or salt and fresh, so we should not, at one time use our lips or tongues to praise God, and at another to abuse our brethren.

ENMORE GREEN.

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to give us your opinion as to the doctrine of the Eter-

nal Sonship of Christ. Is it correct or false ?

A TRUTH-SEEKER.

ANSWER.—The question is not very definite, as it is not stated what view of the doctrine in question the querist means. There are different ways of teaching and understanding it. Our own view is that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are eternal—that they are three in person, but one in nature or essence—that this was always the case, and hence that each of the Divine Persons in the Godhead is eternal, and as one is called the Father, and another the Son, and each of these is eternal, so the Son being eternal, the doctrine of the Eternal Sonship in this sense is true. Also that there was a relationship between the Father and Son from all eternity, for which we cannot find a better definition than that involved in the doctrine of the Eternal Sonship, and that the Scriptures teach, and the best interpreters of Scripture always understood, that the relationship between the Father and the Son was that of an eternal filiation or Sonship. This is the doctrine held by Jews and Christians, with limited exceptions ; it is the Methodist doctrine, and it is ours.

Anniversaries.

WELLS - NEXT - THE - SEA, FAKENHAM CIRCUIT.—The tenth anniversary of our Sabbath school was celebrated on Lord's day, May 29th, and June 1st, 1864. On the former day two impressive sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Hammond. The children acquitted themselves admirably in the recitation of dialogues and pieces. A gracious influence was felt through the whole of the day; and we believe lasting good was done. Believing that we should succeed best in the open air, two of the services were held on the Butt-lands, (a large green in the centre of the town), where many hundreds assembled to hear the word of life. On the following Wednesday the children dined together in a large barn, kindly lent for the occasion by their old friend Mr. Gooch. After dinner the teachers and children processioned through the town singing various hymns, which seemed to wake up the benevolent sympathy of the public, for both Churchmen and Dissenters came forward to help us; so that by the time our route was completed we had realised upwards of £3. A public meeting was held in the evening, when addresses

were delivered by the Revs. W. Hammond and T. Mackill; also several of the children recited soul-stirring pieces. The collections were good at all the services, exceeding those of any former year; the total sum was £8 13s. 8d., being £3 12s. 8d. above last year. Our school is doing well, we have a large class of adults, men who have recently given their hearts to God, and are now anxious to study the word of God for themselves. We have also a good library containing 200 vols., all of which are strictly religious, and are circulated every alternate week among the juvenile band. We tender our sincere thanks to all who have assisted us, and pray that the great Head of the church may prosper the school and society more abundantly, and make them a blessing to the whole town. Amen.

JAMES RINGER.

CHURCH GRESLEY, ASHBY-DE- LA-ZOUCH CIRCUIT.

ON Sunday, June 26th, 1864, the thirtieth anniversary sermons of our Sabbath-school were preached by the Rev. J. O. Parks, of Rotherham, when we realised the noble sum of £25 2s. 6d., being considerably the largest amount since

the commencement of the school. The children acquitted themselves admirably in their recitations and singing; the piece recited was the "Will," and honourable mention must be made of Miss Mary Smith, a junior teacher, who took the part "Friend" in the said piece, which she executed in a beautiful and impressive manner, reflecting great credit on the school. A few facts relative to the progress of our school will doubtless be acceptable and interesting to the readers of our valuable Magazine.

Our first anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. Thos. Hill, and collection amounted to £3; we had then about twenty-five to thirty scholars. Shortly after the anniversary the school began to decline, owing to the lack of teachers, and was ultimately closed for some months; but the worthy superintendent, Mr. Thomas Mansfield, who ever had the interests of the school at heart, and who sustained the office of superintendent for twenty-seven years during all its fluctuations, could not endure the thought of the school being totally closed, so once more threw open the doors, and determined, by God's help, that the school should progress; and as the old proverb reads, "God helps those who help

themselves;" and the happy results were that the school increased, and resulting from this the society became much increased—so much that in 1851 the old chapel had to come down and give place to a very commodious one erected on the site. Since then we have erected a large gallery, and owing to the increase of scholars we are again short of room, having about 356 scholars. We see no other alternative but that the present chapel must come down, be enlarged, or we must build new school rooms, as the population in this neighbourhood is on the increase. God has done great things for us for which we are glad. Oh, that the great Head of the Church may continue to smile on us, and that our little ones may be led to devote their souls to the service of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

N. BANKS.

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SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, OLD WIVES LEES, CANTERBURY STATION.—The sixth anniversary of the above school was celebrated July 10th and 11th, 1864. Two sermons were preached by the writer morning and evening; the afternoon was devoted to the reciting of pieces by the children; and a few pieces were recited by them at the other two services. Monday, at

three o'clock, the children again entertained the friends. Afterwards they were regaled with cake and tea in Mr. W. Plommer's field. Then a goodly number of adults surrounded the festive board. At seven o'clock W. T. Plommer, Esq., was called to the chair, and the meeting was well supported by the children and friends.

The pieces were good, and recited in a manner which reflected great credit upon their trainers. The collections amounted to £3 15s., which was noble for a small place. The school is in a prosperous state, and we trust it will prove a great blessing to the society.

D. KENDALL.

Poetry.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark x. 14.

They are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing,
Softly as the falling snow:
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast:
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime.

Where the watching, waiting angels,
Lead them from the shadow dim,
To the brightness of his presence
Who has called them unto him.

They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness. [them;
Snowy brows—no care shall shade
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim!
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them;
Jesus calls them unto him.

Little hearts for ever staisless,
Little hands as pure as they,—
Little feet, by angels guided,
Never a forbidden way!
They are going—ever going—
Leaving many a lovely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who hath called them—
Suffer, and forbid them not!

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



DOVEDALE, DERBYSHIRE.

Youths' Department.

DOVEDALE, DERBYSHIRE.

(With Engraving.)

THE first part of Dovedale is an open dell; nearly half a mile the hills on both sides are steep, but not precipitous: on the left is Brunston hill, a fine eminence, and on the right, which is more diversified, dwarf ash and aged thorn trees cover the slopes down to the very margin of the stream.

Proceeding onwards the scenery becomes more romantic, the foliage thickens, and the fanciful and grotesque-looking rocks assume a greater degree of grandeur, until they seem to meet overhead and shut up the glen.

In some places they shoot up in detached masses like spires or conical pyramids, and are ornamented with festoons or net-work of ivy: in others, their scattered and fantastic forms hang over the river in terrific masses, upheld by fragments apparently unequal to the tremendous weight they sustain. A little farther on a mighty pillar of insulated rock, which has its base in the stream, rises from the left bank of the river; a bold mass of rock whose conical summit penetrates the clouds, occupies the right; between those high portals flows the river Dove.

The effect of this scene is truly magical; it is an interesting transition from one description of landscape to another that excites surprise by its suddenness and charms with its beauty.

Through this magnificent portal we pass into the lovely meadows beyond, where we once stood awhile to gaze upon the gloomy ravine we had just left.

The river flowed gently and beautifully before us, the cattle were grazing in the meadows, apparently unconscious of the presence of any human being; the red-breast poured his requiem from amongst the bushes. The rush of the waters through the narrow part of the Dale came softly upon the ear. The scene was delightfully tranquil, and the mind, which only a few minutes before had been roused to emotions of sublimity and terror, sank into a state of pleasing repose.

Dovedale was one of the favourite resorts of Rousseau during his residence in the immediate vicinity, and he is said to have planted many rare and curious seeds in this sequestered spot.

The length of the Dale is rather more than two miles, but the views are limited, from the irregularity of its

course and its projecting precipices, which in some places seem to preclude all further access. In one part of the Dale, on the Staffordshire side, (for the Dove divides the counties of Derbyshire and Staffordshire), a grand solitary rock is pointed out, and is known by the name of "Dove-dale Church." Its appearance is peculiarly pleasing, and sublime, and cannot fail to strike the eye of every one who passes by. A little farther on are several curious caverns, and a magnificent arch of the Gothic kind, and of the most gigantic proportions. On passing through this arch by a very steep ascent, over loose sand and shell, you come to "Reynard's Hall," a large cavern about thirty feet in height, and fifteen in breadth. For the space of about forty feet this cavern may be explored, but beyond it contracts to a narrow opening and terminates near Parwick.

It is supposed that it was in attempting to scale an acclivity near "Reynard's Cavern," that Dean Langton met with the accident that occasioned his death. Some friends were proceeding along the bottom of the Dale on horseback, when the Dean proposed to ascend a very steep precipice which is apparently between three and four hundred feet high; a Miss La-Roache, a young lady of the party, with great spirit begged that she might go up behind him. Her request was immediately complied with, and the head of the horse directed up the precipice.

When they had climbed the steep ascent to a considerable height, the foot of the horse slipped and they all tumbled down, the Dean of Clogher with his horse to the bottom of the Dale, the lady not quite so far, being stopped in her descent by a thorn bush which caught hold of her hair. When the Dean was taken up he was found to be bruised in a most terrible manner; he was conveyed to Ashbourn, where he languished a few days and then expired. The young lady was found in an insensible state, she was disentangled from her perilous position, taken to Ashbourn by her friends, and soon afterwards recovered. The horse was more fortunate than either of its riders; though it rolled to the bottom it only received a few bruises on its sides, occasioned by the stirrups of the saddle.

It is supposed that not less than 60,000 persons visit this lovely Dale every year. The river is said to be "one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave charms to a landscape, or delighted the eye with the brilliancy of its waters!"

My young readers will have read in an old and good

book of a "better country that is a heavenly," and of a finer river than even the Dove. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers,
Death like a narrow sea divides,
This heavenly land from ours."

May we all meet there !

P. DAYKIN.

A SABBATH SCHOOL ADDRESS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Deranged and disturbed as human nature is, there are few perhaps who live without a plan, or who have no definite or specific object of pursuit. But how many there are, even amongst our clever men, who manifest by their unwise objects of pursuit that they are not wise men. Many spend their lives in amassing wealth, or in acquiring honour and renown. These things absorb their whole time and attention, while they are regardless of things of greater moment, which concern their eternal interests. They live a purely selfish and carnal life, the fruit of which is a gnawing conscience from the bitter recollection that none of these things have been worthy of the consideration bestowed upon them. Hence what thousands of persons there are who would fain renew their youth and begin life better ! but they are wise too late, and to improve the remaining fragment of their lives is the only privilege left them.

Our youth might derive advantage from this if they were only willing to learn and wise to profit from the disappointments and failings of others. For we may not only learn wisdom from our own personal experience, but also from that of others. It may be that many of my youthful readers have not yet laid down their plans for life ; if so, let me claim your serious consideration of the

following suggestions, which I shall state in the form of a motto for life,—“*Be good—get good—do good!*”

1. *Be good.* I do not mean be good in the common or worldly acceptation of that term. Something more is meant than being merely kind, honest, virtuous, amiable, and truth-speaking. These are some of the elements of goodness, but not the whole. Many of my youthful readers would blush, and feel their character at stake, were they to be thought or spoken otherwise of, but they may nevertheless be far from being really good before God, good in the proper sense of the word. When I urge you, therefore, to be good, it is to be really good, and in order to this two things are indispensably necessary.

(1.) You must have a good heart. This is the source or spring from which all goodness flows. But we are told in the sacred Scriptures that man's heart (in its natural state) is deceitful and desperately wicked; therefore, before you can be good, or even do good, you must have your young hearts purified, or made new, renewed by the Spirit of God, purified by the grace of God. A heart which trusts in the blood of Christ, which is regulated by God's word, and submits to Christ's will, is the only one that will enable you to be good.

(2.) You must have a good character. A character the offspring of a good heart, and as a good heart is a heart renewed by the Holy Spirit, so a good character will be adorned with the fruits of the Spirit. What these are, and what the passions and vices to which they are opposed, you will learn from Gen. v. 16 to the end, and 2 Peter ii. v. 8.

2. *Get good.* Not corruptible, earthly good merely, but a higher good—a good becoming you as a rational, accountable, immortal being.

(1.) Get intellectual good. Get instruction for the mind, knowledge for the soul. “That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good.” Beware of falling into a very prevalent error, viz., that of supposing the stores of knowledge can be exhausted during school days. You will find on leaving school you know very little compared with the vast fields of knowledge which will open out before you. It is not uncommon to find people just as wise in old age as they were in youth. To avoid this evil store your memories with knowledge, and continue the cultivation of your minds. Take encouragement from the example of others, who were placed, perhaps, in more unfavourable positions

than most of you, but who nevertheless raised themselves to positions of honour and affluence. Make good use of the favourable opportunities afforded you of acquiring knowledge, in this age of cheap literature. Get intellectual good, for "knowledge is power."

(2.) Get spiritual good. You are not only intellectual, but also spiritual beings; not only rational, but also moral, responsible, and immortal. And as such it is your duty to get good for your hearts as well as for your intellects. This is the highest order of good, as far surpassing intellectual good as the light of the sun eclipses the feeble light of the glow-worm. Do not think I wish you to underrate intellectual good, for apart from heavenly wisdom, it is the greatest blessing you can acquire. There is a danger of neglecting, in the acquirement of earthly knowledge, that wisdom which cometh from above. The former may fit you for a right discharge of your secular duties, the latter will qualify you for a right discharge of your duties towards God, and constitute you happy through eternity.

If you would be useful Christian men and women, get all the spiritual good possible in youth. If you would command the respect and love of your teachers and friends—if you would be respected by the world—if you wish to be made a blessing to your companions and in after life to your fellow men—if you wish to win the approving smile of God,—let me urge you now, whilst you are young, to give your hearts to God.

And as good children, possessed of good hearts, seek to have your virtues and graces strengthened, and as possessed of a good character, you must seek its confirmation in holiness and consistency. In order to your obtaining this kind of good, love the Sabbath-school, and pay strict attention to the instruction imparted to you by your kind teachers; love your Bible, and let it be your chief study. Read the Bible as a whole; you will find all parts of it profitable. The Epistles of the New Testament will make you enlightened Christians; the parables and discourses of our Lord will make you practical Christians; the histories and prophecies of the Old Testament will make you intelligent Christians; the Psalms of David will make you devout Christians; and the writings of his son, the Proverbs especially, will make you business Christians—Christians acquainted with human nature, and able to deal with it, both in yourselves and in others. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable. Never forget your dependence on the teaching of

the Spirit of God. "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

(To be concluded in our next.)

LONDON : ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 64.)

THE sessions of the peace for the City of London are holden eight times in the year, at which the Recorder is the acting judge. Quarter sessions are held for Middlesex at Clerkenwell and at Westminster. The Central Criminal Court has twelve sessions in the year. This court was established in 1834 for the trial of persons accused of treason, murder, felony, or misdemeanour. Its district includes the whole of Middlesex, and part of Essex, Kent, and Surrey. The great bulk of the cases brought before the Central Criminal Court are larcenies unaccompanied by violence. There are thirteen prisons for the confinement of offenders within the metropolis. These are Newgate, Giltspur Street Compter, Blackfriars Bridewell, Southwark Bridewell, Borough Compter; the prisons in Whitecross Street, Coldbath Fields, Tothill Fields, and Clerkenwell; the Penitentiary, Millbank, the Pentonville Prison, Queen's Bench Prison, and Horse-monger Lane Gaol. The arrangements of these prisons vary according to the class of offenders confined in them.

The Courts of Law are held each term at Guildhall, in the City of London, and at Westminster Hall. The Courts of Equity sit at Westminster Hall, Lincoln's Inn, and the Rolls in Chancery Lane.

Production and Consumption.—That London is not commonly considered as a manufacturing town is owing to the more important aspects under which it presents itself, and not to the absence of manufacturing industry. Manufactures of almost every kind are in fact carried on in the metropolis, and upon a scale of great magnitude. The largest breweries, distilleries, and sugar refineries in the kingdom are in the metropolis. The manufacture of metals in almost every branch is carried on to a vast extent. Almost every kind of machinery, from the smallest wheels required by the watchmaker to the most powerful steam engines, is made in London. The making of gold and silver articles, of optical and surgical and other instruments, gives employment to numerous hands. Ship-building, with all its accessories, rope-making, mast-

making, block-making, anchor-making, &c., have always been actively prosecuted. There are also numerous chemical works on a large scale, tanneries, soap manufactories, potteries, and dye-houses. Clothing of all descriptions for male and female is made, not merely for the inhabitants of the metropolis, but for the supply of wealthy persons in various parts of the kingdom and even in the British colonies. There are not fewer, perhaps, than 1,500 separate trades or occupations carried on in the metropolis. In respect to professions, if we take that of law alone, we find there are 2,000 barristers, equity draughtsmen, special pleaders, conveyancers, and proctors, and 3,200 attorneys, solicitors, and law agents, practising in London. The metropolis is also the great workshop of literature, science, and the arts. The number of books printed and published in all other parts of England is small in comparison with what are produced in London. Of newspapers there are fifteen published daily, some in the morning and the others in the evening. There are besides about thirty weekly newspapers, and numerous others which appear at other intervals. These are distinct from the numerous unstamped periodicals.

It is not possible to state with any pretensions to accuracy the amount of consumption in London of any except a very few articles of general use, because such commodities are becoming less and less under excise and customs regulations. The cattle sold in Smithfield years ago amounted to 200,000 annually; sheep, 1,600,000; calves, 25,000, and pigs, 250,000, and the number is now greater. But besides these, a large amount of slaughtered meat is now brought to the metropolis by railway and steamers. There are 5,000 licensed public-houses, besides beer retailers, and exclusive of inns, hotels, and wine merchants. There are 1,600 butchers' shops, 2,400 bakers' shops, and 2,800 grocers and tea dealers. The coffee shops are now very numerous.

The public charities and hospitals within the limits of the metropolis are very numerous, and many of them richly endowed. The royal hospitals of Greenwich for seamen, and of Chelsea for soldiers, are national establishments, and wholly independent of private support. Connected with these two hospitals are the Royal Naval Asylum at Greenwich, and the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, for the education of the children of sailors and soldiers.

The charities connected with the Corporation of London are, Christ's Hospital, better known as the Blue Coat

School, Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and St. Thomas's Hospital, all of which were founded by Edward VI. Christ's Hospital, which has a branch at Hertford for the junior scholars, maintains about 1,400 boys, to whom good classical, commercial, and mathematical instruction is given. The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London are directors of the hospital. There are besides about 350 governors. The children are admitted on the nomination of the directors and governors, who exercise their privilege in rotation. Bridewell Hospital, which is under the same board of governors as Bethlehem Hospital, is now used only as a prison. Bethlehem Hospital, first erected in 1675 in Moorfields, was removed in 1814 to St. George's Fields. It is employed for the reception and treatment of insane patients. St. Bartholomew's Hospital was founded in the reign of Henry I. for a priory of Black Canons, with a hospital attached. The priory and its hospital were dissolved at the time of the Reformation, but the hospital had a new charter given to it by Henry VIII., endowing it for the relief of 100 sick and poor of the city of London. Subsequent donations and endowments led to an enlargement of the plan, and of its utility as a hospital. St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark, is governed by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and twelve Common-Councilmen of London, and 180 governors through donations of £50 and upwards. It is capable of receiving and usually contains nearly 500 patients, besides whom it affords relief to a considerable number of out-patients, who receive advice and medicines gratuitously. There is a medical school attached to this hospital.

The other hospitals of the metropolis have been founded and are supported by private benevolence. They are extremely numerous. Indeed, if we include hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, asylums, and lying-in hospitals, we find that the number amounts to about 140.

In 1847 the post office arrangements of London were on a vast scale. Letters were despatched every day from London to 4,000 post-towns in England and Wales, 900 in Scotland, and 900 in Ireland. The weight of the mails despatched from London by the general post in an average week has been found to be upwards of seventy tons. The money orders issued within the three mile circle amounted to 468,967 for an amount of £928,321, while those paid amounted to 953,079, for a sum of £2,035,617. The postage collected in London and the

postage stamps sold in London amounted together in 1846 to £850,066. The gross postage of the London district post in the same year was £283,772, of which £184,478 were not receipts.

In illustration of the provident habits of the inhabitants, it may be stated that there are upwards of 100 offices for life and fire insurance in the metropolis. The savings' banks in London and Middlesex in 1846 were 38 in number. The total sum lying at interest in those savings' banks was £4,754,612.

[NOTE.—We should have been glad if our correspondent had supplied more recent information, but as this is not the case our readers will bear in mind that many alterations have taken place since these statistics were published.—EDITOR.]

(To be continued.)

MY SISTER.

ONE morning in my early life I remember to have been playing with a little sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in spring that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my little sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of our garden, her cheek suffused with health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind. She was an only sister, the sole companion of my childish sports. We were constantly together, and my young heart went out to hers with all the affection, all the fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play with undiminished ardour till near the hour of breakfast, when, at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger I struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and I perceived, as she sat by her mother at breakfast, by occasional glances, that she looked pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start into

her eyes, which her little self-possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother inquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee and endeavoured to eat. I was ashamed and grieved; and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity, when we were alone, to throw my arms round her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was ended, my mother retired with her into her room, directing me in the meantime to sit down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window; I ran over my lesson, but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden and at table. It was not long before my mother returned; and when she did, it was with an agitated look and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her; but was not permitted, lest I should disturb her. A physician was called, and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her. She was a little recovered from the severity of the pain, and lay with her eyes closed, and her little hand resting on the pillow beneath her head. How I longed to tell her the sorrow I felt for my unkindness to her in the morning, and how much I had suffered all day for it! But I was forbidden to speak to her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that day and the day following she continued to grow worse; I saw her several times, but she was always insensible of my presence. Once, indeed, she asked for me, but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day I arose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her cheek. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtains that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind, and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

* * * *

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced by her sweet voice.

Years have passed away; I am now a man; but never

does the recollection of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and remorse. And never do I see my young friends exchanging looks or words of anger without thinking of my last pastime with my own loved Ellen.—
Sent by M. M.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

THAT fearful disease, the cholera, has of late prevailed to a great extent in different parts of India. In the district of the Tinnevely Mission under the charge of Mr. Schaffter many hundreds have been carried off by it, notwithstanding all the devil-worship expressly introduced by the heathen to appease the ill-will of evil spirits, to whose malice they attribute this dreadful calamity.

Mr. Schaffter, in his report of last year, after noticing its ravages, records this striking contrast—

“At Pandarapuram, a heathen had built a little devil-temple and was very zealous in the cause of devil-worship. A few days ago, this poor man’s younger brother, to whom he was much attached, was taken with cholera: he at once ran to his little temple, and there in wild despair, threatened the evil spirit to pull down the temple if he did not cure his brother; and, shaking his fist and gnashing his teeth at the temple, he returned home, but, alas! to find his brother dead. Driven to desperation, he took a hatchet and rushed to the temple to fulfil his threat, but returned to die a few hours afterwards of the same disease.

“Vastly different to this was the death-bed of a young Christian at Sungurangudy. A few minutes before his departure one or two of his friends asked him to mention what sums of money were owing by him, and what were due to him. He in reply reproached them, saying, ‘I have no time for such things. Trouble not my mind with worldly matters: more is due to me than I owe; and now that I am on the brink of eternity, my whole mind is occupied with heavenly things.’ He then called the catechist, and having asked him to pray, expressed his firm belief in Jesus as his Saviour, and expired.”

DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

THE soundings effected with reference to the new Transatlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the different depths of the sea. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depth in the neighbourhood of con-

tinents ; thus, the Baltic between Germany and Sweden is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste 130. The greatest depth of the Channel between France and England does not exceed 300 feet, whilst to the south-west of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Straits of Gibraltar the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of the Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena 27,000 feet. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 20,000.

THE QUEEN AND THE BALLAST-HEAVERS.

A UNIQUE address to Her Majesty has been presented by the above. The late Prince Consort took a good deal of interest in the condition of these men, and secured for them some important benefits. In this singular document they tell in their own simple way all that the Prince did for them, and they "would be very glad" if the Queen would give them a "framed engraving" of his "kind and earnest face" to hang up in their waiting and reading room provided for them through the influence of His Royal Highness. The Queen's reply to this touching address, dated Windsor Castle, June 12, is as follows :—"My dear Sir,—I had the honour to lay before Her Majesty the Queen, the address from the ballast-heavers of the port of London, which you had forwarded to me for presentation. Her Majesty has been deeply touched by this spontaneous testimony to the active benevolence of her beloved husband ; and amongst all the tokens of sympathy in her grief, which she has gratefully received from all classes of her people, no one has been more gratifying to the Queen, and no one more in harmony with her feelings, than the simple tribute from these honest hard-working men. I am commanded to request that you will assure the ballast-heavers that the interest in their welfare so usefully displayed by him whose life was employed in endeavouring to benefit the people of this country, is fully shared by Her Majesty, and that Her Majesty rejoices to hear of the happy change in their moral and social condition.

The Queen has the greatest pleasure in complying with the request contained in the address, and has ordered two prints of the Prince Consort, one in uniform, and one in ordinary dress, to be framed and presented to be hung in the room in which the ballast-heavers wait; to these Her Majesty has added one of herself, as the Queen would wish, in the remembrance of these grateful men, to be associated with the memory of her great and good husband, whose virtues they have so highly and justly appreciated."

CANADIAN BOAT HYMN.

"Sweetly let's breathe our evening prayer."

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—The melody of this hymn is one of those beautiful chants used by the Canadian boatmen on their noble river St. Lawrence, and is associated with words good in themselves, but somewhat applied to the worship of the Virgin Mary. Hence our school version is one that is more fit to be used among our Sabbath-schools. The chorus or refrain of the original is—

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

And in the song they speak of singing at "St. Ann's their parting hymn."

The music was long popularly sung in England among the higher classes of society, but is now little known, except in our religious assemblies, where we sing cheerily,—

"Blow, breezes, blow, the gales of grace,
The haven of glory's our resting-place."

There is a sweetness in the opening of our hymn, as calling to prayer. Many countries have their evening hymns, and some of their tunes are known to us and loved, as for instance the Vesper Hymn of Italy. We almost fancy the scene,—

"Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer stealing,
Hark! it falls upon the ear:
Jubilate, Jubilate,
Jubilate, Amen."

There is something sacred in the associations of evening prayer, and our womanly poetess, Mrs. Hemans, has a sweet piece entitled, "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School,"

in which she brings out some delightful sentiments. It has often been republished in magazines.

James Edmeston has a beautiful verse illustrative of the Sabbath eve, which I will here give you :—

“Is there a time when moments flow,
More peacefully than all beside;
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer-tide.
If heaven is ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly, sure as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know,
Some foretaste of eternal bliss.”

The associations of the evening hour are felt by mankind in nearly every clime. The Mahomedan has his hour of prayer at sunset, while as day declines men in Protestant as well as Catholic countries yield to the better, higher influence, and scenes of moral beauty constantly arise.

Sweet is the Tyrolean hymn of eve as given by their own minstrels, and Germany has many an even-song like the one beginning,

“Dark shades of night
Around, above, beneath me hover.
O Lord of light, be thy blest wings my cover;
Be thy holy arm my shield from harm
Till night is over.”

Nor can we forget our noble evening hymn by Bishop Ken. O how often have we sung,

“Glory to thee, my God, this night.”

Here my mind roams. I picture to myself a railway train in one of the midland counties. It is near midnight, and one of the passengers, a city missionary who is going to the funeral of his mother, strikes up the evening hymn. He sings on verse after verse, and concludes with the impressive lines,

“Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.”

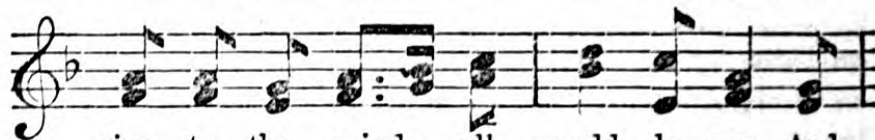
The song had scarcely ceased before the train was turned off the line, and the carriages overturned, the passengers injured or killed. Among those who ceased at once to work and live was Roger Miller, of Lambeth. So God takes many of his servants and busiest workmen, but his work still goes on.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

CANADIAN BOAT-HYMN.



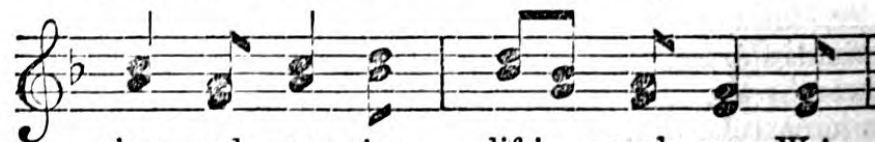
Sweet - ly let's join our even-ing prayer, And



give to the winds all world - ly care, And



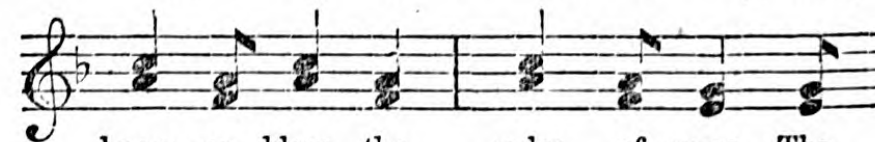
give to the winds all world - ly care; We'll



sing and row o'er life's rough sea—We're



sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty. Blow,



breez - es, blow the gales of grace, The



ha - ven of glo - ry's our rest - ing place.

Though dark's the night in which we sail,
Our pilot's on board, we cannot fail;
The winds and waves his voice obeyed,
And the great deep by him was made. Blow, &c.

Make, make the port, the tide runs high,
Unfurl the white sails, the haven is nigh;
The hills and dales of life look dim,
We'll sing to our friends the farewell hymn. Blow, &c.

And when the port of glory's gained,
And full redemption we've obtained,
With saints and angels we will sing,
The wonders of our God and King. Blow, &c.

Juvenile Biography.

HEBER STANTON died at Lower Norwood, November 30th, 1863, aged six years and five months.

From his birth he manifested a mild disposition, and he became remarkably thoughtful. When in health he regularly attended the Sabbath school, and was anxious to be found at the means of grace. Like the Psalmist, he was glad to go up to the house of the Lord.

He had great love for the cause of truth, and frequently wished to know what preacher would attend on the next Sabbath, and where he would stay, for he always loved to see the preachers at his father's house. If he heard any children in the street give utterance to falsehood, or say bad words, he would talk about it when he got home, and say to his parents, "Those children could not go to heaven,—could they?"

He was fond of singing, and often united with his little sisters in such hymns as the following:—

"I am going home to glory," &c.
And

"There is a fountain," &c.

Yet how uncertain is life. It pleased God to afflict this dear child with gastric fever in September, 1863. He underwent intense suffering, and it

was thought that his short pilgrimage was ended, and that he was already coming up out of the wilderness. He, however, rallied, but only to feel again the heavy hand of sickness, in November, which terminated in death. The disease was scarletina.

The sayings of the departed are written in ineffable characters upon the memory of friends. They are like so many bright stars shining in the night of sorrow, and luring the sorrowful heart to brighter worlds on high. Little Heber said some good things during his last illness, and I will do my best to relate them.

For a time death wore a gloomy face, and Heber said to his mother he should like to go to Jesus, but not to be laid in the tomb. But as death approached the valley was lighted up with the lamp of assurance, and the grim monster seemed transformed into an angel of light. During his illness his parents said to him: "Do you love Jesus? Does Jesus love you?" To which questions he replied, with great earnestness, "Yes." One day his father said, "You won't suffer when you get to heaven, will you?" And he

looked up and said, "No, father, I wish I was in heaven now."

On the last morning he spent on earth his mother asked him if he would like to get well again, or to die and go to Jesus. "Die and go to Jesus," he exclaimed, and he repeated it several times during the day. A few minutes after seven in the evening he changed mortality for life, and angels gently led him to the throne of God.

I have visited his little grave in the Norwood cemetery. Flowers grow upon it, and suggest the thought that the flower whose stay was so short on earth now lives in a richer soil.

W. NORRIS.

SAMUEL WALLIS was a teacher in our Bedford Sabbath school. He was born February 13th, 1845, and died May 9th, 1864. He loved the Scriptures from a child, and gave evidence of being a regenerate character in 1862. He was then received into Society, and became very useful in the Sabbath school. His prayers for the children were heard in heaven. His attachment to his parents, and his conduct in his home were exemplary. He had gained the confidence and love of those who knew him, when he was seized with rheumatic fever, which very shortly removed

him. He was, however, fully sustained in his affliction, and entered into rest leaving a satisfactory testimony for the consolation and support of his surviving friends.

As his leader, I can bear my hearty testimony to the excellence of his character, and I feel a sincere sympathy with the submissive sorrow which mourns the early close of so promising a life of usefulness.

J. PANTOR.

MARY ANNE POWELL was born at Mangotsfield, February 3rd, 1854, and left this vale of tears for the land of pure delight, May 28th, 1864.

Her parents being members with us at Mangotsfield, she was led by them to God's house. In 1858 we commenced a Sabbath school, when Mary Anne became one of our first scholars. She was fond of her book, and her attachment to the school was intense. But she appeared too frail a flower for the rough storms of life. She was a rose nipped in the bud, and early marked for the Eden above. Her affliction was long; for two years she was the subject of pain. But she loved the Saviour, and would often lift her heart to him in prayer for patience under all her sufferings. She would often sing many of the

hymns she learnt at school, such as, "Other refuge have I none," &c. A short time before she died I visited her, when she desired me to pray with her. I did so, and she responded by saying, "Amen; praise the Lord; Jesus will never leave nor forsake me; for he hath said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

The Wednesday previous to her death her mother asked her if she thought she should go to heaven. She said, "Mother, I shall soon be there." At another time she said, "Mother, I can hear the music, and it is delightful." She desired that all her school-fellows should follow her to the grave, and meet her in heaven.

She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

W. NEWMAN.

DIED, at Skipton, Silsden circuit, June 6th, 1864, GEORGE COWMAN. He was born April 14th, 1846, and when two years of age was taken to our school by his father, who was a teacher, and from that time to the period when he became unable to attend in consequence of illness he was a regular and attentive scholar. Prior to conversion he was a steady,

moral character, quiet, unassuming, and affectionate, rather reserved, but thoughtful and intelligent. But, although amiable in temper and moral in conduct, about two years ago he felt the need of pardon and purity, and seeking these in the way of God's appointment, he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. The change, though not so strikingly shown in him as in the vicious and profane, was yet sufficiently evidenced. He joined brother Gill's class, and continued a consistent member until his death. His illness was severe and protracted, beginning about November, 1863, and was throughout of so delusive a character, that until within a few weeks of his death he cherished hopes of recovery. Being young, and having unusually strong affection for his parents, he had a desire to recover for their sakes. His days often seemed almost insufferably long, so oppressive was the languor he felt; still he desired to live. Nevertheless he was fully resigned to the will of God. He did not talk much, but always exhibited a clear, strong faith in Christ. Often did he say to the writer: "I trust in Jesus only; he is my Saviour. I am accepted in the Beloved." The last time I visited him he said: "I have

no fear of dying. I know that, relying on Jesus, it is as impossible for me to perish as for God to lie." To his mother he said: "Tell all my classmates I am going to heaven. I shall soon see Edward now," alluding to a deceased cousin. When he felt himself dying he called his brothers and sister to his bedside, and having bidden them farewell, while the sorrowful watchers bent o'er his couch his life ebbed out.

IOTA.

BENJAMIN WAINE. "Father, do not go out to-night; stay with me to-night, father." This was said by our beloved child a few hours before he entered the spirit world. Our son Benjamin was born at Sunderland, on the 13th of September, 1852. Shortly after we removed to North Shields. At an early age he became a scholar in the Union Street Sunday school. He was blessed with a quick perception. His attachment to the Sunday school increased with his years. He was always happy when he heard it well spoken of, and very often after returning home therefrom, he would speak of his teachers and of the lesson, and ask his elder brother questions upon it, thus trying to gather information and to impart it likewise. He took great

interest in the anniversaries of the school. Possessing a good voice and a retentive memory, he was elected with others to take his part in them. This duty he performed modestly, and with considerable ability. To his parents he was kind and affectionate, and placed an implicit reliance on their judgment, constantly referring to them for guidance, and, when their judgment was given, no one could induce him to swerve from it. He maintained a strict regard for integrity and truth, and was kind and benevolent to all. We were looking with fond expectation for him to become an honour to the Church, and the comfort of our declining years. But he who knows the end from the beginning was ripening him for himself. Consumption took hold of him, and though every means was used for his recovery, and though by the providence of God we were removed to Marske, near Redcar—which change, it was thought, would be greatly in his favour—yet he gradually sank. It was upwards of a year from the commencement of his illness to his death. He suffered greatly on account of shortness of breath, often being unable to lie down. The last three months he was never in bed; the last month his sufferings were severe, yet not

one word of murmur ever escaped his lips. When asked if he would like to go home to heaven, or get better and stay with his parents, brothers, and sister, he would say: "Any way the Lord sees best;" he would not make a choice. When his breath would allow him he was often heard singing:—

"Come sing to me of heaven
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
There'll be no more sorrow
there."

He was visited by several friends, and by the Rev. Mr. Lane, who was kind in bringing him books. On Wednesday, the 9th June, 1864, he requested me to write for his aunt at Willington to come and assist his mother, and to give his kind love to several friends, mentioning them all by name, saying I was to tell them he would not see them any more on earth, but he hoped to meet them in heaven. His last day was one of extreme suffering. About eight o'clock in the evening he said, "Father, I want you to pray to the Lord to take me home to night." I prayed as well as I could; he followed me. When I ceased, he continued, "Lord bless me, Lord

save me, ease me of my pain, and take me home to night; Lord, for Christ's sake, to-night; Lord, for Christ's sake." A little while after this we sang together the hymn commencing:—

"What is this that steals upon my frame?

Is it death, is it death?
Which soon will quench this vital flame,

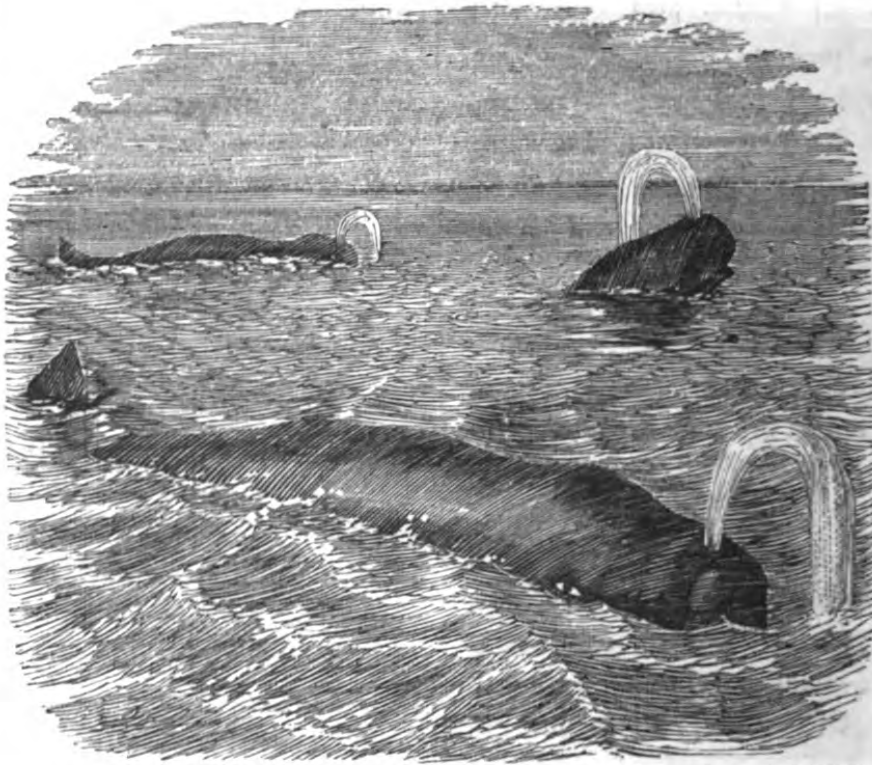
Is it death, is it death?" &c.

His entire reliance was on Jesus. He would say: "Jesus died for me; Jesus is my Saviour." A few minutes after this he laid himself back in his chair and fell asleep. He slept awhile, and on awaking up he turned to look at the clock; but I fancy he could not see distinctly, for he asked, "What o'clock is it?" I said, "A quarter to twelve." He laid himself back and fell asleep again, and about half-past one quietly breathed his last. Thus died our dear boy, on the 13th of June, aged eleven years and nine months. The funeral was a most pathetic occasion. A large number of teachers and scholars and many friends preceded the procession to the grave, singing the hymn commencing:—

"The morning flowers display their sweets," &c.

W. WAINE.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE CACHALOT, OR SPERMACETI WHALE.

IN the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, is an under jaw bone of this whale, sixteen and a half feet in length, containing forty-eight huge teeth. With its formidable teeth it will attack the boat of men trying to catch it. It will also swim away from the boat, and then make a sudden and terrible rush at it, thereby sometimes knocking it to pieces. One of these whales actually sank a ship, some years ago, by three or four blows from its head. Spermaceti is obtained from its head, and its head is very large.

When it is killed, a hole is made in its head, and bucketfuls of spermaceti oil are taken out. The liquor is boiled, and thereby rendered solid and transparent. The blubber or flesh of the Cachalot also yields a fine valuable oil. Ambergris is found in the interior of its body. This substance is of the consistency of wax, inflammable, and gives out a kind of musky odour. The Cachalot, although an inhabitant of the Arctic seas, has sometimes been found and captured off our coasts. Its length is about seventy feet.

EDITOR.

Queries and Replies.

CREWE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I find in the first chapter of Job an account of his children. Also, in the last chapter I find he had the same number. I should be glad if you will be so kind as to say, through your JUVENILE, whether you think they were slain, or whether they were taken captive, and then restored again to him, as I never read of others being born.—
Yours truly, G. S.

ANSWER. — We understand Job's first family to have been really slain, as is stated in the first chapter, and that he had another family in later life, perhaps by a second marriage, and that this family was as numerous as the former.

SILVERDALE, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.

REV. SIR,—With what bodies shall we rise at the resurrection morn? An answer to the above, when convenient, in our JUVENILE MAGAZINE will oblige, yours in Christ,

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

ANSWER.—Our resurrection bodies will be the same, in *some sense*, as our present ones; but, as the body is now continually changing in appearance, and even in substance,

and as this will be the case after death, as during life, so in *many respects* the resurrection body will differ from the present. The *identity* of our bodies is *somehow* now preserved through all the changes of life, and so we presume it will be after death. We shall not have bodies *entirely* different from these, or there would not be a resurrection; nor will our bodies then be precisely the same as now, or we could not inherit the kingdom of heaven. But our bodies will be changed in some respects, and yet retain sufficient of what they now have and are to constitute them truly the same. In precisely what the sameness or identity will consist is beyond our knowledge. God will give us a body as shall please him, and to every one his own body.

SILVERDALE, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE CIRCUIT.

REVEREND SIR,—Would you favour me, through the medium of our valuable Magazine, with your opinion on Romans ix. 3—"For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

—Yours, JONADAB.

ANSWER.—This passage is

very hard to be understood, but the most probable interpretation seems to be—"I could willingly submit to the *curse of Christ* for my countrymen's sake; or, as the Jews are devoted to temporal punishment, I would gladly bear it for them, even to the loss of life, if by that means I could benefit them." See Matt. xxiv. for the curse of Christ on the Jews.

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HARTLEPOOL.

REV. SIR,—Would you kindly inform me, through the medium of your JUVENILE, the kind of compass that is mentioned in Acts xxviii. 13. By so doing you will greatly oblige, yours, on the King's highway to glory,

THOS. THUBRUN.

ANSWER.—A verbal, not a nominal, compass is meant; or, in other words, the evangelist is not speaking of a thing, but of an action. We *compassed* a good deal of coast (or coasted about) until we came to Rhegium. The mariner's compass was not then known.

— — —
CLOPHILL, BEDFORD CIRCUIT.

DEAR SIR,—I should feel obliged if you would inform me how these two declarations are to be reconciled. In Saul's account of his conversion, Acts ix. 7, says, "They stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man;" and Acts xxii. 9 says,

"They saw indeed the light, but heard not the voice of him that spake unto me." An answer in the JUVENILE MAGAZINE will oblige, yours, S.P.

ANSWER.—The word *voice* is the seat of the difficulty. Now in the first passage it is to be understood as the same as a *noise*, not any distinct articulate sound; but in the second passage it means an *articulate sound*; and hence the passages taken together mean, "They heard a noise, but did not understand any thing that was said."

— — —
LEA BROOK.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to ask your opinion on the following. I read in Matt. iii. 16, that Jesus, who was our only true example, was baptized. Also, when he sent his disciples into all the world, to preach the Gospel, he said to them, "They that believe and are baptized shall be saved." Dear Sir, it appears to me, from Christ's baptism and his sending his disciples out, that he expected those that believed would be baptized. Sir, the difficulty is here, that our connexion do not follow the example and injunction of Jesus. Your opinion will oblige a Sunday-school teacher.

D. M.

ANSWER.—Jesus was baptized, and he commissioned his

disciples to baptize, and the Primitive Methodists follow his example and direction in reference thereto. When we preach the Gospel to native New Zealanders, or other heathen, who have never been baptized, we baptize them on their professing faith in Christ. But, when persons have been baptized in their infancy, we do not think it right to baptize them over again, as Christ never directed his disciples to do so. It should be remembered, Christ's commission was given before people had received baptism in his name, whereas now most who join the Primitive Methodists have already been so baptized. In cases, however, where persons have not received the ordinance, either through the neglect of their friends or their having been brought up where

Christianity was unknown, we comply at once with the direction to baptize those who seek to become members with us. As Christian parents mostly, in all ages of the Church, have offered their children in baptism, believing the practice to be apostolic and Christian, it is not customary in any Church, except that comparatively small section called Baptists, or more properly Anabaptists, to rebaptize them. We therefore believe the Primitive Methodists to be perfectly right in the course they pursue in this behalf. And we moreover believe that it is of infinitely higher moment to be baptized repeatedly with the Holy Ghost than to be more than once baptized with water. Once with water is enough—the oftener with fire the better.

Anniversaries.

BATLEY, DEWSBURY CIRCUIT.
—Dear Editor,—We are glad to inform you that we held our juvenile missionary meeting on Sunday, July 3rd, 1864, when Mr. S. Newsome occupied the chair. Suitable pieces were recited by a few of the scholars, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. S. B. Reynolds, superintendent of the Circuit,

and Messrs. J. Allen, C. Wilcock, and the writer. The afternoon collection amounted to 19s. 2d.; collected by the scholars, £1 17s. 8d. The anniversary was continued in the evening, when the Rev J. Ayrton preached a very interesting sermon, which was listened to by an attentive congregation. The evening col-

lection amounted to 14s. 8d. ; making a total of £3 11s. 6d., which is a little in advance of last year. D. BOOCOCK.

RATBY, LEICESTER SECOND CIRCUIT.—We have had an interesting school anniversary ; the services were held in our chapel on Sunday and Monday, June 26th and 27th, 1864 ; we were favoured with a visit from our friend the Rev. S. Parkin, of Bottesford, who preached us two excellent sermons on the occasion : the scholars recited appropriate pieces, and sang suitable hymns in a creditable manner. The collections for the Sunday amounted to £6 3s., nearly one pound more than ever before. On Monday we gave the scholars the usual treat ; a public tea meeting followed, and we cleared 17s. 10d., making the amount for the school fund £7 0s. 10d. In the evening we had a public meeting, addressed by Messrs. Parkin, Clayton, Jones, Jennings, and Blackwell ; the superintendent presided. W. KNIGHT.

NEWTOWN PRIMITIVE METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.—On Sunday, July 17th, the anniversary of the above school was celebrated in the afternoon and evening ; the collections were £3 16s. A public meeting and school treat took place on the

following day, dialogues and pieces were recited by the children. W. T. FIELDER.

WINKFIELD, MAIDENHEAD CIRCUIT.—On Sunday, May 29th, 1864, the anniversary of our school was held in our chapel at the above place, when three sermons were preached to attentive congregations by the Rev. S. Pearce. On Monday, May 30th, tea was provided for the children, after which they were taken to enjoy their games in a meadow kindly lent for the occasion. A public tea was provided at 5 o'clock. In the evening a public meeting was held, over which Mr. Osman presided ; addresses were delivered by the Rev. S. Pearce and others, and pieces sung by the children. Collections on Sunday and Monday evening amounted to £2 13s. 10½d. for which we feel thankful. W. J. COLES.

COX BANK, NANTWICH AND CREWE CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of this Sabbath school was held July 3rd, 1864, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. P. Aston, and the Rev. J. Guest. The congregations were large, some of the children recited pieces and sang hymns for the occasion with great credit. The collections amounted to £7 9s. 0½d. We are glad to

say that the good work of God is going on better than it ever was known here. The Lord has converted some of our old scholars, and there are seven or eight that were scholars a few years ago and are now useful members and teachers, and though our chapel has not been open three years, and it cost more than £250, we have now only £120 on it, and though we had not then twenty members we have more than forty now. A. WHISTON.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY. — STOWMARKET. — On Sunday, July 3rd, 1864, the anniversary of the above school was held, when a sermon was preached in the morning by the Rev. J. Jackson. In the afternoon and evening several children recited dialogues upon scriptural subjects, and select pieces of prose and poetry. The congregations were large, the chapel being crowded to excess, and some could not gain an entrance. On Monday the children had their annual treat; and in the evening a tea was provided in the chapel, when the teachers and a number of friends sat down to the social cup. A public meeting followed, when the chapel was again filled, and the people highly interested with the addresses given. The col-

lections were liberal, being £2 9s. 4d. J. JACKSON.

STUBBIN, ELSECAR. — The anniversary of the school was celebrated on Lord's day, June 19th, 1864, when two sermons were preached; that in the afternoon by Mr. Enoch D. Solomon; and in the evening by the Rev. J. Cummings (Independent minister). Suitable pieces were recited by the children, and a variety of hymns, anthems, &c., were sung by the children and choir. On the following Monday there was a public tea meeting, when several addresses were given; and on Tuesday the children had their annual school treat. The collections and profits of the tea amounting to £6 19s. J. C. COLLINS.

SIRHOWY, TREDEGAR CIRCUIT. — The Sabbath school anniversary was held June 5th, 1864, when the writer officiated morning and evening, and Mrs. Harvey in the afternoon. The singing by the choir and children was well performed, the recitations were very suitable, and gave great satisfaction, and the divine presence attended the services. On the following Monday the teachers, children, and choir processioned in the neighbourhood and sang several hymns, after which the child-

ren and friends enjoyed a social cup of tea; then followed a public meeting, when addresses were delivered by all the converted teachers, some of whom had not before attempted speaking from a public platform. This meeting was presided over by the writer, and was of a very enthusiastic character; occasionally the smile of joy and the tear of sympathy could not be suppressed. The collections on Lord's day were very good, exceeding greatly those of last, or any previous year, which with the money gathered while processioning, and that given by friends who took tea after

the children, amounted to £11 13s. 10d. To God be praise.

H. WORTH.

FITZROY STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.—The anniversary of this school was held on the 10th and 11th of July. On Sunday the 10th three sermons were preached by Rev. W. H. Meadows, and on Monday the 11th the children recited their pieces in excellent style. The singing likewise, which was conducted by Miss Sewell, gave general satisfaction. The collections amounted to £6 10s. 1d.

E. J. GILLSON.

Poetry.

THE PENITENT SABBATH SCHOLAR'S DESIRE.

"I want to be made better,"
Said a boy with watery eye,
When his teacher kindly asked him
For the cause that made him cry.

'Twas not a pain of body
That mantled him with grief;
Nor from a burning fever
He sought in tears relief.

'Twas pain of mind he suffered,
Caused by the Spirit's light,
For now he saw with clearness,
His state in Jesus' sight.

Sweet tears were those to teacher,
Dear words he uttered then;

They told his prayers were answered,
They bade him pray again.

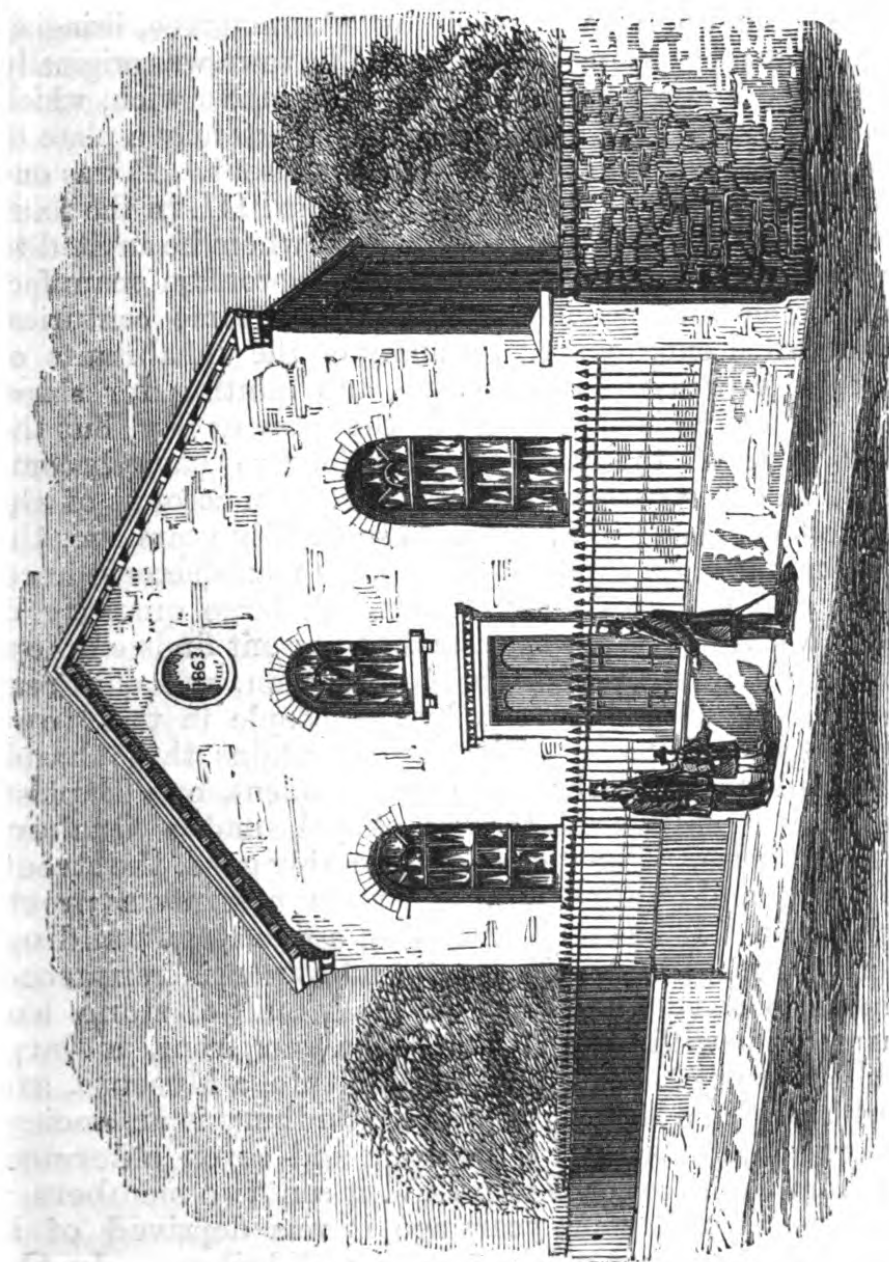
But sweeter still to angels,
Who joy'd in choral bands;
And dearer yet to Jesus,
Who loves to save the lambs.

I would that every reader
Should see as did this lad—
Would pray like him in earnest,
And feel himself as bad:—

Would now return to Jesus,
Who died for every man;
'Tis he can make you better,
There's nothing else that can.

Sent by H. HINES.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



SUDBURY CHAPEL.

Youths' Department.

SUDBURY.

(With Engraving.)

SUDBURY is a market town and borough of England, in the county of Suffolk, situated on the north-eastern side of the river Stour, which here divides the two counties of Essex and Suffolk. The river is navigable for barges, which come up from Ipswich by Manningtree, bringing coal, &c., and carrying back lime. The town was originally called Southburgh, to distinguish it from Norwich, which was then called Northburgh. It was anciently a place of much more importance than it is at present. It was one of the first places at which King Edward III. in the fourteenth century settled the Flemings whom he invited to England to instruct his subjects in the woollen manufacture, which business flourished here for some centuries, and afforded employment to many of the inhabitants of the town in weaving stays, crape, and bunting for ships' flags. Bunting is made here at the present day, but the other parts of the woollen manufacture have become settled in other parts of the country. On account of the dearness of labour in Spitalfields some fifty years ago, the London mercers established a silk manufactory here, which still employs many hands. A large quantity of velvet weaving is done here, and at present finds employment for a number of both men, women, and children. The weaving is chiefly done by the people in their own houses by hand-loom. The town contains three handsome and large churches, two Independent, one Baptist, and one Primitive Methodist chapel, and a Quakers' meeting house. The houses are tolerably good, the streets are clean, and on the whole the town presents a pretty appearance. It has its Town Hall, a fine stone building, where the magistrates sit, and town business is transacted. It has also a very pretty Corn Hall, built of stone, and ornamented with fine columns, &c., in front, a large Public Lecture Hall, a Literary Institute, a Museum, and Working Men's Reading Rooms. Sudbury is an ancient corporation, governed by a mayor and seven aldermen, and from the reign of Edward IV. it sent two members to Parliament, until some years ago it was deprived of its members on account of corruption and bribery. In this town was born Simon de Sudbury, who was Archbishop of Canterbury in 1375. He was beheaded by the populace

in the Rebellion of Wat Tyler, and his skull bone is now preserved behind a grating in the vestry of St. Gregory's church. Sudbury was the birthplace of Thomas Gainsborough, one of the most eminent of English painters in the eighteenth century. The town is fifty-six miles N.E. from London, and now contains a population of nearly 7,000.

The Primitive Methodist chapel, of which we give an engraving, was erected in 1863 at a cost of £533, is comfortably seated with open benches, has a neat platform, is lighted up with gas from three pendent stars, warmed in winter by a stove, and has sufficient spare ground attached to it for any future enlargement, and for the erection of a Sabbath school. We have collected £305 toward the cost, which leaves a debt of £230 on it. We are earnestly labouring to extend the work of God, and we look for his blessing. May it be granted, for Jesus' sake!

S. SMITH.

A SABBATH SCHOOL ADDRESS.

(Continued from Page 91.)

3. *Do Good.* "Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." "To do good and to communicate, forget not." These are commands which stand out prominently in the book that is to be your guide across life's desert. Imitate the example of him "who went about doing good." He is our Exemplar. If you only have the love of God in your hearts, no fear need be entertained as to the character of your works. For if the fountain be good it will naturally cast up a pure refreshing stream. And when your hearts are purified by God's Spirit you will be constrained and prompted to good works.

(1.) Do all the temporal good you can. It will, perhaps, not be in your power to afford any direct pecuniary aid to the poor and distressed around you, but you can be kind and attentive to them. You may even indirectly minister to their wants by appealing to your kind friends, friends who have it in their power, to alleviate their wants. Be ready to make sacrifices for the comfort and good of others. Imitate the unselfish and self-sacrificing life of him whose time and energies were devoted to alleviating the wants of others, carrying joy and gladness to the widow's heart, and making the halt and maimed dance for joy.

(2.) Do all the spiritual good you can. Let not your

attention to the poor and the afflicted pass away in efforts for their temporal welfare merely. Speak to them of their sins, and shew them their perilous condition whilst out of Christ, and then point them to the Saviour. Lead them to Calvary, and point them to the Sacrifice for the world's sin, through whose blood they may have redemption, even the forgiveness of all their sins. Even children may be made angels of mercy. A word from a child can be made to accomplish God's purposes. He often uses the weak things of this world to confound "the things that are mighty," &c. You can read the Bible to the poor and illiterate, leave them tracts, and invite them to the house of God. There are various ways of doing good. You can invite your companions and the poor neglected children living around you to the Sabbath school. You may even share in blessing the heathen in dark pagan lands by helping to send them the light of the blessed gospel. To do this you must importune your friends and the public to fill your missionary boxes and cards. If we can only prevail upon all our Sabbath scholars to make an active canvass during the year, the missionary fund will be greatly augmented, and blessings conferred upon our fellow men who are without hope and without God in the world. I trust this suggestion will be the means of awakening some of my youthful readers to active efforts in this glorious cause. But whatever you undertake to do for the Lord, do it with all your might. Let the world see that you are in earnest, and are determined to accomplish your purposes. You shall not go unrewarded even in this world, and in the world to come you shall be crowned with life everlasting. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not."

Be good, get good, do good. Those were memorable words which Walter Scott addressed to his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, when, calling him to him, he said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man ; be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Attend to what I have said if in prospect of judgment you would have pleasure and satisfaction in meeting the Judge of the world. True, nothing but the blood of Christ will acquit us there, yet it is much more agreeable and cheering in view of it to be able to look back upon a consistent and useful life, than upon one of inconsistency and worthlessness. No less memorable than the words of Scott were these words of Wilberforce, in relation to that

great man and his writings,—“I would rather go to render up my account at the last day carrying up with me ‘The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,’ than bearing the load of all those volumes, full as they are of genius.”

If you wish to have the favour and approbation of God here, and enjoy his eternal smile as your reward hereafter let the subject of this paper be your motto through life, Be Good, Get Good, Do Good. “A good man obtaineth favour of the Lord.”

JARRATT.

Hull.

LONDON : ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 94.)

IN 1856, the number of parliamentary electors on the roll in Finsbury was 20,626, to a population of 323,101 ; in Greenwich the number was 7,888, to a population of 112,054 ; in Lambeth, 20,012, to a population of 272,189 ; In St. Marylebone, 20,851, to a population of 370,997 ; in Southwark, 10,170, to a population of 172,264 ; in the Tower Hamlets the number of electors was 27,980, the population being 541,119 ; in Westminster there were 13,182 electors to a population of 241,575. The number of houses rated to the relief of the poor in 1856 was as follows :—In Finsbury, 39,801 ; Greenwich, 20,306 ; Lambeth, 47,255 ; Marylebone, 43,883 ; Southwark, 25,644 ; the Tower Hamlets, 88,327 ; and in Westminster, 26,646.

A return of the vital statistics of the metropolis, during the year 1856, was lately published by the Registrar General, stating that in the fifty-two weeks ending the 27th of December of that year, 44,159 boys and 42,674 girls were born, and 28,894 males and 27,892 females died. It was computed that, with the addition of soldiers and sailors who had returned from the seat of war, the population, at the close of 1856, was 60,000 more than in 1855. In 1859 London was supposed to have a population of 2,700,000. Of the amount of traffic caused by this enormous population, some idea may be formed from a curious table published by Mr. Haywood, chief engineer to the City Board of Sewers. He states that in one day the number of vehicles passing by Cornhill amounted to 5,256 ; by Temple Bar, 9,883 ; Ludgate Hill, 10,626 ; London Bridge, 18,179. The average per hour of the whole traffic was 12,838 ; the maximum was 15,204 at twelve, noon, and the minimum 8,454, at two a.m. The

food daily consumed by the vast population of the metropolis is almost beyond calculation. Of fish alone the consumption, of which official estimates have been made, is really astounding. The Billingsgate sales for one year amounted to 3000 millions, weighing altogether 230,000 tons, and worth two millions of money. Of soles there were ninety-eight millions sold ; of eels ten millions ; of lobsters a million and a quarter ; of sprats 1780 tons ; of herrings, Yarmouth sometimes sends up 100 tons in a night.

As to the revenue and expenditure of the city of London, it appears, from statistical tables extending from 1847 to 1856 inclusive, that the receipts of the corporation amounted to £2,595,216 ; whereof £2,007,442 are classed as ordinary, and £587,773, as extraordinary receipts. It also appears that they expended upwards of £915,000 over and above their income ; £550,000 having been expended in the Cannon Street improvements ; £450,000 on the new cattle market, and £270,000 in the Clerkenwell improvements ; the entire returns of which do not now amount to more than £9000 per year, including the ground rents and tolls of old Smithfield market. The total ordinary receipts of the corporation for the year 1857 amounted to £205,298, the largest items being the coal duty £64,238 ; and the freehold and leasehold rents of city property £62,029 ; besides £21,540 from the rents of the Finsbury estate, £14,000 from mortgage, £12,655 from the Metropolitan Cattle Market, and £13,705 from the other markets. The total amount of income tax, collected in the city of London for the year 1857 was £403,211 15s. 4d. ; land tax £50,859 17s. 2d. ; and assessed taxes £48,577 11s. 7d., making together a grand total of £502,649 4s. 1d.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

FIRST comes the little particle,
 Grammarians call an *Article* ;
 And then the mighty *Noun* :
 Great stores of fancies that may bring,
 A *Noun*, it may be any thing,
 A *Person* or a *Town*.
 To *Adjectives* great thanks we owe,
 The *qualities* of *Nouns* they show ;
 And their *degrees* compare :
 By them you may express your mind,
 Say *good* or *bad* as you're inclined,
 Or *witty*, *wise* or *fair*.

When *Nouns* repeated tiresome prove,
That inconvenience to remove,
Another word we'll show ;
He, She, or it, may do instead,
And *this* and *that* may lend their aid,
They're *Pronouns* called, you know.

And now your best attention turn,
The different kinds of *Verbs* to learn,
Both *active Verbs*, and *Neuter* ;
To love, to sit, to walk, to run,
Or anything that may be done,
Past, present, or in future.

Don't let the next your thoughts disturb,
It shows the *manner* of the *Verb* ;
And often ends in *ly* :
To *Adjectives* it lends its aid,
Adverb it is—don't be afraid,
You'll learn it, if you try.

A *Preposition* serves to show,
Relation, between things you know ;
If *in* or *by*, or *near*,
You before *Nouns* or *Pronouns* place,
Its meaning we distinctly trace,
And find the *sentence* clear.

Conjunction is a kind of thing,
That like a piece of silk or string,
Ties *sentences* together :
Thus, Tom and Ned are very good,
And they shall walk to Primrose wood ;
If it be pleasant weather.

When people call out *ah !* or *oh !*
I'd have my little pupils know,
They use an *Interjection* ;
And now I hope you'll learn this rhyme,
Or I shall think I waste my time,
And that's a sad reflection.

Sent by E. POWELL.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

It was Sunday morning ; the air was sharp and cold, and the snow was falling in large flakes to the earth, which was already covered with a thick carpet of white ; and looking round on all sides, the eaves, trees, and hedges all

betokened the near approach of Christmas, when I left my home to proceed to B—S—, to take my appointments for the day. My first public duty on that day was to address the children of the Sabbath-school; and as I walked along, musing on the work I had to perform, and the subjects I had chosen from which to address my hearers, the bleak wind and snow beating in my face, I felt inclined to murmur and wish that my appointments for that day had been at home. I knew it was wrong to indulge such a wish, and felt myself very much condemned when my eye rested upon two pairs of footprints in the snow: the one was large and heavy, and the other was small and light. The feet which had left these impressions had evidently gone the way I was going; and as I stood gazing at them, something seemed to whisper to me, these are the footprints of those who have gone to instruct the little ones you are going to address. The owner of the feet which had left the light impression was a little girl about twelve years of age, who had left her home at an early hour, in company with a youth, to walk through the cold several miles to teach the children in the Sabbath-school. My murmuring was now at an end, for I thought if one so young and tender could endure the cold, and think it no hardship thus to walk in the path of duty, I had no room to murmur or complain. I therefore drew my wrapper more tightly round me, and resolving never more to murmur, began to push my way through the storm a little more quickly, remembering that "the path of duty is the path of safety," and that we should "work while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work."

With these thoughts passing through my mind, I pursued my journey until I came to a place where was a footpath leading across some fields to B—S—, and much nearer than the road; here I stopped to ask myself which way I should take. The footpath I knew to be a very rough and uneven one, especially on a morning like that. Satan suggested that the road would be much better and smoother than the path, but conscience told me I should be late if I went by the road.

I looked for the footprints in the snow, and found that they led the way across the fields; so I leaped over the stile, saying, it was as rough for them as it is for me, and pressing forward I was at my journey's end in a little while, and surrounded by a lot of cheerful and smiling faces; and the hum which ran through the place when I made my appearance plainly told how pleased they were

to see me. I felt quite happy, and was glad to have the opportunity of being there.

Thus it is, dear reader, in our earthly pilgrimage we are often cast down and discouraged by reason of the roughness of the way ; and at these times the enemy will tempt us to turn aside from the path of duty, and take our ease ; but this will not do. How many are there who by reason of these temptations have made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience, and have become a prey to the adversary.

If we look around us, and see the way that many have been led through this vale of tears, we shall find that our way is comparatively smooth, and although their way was so much rougher than ours, God gave them grace according to their day and it was sufficient for them ; and we have the encouraging thought that their God is our God ; and that "he is a sun and shield, he will give grace and glory ; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Let us look to him.

We must also bear in mind that we are making

"Footprints on the sands of time ;"

and others may follow in our track, and through our influence and example may take a turn out of the road and lose their souls.

Let us then endeavour to walk in the way to life, as that way is pointed out in the Word of God ; and remembering no man was ever lost on a straight road, let us follow straight in the footsteps of our blessed Lord, imitating him as our example ; and if we do so we may be useful in the world, and at last lay hold on eternal life. We shall meet with difficulties and trials, but then we know they are only for this life, and we shall, if faithful, be landed in safety "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." May you and I meet there.

J. S. S.

THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

No doubt its blessed number is made up very largely of young persons, called away, some a few years, many but a few months old ; they smiled, took notice, began in childish confidence to tell us their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, their trials at play and school ; and where is the man, whether a father or not, who has no ear for the prattle, no heart for the sorrows of a child—no sympathy for young persons, and, if a Christian, no taste for Sabbath schools ? Some very good

and wise men have been very happy in the way they have been able to address, interest, and profit the young.

But a short time before the late Dr. Raffles was taken hence, we heard him say, when giving a public charge to a young minister, "I frankly confess to you I have always envied the man who excels as a Christian minister in the family circle." A wise confession certainly, and one which we would also make as frankly; nor would our envy stop here. We frankly confess we envy and would emulate the man who excels as a Christian minister in the Sabbath school.

A few weeks before the death of the late venerable Hugh Bourne, we called at Bemersley, when we found him patiently suffering, and the Christian triumphing, as he looked into the unknown future. Also the following conversation took place: Where did you travel last?—Bedford. Where has the Conference stationed you?—Settle. What is the last Connexional increase?—1,200. What is the increase of our Sabbath scholars for the last year?—Nearly 6,000. Well done, the children! Do you love Sabbath schools?—Yes, sir. And then followed such plain, practical advice, as will never be forgotten, all tending to show the honour there is in being the means of good to the rising race. Often since then we have seen (in our fancy) this lover of the young pleading their cause, and heard him, when speaking of his prospect say, "Through mercy my title's clear;" and presuming that he now associates with thousands from our Church and Sabbath schools, his ardent interest in the welfare of the young must be intensified incomparably; for no doubt that spirit which made him "majestic in his own simplicity," prevails very largely above.

Interest above! yes, undoubtedly. "It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish," and how frequently this care for the young is shown by Almighty love, may be seen in the mention of them in the Old and New Testament. Now in precept, then exhortation, promise, and blessing, removing all doubts from our mind as to the fact of the Divine Fatherhood. Interest above! Yes, we may justly presume, that among the bright angelic bands a strong interest is felt for the young; their long and blessed fellowship with the centre of light, purity, and love, will give them a strong and ever-deepening interest in all that engages the Infinite mind. The sight of some hundreds of children, arrayed in white, singing in concert some of our best earthly lays, has inexpressible charms; but

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Millions of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band."

As to hundreds, or even thousands, we can compass the idea; but what the rapturous joy, the transcendent bliss of hearing millions of millions of the young singing to heavenly music, and to know that this will form a part of our blessed employment for ever. Heart cannot conceive or fancy paint such bliss; but as a part of God's redeemed Church we can by faith realise all, and, therefore, how should we during our short probation delight in being the medium of instruction to the lambs of the flock. It may be that some among our readers can call to mind how, years ago, when in speaking to a class, or giving a school address, some bright eye sparkled as a new idea was imparted, or possibly some indication was given that the good seed planted by them was germinating, and giving promise of a rich harvest. I need not say of what gratitude and joy you were then the subjects. No; to be a teacher of babes—to care for the rising race—to convert a young sinner from the error of his ways—is "to save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." And what a power for good is wielded in that school, where many of the scholars and all the teachers are really converted to God. Nor is the good confined to the school; thence a light goes out—a power is felt in the congregation, family, workshop, the neighbourhood, the nation, and the world.

Presuming that in substance the foregoing remarks are taken for granted—then how should such as profess to care for the young conduct themselves?

1. In their looks there should be a cheerful (not trifling) and hopeful bearing—the sure index of a pure, loving, trustful heart.

2. In their dress an entire absence of display—patterns of neatness.

3. In their habits, making a point of regular and punctual attendance at public worship; reverently taking their accustomed place before the service commences. How much more seemly such a course, than to stand gossiping near the entrance of the sanctuary. Teaching the children by example to respect themselves, by avoiding habits of an injurious and wasteful tendency: such as using strong drinks or tobacco—away with them!

4. In their manner of address to God, using language such as young children can readily understand. How

painful to hear a long prayer in a Sunday school, suited only to old professors. No wonder if the children get weary, yawn, and misbehave.

5. In their address to a class or school, making use of plain language, without ever stooping to nonsense or vulgarity; but in all they say or do, seeking "to allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way." While then we slacken not to promote whatever is lovely or of good report, let us by all means pay special regard to the "young and rising generation;" and when appeals are made for teachers, come forward gladly into such an open door of extensive usefulness. **HOPEFUL.**

A CHILD'S FAITH.

WE may smile at her trusting faith, and even go so far as to exclaim, "How excessively simple!" the conduct of the little girl was, who, after a prayer-meeting for rain, was seen one bright sunshiny morning wending her way to the house of God with a huge umbrella, large enough for herself and three others. We arrive, however, at a too hasty conclusion, for we further hear that the heavens gathered blackness, the much wished for rain descended, and our little maiden reached her happy home with dry garments and a glowing heart. The believing prayer of that little girl entered into the ears of the great Hearer of prayer, and who may say that the like faith which once brought the blessing down on the Canaanitish family did not cause the Saviour now to exclaim, "O child, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt"?

A similar display of a child's faith came under the writer's notice. A family, who through much sickness and many losses one way and another, were brought into circumstances at once trying and painful, unable to pay their rent, were threatened by their landlord with having their goods seized unless it was paid by a certain day. This was the crisis of all their trouble, but they knew that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

The night before the expected calamity, the sorrowing father gathered his family round him, and after reading a portion of God's word and prayer, he told them of their approaching trouble. He then urged them all to rise at a certain hour on the following morning, and with united prayer supplicate that this heavy trial might be averted. They retired to rest, fully realising that themselves and their affairs were in the hands of him who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Early the following morning, "while it was yet dark," the anxious mother was startled by hearing a noise in her room, and on opening her eyes she saw a little figure arrayed in white, standing by her bedside. She might have taken it for an angel (and was it not one of those angels in the family that we often read about who are sent by God to lead our wandering feet to the "better land")? The loving instinct of a mother's heart quickly assured her it was one of her little ones, and on inquiring, "What does my Molly want?" the little one replied, "I come to know if it is time to begin to pray, mother"! The sequel need hardly be told; the cry of this sorrowing family had not been disregarded, and the promised deliverance came. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

We read "that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Let us notice two points in this passage. The first is, that this prayer must be "fervent," not merely a "saying our prayers," but we are "to pour out our hearts before God." This figure is evidently borrowed from the act of pouring liquid out of a vessel. How careful we are to empty its contents, to leave nothing behind. If we thus pray, if we thus empty our hearts before God, we need not fear our prayers will not be "effectual." The answer may not come just at the time we expected or just in the manner we wanted, but it *will* come; and though we may find that God's ways are not our ways, still we shall be constrained to exclaim, "The will of the Lord be done."

We observe next the required state in order that our prayers may be "effectual." We must be "righteous." We cannot believe that this means any natural righteousness of our own, when we are most emphatically told that "There is none righteous, no not one." We believe it to be Christ's righteousness realised by faith, and though we are aware that imputed righteousness is a contested point among theologians, yet we may become righteous by faith, invited and encouraged to do so, as we think, by the gracious words of our Redeemer God—"Behold I bring near my righteousness."

E. C.

"JUST AS I AM."

FOR you, my young friends, is this hymn sent. It contains deep and solemn truths, which have often been used to profit by the young people of our schools. It is usually

sung to another and popular tune, but the one given is that selected by the authoress as the most suited to the words. It was written by Dr. Lowell Mason, a worthy American musician, who has written many beautiful school tunes and anthems, and we hope will compose many more.

It is well suited for singing during divine services as an interlude after prayer, and has often been so used by us. Many instances are on record of the usefulness of this simple trusting hymn, two of which I will now give :—

Some time ago a little boy came to a city missionary, and holding up a dirty piece of paper, said, "Please, sir, my father sent me to get a clean paper like that." It was a page containing the hymn "Just as I am." The missionary asked the lad why he wanted a clean one. His answer was, "We found it, sir, in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it, sir, all the time while she was ill, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?" May we not hope that the girl left the world singing that hymn of penitence and faith in Christ, and through faith was saved?

Some years ago the writer was requested to print copies of this hymn for the old people of Lambeth workhouse, some of whom had obtained a copy, and the missionary wanted to give them all one each.

The Rev. J. Denham Smith, of Dublin, writes of some little lads :—"One of these had only been once to these meetings, yet that once was enough for the good Shepherd who brought him to his arms. One hymn we sing,—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee :
O Lamb of God, I come,"

made a deep impression on his mind ; and his last words were 'How beautiful!' Pointing with his feeble arm upward, as if Jesus was visible, he said,—

"And now, O Lamb of God,
I am coming, I am coming!"

When our last hour shall come may we be also ready, that our death may be the death of the righteous, and our last end like his.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

JUST AS I AM.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God I come.

Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea thine alone,—
O Lamb of God I come.

Juvenile Biography.

JOSEPH DUNWIDDIE was born September 10th, 1851, and died July 13th, 1864, at Burn-opfield Colliery, Shotley Bridge circuit. He had a mild and peaceable disposition; and towards the close of his short life manifested a thoughtfulness not generally found in one so young. He did not run into open vice, like many boys, being blessed with a praying father, who died about three years ago.

Joseph was early taken to the house of God and the Sabbath school, where he received good instruction, which, with the teaching and example at home, led to his conversion. During his illness, he was confined to the house, with little exception, for twenty-three weeks, and to his bed the last fortnight. He bore his sufferings with great patience. He often prayed for grace, and resignation to the Divine will. He experienced a change of heart about a fortnight before his death. The Sabbath-school teachers frequently visited him during his affliction, and inquired respecting his spiritual condition, when he informed them he was happy now, God having pardoned all his sins. He was not afraid to die; and nearly a week before his death,

though enduring much pain, he sang his favourite hymn, "We are going home to glory," &c.

When dying, his mother said to him, "You are going to leave us now;" "Yes," he said, "I'm going home." His last words were, "Lord, help me through."

D. DOVER.

—

BENJAMIN FREDERICK PARKES, of Upper Hackney, in the Winster circuit, was born June 28th, 1858, and died July 26th, 1864. At a very early period of life he was taken by the hands of his parents to the house of God, and to the Sabbath school.

Little Benjamin being a lover of the Sabbath school, and fond of singing, he would often sing the following beautiful lines:—

"Keep us gracious God this day,
Dangers press around our way;
Every sinful passion quell,
Let no secret thought rebel.
Let no sin an entrance find,
To pollute our youthful mind;
Guard our souls from every snare,
Keep us with Almighty care."

Towards the latter part of his life he took great delight in singing with his sister the following lines:—

"When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Canaan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath school."

His illness was but of a few hours' duration. A short time before, he asked his sister, "What she thought of his going to glory soon." We trust he lives in heaven. May parents and children meet him there.

P. DAYKIN.

MARY YOUNG was born at Ellenborough, in the Maryport circuit, February 14th, 1852, and died at Sea View, in the same circuit, August 2nd, 1864. At an early age she entered the Sabbath school, and profited by the instructions she received.

About two years ago, a gracious revival broke out in the neighbourhood, in connection with revival services in the Primitive Methodist chapel. Amongst the converts were several of the Sabbath scholars—Mary was one of the happy number; she experienced the pardon of sins, and felt she loved the Saviour. She united with the Society, and continued a member till removed by death. Her health was generally good until about nine months since; she then manifested symptoms of decline, and gradually sank under it. She felt the Lord with her in her affliction, and when death came she was prepared. On the Sabbath before her death, she desired the teachers and scholars to

visit her; several of them came; she requested certain hymns to be sung, and all to unite in prayer, closing their interview by singing, "When shall we all meet again?" The meeting was affecting, and it was good to be there. When persons visited her, she asked them to pray with her; and called for a prayer meeting. The morning of the day of her decease, she requested her father (who is a member with us) to meet her in heaven.

R. WILSON.

Another precious immortal soul has just been called away from our Little London, Spalding, Sabbath school.

THOMAS LOVELL was born in the year 1849, and died on the 10th of August, 1864, in the sixteenth year of his age. He was taken to the Sabbath school when very young; and he not only loved the school, but he was also much beloved by both teachers and scholars. The last two years he was the subject of much affliction. Amputation was resorted to twice, but his life could not be saved; but, thank God, we believe his happy soul is now with Jesus.

I visited him for the last time on the day previous to that on which he died, and I found him very happy in God. May his school companions be

prepared to meet him in the better world. R. DUCKER.

—
ANNE LANFORD was born September 5th, 1855, in the parish of Lydney, Gloucestershire. Her parents being members of our society, she was trained up in the fear of the Lord, and at an early age became a scholar in our Sabbath school. Her amiable disposition soon won the love of all in the school. But she was early marked by her heavenly Father to be removed hence. Her illness was consumption, which soon cut her down. I often visited her through the few months she was confined to her home, and always found her in a lovely frame of mind—death to her had lost its sting—and she often spoke about Jesus and heaven.

A short time before her death, she said to her father, "Father, I am dying, and going to heaven to be with Jesus and my little brother;" and often when her mother took her up in her arms, she would say, "Don't cry, mother, we shall meet again in heaven."

She bore her sufferings patiently, and fell asleep in the arms of Jesus on August 29th, 1864. W. H. STANBURY.

—
JOSIAH FIELD was born at Morley, in the Leeds second

circuit, May the 4th, 1851. From his childhood he was naturally mild, affectionate, obedient, and truthful; but he needed a change of heart, ere he could enter the paradise of God. The exact time when he experienced this change it is not easy to determine; but that he did experience it was evident from its fruits. This will appear obvious from the following, which was found on a scrap of paper after his decease. It was dated "March 11th, 1862. My dear Mother, I hope you will unite with me in praising God, when I tell you that I have received what I call an extraordinary baptism of the Holy Spirit." He was a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school. As such he was regular in attendance, when health permitted; was attentive to his lessons, and obedient to his teachers; and was respected by those who knew him. And when affliction prevented his attendance at the school—having acquired a relish for reading—he was generally found reading our small Magazine, and other valuable works, suited to his age, and therefrom extracting, as well as he knew how, the honey of knowledge and Divine love. His parents and friends frequently perceived symptoms of disease in his countenance; and

about February, 1864, he began rapidly to decline; but as affliction developed itself, it was evident that he was ripening for the land of the holy, the happy, and the free. During the whole of his sickness, he manifested submission and resignation to the Divine and unerring wisdom of Jehovah, for not a single murmur escaped his lips; and when his mother, who watched over him with intense anxiety and maternal affection, expressed her desire to see him restored to health again, he frequently besought her not to weep for him, saying he had a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better; and on one occasion she questioned him relative to his love to Christ, and his prospect for the future, and he gave her to understand that he could suffer death rather than grieve the Saviour, who had given him foretastes of that rest which remaineth to the people of God.

On Sunday, September 4th, overhearing his mother praying for his recovery, he afterwards prayed that, if he should not recover, that the Lord would take him to himself. And on the following day, as he neared the period of his dissolution, he began to talk of the glories of heaven; and one of his sisters remarking that they

could not spare him, he vehemently exclaimed: "I shall be far better in heaven than here." And on the day of his death, his eldest sister remarking that he was crossing the swellings of Jordan, he said, "He is dividing the torrent;" and after sweetly articulating, "Come, Lord Jesus," he calmly fell asleep on the 6th of September, 1864, aged thirteen years and four months.

J. WEBSTER.

SAMUEL WYNN, was born at Rough Hills, in the Bilston circuit, May 15th, 1853, and departed this life September 20th, 1864. Both his parents being members of our society he was sent at an early age to our Sabbath school. When only four years of age it pleased the Lord to take his pious father to himself; he was then (in accordance with his father's dying request) taken under the care of Mr. John Howes, a local preacher in the Bilston circuit; thus he was the child of many prayers. But although this was the case he shewed no signs of true repentance until his last illness, when he began to pray earnestly, and was enabled to believe in Christ Jesus to the salvation of his soul. During his illness and up to the time of his death, he continued to give satisfactory

evidence of the change that had been wrought within him.

His complaint being fever of the brain he was sometimes unconscious, but even on these occasions he seemed to be conversing with angels, and those of his friends who had gone before him. On one occasion when suffering very great pain he called his friends round his bed and asked if anything could be done to ease his pain, to which Mr. Howes replied that although they could not do anything the Lord could. He then said, "Ask him for me." Mr. Howes then engaged in prayer to which he responded, "Glory! hallelujah!" On another occasion while his mother and another friend were watching him they heard him singing, "I am a soldier of the cross," &c.

At another time he said to his friends, "There are two angels here, one on each side of my bed, and Jesus is coming to fetch me." He could truly say with the poet,

"Bright angels are from glory come,
They are round my bed and in my room."

And as though talking to the angels he said, "I cannot fly, help me through the water." He manifested great thankfulness to his friends and Sabbath school teachers who came to visit him, and exhorted them all to be faithful. The last

words he was heard to utter were the Lord's prayer. He then fell asleep in Jesus with a face beaming with joy, and with eyes lit up as with the glory of the Lord.

J. HOWES.

MARY ANN, youngest daughter of Richard and Isabella TANKFIELD, was born at Keighley, October 14th, 1852, and died at Leeds, September 28th, 1864. From earliest childhood she seems to have been the subject of gracious dispositions. In her fifth year she evinced clearly by her spirit, temper and habits that a change had passed upon her, such as only the new birth could produce. Though very modest, and unwilling to speak of such matters, yet we saw by her sweet and gentle disposition, her love of prayer and the holy Scriptures, her delight in the class and other meetings, that the Lord had been talking with her, and putting his love in her heart.

She was for several years a Sunday school scholar and a missionary collector, a visiter of the sick and infirm, and one of the most interested friends of religious progress in the societies. No one evinced greater joy at the salvation of sinners, or felt greater delight in a class meeting or love feast than Polly.

In her ninth year her health began to fail; and after a gradual decline of nearly three years, she sank into the resting-place of all that is mortal.

But she had no fear of death, nor had she any desire for life, when her end seemed near. She talked about dying as an old mother in Israel would do, and said to her mother a fortnight before her death, "Mamma, if I cannot tell them, tell Tom and Lizzy, to meet me in heaven."

Singing was one of the ways in which she delighted to worship God. None that have seen and heard her sing in the house of God will ever forget her fervour and earnestness in doing so. Her whole soul was thrown into such blessed exercises; and she sang as long as she had strength of body to do so. The week before her death she broke out with the following beautiful couplet,

"Keep me till sav'd [from earth
away,
Then take me to thy throne."

She, however, sang as her heart, no doubt, dictated, and said,

"Then take me to thyself."

She suffered much during the last week—but there was not a murmur or look of impatience. All was borne with the fortitude of a Christian woman rather than that of a little girl.

While she could speak to us she talked so gently and sweetly and wisely of everything that pertained to both this life and the life to come, that we felt it truly blessed to sit beside her and minister to her wants. It had been evident to all who knew her that her heavenly Father had for some years been preparing her for the converse of angels and the anthems of the glorified on high; and while we felt it a sad loss to part with one so good, we did so with joyful hope that she was going home to her eternal mansion, and we should, by grace, see and hear her again. It would be impossible to say in a few lines all that could be said of her, but we have in a little work called the "Modest Violet" given a full account. We rejoice in our sorrows that we have one child in heaven.

R. TANFIELD.

—
GEORGE, the beloved and only child of George and Mary Anne WARNER, died at Banbury, October 5th, 1864, in the sixth year of his age.

"The smitten flower lies withered on the ground," but the principle of life is transplanted, and is growing fairer and fresher, in a more congenial soil. We had, in submission to the Divine will, desired that after a long and well-spent life,

his tottering footsteps might be guided to the silent grave; but heaven willed a shorter, easier flight. He was seized with intermittent fever; congestion of the brain ensued, and in spite of the united skill and prompt attention of two clever medical gentlemen, in a few short days he succumbed beneath its power. He was always regarded by his parents as Divine property: this was impressed upon his early-opening, and quick-perceptive mind, and, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, it evidently sanctified his virgin life. He loved to think and speak of Jesu's death for him, and many a time his heart has been more than comforted while singing,

"See there my Lord upon the tree,
I hear, I feel, he died for me."

When, one day his mother was reprobating the conduct of some wicked lads, he said, "Well, mother, I don't do anything of the sort, nor I don't want to do it, because I am converted." When she asked him what reason he had to believe he was converted, his ready reply was, "Why, Jesus died for me, I believe it, and I love him, what else is it to do?" Ah! what else is it to do? George only wanted to know, that he might do it. When persons have come to our house under conviction for sin and

his mother has conversed and prayed with them, he was always earnest in his ready responses, and pleased to tell father when he came home, that such persons had been to the house, and that "we prayed with them." He greatly delighted in family worship, and his clear ringing voice in the song of praise, and his hearty responses in prayer can never be forgotten. Some of the last chapters he there heard read, were from the book of the Revelation, and he seemed in raptures of delight, that there was an angel stronger than Satan who with a chain should ultimately bind him, when he should deceive the nations no more. The last time he united in this worship he was in bed, and he desired that we would have prayer that morning in his room. While we commended him to God, and prayed that Jacob's God would specially bless the lad, his whole frame quivered with emotion, and his tears flowed apace as his earnest "Amens" told of his appreciation of the Divine blessing.

Nothing delighted him like converting services. He came home happy then, and he wanted all the world to love Jesus. He had heard us talk of the African Mission, and he was very desirous that the black boys should hear of his Sa-

viour. A short while since he commenced to save his coppers for that purpose, and when they amounted to five shillings they were to be forwarded to the Missionary Treasurer. But they did not accumulate fast enough, and but a few days before his death he asked his father for a card, feeling confident that he could "soon beg a lot of money." He was taught to believe that money was to be used, and not foolishly spent in toys, sweets, and such things. He had his account at the post office savings' bank. Not that all his money went there, for when he had any given to him he would divide it, saying there was so much for his box, and so much for collections. If he had none in store for the collections he would borrow from his father or mother, for George was never where there was a collection without his subscription. Now that God has taken him, he shall have his money, and that for the African Mission. It is something less than five pounds, but we will call it that, and when the mission is started the treasurer shall have it, and his father will pay interest for it till that time. How it would have delighted our hearts could he have lived and gone to Africa or anywhere else as a missionary of the cross. Nothing on earth should have

compared with this. We always believed that the promise of the Holy Ghost was given for us and ours. We never could believe that it was God's will that a child of ours should spend any part of his life in the service of Satan, and we are quite sure that under the influence of the Spirit of God this one only wanted to know the right in order to do it, and to feel a delight in doing it also. We have had what now prove to be some pleasant dreams about his future. We purposed to give him the best education we possibly could, to bind upon him by faith the sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost, and specially to invoke Heaven to thrust him into the harvest field, that there he might gather sheaves for the garner of his God. The cherished hope of our life is hereby blasted, and the purpose of our heart is crushed in the bud. Yet what shall we say, since God hath done it? This, and this only will we say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Yes, he "gave" to draw forth sympathies we otherwise never could have felt, and to give knowledge we could not otherwise attain, and although now we are in bitterness, as those who are in bitterness for their only child, yet unfaltering faith

says, God is infinite in wisdom, power and love, and our grief-stricken hearts respond, "Thy will be done." We pray that by God's blessing on this dispensation, all that hinders our extensive usefulness may flow out with our briny tears, and that as God could not accept his labours, he will more abundantly bless ours, and when he shall hail us on the shores of life, we'll give the endless glory all to God. So pray his afflicted parents.

G. & M. A. WARNER.

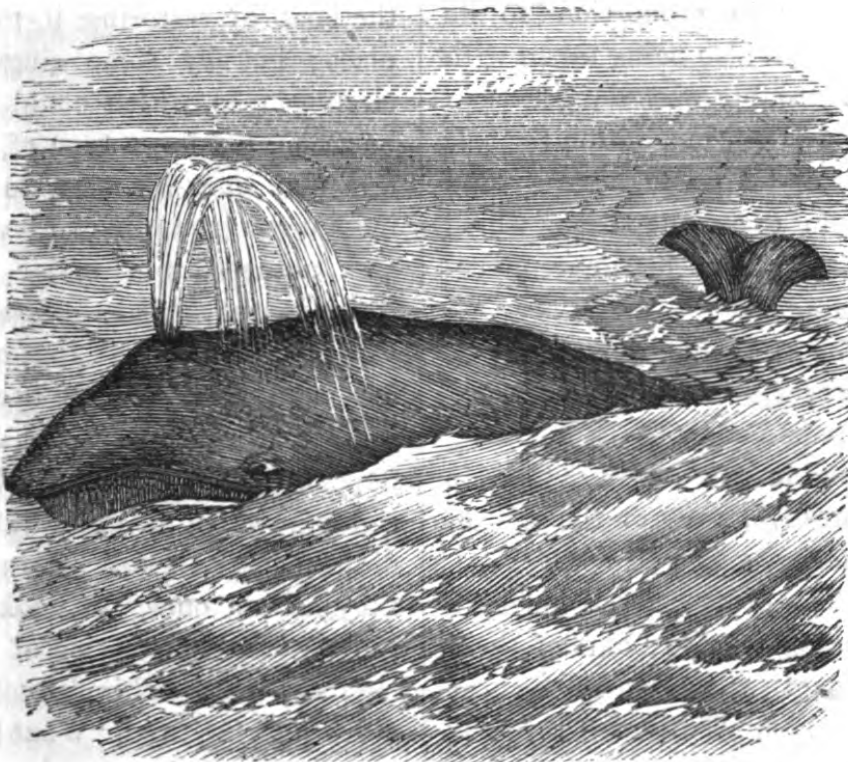
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EMMA HORNBY, of Alford, departed this life October 12th, 1864, aged fifteen years. She was naturally very thoughtful, teachable, and kind. Those excellent traits were exemplified in her aptness to learn, her affectionate regards to her instructors, and the great love she at all times manifested to her parents, relatives, and friends. At an early age she became one of the first scholars in our Sabbath school, where she learnt to read God's Holy Word. There she also received divine and lasting impressions, which terminated in her conversion. She left her parents' happy home at the age of fourteen, and took a situation in the country. During her servitude the fear of offending the Lord had a restraining in-

fluence upon her youthful mind, and to a considerable extent she was saved from the ungodly practices of the world, and when an opportunity presented itself her practice was to retire to some secret place for prayer. Through indisposition she was obliged to leave her situation and return home, where she had the privilege of attending the means of grace at what she called her own chapel. Under a sermon preached on a Sabbath evening we saw her deeply affected, and urged her to offer the publican's prayer, but she refused. Immediately afterwards she became heavily afflicted; at the same time she saw herself to be a great sinner and eternally lost without Christ. She then cried, "Lord, save, or I perish." Her parents and relatives prayed, and through the merits of our Divine Redeemer the Lord set her soul at perfect liberty, October 9th, at three o'clock in the morning. She then exclaimed, "If ever I did wrong in my life it was that blessed Sunday night in refusing to be converted, when the Spirit strove so powerfully with me. Do go and call up Mr. R., that he may help me to praise the Lord for having plucked me as a brand from the fire." We had the privilege of praying with her, and hearing her con-

ness what the Lord had done for her. In this happy state of mind she rejoiced exceedingly until the following Wednesday, when she fell asleep in Jesus. On the 16th of October the writer made some remarks respecting her triumphant death, with a view to encourage the

Sabbath-school teachers, and to console her sorrowing relatives and friends, after which three out of the six of those who bare her body to the tomb came to the penitent's form, cried for mercy, and were converted to God. T. RATCLIFFE.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE COMMON, OR WHALE- BONE WHALE.

THIS giant of the deep is entirely destitute of any weapon of offence. In place of teeth, the upper jaw is thickly set with that well-known substance

called whalebone; as it feeds on the smaller kind of marine animals, which are necessarily received into the mouth along with a large quantity of seawater, it is, by means of these laminae, or leaves of whalebone

which act like a filter, able to retain its food, and get rid of the liquid. Some idea may be formed of the enormous size of the whale when it is stated that its tongue will sometimes measure twenty-seven feet in length, and yield upwards of six tons of oil.

Although an enormous creature, it is not so large as several other species of the same tribe, but it is selected by the whale-fishers on account of its being covered with a larger portion of blubber in proportion to its size, and also being taken with less trouble and danger than others, that, in addition to their tails and flippers, have a kind of fin upon the back, which assists them in their movements.

The capturing of the whale is, however, attended at times with extreme danger, as the following anecdote extracted from Captain Scoresby's work on the whale-fisheries, may well testify:—

“The boats had got among a shoal of whales; one of them at length arose so near the boat in which William Carr was harpooner, that he ventured to pull towards it, though it was meeting him, and afforded but an indifferent chance of success. He, however, fatally for him-

self, succeeded in harpooning it. The boat and fish passed each other with great rapidity after the stroke, the line was jerked out of its place, and instead of running over the stem was thrown over the gunwale; its pressure in this unfavourable position so careened the boat that the side sank below the water, and it began to fill. In this emergency the harpooner, who was a fine active fellow, seized the bight of the line, and attempted to relieve the boat by restoring it to its place; but by some singular circumstance, which could not be accounted for, a turn of the line flew over his arm, in an instant dragged him overboard, and plunged him under the water to rise no more. So sudden was the accident, that only one man, who had his eye on him, was aware of what had happened, so that when the boat righted, which it immediately did, though half full of water, they all at once, on looking round at an exclamation of the man who had seen him launched overboard, inquired, ‘What had got Carr!’ It is scarcely possible to imagine a death more awfully sudden and unexpected.”

Anniversaries.

WILBY, ROCKLAND CIRCUIT.—The fourth anniversary of this school was held May 29th, 1864. On the following Tuesday, at six o'clock, the teachers and friends sat down to an excellent tea, which was followed by an interesting public meeting, presided over by Mr. Stow. The collections amounted to £3 0s. 6d.
D. R.

BOTANY BAY. — SOUTHAMPTON CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of this Sabbath school was celebrated October 2nd, 1864, when three sermons were preached by Messrs. Tabb and Jacobs. Interesting dialogues and pieces were recited, and hymns sung by the children. The tea and public meetings held on the following day were well supported. Effective addresses were delivered, and the sum of £4 2s. 11½d. was realised at the various services. G. CHALK.

NEWTON, PILLAWELL CIRCUIT.—In celebration of the first anniversary of our Sabbath-school on Lord's-day, June 26th, 1864, two sermons were preached by the writer. Several good pieces were recited by the children, which made a deep impression on the congregations, much to the credit of the teachers. Great praise is due to Miss Beven, the superintendent of the school; also Miss Harper. The collections for the day amounted to the sum of £1. At the close of the service the children were rewarded by the teachers with very good books as presents. The cause in this place for many years has been very low. Thank God, Newton is reviving. The prayer of the writer is, that many may rise up out of this school to call God blessed.

W. H. STANBURY.

Poetry.

THE YOUNGSTER AND THE PEARS.

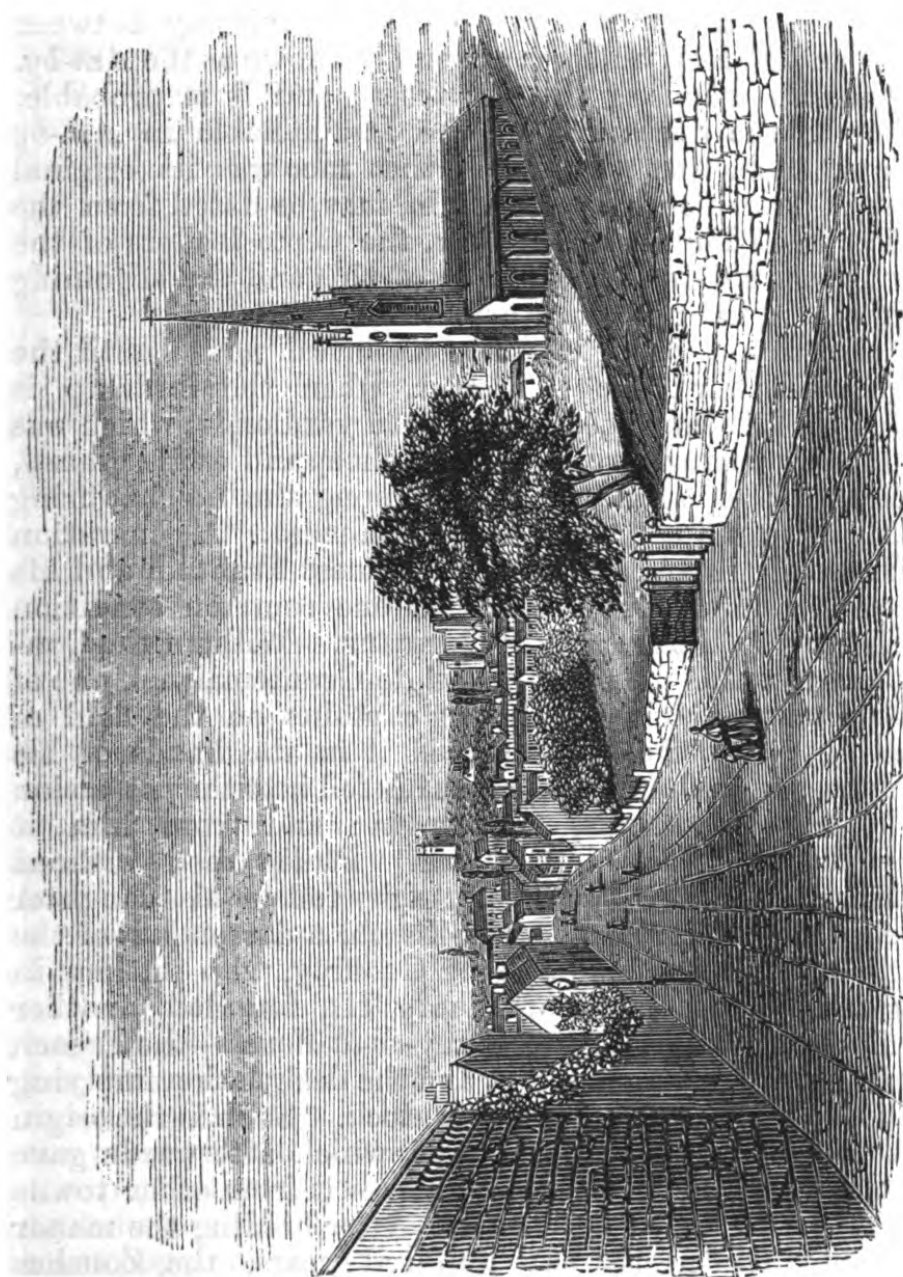
ONE morning in the month of May,
A youngster chanced to pass the way;
And as he slowly crept along,
With rosy cheeks and morning song,
He spied a row of willows great,
That led unto the garden gate;
He slowly crept along the way,—
'Twas just the point of dawning day,—

He spies some fruit, to work repairs;
"Indeed," he cries, "I'll have those pears;"
And to the house-door slowly goes,
Treading gently on his toes;
Into the window takes a peep,
To see if all are still asleep.
He lists awhile in silent gloom,
Finds all as silent as the tomb;
Down he comes, with fulness brought,
To have the fruit, or else be caught.
He springs upon a wall of lime,
He grasps a bough, begins to climb;
He has not higher far to go,
When lo! he hears a step below;
He quits his stronghold at the sound,
And comes down reeling to the ground;
He springs up quick, without a doubt,
Begins to stamp, and look about.
At length he sees some one approach,
'Tis but his friend, his Bobby Roach;
He calms his passion in a while,
And runs to him with joyous smile.
"Oh, Bobby, do you see those pears,
I'll climb the tree, and we'll have shares;
There's no one here, who see us can;
Come, will you help me in my plan?"
"Ah, no, dear Eddy, take great heed,
It is a mean and wicked deed.
There's no one here for thee to dread,
But there is one above thy head.
This, this, dear friend, will never suit,
To rob the gardener of his fruit.
Know you that he's asleep in bed?
Know you it earns his children's bread?
Come, let us, friend, let us begone,
And leave the gardener's fruit alone."
The youngster's plan grew dark and weak,
He looked around, he could not speak.
At last he cried in urgent joy,
"I'll not the gardener's fruit destroy;
But all I ask is how to unload
Those evil thoughts that cross our road."
"Well, well," said Bob, "to do what's true,
Is to feel right in all you do;
And never for that thing to long,
Which conscience tell you it is wrong."
"Oh thanks, my friend, no more I'll ask,
You've taught to me an honest task;
Whene'er I do a thing that's true,
I'll think upon the pears and you."

Sent by E. WAVELL.

R. A. G.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

Youths' Department.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

(With Engraving.)

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH is a small market town at the extreme western verge of Leicestershire, where it unites with the counties of Warwick and Derby. It is situated on a pleasant but moderate elevation, midway between Wold and Forest, and was originally known as the *Ash-by*, or habitation among the ash trees; and it is probable, owing to the derivation of the last syllable in *Ash-by* being Danish, that a settler of that race was its original owner. In which case its origin may be dated from the period when Hubba and Ingvar, the fierce leaders of the Northmen, subdued the people of this and the adjoining counties, in the ninth century.

Ashby is not brought under historical notice until the reign of Edward the Confessor, when the lordship is stated to have consisted of fourteen yardlands, which was principally pasture ground, where sheep and cattle grazed, while herds of swine wandered among the neighbouring woods in search of acorns and beech-mast. A generation had scarcely passed away ere the honest Franklin and his peaceful swains were reduced to one common condition of slavery by the imperious Normans. William the Conqueror gave this manor to Hugh-de-Grentemaisnel, one of his principal and most daring captains on the field of Hastings; and the latter placed it in the hands of his nephew, Ivo, or John. It afterwards fell into the possession of Robert-de-Beaumis, a Norman; and from him it descended to Philip-de-Beaumis. Philip died without male issue, and the manor of Ashby fell to his daughter Adeliza, who married Allan-la-Zouch, a descendant of the Earls of Brittany, and son of Geoffrey, who settling in England in the reign of Henry II., founded another family, which was called Geoffrey-de-la-Zouch—the French word *Zouch*, meaning a stock, and the designation implying that he was the first of another stock. Such is the origin of the high-sounding appellation, which afterwards gave to Ashby the affix that distinguishes it from other towns and villages of the same name. After holding the manor of Ashby for nearly two hundred years, the Zouches became extinct, and their property passed to Sir Hugh Burnell, who was lord of Ashby only twenty years; and with his decease every trace of its ancient feudal possessors

passed away. Its next owner was James Butler, Earl of Ormond ; but how it came into his possession is a matter of uncertainty. He was attainted of high treason in 1461, and the king conferred his estate upon Sir William Hastings ; whose descendants have retained possession of this manor down to the present time.

Ashby was raised to the dignity of a market town in 1219 ; and on the 14th November, 1474, Lord Hastings obtained the grant of two fairs to be held therein. It is the largest parish in the county, containing 11,200 computed acres ; the land is generally fertile, singularly rich in minerals, and furnishes an abundance of limestone and clay. The population has more than doubled during the last half century, being at present upwards of 6000 ; and it is honoured as the birthplace of Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, and Dr. John Bainbridge, professor of astronomy ; the former was born in 1574, and the latter in 1582. The town has two churches, and the Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Primitives have each a chapel therein. There is also a Free Grammar school, and the Blue and Green Coat schools, besides the Sabbath and day schools belonging to the various denominations.

A history of Ashby Castle, with engraving will be given in the next number.

ROBERT PARKS.

LONDON : ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 118.)

COULD the London of 1685 be set before our eyes, we should not know it. The population of England, (or of London) in 1685 cannot be ascertained with perfect accuracy ; on the very highest supposition we think England then had less than one-third of her present population, and less than three times the present population of London.

Next to London stood Bristol, then the first English seaport town, and Norwich the first manufacturing town. London was much larger than other towns then, much more so than now. In the days of Charles the Second the population of London was more than seventeen times the population of Bristol or Norwich. There is reason to believe that in 1685, London was, and had been, the most populous capital in Europe. The customs of London amounted, in 1685, to about £330,000 annually. In our times the net duty paid annually at the same place is nearly fourteen millions. London was not then what it is

now, in the West end ; scarcely one of those stately buildings which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy, was in existence ; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by about 60,000 human beings, was a quiet country village. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and even over the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude. On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by bridges not inferior to the works of the Cæsars. In 1685 a single line of arches, over-hung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished after the fashion of the barbarians of Dahomy, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river. He who then rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street found himself in a solitude, and sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock. On the north the Oxford Road ran between edges. Three or four hundred yards to the south were the garden walls of great houses, which were considered quite out of town. On the west was a meadow renowned for a spring, from which long after Conduit Street was named.

On the east was a field not to be passed without a shudder. There, as in a place far from the haunts of men, had been dug, twenty years before, when the great plague was raging, a pit into which the dead carts had nightly shot corpses by scores.

In Covent Garden, a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, and carters fought ; cabbage stalks, and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire, and of the Bishop of Durham.

St. James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster.

At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there. At another time an impudent fellow settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons, in which the first magistrates of the realm, the Norfolks, Ormonds, Kents, and Pembrokes gave banquets and balls.

The houses were not numbered, and if they had been very few people could read ; in writing marks were made use of. The shops therefore were distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay grotesque aspect to the streets.

The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay

through an endless succession of Saracen's Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking in London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity. Yet they were hardly as terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favourite amusement of young men, (or gentlemen?), to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women.

But a great change took place in the last year of the reign of Charles. An ingenious projector named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent conveying to him, for a term of years, the exclusive right of lighting up London.

He undertook for a moderate consideration to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, and from six to twelve o'clock.

Those who now see the capital all the year round from dusk to dawn blazing with a splendor compared with which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which then glimmered feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three.

His scheme was enthusiastically applauded, and furiously attacked. The friends of improvement extolled him as the greatest of all benefactors of his city. What, they asked, were the boasted inventions of Archimedes, when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noon-day? But there were persons in that age who opposed (what was called) "the new light."

In that age no peace officer's life was in safety, for at the cry of "rescue," bullies, with swords and cudgels, hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds; and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon.

Even the warrants of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers.

Such relics of the barbarism of the darkest ages were to be found within a short walk of the chambers where Somers was studying history and law, of the chapel where Tillotson was preaching, of the coffee house where Dryden was giving judgment on poems and plays, and of the hall where the Royal Society was examining the astronomical system of Isaac Newton.

Hounslow Heath, on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common, on the Great Northern Road, were the most celebrated spots for highwaymen. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight.

No part of the load which the old mails carried out was more important than the news-letters. In 1685 nothing like the London daily paper of our time existed or could exist. The licensing act which had been passed, had expired in 1679. Any person might print, at his own risk, a history, a sermon, or a poem, without the previous approbation of any public officer, but the judges were unanimously of opinion that this liberty did not extend to gazettiers, and that, by the common law of England, no man not authorised by the crown, had a right to publish political news. The "London Gazette" came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents were generally a royal proclamation about highwaymen, cock-fighting, or about cats and dogs. The whole made up two pages of moderate size. Sometimes, indeed, when the government was disposed to gratify the public curiosity respecting an important transaction, a broadside was put forth, giving fuller details than could be found in the Gazette; but neither the Gazette, nor any supplementary broadside printed by authority ever contained any intelligence which it did not suit the purposes of the court to publish. Parliamentary debates and state trials were passed over in profound silence; people who lived at a distance from London did not know what was passing, except by means of news-letters prepared in London.

There were no provincial newspapers; indeed, there was scarcely a printer in the kingdom, only at the universities, London and York. How scantily a rural parsonage was furnished with books. The houses of the gentry were not more plentifully supplied. Few knights of the shires had more books than may be found in a servants' hall, or in the house of a small shopkeeper. An esquire passed among his neighbours for a great scholar if Hudibras and Baker's Chronicle, Fulton's jests, and the Seven Champions of Christendom lay in his hall window among the fishing rods and fowling pieces.

No circulating library, no book society then existed, even in the capital. As to the lady of the manor and her daughters, their literary store consisted of a prayer-book and a receipt book. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature, she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies, highly born, bred, and naturally quick witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue without faults of spelling such as a charity girl would be ashamed to commit.

The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families was remarkably harsh. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives, and thought it right.

If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with his life from the shower of brickbats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl.

Gentlemen arranged to go to Bridewell on court days for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there, whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or overdriven ox.

Fights were among the favourite diversions of a large part of the town (so they are now). Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the docks stench and pestilence which were sometimes unbearable.

But nowhere could be found the compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, and to the negro, and to objects of sympathy in all parts.

Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained the most is the poorest, the most dependent, the most defenceless. For any one in the present London to form an idea of the state and appearance of London at the beginning of its history is no easy task—streets, buildings, speech, customs, all vary.

(To be continued.)

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DAVID.

DAVID is mentioned in the book of Ruth as the son of Jesse ; in 1 Sam. xvi. 12 he is said to be ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to, and Samuel anointed him in the midst of his brethren ; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward. At the age of twenty years he is sent to king Saul by his father Jesse, and playing with his hand on a harp, Saul is refreshed, and the evil spirit departs from him. 1 Sam. xvii. 15, says, David returned to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem, where he remained two or three years ; then his father sent him with provisions to his three brethren in the army, at the time when Goliath so boldly defied the armies of Israel. David, whose name signifies *beloved*, appears to have had that name given him as expressive and predictive of his character, as well as typical of the beloved Son of God. No doubt he was early instructed by his parents to read the word of God, in which he delighted to meditate, as is evident from the Psalms, some of which were probably composed by him while he kept his father's sheep in the fields of Bethlehem, formerly possessed by Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned, and which were afterwards illumined by the glory of the Lord, when the angels appeared to the shepherds at night, and announced the birth of the Saviour in the city of David.

He was anointed by Samuel at the command of God, who had chosen him to be king instead of Saul ; by faith he slew Goliath and put to flight the armies of the Philistines. He was a man of prayer and praise, and a lover of good men. He was hated by Saul, but loved by Jonathan, who was a good man, and whose love to David was wonderful, surpassing the love of women. David and Jonathan's friendship was a true specimen of vital Christianity, even under the Mosaic dispensation. His excessive love of the beautiful, and his strong natural propensities seem to have led him astray from the path of purity and uprightness, so much so, that he forgot God, and himself too, whereby he was taught, and not only he, but ourselves also, how very necessary it is to be always watching unto prayer, lest we fall into sin. But soon afterwards, upon his repentance, a glorious manifestation of God's mercy was displayed towards him, and he was quickly restored to the joys of God's salvation, through the exceeding riches of his grace. While he was pursued by Saul as a partridge upon the mountains, he fled for refuge to God as his stronghold, but when he had rest on every side, then he was in the greatest danger

of falling by the temptations of his invisible enemy. He was a faithful and sympathising friend,—witness his lamentations over Saul and Jonathan; he was an affectionate father,—behold his love to his enemy Absalom. Was he not in this a type of the true David, who wept over Jerusalem, and at the grave of Lazarus, when the Jews exclaimed, “Behold! how he loved him”? What intimate communion he had with his Maker, and how graciously and readily were his prayers answered in his straits and difficulties; was he not in this like Moses, to whom God spoke face to face. But how infinitely does Jesus, the great Antitype, excel these men in his intimacy with his Father, with whom he was one, and to whom his prayers, and love, and obedience were unfailing and perfect: let us follow him. With a vast amount of treasure recovered from his enemies, David purposes to build a house for God; and Jesus, with those whom he has redeemed out of the hand of the enemy, and who are his peculiar treasure, is now building his Church, which is the temple of God.

David when near death gives to his son Solomon an important charge, and offers up a sublime prayer; he then falls asleep in death, and his dust awaits the sound of the last trumpet, while his happy spirit hymns forth in rapturous strains the praises of his Son and Lord in the realms of glory.

J. F.

DOCTRINES OF THE BIBLE.

Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures	} 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17; 2 Peter i. 21.
Innocency of man in his first state ...	} Gen. i. 27; Eccles. vii. 29.
Fall of man.....	Gen. iii. 6, 7; Eccles. vii. 29; Rom. v. 12, 19.
General redemption by Jesus Christ	} John i. 29; Rom. v. 8, 18, 19; Heb. ii. 9; 1 John ii. 2.
Repentance.....	Matt. iv. 17; ix. 13; Acts iii. 19; xvii. 30.
Justification by faith	Acts x. 43; xiii. 39; xvi. 31; Rom. iii. 21—28; iv. 3, 5; v. 1.
Witness of the Spirit	Rom. viii. 9, 16; 1 John v. 10; 2 Cor. i. 22; Eph. i. 13, 14.
Sanctification	Ps. li. 10, 13; Prov. iv. 18; Rom. vi. 18, 22; 1 Thes. iv. 3; v. 23.
Doctrine of the Trinity	} Matt. xxviii. 19; John xiv. 16: 1 John v. 7; Heb. ix. 13, 14.
Resurrection of the dead	} Ps. xvii. 15; Dan. xii. 2; Hos. xiii. 14; Acts. xxiv. 15; John v. 28, 29; 1 Cor. xv. 12, 20; Luke xxx. 37, 38; Rev. xx. 13.

General judgment ... 2 Cor. v. 10; Matt. xxv. 31, 32; Rev. xxii. 12.

Eternal reward of
the righteous ... } Matt. xxv. 34; Rom. ii. 6, 7.

Eternal punishment
of the wicked ... } Matt. xiii. 40—42; xxv. 41, 46 2 Thes. i.
9; John v. 28, 29; Rom. ii. 8, 9; Dan.
xii. 2.

NEVER BE TOO PROUD TO TAKE ADVICE.

A BOY once took his uncle down on Long Wharf to see a new ship that lay there. There was only one sailor on board, and as the visitors passed and repassed the hatches, "Mind ye, mind ye," he said, "don't fall into the hold, or ye'd never see daylight again."

"There is no danger of my uncle," said Harry proudly, "he knows a ship from stem to stern; and so do I too."

As they came down the ladder and went away, "I was so provoked with that old salt," said Harry; "he seemed to think we were know-nothing landsmen, without sense enough to keep us from rushing into the first danger. I wonder you should thank him for the advice, uncle; I was provoked." Here is one offended at well-meant advice!

When the "Royal George" was about ready for sea, the lieutenant discovered something out of order; the ship was keeled or thrown on one side, in order to repair the damaged part, and to save the unnecessary trouble of taking it into the docks. The roughness of the weather almost threw her over. The carpenter seeing danger ran to the second lieutenant, and told him the ship must be righted. The lieutenant, *too proud to take his advice*, ordered him back to his work. The carpenter, seeing the great danger, goes a second time, assuring him that unless righted instantly, the vessel will be lost; but he only received a volley of oaths for his trouble. The vessel began to move, the water rushed in, and before help could be thought of down went the ship, bearing with it a thousand persons to a watery grave. That haughty lieutenant hurried himself and a thousand others into a watery grave, because he was *too proud to take advice*.

A captain, in one of his daring humours, in order to get to a certain place, was bent upon taking the "narrow channel," which was very dangerous. The passengers were told of their danger, and did everything they could to turn him from his purpose, but all was vain, he was inexorable. "We shall be in dock before morning," said

he : "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to wake you with a land salute." At last he swore and said he would not be dictated to by a set of cowardly fellows. Night approached ; the elements were all confusion ; the winds and waves furiously dashed the vessel to and fro. At length there was a cry, "breakers ahead ! breakers ahead !" The captain flew to the wheel, but it was too late. The passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror. There was a fatal plunge that struck the foreship deep into the sand, and all were exposed to the fury of the waves. The terrors of the night cannot be told. Only a few escaped to land, but the next morning among the lost was recognised the lifeless body of the captain. He was too proud to take advice. Reader, are you of this disposition ? We trust not. If so, at once get rid of that which has wrought the ruin of thousands. O if that murderer had taken the advice of his pious parents he would not now have been in the felon's dock ! If that young man had taken the advice of his teacher and kept out of bad company he now would have been free from disgrace ! If those lost spirits who are now for ever beyond the reach of mercy had attended to the instructions of the servants of God, they might have been happy for ever ! Take advice, youthful reader, and never be too proud. If it is advice relating to your eternal welfare, treasure it in your hearts and act according to it. You are hastening to eternity ; travel on safe principles, on the principles of the Gospel. Build on the rock which will save you in the time of danger—the rock which cannot be moved, even Christ Jesus the Lord. There is a storm coming on. God's fury will speedily be poured out upon the ungodly ; the elements will melt with fervent heat, the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and this world with all that is therein, shall be burnt up. "Where will the ungodly and the sinner appear ?" Are you prepared for it ? If not, get prepared. Make the Judge your friend, and then,

"When mountains are on mountains hurled,"

you will be able

"To smile to see a burning world."

Take advice, and "be ready, for in such an hour as you think not the Son of man cometh."

E. D. SOLOMON.

THE CRUEL BOY.

"Go down to the old farm, John, and tell Arthur to begin reaping wheat to-morrow. You may ride old Jack."

"Yes, sir," replied a boy whose head was as round as a bullet, and whose face wore a stupid, lifeless expression.

Old Jack was a quiet good-natured donkey, and John was soon mounted on his back, riding along the road to the old farm.

Jack was really old. His legs were stiff, and he could not go very fast at best. But John loved quick riding, and kept punching Jack with his heels to make him hurry on. Old Jack did his best, and that ought to have satisfied his rider, but it did not.

John had a shoemaker's knife in a leathern case at his belt. He pulled it out, and began pricking and cutting the poor donkey's sides with it. The pain made the faithful creature start, and it ran down a hill at a headlong gallop. John fell from old Jack's back, and in falling struck the knife into his own side. Three days after the cruel boy died from the wound.

"Cruel, cruel boy," you cry. Yes, he was very cruel. I suppose no boy who reads this story is half so cruel as John was. But there is one boy who pulls wings off flies, another who runs pins through chafers' wings to make them spin, a third who torments the cat, a fourth who whips the old horse badly, a fifth who sticks the goad into his father's oxen, and a sixth who teases old Rover almost to madness. Now these boys are at least half as cruel as John. Certainly they have the same spirit,—a cruel spirit.

Sent by J. DORE.

"OH THIS HARD LUMP!"

"HALLOO, Jack! halloo! won't you have a glass this cold morning?" cried a bloated-looking tavern keeper to a jolly Jack tar who was smartly stepping along the road.

Jack had formerly been a hard drinker, and had spent many a bright sovereign in the tavern he was now passing, but about a year ago he had signed the temperance pledge.

"No, landlord, no! I can't drink; I've got a *hard lump* at my side." As the witty sailor said these words he pressed his hand against his side, adding, "*Oh this hard lump!*"

"It's all through leaving off grog," replied the landlord; "some good drink will take your lump away. If you are

fool enough to keep on teetotal your lump will get bigger, and very likely you'll be having a hard lump at your other side."

"True! true! old boy," with a hearty laugh responded the merry tar, as he briskly drew out a bag of gold from his side pocket, and held it up to the publican's gaze. "This is my hard lump. You say truly that if I drink my lump will *go away*, and that if I stick to teetotal I shall have a bigger lump. No, no, landlord; good bye to you. God helping me, you won't catch me in your net again."

If sixpence a day, instead of being spent in drink, were invested in a building society at 5 per cent. compound interest, it would in the course of sixty years amount to £3225 16s. 8d.

Every time a working man drinks a threepenny pint of beer, he swallows what would buy a square yard of good green grass land worth upwards of £60 an acre.—*From the British Workman.*

"THERE IS A BETTER WORLD."

A DELIGHTFUL truth often said and sung, but by none more cheerily than by Mrs. Hemans, our English poetess, in her hymn commencing,

"I hear thee speak of the better land,"

put into the form of dialogue between a mother and her child. How telling the concluding verse, paraphrasing the apostle's language:—

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
 Ear hath not heard its deep tones of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child."

This hymn and tune have long been favourites, especially in the country, and the cheerful happy thoughts of heaven and Christ have long endeared the hymn to many a young Christian.

In the life of Miss George, written by Mr. Piggott, a rapturous scene is described thus,—“Shortly before she died she sang of heaven frequently, and then, with special fervour, a part of the hymn,

'There is a better world they say,
O, so bright, O, so bright;
Where sin and woe are done away,
O, so bright :
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair.'

Then, with her eyes fixed upwards, she uttered,

'O, so bright, O, so bright.'

And afterwards she sang with much feeling the verse,

'Once they were mourners here below,
And poured forth sighs and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.'

And shortly after passed happily away."

The wordling is ready to admit the fact that we need a better world than the one we live in, and in a theatre once a solemn act took place. Death has often visited the theatre, the ball-room, and the race course, and on this occasion a Mr. Palmer recited the words,

"There is another and a better world."

and as he did so he fell on the stage, and was then taken up dead.

It is not a place to which we would like to go, my young readers, much less a room we would like to die in, and therefore keep from the way of sinners, lest you should share their end. The theatre is in the high road to hell.

I love this hymn, it tells me of music, and angels, and

"Harps of gold, and mansions fair,
O so bright."

It then shows that no tear-drops are to be found in that happy land, but that happy spirits gaze on the Saviour who hath loved them; and then it tells us that Jesus died to save every sinner, and we may come to him and be blessed. O, my readers, may it be your privilege and mine to

"Listen to that music sweet,
That comes so rich from yonder seat,
Where all the good in glory meet."

UNCLE WILLIAM.

THE BETTER WORLD.



There is a bet-ter world, they say—



Oh, so bright! Where sin and woe are



done a-way— Oh, so bright!



And mu-sic fills the balm-y air, And



an-gels with bright wings are there, And harps of



gold, and man-sions fair, Oh, so



bright! Oh, so bright!

No clouds e'er pass along its sky—Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,—Happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place—Happy land!

Though we are sinners every one—Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone—Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crown'd with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign—Jesus died.

Then parents, brothers, sisters, come—Come away!
We long to reach our Father's home—Come away!
O listen to the music sweet,
That comes so rich from yonder seat,
There all the good in glory meet—Come away!

Juvenile Biography.

Died, October 10th, 1864, WILLIAM MIDGLEY, the only and beloved son of Joseph and Jane Midgley, Marr, near Doncaster. He was born September 15th, 1847, and at the age of six months it pleased the Lord to take away his mother, who died very happy in Christ. Just before she expired she sang the words,—

“Poor Christian, look up to the joy
set before thee,
And haste on thy way to the regions
of glory,
A crown and a kingdom thy faith
may discover,
Thy troubles are great, but they
soon will be over.”

William was taken to the meetings from his childhood. Being fond of singing when quite a boy he often struck the tunes; and while sitting under the word of God, he was led to see himself a sinner. At the lovefeast, after a camp meeting, held at Marr, on the 2nd June, 1861, he came weeping, trembling, and crying, “Lord, save me!” Being willing to give up all for Christ; he cried,—

“Just as I am, thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O! Lamb of God, I come.”

He thus ventured on the atonement of Christ, and the Lord set his soul at liberty by his

victorious love. Glory be to God!

He then joined the church. The news of his conversion soon spread in the village, and it was a source of pleasure and consolation to his parents (he had a good second mother, and he loved her) to know that their only child was on his way to heaven. He continued a constant member, until he arrived at the age of fourteen, when his parents wished to put him to some business; he was therefore apprenticed to his cousin, John Mawson, confectioner, Sheffield, a Primitive Methodist local preacher, and a class leader in the Sheffield second circuit; and he was looked upon as one of the family. He joined Mr. Mawson's Tuesday night class, and also the select Bible class; he was much loved, and his superior abilities were soon noticed, and he received a note to go with several of the brethren to preach the word of eternal life. His last text was Ps. cxix. 11.; his discourse was good, and it was sweet to listen to the words that fell from his lips; he was well received, and bade fair to make a good and great preacher. However, it pleased the Lord who does all things well, to lay his afflicting hand upon him. As

soon as danger was apprehended his master accompanied him to Doncaster, where he was met by his father, thinking that a change of air would be beneficial; nevertheless,—

“Pining sickness wasted away,
His life in premature decay;

yet during the six months of his illness, not a murmur escaped his lips. The last time he was visited by his master, the meeting was very affecting. “Now, my dear lad” said his master, “I am sorry thou art a deal worse;” and with tears in his eyes William replied, “My body is, but not my soul. I am very happy.” He was often visited by the clergyman of the village, and they conversed of a Friend unchangeable, of riches imperishable, and a home everlasting. He was often heard to repeat:—

“Oh! what are all my sufferings
here,
If Lord thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t’appear,
And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain.
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.”

He frequently pressed the hands of his father and mother, saying, “Do not weep for me; I cannot weep; I am so happy. I am only going a little while before you; you know what the poet says,—

‘If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I’m coming to.’”

His father said to him, “It is hard work, my lad, thou art my only son.” “Well, father,” said William, “God had but one Son, and he freely gave him up; surely you can give me up.”

On Sunday, October 9th, God in a wonderful manner blessed his soul. A Wesleyan brother thought he had not strength to speak, but God helped him to speak to a backslider with power,—“Jem, this is my dying breath, and my dying advice I give thee; leave off the company thou art now keeping, give thy heart to God, and promise to meet me in heaven;” thus pressing the young man, who with tears in his eyes promised he would. In like manner his aunt also promised to meet him in heaven. A local preacher returning from his appointment, called to see him, and said, “Now lad, thou lookest very happy;” and with heart, hands, and eyes lifted up, he said, “Bless God, I am happy; I have preached from the pulpit; but to-night on a dying bed I have preached Christ.

‘Happy if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!’”

With firmness, and in the true

spirit of love he asked his friend to meet him in heaven. After a severe attack, his father told him he had thought he was going, he replied "So did I, father; I hope the Lord *will* fetch me soon if it be his will, but I leave it in his hands, he will do all right."

He asked his father and mother to sing; he said, "O do sing, I am so happy!" In his latest moments he wished to be remembered to his friends at Sheffield, as he could not reply to their kind epistles: "Tell them," said he "I have gone to heaven; 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.'"

He desired to see his cousin Sarah, from Sheffield, but when she arrived he had just passed away. JOHN MAWSON.

—

HILDAH GULLIFORD died of dropsy, September 3rd, 1864, aged fifteen years.

The seeds of truth were sown in her young heart while a scholar in our school at Radstock, and for the encouragement of teachers, we are glad to say the seed germinated and sprang forth. The religion of Jesus was truly exemplified in this young Christian. Her meekness and fortitude in her

extreme suffering were admirable indeed.

Some time before her death she had glowing visions of the future, and fancied she saw some of her departed friends beckoning her away.

Her last days were spent in praise and prayer, and in addressing earnest exhortations to her companions. Her last words were, "I feel Christ is taking me away."

May all the lambs of our flock be prepared to meet her in the skies. G. JAMES.

—

ELLEN, the daughter of John and Jane MILNER, was born at Lockington, December 7th, 1848, and died at the same place, September 8th, 1864.

Four years ago she became a scholar in the Lockington Sunday school. Two years ago she became a teacher in the same school, and about the same period she devoted her life to the service of God, having experienced a change of heart. The reality of her conversion was evidenced by her love to the Bible and other good books, by her Christian deportment, and her regular attendance at the means of grace. Twelve months ago her health began to decline, and symptoms of consumption appeared. Her cough became distressing, but she still delighted in talking

about Jesus, and the way of salvation. She often read the 799th hymn in our hymn book, the perusal of which afforded her much consolation. On one occasion her sufferings were referred to, when she replied, "Jesus suffered much more for me." A short time before her departure her father inquired if she was happy, when she replied, "Yes," and then addressing her weeping mother, she said, "Jesus will be with you when I am gone:" soon after which her happy spirit departed to be "for ever with the Lord." H. R. PICKARD.

EMMA DAVIES was a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School at Rhosllanerchrugog from the time of its commencement, about three years ago; she was also a member of the society, and although young, she had a very great attachment to the means of grace. She loved her class meeting, and it was a great cause of grief to her when she could not attend. She was always of a quiet disposition, but when asked about her experience in her Christian career, she used to sum it up in one expression, "I feel that I love Jesus, and that he loves me;" and she always felt very anxious that more of her school-

mates should enjoy the blessing of salvation.

Consumption wasted her mortal frame, and she suffered greatly in her afflictions, but she bore all with resignation to the will of her heavenly Father; and when asked if she should like to get well again, she used to say that she would rather die if it was God's will, for she said, "I feel that I am now prepared for death, and I fear if I am spared to recover, I shall only sin against him more; there is nothing in this world worth staying here for,—

'But I long to be there, His glory to share.'

Although her body was weak she was strong in the Lord, and looked forward to the final day without fear. She fell asleep in Jesus on the 23rd day of September, 1864, in the sixteenth year of her age. She was loved by all in the school, and when her death was spoken of, many were the tears of affection that were shed by the scholars. May we all meet her again at the Saviour's right hand is the prayer of the writer. E. EVANS.

ANNE MARIA DAVIS, daughter of William and Jane Davis, of Presteign, Radnorshire, (Presteign circuit) departed this life,

October 11th, 1864, in the eighth year of her age.

In the case of Anne Maria, the language of the prophet Isaiah is strikingly exemplified, "The voice said, Cry: and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." She truly came forth as a flower, beautiful, simple, and lovely. She was the centre and pride of the family, and beloved by all who knew her; but even before the morning dew had evaporated she was cut down.

She was a scholar in our Sunday school for nearly four years. Her attendance was prompt and regular. She was a true lover of the Sabbath school, and never failed being in time to receive her ticket. She was of a modest and retiring disposition, and ever felt a delicacy in answering questions, but always paid marked attention to the instruction of her teacher, and fervently joined in the singing and praying services.

About a fortnight before her death she was seized with diphtheria, but her parents hoped it would soon pass away; but on October 9th, she was suddenly taken much worse, and though medical aid was sought it proved unavailing. The last Sunday she was at

school, in exchange for her tickets she received a hymn book, which through her illness was her constant companion; and she would often try to sing her favourite hymn,—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then."

She was quite conscious of her approaching end; and when her friends were weeping around her she said, "Don't weep for me." The last words she was heard distinctly to say were "God is love!" and we doubt not she went to him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." May her parents and surviving sisters meet her above is the earnest prayer of

C. HALL.

FRANCES ANN, the beloved daughter of James and Mary POTTER, was born at Lockington, in the Driffield circuit, on May 2nd, 1843. From early childhood she was remarkable for the serenity of her mind, enjoying the unspeakable benefits of earnest and affectionate teaching at the hands of her pious parents, her mind was early exercised with religious thoughts. They also accus-

tomed her to attend our Sabbath school, and it was there in early life that she received those impressions which eventually led her to devote herself to Christ. At the age of sixteen she was converted to God, under the ministry of the Rev. G. Stout. She then joined our society at Thirsk, and she continued a consistent member until her death. She was a kind, affectionate, and dutiful daughter. She became a teacher in our Sunday school, and was punctual, diligent, and zealous in imparting instruction to the children. She was qualified alike by her ardent piety and mental power for communicating knowledge and counsel to those committed to her care; her amiable and tranquil deportment towards them, her persevering assiduity in fulfilling her engagements with them, did not fail to secure their confidence and love. From her earliest acquaintance with religion, she discovered a strong attachment to the Saviour's cause, and as she advanced in life the ardour of this feeling seemed ever to increase. She regarded the church with which she was united in fellowship as her spiritual home; there the affections of her heart were fixed, her divinest enjoyments were thence derived, and she delighted to mingle her devo-

tions with those of the solemn assemblies, and to feast on the ordinances and institutions of Christ. But though her life was distinguished by so much excellence, yet how soon it was cut off! "Her sun has gone down while it was yet day." In February she took cold, which brought on consumption. Every means which skill or affection could suggest was employed to promote her recovery; but all was in vain—her hour had come. For her, however, death had no terrors. Mrs. Jackson and the writer often visited her, and found her confidently trusting in Jesus. The fear of death appeared to be entirely removed. A few days before she died, her father said, "You will brave the storm, my dear." "Yes," said the dying saint, "It—can't—be—long—I—shall—anchor," here her strength failed. Seeing her mother weeping, she said, "Mother, don't weep, you hurt me, you will soon all be coming to heaven, and then I will give you a hearty welcome." Just before she died, she desired a friend to sing, "There'll be no more sorrow there." Then she said, "Sing 'Tis better on before;" and soon after, she went to realise the truth of it. Her last words were "All is well!" and on the 13th of October, 1864, she "departed

to be with Christ, which is far better."

WILLIAM JACKSON.

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ANN SIMPSON, the daughter of Levi and Mary Wyatt, was born at Rate Mill, near Thomsett, Derbyshire, in 1841, and died at New Mills, November 1st, 1864. In her early youth she came under the most affectionate religious training, as her parents are, and have been for more than thirty years, steady, and consistent members of our society. She was early sent to our Sabbath school at New Mills, and continued until prevented by illness, first a scholar, and then a teacher. She has left a nice library of books, received as prizes for regular attendance. She was also a diligent and successful collector for the missionary cause. But notwithstanding the morality of her deportment, she required a change of heart, which change took place at revival services, held in New Mills chapel, in March, 1862. The writer induced her to go to the penitents' form, where she received with gladness of heart the pardon of all her sins, and was enabled to rejoice abundantly.

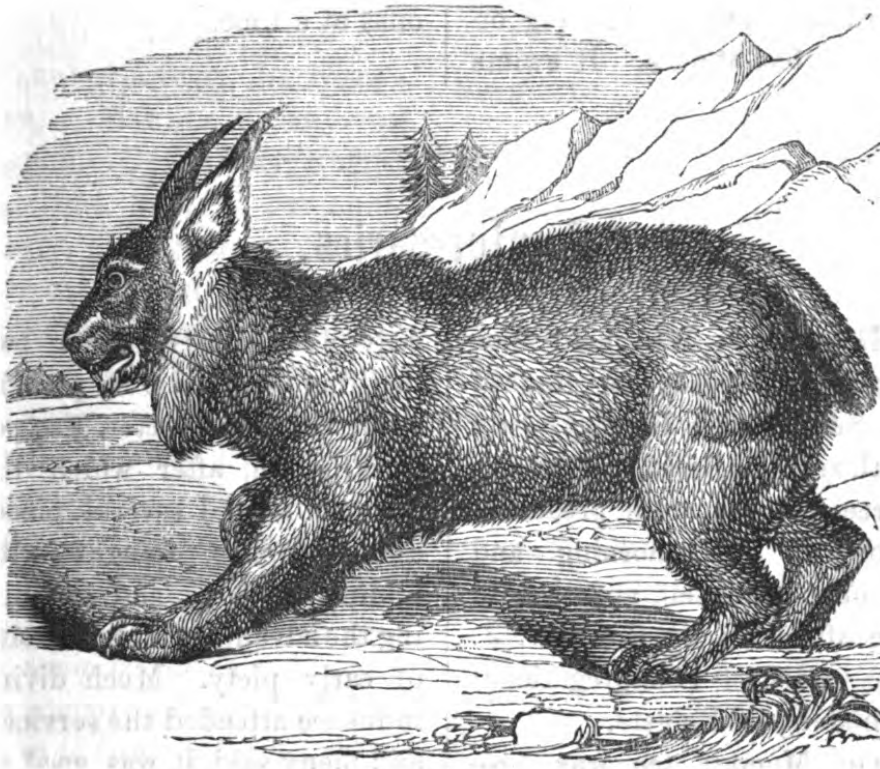
She often referred to that time when laid on her death bed.

Not long after her conversion she was united in marriage to William Simpson, a member of the same society.

After the birth of her first infant, she never fully recovered her strength. Some time after she had an attack of inflammation on the brain, which brought her to the gates of death; her intervals of ease and consciousness were spent in praising the Lord, and in recommending religion to all that came to see her. She had a hard struggle to give up her parents (for she was their only living child) and her husband, but more especially her babe. She succeeded, however, and gave her child to her heavenly Father, and to her mother's care. Afterwards she improved, and hope was entertained by her loving friends that she would recover; but on Saturday night, October 29th, she had a relapse; and she died on the Tuesday following. May her parents, husband, babe, and the writer, meet her in heaven.

M. A. J.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE CANADA LYNX.

THIS animal, known among the French Canadians as *le chat* (the cat), is much hunted for the sake of its fur, many thousands of the skins being imported by the Hudson's Bay Company every year. The length of its body is about three feet; the head and face are not unlike those of a domestic cat. The fur is hoary, deepening to a very dark brown along the centre of the back. The legs are thick; there are four toes on each foot, and they are armed with sharp claws covered with thick hair.

The Canada lynx inhabits the

country north of the great American lakes and eastward of the Rocky Mountains; being most common in the woody districts of the interior. It is a timid animal, unequal to a strife with the larger quadrupeds, and is supposed to subsist chiefly by the capture of hares. Its large paws, slender loins, and long thick legs, with the large hind quarters and short thick tail, give it an awkward, clumsy appearance. It is often surprised by the hunters in a tree, and though it spits and sets up its hair when attacked, it can make but feeble resistance, and is killed by a single

blow with a stick. When pursuing its prey it moves in a kind of gallop, bounding forward in leaps, and lighting on all four feet at once. It swims

well, and will cross an arm of a lake two miles wide. It breeds once a year, and has two young ones at a time.

Anniversaries.

REDHILL. — We held our school anniversary at Redhill on Sunday and Monday, July 30th and 31st, 1864. On Sunday three sermons were preached, those in the morning and evening by myself, and that in the afternoon by the Rev. J. G. Adeny (Congregational minister), of Reigate.

On Monday tea was provided, when some 60 or 70 partook thereof.

The chair of the public meeting was taken by J. Williamson, Esq., who was supported by the Mayor.

Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Little, J. Smith, J. Stanwell, J. Taylor, and myself, and these were interspersed by singing and reciting.

The collections, &c., amounted to about £4 18s.

B. KLENCK.

MARKET WEIGHTON, POCKLINGTON CIRCUIT.—The Sabbath-school anniversary was held at this place on Sunday,

July 17th, 1864, when two thrilling sermons were preached by Charles Procter, Esq., of Pocklington, after which the children recited several pieces and dialogues, fraught with biblical theology, and exhibiting the advantage and necessity of early piety. Much divine influence attended the services, and many said it was good to be there.

On Monday, the 18th, the teachers and scholars moved in procession through the principal streets of the town, forming a circle in several parts, and sung several pieces adapted for the occasion. Then with bright and happy countenances they returned to the chapel, and partook of an excellent tea, gratuitously provided by the members of the society and the congregation. In the evening a public meeting was held, when C. Procter, Esq., was called to the chair, and the assembly was addressed by Messrs. Kneeshaw, Thompson,

Brown, and the writer. The collections were more by £1 4s. than in any previous year.

J. EVERINGHAM.

—

SABBATH-SCHOOL, BALDWIN'S GATE, MARKET DRAYTON BRANCH.—On Sunday, August 7th, 1864, we held our anniversary, being the sixth we have held in our new chapel. We have a good school of 71 scholars and 12 teachers, being an increase of scholars for the last five years. In the morning we assembled in the chapel, after which we processioned in the neighbourhood and sang at intervals. At one o'clock we met again in the chapel. Service commenced at two o'clock, and in the evening at six, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Timmins, of Leek, that in the evening improving the death of the late Thomas Bennett, who was a very great friend to the Sabbath-school and a local preacher amongst us above thirty years. Our collections for the day amounted to £8 6s. 9d. J. BENNETT.

—

PILLAWELL CHAPEL, PILLAWELL CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of this Sabbath-school was held on Lord's-day, Aug. 7th, 1864, when two sermons were preached, afternoon and evening, by the writer to crowded congregations. Several good

and interesting pieces and dialogues were recited by the children. The collections for the day amounted to the sum of £1 13s. 6d. To God be all the glory.

W. H. STANBURY.

—

MANGOTSFIELD, BRISTOL CIRCUIT.—The Sabbath school anniversary was held on September 18th and 19th. The Revs. T. Hobson and R. Bennetts preached the sermons to large congregations. The recitations and singing by the children reflected great credit on the teachers and officers.

The tea meeting was well attended, and the public meeting was profitable and interesting.

The collections and profits of the tea, after treating the children, amounted to £3 2s. 8d. The school is prosperous.

R. BENNETTS.

—

CHRISHALL, SAFFRON WALDEN CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of the Sabbath school in connexion with this place was held September 25th and 26th, and was the first held in the new chapel. On the Sunday three powerful and impressive sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Dunham, from Baldock. The sermon in the afternoon was especially addressed to the children. A

gracious influence was felt at each service, and many could truly say, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Several appropriate hymns were sung, and interesting pieces were recited by the children. The chapel was crowded to excess, and many were unable to gain admittance.

On the Monday the children in connexion with our own school, and about twenty from a neighbouring school, were regaled with plum cake and tea. Afterwards about fifty, besides teachers, sat down.

At seven o'clock a public

meeting was held, when brother R. Drayton was called to the chair. The chapel was again crowded. Affecting and experimental addresses were delivered by brothers C. Reed, of Clavering; W. Clarke, of Chrishall; and the Rev. W. Dunham. Between the addresses interesting pieces were recited by the children and one of the teachers. The presence of God was manifest, and we trust that much good was done.

The collections and profits of tea amounted to £2 4s. 4d.

D. BURTON.

Queries and Replies.

CIRENCESTER.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please to oblige me with an answer to the following question?—At the close of several of the verses in the Book of Psalms, I read the word "Selah:" What does it mean?

Yours truly, M. S.

ANSWER.—It is generally understood to be merely a musical term, and to denote that a pause is required. It may sometimes signify that a greater emphasis or a repetition is necessary.

ANDOVER.

REV. SIR,—Through the

medium of your "Juvenile," will you kindly inform me of the meaning of the parable of the unjust steward, which I find in the 16th chapter of St. Luke, more particularly the 9th verse, which seems very obscure? Also, explain 1 Cor. iii., 14, 15. E. L. B.

ANSWER.—This parable is connected with those in the preceding chapter, and was spoken on the same occasion. Our Lord having defended himself from the charges of the Pharisees and Scribes, now turns to his disciples, and delivers to them a solemn charge on the danger of wealth and

the necessity of a right and pious use thereof. This parable is intended to show that as even worldly men display caution and forethought in the employment of their wealth or opportunities for securing it, so good men should in a certain sense take a lesson of prudence from them. But Christians must not always use their money as do wicked men, nor abuse their privileges to improper purposes, but they must try, by using their money and privileges to God's glory, to secure hereafter a better inheritance. The "mammon of unrighteousness" means money, and this was a way of describing it, especially referring to the manner in which it was frequently used, and this mammon, or money, may be so used for God's glory and the good of man, that in the day of account the King shall say, "Well done," &c. "They shall receive you," &c., simply means, "You may be received," &c. The purport of the whole is—Do right with what you have, turn it to the best account, and then, though riches are often a snare, they may in your case prove a blessing—first, to others as well as yourselves in this world, and next to yourselves as well as others in the world to come; as a cup of

cold water shall not lose its reward. And forasmuch as when a kindness is shown to the disciple, the great Master will regard it as shown to himself, he will reward it accordingly.

On the second text referred to, we may just remark that the apostle is showing the importance of teaching true doctrines as well as living holy lives, and he compares this to building materials on a foundation. The idea seems to be, as some materials are not fit for building with, so some doctrines are not sound and true; if, therefore, men use bad materials, those materials will perish, and so unsound teaching will not abide the test of the final judgment. But as a builder himself may escape when his building is destroyed, so a teacher may not perish for errors and mistakes. Nevertheless, as the builder suffers loss, so will the teacher. The loss in the latter case may be that he will not have so bright a crown or so exalted a position hereafter as he otherwise might have had. "He shall be saved as by fire" may mean—though the fire try him and destroy his work, yet he shall not be destroyed, but after all be saved even though he pass through the fire.

Poetry.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

For this delightful land of ours,
 Let us give thanks to God ;
 For birth beside its streams, and for
 A grave beneath its sod.
 It is a gracious privilege
 To breathe the self-same air
 Our noble dead have breathed, to live
 Where all is free and fair.

I never climb the mountain side,
 Or wander through the wood,
 Without a pitying thought of those
 Who may not share such good ;
 Of faces pale in close dark streets,
 Where green grass will not grow ;
 Who work and watch, and wait, and weep,
 That death should come so slow.

What would they give to taste the sweets
 Of these wild roses here,
 That hang down with a loving look
 To every passenger ?
 What would they give to bask and dream
 Beneath these leafy trees,
 To plunge into the sparkling wave,
 And drink the healthy breeze ?

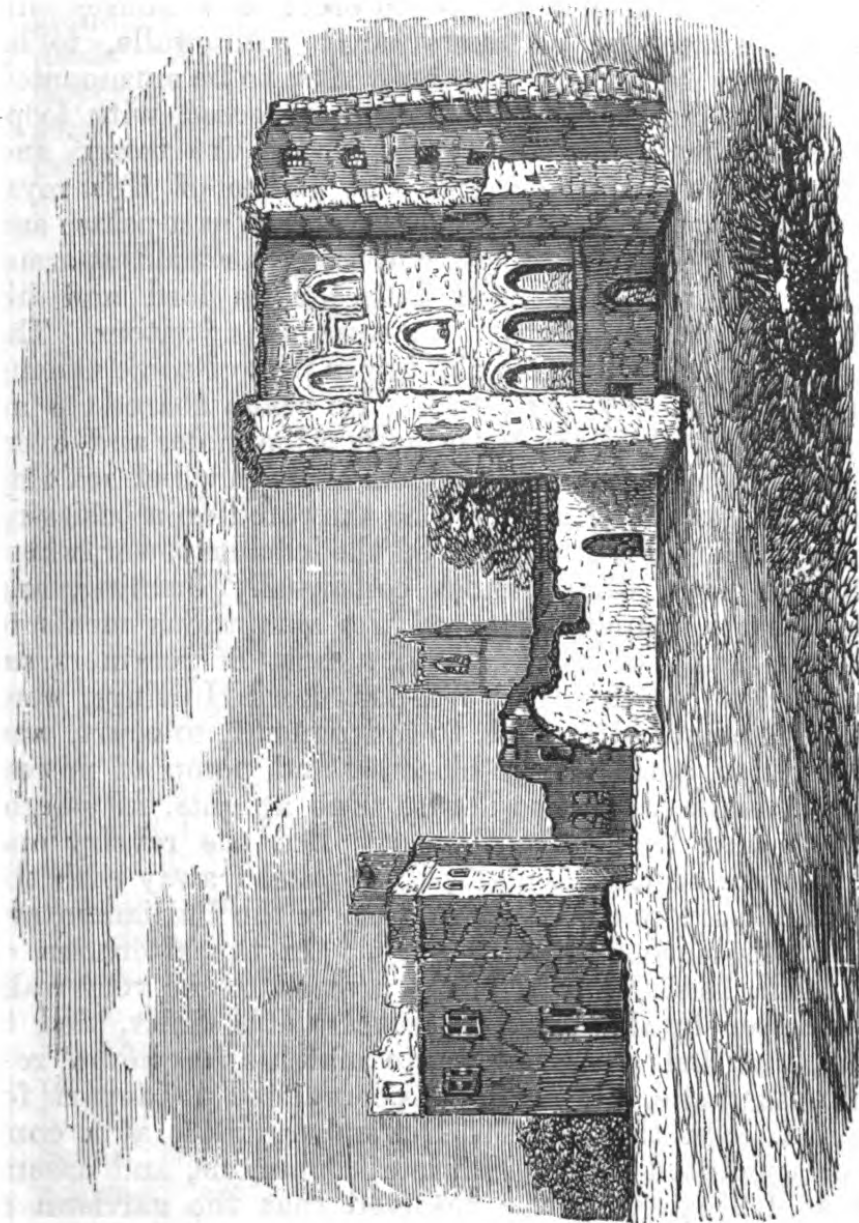
To us these gifts are common things,
 They're with us every day ;
 We know their beauty speaks of heaven,
 Yet we forget to pray.
 The waters curving through the woods
 To hard, dry eyes are shown ;
 The hoary rocks are preachers all ;
 God help us—we are stone.

The very dust that blows about
 Reproaches us : 'tis mix'd
 With ashes of brave silent hearts,
 On home and God once fix'd ;
 Once glowing with a holy fire,
 When Roman foes drew nigh,
 And, rather than dishonour'd live,
 Here showing how to die.

Let us lift up ourselves, and be
 No more so mute and cold ;
 Our every thought should be a hymn,
 For these dear scenes we hold.
 For this delightful land of ours
 Let us give thanks to God,
 For birth beneath its streams, and for
 A grave beneath its sod.

Sent by S. ANGELL.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



ASHBY CASTLE.

Youths' Department.

THE CASTLE, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

(With Engraving.)

KING EDWARD, when at Nottingham, in April, 1474, gave to Baron Hastings a licence to enclose and impark 3,000 acres of land and wood at Ashby-de-la-Zouch; 2,000 acres at Kirby Muxloe; and 2,000 acres at Bagworth and Thornton; and also a licence to erect new houses with lime and stone, to be surrounded with walls, to be strengthened by towers and bulwarks, to be surmounted by pinnacles, to be embattled, to be pierced with loopholes for defence, and to be girt above the towers and gateways with machiolations. In virtue of this royal licence, Ashby Castle was erected to serve as a palace and a fort. In it were chambers necessary for men-at-arms, archers, and servants, with halls for its lord and his family, and accommodation for numerous visitors. The principal tower, occupying the upper part of some sloping ground, was a kind of keep. Its walls soared to an amazing height, pierced with many a loophole, and overhung by those treacherous parapets through which scalding water and molten lead might be showered on a besieging enemy. Near to this was placed the kitchen tower, where Cyclopean fires were almost continually burning, and hosts of busy menials prepared the sumptuous meals to which an army of soldiers and a host of retainers sat down daily. At this time William, Lord Hastings, went forth to foreign battle-field, to tournament, to court, and to the chase, amid all the blazonry and pomp of power. In his retinue were two lords, nine knights, fifty-eight esquires, and twenty gentlemen. But the revelry and magnificence of this feudal palace passed away with the crown and sceptre of King Charles, in the Parliamentary wars of the seventeenth century. On the afternoon of June 14th, 1645, Charles being pressed to the very walls of Leicester by the pursuing cavalry of Fairfax, fled to Ashby, but had scarcely time to snatch a few hours' rest within its castle, before he was compelled to depart for Lichfield. On the 28th of November, 1648, at a committee appointed by the House of Commons, and assembled at Leicester, it was resolved that the garrison at Ashby-de-la-Zouch should immediately be sleighted and made untenable; and that James, Earl of Cambridge, who was then a prisoner in the castle for high treason, should be removed to Windsor. This work of destruction

was committed to William Bainbridge, of Lockington, a zealous Parliamentarian, who so completely demolished the castle as to render it utterly useless either as a place of residence or defence. From that date to the present have the stately towers and once defiant battlements been gradually mouldering away, and telling their mournful story to the listening winds and the ruthless storms. But in their humiliating fall they preserve their imperial dignity, and are significantly eloquent to him who has a heart and a soul, proclaiming the history of their ancient grandeur, and recalling the painful memories of bygone deeds. All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the grass; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone. But he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

ROBERT PARKS.

LONDON: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 147.)

THE city of London, within the walls, occupies a space of only 370 acres, and is but the hundred and fortieth part of the extent covered by the whole metropolis. Nevertheless, it is the parent of a mass of united and far-spreading tenements, stretching from Hammersmith to Blackwall, from Holloway to Camberwell. A century ago, according to Maitland, the metropolis had drawn into its vortex 1 city, 1 borough, and 43 villages. Despite its vast extent, still its increase continues to be so rapid, that every year further house-room has to be provided for 20,000 persons—so that London increases annually by the addition of a town of considerable size. At all times there are 4,000 extra houses in the course of erection. By the last return the metropolis covered an extent of nearly 45,000 acres, and contained upwards of 260,000 houses, occupied by 1,820,000 souls, constituting not only the densest, but the busiest hive, the most wondrous workshop, and the richest bank in the world. The mere name of London awakens a thousand trains of varied reflections. Perhaps the first thought that it excites in the mind, paints it as the focus of modern civilization, of the hottest, the most restless activity of the social elements. Some, turning to the west, see it as a city of palaces, adorned with parks, ennobled with triumphal arches, grand statues, and stately monuments; others, looking at the east, see only narrow lanes and musty counting-houses, with tall chimneys vomiting black clouds, and huge masses of warehouses, with doors and cranes ranged

one above another. Yet all think of it as a vast bricken multitude, a strange incongruous chaos of wealth and want—of ambition and despair—of the brightest charity and the darkest crime, where there are more houses and more houseless, where there are more feasting and more starvation, than on any other spot on earth—and all grouped round the one giant centre, the huge black dome, with its ball of gold looming through the smoke (apt emblem of the source of its riches !) and marking out the capital, no matter from what quarter the traveller may come.

Those who have only seen London in the day-time, with its flood of life pouring through its arteries from its restless heart, know it not in its grandest aspect. It is not in the noise and roar of the cataract of commerce pouring through its streets, nor in its forest of ships, nor in its vast docks and warehouses, that its true solemnity is to be seen. To behold it in its greatest sublimity, it must be contemplated by night, afar off, from an eminence. The noblest prospect in the world, it has been well said, is London viewed from the suburbs on a clear winter's evening. The stars are shining in the heavens, but there is another firmament spread out below, with its millions of bright lights glittering at our feet. Line after line sparkles, like the trails left by meteors, cutting and crossing one another till they are lost in the haze of the distance. Over the whole there hangs a lurid cloud, bright as if the monster city were in flames, and looking afar off like the sea by night, made phosphorescent by the million creatures dwelling within it. At night it is that the strange anomalies of London are best seen. Then, as the hum of life ceases and the shops darken, and the gaudy gin palaces thrust out their ragged and squalid crowds, to pace the streets, London puts on its most solemn look of all. On the benches of the parks, in the niches of the bridges, and in the litter of the markets, are huddled together the homeless and the destitute. The only living things that haunt the streets are the poor wretches who stand shivering in their finery, waiting to catch the drunkard as he goes shouting homewards. Here, on a door-step crouches some shoeless child, whose day's begging has not brought it enough to purchase it even the twopenny bed that its young companions in beggary have gone to. There, where the stones are taken up and piled high in the road, and the gas streams from a tall pipe in the centre of the street in a flag of flame—there, round the red glowing coke fire, are grouped a ragged crowd

smoking or dozing through the night beside it. Then, as the streets grow blue with the coming light, and the church spires and chimney tops stand out against the sky with a sharpness of outline that is seen only in London before its million fires cover the town with their pall of smoke—then come sauntering forth the unwashed poor, some with greasy wallets on their back, to hunt over each dirty heap, and eke out life by seeking refuse bones, or stray rags and pieces of old iron. Others, on their way to their work, gathered at the corner of the street round the breakfast stall, are blowing saucers of steaming coffee drawn from tall tin cans, with the fire shining crimson through the holes beneath; whilst already the little slattern girl, with her basket slung before her, screams watercresses through the sleeping streets.

Yet who, to see the squalor and wretchedness of London by night, would believe that twenty-nine only of the London bankers have cleared through their clearing-house as much as *nine hundred and fifty-four million pounds sterling in one year*, the average being more than three millions of money daily—or that the loans of merely one house in the city throughout the year exceed thirty millions? Who could have visited the rookery of St. Giles's as it existed but a short time back, and have seen the unutterable abominations of this retreat of wretchedness, this nest of disease, at once the nursery and sanctuary of vice—where in one house alone, Mr. Smirke tells us, were huddled together 11 men, 13 women, and 30 children—where as many as 60 of the foulest of the London lazzaroni often sleep in the same abode—who could witness this want and wretchedness, and yet believe that this country is “the bank for the whole world,” as the late Mr. Rothschild called it in 1832; or that “all transactions in India, in China, in Russia, and indeed every other empire, are guided and settled in this country?”

Is it possible to believe that any man among us should want a roof to shelter his head by night, or a crust to quell his hunger by day, when we find that the amount of the property insured against fire is valued at more than £500,000,000 sterling, even though, according to the returns made of the fires in the metropolis during 1836 and 1837, 40 per cent. of the houses, amounting to two-fifths of the whole, were entirely uninsured? “A very short excursion into the worst part of St. Giles's,” says Mr. Smirke, “will be enough to convince any one, through the medium of every sense, that it was built before the wholesome regulations respecting building and cleansing

were in force. Indeed, there is scarcely a single sewer in any part of it ; so that here, where there is the greatest accumulation of filth, there is the least provision made for its removal." And yet, in the Holborn and Finsbury division alone—close neighbours—the length of main covered sewers is 83 miles ; the length of smaller sewers to carry off the surface water from the roads and streets, 16 miles ; the length of drains leading from houses to the main sewers, 264 miles,—an extent almost equal to the distance of London from Edinburgh. The amount of money spent, and the vastness of apparatus employed singly in lighting London and the suburbs with gas, would seem to dispel all thoughts of poverty. According to the account of Mr. Headley, the capital employed in pipes, tanks, gas-holders, and apparatus of the London gas works, amounts to £2,800,000, and the cost of lighting averages close upon half a million of money per year ; no less than 1,460,000,000 feet of gas being annually consumed, and upwards of 9,000,000 being used on the longest night, giving a light equal to half a million pounds of tallow candles.

The consumption of butchers' meat, says an excellent authority, is nowhere so great in proportion to the population, as in London. The population which obtains a supply of animal food from the metropolitan market amounts to 2,000,000. Now, calculating the number of cattle and sheep sold in Smithfield in 1839, with the number of pigs and calves from the returns of a previous year, and averaging the dead weight of each according to the judgment of an intelligent carcass butcher in Warwick Lane, the gross weight of animal food which is furnished by the Smithfield Market will amount to 270,880,000 pounds of meat, annually consumed in the metropolis alone. At the low price of sixpence per pound, the above quantity amounts to £6,847,000 ; and dividing this quantity among a population of 2,000,000, the consumption of each individual will average 136 pounds of meat in the course of the year ; so that it seems almost impossible to believe that any living soul within or without the City walls should ever want a dinner.

THE AMOUNT OF CRIME IN LONDON IS ALMOST AS AMAZING AS ITS WEALTH. About 36,000 criminals pass through the metropolitan gaols, bridewells, and penitentiaries every year. In one year the number of persons taken into custody by the metropolitan police for various infractions of the law amounts to 65,000 and odd—equal to the whole population of some of our largest towns. The

criminal districts of the metropolis are peculiar. Larcenies in a dwelling-house were most numerous in Whitechapel in one year, and St. George's in the Borough in another. Larcenies on the person, on the other hand, were most common in Covent Garden at one time, and at another in Shadwell. Highway robberies, burglaries, and shop-breaking occur most frequently in the eastern and southern districts, as Whitechapel, Southwark, Lambeth, Mile-end, and Poplar. The parish of St. James usually furnishes the largest proportionate number of cases under the head of drunkenness, disorderly prostitutes, and vagrancy. Clerkenwell is distinguished for the greatest number of cases of horse-stealing, of assaults with attempt to rescue, and wilful damage. Common assaults are said to be most frequent in Covent Garden and in St. George's-in-the-East; coining and uttering counterfeit coin, in Clerkenwell and Covent Garden; embezzlement, in Whitechapel and Clerkenwell; and pawning illegally, in Mile-end and Lambeth. Murder has been found to be most prevalent in Clerkenwell and Whitechapel, manslaughter in Islington and Clerkenwell, and arson in Marylebone and Westminster. One thing is at least clear, that, judging from the limited number of facts supplied to us, Clerkenwell would seem to hold a bad pre-eminence for the number and nature of the offences committed within its limits. The Constabulary Commissioners, who had access to the best sources of information, made a return of the number of thieves and suspicious characters within the boundaries of the metropolitan police, and the following is the result of their investigation:—They divided the whole number into three classes, and they found, 1st, that there were 10,444 persons who had no visible means of subsistence, and who are believed to live by the violation of the law, as by habitual depredations by fraud, by prostitution, &c.; 2nd, of persons following some ostensible and legal occupation, but who are known to have committed some offence, and are believed to augment their gains by habitual or occasional violations of the law, there were 4,353; and 3rd, there were 2,104 persons not recognised to have committed any offences, but known as associates of the above classes, and otherwise deemed to be suspicious characters. Besides this return, the Constabulary Commissioners also obtained another, giving the number of houses open for the accommodation of delinquency and vice in the metropolitan district—namely, houses for the reception of stolen goods, 227; houses for the resort of thieves, 276; number of

brothels where prostitutes are kept, 933 ; number of houses of ill fame where prostitutes resort, 848 ; number of houses where prostitutes lodge, 1,554 ; number of gambling houses, 32 ; and number of mendicants' lodging-houses, 221.

(To be continued.)

ANGEL LILLY ; OR, DO YOU LOVE JESUS ?

ALTHOUGH a wonderful child, Lilly was by no means a grave, unearthly, precocious little one. Her smile was as sunny as her hair, and her eyes were always laughing. She was indeed a beam of light wherever seen. At sight of her lovely face the stern visages of worldly men relaxed, and the old always held open arms for her. She warmed their hearts with her happy, artless prattle. One day her mother took her on board a steamboat, on a pleasure excursion. At first Lilly looked grave, finding herself among so many strange people, but spying at the farther end of the saloon a venerable man, who held a little girl by the hand, she begged her mother to let her go and see the rosy-cheeked child. Mrs. — was not afraid to trust Lilly. If she said, "Lilly, remember and do not go out of the door or by the window," she knew that she might rely upon the sweet child's implicit obedience. So away went Lilly, her beautiful great eyes shining, her step rather slow, but when she got near the child she looked for a moment in her little chubby face, and smile answered smile ; the two quickly understood each other, and were soon busily playing together. The old gentleman regarded them with a look of interest that was not lost upon Lilly, so by-and-by sliding up to his knees, she asked—

"Is that your little girl !"

"Yes, dear," was the reply ; "at least she is my little granddaughter."

"Are you her grandpa ?"

"Yes, dear."

"I got a grandpa," said Lilly, with that sweet, coaxing way that is in some children so irresistible, "and he's a good man and loves Jesus. Do you love Jesus ?"

The old man looked at her with a strange expression, but did not speak.

"Say, you love Jesus, don't you ? Don't you love him because he died to save you ? Say, *don't* you love Jesus ?"

"My little child," murmured the old, white-headed man, and his lips began to quiver.

She looked at him earnestly, thoughtfully—then a grieved expression crossed her sweet face, and she said, softly, “You do love Jesus, don’t you?”

“My little one—ah! I wish I did—I wish I did!” and he shook his head mournfully.

For one full moment she stood gazing on the floor, then flying from the knee where she had been resting, she sought her mother, caught hold of her hand, and saying, “Oh! mamma, that little girl’s grandpa over there, don’t love Jesus; won’t you come and tell him he must?”

The child would take no denial, but besought with such earnestness, that her mother was fain to go, and seat herself by the old man’s side, after which Lilly, feeling perfectly assured that the old man would soon love Jesus whether he had before or not, resumed her merry play with her little new-found companion.

Mrs. — sat for some time silent and embarrassed where her daughter had escorted her.

“That’s a wonderful little one,” said the old gentleman, after he had mastered his emotion.

“Oh! no, sir, a very pleasant, good child, but there is nothing wonderful about her,” replied the mother.

“Madam, pardon me—but no one ever took that much interest in me before, to ask me the simple question that the child put to me, and I am now in my eighty-third year.”

“The Bible, sir, you know, says, that ‘out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.’”

“Ah! yes, I remember—I read my Bible a great deal, madam,” and he sighed heavily.

“And you find comfort in its truths I hope, sir?”

“No, madam. I have for many years been shaping the Scriptures to suit some peculiar views of mine, and so busy and zealous have I been, that I have given no attention to it, as a saving medium. When your child put that question to me, madam, I seemed suddenly to awake, as it were, out of a slumber of ages;” and again he sighed heavily.

“I think, sir,” said Mrs. —, “if you would not disdain so humble an instrument, my little daughter, as she has perhaps begun the good work, might lead you to the truth.”

“The boat is stopping, madam,” said the old gentleman, then he added eagerly, “will you accompany me to my home? It will be pleasanter than the hot grove, at this hour of the day, and I would talk more with that angel child.”

His new-found friend consented, and they walked together for some moments, the little children hand in hand, until they came in sight of a splendid mansion. A park, dotted with beautiful timber lay in front, and the sun brightened its open paths, and threw threads of light in among the shadowed foliage spreading broadly over the green. This led into a garden well laid out, blooming with various flowers. The glass roof of a large conservatory glittered in the red light of that hour, and through its transparent windows the lemon and the orange could be seen.

They entered the house. It wore an air of grandeur, and every room was adorned with rich and costly furniture.

"Oh! what a happy house!" cried angel Lilly.

"She means," said her mother, smiling, "that everything is so beautiful, one ought to be happy here."

Again came that sigh welling up from the heart of the aged man, and he shook his head sadly, holding out his arms to the child.

"Come to me and tell me how I may love Jesus," he said.

"Why, don't you love him *yet*?" she cried, looking from him to her mother.

"Is it so easy then, my sweet child?"

"Why, it's so easy you can't help it," said the little one simply. "Mother says she loves me dearly when I'm good, and how can you help loving Jesus who is good all the time?"

"Do you think he loves me?"

"Oh! I *know* he does," replied the child, earnestly.

The eyes of the aged unbeliever filled with tears, as he said, "Then surely, if he loves me, who have always been so ungrateful towards him, I ought to love him. Thank God! I see it in a new light," he murmured to himself.

"Oh! madam, how can I ever be thankful enough that I met this angel? Surely, if I seek him, he will be found."

In her own sweet way the mother of little Lilly unfolded the plan of salvation to this hoary-headed sceptic—removing his impressions where they conflicted with the truth, and when she left him, he had humbled himself in prayer, and promised not to give up the search till he had found the Saviour precious to his soul.

It was perhaps a week after this conversation that the mother of Lilly received a letter from the old gentleman, in which he wrote the glad tidings of great joy; now he loved the Saviour.

"Ask my little angel," he added, "what she would

most like to have me buy for her. It must be something very beautiful and very costly. I am curious to know what she will say."

"What shall the old man buy for you, Lilly," asked her mother as she read the latter part of his letter.

"For me, mother?"

"He says he will get you whatever you wish, no matter what it costs."

"Oh! mother, will he?" and Lilly clapped her hands. "Will he buy a whole new library for our Sabbath school? Oh! that would be so nice!"

"Always another—never self," thought the gratified parent, as the tears came into her eyes. Then she added aloud, "Well, daughter, I will tell him what you want."

Before the next Sabbath a new and beautiful library graced the Sabbath school room of L——, and Lilly's eyes sparkled like diamonds as she heard the superintendent tell that it was a gift through one of the Sabbath school scholars. Was it not strange that every eye turned towards the beaming face of angel Lilly? No; for they knew that she delighted in such deeds. And when the questions came pouring in upon her, "Was it you? was it you?" her childish answer was—

"Yes; ar'nt you glad we've got such a beautiful library?"

That old man lived to build a house unto the Lord, and when it was completed, and they told him that angel Lilly lay in her white robes, pale and motionless, his only reply was, as he wiped the tears from his furrowed cheek, and pointed to the new and elegant edifice—

"There is her monument!"

"GOD IS LOVE."

THIS hymn, so long known and loved in every part of England, is set to the music of Auber, and taken from an opera which he wrote. Thirty years ago it was the favourite piece with the Horse Guards' band, and I have often heard them play it when a lad, little expecting in after years to hear it sung as a stirring melody to invite sinners to the mercy-seat, or to behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

Oh, what multitudes have sung the lively, inspiring strains, since it was first set to "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," as a barcarole or morning song of the fisherman of Naples. The chorus "God is love," has thrilled the heart of many a weeping lassie or sorrowing lad, and they have been led to the cross so fully portrayed in the other hymn, for two hymns are connected

with this music : first, the one entitled "God is love," and second, "Behold the Lamb."

A few words relative to the first. How cheery the entreaty it commences with, and how suited both in words and tune to arrest the attention. Often has it been sung by a Primitive Methodist minister when opening his commission in the streets of a country town or village, and many have listened, been arrested, and profited. To how many has this refrain proved the dawn of a new day, or fixed a glorious thought for another day. Surely this glorious text could not be so sung but it would do its own work through the Holy Spirit's influence. "God is love" is a talisman that wards off the blow of many of Satan's assaults, and "God is love" opens the heart of many a stubborn sinner. No wonder that the joyous exclamations of the following verses are loved and sung, and fixed as lasting blessings in the memory.

But another hymn is now fairly wedded to the same tune : and one is reminded of the death-song of so many pious children whose records crowd the pages of our Magazine—

"Happy if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name."

"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," was said of Jesus in the earlier days of his ministry, and we sing, "Behold the Lamb, on the cross." To you, my young reader, is the story of the death of the Redeemer told in plain, yet poetic language : you may realise the picture while in health, and even when in death how true the sentiment of the dying Christian, even then—

"This shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

Said a little lad just before he died, with broken utterance, "Crucified, crucified !" "Who was crucified ?" was asked. "Jesus," he replied, "for me ; and I am going to be with him." Happy lad, may we

"Dying, find our latest foe
Under our feet at last."

The closing verse is eminently practical. It is a firm and noble resolve for you, my young reader—may it be yours.

"Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the cross,
In nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the cross.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross !"

UNCLE WILLIAM.

GOD IS LOVE.



Come, let us all u - nite and sing,



God is love, God is love. While



heaven & earth their prais - es bring, God is



love, God is love, Let ev' - ry



soul from sin a-wake, Their harps now from the



wil-lows take, And sing with me for Je - sus'



sake, God is love, God is love.

ON THE CROSS.

Behold, behold the Lamb of God, On the Cross,
For us he shed his precious blood, On the Cross ;

O hear his all-important cry,

Eloi lama, sabacthani,

Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the Cross.

This tune is also sung to the hymn, 'Behold, behold the Lamb of God,'
of which a verse is here given.

Juvenile Biography.

ANNE SMITH entered our school at Hoyland, Barnsley circuit, at the usual age, and continued a scholar up to the spring of 1864; she had then a fall, and sustained internal injuries, from which she suffered severely for the remainder of her days, and suspecting the result would prove fatal, her attention was specially turned to the sacred Scriptures which were her companion. The truth gained a prominent place in her affections, and not being able to perform any work she would spend her time on her knees, with the word of God before her, half-an-hour or more at once. The 14th of John was her favourite, especially where it says, "In my Father's house are many mansions." She continued to sink until May 27th, when she remarked that she did not think that she should survive that day, she felt so strange. After awhile her mother had her up in order to change her position, and she found from her helplessness that life was drawing to a close. She sent at once for Mrs. Thompson, who prayed with Anne, and exhorted her to hold fast her confidence. Anne inquired of her mother, "Am I dying?" Her mother

said, "Yes, my dear." These words inspired her with new strength, and her sweet voice was heard through the neighbourhood. She held up her arms to give free exercise to her lungs, and sang,—

"If this be death I soon shall be,
From every sin and sorrow free,
I shall the King of Glory see,
All is well, all is well!"

and speedily borne on angel's pinions she fled away to the bosom of her Lord.

HENRY MAY.

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ROSALINE FELICIA, the beloved and much lamented daughter of John and Susannah ALLISON, was born on the 31st of December, 1853, at St. Ives, Hunts. As soon as her mental powers were at all developed, efforts were put forth by those who now mourn her absence to train those powers in the direction of heaven, and heavenly things. As the bud of natural life continued to unfold itself, such a thirst for learning and general information entered her mind as is seldom witnessed; indeed, this thirst we were compelled very frequently to check, fearing that such close application might injure her health. Yet, as careful as we were to avoid this, there is no doubt

but our efforts proved abortive, as it seemed quite a punishment to her when she was requested to desist. To her Sabbath school and teachers she was attached by a strong affection, and by the same cord she was tied to the hearts of her parents so closely, that when the time came for separation, it seemed to us as if we could not let her go. That fell disease, diphtheria, attacked her, and in the most insidious manner continued its ravages (notwithstanding the united efforts of four eminent medical men) till within about a week after its commencement, it had rushed through its different stages, and completed its work of horror and death. During the time she was confined to the bed of sickness, how cheerful she always seemed whenever we talked with her about her exit to the "spirit land." The thoughts of death, and the happiness she would become the possessor of, when she met with Laura Jane, (her sister that died a short time before from the same disease) seemed to lift her far beyond those regions where grief and sadness dwell, and caused her earnestly to desire a speedy removal to that country where spirits of her order become invested with an ecstasy such as heaven itself only can bestow. On one

occasion, seeing her mother weeping by her bedside, she asked, "Mamma, what do you cry for?" to which her mother replied, "I am afraid you will die and leave us;" to which she replied, "Well, never mind, if I do die, I shall be all right, and happy in heaven." During the last hour or two, when she could speak only in a low whisper, how bright her countenance seemed when speaking of the glory which was about to be revealed in her, and when an answer could not be given, even in a whisper, to questions asked about being with Jesus and her sister, she gave the significant nod, testifying her perfect willingness and readiness to depart; and at about nine o'clock on the morning of June 7th, 1864, aged ten years and five months, she sweetly fell asleep in the arms of the "kind and gentle Shepherd." Adieu! thou affectionate and loving one, although sorrow has riven our hearts on account of thy early removal from us, and we can no more on earth press thy once-blooming cheek with the fond kiss of parental tenderness, nor see thy lovely form in the flesh, we will more swiftly move onward to meet thee in thy new abode, where now thy form (more lovely still than when we last saw thee) is mirrored in the

"sea of glass," and where ultimately thy sleeping dust, gathered from the mansions of the dead, shall be invested with immortality, and dressed in thy coronation robes thou shalt dwell for ever in the presence of Him who has removed thee from the evil to come, till in that better world thy death-divided friends meet thee. Farewell. JOHN ALLISON.

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SNAINTON Sabbath school, Scarbro' circuit. In looking over the history of our little school in Snainton for the last year, we find several children absent now who were with us at its commencement. Death, who regards neither character nor age, but shoots his arrows promiscuously among mankind, hath taken several children from the nursery of our church in this village. These bereavements have filled several domestic cups with grief, and to some extent sorrowfully affected the whole of our society and congregation. "But we sorrow not as those who have no hope," for we trust that those lovely flowers, though nipped in the bud on earth, bloom in unfading beauty in heaven.

MARIA BARR was born at Snainton, September 18th, 1849. She was a scholar in our school from its commencement, was regular in her attendance,

diligent at her lessons, and good in her behaviour; but when taken ill she found she was not ready to die. She was led, however, by the Holy Spirit to repent of her sins, and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus obtained a sense of pardon and a good hope of heaven. Henceforth she was happy and resigned. She exhorted other scholars to get converted before affliction came, and prayed that she might meet teachers and scholars in heaven. Her sufferings at times were great, but she said, "Labour is rest and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here." "Jesus is coming to fetch me home." She often repeated hymns learnt at school. Just before she died she said, "Don't you see those angels, mother?" and closed her eyes in death on the 11th of July, 1863, aged thirteen years.

THOMAS RUSTON LANGTON died October 25th, 1864, aged eleven years. He had been a scholar for several years. He was of a cheerful disposition, and very clever at reciting poetry, &c., at the school anniversary. He died of diphtheria. His sufferings were great, but in the midst of them he was heard to say, "All is well, I am going to be with Jesus." He prayed that the whole family might meet in heaven.

MARY JANE FOX died November 10th, 1864, after a month of suffering. When Mary Jane was convinced that she could not recover, she desired her young sisters to be brought to her bedside, and she presented each with a Bible, given to her by the Sunday school committee for strict attendance and good behaviour. Before she died she told her parents angels were waiting to carry her home. Her mother told her she had been dreaming, but she replied, "Oh! no, mother, I see them now;"—kissed her father and mother, and fell asleep in Jesus.

WILLIAM CRAVEN died October 3rd, 1864, aged three years.

DAVID HARLAND died October 9th, aged five years.

ROBERT RIBY died October 17th, aged three years.

WILLIAM HENRY RIBY died October 28th, aged five years.

Of the happiness of these we have no doubt. We claim them all as the rightful property of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. These sudden deaths say to scholars, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." To teachers, "My beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye

know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

HENRY CLARK.

MARTHA ELIZABETH WILSHIRE was born April 15th, 1861, at Stotfold, Baldock mission. From the time she began to talk, she often asked remarkable questions about dying. Her mind seemed to be continually aspiring after things that related to a future state. Her conduct at the week-day school was such as to win the admiration of her schoolmates and also her mistress, who remarked that she never had a child in her school who behaved better, not having had once to correct her all the time she attended. On one occasion her mother was reading a piece from one of our small magazines entitled "The two little lambs and their mother." Martha listened thereto, and the silent tears were seen slowly stealing down her cheeks. At the same time she was very much concerned when observing the carelessness of a little cousin about six months older than herself; so much so that she seemed to be quite troubled because "Martha did not love the Saviour."

In the third year of her age she entered our Sabbath-school, and was noticed to pay great attention to the addresses of

her teachers. At the school anniversary, held in June, 1864, she recited the following piece, to the interest of the crowded audience—

"I'm a very little child,
I'm very young and very wild,
And sometimes naughty too;
I'm led by many a foolish thought,
To do the things I never ought
To think of or to do.

But God, the holy God above,
Is very kind and full of love,
To little ones like me;
And he will hear me when I pray,
And he will help me every day,
A better child to be.

Thou knowest, Lord, how weak I
am,
O, lead me like a little lamb,
And I will follow thee;
Take all my naughtiness away,
And let me never go astray,
Until thy face I see."

But while listening to her faltering accents, we little thought that she was "a little lamb" that was so soon his "face to see." But ah! how mysterious are the ways of Providence. The fell destroyer has cut short the earthly existence of many a promising child, and has now numbered Martha among his victims. Yes, she only

"Just looked on life, and closed her
eyes
In the fast sleep of death."

While her parents were centering on her their affections, and delighted in listening to her innocent prattle, she was prostrated by the ruthless hand

of affliction. About a month before she died, while talking with her mother about death, she said, "Mother, if I were to die, you would come and look at my grave, and say, this is Martha's grave, and you would cry." And at another time while her pious mother was at the throne of grace, she said, "When I am a woman I shall pray like you." But ah! she is now in that world where prayer is turned into praise; she has passed beyond the precincts of time; her mortal remains are slumbering in the cold grave, awaiting the resurrection's morn. She has entered that blissful state of being where all tears are wiped away, for on the 21st October, 1864, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, aged three and a half years. May parents, friends, reader and writer, meet her in heaven.

W. H. ALCOCK.

ELIZABETH AMELIA HANSELL was born at Norwich, March 27th, 1852. She was placed in a Sabbath school when very young, and was the subject of early religious impressions. She was of a kind and loving disposition; very quiet, but firmly attached to the school. At the age of eleven consumption became apparent. At times she was confined to her home, but still she loved her

Sunday school. It seemed the grace of God distilled upon her young mind like dew upon the mown grass, and in her last hours it broke forth in all its glorious effects. About a fortnight before her death she was obliged to keep her bed. She did not think she was dying till the last day of her life, and when asked if she would like to get well, she said, "If I could be quite well I should like to recover, but, if not, I should wish to die." About five o'clock in the morning the death dew was on her brow. Her father said, "My dear, I think you are dying;" and she said, "Do you think so?" Shortly after (the sun shining very brightly in the room), she said, "Father, is heaven brighter than that sun? I am going to heaven; I am going to be with Jesus." Her faith was centred in the words of the Redeemer, which she repeated: "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Her sister, who is a teacher in the school, came into the room, and, as soon as she saw her, she began singing "O, I love my Sunday school;" then, turning to her sister, she said, "Don't you, Sarah?" As her mother was sitting beside

her, she said, "What are you crying for? I shall soon be in heaven;" and then sang—

"I believe I shall be there,
And walk with him in white."

Shortly after this she said, "There are two angels come;" then, lying very still, she appeared to be counting their number, and then she said, "There are seven;" and then, in a faltering voice, she tried to sing—

"Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children,"

Here her voice failed, and she became exhausted. After lying very quiet for a short time, she cried out with a loud voice, "Jesus!" and because he seemed to delay his coming, she cried, "Jesus, I'm a sinner;" and as the angels receded from her view, she said, "Tell him I'm coming." She lay composed for a short time, and then exclaimed, "There he is; there's my Jesus! O, how bright he is!" Her faith was now lost in sight, for he that promised "I will come again and receive you unto myself," now fulfilled his promise; he came and received her unto himself; she laid her head aside, and in a few minutes sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on April 26th, 1864, aged twelve years, bearing ample testimony to the veracity of that beautiful promise,

"They that seek me early shall find me."

FREDERICK HANSELL.

WALTER SWANN was born in Norwich, December 3rd, 1856. He attended the school nearly four years, but was often away through illness. He was seized with scarletina, and ill about a month; but, being better, he went out before he was quite well, and soon became ill again, which illness ended in death. Young as he was, he attended the prayer meetings in connexion with the school, and was observed by the teachers to be concerned about his soul, and in his last illness, though he was in great pain, he said he was happy in the Lord. I called to see him on the Sunday before his death, and he told me he could see Jesus. In the evening his father had him in his arms, and he said, "Father, don't you see him? Mother, come and stand here; there is Jesus; he is really bright; he has something in his hand, it looks like gold." His father said, "He is out of his head;" but he said, "No, father; I can see Jesus." He lost sight of him for a short time, and then said, "Take me upstairs." His mother was about to get a light, but he said, "No, the Saviour is bright enough;" he did not want any light. He

asked his father to read the 23rd Psalm, and then said that was all he could bear. I called to see him on Monday morning, but he was passing through the river. He said, "Is this death? I can bear it." He told his father, mother, and brothers to meet him in heaven, and then passed away to the land of glory. O, that his death may prove a blessing to his parents, and to all that read this short account. He died October 24th, 1864, aged eight years. DAVID BULTITUDE.

RUTH HEATH, the beloved daughter of Mark and Maria Moody, was born at Newtown, in Southampton circuit, January 24th, 1845, and died at Bassett, November 5th, 1864. She was of a fine engaging disposition, which as she grew to years of maturity secured for her the respect of all who knew her. Being born of pious parents she was early sent to the Sabbath school in this place, and always manifested a pleasure in going thither. She remained a stranger to saving grace till March, 1863, when sitting under a powerful sermon, preached by the Rev. James Herridge, she was led to see her lost condition, and being directed to Jesus by the preacher and the praying host,

she realised an interest in Christ through faith, and sang,

"My God is reconciled,

His pard'ning voice I hear," &c.

She held on her way till January, 1864, when she was united in marriage to Mr. John Heath, of Bassett. Her husband being a High Churchman was much opposed to our people and would not allow her to attend the means of grace. This caused her great sorrow; for a few months her confidence in God seemed to give way and she would often say to the writer, "I wish I was in heaven, but I am afraid I shall never get there;" but as she drew near her confinement she appeared to grow in grace and to become more heavenly-minded. On Thursday, October 20th, she was taken ill, and in the midst of great pain she knelt before the Lord and prayed in a very touching manner. As soon as she arose from her knees she was attacked with distressing fits which brought on insensibility. In this state she continued till Sunday 23rd, when in answer to prayer she rallied, opened her eyes, and spoke. But no sooner had she become sensible than Satan tried to persuade her that she was too great a sinner to have ever found redemption in the blood of Jesus; and for a time she was severely tempted to doubt

whether ever she had been born again by the Spirit of God.

But while we were pointing her to the sinner's Friend she was enabled to cast her all upon him, and exclaimed, "I do believe in Jesus, he has pardoned all my sins, bless his name, bless his name." From that time till she died she was very happy, and often said, "I shall soon be at home in my peaceful home, my happy home." At one time she said, "What a beautiful place!" I asked her, "What?" she replied, "The garden of light, they are coming, don't you see them, Mary?" I asked her who was coming, and she answered, "All those angels up there," pointing upward. "I am coming," she said, "I shall not be long. I shall soon be at home, in my peaceful home, my happy home." To her mother she said, "Now don't you trouble about me, for if I die I shall go straight home to heaven, straight to heaven. Hark Mary," she said, "don't you hear them singing, oh so sweetly? I am coming, I shall not be long." To her sister Hester she said, "Seek the Lord, Hester, seek him now without delay, oh seek him, Hester, seek him at once." And so she exhorted all who came to see her. On being asked on what her hopes of heaven were built, she an-

swered, "On Jesus; all on Jesus." Although her sufferings were very great she never murmured, but often said, "How good the Lord is; he deals so gently with me, very gently; bless him! bless him!" To the writer she said, "When I get to heaven I will look out for your coming, Mary; and I will come to meet father, mother, and you, on the heavenly shores."

She lingered till Friday night, November 5th, when she called the nurse to her and said, "I am going to die, will you take care of my baby? but the Lord will take care of it; I know he will, I am going home to heaven." Farewell, dearest sister, I will by God's grace meet thee in glory. She has left behind a weeping father and mother, seven sisters, and a large circle of friends. May we meet her in the glory land.

MARY MOODY.

MARGARET MATTISON was born at Richmond, Yorkshire, May 16th, 1861. During the summer of 1863 she became a scholar in our Sabbath school, for which she had a great attachment. After she was taken with her death illness she would often pray for the Lord to have mercy upon her soul, and it appears that he heard her prayer, took away her fear,

and gave her resignation to his will. After this she often spoke to her mother about a companion who had died a short time before, and said she had gone to heaven and that she should go there too; and she would then repeat one of our hymns which she had learnt at school—

"In the glittering skies my Father lives," &c.

In this peaceful and resigned state of mind she continued until November 8th, 1864, when she resigned her breath and was gathered to her fathers.

THOS. WETHERELL.

THOMAS GELDARD was born at Armley on the 26th of March, 1859. As soon as he arrived at a proper age he was sent to our Sabbath school, and remained a regular and attentive scholar up to the time when he left us to join those who are singing the praises of our common Father in heaven.

We cannot help feeling very acutely the loss we have sustained in the death of our young brother. There was something so gentle, mild, and loving about his demeanour that we could not avoid loving him. As a scholar in the school we cannot remember that we ever saw him come late; we do not remember that we ever saw him careless or inattentive. We

had every reason for believing that he could sing with his whole heart,

"I love the Sabbath school."

And I may add that Thomas had an equal liking for the house of God. His place was seldom vacant during the Sabbath evening services. He did not however give himself entirely to God until laid upon a bed of affliction, but then he sought the Lord in earnest and found him to the joy of his soul.

He was present with us at school on Sunday the 23rd of October, and appeared as hearty and strong as usual (and there were few who appeared more likely for life than he), but he was taken ill on the following day with typhus fever, and never recovered. More than a fortnight his sufferings were very severe, but he was supported by divine grace.

About 9 o'clock on Friday morning, November 11th, his happy spirit took its flight; and while we are weeping here we believe his blood-washed soul is happy in heaven. The sudden departure of one who appeared so likely for life ought surely to remind us all of the Saviour's exhortation, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

ALFRED THOMAS HIDE was born at Baldock, October 24th, 1858. He was favoured with pious parents, and was very early blessed with religious impressions, and considering his age was very intelligent on religious matters. He often wished his parents to converse with him on divine subjects.

At the age of three Alfred was brought to our Sabbath school by his father (who is the superintendent of our school at Baldock), and he continued a scholar until he was removed to the better world. He was a kind, affectionate little fellow, exhibiting a kind disposition towards all at school; he lived in the esteem of his teachers and fellow scholars. He was much attached to the school, and was always anxious to be in time, and being a sweet singer he often truthfully sang,

"With my heart full of love it shall be my rule,

Never to be late at the Sabbath school."

He had been taught by his parents to recite many pieces of poetry, suited to the grasp of his youthful mind; he was an excellent reciter of poetry, as was manifested by his recitations at our school anniversaries.

He was very much attached to the ministers of Christ, and was always pleased to hear them

speaking about Jesus and heaven. Many of his beautiful sayings about heaven will be treasured in his parents' hearts for years to come. On the Friday before his death, while accompanying his father down the street, on hearing a number of musicians playing he remarked, "Father, I shall hear better music than that in heaven," and commenced singing his favourite hymn,

"I want to be an angel."

From his thoughtful and pious disposition his mother indulged the pleasing hope that Alfred would be a very good man, and live to be useful in the cause of Christ. But how soon are human hopes blighted; how often death enters a happy domestic circle, and takes away the dearest object therefrom, plucks and steals away the choicest and loveliest flower of the garden.

Here was a delicate little flower, around whose being were entwined, in closest sympathy and purest love, two fond parental hearts. Deeply were they grieved to see it thus ruthlessly plucked away.

"But there came one who lov'd the flower,
And took it home to deck his bower,
Bore it away beyond the skies,
To blossom in his paradise."

On Sunday November the 20th, he was taken ill, and he died on Thursday the 24th. During his short affliction he

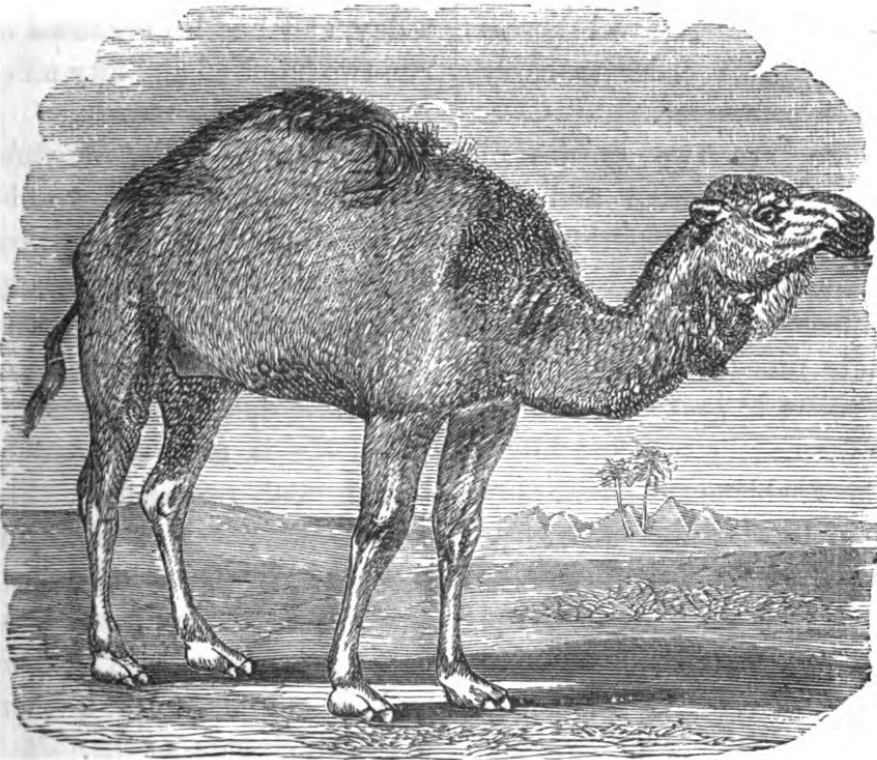
suffered great pain, but endured it patiently, and often spoke about heaven and his heavenly Father. On the Wednesday he said, "I shall die and go to heaven, father. My heavenly Father has made me poorly, but he is very kind to me." Presently he said, "God is in this room, father." On the morning of the day on which he died, while his mother was attending on her darling child, and while tears were streaming from her eyes, she was cheered by these sweet words, "I'm going to heaven, mother; sweet heaven."

In the afternoon I called to see him, and perceived the hand of death was on him. I prayed with his parents, and my heart sympathised with them in their trouble. Without a groan his happy spirit was soon emancipated from its tenement of clay. In his death the missionaries have lost an active collector, the Sabbath school an attentive scholar, and his parents an affectionate child,—but they seek to comfort themselves with the thought that they have a child in heaven, saved through the mediation of Jesus.

"'Twas kindly done; heaven saw
some storm
Impending o'er this favourite plant,
And to secure from threatening harm
Placed it beyond the reach of want."

WILLIAM DUNHAM.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE CAMEL.

THE home of the camel is the sandy and desert plains of Africa and Arabia, and the entire frame of the animal has plainly been designed to fit it for a life in these dry and desolate regions. Thus, its head is lifted high above the soil in order to be out of the way of the flying particles of sand. It can close its nostrils, if necessary, when the sand is blown up by the wind; its foot is broad and springy, so that it can tread the loose soil without sinking in; and it has strong, sharp teeth, with which it can crop the dry and prickly

shrubs thinly scattered through the desert, and which no other animal will eat; and, lastly, it has the power of drinking at one time a quantity of water sufficient to keep it from feeling thirst for several days, the stomach being provided with a reservoir consisting of large cells capable of holding five or six quarts, and so constructed as to give it out in portions as the animal requires it. Thus it is well fitted for traversing the dreary plains of sandy waste, and its capacity for doing so has earned it the name of the "ship of the desert." The merchants of

Africa and Arabia load camels with their goods, and journeying together in large bands, called caravans, travel across the deserts in order to carry on their commerce.

There are two species of camel, the Bactrian and the Arabian. The Bactrian has two humps on its back, the Arabian but one. The Arabian is more prized than the other, and exists in greater numbers. The dromedary is a fine breed of the Arabian camel, and may be said to bear the same relation to the baggage-camel as the English racer does to the cart-horse. Under the name of the meharee, he is valued by the Tauricks (who wander through the Great Sahara) at

eight times the price of the common camel. He will travel for weeks together eighty miles a day, and has been known to run two hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours.

The camel is of a fitful temper, and requires to be managed with some caution. If he is wanted to carry a large package, it must be put on his back without his seeing it, or he will lie down and refuse to stir. He is also said to be jealous and revengeful. The camel will not live near the equator; if brought nearer than ten or twelve degrees he is seen to droop and sicken, and must return to a more northern climate, or die.

Anniversaries.

HUTTON RUDBY, STOKESLEY CIRCUTT.—Our Sabbath school anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, October 2nd. The services were conducted by the writer. Several interesting and instructive dialogues and pieces were recited by the children in a highly satisfactory manner, and the singing throughout was of a very excellent order.

On the following Monday we held our annual tea in the chapel, after which there was a

very interesting and enthusiastic meeting, which was addressed by the Revs. J. Barnes, W. Kidson, and myself. We are happy to report that our school is in a very prosperous condition. Our anniversary this year has been one of a most deeply interesting character. The collections were considerably in advance of those of last. For such we feel devoutly thankful to Almighty God.

JOSHUA DYSON.

[Our rule is to give the

amount raised on anniversary occasions, and we regret when our friends omit to state it.—
EDITOR.]

—

SHOREHAM, BRIGHTON MISSION.—We have just celebrated a successful Sabbath school anniversary at this place. The sermons were preached on October 2nd by Miss Le Count, of London, to crowded congregations. On the following day a tea meeting was held, when 170 sat down. A most spirited public meeting was held afterwards, presided over by Mr. M. Penniford, Superintendent of the school, and addresses were delivered by Miss Le Count, the Rev. D. Day, and the writer. At each service the children recited pieces, which did credit to themselves and teachers. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to something over £4.

We have lately been favoured with a few conversions, which we trust are but the beginning of a powerful revival. That it may speedily come is the prayer of

G. W. MOORSE.

—

BRIZE NORTON, WITNEY CIRCUIT.—The second anniversary of the Sabbath school in this village was celebrated on Sunday, December 25th, 1864. Mr. G. Maizey preached three

appropriate sermons, and several interesting pieces were recited by the children to large congregations.

On the Monday following the children were regaled with currant cake and tea, after which a public tea was provided in the chapel, which was well attended.

A public meeting was held in the evening, when the chapel was crowded. A gracious influence was felt throughout the meeting. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to £3 1s. 4d. Our school is doing well. We have eighty children taught by fourteen pious teachers, and during the year we have had the pleasure of seeing seven of the scholars give their hearts to God, and they are now living in the enjoyment of peace through believing in our Lord Jesus Christ. To God be all the praise. JOHN HOLTOM.

—

SHREWSBURY STATION.—Our annual missionary meeting was held in Castle-court Chapel, December 24th, 1864. Mr. J. Davies, Superintendent of the Sabbath school, presided, and Mr. J. Moore, sub-missionary secretary, read the report, which showed that the money raised by the scholars' collecting cards, the Sabbath school missionary box, the sale of

missionary apples, and the collection at the meetings amounted to the handsome sum of £11 ls. 5d., being considerably more than had been raised in any former year. The diligence and activity of the children in collecting money with their cards were truly praiseworthy, and challenge imitation; also the liberality of our friends was very gratifying on the occasion.

This meeting was of a high order. The sweet and har-

monious singing by the happy choristers, the admirable recital of the pieces by the delighted children, and the earnest and appropriate speeches by the devoted teachers elicited repeated demonstrations of heart-felt satisfaction and joy from the congregation, who also testified that it was the best meeting of the kind ever held in our chapel in this town. "Glory to God in the highest." W. CHUBB.

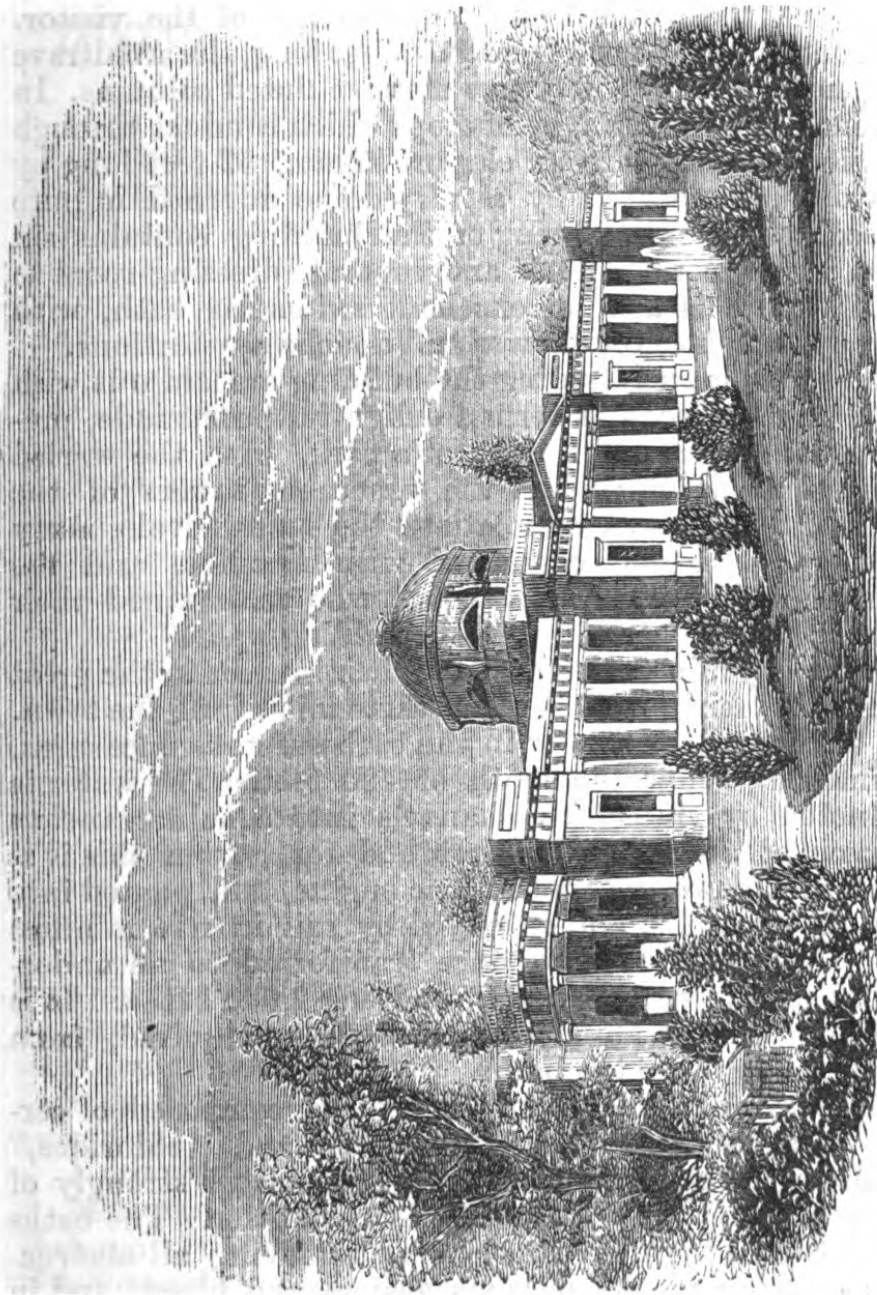
Poetry.

TO A SISTER.

A LAND of strangers seems to be
 My present, future destiny;
 The scowling look, the bitter taunt,
 Sure emblems of a selfish heart,
 Chill genial feelings as they rise,
 And bid me look beyond the skies,
 For what the worldling cannot give or take,
 True happiness, the Christian's certain stake.
 I think upon our childish days gone by,
 And with a sorrowing, melancholy sigh,
 That two so sweetly twined in memory's wreath
 Should live apart, in different climates breathe.
 Thy name, Ann Jane, is ever dear to me,
 When memory wafts its way to Woodburn scenery:
 The loch, the mountain, and the bustling green,
 Are often floating on my ope eyes' dream;
 The woodbine, rose, and jessamine how sweet,
 Which round our bed-room window used to meet;
 But sweeter still the morning and the evening prayer,
 When we and all the family were there,
 Kneeling around the footstool of our God,
 To claim the blessings purchased by his blood.

L. M'KINLEY.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



IVANHOE BAPTIST, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

Youths' Department.

IVANHOE BATHS, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

(With Engraving.)

THE Ivanhoe baths, as shown in our engraving, occupy a handsome structure adjacent to the town of Ashby. The building is of the Doric order, from designs by Mr. R. Chaplin; it was completed in 1822, and is admirably adapted to the comfort and convenience of the visitor. The front presents a colonnade 150 feet long, the architrave being supported by thirty-two massive fluted columns. In the centre is a broad flight of steps which conduct through a spacious portico into an elegant saloon, 52 feet long by 27 wide, surmounted by a lofty dome adorned in pure classical taste. Each wing of the building contains six baths, with a commodious and separate dressing-room to each. There is also an excellent swimming bath, with every convenience for shower and douche applications.

The grounds surrounding the building are laid out with considerable taste, and form a delightful promenade, presenting the space and foliage of a park, with the varied aspect of a garden; while the venerable towers of the dismantled castle as seen above the trees, evoke many pleasing associations connected with Ivanhoe, and the descendants of Lord Hastings, who maintained their princely households within its crumbling walls.

The Ashby mineral waters have their sources in the great Moira coal basin, situated about three miles from the town. The saline springs appear in the carboniferous measures, commencing below the depth of 400 feet. The water is conducted by numerous channels into a subterraneous reservoir at a depth of a thousand feet; from this it is raised by a powerful atmospheric engine, and poured into large square tanks, and conveyed by rail in five minutes to Ashby, where it is at once transferred to an underground reservoir capable of containing 2,000 baths. It is then pumped into an elevated cistern as required, from which it flows into the baths.

The water has been ascertained to be composed of certain elements known as "bromides" and "chlorides," of which the latter predominate. It tastes strongly of salt, and is slightly but not repulsively bitter. The baths are said to be highly efficacious in removing all obstructions existing in the nervous system and blood, and in other vessels, thereby restoring the human frame to strength and activity.

Adjoining the baths is the Royal Hotel, a large and handsome structure, possessing every requisite for the comfort and accommodation of bathers and visitors.

In taking leave of our youthful readers, we would remind them of the city of the living God, where there are imperishable mansions, and that they may obtain a meetness for an eternal and healthful residence there by bathing in those living waters which emanate from an inexhaustible fountain.

R. PARKS.

LONDON : ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 176.)

DERIVATION OF NAMES OF PLACES, ETC.

CHELSEA.—In a Saxon charter of Edward the Confessor, it is written *Ceatchyble*. In the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas More lived on his manors and village on the banks of the Thames, and dated his letters from *Chelcith*. "It is so called," says Lysons, "from the nature of the place, whose strand is like the *chesel* (*ceysel*, or *cesol*) which the sea casteth up of sand and pebble-stones, thereof called *Cheselsey*, briefly *Chelsey*, as is *Chelsey* (*Selsey*) in Sussex.

PORRIDGE ISLAND was a paved footway, strange to tell, near the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, filled with cooks' shops. It was evidently a cant name. In the *World*, towards the close of 1753, we read of "The fine gentlemen whose dinner is served up under cover of a pewter plate, from the cook's shop on Porridge Island." It was destroyed when the great improvements were effected in the neighbourhood in 1829.

PICCADILLY.—This part of London was named after a hall called Piccadilla Hall, a place of sale for *piccardillies*, or *turnovers*, a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about the year 1614. It has, unlike many other places, preserved its name uncorrupted.

GRACECHURCH STREET, sometimes called *Gracious Street*, was originally *Grass Street*, from a herb market there.

BILLITER LANE is a corruption of *Bellzetter's Lane*, from the first builder or owner.

GARLICK HILL was *Garlicke-hithe*, or *hive*, where garlic was sold.

NEWINGTON was *New Town*.

MINCING LANE was *Mincheon Lane*, from tenements belonging to the Mincheons, or nuns of St. Helen's, in Bishopsgate Street. But Barnabe Rice, in his "*Honestie of the Age*," speaks of "the body-makers that do swarm through all parts, both of London and about London."

The body is still pampered up in the very dropsey of excess. He that some fortie year sithens should have asked after a *pickadilly*, I wonder who would have understood him, or could have told what a *Piccadilly* had been, either fish or flesh ! ”

CHARING CROSS is one of the crosses raised to the memory of Eleanora of Castile, by her sorrowing widower. Every time Charing Cross is mentioned, a tribute is paid unconsciously to the virtues of Edward the First's beloved queen, for the appellation is derived from the king's own lips, who always speaks of her in his French dialect as the *chere reine*, the dear queen.

Thus the words Charing Cross signify the “ dear queen's cross,” an object which was always seen by Edward in his egress and regress from his palace of Westminster. Although Edward and his father spoke English readily, yet their conversation in domestic life was chiefly carried on in French.

CRANBOURNE ALLEY took its name from the Cecils, Earls of Salisbury, and Viscounts Cranbourne, of Cranbourne, in the county of Dorset. The paved thoroughfare for foot passengers, so called, was begun in 1678. At the Golden Angel, in Cranbourne Alley, lived Ellis Gamble, the goldsmith, to whom Hogarth was apprenticed, to learn the art of silver-plate engraving. Cranbourne Alley was long a resort for cheap straw bonnets and millinery, to the purchase of which the passers-by were invited by attendants called “ barkers.” The whole south side has been taken down nearly twenty years, and the alley has been thrown into a new carriage-way.

COPENHAGEN HOUSE.—The name of this house is said to be derived from a Danish prince, or a Danish ambassador, having resided in it during a great plague in London ; another representation is, that in the beginning of the seventeenth century it was opened by a Dane as a place of resort for his countrymen. “ Copenhagen ” is the name given to it in the map in Camden's “ Britannia,” published 1693.

LUDGATE HILL.—This name is supposed to be derived from King Lud, who lived and flourished before the first invasion of the Romans in Britain. King Lud was the brother of Cassivelaunus.

GILTSPUR STREET and KNIGHTRIDER STREET derived their names from the practice of the knights, who wore golden spurs, riding by that way to the joustings, or tournaments, which were formerly held in Smithfield.

SMITHFIELD.—*Smith* signifies *smooth* in the Saxon ; the

first name of this place, therefore, of which ours is a corruption, was Smoothfield. It may consequently be traced to a very early date. In Fitz-Stephen's account of London, written before the twelfth century, it is described as a plain field, both in name and reality, where "every Friday there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses brought hither to be sold. Hither come, to look or buy, a great number of earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasant sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts proudly prancing." It is not a little remarkable that *Smithfield* should have continued a market for cattle for more than six centuries, with only the change in its vowels.

LOMBARD STREET derived its name from its being the residence of the merchants from Lombardy, who dealt in gold, silver, jewellery, &c. One chief source of their profit, however, was the money which they were in the habit of lending upon pawns or pledges. The Lombardy arms, or three balls, is still retained by our pawnbrokers.

BUCKLEBURY, according to Stowe, was a manor and tenements pertaining to one Buckle, who there dwelt and kept his courts.

CURIOUS SIGNS.—To what can the sign of the "Goat and Compasses" be traced? To a corruption of the motto, "God encompasseth us." Other corruptions are worthy of notice, as the *Boulogne Mouth* into the *Bull and Mouth*; the *Bacchanals* into the *Bag o' Nails*; the *Swan with two Nicks* into the *Swan with two Necks*; the *Mercurius is der Goden Boode* of a Dutch legend, into the *Goat and Boots*; and *Boottoms Inn* into *Blossoms Inn*.

A SERMON TO CHILDREN,

BY ENOCH D. SOLOMON.

"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. xviii. 14.

It is a fact that cannot be controverted that God delighteth not in the death of a sinner, but rather that all would turn unto him and live. And it is also a fact, that the state of every unconverted person is a perishing one; and unless saved by grace each one must for ever remain in that perishing condition. What is the cause of sinners perishing? Sin; and though we may be but very young the words of God's servant are true:—"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." The very imagination of our hearts is evil and that continually. And this sin if unrepented of will sink you to the

"bottomless pit." As all have sinned all are in a perishing condition, and if you apply not to Christ for forgiveness, you at the last will find yourself a fettered slave in the dark prison which the Scriptures describe. "But if I repent and come to Christ," say you, "will he save me from that awful place of misery and woe?" Yes! for "he delighteth in mercy"—he is "abundant in loving kindness"—"plenteous in grace" and "ready to forgive." Oh! then at once turn unto him and live! live in happiness and in his favour now; and then you will live in heaven, in his presence, for evermore. For it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that you should perish. In speaking a word to you hoping to speak to your hearts, I. We shall show that there is great danger of "little ones" perishing. II. Show that it is contrary to the will of God that they should perish. III. That it is not only his will to save them from perishing, but to save them to the happiness of heaven. Lastly, if you would be saved, the way in which you must come.

I. Show that there is great danger of "little ones" perishing.—Now when Christ speaks of "little ones" he is not speaking of, or referring to a class that have not arrived at youth or manhood, because he was speaking of his disciples and Christians in general. He terms his followers "little ones" because they are humble, teachable, and in almost every sense like "little ones" or children. In the tenth verse he says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." This teaches us that angels are the guards of Christ's followers (their angels). Then if these highly honoured beings (who are so favoured as always to behold the face of Jehovah) attend to their wants, why should you despise them? Then Christ meant by "little ones" his followers, but we are going to apply the words to children. It is not God's will that these should perish; yet, notwithstanding this there is great danger of their perishing. The world presents itself with all its alluring charms—evil companions deceive—Satan tempts even the young. And if a child follows his own inclinations—if he resists not temptation—suffers himself to be allured and led away by the world—gives not up his evil companions, he will perish. O yes! there is much danger of the young perishing! If you, dear reader, would escape this you must *banish evil thoughts*. How many have perished because of sheltering evil thoughts—thoughts of an evil nature in their hearts! You may not

prevent thoughts of an evil nature from entering your mind ; for as you move onward in life you will have to mix up with various companies, and evil thoughts may steal across your mind ; but you are not obliged to keep and shelter them. If you ascertain that they are sinful, turn the traitors out ! If you don't you must perish ! Evil thoughts send back their poisonous influences through your whole soul, effacing every good desire that is therein. They will draw your affections from God, leading you into the paths of error—paths that lead to the "chambers of death." At once then, because of the danger, banish evil thoughts.

Use not evil words. How many children are guilty of this fearful practice ! How often do we hear them swearing and taking the name of God in vain. "God will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Awful announcement ! O, provoke not God to wrath. Swear not by heaven, for it is his throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool ! Obey his command and "swear not at all."

Use not idle words. "For every idle word that thou shalt speak God will bring thee into judgment !" Be careful what you say. Remember that every wicked word leaves a wicked feeling in your soul, and that feeling will make you miserable. Some youths swear because they think it makes them look man-like. Surely not ! So far from exalting, it debases, and brings them down, reduces them lower than the brute creation. I always think that those who will swear, will lie, or steal, or anything to suit their purpose. If you practise this you are in danger of hell-fire ! O reader, shrink from every evil habit—everything that is contrary to God's word. The temptations may be powerful and enticing ; but their effects are fatal. If you could see the effects of sin—the final effects in their true character—you would be startled and flee from it.

(To be continued.)

THE LATTER DAY GLORY.

AN EXERCISE FOR SIX SCHOLARS AT A SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY OR MISSIONARY MEETING.

WHAT does the Bible teach us with respect to the future of this world ?

Answer.—1st Child. It teaches that Satan shall be bound a thousand years, and not permitted to deceive the nations.

2nd Child. It teaches that peace shall prevail over all

the world ; and that swords and spears shall be converted into useful implements of husbandry.

3rd Child. It teaches that idolatry shall come to an end ; and the idols be cast to the moles and the bats, yea, that they shall be utterly abolished.

4th Child. It teaches that the man of sin, or Popery, shall be overthrown ; that Mohammedanism shall fall, and that Anti-Christ or Infidelity shall be unknown.

5th Child. It teaches that the Jews shall be converted to Christianity, and brought from all nations to their own land.

6th Child. It teaches that the earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

Are we to understand that at that blessed time every person in the world will be converted to God ?

Answer.—All. We can hardly think so.

Give me your reasons.

1st Child. The prophet Isaiah, when speaking of that very time, assumes that sinners will exist ; for he says, "The sinner, being an hundred years old, shall be accursed." Isaiah lxx. 20.

2nd Child. In the Revelations we are informed that at the close of the thousand years of blessedness Satan shall be unbound, shall raise an army and compass the camp of the saints about ; which proves that there will be sinners as well as saints at that time. Rev. xx.

3rd Child. There is no doubt, however, that religion will be triumphant, and that persecution for conscience' sake will be unknown.

4th Child. Immorality, crime, slavery, and such like, will be shamed out of countenance and dwindle away.

5th Child. All kings, judges, and rulers shall be God-fearing men.

6th Child. The greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, as Daniel says, shall be given to the saints of the Most High.

Will not that be a very happy day ?

Answer.—All. Yes.

Wherein will its happiness consist ?

1st Child. Idleness and extravagance will cease, and consequently poverty will be probably unknown.

2nd Child. The earth, as the Psalmist tells us, shall yield its increase when all the people praise and serve God.

3rd Child. Labour will be much lessened ; for many trades, as the trade of the god makers, the trade of the heathen priesthood, the trade of the soldier and the

maker of instruments of war, will cease altogether ; and those thousands who now follow them will turn their hand to useful and profitable labour.

4th Child. And then most of the hard labour will be done by machinery, which is rapidly improving in all respects ; men will then have more time to improve their minds, and enjoy the bounties of Providence.

5th Child. Disease will be less frequent ; human life will be greatly prolonged ; and as the prophet Isaiah informs us, the child shall die a hundred years old.

6th Child. Oppression and fraud will cease, and men will enjoy the fruit of their labour, and will praise the Lord.

Now tell me some of the spiritual blessings which will be attendant on that period.

1st Child. Prayer will be no sooner offered up than it will be answered ; "for it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

2nd Child. The word of God will run and be glorified in a manner never yet witnessed.

3rd Child. Christians will be better informed than they now are ; the knowledge of God shall fill their minds and dwell in them richly in all wisdom.

4th Child. As Satan the grand enemy will be bound, there will be but little temptation, and consequently but little falling away from grace.

5th Child. The church will be united, its dissensions healed, and God will comfort it as a mother comforteth her child. Isaiah lxvi.

6th Child. And God says, when ye shall see this, your heart shall rejoice, and your bones shall flourish like an herb. Isaiah lxvi.

Now tell me, if you can, how this glorious state of things is to be brought about ?

1st Child. By the word of God which is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword.

2nd Child. By the Spirit of God, which will operate with the word, and convince the world of sin.

3rd Child. By Sabbath-schools, in which the seed of the Word is sown in youthful minds, preparing the way for a grand universal harvest of converted souls.

4th Child. By the Providence of God who works everything according to his own will.

5th Child. By the judgment of God by which nations learn righteousness.

6th Child. By the prayers of God's people, who for

hundreds of years have prayed, "Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Are there any indications of the approach of that glorious day ?

Answer.—Altogether. Yes.

What are they ?

1st Child. A growing unity in the church of Christ.

2nd Child. A large increase of Christian zeal ; and considerable revivals in America, Sweden, Spain, and England.

3rd Child. The whole world, with but small exceptions, is open to receive the Gospel.

4th Child. The Bible is translated into the languages of six-sevenths of the whole human race.

5th Child. Popery, Mohammedanism, Paganism, Infidelity, and slavery are quaking and ready to fall into nothing. The four millions of slaves in America are now free.

6th Child. God's judgments are abroad in the world, in the shape of famine and war, to teach the people that they are but men.

What have you to say about the coming of that day ?

1st Child. Its coming is certain ; God has said it shall come ; and "hath he spoken and shall he not make it good ?"

2nd Child. It will come suddenly—as a thief in the night.

3rd Child. It will come during a time of trouble, such as there never was in the world.

4th Child. The Lord has promised to hasten it in his time.

5th Child. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform it.

6th Child. Many good and great men think that it is near at hand, even at the door.

What is our duty concerning it ?

1st Child. To think about it.

2nd Child. Look for it.

3rd Child. Pray for it.

4th Child. Prepare for it.

5th Child. Do all we can to hasten it.

6th Child. And may the Lord take to himself his great power ; convert the world to himself ; and fill the earth with his glory.

All.—Aloud. Amen and amen.

J. BARFOOT.

N.B. A teacher asks the questions.

THE COIN OF KINDNESS.

"GRANDMOTHER, I hate to go away from you ; you like me, and nobody else does. Last night George Redin and I had a quarrel, I struck him and he struck me. Nobody likes me."

Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk, ready to set out for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother, "people generally do ; a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate."

"I don't know but it is so," said Peter, looking very sorry, "but it is a very poor sort of coin, I think."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the right sort of coin," said grandmother.

"What kind?" said Peter.

"The coin of kindness," said his grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of that sort of coin, the more you paid away the more you'd get back : for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know : then how happy you would be."

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter, slowly ; "that is a good coin, isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys they'd be kind to me."

"Just so," said grandmother.

Peter's own mother had died. After that he was sent to grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go, he felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother : "carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy's mind. He wished he could, he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you'll be treated kindly ; love, and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter. All the way home, more or less, he thought of his grandmother's advice.

I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father and mother said to him. But the next morning he

arose early, as he was used to do at grandmother's, and came down stairs, when every thing being new, he felt very strange and lonely. "I know I shan't be contented here," he said to himself, "I know I shan't, I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket." However, in a little while his mother came down, when Peter with a pleasant smile ran up to her and said, "Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," she said, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are, I thank you for your kind offer : and what can I do to help you? for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first coming from your dear, good grandmother." What a sweet kiss was that, it made him so happy!

"That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother, and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful, bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, boys and girls, and you will never be in want.

Sent by O. WALKER.

A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

THE Rev. H. Venn once told his children that he would take them to see one of the most wonderful sights in the world. He would not tell them what it was, but in the evening led them to a miserable hovel, whose ruinous walls and broken windows showed poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such a wretched habitation as this be *happy*? Yet this is not all; a poor man lies on the floor, dying of disease, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers."

"How wretched!" they all exclaimed.

He then led them into the room, and addressing the poor dying man, said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease, and poverty, and want; now, tell them if it is not so."

The dying man, with a sweet smile, replied, "Oh! yes, sir; I would not change my state with that of the richest person on earth, who has not those views which I have. Blessed be God! I have a good hope, through Christ, of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, this is nothing to bear

whilst I can have access to God, by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, Sir, I am truly happy to all eternity, and I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into marvellous light, and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of his grace."

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

BRITISH CANADA, as well as the free States of America, has contributed to our stock of hymn music for our schools. Their Whitsuntide hymn is well known among us, and we often have sung,

"Winter's days of gloom are past,
Happier hours are come at last;
Flowers and blossoms brightly spring,
Birds amid the branches sing."

That hymn is a noble gift to our hymnology, but the present one commands our esteem: we have heard it often with tender feelings. The River St. Lawrence, as the boundary of two counties, is made suggestive of higher thoughts, and of the separation between this and the heavenly world.

How important the question—

"Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll?"

Not the peaceable billows of ordinary life only, but the wild howling surges of temptation so strongly felt in the life time of many.

Shall we meet?

It opens up a touching subject when it brings out the thought,—

"Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we meet beyond the river?"

Glory and praise to Jesus, we may, my young friends, meet our children, our parents, our sisters and brothers, who have loved and served the blessed Saviour, even beyond the Jordan of this life. We may pass like Christian and Hopeful over the stream and enter the gates of the celestial city.

Have you not, dear young reader, one you have loved, who has gone before you, who sings the Lamb in hymns above, while you in hymns below try to carol his praise?

Once I knew a dear little lamb of four years old, who trotted to the Sabbath school, and learnt to sing the simple hymns of the Sabbath school. On the Wednesday she sat on my knee and lisped her infant songs, of—

“Jesus, we love to meet
On this thy holy day.”

And,—

“There is a happy land.”

Sick and ailing then, she grew gradually worse, and on the Sabbath morning she passed away to the spirit land. Methinks I may meet her beyond the river, and you may meet your schoolfellow there, if you only forsake every sin and give your heart to Jesus in your early prime. Decide at once, and while his Spirit draws you say—

“I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart;
Perform my oft repeated vow,
By giving him my heart.”

Shall I tell you of another, who one Sabbath said to his mother, “Talk to me of Jesus, mamma”? He lived for several years, but at twelve was taken away, and methinks his call is to us all to come up yonder, even beyond the river. Much suffering and a throat complaint prevented his saying much, but the clear testimony of that dear lad rings in our ears, and we hope to meet him beyond the river.

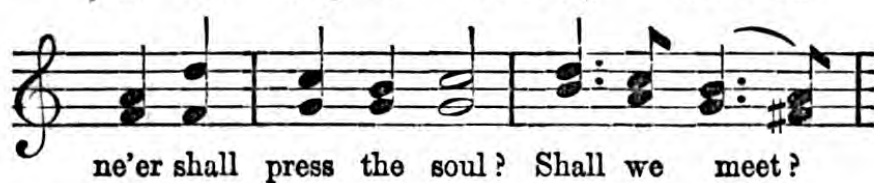
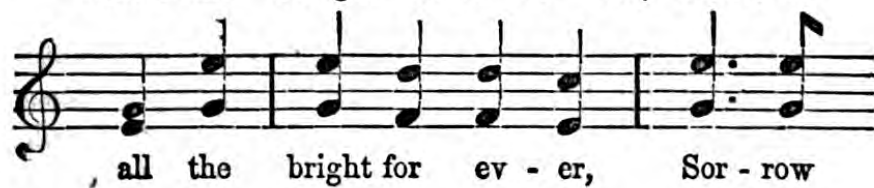
You know as a river is the boundary often of a country, so Jordan was between the wilderness and Canaan, as is the river of death to us—it rolls between us and the promised land, of which the poet sings in the poetical figure,—

“Could I but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o’er,
Not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s cold flood,
Should fright me from that shore.”

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour? Through mercy we may, not only as our Judge but as our Redeemer. We may know his blessed favour and sit down upon his throne. So may it be with you, my young readers; and whether your days be many or few, may they all be devoted to him.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

AMERICAN PARTING HYMN.



Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the towers of crystal shine,
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?—Shall we meet, &c.
 Where the music of the ransom'd
 Rolls its harmony around,
 And creation swells the chorus,
 With its sweet melodious sound?—Shall we meet, &c.
 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
 That was torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?—Shall we meet, &c.
 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we know his blessed favour,
 And sit down upon his throne?—Shall we meet, &c.

Juvenile Biography.

WILLIAM, son of William and Eliza SIMS, was born August 16th, 1861, and died November 20th, 1864. His parents being members of our society at Toll End, West-bromwich circuit, he was carried when an infant to the house of God, and as reason began to dawn he exhibited great delight in accompanying his parents thither. A class and a prayer-meeting being held in his father's house he had frequent opportunities to observe the custom among the members of paying their penny per week, and there being another class held in a house close by, he would often ask for his penny and take and give it to the leader. He certainly was a remarkable child, often showing signs of thoughtfulness, and sometimes asking astonishing questions. He was always interesting and affectionate to everybody about him, and thus gained the love and respect of all who knew him. His father being a teacher in our Sabbath-school took him when very young with him, and thus he became a scholar in the school, which he loved very much. His parents and others expected much from so promising a

child, but alas their expectations were cut off. He came forth like a flower, beautiful, pleasing and promising, but he is cut down. His parents would gladly have kept him, but they reverently submit to the order of Divine providence. They sorrow not as those who have no hope, they know that this branch of their family is transplanted to and now flourishing in the healthful and sunny clime of heaven. It is cheering to know that though we cannot have our children back when they leave us by death, they are far better off than they could possibly be with us, and that we by Divine grace may be prepared for heaven, and at last go to be with them for ever. May this be the portion of us all is the desire of
J. PICKWELL.

— — —
ALFRED, the son of George and Caroline Selina CHAPMAN, was born at Bromley, in Kent, December 6th, 1848, and died at Deptford, in the same county, November 25th, 1864.

It appears that Alfred was always affectionate, mild, obedient to his parents, and seriously inclined; but it was not till June, 1863, that the veil of darkness was removed, and

that the Lord revealed himself unto his spirit.

There is something remarkable in conversion. An enlargement of spiritual desire is realised, and a heaven-born sympathy dawns upon the hitherto benighted and selfish heart. When Alfred received the seal upon his heart, when, through the operation of grace, he was freed from the thoughts and doubts which clogged his inmost soul, then he began to labour in the vineyard. He became a useful teacher of the little boys in the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, and was remarkable for his kindness to his little pupils. The officers and teachers have felt his speedy removal from their ranks, but they know that he has gone to shine in the light of God.

His last illness was borne with the same gentle spirit that characterised his life. When visited by the secretary of the school he was asked if the Lord should think fit to call him, whether he thought he should go to heaven? He said, "Yes." Then he was asked, "Why?" and he answered, "Because I feel it." He afterwards remarked that it was through what Christ had done for him that he had a hope of heaven.

We have nothing special

about his last moments, but from the actions of his life, his resignation in sickness, and his faith in Christ, we can assure our minds that his end was peace. His parents, who are now separated from him whom they loved, may find consolation in the words of Jesus, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die? Believest thou this?"

W. NORRIS.

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ELIZABETH ANN RAINS, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Mary Rains, was born at Manchester, January 31st, 1857, and died November 27th, 1864, aged seven years. After a month's tossing in typhoid fever, she was gathered to the bosom of Jesus, having been trained by her parents and a pious aunt to love and fear him from her infancy. She became a scholar in Jersey Street Primitive Methodist Sunday-school when about five years of age, and continued one until prevented by the affliction which ended her earthly course. She loved her teachers and fellow-scholars, and took great delight in singing the school hymns, especially the following:—

"Around the throne of God in heaven

Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

Singing glory, glory, glory," &c.

As a child she was affectionate and obedient. She knew she was naturally prone to sin, but would often, when retiring to rest, weep and pray for forgiveness. She possessed the fear of God in a large degree, and when asked during her illness about dying, she said, "Oh, I should like to get better, but if I die I shall go to heaven, and, aunty, you'll not be long before you'll follow." Her parents deeply feel their loss, but with humble submission say, "Thy will be done," and pray that the rest of the family, with all our dear scholars, may meet her in heaven to join in the everlasting song, and crown the Saviour Lord of all.

THE FATHER.

MARTHA HARRIS was born at Wasell, in Staffordshire, on May 23rd, 1855. Her father died when she was about eight months old, which led to her being adopted by her uncle, who resided at Black Bourton, in the Faringdon circuit. Her uncle and aunt had been consistent members of our society for many years, and now felt very anxious about the salvation of their new charge. She

was taken to our chapel, and was one of the earliest Sabbath scholars connected with our school in this village, and she continued devoutly attached to the school, and was marked for her attention to her teacher and her book, and also for her regular attendance. The house of her uncle has been, and is still, a home for our preachers, and little Martha became very much attached to these servants of God, often taking them by the hand after service and leading them home, and when there, at meal times especially, she would place her chair close by them, watching and anticipating their wants. When our new chapel was about to be opened, she wished her aunt to divide her little savings between the chapel and the missions, which was two shillings each.

On the 24th of October last she went to chapel in the evening, came home, and partook of supper with the preacher as was her usual custom. After retiring to bed she was taken ill, being very sick, and in the course of a day or two it was found that she had scarletina, which proved more than a match for medical skill. While every attention was paid to her, it soon became apparent that her weak constitution was yielding to her destructive com-

plaint. Her mother was sent for, and while standing by her bedside in company with her aunt weeping on her account, she said, "Don't cry; if I die I shall go to glory, and if I am permitted, when you come up to the gate I will take you both by the hand and pull you into glory with me." She requested a certain chapter to be read from the good old Book, and wished to kneel that she might pray, but being too weak to kneel she lay in bed and prayed with marked earnestness for her brothers and sister, the school, and all mankind. Her aunt remarked, "Why, Martha, you are better." She answered, "Yes, aunty, but I should not though if I had not been converted." Then she began to sing,

"Servants of the great Jehovah," &c.

On one occasion she said, "I shall see my father in glory; I shall not know him, but he will know me, as we are to see as we are seen, and know as we are known." She often, during her affliction, shouted, "Glory!" Just before she departed she called her uncle three times, and he went and took her in his arms, when she appeared to lie composed for a short time, then waking up she shouted, "Glory, glory, glory!" and the imprisoned spirit burst from its

clay tenement and escaped to the regions of blessedness and peace. This took place December 9th, 1864, in the tenth year of her age. A number of her little school-fellows followed her corpse to the grave prepared for its reception, more or less affected at their loss.

T. CUMMIN.

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HANNAH, daughter of Henry and Margaret BRIDGE, was born at Roby Mill, in the Wigan branch, on the 13th of May, 1852. When very young she became a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school, Roby Mill, and her warm attachment to it continued to increase until she was called to join the church triumphant. She possessed a mild and amiable disposition, which soon gained her the esteem of all who knew her, and especially the teachers of the school. Mr. Marsh (her teacher) informs me that she was the best girl in his class, and so regular in her attendance that he could always reckon on her being present unless detained through affliction. She was also very attentive to her lessons, and made great progress in the improvement of her mind. Would to God that all our young friends would copy her example in this

particular. But this child which gave promise of future usefulness was not to stay long in this world of sin and sorrow. Death, the foul destroyer, came on suddenly, and marked her as his victim, only giving her a few days' notice that he was about to do his work.

But it is remarkable, that just ten days before her affliction commenced she had a wonderful dream. She thought she was in the chapel at Roby Mill, and that whilst engaged in reading the Bible a strange person came to her and asked to read with her; she consented, and they read together for some time. At length the stranger asked if she would like to go to heaven, and she replied, "Yes, I should." Just then a rope or ladder was let down from the heavenly world, and she, with the stranger, ascended step by step until they had gained the summit, and entered through the gates into the city of the New Jerusalem. He showed her many things that were grand and glorious, such as the great white throne, the crystal river, the streets of gold, the jasper walls, shining angels, redeemed spirits, but, above all, Jesus in the midst of the throne. She related this to her mother and the family, but her mother said, "I am afraid, dear Han-

nah, that you are not fully prepared for such a happy and delightful place." But in a few days after this she called her father and mother, brother and sisters, to her bedside to tell them that Jesus had come for her, and asked them to meet her in heaven. She was then very feeble, and her brother John took her up in his arms and asked if it was not hard work to die. She answered, "Oh no, Jesus is with me; I am going to heaven;" and in a short time after that she fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour, and went to prove the realities of that country she had just before seen in dream or vision.

Her affliction was diphtheria, and was only of five days' continuance. She suffered much, but bore all patiently; a murmur was never heard to escape her lips. She died in full triumph, December 23rd, 1864, aged twelve years, and on the 26th her remains were carried by the teachers to their long resting-place, who greatly mourn their loss.

R. MIDDLETON.

THOMAS, son of Robert Thomas and Hannah CHARTER, was born December 25th, 1857. From infancy he was delicate, but kind and affectionate to his parents; and being of a loving

and amiable disposition he won the esteem of all who knew him. For a child he had an ardent desire to hear the Word of God read to him by us, especially those parts of a biographical character, such as Joseph and his brethren, Samson, Daniel, &c.; also that passage of Scripture where Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Having a retentive memory, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he would ask the most puzzling questions respecting the things he heard. He loved to converse about heaven, and wonder after wonder filled his mind about its inhabitants, and what he would do when he got there. His desire for singing and prayer was great, and he would often say to his mother, "Let us away and pray," which exercise he seemed to enjoy more like an experienced Christian than a child.

In the year 1859 we removed to Pickering, in Yorkshire, where he was subsequently sent to our Sabbath-school, and continued to attend until the spring of 1864, when we returned to Stockton-on-Tees. After being here some two or three months he took a severe cold, which brought on inflam-

mation of the chest and lungs, and ultimately consumption. During his illness, which was of a distressing nature, his patience was exemplary; when free from pain he would sing,—

"I'm going home to glory,
Where pleasures never die;"

And,

"In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow
there."

On one occasion, when the Rev. T. Southron called to see him, when asked if he was happy and if he loved Jesus, he replied, he did; and would often say, after Mr. Southron was gone, "I like him to come to see me, because he talks to me about Jesus and heaven." Not many days before he died he said to his mother, "I wish I was in that better land. I do not like to leave you, but you and father will come to me."

He was taken much worse on Christmas-day, when he said to his mother, "I have been praying for God to take me, but I must be patient." In the evening, after a severe fit of coughing, he sang, "His love made us ready to die." He lingered until the night of the 27th, and just before he died his mother said to him, "You will soon be with your brother and sister and angels in heaven," to which he replied,

"Yes, angels;" he then said, "Father, lift me up," and shortly after he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, aged seven years.

"Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;

The city of saints shall appear—
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,

And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above—
The palace of angels and God."

R. T. CHARTER.

DIED at West Bergholt, on the Hadleigh circuit, AMELIA BYFIELD, in the eleventh year of her age. She became a scholar in our Sabbath-school as early as she could receive instruction. She was attentive to her lessons and obedient to her teachers; but, although she often sang those beautiful lines,—

"With a sorrow for sin let repentance begin,

Then conversion of course will draw nigh,"

she was a stranger to this change of heart until her affliction, which was of a painful nature. One evening she sent for brothers Simpson and Girling, and told them the joy she felt with a sense of pardon through Christ. After this she often said, "I am happy, and his love makes me ready to die." Brother Simpson and

his wife several times visited her before her death, and found her happy in the love of Jesus; and after suffering for eleven weeks through fever and dropsy, she fell asleep in Jesus, December 29th, 1864.

S. SIMPSON.

JOHN, the son of Edwin and Hannah CHAFER, of Gilberdike, was born August 4th, 1854. He grew to be an interesting boy, and was much esteemed among his playmates. He began to attend a Sunday-school when he was about five years old, and continued to attend while his health would permit. In the early part of November, 1864, he was taken ill of scarletina, and died January 9th, 1865. During his affliction it was manifest that he was a child of God by converting grace. His sufferings were great; he often said, "I have no rest here, but I shall have sweet rest in heaven."

His mother was weeping one day while observing him suffer, and he very touchingly said,—

"Oh, mother dear, do not lament,
For unto you I was but lent;
Jesus bought me with his blood,
He'll take me home when he thinks good."

The thought of dying was pleasant to him. When at Sunday-school he took a deep interest in reciting pieces, and

often sang some favourite hymns with much earnestness, especially the hymn,—

“My Jesus, I love thee, I know
thou art mine;
For thee all the pleasures of sin
I resign.”

God had no doubt been preparing him for the change that was awaiting him.

I and another teacher called to see him about a fortnight before he died. We asked him the state of his soul; he replied, “I am going to be with Jesus.” I called again the day before he died, and wished to know if he had any message to send to the Sunday-school: he said, “Tell them to meet me in heaven.” A few hours before he died he said to his father, “I am ready for heaven any time.” Happy boy! he has exchanged the sufferings and ills of this life for the light and joy of heaven.

C. BULMER.

ELIZABETH FOSTER, the daughter of George and Mary Foster, was born at Darlington on the 19th of December, 1851. When about four years of age she was sent to our Sabbath-school at Darlington, where she continued a scholar until her removal hence. Her regular and industrious habits gained her the esteem of her teachers and friends. In June,

1862, she had an attack of scarletina, which left her in such a feeble state of health, that she could not attend the school as regularly as she desired. During her lengthened affliction she delighted in her Bible, and committed many chapters and hymns to memory. She was enabled to put her confidence in Jesus, and to rejoice in the fulness of the great salvation. On the day of her death she said, “I am going home; I am going home to be with Jesus, which is far better.” “Jesus is waiting for me.” Thus rejoicing she passed away to the better country, January 24th, 1865. G. F.

ELISABETH ANN SHIPMAN was born July 8th, 1853, and died at Sheffield, February 2nd, 1865. She was taken to the Primitive Methodists’ preaching in her infancy, and in early life became a scholar. It was her privilege to be blessed with parents who were deeply anxious to train her in the ways of piety and truth; and they have now the comforting assurance that their labours have not been in vain in the Lord. From a child she was amiable, affectionate, and dutiful, and when corrected was truly sorry for her faults. Her heart became early disposed for the reception of Divine

truth, and yielded with willing obedience to the gracious drawings of the Holy Spirit. And as an evidence that she knew something of the joys of salvation, she constantly sought to impress religious truths upon the minds of her class-mates, and evidently succeeded in gaining the affections of the children. She had a great attachment to the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, and took great pleasure in reciting at the anniversary. January 29th she complained of feeling ill, and said she should not get better again, for something had told her she was going to Jesus. From the Sunday until the Wednesday she was only sensible at intervals, but she gave every assurance she was trusting in Christ.

Although her career was short, the great work of life was done; and her spirit united to Christ on earth was called to be with him for ever, leaving behind her a name written on the hearts of all who

had known her. During her illness she was often heard to repeat—

"I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road;
Often in the midst of danger,
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress
me,
Great and many are my foes,
Anxious cares and thoughts perplex me;
But my Father knows."

More than once she was heard to breathe forth the fervent feelings of her soul in that sweet hymn,—

"A home in heaven, what a happy thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
His heart oppressed and with anguish driven,
From his home on earth to his home in heaven."

As death drew near her features became sweetly expressive, and as her eyes closed on earth brighter visions appeared to pass before her, and her spirit entered into the rest of God.
R. BRYANT.

A HUMBLE heart is a habitation of God, a scholar for Christ, a companion of angels, a preserver of grace, and meet for glory.

HUMILITY makes a man peaceable among his brethren, fruitful in well doing, cheerful in suffering, and constant in holy walking.

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, to keep them in one order, within the bounds of reason, because that is empire.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE ELK.

THE elk, or moose deer, is found in Canada, in Nova Scotia, and also in the northern parts of Europe. The fossil remains of a large kind of elk have been found in the British Isles, but the animal will not live and thrive in a temperate climate. The elk is larger than the rest of the deer, being often the size of a horse; and its large head, short neck, high shoulders, and broad heavy horns, give it an awkward appearance. Its food is the moss and lichens of rocks, and the twigs and smaller branches of trees, especially of willows; it

never feeds on the grass and herbage of the plain, the length of its legs and the shortness of its neck not allowing it to reach the ground with its head.

In its wild state the elk is harmless and unoffending, save when attacked by the hunter, when it becomes both fierce and dangerous, although it is said to fall down through fear when it first finds itself pursued. Its flesh is considered to be light and nourishing food, resembling beef in appearance, but being more juicy and tender. Mr. Gosse, in his "Canadian Naturalist," says,

"These animals are frequently taken in the Indian stream territory, a kind of neutral ground on the boundary of this province and New Hampshire, claimed by both governments. Paths are worn by their feet, leading to the brook whither they resort to drink; and they are caught by traps laid in these paths. I am told that

they are almost always dead when found; as they soon kick and worry themselves to death."

The skin is valuable, and may be made into leather so tough as to be almost proof against bullets; and it is said that articles of clothing made from the hide have lasted through several generations.

Anniversaries.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING AT MOIRA, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH CIRCUIT.—Dear Editor, —We are happy to inform you that in accordance with the suggestion of the Finance Committee held at Derby in October last, and at the request of our circuit's Quarterly Meeting held in December, the teachers of this school resolved to hold a juvenile missionary meeting on Sunday afternoon, February 5th, 1865. We immediately communicated with our highly respected superintendent, the Rev. R. Parks, who kindly gave us all necessary instructions, and abundantly supplied us with collecting cards. The latter were at once placed in the hands of the scholars, with an affectionate request that they would do their very best by the time appointed for the meeting. Suitable pieces for recitation were

also entrusted to ten of the children, and all necessary preparations made to render the meeting as interesting and effective as possible. These various arrangements and the repeated visits of the anxious collectors to all the families in the neighbourhood, created a great excitement, so much so that when the appointed and much wished for hour arrived, we were greatly delighted by the assemblage of a large congregation in our spacious chapel. The meeting was opened with singing and prayer, and Mr. C. Heap, one of the local preachers appointed to us for the day, was called upon to preside. When the chairman had introduced the business by a short and appropriate speech, the children, assisted by the choir, sang Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy

mountains," &c., in excellent style. Then followed the recitations, which were listened to with intense interest by a deeply affected and weeping audience. A suitable verse was sung after each recital, in addition to the popular melody, "I'd be a missionary," &c. The collection was next made by three of the scholars, and the congregation addressed by Mr. W. Jones, another of the local preachers who was planned at Moira for the day. A gracious influence rested upon the meeting, and the people were so greatly delighted and blessed, that at its close they expressed an earnest wish that it should not be our last.

On balancing up our accounts we found that the children had raised £3 13s. 11½d. with their cards, and that the collection in the chapel had realised £1 12s. 3½d., making a grand total of £5 6s. 3d. The realisation of this respectable sum is the more gratifying to us from the consideration that our school is not a large one, having been established only eighteen months, and that the regular missionary meeting was held here in December last, when our children's school box yielded more than £1.

Praying that these dear children may be made partakers of that great salvation

which they have so zealously laboured to extend, and that the teachers and friends may be baptised with the missionary spirit, I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours, for the Moira Sunday school,

W. WARD.

BEAUFORT, TREDEGAR CIRCUIT.—Dear Editor,—On May 14th, 1865, we celebrated our Sunday school anniversary, when three sermons were preached, those in the morning and evening by the Rev. J. Broadhurst, and that in the afternoon by Mr. C. Miles, from America, who left our society seventeen years ago, but has returned to see his friends. We had a good day. The weather was all that could be desired for the occasion. The discourses were calculated to improve the mind. Very many beautiful pieces were recited by the children, namely, "The Babe of Heaven," "Underneath the Flowers," "The Sceptic of Thirty Years' Standing; or, Going to Sing in Heaven," and "The Rainbow," by seven girls, and suitable anthems were sung by the choir. Our congregations were overflowing. We rejoice and praise God for his goodness. The collections amounted to the sum of £10 10s.

D. SCRINE.

Poetry.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
 Oh, the pretty flowers !
 Coming ere the spring-time,
 To tell of sunny hours ;
 While the trees are leafless,
 While the fields are bare—
 Buttercups and daisies
 Spring up here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
 Ere the crocus bold,
 Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold ;
 Somewhere on a sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright—
 Somewhere 'mongst the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

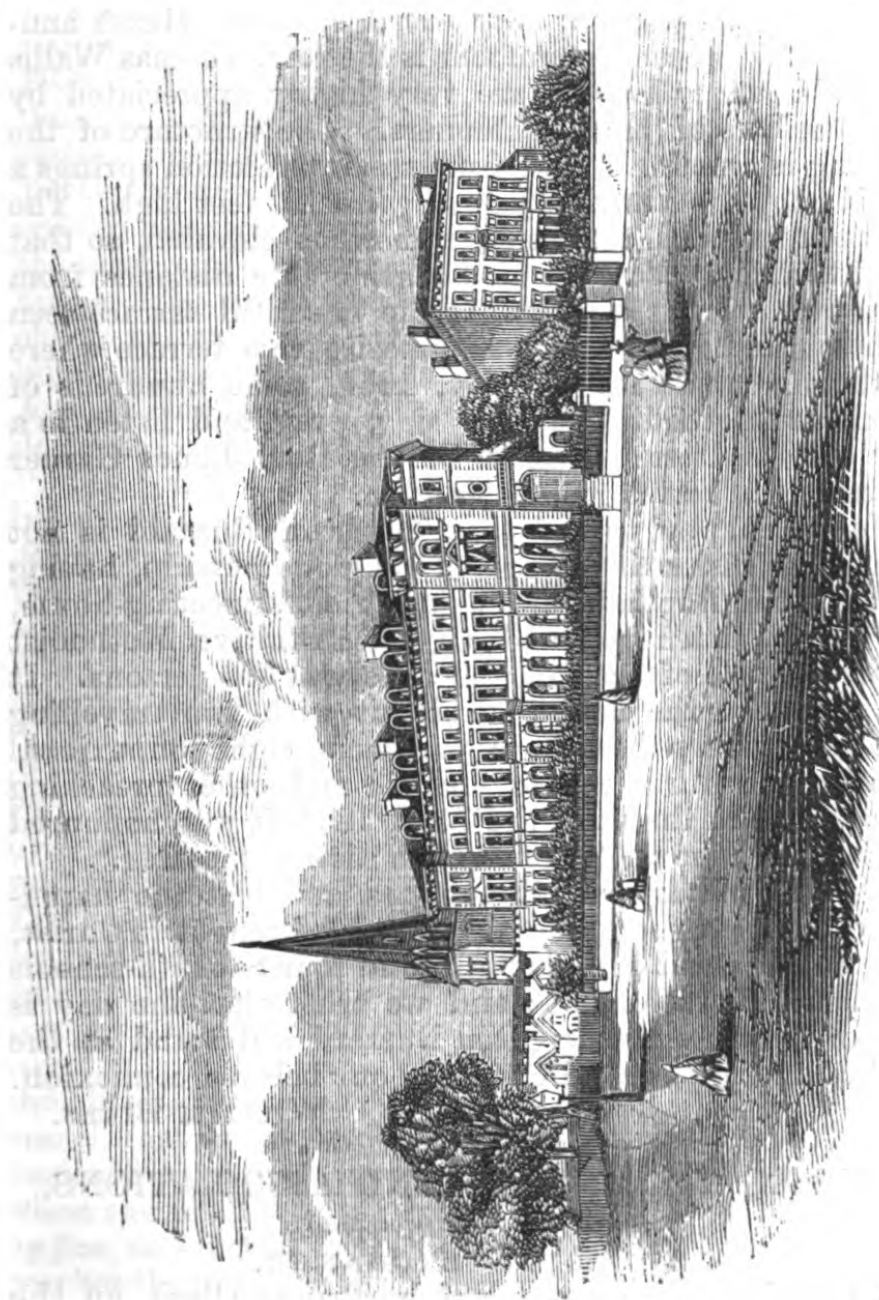
Little hardy flowers,
 Like to children poor
 Playing in their sturdy health
 By their mother's door ;
 Purple with the north wind,
 Yet alert and bold ;
 Fearing not, caring not,
 Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather ?
 What are stormy showers ?
 Buttercups and daisies,
 Are these human flowers ?—
 He who gave them hardship
 And a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength,
 And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups,
 Welcome, daisies white ;
 Ye are in my spirit
 Visioned a delight !
 Coming ere the spring-time,
 Of sunny hours to tell ;
 Speaking to our hearts of Him
 Who doeth *all things well*.

MARY HOWITT (*Copied by J. W. ANTLIFF*).

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



THE CHURCH AND TERRACE, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

Youths' Department.

CHURCH AND TERRACE, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

(With Engraving.)

At present the church in this engraving is the only church of England in this town. It is dedicated to All Saints, and is in the hundred of Manshead, in the rural deanery of Dunstable, the archdeaconry of Bedford, and the diocese of Ely. The township contains the chapelries of Billington, Eggington, Standbridge, and Heath-and-Reach. Its present incumbent is the Rev. Thomas Wallis Richards, whose labours are very highly appreciated by vast numbers of the parishioners. The structure of the building is cruciform, and from the intersection springs a massive tower with an octagonal spire 193 feet high. The situation is excellent, being somewhat elevated, so that the church may be seen at a considerable distance from the town. Near the church is the beautiful terrace seen in the engraving, and it was opposite this terrace where on the first Sabbath in May, 1864, some hundreds of Primitive Methodists met to sing, pray, and listen to a very able address delivered by the Rev. James Garner (Connexional secretary), of London.

We are happy to say that Leighton Buzzard is not without its dissenting places of religious worship, having within it two Baptist chapels, one Friends' meeting-house, one Wesleyan chapel, and a good Primitive Methodist chapel capable of accommodating about 500 persons. It also stands at the head of a circuit with two travelling preachers, thirty-three local preachers, eight connexional chapels, and three rented chapels and other preaching places; and in the month of May, 1864, it was honoured for the first time with the London district meeting.

Here the writer spent three years, and had the happiness of seeing a goodly number of souls brought to Christ, three connexional chapels built, and four Sabbath-schools established in the circuit; and we trust that the day is not far distant when Leighton Buzzard will stand at the head of a very powerful circuit in our beloved connexion.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

LONDON: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 201.)

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE foundation-stone was laid by Prince Albert, on the 17th of January, 1842, and the building opened on the 28th of October, 1844, by the Queen. It cost £180,000.

Two former Exchanges were successively burned down on that site ; that of Gresham, the founder, in the great fire of Charles the Second's reign, and Jarman's, the last and most celebrated, in 1838.

The hours of business are from half-past three to half-past four. The principal days are Tuesdays and Fridays. In front of the structure stands Chantrey's equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, the metal of the work being obtained from artillery taken by his Grace in various battles. The cost of the statue, exclusive of the value of the material, which is reckoned to be about £1,500, was upwards of £9,000, the whole of which was raised by public subscription. As we enter the quadrangle, we shall perceive the statue of her Majesty in the centre, and observe the small Turkey stones with which the inner space is paved ; they are the identical stones used in the former building ; and the margin of freestone surrounding them will show you how much larger the space appropriated to the merchants is now than formerly. All round, in the perambulatory, are what are known as the merchants' "walks." A space has been left, you will perceive, in the highly-decorated panels, for the insertion of the name of each "walk," as in the old Exchange, but the design has never been carried out : so well known are the various stations occupied by the leading men of the City, that it has been thought unnecessary to specify the portions of the building appropriated to the merchants of different countries. The present Exchange is 390 feet long from east to west ; the quadrangle is 170 long by 112 wide ; and the height of the tower is 177 feet. Not the least interesting part of the Exchange is the suite of apartments at the east end, known as "Lloyd's," which word is understood all over the world as indicative of the valuable company of underwriters, or ship-insurers, who occupy these rooms. The agents of Lloyd's are to be found in almost every seaport in the world ; and, through the medium of the small daily paper known as "Lloyd's List," shipping and commercial intelligence is promulgated all over the country. As soon as a vessel has sailed, it is notified in this little newspaper ; when she is "spoken" by another vessel, far out at sea, perhaps ; when she arrives at her destined port ; when she takes her departure thence ; when she reaches home again ; or, haply, when she is lost by fire, or wrecked in the unfathomable waves, intelligence reaches the underwriters at Lloyd's with the most unerring certainty. The building consists of two principal suites of rooms, one of which is open to the public, and the

other reserved to subscribers only. Inserted in the wall nearly over the Captains' room, you will observe a marble slab commemorative of the subscription raised in the City to reimburse the proprietors of the *Times* on the termination of the cause "Bogle v. Lawson." In this case the *Times* fearlessly denounced a gang of swindlers who were going about the continent with forged letters of credit. One of the suspected parties—Bogle, a banker—brought an action against the *Times* for libel, which the proprietors of that paper defended, putting a plea of justification upon the record. By means of this timely exposure the gang was completely routed. Bogle obtained a verdict in his action against the *Times*; but so thoroughly did the merchants appreciate the good service done the commercial community, that a subscription was instantly raised to pay the law expenses of the proprietors. This they nobly refused to put into their own pockets, choosing rather to defend their position; and a munificent gift to the City of London School, known as the "*Times* Scholarship," together with this tablet, and a similar one over the door of the printing-office of the paper, were the result of their refusal.

THE MANSION HOUSE

Was built by George Dance, in 1739. It is at once the civic palace and the civic tribunal of the Lord Mayor, as sovereign and as magistrate of the City. Here that great functionary gives those princely entertainments in which all that is high, powerful, and notable in the empire holds a part. Here, for twelve months, he maintains that state in which the £8,000 allowed for it are often swallowed up during only half the time. The Egyptian hall, Venetian parlour, state drawing-room, ball-room, long parlour, and state bed-room, though, perhaps, not of the purest taste in the world, are gorgeous and imposing apartments. You can always be admitted to see them, on application to the porters, who may request, *but cannot demand*, a gratuity.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

This building covers eight acres of ground, and the establishment employs upwards of 800 clerks, with salaries ranging from £50 to £2,000 each per annum. It may safely be pronounced the mightiest monetary establishment that ever existed in the world. It made its unostentatious and rather small beginning about 170 years ago. From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. strangers are permitted to walk through the principal offices. Among the minor curiosities may be mentioned the clock over the drawing-

office. This clock has sixteen different faces or dials, so contrived as to look into, and sound in, sixteen different offices. You would scarcely expect to see trees within the rather dull-looking walls of the Bank ; but there are, in fact, both trees and a well-kept garden, as you may discover by walking towards the Dividend-office from the entrance opposite the Duke's statue. The principal entrance, however, is from Threadneedle Street, which leads directly into the Rotunda—a noble circular apartment with a lofty dome and well-glazed lantern. You will observe, as soon as you can take your eyes from the clerks behind the circular counter, who handle and shovel about gold money in little copper shovels, as though it were mere dross, and who take no more notice of the people crowding in and out of the numerous doors—stockbrokers and money-changers and Fund-holders and strangers—than the beadle at church does of the parson—that the lantern is supported by sculptured women of graceful proportions, architecturally known as Caryatides. And you will observe, too, that it is in this room that the half-yearly dividends are paid to the holders of Government stock, technically called the Funds, of which we shall speak further when we visit the Stock Exchange. From the Rotunda we will go to the Telling-room, where a scene of extraordinary activity presents itself ; clerks counting, weighing, changing, shovelling gold about ; people constantly passing in and out ; and all the signs, in fact, of the most urgent business. As a stranger, you will be gratified at a sight of the Bank cellars, where bars of gold are stored up, like old wine, in bins ; and by witnessing the operation of note-printing, as well as by visiting the apartments known as the Bank parlour, the library, armoury, treasury, and other private apartments. But for the favour of prying into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Bank of England, you must be indebted to the courtesy of one of the directors ; all we can do is to show the outside of the building, and give you as much information of its interior as our knowledge will allow. The salaries and pensions paid to the employés of this great establishment—which is, in fact, a private concern, just like any other banking-house, except that it has a charter and other peculiar privileges—amount to upwards of £220,000 a year ; the government is vested in a Court of twenty-four directors, eight of whom go out of office annually ; and the holding of £500 Bank stock entitles to a vote, provided it has stood in the name of the proprietor for upwards of six months. If you have the fortune to

know a director, you may perhaps obtain a sight of the collection of ancient coins kept here, which is inferior to few in Europe, and have placed in your hands notes representing a million of money.

A SERMON TO CHILDREN,

BY ENOCH D. SOLOMON.

(Continued from page 203.)

CLARKE says:—"Were vice presented to the young in all its odious features and destructive consequences, they would shrink back with dismay from its contaminating influence. But, veiling her deformities, she appears in an alluring and attractive form, attended with music and dancing and a thousand fascinating pleasures. She invites her votaries to break away from the restraints of a rigid and cold virtue; to disregard the threatenings of the Bible and admonitions of conscience, and drink the cup of pleasure while the spirits are buoyant and the springs of life are fresh and active. And truly her path seems at first to be strewn with flowers, and her bowers to be decked with garlands of the richest hue. The soul is enchanted with her music, and all anxious thoughts are drowned in revelry and mirth. But soon the scene changes—rapidly, fearfully changes. The bright prospects begin to fade, and conscience whispers of remorse! Spectral forms rise up before the victim of sin, and breathe in his ear the words Judgment, Retribution, Eternity! The tide of agony deep, rapid, begins to flow,—a tide that no sighs, tears, or pleadings can check. The voice of reason having been slighted, the laws of heaven having been trodden under foot—all that is valuable in infinite wisdom, awful in authority, and touching in goodness having been disregarded,—the deluded being must cling to what he can gather from the wreck of his happiness. But, with his hopes shattered and prospects blasted, he wakes up to a consciousness of his situation when it is too late to remedy the evil. He struggles to tear off his chains when they are too heavy to be broken." Your chains are not too heavy now, you by effort may snap them asunder, and step into the land of freedom. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" and in thy youth consecrate thyself to his service. You now are in danger of perishing—before it is too late quit the path of vice and come to the path of virtue—quit the path of error, and come to the path of truth—quit the path that leads to destruction, and come to that which leads to eternal salvation.

II. It is contrary to God's will that "little ones" should perish. There is something gloomy and fearful about perishing. Many youths have gone to sea—left their parents to weep, and drag out their existence here as best they could. They were full of self-will, and said they would do as they liked, as they were too old to heed parental correction. The almost broken-hearted mothers desired to hear of the fate of their prodigal sons. The news at length arrived, "They have perished." It is startling to hear that they went down, down, down, beneath the boiling surge; but when we ascertain that they died *unsaved*, the news is awful beyond conception. Are you saved from sin? If not, your position is a precarious one—every day you live you live in jeopardy, in danger of hell fire! But, happy thought! it is not God's will that you should perish. This is evident,—1st. From the sufferings and death of Jesus. Why did he suffer? Why did he die? To save you, my young friend, from perishing: (see John iii. 16.) The sufferings of the incarnate Son of God cannot be told. He was man, and as man he suffered. Behold him as he is dragged to Pilate's bar—see how he is insulted and despised! "Despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He is spit upon and derided in a most shameful manner! Now he is taken to the judgment hall, laughed at there, insulted there! He has been delivered into the hands of the bloodthirsty people, and now he must die; he is compelled to bear his cross, but falls beneath its weight; he must die on the cross amid the execrations of the mob! The work was mighty, but for *you* it was completed; the cup was bitter, yet for *you* Christ drank it to its very dregs; and as one divine says, "He threw the empty cup into the ocean of life." All this was performed for sinners.

"All his wounds to sinners cry,
I suffer'd this for you."

He would never have suffered, bled, and died for you, if it had been his will that you should perish. 2nd. It is evident from his declarations, entreaties, and promises. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Hear what he says to those hastening to destruction, "Why will ye die?" "Turn ye, turn ye. Why will ye die? O house of Israel?" "Come unto me," cries the Saviour, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come

to repentance," and live.—2 Pet. iii. 9. Oh, sinner! if you die the second death, you die voluntarily; perish because you will perish. For "it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that you should perish."

III. It is God's will that children should be saved to the happiness of heaven. Not only from misery, but saved into happiness—from sorrow to joy—from eternal death to eternal life. He entreats you to be saved, for he cries, "Look unto me and be saved, all ye ends of the earth." Children, of course, are included. There are mansions for the young; crowns of glory for the young; crowns that will shine with living lustre, when earthly crowns have lost their splendour and have crumbled to dust. Oh! yes, it is his will to save the young to heaven. This is evident—1st. Because he has saved many. In the days of his flesh mothers brought their children to him; and as they were approaching, some angry voice said, "Keep those children back!" But Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, *for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" Look in the Juvenile Biography. How many instances are recorded there of children dying happy. Read the biography of G. F. Dearlove. He was not eleven years of age when he died, yet he left a testimony that he was going to heaven, for he died, saying, "I am going home!" Every month our kind editor gives us accounts of children leaving abundant proof that they are going to be with Christ which is far better. There are many flowers in the paradise above. 2nd. It is evident from the assurance others have of going there. There are many that have not a doubt of their acceptance with God; they have a glorious hope (through grace) of going to heaven. In many of our circuits there are mighty movings among the young. Very many have found peace through believing, and now are—

"Marching through Immanuel's ground,
'To fairer worlds on high."

I have heard many children testify that they could—

Read their title clear to mansions in the skies.

Surely this teaches us that it is the will of God to save them to heaven, for he puts aspirations of immortality and hopes of glory within them.

IV. If you intend to get to heaven, notice the way in which you must come. It is the old way, denominated "the good old way;" it is through Christ. Hear what he says, "I am the way, no man cometh to the Father but by me." Then Christ is the only way of salvation.

How must you come to him? 1st. Humbly; not boastingly or proudly, if so, you will be rejected. But come with humble hearts. You will come humbly if you remember the great Being that you are approaching. Remembering that he is the only true God cast your contrite spirit before him, for such he will not despise. 2nd. Come repentingly. Repent and be converted that your sins may be blotted out. Repentance is needful in coming to Christ. True repentance is not only feeling sorry for what we have done, but a determination to grieve God's Holy Spirit no more; and we must pray for the Spirit to assist us in keeping good this determination. "True repentance," says an old divine, "consists in the heart being broken *for* sin and *from* sin." . . . On the top of a hill near Hoddum Castle, in Scotland, there is a square tower, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and a serpent, and between them the word Repentance, whence the building is called the "Tower of Repentance." It is said, "Sir Richard Steele, while riding near the place saw a shepherd-boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learnt from it? 'The way to heaven,' answered the boy. 'Can you show it me?' said Sir Richard, in scorn. 'You must go by that tower,' said the boy, pointing to the 'Tower of Repentance.'" The answer was a good one, and you must go by the same tower to get to heaven. Come like the prodigal, "Father, I have sinned;" (see Luke xv.) Come with faith; without this it is impossible to please him. We may do or say what we will to him, but without faith pardon cannot be obtained. You have evidences of faith in the case of the leper, Matt. viii. 2; centurion, Matt. viii. 8; woman of Canaan, Matt. xv. 27; sick man, Mark ii. 4; Jairus, Mark v. 23; Mark v. 28; ix. 23; John xi. 40; Mark v. 36. You may feel yourself a sinner; your sins may be so burdensome that you may be compelled to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" The only answer that will meet your case is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Come through faith in the atonement, and the pardon is yours. "Only believe, and you shall be saved, and heaven is yours for ever."

Dear reader, see that you perish not, for it is not the will of your heavenly Father that you should perish. Remember, too, if you do perish, it must be "for ever." Awful words! Never any release; an eternity in hell! Think of the words, for ever! for ever! for ever! Oh! sacrifice worldly enjoyment for your immortal souls, and say,—

"My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell;
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Fare you well."

May it be so. Amen.

ABOUT BIRDS.

THE other day I was walking by the side of a canal which runs through a deep narrow valley, with beautiful woods and gardens on each side, when my attention was attracted by a couple of young birds which flitted before me. Now I have always had a great liking for the feathered tribe, and on this occasion I thought I would catch one of these birds, so that I might admire the wisdom and goodness of God in its form and covering. Presently one of the little creatures flew over the water in the canal, and perching on a stone at the margin, I was soon enabled to have the beautiful thing in my hand. My admiration of it, however, was soon changed into pity, for I felt that its little heart fluttered, and its entire body trembled in my hand. A purpose which I had formed to take it to my boys was soon changed, and placing it in a leafy bush close by I went on my way, saying to myself, "Little birdie, you have as much right to live and be happy as I have."

This trifling incident brought by-gone days and scenes to recollection, some of which I here record. Bird-nesting was with me, when a boy, a favourite pursuit. Miles and miles, with a crust of bread in my pocket, and sometimes a little sister tied on my back, have I wandered in the woods and by the hedge-side, peering into the bushes for the nest of the thrush or the hedge sparrow, into the tufty hedge for that of the robin or the yellow-hammer, and into the root of the overhanging tree for the snug bottle-like home of the tiny wren. Those were days of free and careless pleasure. Much as I loved the pursuit—and it has yet its charms, for I cannot wend my way up the shady lane without peeping into the neighbouring bush or lifting the tuft of grass growing in the hedge—I never but once disturbed or desecrated the house of my feathered fellow creature. And on the occasion referred to I was one of a party who, having found a nest filled with finely fledged young ones, determined to carry it away and divide the contents. I had not moral courage to refuse, though my heart revolted against the act. The nest was taken, the young ones divided, and I went home with my share, a beautiful young redstart, in

my hand. But my peace was gone ; I felt I could not ask God to bless me that night, neither could I sleep, so taking my poor little bird out of the old hat in which I had placed it, and giving it to one of the other boys, who had formed the party of nest robbers, I got rid of my torment, and thus began and ended my nest taking career.

I have a very poor opinion of those who are cruel to our birds, for of all creatures God has made they are the most beautiful, while their songs tend to mitigate the sorrows of life. The bird tribe seem as if they were exempted from the curse under which every other race of living things appears to groan. May all my young readers love our birds, and keep their hands from molesting their mossy homes. I dislike to see a string of their pretty eggs in any house. No parent should suffer his children to bring them home.

It is a mistake to suppose that our birds are really injurious to the farmer or the gardener. But for them our land would be overrun with caterpillars and worms, and much destruction would follow. Granted that they pick out grains of wheat from the growing crop, or get a taste of our ripe cherries and other fruit, they more than pay for their treat by the good work they perform in the way named. Sometimes I have watched for hours the doings of a pair of starlings which had young ones, and I hesitate not to say that hundreds of injurious insects must have been devoured by that family of birds in the course of one day.

It is curious to observe the cunning some birds display in concealing their nests, and in what singular places they will build them. I once knew a pair of robins which had their nest beneath the shed of a well in a garden ; and while they were tending a family of nearly full-grown young ones in one nest, they had another nest close by almost ready for the reception of an egg. A terrible commotion took place one afternoon between the parent birds, and on going out to discover the cause, it turned out that the cat had caught one of the young ones which had flown from the nest.

My young reader will find a healthy recreation in studying the character, instincts, and habits of birds, and if he respect their rights and carry on his studies with a recollection of their Maker and his, he will find that nature will be a handmaid to grace, and that his heart will be all the better for his inquiries into the natural history of creation.

J. SIMPSON.

HOW WILLIAM GOT A PLACE.

Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's shop. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favourably. Though the elder lad came recommended from a gentleman he highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favour of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance, which seemed trifling in itself, had influenced him in making this decision.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own doorstep at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street, and as she stepped on the sidewalk her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half-melted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin ragged clothes, but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for the four pennies she had lost. William, the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped her to search for them. Two were found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the kerb-stone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pennies was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said, pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child, "and mammy and the children will have no supper."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which contained but very few more, and then he made haste to wash his hand in the snow and dry it on his coarse white handkerchief. The other boy looked on with contempt, and remarked as they passed along in,—

"It is plain enough you are a greenhorn in the city."

The gentleman had observed it all, and scarcely asked the rude boy a question, but after some conversation with William, he said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. At the end of his month of probation, he had grown so much in favour with all parties, that the engagement was renewed for a year.

Now shall I tell you the secret of his success? It was his *politeness*. That means a kind expression of kind

feelings. Many very fashionable people are far from being polite, and sometimes the most lowly are remarkable for it. The merchant knew that the boy who was truly polite to a poor little ragged child would never be impolite to customers. He knew that a boy whose principles would hold out when he was laughed at could be trusted. Remember that the boy who is uniformly polite in his behaviour has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one.

THE DIVINE AND THE DOCTOR.

A DEVOUT minister was asked by a sceptic if he preached to save souls, and on replying that he did, the caviller rejoined, "Did you ever see a soul?" "No." "Did you ever hear a soul?" "No." "Did you ever taste a soul?" "No." "Did you ever smell a soul?" "No." "Did you ever feel a soul?" "Yes, thank God," said the preacher. "Well," said the cavilling doctor, "there are four out of the five senses against one that there is no soul." So the matter might have dropped; but the preacher, as subtle in understanding as he was pious in heart, turned the table upon the cavilling doctor, and being informed that he was a doctor of medicine asked, "Did you ever see a pain?" "No." "Did you ever hear a pain?" "No." "Did you ever taste a pain?" "No." "Did you ever smell a pain?" "No." "Did you ever feel a pain?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Well then," rejoined the preacher, "there are, you see, also four senses against one to prove that there is no such thing as a pain; and yet, sir, you know there is such a thing as pain, and I know that there is a soul." The doctor appeared confounded, and walked off.

Sent by T. C. H.

"GLITTERING TREASURES."

ONE of the sweetest of our school hymns is here given; it was first introduced to us by the London Sunday School Union in their *Bible Class Magazine*. Since then it has been known and loved by thousands of English youth; and it is a favourite at our anniversaries, for which it is specially suited.

Its opening verse gives us a delightful contrast between the glittering jewels so loved by fashion's votaries, and worth in mere gold value enormous sums, and the deathless principle within. Then comes the song of childhood, the offering of praise to the God of our youth.

In the second verse how pleasing is the reference to the Holy Book, when the poet calls it—

“Love's written word of truth.”

And so it is, my young reader, and may you find the echo of that love springing up within your heart, so that you may allow your will to be guided by your Saviour even in early youth.

Memory brings out in strong relief a scene in a great tabernacle one Sunday afternoon, when 5,000 young people and their teachers were crowded into the building. The hymn was sung then with joyful voices, and thrilling was the period when with one voice they sang of,

“The tale of Calvary.”

Seldom, my young friends, have I found a more suitable prayer for the youth of our schools than the concluding verse presents :—

“Redeemer, grant thy blessing,
Lord, teach us how to pray,
That each, thy love possessing,
May tread life's downward way.”

Oh ! to think of “life's downward way” for youth presents to me the streets, the hospital, death and judgment. Downward way truly to many, even to the bottomless abyss of misery on earth, and lamentation and woe beyond. May God help you to stand in the hour of trial and temptation, for life's paths are slippery.

But oh ! the glory that shall be revealed to those who are faithful in the hour of trial, and love the Lord Jesus too well to be a party to sin and iniquity. Take heed to your ways, my young friends,—for the danger is greatest when least you suspect it,—and then—

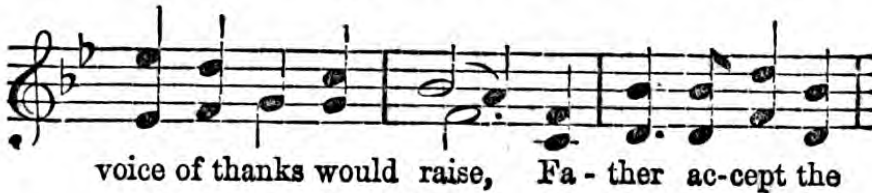
“Where the pure are dwelling
You may hope to meet again”—

those you have known and loved in your home and school.

Danger now may be near you. Oh ! beware of sin and folly, and then in heaven at last you will in sweeter songs,

“For ever praise his name.”

UNCLE WILLIAM.

GLITTERING TREASURES.

The dearest gift of heaven,
 Love's written word of truth,
 To us is early given,
 To guide our steps in youth.
 We hear the wondrous story,
 The tale of Calvary;
 We read of homes in glory,
 From sin and sorrow free.

Redeemer, grant thy blessing,
 Oh, teach us how to pray;
 That each thy love possessing,
 May tread life's downward way.
 There where the pure are dwelling,
 We hope to meet again;
 And sweeter numbers swelling,
 For ever praise thy name.

Juvenile Biography.

FRANCES ELIZABETH ODLAM, Wolsingham circuit. It is one of the truisms of Holy Writ, "that even a child is known by his doings;" and basing their hopes upon this assertion, the parents of the infantine subject of this sketch had indeed much to cheer their expectations in the maturing of a flower that was so promising in the bud. Though but two years old she gave evidence of a very amiable and affectionate disposition, raising high the hopes of a fond mother that in declining years she would find a comfortable solace in her loving child. Like many of these tender ones that are cut down in infancy, Frances Elizabeth seemed wise beyond her years. Her earliest lisping prattles were little hymns and prayers which she had heard in the family circle. Her most favourite ones were,—

"I love Jesus;"

and

"Happy day when Jesus took my
sins away;"

and

"He will lift me up on high."

The latter one, which she so often sang in her sweet winsome way, was most unexpectedly fulfilled. While the flush of healthful beauty sat on the plump round cheek, and the

appearance generally gave indications of a strong, vigorous, and robust constitution, that fell and often fatal disease croup seized her, and ere twenty-four hours had elapsed she was lulled to that sleep which knows no awakening till the resurrection morn. Though her sufferings were great, her patience was every way befitting an aged and experienced Christian. She was sensible to the last. One of her last actions was to kiss in turn her parents and little sister; then with clasped hands and upturned eyes, she said, "Pray, daddy;" after which she gently breathed her soul into the hands of Him who hath ascended up on high for the very purpose of raising all the children of men to the same exalted position. Lo,

"The mother gave with tears and
pain,

The flower she most did love;
In hope she would find that
flower again

In the fields of light above."

E. LEWIS.

JOHN HOWARTH, a scholar at our Stacksteads Sunday-school, Bacup branch, was recently called away at the age of twenty. His parents, having long been members with us,

tried to lead him to Christ; and at the age of ten he set out for heaven, and was very zealous for a time, meeting in fellowship with our people. While at the factory one day a scoffer saw him reading a book, and said, "What hast got there?" "A hymn book." "Here is a hymn book," said he, at the same time offering a song book. Soon after which the same person prevailed on him by threats to tell a lie, in order to screen some wicked persons who had wantonly injured a poor hawker. As soon as he had told the lie he declared he lost the sweet sense of God's favour, and would have given the world to retract the lie and regain the blessing. From that time he never took his hymn book to the factory, but was wild and wicked, or to use his own words, "I have been a bad one ever since."

About six weeks before his death, though some thought he might recover, he opened his mind freely, and said, "I want to be ready for living or dying." By his request a prayer-meeting was held in his presence; after which he wept, and said, "The meeting has done me good." Soon after this he was called away suddenly. Among his last words he said, in reply to a friend, "I am happy."

MILES CLAYTON left our Bacup Sabbath-school for heaven about the same time, but at the early age of six. He loved the school, and sometimes said how glad he would be to go when he got better. He frequently said to his mother, when he thought of dying, "When my body dies my soul will live with God," and with such blessed thoughts his young spirit passed away.

GEORGE HENRY LORD was the next that was taken from our Bacup school to be with Jesus, aged seven. Having a pious brother and aunt, he loved to come with them to our chapel, and seemed to take great interest in some special services held just before his death; he talked, and seemed to think much of heaven, and sometimes said to his sister Betsy, "I should like to be an angel." He loved to pray, and also to sing,—

"My God, I am thine," &c.

He was at the week-day school only two days before his death, one Sabbath on earth seemingly pretty well, the next in heaven.

Only a few days more, and on January 9th, 1865, BENJAMIN BOLTON was called from the same school to the better land in his eighth year. His parents had been dead for years. His sister, two aunts, and grandmother are members

with us. The kind couple who adopted him for their own feel his removal much. I saw him the day before his death, but water in the head had made him unconscious for some days, and so he remained till mortality was swallowed up of life.

The last transfer from Bacup school to the arms of the Good Shepherd was on January 31st, 1865, when GEORGE MCLEAN LISTER bade us farewell, in his sixth year (since which a younger sister has followed him.) He loved the school, and frequently might be seen waiting to lay hold and press my hand as I left the pulpit steps on the Sabbath morn. So now we miss his fair and friendly face, and look in vain for the white haired little boy; but though absent from us, he is "present with the Lord." He languished but a short time, during which he prayed often, and towards the last he dwelt much on his favourite verse,—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," &c.
Soon after which he shook his head, intimating that he was very ill and weak. A few more struggles, and the little pilgrim's journey ended. Oh! may the parents, brothers and sisters of these young disciples try to meet them in their bright home above. HOPEFUL.

JAMES HENRY LOVEDAY was born at Hoyland, Yorkshire, January 19th, 1853, and departed this life January 13th, 1865. He was the son of pious parents; his father is a local preacher in our beloved connexion, and his mother is a member of our society. They endeavoured to train up their son in the way he should go, consequently, they took him to the house of God from his infancy, trained and educated him in the doctrines, duties, and experience of the Christian religion. As he grew in years his attachment to our connexion became increasingly ardent, and he was frequently heard to say, "I shall never be driven from the Primitives." As in spring the flowers begin to open and expand, so in his youth his mind began to display excellences of no ordinary character. In his school attainments he excelled many far above his years. His general deportment won for him a name that will not readily be forgotten. His parents anticipated that in after life he would be both an honour and a comfort to them, as well as an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world. But, alas, how soon are our brightest earthly hopes cut off, and our fairest expectations blighted. In December,

1863, he was seized with rheumatic fever, which affected his heart. At first it did not appear to be attended with imminent danger, and it was fondly hoped that he would soon be better. During the summer, he attended our annual camp meeting, and caught cold, which greatly increased his complaint. His doctor then recommended change of air and bathing, which were promptly secured; but all proved ineffectual. His heavenly Father determined to take him to himself. On one occasion his mother said, "After all, I hope my son will be restored." He replied, "I am confident I am growing weaker." She then made inquiry respecting the state of his mind. He replied, "Mother, I know that my nature must be changed, I must be born again of the Spirit of God, before I can enter the kingdom of heaven." His father being deeply concerned for his salvation, urged him to pray for the pardoning mercy of God, and thus secure his soul's salvation, when he replied, "Father, I have been thinking that the Lord has given me up." "Why, my son?" "Well, you remember the time that I went to the penitents' form and prayed, and professed to be converted. Af-

ter that I went to school, and got among other boys, and did wrong, and now I think that the Lord will not pardon me." His father asked him if he desired to be the Lord's. He replied, "Yes." "Well," said his father, "If thou sincerely desirest to be his, he is willing to receive thee, for hear what he says in his word, 'Come now, and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be,' &c. 'For him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" His father also read a few verses to him out of the third chapter of St. John's gospel. He then began to plead in prayer with God for mercy, and so earnest and importunate was he at the throne of grace that the people in the shop below were deeply affected with hearing him. Being asked if he had realised the blessing of pardon, he answered, "No, not yet, but I should like; and if I perish I will perish crying to God to save me." About midnight his parents read a portion of the word of God to him, and prayed with him, and then retired, thinking that if left to himself he would struggle into the liberty of the sons of God; and so it proved, for as his father entered his bed-room next morning, and asked how

he was, he readily and joyfully exclaimed, "The Lord has saved my soul." "Do you feel any condemnation?" said his father. "No," said he, "it is all gone, now I have peace." "How did you feel," said his father "when the change took place?" "I felt happy, and tried to sing." "And what did you try to sing?" "I tried to sing—

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

But I could not, for my strength failed me." After this he was quite resigned to the will of God; and wholly engaged in preparing for heaven. A cousin of his, a local preacher, visited him, and inquired if he would like to get better. He replied, "It is not for me to like, nor to will, but to leave myself in the hands of Him who knows what is best for us all." His mother was standing by weeping over him, when he said, "Mother, do not weep, for—

"In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

On New Year's day morning, his mother on entering his bed-room wished him a happy new year. He looked earnestly at her and said, "Mother, I cannot wish you a happy new year." "Why?" said she. "Because I know it will not

be a happy new year to you," evidently alluding to his death, believing it would be a great trial to her. He was frequently found reading the 838th hymn in our hymn book, with his finger resting on the first verse, and as his mother was making his bed, he charged her not to remove the book, "For," said he, "I love it;" and he ultimately died with it under his head, and his Bible resting on his pillow. On one occasion his mother overheard him say, "I am happy, and a kind hand is comforting me." His father entered his chamber one morning, and asked him how he was; he replied, "I am ready for going." "Are you not afraid to die?" said his father. "No," said he, "death has lost his sting." As his father was going from home for the day, he said to his son, "If I am not permitted to see thee again alive, may I comfort myself with the thought that thou hast gone to the rest prepared for the people of God?" "Die when I may," said he, "I shall go to heaven." During the day he was much oppressed with pain and shortness of breath, but much engaged with God in prayer, and he said to his mother, "There is no rest for me here, I shall be so glad when the Lord shall see fit to liberate me from my suf-

ferings." His father sat up with him during the night ; his sufferings were great, but he bore them with patience, frequently expressing a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, at the same requesting his father to preach a sermon from John xiv. and 1, 2 v.—"Let not your hearts be troubled," &c.

About seven o'clock in the morning his pain left him, and as one of his brothers was going to school, he came into his room to kiss him, and bid him good morning. He said to his brother, "Will you be a good boy?" "Yes," replied his brother. "Are you sure that you will?" "Yes," he again replied. "Well, then, good morning, and God bless you," and looking after him, he shed a tear at his leaving the room. He then said to his mother, "It will be hard for you to part with me, but your greatest consolation will be to know where I am gone to." About twenty minutes to seven next morning, he got up and walked across his bed room, then got into bed again and laid down, fixed his eyes towards heaven, and fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle or a groan.

"O may we triumph so,

When all our warfare's past,
When dying find our latest foe
Beneath our feet at last."

His mortal remains were

borne to the grave by twelve young men, seven of whom were local preachers ; and five local preachers, relatives, followed as mourners.

ROBERT LOVEDAY.

ELIZA, the beloved daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann POTTER, was born at Bleak Heath, in the Dudley circuit, August 30th, 1851, and died January 16th, 1865. Her parents being members of the Primitive Methodist society, endeavoured to train their children in the fear of the Lord. At a very early age, even upon the mother's lap, that mother taught her Eliza to lisp the name of Jesus, to sing pretty little hymns, to read her book, and to say her prayers. At an early age she entered our Sabbath School, to which she formed a very strong attachment. She increased in learning, and soon became a reader in the Bible class. She was very obedient to her teachers, and always took a delight in learning her verses and reading her book ; her conduct was such that she soon gained the affection of both teachers and scholars. She was a pretty little singer on the platform, and could say a piece very nicely, having been trained to that work for the last six years. Her manner and speech were

admirable, her countenance amiable, and her conduct excellent ; in a word, she was all that a teacher or parent could wish. But God has taken her to sing his praises and tell of his love in a happier world than this. At home she was very thoughtful, steady, industrious, loving, affectionate and kind. She bore part of a mother's care towards the younger branches of the family, and ever delighted to do what she could to make home happy and comfortable. She appeared likely for being useful not only in the family circle, but also in the Sabbath school and in the church. Her parents' hearts were entwined about her in purest love and deepest sympathy ; hundreds of times have they prayed that God would renew her young heart, and in early life make her and the whole of the family heirs of salvation. She seemed gradually to glide into the ways of religion, and delighted herself in its practice. During the space of about three weeks, God in his mysterious providence, removed Eliza, her sister, and her little brother. He has taken them from this world, and planted them in a more congenial soil than this, where they inherit his eternal glory. Scarlet fever attacked Eliza in a most severe manner,

but in about a fortnight she began to recover, and the fever appeared to have left her. For some two or three weeks her parents' hearts were gladdened at the thought that she would soon be restored to perfect health. But alas, the fever had left a poison in the blood which brought on inflammation in the bowels ; the skill of the physician was baffled, and in the space of four days her life on earth was no more. During her illness she would frequently talk about the Sabbath school, her teachers, and the verses she had to learn. Especially when school time came, she would say, "Mother, I shan't go to school to-day, to say my verses. My teacher won't give me a little book to-day ;" and thus it seemed that while her body was suffering at home, her heart was at school. She had spent many happy hours there, and had received much suitable instruction. Although she suffered the most severe pain, a murmur did not escape her lips, neither did she express any desire to recover. About three days before her death she said, "Mother, I have been dreaming that I was at heaven." "At heaven?" said her father. "Yes," she said. "And what sort of a place is heaven?" "I can scarce tell," she said, "but it

was a most beautiful place, there was such a fine golden table in the midst, and Jesus sat by it." The day before her death being the Sabbath, many of the teachers and friends came to show their sympathy and love towards her, but her body was so weak, and her sufferings were so great that she could scarcely speak to them. In the evening her father spoke to her about her soul and a future state. Finding that all was well, he knelt by her side, and committed her into the hands of God, beseeching him that his blessing might rest upon her for ever. A few hours before her death she said, "Mother, you don't know how I suffer, I can't live long in this way; don't cry, mother, don't cry, I shall soon be at heaven." "Yes, yes," she said, "I do love you, father and mother, I hope to meet you again in heaven." A few minutes afterwards her happy soul took its flight to the realms of glory.

WILLIAM WALKER,
THOMAS POTTER.

ELEANOR DOUGLAS was born at Willimoor, in the county of Cumberland, May, 1836. At an early age she attended a Sabbath school, where she was instructed in the principles of religion. Whilst present at a

camp meeting lovefeast, at Wright's Green, she knelt at the penitents' form, and cast herself by faith on the merits of Jesus Christ. Though frequently deprived of the public means she found God in the family and in the closet. For years her spirit so far triumphed over the infirmities of the flesh as to prompt her to travel far and near for the cause of missions. About three months ago she was confined to her room, and her sickness was unto death. Her chamber often resounded with songs of thanksgiving. Amongst the many hymns she sang, this was her favourite,

"There is a fountain filled with blood," &c.

Her deep submission, her fervent love, her strong faith, astonished a clergyman who occasionally visited her. After admonishing her relatives to live to God, and to meet her in heaven, she entered into rest January 17th, 1865.

T. P.

JOSEPH WILLIAM LANGFORD was born at Brierley Hill, July 26th, 1849, and died at Woodside, in the Dudley circuit, on the 26th of January, 1865. He was of a very serious turn of mind, and a great lover of the Sabbath school, and the good impres-

sions made upon his mind while there never wore off. He was obedient to his parents and teachers, and was considered a good boy by all who knew him.

For some months before his death he was confined to his home by affliction. He bore his sufferings with patience, and never was heard to complain; when they were the most acute he said, "Every pain I feel will brighten my crown." When told by his superintendent that in heaven "sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more," he said "in a few hours he should be in the glory land." The fear of death was removed and he was waiting for the time of his change to come. A short time before his death he attempted to sing that beautiful hymn—

"There is a land of pure delight,"
&c.

His strength gradually failed till the lamp of life went out, and he ended his sufferings in peace.

On the 3rd of February, his brother John Langford, aged twelve years, who was another of our scholars, was removed by death to life eternal. May we meet them in heaven.

GEORGE HIBBS.

MARY CRABTREE was born

at Carry Bridge, Colne, in Lancashire, on the 23rd of March, 1850. She attended our Sabbath school at Colne from a child; her desire to learn was great; she loved the school, and always endeavoured to be there at the commencement. The last Sabbath she spent there was the 8th of January last. She was not well on that day, but she wished to be among her school fellows. In early life she began to think of her soul, and ultimately gave her heart to God. She commenced meeting in class upwards of two years ago. She was of a kind and loving disposition. From the age of six her sufferings were great. The disease which ended her earthly career was dropsy; she bore her afflictions with patience. When asked if she would like to get better, she said, "I am resigned to the will of God." Not a word of murmur did we hear from her lips; her desire was to be a child of God, and she tried to obey his commandments. Though we have lost her our loss is her eternal gain. We sorrow not as those without hope; she said on the day she died, "I am waiting, I am ready, come Jesus, come Jesus!" She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the 3rd day of March, 1865. M. PETTY.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE MARMOSET.

THE Marmoset is a very small monkey found in parts of South America. The average length of its body is only about eight inches, while its tail measures eleven or twelve inches more. There are several species : one, called by naturalists *Jacchus vulgaris*, is of an olive-gray colour, deepening almost to black on the head and shoulders; its tail and the lower part of its back are striped with a paler hue; its face is of flesh colour, and it has tufts of light hair springing round the ears.

This species inhabits Guiana

and Brazil. In its wild state it climbs trees like a squirrel, and feeds not only on fruits and seeds, but on insects and the young of birds. One, which was kept a captive, fed on biscuits, fruit, greens, insects, snails, etc., and once it snatched a gold-fish alive from a basin and devoured it. Some eels being given to it, they frightened it at first by twining round its neck, but it soon mastered them and ate them up.

A lady, in describing another of the species which came from Bahia, says, "Like most monkeys, it will eat almost

anything; but its chief and favourite food in its wild state is the banana. It is a very delicate animal and requires great warmth; and its very beautiful tail is in this respect evidently conducive to the comfort of the little creature who, on all occasions when he

requires warmth, rolls himself up in the natural boa with which Providence has in its wisdom endowed him."

The Marmosets sometimes breed in confinement; but much care is necessary in rearing the young in this country.

Anniversaries.

GEELONG CIRCUIT. — The eleventh anniversary services of our Sabbath-school, Weller-street, Ashby, Geelong, were held on March 12th and 14th, in the Congregational chapel. On Sabbath morning, the Rev. E. Greenwood preached, and in the evening he delivered an address to teachers and parents.

The afternoon was chiefly occupied with recitations, interspersed with select hymns by the children.

On Tuesday evening a public tea meeting was held in Weller-street chapel. After the tea, the friends adjourned to the Congregational chapel, where a public meeting was held, Robert Balding, Esq., in the chair; and addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Greenwood, and G. Standing; Charles Read, Esq., Messrs. J. D. Mowbray and Nathaniel Brown.

The Report of the school showed that there were eleven

male and four female teachers; and thirty-eight boys and thirty-seven girls, scholars: being an increase of three teachers and fourteen scholars for the year. The public collections and proceeds of tea amounted to £18.

All the services were excellent, and well attended, and we trust that permanent good has been done.

On Good Friday, April 14th, our scholars and teachers accompanied by a goodly number of parents and friends held their Eleventh Annual Treat, when they were conveyed to a piece of ground, kindly lent for the purpose, about two and a half miles from town, where they were regaled with apples, grapes, &c., and all returned highly delighted with their trip, singing as they came home,

"How kind is the Saviour,
How great is his love,
To bless little children
He came from above," &c.

ROBERT LEMON.

BOWLEES, BARNARD CASTLE CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of the above school was held on Saturday and Sunday, the 3rd and 4th of June. The weather was remarkably fine, which brought a large number of people together, chiefly of the London Lead Mining Company's workmen, their wives and children. Not less than 318 persons sat down to an excellent tea, amongst whom was R. W. Bainbridge, Esq., and his youngest daughter. Bowlees is only a small village, composed of eight houses, near the river Tees, and that far-famed waterfall, "High Force." After tea the public meeting was ably presided over by Mr. Bainbridge, who spoke of religious liberty amongst the different denominations in Teesdale. He then called upon the Bowlees Harmonic choir to play "Seraphic flame," which they did in a creditable manner. The public meeting was addressed by Mr. F. Race, and the Revds. J. Worsnop, and C. Priestley, and the children recited their pieces in a praiseworthy manner. On the Sabbath there was an overflowing congregation, and many could not gain admission. The services were conducted by Mr. F. Race, and the children continued their recitations to the

instruction and profit of the people. Altogether, this has been one of the best anniversaries that was ever held at Bowlees, and the collections reached the noble sum of £5 4s. To God be all the glory.

GEORGE COATSWORTH.

— —

LONDON SECOND CIRCUIT.—The eleventh anniversary of our Somers Town Sunday-school was celebrated on Sunday and Tuesday June 18th and 20th, 1865. According to announcement, sermons were preached on Sunday morning and evening by Danzy Sheen. After each sermon recitations were given by the children in a manner that reflected great honour on the teachers. The afternoon was wholly occupied with recitations, which gave much satisfaction to the friends of the school. On Tuesday 100 persons sat down to tea, after which an interesting meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Brailsford, the superintendent of the school. Among the numerous recitations with which the company was favoured during the evening, the most interesting was a dialogue entitled the "Better Country," by Mr. B. Laws, and eight scholars. After a short address by Danzy Sheen, several votes of thanks were pre-

sented to the friends of the school, who had taken part in the proceedings of this anniversary. One of these votes was given in a very enthusiastic manner to Mr. B. Laws, for his very efficient services in connection with the singing and recitations of the children. The proceeds of last year's anniversary amounted to £6 5s; this year £9 5s. Let it be here recorded of the teachers of this school, that they not only labour for the children's instruction but *conversion*; and in reference to several of them,

their labours have not been in vain. Oh, that this converting work were more attended to in our Sunday-schools! Then when the worldling sneers at the small numerical increase of our churches, we could point him to our schools and leave him to look and wonder while we raise our eyes to heaven, saying, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy," &c. DANZY SHEEN.

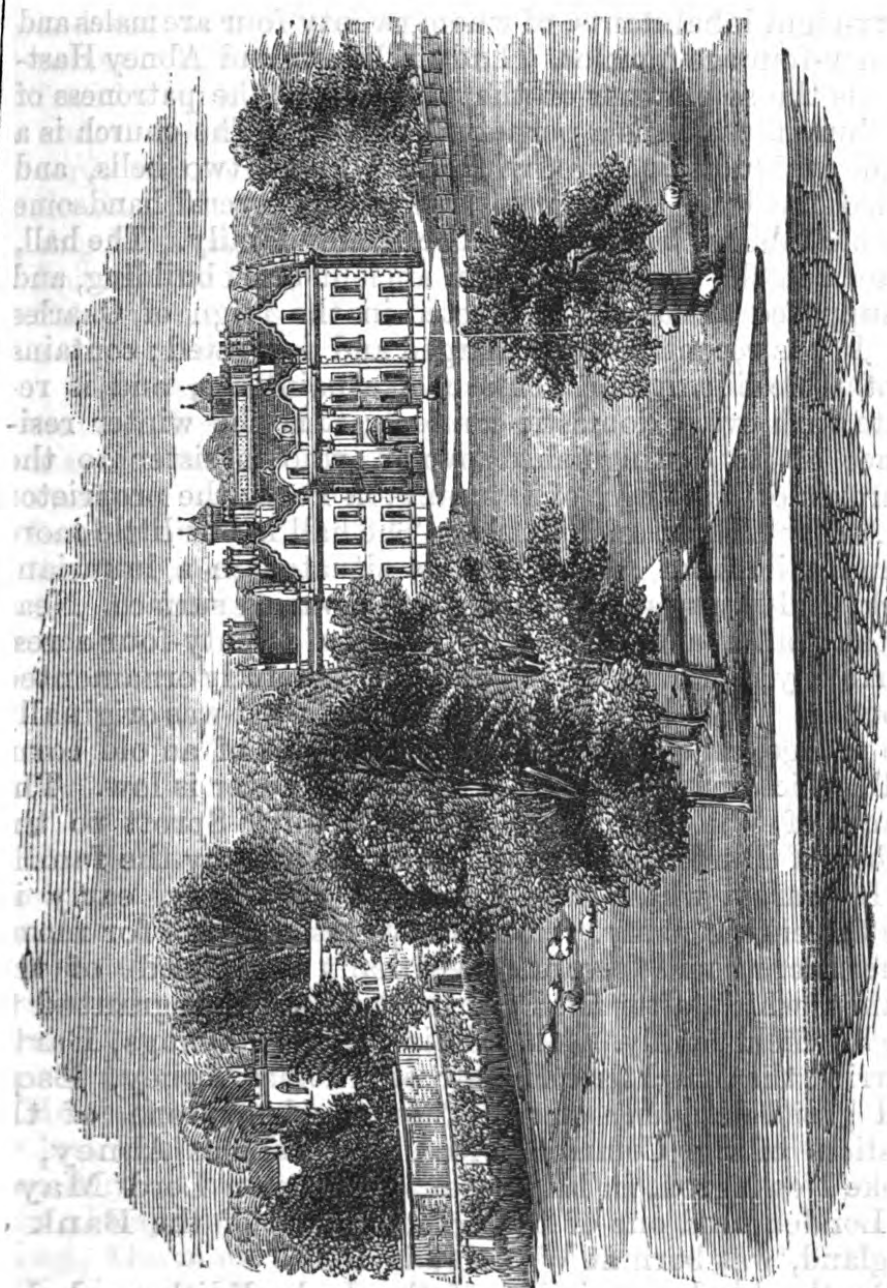
Poetry.

A CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

AN Austrian Army, Awfully Arrayed,
 Boldly By Battery Besieged Belgrade:
 Cossacks, Commanders, Cannonading Come,
 Dealing Destruction's Devastating Doom.
 Every Endeavour Engineers Essay
 For Fame, For Fortune, Fighting, Furious Fray;
 Generals 'Gainst Generals Grapple, Gracious God!
 How Heaven Honours Heroic Hardihood!
 Infuriate, Indiscriminate In Ill,
 Kinsmen Kill Kindred, Kindred Kinsmen Kill.
 Labour Low Levels Longest, Loftiest Limes,
 Men March 'Mid Mounds, 'Mid Moulds, 'Mid Murderous Mines.
 Now Noxious, Noisy Numbers, Notice Nought
 Of Outward Obstacles, Opposing Ought;
 Poor Patriots, Partly Purchased, Partly Prest,
 Quite Quaking, Quickly Quarter, Quarter, Quest.
 Reason Returns, Religion's Rites Redounds;
 Suwarrow Stops Such Sanguinary Sounds.
 Truce To Thee, Turkey, Triumph To Thy Train,
 Vanish, Vain Visions, Vanish, Visions Vain.
 Unwise, Unjust, Unmerciful Ukraine,
 Why Wish We Warfare? Wherefore Welcome Were
 Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier.
 Yield, Yield, Ye Youths, Ye Yeomen, Yield Your Yell.
 Zeno, Zeopartes, Zoroaster, Zeal
 Attracting, All Arms Against All Arts Appeal.

Sent by J. W. ANTLIFF.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



WILLESLEY HALL AND CHURCH, NEAR ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

Youths' Department.

WILLESLEY HALL AND CHURCH,

NEAR ASHBY DE-LA-ZOUCH.

(With Engraving.)

WILLESLEY is a very rural and scattered village, two miles S.W. by S. from the town of Ashby. It contains in its parish 778A. 0R. 37P. of strong clay land, nine houses, and forty-eight inhabitants, of whom twenty-four are males and twenty-four are females. Lady Edith Maud Abney Hastings is the sole owner of the parish, and the patroness of its church, which is a perpetual curacy. The church is a small antique structure, with a tower and two bells, and is dedicated to St. Thomas. It contains several handsome marble tablets, belonging to the Abney family. The hall, as seen in the engraving, is an ancient brick building, and is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Charles I. It has recently been enlarged and decorated; contains a valuable library and some choice paintings, and is replete with every domestic comfort; it is the winter residence of its distinguished owner, who is sister to the Marquis of Hastings, of Donnington Park, the proprietor of Ashby Manor and Castle. The hall is but little more than a mile from Ashby, and is situated in a luxuriant park, of 147 acres with an agreeably varied surface. Near to the Hall is a broad sheet of water of twenty-four acres, skirted by richly wooded slopes, and tastefully ornamented grounds. This lake covers the site of what was originally the village, and in its centre are the ruins of an old corn-mill, which may still be seen when the water is low. The Manor of Willesley was given by Wulfric Sprott to the Abbey of Burton, under which it was held by the family of Ingwarby, whose heiress married an Abney, early in the fifteenth century. The Abneys resided here for many generations, and became eventually possessed of the Manor, which, after the Reformation, had been granted to the Sheffield family. General Sir Charles Hastings, Bart., married the daughter and heir of Thomas Abney, Esq., and grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Abney, one of the Justices of the Common Pleas. Sir Thomas Abney, of Stoke Newington, in Middlesex, some time Lord Mayor of London, and one of the first founders of the Bank of England, was born at Willesley in 1639.

By the kind permission of the Lady Edith and her honourable husband, we held a large tea meeting in the beautiful park, just in front of the Hall, on Tuesday,

the 4th of July. The gardens were opened to those who preferred a quiet walk, the pleasure boat was at the service of others who loved the placid waters, and the whole company was supplied with boiling water from the capacious coppers of the Hall ; in fact, the whole of her Ladyship's domestics seemed to vie with each other in adding to our enjoyment. The efficient Band of the 8th Hastings Volunteers poured forth melodious strains of harmonious sounds, beneath the sturdy oak and on the glassy waters ; and old and young rejoiced together amid these sylvan scenes. It was also a matter of great satisfaction to the friends, that although 550 people were brought together under such exciting circumstances, all was peace and concord, and not the slightest injury was done to tree or shrub. We purpose, if our lives and the life of her ladyship be preserved until another summer, to request the favour of taking the children belonging to the fourteen Sabbath-schools in this circuit to this delightful park for a day's recreation.

My dear children, whilst reclining in these shady groves, walking beside these sleeping waters, and gazing on these magnificent buildings, let us earnestly seek through the merits of our dear Redeemer, a meetness for the unfading bowers of the heavenly Eden—the flowing fountains of living water—and the eternal mansions in the glorious city of our King. So prays your devoted friend,

ROBERT PARKS.

LONDON: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 230.)

GUILDHALL.

Here the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of the City are elected ; and here, too, the City Members are chosen to sit in Parliament. Go now, if you have leisure, or when you have leisure, go and see its Gog and Magog, relics of Scandinavian idolatry. Here the judges, with a nobleman or two, and sometimes a Duke, eat turtle and venison, and drink choice and rare wines at civic feast and banquets. Here, too, are held the meetings of the Livery and the Courts of Justice. And fine monuments are stored here, and great curiosities, and valuable paintings. The Hall is always open, and on application to the officials in waiting, the more private apartments may be inspected. The Hall contains some fine monuments ; one to Beckford, Lord Mayor of London, and father to the splendid author of "Vatheck," and builder of Fonthill, is especially

interesting ; as are also those erected to the memory of William Pitt and Chatham. This is one of the largest rooms in London ; and at civic feasts upwards of 3,000 persons have been accommodated with seats. On these occasions a portable timber flooring is placed over the stones of the Hall, and the galleries are fitted up for the reception of ladies and musicians. When the Queen visited the City in 1844, to open the Royal Exchange, she dined with the Lord Mayor and Corporation in Guildhall, upon which occasion there were upwards of 4,000 persons present, either as guests or spectators.

The Hall is 153 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 55 feet in height. Having been built at different times, great irregularity of style is apparent ; nevertheless its Gothic front, with the City arms in the centre, its stained glass windows, with their rich armorial and heraldic devices, its historical and civic associations, combine to render it one of the most interesting buildings in the City.

THE POST OFFICE.

It is called The Post Office *par excellence*, though in official language it is known as the Chief Office merely. The hall is 52 feet high, 60 long, and 80 wide. It was erected in 1827-9, under the superintendence of Sir Robert Smirke, and first opened for public business on the 23rd of September, in the latter year. Previous to that, the principal post-office business was carried on in Lombard street, where at present the great bulk of the City letters are posted, especially those destined for foreign parts. As a specimen of architecture, the Post Office ranks deservedly high ; but when we come to consider the purposes to which the building is applied—when we pause to reflect that within these walls are conducted the business arrangements of the world's correspondence—when we think that from hence are carried the missives of the merchant to his agents in all parts of the world ; the epistolary intercourse of the tradesman, the professional man, the Prime Minister, and the artizan ; the breathings of affection, and the appeals of charity ; the hopes of love and the cries of despair ; the ill-spelt epistle of the poor mother to her son at sea ; and the important announcements of kingdoms overthrown and empires ruined ; the blissful news of births and marriages, and the doleful intelligence of disappointments and deaths—the building becomes, to an imaginative mind, the shrine of holy thoughts and heart-warm confidences.

The building is of stone, and consists of a centre and two wings, with a portico of 300 feet in length, supported

by six columns of the Ionic order. In the pediment you will observe the royal arms. In the central hall are the various boxes for receiving the foreign, provincial, and district correspondence, the one to the right and the other to the left hand. A tunnel passes beneath the central hall, which unites the two sides of the building ; and beneath the portico are placed the two immense gas meters, which measure the quantity of artificial light used in the numerous apartments. At the east end of the hall is situated the office of the Electric Telegraph Company, who have their principal depot in Lothbury, behind the Bank ; and the wires which carry their lightning messages proceed underneath the roads and pavement to the termini of the principal railways, and from thence perambulate the thousands of miles of rail which intersect the land : for a small sum, which varies with the length of the message, you can correspond with your friends all over the kingdom, time and distance being almost annihilated by this excellent invention ; and you may even communicate with persons beyond the seas by means of the Submarine Telegraph. On the western wall, just underneath the clock, are the boards on which are displayed the names of persons whose addresses are incorrectly written, or whose places of residence cannot be discovered. It is computed that 10,000 letters are annually left in the Dead Letter Office, some of which contain money, others bills and valuable securities, and others articles of jewellery. One letter, containing bank notes to the value of upwards of £200, was actually posted without an address, and afterwards forwarded to the sender ; such is the carelessness of some people. Indeed, the senders of valuables appear to be the most indifferent correspondents ; for, in one year there were misdirected letters in the Dead Letter Office which contained bills of exchange to the enormous amount of £11,000 !

When we consider that, besides upwards of 70,000,000 newspapers, more than 200,000,000 letters pass through the Post Office annually, our wonder and admiration at the rapidity and safety of their delivery may well be expressed. It is a sight worth seeing, to observe the posting of newspapers at six o'clock on Fridays.

In the apartments up stairs, on the right hand side of the hall from St. Martin's-le-Grand, are the offices of the Secretary, Treasurer, and other officials ; and all inquiries for missing letters or for information about mistakes must be made there.

The Money-Order Office is situated on the opposite side

of the street. It is open from ten till four, and is worth a visit, if only to observe the awkward manner in which some folks obey the plainest of directions. There are printed slips of paper on the table, all ready to be filled up, and yet a fifth, at least, of all the frequenters of this office fail to particularise their wants correctly.

In St. Martin's-le-Grand are the Albion tavern, and the Queen's hotel, the first famous for its dinners, and the last as having, under its former name of the Bull and Mouth, been one of the most famous coaching houses in the days of the long stages.

Returning to Cheapside, we enter St. Paul's Churchyard ; and after admiring the splendour of the shops, and stopping a minute or two before that of Messrs George Hitchcock and Co., drapers, &c., one of the completest and most handsome in London, the proprietor of which became famous as the advocate of the early closing movement, though he employs some hundred or more assistants—we walk through the iron gateway, and at once make our way into the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, and the mightiest ecclesiastical structure in England—

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

This great building rears its gigantic proportions over the ashes of many churches. First there was a Christian church here belonging to the primitive, the very earliest times of the Christian religion. It was destroyed during the persecution of Diocletian. The second was raised, by way of restoration, in the reign of the great Constantine, the Roman Emperor. The early Saxon heathens destroyed this. The third structure dates as far back as 603, in which year Sebert, the sub-king of Ethelbert, sovereign of Kent, and the first Saxon monarch who was a Christian, rebuilt a church on the old site. At this time on the recommendation of St. Augustine, Melitus, the first Bishop of London, was appointed. This church, which was a noble edifice, improved and adorned by many successive Bishops of London, from St. Erkenwald, the fourth after Melitus, was destroyed by fire with the rest of the metropolis in 1086. Immediately after this Bishop Mauritius set about the fourth and still finer cathedral commonly called, in our day, "Old St. Paul's"—the vast and beautiful church which sank in the great fire of 1666, and which the present splendid edifice replaces.

The present, or fifth, church took thirty-five years in building. It was begun immediately after the fire, and not finished till 1701. The cost, which amounted to

£1,500,000 sterling, or just half a million less than London Bridge, was defrayed by a small tax on coal; though it must be remembered that in the purchase of the ground and buildings for the approaches to the latter beautiful structure, at least half the sum was expended.

The circumference of the building is 2,292 feet, or within 343 feet of half a mile. From east to west it measures 510 feet; from north to south, 282 feet. The elevation of the Cross from the ground is 404 feet; the height of the Cross itself, 30 feet. The weight of the Ball is 5,600lbs.; that of the Cross, 3,360lbs.

The moment you enter the building you are struck by its lofty vaulting, and the noble concave with which it soars upwards. It is full of monuments, some of which are very splendid, besides containing a fine library.

The curiosities are the Geometrical Staircase, which hangs without any visible support; the Model Room, containing Sir C. Wren's original and favourite model of St. Paul's, and a model of St. Peter's at Rome; the great Bell, which sends its peal to a distance of twenty miles on a fine day, when the hammer of the clock, which weighs 11,474lbs., descends upon it; the Whispering gallery, in which the slightest whisper at one end is heard, at the other end, 150 feet away, as if close to the ear, and in which the clapping of a door resounds like a discharge of artillery, or a roll of thunder. All these things, with the vaults beneath, you may see, and mount into the ball of the Cross, and take a view from over the lofty gilt balustrade, for a series of charges, amounting in all to 4s. 4d.; which may be thus particularised:—

	s.	d.
To view the Monument and Body of the Church	0	2
To the Whispering Galleries and the two Outside Galleries	0	6
To the Ball	1	6
To the Library, Great Bell, Geometrical Staircase, and Model Room	1	0
Clock	0	2
Crypt or Vaults	1	0
	4	4

The dimensions of the entire cathedral may also be epitomised with greater distinctness thus:—

	FEET.
From east to west, within the walls	510
From north to south, within the doors of the Porticos	282
Height within, from the centre of the floor to Cross	340
From the Vaults below	404

	FEET
Circumference of the Dome, within - - - -	300
Circumference of the Ball - - - -	18
From the Ball to the top of the Cross - - - -	30
Breadth of the west Entrance - - - -	100
Diameter of the Columns of the Porticos - - - -	4
Height of the Top of the west Pediment under the figure of St Paul - - - -	120
Height of the Towers of the west Front - - - -	287
Circumference of the Clock Dial - - - -	57
Length of the Minute Hand - - - -	8
Length of the Hour Figures - - - -	2 ft. 2½ in.

In the old Cathedral, which stood, we are told, on the site of an ancient Temple of Diana, great enormities were practised. Plays and mysteries were performed, merchandise was publicly sold, the chapels and chantries were used as workshops, the vaults were turned into wine cellars, houses were built against its outer wall—a playhouse amongst the number—lotteries were drawn at its gates, and a public thoroughfare existed through its doors. In one sense, therefore, its destruction was a benefit; for on the new building rising, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old, all these enormities were swept away for ever.

A SABBATH SCHOOL ADDRESS.

JOHN XVIII. 11.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

SOCRATES was very fond of boys and young persons, he would often get them together, just as your teachers now do, and teach them all sorts of good lessons about virtue, honesty, and self-government. Well, for doing these good things he was taken up before the judges and condemned to die. The mode of his death was to be by poison; a cup was therefore prepared and filled with hemlock and water. The executioner stood before him, and with tears in his eyes, presented it to him. Socrates immediately drank it all off, and in less than ten minutes fell down dead on the floor. Many persons loved him, and felt very sorry for him, but no one loved him so much as to drink the poison and die in his room and stead. Now I am very glad we do not live in a country and in an age when the judges of the land could order all our teachers to be put to death for teaching children and young persons; but though not thus condemned to die by earthly judges, yet there is the Great Judge of all who has passed sentence of death upon us all, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." All of us have sinned, therefore all must die; the cup of poison is in our hands, and drink it

we must to the very dregs unless some one else drink it for us. Now the question is, will any one else do this kind act for us? Well, listen :—About four hundred years after Socrates died, there was one born into the world of the name of Jesus, and the great purpose for which he was born, was to procure salvation for the world, and to say to every individual, "Let me drink that cup of poison for you." Well, a great many people are glad of this kind offer, but strange to say, there are many others who do not care anything about it; they are very obstinate, and seem to say, "The cup is not full of poison, but pleasure," and they intend to keep the cup in their hands and drink it off, and then fill it again, and again drink it off. Now, I do not know what you think about this cup, all that I can say is, you have got one to drink, and unless Jesus drinks it for you, you will have to die eternally. Well, Jesus is ready just now to take the cup of sin, and misery, and death from you, and in its place give you a cup of happiness, and joy, and life. Jesus is the great cup-bearer, and the great cup-drinker. I can't tell you how many cups of sin and sorrow Jesus has already drunk off: let us look at one of them; that of the thief on the cross. His cup was full of guilt and misery, but bad as he was, wicked as he was, Jesus took the cup out of his hands just at the point of death, and said to him, "To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Now, if Jesus could save such a man as that, and make him white as snow, can he not, and will he not save you? If you had a bad shilling in your pocket, would you not be glad if some kind person were to give you a good shilling in exchange for it? Well, Christ is willing to give you good things for all your bad things, to exchange your cup of sin for a cup of holiness, your cup of poison and death for a cup of happiness and life. I could tell you of a gay young lady, who up to nineteen years of age was very fond of drinking the cup of poisoned and worldly pleasure, but after hearing a sermon by one of the early Methodist preachers she resolved to drink no more of it; she threw it away, and went to Christ, and he gave her a golden cup brimful of real happiness and true pleasure. Listen to the tale: She was the daughter of an English nobleman, educated by the best masters, and taught all the fashionable accomplishments of the day. By a kind and overruling providence, she was brought to see and feel herself a sinner; her father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats and temptations, by books and balls, by concerts and travels to foreign countries he tried to divert her mind from things un-

seen and spiritual ; but all in vain ; her heart was fixed ; the God of Abraham had become her exceeding great reward, and she was determined that nothing should deprive her of the pearl of great price, or separate her from the love of Christ. At last the father resolved upon one more experiment by which his end should be gained, or his daughter's prospects ruined. A large company of the nobility and gentry were invited to his house, there was to be tea and a grand supper, also a ball and concert. It was arranged that during the festivities the daughters of different noblemen, and this young lady amongst the rest, were to be called on to sing songs and play on the piano ; if she refused she would be publicly disgraced and lose her position in society. At the time appointed different young ladies at the call of the company rose and performed their parts with the greatest applause ; at last the name of this young lady was announced ; in a moment all eyes were upon her to see whether she would comply ; without any hesitation she arose, and with calm composure took her place at the piano. After a moment spent in silent and mental prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys of the instrument, and then with heavenly sweetness and solemnity sung, accompanying her voice with the notes of the piano :

“No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone :
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.
No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy :
But oh ! when both shall end
Where shall I find my destined place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?
Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies :
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.”

The young lady ceased playing, her voice was silent, the solemnity of eternal things was upon the minds of all the assembly. Without speaking one word, they began to disperse, the party was all broken up, the father and the daughter were left alone. The tears began to trickle down the father's cheeks, he asked his daughter to forgive

him his cruelty and hard-heartedness towards her ; he became penitent and broken-hearted before God ; he found peace and mercy through believing in Jesus, and the future of his life, together with his great estate was consecrated to God.

T. D.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Two or three Sabbaths ago our school at Bank Top was in an unusual state of excitement. No sooner had the superintendent, who had taken his place at the desk, given out the opening hymn than a vain attempt was made to sing it. At first the notes followed each other with moderate regularity, but by-and-bye the singing faltered, the music became broken and confused, and at last it died away in a general burst of sobs and wailings. No one except an absolute stranger had to inquire into the cause of this unusual event. Every one present knew, for all had come to school that morning, knowing that a place in the room would be vacant, and a well-known and beloved face would be seen no more. Hence there was pent up grief in every heart, and when the place was really seen to be without its late occupant, and a face which had hitherto beamed with sense and goodness met not the gaze of teachers and scholars, the harp of melody was laid aside, and young and old wept sore.

Abraham Horsfall, son of the esteemed superintendent of the school, had died and been buried during the week. Abraham had been a scholar in the school almost from infancy. Four years before his death he had sought and found the friendship of the Saviour, and during the period named he had toiled, in unison with his excellent father, for the well-being of the institution. Although a young man of retiring habits and guarded speech, he had somehow gained the confidence and love of everyone who knew him, especially the teachers and the taught belonging to the Sabbath school. For many weeks before his death he had become uncommonly retiring in his habits, and while some thought it was owing to physical depression, those who had the best means of judging had reason to believe it arose from his love of heavenly communion, and a greater and growing meetness for the better land. He came from his work one day and complained of pain in his chest. This increasing, he took to his bed, from which he never rose. His own salvation gave him no concern, but for that of his mother he was deeply anxious. He could die in peace if he could only be assured of her salvation. "Mother, do seek the Lord," was the dying

request of the young saint, and truly affecting was it to see the mother knelt by the bedside of her dying son, her head reclined on the bed, her neck encircled by his arms, while in simple earnest words he poured out the love of the Saviour and the way to secure it. Truly it was a time to be long remembered. Not many hours passed away before our dear young brother, loved by every one, and most of all by the blessed Jesus, was in Paradise. It is to be hoped that all who read this short account will remember their Creator, get an interest in the Saviour's love, and thus, like Abraham Horsfall, of Bank Top, Halifax station, be ready for the solemn change called death, which in his case was as unexpected as it was safe.

J. SIMPSON.

TABLE MANNERS.

IN silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
I must not play, nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen, not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please;"
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all his wondrous love.

Copied by H. G. NORTON.

WHERE DO YOU PRAY?

A little chimney sweeper, according to his own account used to pray when he reached the top of a chimney, for his master allowed him a few minutes to rest there. A pious sailor once said, "I find a quiet spot at the mast-head for secret prayer!" A stable boy on being asked by a minister if he found a place for secret prayer, replied, "O yes, sir, that old coach is my closet, and it is the best spot on earth!" Curious places for prayer; yet it matters not where we pray, so that we do pray. Let your cry be "Lord, teach me how to pray!" Prayer is the breathing of our wishes to God. It consists not in the loud, protracted, asseverations of the tongue; it is the work of the heart. The simple heart-felt prayer of the Publican reached the throne, though it was but "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Let your prayers be simple, fervent, heart-felt, and it matters very little where those prayers are offered.

E. D. SOLOMON.

A GEM FROM THE SERMONS OF THE LATE REV. W. HOWELS.

JUSTICE once took her stand at the bar of truth, and her voice immediately flew through heaven and earth and hell to cite witnesses to attest the glories of the Son of God. Infinite and finite beings were summoned, and all obeyed.

Angels descend from heaven to proclaim Messiah,—
"Unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Devils proclaim Messiah—"What have we to do with thee, Jesus thou Son of God?"

Enemies as well as friends proclaim him, "I find no fault in him at all," said Pilate. "Truly," said the Centurion, "this was the Son of God."

Ask the water what it thinks of Jesus? It blushes itself into wine in the presence of its God; it changes itself into adamant to form a pathway for the Most High.

Ask the Earth? The grave shakes death into life to sympathise with Jesus.

Ask the Sun? He puts on robes of mourning for his murdered Lord.

Ask the testimony of God himself? "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Heaven, earth, and hell once, and once only, united in their testimony, and proclaimed that Christ is God.

Sent by J. WYRILL.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

A stirring hymn and tune, brought into notice by the Tonic Sol-fa movement, very popular as a missionary hymn; it is suited for juvenile meetings, and breathes a hopeful spirit in its lines and verses. Young people like it where it is known, for its melody is good.

There is much of force as well as pathos in its lines. It starts firmly with triumphant measure,

“Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,”

And in the second verse refers to the glorious predictions of the old prophets of Israel, foretelling the future of the gospel. How true as to the aspect of slavery is the line,—

“Hail to the millions from bondage returning,”

for millions of our black brethren and sisters have lately become free men in North America. Hallelujah! Though perhaps the idea goes further as welcoming sinners of all nations to the foot of the Cross. You, perhaps, young reader, rejoice in hearing of the heathen throwing their idols to the moles and the bats, and bowing down to Jehovah; but look at the figures of the verse, how pretty are the thoughts,—

“Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along,
Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing,
Valleys in verdure unite in the song.”

What a glorious day will it be when from all lands shall arise praise to Jehovah, and when war shall no more be known. Then indeed will come the time when it may be said, “Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.” Surely then will arise the great chorus of redeemed mankind, “Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, for the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever.”

Dear young reader, what are you doing to hasten this happy time? Do you think of a heathen and sinful world? Do you pray for yourself? Do you pray for others, or do you give even of what little you may have, that the kingdom of our Lord Christ may come? If not, why?

UNCLE WILLIAM.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. L. MASON.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain,
 Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning
 Zi-on tri-umphant be-gins her mild reign.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold.
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
 Gentiles and Jews now the Saviour behold.

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along,
 Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing,
 Valleys in verdure unite in the song.

See from the nations, the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Juvenile Biography.

JAMES MANDALL McDOWALL, son of John and Elizabeth McDowall, was born at Crosby, June 2nd, 1856, and departed this life February 27th, 1865. At the commencement of our Sabbath school at Crosby he became a scholar, and continued one till removed by death. At school he was regular in attendance, and was ever anxious to learn, and to answer any questions that were put to him. Being favoured with religious training at home, and in connection with the church, we looked on him as likely for future usefulness; but in this we have been disappointed. After an illness of twenty-four hours he was removed to the church triumphant. On the evening before his death he desired his sister to read a favourite piece of poetry from our Magazine, and asked for it to be read a second time (being much interested in it). Though very ill he tried to sing one of his favourite hymns mingled with prayer to God.

On the day he was interred the teachers and scholars met in the chapel. After singing a few verses of the hymn commencing—

“Death has been here and borne
away
A brother from our side,”

a suitable address was given by the superintendent. We then repaired to the house to take our last look at the departed—the corpse being brought to the door by four of the teachers. A hymn was sung out of our new school hymn book, beginning—

“When blooming youth is snatched
away

By death's resistless hand.”

The whole was solemn and impressive. May it be over-ruled for the good of both teachers and scholars. That they may be ready when the summons of death comes, is the sincere prayer of his teacher,

ANN BANKS.

—

ELIZA HATTER, the only child of George and Ann Hatter, was born at Tockenham, Brinkworth circuit, 26th September, 1851. Her father is a local preacher with us, and her mother is a member. Their concern for her spiritual welfare began at the time of her birth, and ceased not until she was converted and raised up to glory, which latter event took place eleven months and nine days after she professed faith in Christ. For some time she attended the National day school in her native place, but afterwards, and as long as her

health permitted she attended our British school at Wootton Bassett. She received instruction readily and gladly; the Bible and good books were highly prized by her. The cause of Primitive Methodism was crippled in Tockenham for many years for want of a convenient place for divine worship. We could have no Sabbath school as we worshipped in a cottage. Our young friend attended the Sabbath school at Clack, and recited some pieces very creditably at the anniversaries. She was afflicted in July, 1863, and all hope of recovery was soon given up by some of her friends. Her parents joined their prayers and faith for her conversion. God heard and answered. On the 1st March, 1864, she found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; she wished every one to know it. One of her favourite hymns, which she often sang with great earnestness, was:—

"Jesus my Lord was crucified,
He gave his life my heart to win;
And now he points me to his side,
And bids me wash away my sin."

Her profession of religion was so simple and earnest that she soon became respected and loved by all who knew her. The intense pain she endured

might have seemed sufficient cause to some why they should complain, but she uttered no murmur, but would frequently sing—

"I never shall forget the day
When Jesus washed my sins away;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

In this blessed state of mind she lived for eleven months or more, and when her friends inquired if she would like to recover, she said she had no wish to live longer; but looking at her attenuated fingers, she would say "These fingers will soon strike the golden harp." Two days before she died a cousin was sent for to take a last farewell. When he arrived an affecting scene ensued, she put her arms around his neck and requested that he would kiss her, as she was going to die. With her remaining strength she pressed him to her, and said in great earnestness, "Now Billy, I want you to promise to meet me in heaven." After some time, during which her entreaties were truly affecting, he promised, and then she exclaimed, "Victory! victory! victory!" She made a similar request to a number who were there at the time. At last she appealed to her grandmother and received her promise also.

She remained about the same until next day, and on the 10th February, 1865, she closed her eyes on earth to open them in heaven, aged thirteen years and six months. On Sunday, 5th March, brother Elias Wallis preached a funeral sermon in our new and neat chapel at Tockenham, to a large and much affected congregation. May all who mourn her departure meet her in heaven.

THOMAS LITTLE.

WILLOUGHBY BALL was born November 25th, 1859, at North Wingfield, Derbyshire. His mother trained up her son in the fear of God. When three years of age he was sent to the Sabbath school at Lings Row. But his days on earth were few. In the summer of 1864 he was seized with inflammation in the wind-pipe. This he bore with remarkable patience. A short while before he died, seeing his mother in tears, he said, "Don't cry;" and waving his little hands he exclaimed, "Praise the Lord!" Thus sweetly departed this young disciple of our Saviour, leaving his father and mother, sisters and brothers to lament their loss, and rejoice in his eternal gain.

W. HOADES.

DIED at Stuntney, Ely sta-

tion, on January 27th, 1865, aged nine years and a few months, ELIZABETH MARY COLLEN. She had been at school with Miss M. Eaglen for about one year and nine months, and had made great proficiency in learning; and after we removed to Wisbeach the delight she seemed to take in the Sabbath school and public means of grace was remarkable, and the prayer meetings seemed to her to be blessed means of grace; and in her own room she has been heard pleading with the Lord, and saying, "O Jesus, make me thine—fit me for heaven." We did not then think she would so soon share its glories. She had been in far better health than usual during the six months she was at Wisbeach, and returned home for her Christmas holidays very well; but the day before she should have returned to school a fever caught her frame, and that day week death had done its work upon her. When her mother wrote to us to let us know how she was, she told her to tell us that if she saw us no more on earth she should meet us in heaven. In the midst of her affliction she would sometimes sing,—

"In the glittering skies my Father lives."

And then,—

"I want to be an angel."
And then she tried to sing,—

"We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide."

And then she would pray again, not like a child, but like one who had known long about the way of salvation; and thus she spent her time till death closed her eyes. We may truly say of her—

"There is another gem in the
Saviour's crown,
And another saint in heaven."

R. EAGLEN.

On Monday morning, March 6th, 1865, ARTHUR JAMES WEAVER met with a sad accident. He was the only son of parents who endeavoured to set before their children an example worthy of imitation. He became a scholar in our Sabbath school, and was well behaved and beloved by all. He always took great interest in the word of God, and on the Sunday before his departure sang the 288th hymn—

"Say, brother, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?"

On the Saturday night after his departure the writer paid the distressed parents a visit; the father had some lines which the little boy had brought from the school, and he was playing the tune on the harmonium. He told me that the little fellow had brought it for him a few days before

his accident occurred, stating at the time that he had had a dream, and he told him that he had seen his brother and a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest." Death has laid his icy hand upon the child suddenly; but sudden death was no doubt sudden glory. May we all meet him in heaven!

T. POWELL.

WILLIAM LANGFORD was born April 28th, 1846. From infancy he was trained in our Sabbath school at Timsbury, and was diligent in his learning, and consistent in his behaviour. He was a remarkably serious and moral youth, shunning the ungodly, and abstaining from all intoxicating liquors; but he did not experience a change of heart until laid aside by affliction. He was then visited by pious friends, who explained the way of salvation by faith, and prayed fervently in his behalf. He soon beheld the "Lamb that was slain;" experienced freedom and a blessed assurance of his acceptance with God. Being consumptive he continued to waste away until he sank down in the sleep of death; but the nearer his end approached the stronger grew his faith, and the brighter his

prospect. Mr. Hibbs visited him and found his experience very satisfactory. He gave evidence that he enjoyed peace with God, and a hope of eternal life. To his parents who grieved and wept as his end drew near he said, "Weep not for me." "All is well." His end was peace. He died March 8th, 1865. Toward the close he manifested great concern for the salvation of his brothers and sisters, and we hope they will take it to heart and prepare to follow him to the better land.

E. M.

SAMUEL, son of the Rev. William and Emma PRICE, was born at Brampton, Derbyshire, January 17th, 1855, and died at Newark, Nottinghamshire, March 14th, 1865. From the earliest dawns of reason he appears to have been religiously inclined, and as he grew older such feelings became more fully developed. Being blessed with parents whose hearts had been renewed by grace Divine, he was trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. By them the principles of piety were implanted in his young mind, which, being accompanied by the teachings of the Holy Spirit, produced a happy influence on his life. At the midsummer of 1863 he

removed with his father to Newark Circuit, when he became a scholar in our Sabbath school, and soon his amiable disposition and kind manner won for him the esteem of both teachers and scholars. He was naturally very thoughtful. He always manifested great concern for the welfare of the society, and has been heard to express his dissatisfaction when souls were not saved. He felt great delight in attending the house of God, and has frequently been seen to weep as he listened to the word of life. His going to chapel was not a matter of form, and as proof of this we quote his own words. A Wesleyan friend meeting him one Sabbath morning returning from chapel, said to him, "Well, Sammy, you have been to chapel, what do you go there for?" when he unhesitatingly replied, "I go to worship God." Nor were the prayer meetings less interesting to him. On one occasion, while witnessing the struggle that took place as one advanced in years was crying for mercy, he said to his father, "I hope the Lord will convert me before I get old." And the writer will not soon forget the scene she beheld upwards of twelve months ago as Samuel, with streaming eyes, asked forgiveness for his sins. He possessed a noble, well cultivated

intellect and a very retentive memory. His constitution was never strong, consequently he was often the subject of affliction, but this had a tendency to wean his affection from earth, and it would cause him to breathe the wish, O, that I were in heaven! His last affliction was one of a most painful nature, but he bore it with admirable patience. A few hours before his death he took an affectionate farewell of the whole family, kissed them, and triumphantly exclaimed, "I shall soon be where there is no more pain," then clapping his hands he sang in a strong, clear voice—

"I am going to the New Jerusalem,
I am going to the New Jerusalem."
When in the agony of death he said, "Pray," and after his father had engaged in prayer he clasped his hands and submissively said, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven:" after pausing a moment he said, "For Christ's sake, amen." And thus his happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

SARAH COOKE.

SELINA JERRAM was born at Swindon, June 24th, 1852, and passed from earth to heaven, March 29th, 1865. Little Selina was blessed with pious parents, members of our society,

who sought, by precept and example, to train her up in the path of virtue. She became a scholar in our Sabbath school. As soon as she could walk to the house of God, she delighted in going, and was well behaved. She frequently manifested that she loved Jesus, and many times has she been found on her knees engaged in prayer until her strength was almost exhausted. On one occasion when her sister Emily returned from a class meeting that is held for the children, and led by Mrs. Porter, one of the teachers, and she professed to have found pardon through believing in Jesus, "O, I am so pleased to hear it," said Selina, "for I have been praying a long time for the conversion of John and Emily." When asked by those who visited her if she loved Jesus, she said, "Yes." I visited her several times and found her confidence in God unshaken, and I believe her happy spirit is now before the throne. The affliction which terminated her life was consumption; she was afflicted nearly two years, and suffered much the last few weeks of her life. Her remains were followed to the grave by a number of the scholars and several teachers; before starting we sang the 788th hymn in our large book, a hymn which she was very fond of,

and read several times during her affliction.

The prayer of the writer is that her parents, sisters, brother, and fellow-scholars may meet her at God's right hand.

WILLIAM HODGES.

MARY ANN CLARKE was born at Leighton Buzzard, February 19th, 1855. Her parents sent their little girl to the Primitive Methodist Sabbath school at an early age, in which she continued till within a few weeks of her death. She was delicate, but kept up till within a week of her death. She sent for me the second day she kept her bed, and I found her very ill with rheumatic fever and disease of the heart. I asked her where she was ill, she said, "All over." I said, "Do you love Jesus?" she said, "Yes." I said, "What makes you love him?" She said, "Because he loved me." I said, "Do you think that he will pardon your sins?" She said, "He has pardoned me." I asked when she obtained the blessing, and she said, "You know I was very wicked when I was not ill, and when I was ill my heart was so heavy: Mr. Horn came in and talked to me, and my heart was—oh, so heavy, and he prayed, and I prayed, and Jesus came and took it all

away, and now I love him and am going to heaven." I asked if she would like to get well again? She said, "Yes, if I were sure I should not be wicked again; but I would rather die than get well and be wicked."

Just then an aunt came into the room, and fixing her eyes on her she said, "Aunt, I want you and all my uncles and aunts to be good and love Jesus; if you are wicked you will go to the bad place when you die, and you will want a drop of water to put on your poor lips and tongue, and I cannot bring you any." Then turning to her weeping mother she said, "Mother, I want father and you to love Jesus and come to heaven; if I was sitting with Jesus and was to see father and you going to the wicked place, what should I do? I could not bring you a drop of water;" and with tears she said, "I should cry; but you will be good, won't you?" I said, "There are no tears in heaven;" she said, "No; if mother will be good she can go there and have all that is good. I have been naughty to my mother, though I never said I would not do anything that she told me in my life, but

have done it as though I did not want to." But with tears she said, "Will you forgive me, mother? I am sure Jesus has

forgiven me." The weeping mother pronounced her pardon, and sealed it with a kiss, but the child said, "If I were to be well again I would do anything you wished me, and do it cheerfully." We sang and prayed, and she enjoyed it much. I saw her twice after, but she became unconscious and died April the 9th, 1865, safe in Jesus.

JOHN BUTLER.

ALICE WRIGHT was born at Compstall Bridge, Cheshire, September 27th, 1842, and died at Stockport, April 23rd, 1865. Her parents were pious, and endeavoured to train up their children in the fear of God. The effect of their religious example upon Alice was that from her earliest years she was kind, amiable, and strictly moral in her general deportment, and greatly beloved by all who knew her. The family having removed to Staley-bridge, Alice was sent to our Sabbath school there, and the labours of the pious teachers were blessed to her soul. In the prayer meeting after a sermon preached by the Rev. T. Hindley, while the friends were singing the "Lion of Judah," &c., she ventured by faith on Christ. Every chain was broken, and her captive soul liberated. Subsequently the

family removed to Stockport, where Alice soon became connected with our school and society. In May 1864 consumption set in, and under its influence her frame gradually became weaker. She suffered much while in the furnace, but was graciously sustained by the Divine presence. When visited by her leader and other friends she was invariably found rejoicing in God. The evidence of her acceptance was clear, her experiences sound and Scriptural, and her prospect for heaven bright. After giving instructions about her interment, she died in the full triumph of faith.

WILLIAM HARRIS.

ELLA ELIZABETH DANIELS was born at Ormesby Saint Margarets, where she died June 4th, 1865, in the eleventh year of her age. In 1860 we formed a society and Sabbath school, and Ella became one of the first scholars. She soon won the esteem of both teachers and scholars. She was very fond of reading, and took great delight in reciting pieces. Hence she became one of the best speakers we had. We were looking forward with great expectation to our next anniversary, when Ella was taken ill, and although everything was done by her anxious

friends and a skilful doctor to check the disease, she gradually became worse, and it was soon apparent that her sickness was unto death. When visited by the teachers she was found trusting in Jesus; and when asked whether she wished to live, she said, "No, I would rather die and go to my Saviour

in heaven;" and when her friends were weeping she said, while a sweet smile beamed on her countenance, "Don't cry for me, for I am going to Jesus." About half an hour before she died she told one of the teachers she should soon be with Jesus.

W. BLANCHFLOWER.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE STRIPED HYENA.

THE hyena has been described as forming a link between the cat and the dog. It resembles the dog in its general form, and in having short unsheathed claws, but its tongue is rough, and the stripes on its coat are like those of the

cat. The striped hyena shown in the engraving is common in many parts of Asia and in the North of Africa, and this species is supposed to be the wolf mentioned in the Scriptures.

Hyenas have great strength in the muscles of the neck and

jaws. They are rarely seen by day, but hide themselves in caverns and ruins, coming forth at night in search of offal and carrion. Their hunger seems never satisfied, and they not only devour the flesh, but gnaw the bones of dead animals. They have very little courage, and will not attack anything that can defend itself. The natives of the North of Africa despise the hyena, and would think themselves disgraced by using a weapon against it. In the streets of the Abyssinian cities it does the work of scavengers, troops of them entering the towns at night and devouring everything they can find.

The spotted hyena—which appears to be a more formidable beast—is common in Southern

Africa, and is there known under the name of the tiger wolf. Its ravages among the sheep are often most destructive, and even children have been frequently carried off by it. It is said that when once the hyena has tasted human flesh it shows a savage preference for it; and that it has often been known to enter the huts of the natives at night, to leave their animals untouched, and to steal the babe from the mother's side while she slept.

Cruel and cunning as it is, however, the spotted hyena can be tamed; it has often been domesticated by the farmers of the Cape, and trained to hunt for them, and is said to be as persevering, intelligent, and faithful as a dog.

DIALOGUE FOR A SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

A LITTLE GIRL.

PRATTLE, prattle, little boy,
Tell us of your childish joy;
Why you look so blithe and gay
On this anniversary day?

A LITTLE BOY.

If you listen, I will try
To explain the reason why:
And the first that fills my mind
Is the thought that "God is kind."

God is kind!—His Son he gave,
Sinners to redeem and save;
On the cross the Saviour bled—
Suffered in the sinner's stead!

More than this, I'm pleased to stand
One amidst this youthful band;
Here, each holy Sabbath day,
We are taught to read and pray.

Teacher tells me, if I pray,
Christ will take my sins away;—
Take me to his happy home—
Seat me on his glorious throne;—

Put on me a robe so white,
On my head a crown so bright;
Can you wonder at my joy,
Though I am a little boy?

But our books are wearing out—
Though not much to talk about;
You all know, as well as I,
We must have a fresh supply.

Then I think you'll all agree
We should have plum cake and tea;
Children like to have a treat,
Play, and something nice to eat.

But who will the money find?—
That comes next across my mind;—
Funds are low,—'tis very plain
We must have your help again.

If you have some gold to spare,
We should like with you to share;
Or if silver's in your way,
Slip it in the box to-day.

If you gold and silver lack,
Do not keep the coppers back;—
By your looks, you seem to say
We will do our best to-day!

JANE FULLER.

Anniversaries.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, HERSTON, POOLE CIRCUIT.—The fourth anniversary of this school was celebrated April 14th and 15th, 1865. On the Good Friday at 4 o'clock the scholars were freely treated with excellent cake and tea, and they appeared to make a hearty and joyous repast. At half-past five o'clock a public tea was provided, when about seventy persons regaled themselves at the tables. After tea a public meeting was held, when appropriate addresses were delivered by Messrs. A. Bartlett, H. Gover, J. Barge, and E. Spinney.

On Easter Sunday three services were held in the chapel, when sermons were preached by Mr. A. Bartlett, and the writer, to very attentive, large, and interested congregations. Ten of the scholars recited some very suitable pieces of poetry and dialogues. "The Dutchman's family" told well, &c. A very gracious influence was realised, and tears flowed profusely. Miss Spinney kindly granted the use of a harmonium for the services, and played some effective tunes thereon, her own voice blending with those of the people,

and the music rendered the services harmonious, charming, and good. The proceeds of the anniversary were £110s.4d.

E. HANCOCK.

BARTON STACEY, BASINGSTOKE CIRCUIT.—On Sunday, April 16th, 1865, Mr. Wake preached two sermons to crowded congregations in behalf of our Sabbath school. On Monday the 17th a public tea meeting was held in the chapel, which was well attended. After the tea the chapel was again filled to overflowing, when addresses were delivered by Messrs. H. Hopgood, J. Tilling, E. Anthony, G. Gamester, and the writer. We are happy to say that our school is in a prosperous state. Our net income for the year after giving fifty children their tea, is £5 5s. 1d., being considerably in advance of that of any previous year. During the past year several new scholars have been added; but, best of all, three or four of the scholars have been converted to God, and are now walking in the way to heaven.

T. KENCH.

Poetry.

THE DEAD INFANT.

SOFT was the sleep of that fair child
Upon its bed of death ;
And naught disturbed the solemn calm,
No sound or lingering breath.

Upon the high white marble brow
The seal of death was set ;—
The spirit-brow now wore in heaven
An angel's coronet.

The bright blue eyes were closed upon
This shadowed land of earth ;
The immortal spirit woke unto
A new and heavenly birth.

The little hands were meekly laid,
Like snow flakes, pure and white ;
Those other hands tuned now a harp
In heaven's unclouded light.

The mother wept sad silent tears
That her sweet budding flower
Was thus so early stricken down
In life's fresh morning hour.

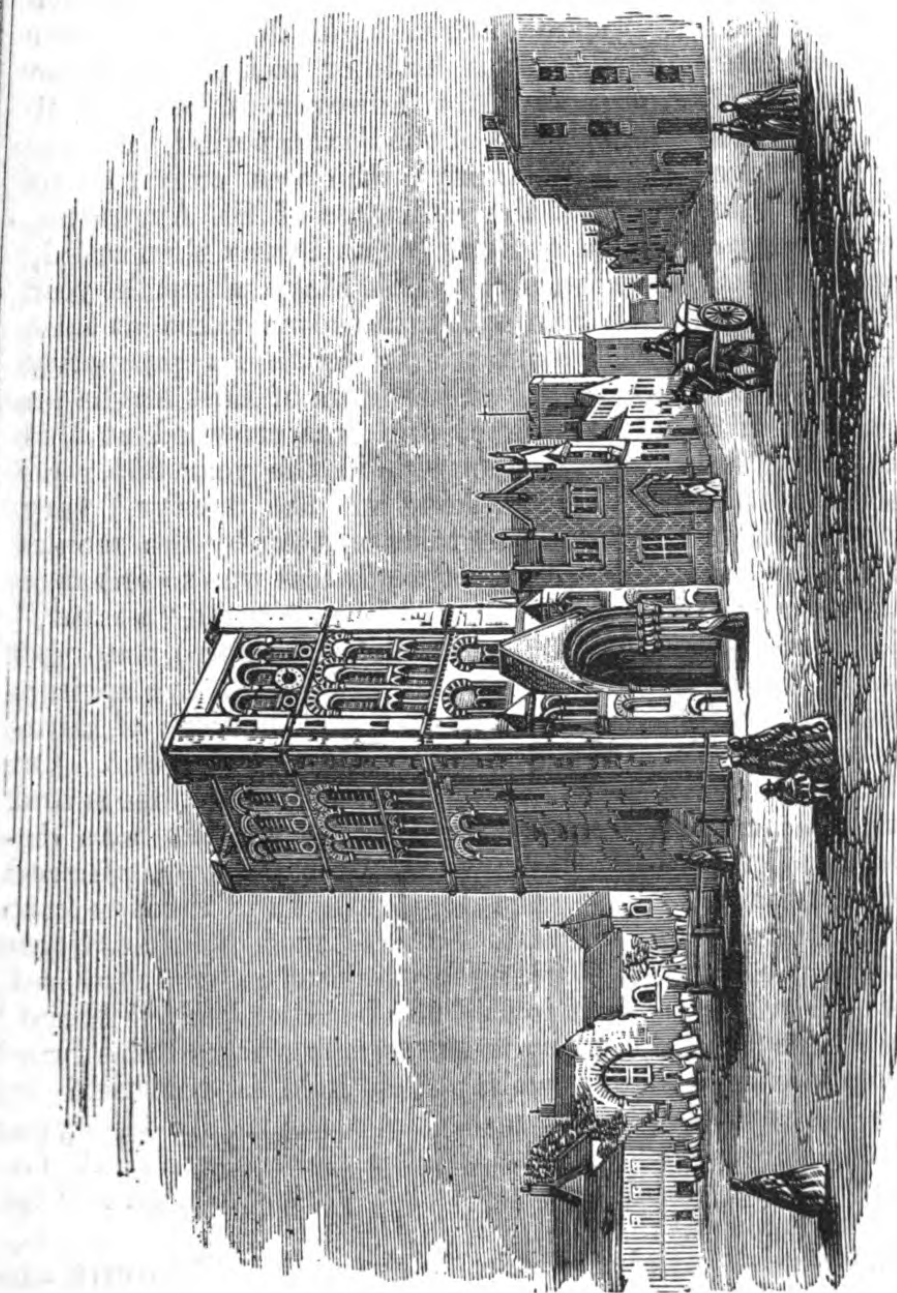
Yet now the spirit of her child—
That strange mysterious thing—
Lived far above beyond the stars,
Where angel harps outring.

With tender, pleading voice, her child
Calls softly from above ;
Bidding her ever follow it
To that bright home of love.

Oh! happy, happy child, escaped
From earthly toil and care ;
Living for aye in heaven with him
Who died to bring thee there.

ANNE HAWKINS.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



THE NORMAN TOWER, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Youths' Department.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

(With Engraving.)

THERE are few towns which can boast a more interesting history than Bury St. Edmunds, but, like many others, modern improvements and alterations have very much changed its appearance, most of its buildings now presenting an orderly front, and the streets a regular line on either hand. Still it is not without many traces of its ancient character. Some have thought that it was once a Roman station, but there is little or no foundation for such an assertion; little doubt, however, is held that it was occupied in an early part of the Saxon period. Sebert, king of Essex (or East Saxony), who was converted to Christianity by Melitus, the colleague of St. Augustine, is said to have founded at Bury (or as it was then called, Beoderiesworth) the monastery of St. Mary, about the year A.D. 638. Edmund, from whom the town takes at least part of its name, and from whose death its prosperity dated, succeeded to the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia on the death of Offa, his uncle, and was crowned at this place, being only fifteen years old, in the year 855. Of this Edmund, termed "the king and the martyr," very much is said in the legendary tales written by the monks at different dates, (whose object doubtless was to enhance the character of him whom they had constituted "a saint," and decreed as worthy of reverence and worship), amongst which it is said that on his landing in Norfolk five springs of water burst forth from the ground, and the town of Hunstanton was built on the spot in memory of the event. On an invasion by the Danes, Edmund drew out his forces and met them near his capital city of Thetford, but was defeated and cruelly murdered, being tied to a tree, pierced with many arrows, and then decapitated and thrown into the thickest part of the forest. Some of his faithful subjects made search, and while looking for the head called out aloud, "Where art thou?" It is said the head replied, "Here! here! here!" Proceeding to the spot they found the head in the possession of a wolf, which held it between its paws, but quietly gave it up to the seekers. In the year 903 the corpse was interred in the great church at the Abbey of Bury, and so, some think, came the name "St. Edmund's Bury."

The Danish invader, Swein, in the year 1010 burnt and plundered Bury and its abbey, for which he is said to have been struck and killed by the saint. His son Canute

patronized Bury, and favoured the Abbey. Soon after the conquest by William of Normandy, the abbot, Bladwin, erected the great Abbey Church, which, it is said, vied with St. Peter's at Rome in extent and magnificence.

The Norman tower (see the engraving), which remains, is considered one of the finest buildings of its kind in Europe. It was erected about A.D. 1090, and was the principal entrance to the cemetery of St. Edmund, immediately fronting the west entrance to the Abbey church. It was restored to its pristine strength and beauty in the years 1846-7, at a cost of £3,400; some old buildings were removed from each side, and the accumulated earth was cleared from its base, discovering its noble proportions. It stands 86 feet high and 36 feet square, has four beautiful carved fronts, the general design of each being the same, except that a few of the mouldings differ, and the arch on the eastern side is plain. The elegant porch on the western front is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture, the great arch being formerly filled up with sculptured stone work, which was, however, removed in the year 1780 for convenience of passage for large loads of hay, &c. The walls are 6 feet thick, and covered with an ashlar of Barnack stone, which was brought by Baldwin, by permission of William I., free of charge, from the quarries at Barnack, in Northamptonshire. On the south side is a square-headed doorway, which was the porter's door, and on the north and south are two little doorways, which formerly communicated with the Abbey walls on each side, and admitted the warders who crossed by a gallery in the western wall. In the fourth story is a fine peal of bells, which is highly esteemed. Next to the Norman Tower, as a monument of ancient days, is the Abbey gateway; this structure occupies the place of one erected much earlier, but which was destroyed by the populace in a riot about 1327. The present one being raised shortly after, bears marks in its construction showing the care taken to be prepared against the possibility of a similar attack in future. Its carving, in clustered columns, niches, and tracery, is very beautifully executed, amongst which some figures are still traceable. Grooves are to be seen in the arch way, prepared for the reception of a strong portcullis, and within this was formerly a pair of very strong brass gates. The whole structure is 50 feet long, 40 feet broad, and 62 feet high, having many embrasures round its summit for the use of the defenders. At its greatest prosperity the ecclesiastical power here resident was immeasurably great; the abbot was first in civil power as well as

religious, in the liberty of St. Edmund ; under him were a prior, a sub-prior, a sacrist, and others ; also 80 monks, 15 chaplains, 111 servants, attending within the walls, and having at command a revenue, which a century ago was computed to be worth not less than £200,000 per annum, but which in our day would be worth double that amount. In the year 1539 Henry the VIII., by his secretary, Thomas Cromwell, the "Mauler of Monasteries," laid his hands upon this abbey, and took from it much treasure and valuables. On account of its age and ancient associations, Bury has felt more or less the shock of every wave which has disturbed the national peace. Five Parliaments have sat at Bury ; the contentions of Benedictine and Franciscan, of bishops and abbots, the riots of a maddened populace in the times of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, the intrigues of royalty, the disaffection of nobles, the ravages of bloody persecution, have all been felt here. It can tell of its royal visitors, and its many charters, its five gates, ancient wall, and earth-works, its numerous hospitals, and its forty churches of by-gone days, its collegiate institutions and learned men who have occupied the highest positions in church and state. Its pleasant situation and healthy soil, and its delightful surroundings, have led some to term it the "Montpelier of England." A very beautiful botanic garden, which occupies the ancient abbey grounds, is much frequented by the residents and visitors. Bury is a corporate town, and has its mayor and other officers, sends two members to Parliament, has several schools for all classes of scholars, and many charities ; it is well-lighted, paved, and cleansed ; its streets are well arranged ; it has many public buildings, amongst which may be mentioned the Shire Hall, the Court House, the Town Hall, the Guild Hall, the Athenæum, the Hospitals, three beautiful churches, and its nine chapels, with seats for 5,000 people, and there are seats for as many in the churches. Its population is about 14,000 ; it is about 71 miles from London ; it is approached by railway *via* Cambridge or Haughley Junction, and the railway station is a handsome building in the Elizabethan style.

The Primitive Methodist society has laboured here for many years, but has only been in a comparatively feeble state, but within the last few years it has shown signs of prosperity, and under its present superintendent (Rev. M. Warnes) has made some advances, and it has now a neat chapel and minister's house in Garland Street. The annual meeting of the delegates of the Norwich district is to be held at Bury St. Edmunds next year (1866). May God graciously smile upon this part of his vineyard, for Jesus' sake.

SAMUEL SMITH.

LONDON: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 260.)

DOCTORS' COMMONS.

HERE judges are advocates, and advocates are judges, and those duplicate officials called proctors dispense a law, of the mysteries of which they are peculiarly coy, and they never emerge from their own musty precincts. On the top of your omnibus you are in the nineteenth century: within that archway a few steps would take you some centuries back from the present. In that venerable establishment are supposed to be preserved the wills of all persons who die within the confines of the widely-extended British Empire. There, for instance, is kept the Emperor Napoleon's testament; and it, or any other will, you are privileged to inspect on paying the fee of 1s. Here, too, is the Admiralty Registrar's office; and near the river, the Heralds' College or College of Arms.

The south side of St. Paul's Churchyard is called the Bow, the north side the String, in which most of Shakspeare's dramas were given to the world. You emerge from the Churchyard, and you are on the declivity of

LUDGATE HILL,

A NAME supposed to be derived from King Lud, who lived and flourished in pre-Christian days, just before Julius Cæsar extended his conquest-hunt into Britain. Cassivellanus was King Lud's brother. On this spot Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion was brought to a close. Look back before you reach the foot of the hill. Nowhere can you see St. Paul's towering with greater or more majestic effect into the sky. That bridge to your left, as you proceed towards

FLEET STREET,

Is Blackfriars Bridge; the old one cost £152,800 in the building, and was finished between the years 1760 and 1769, by Robert Mylne.

In the Fleet Prison, finally abolished in 1844, after having been twice destroyed and rebuilt, William Penn, the most renowned of Quakers, and the founder of Pennsylvania, was once immured. It was the scene of great cruelties, and the place of confinement of many celebrated persons.

Once there ran from the foot of Holborn Hill to the Thames a vast and pestiferous open sewer called Fleet Ditch. In covering it over, or rather in the works connected with that task, many curious old Saxon and Roman relics were dug up.

Talking of the Prison we have just mentioned, Pennant says: "In walking along the street in my youth, on the side next the Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you please to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with 'marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco. Our great Chancellor Lord Hardwicke put these wretches to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extraordinary thoughtless unions."

As you proceed up Fleet Street, you see on your left St. Bride's Church, under the shadow of which our great poet Milton, whose foreign secretaryship to Oliver Cromwell is comparatively forgotten, but whose works will be for ever read, once sojourned. Opposite is Shoe Lane, made classic ground by rare Ben Jonson's frequenting, and by poor Chatterton's suicidal grave. Chatterton ended his wretched life in a house in Brownlow Street, Holborn, and was buried in the churchyard in Shoe Lane; though neither his last dwelling-place when living nor his last home when dead is now in existence. Bolt Court and Johnson Court are equally famous for having been Samuel Johnson's haunts. Here, too, Richardson, author of "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Pamela," gave employment to a more charming writer and a greater genius than himself: we mean poor Oliver Goldsmith. In Salisbury Court and Square the greatest satirist of England, and one of her noblest and most masculine poets, as well as prose writers (taking even the little of prose he has left us), the immortal John Dryden, lived. Fetter Lane contained the town residence of Hobbes of Malmesbury, whose "Leviathan" made a great noise in its day, and is now never read except among a few pitying scholars (who are moved in every page by the perversion of powerful talents), or among the fewer still who discern not the talents, and think it is the free-thinking which is fine. Passing on your right St. Dunstan's Church, with its singular and beautiful tower-crown, the work of the late Mr. John Shaw, and its ancient statue of Queen Elizabeth, you see facing you the western limit of the civic empire—the gate of

TEMPLE BAR,

WHICH not even the Sovereign of England may pass

without the Lord Mayor's acquiescence. On this gate, of old, the skulls of traitors used to be stuck, as dead crows are hung aloft in a corn-field. The last such exhibition took place in 1772, when the heads of Fletcher and Townley there preached their mute and grizzly lesson. On your left are the Courts, Halls, and Gardens of the Temple, the ancient premises of the Knights Templars. The remnant of the beautiful Temple Church is well worth a visit. To the east of its choir lie the bones of Oliver Goldsmith. In the Gardens, on a fine day, an enchanting view is obtained of the Thames, with its animated concourse of small steamboats, constructed to ply under the bridges, and its navy of still smaller oar-boats. In these Gardens the white and the red roses were plucked, as their several badges, by the rival claimants of the Crown of England.

THE STRAND,

Even so lately as the days of Queen Elizabeth, was only a covered way, grass-grown, out of London, and connecting the latter with the village of Charing. At present, to say it is in London is but little. It is almost the very centre of the metropolis, with as much of the capital to the west as to the east, though not quite as much to the south as to the north. The various streets leading out of the Strand, and occupying, on the south, the place of the gardens that used to stretch down to the water's edge, tell in their names the history of their foundation. These were built successively by the various great peers whom they indicate—Buckingham, Craven, Norfolk, Northumberland, &c.

To proceed, then, through the Strand. After passing through Temple Bar—that most inconvenient of antiquities, anathematised a thousand times a day by impatient drivers and obese old gentlemen—we notice that the folks walk somewhat more slowly, and with something of a genteel air not observable in the City. We are now in the city of Westminster, and are entering what is known in London as the West End, and, by consequence, the fashionable world. The streets on the left-hand side of the way, going westward, all lead down to the river, till we come to Charing Cross; and the streets on the other side, from Shoe Lane to Drury Lane, all lead towards Holborn, though the route is by no means direct. Beyond Drury Lane the streets on the right will take you into Oxford Street; but if you are not careful you will lose yourself in the purlieus of Seven Dials and St. Giles—a neighbourhood into which you should scarcely venture

without a guide. But if your guide happens to be a policeman in private clothes, you will stand a chance of seeing some curious sights.

On your right from Temple Bar you will notice the shop of Professor Holloway, whose advertisements of the effects of his Wonderful Pills and Ointment you have, no doubt, read in the newspapers; and on your left is the famous tea-shop and banking-house of Messrs. Twining, on whose name a well-known wit made the following epigram:—

“’Tis strange that kind Nature most wisely has plann’d
That names should with callings agree;
There’s *Twining*, the tea-man, who lives in the Strand,
Would be *wining* for want of his *T*.”

While before you is the Church of St. Clement Danes. This church was built in 1682, by William Pearce, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren, on the site of a former edifice of the same name. There was a church here before the arrival of the Danes, who destroyed it by fire. At that time, with the exception of a house here and there, the Strand was an open field, with hedge-rows on the northern side. In the churchyard of St. Clement the poets Otway and Nat. Lee lie buried. The pillars on the right lead to Clement’s Inn, an inn of Chancery, belonging to the Temple; and in Saers’ Coffee House, under the pillars, you can obtain a comfortable dinner for about eight-pence. Clement’s Inn was built in 1716, and was a residence for students even in the time of Henry the Fourth. The chambers of this inn are inhabited by reporters and other professional persons not strictly belonging to the law. In fact, the Temple, Lincoln’s Inn, and the other Inns of Court are not now, as formerly, confined altogether to the legal profession. In the garden you may notice the figure of a kneeling negro, who bears a sun-dial on his head. It was presented to the Inn by Holles, Earl of Clare, after whom Holles Street, Clare Street and Market, and some other streets in this neighbourhood, are named. On the other side of the church is Essex Street, which leads down direct to the river. On the opposite side, running between the Strand and Drury Lane and Wych Street, is Holywell Street, so called from the former existence of a spring or well, of which there is no longer the slightest trace. This street, which is a close, dirty thoroughfare, is principally inhabited by news-vendors, the sellers of old books and second-hand clothes. There has been a talk for some years past of taking down the houses in the Strand, and so, by throwing open Holy-

well Street to the main thoroughfare, both widening and improving this part of the road.

At the Whittington Club you may obtain an excellent and very cheap dinner, if you happen to be acquainted with a member. The Roman Bath in the lane will repay a visit; the water is pure and cold, and the architecture of the building leaves no doubt of its antiquity.

The Strand is famous for its newspaper-offices; in fact, from the office of the *Morning Advertiser*, in Fleet Street, to that of the *Lancet*, in the Strand, near Charing Cross, almost every court and alley contains a printing-office—sometimes two or three.

St. Mary-le-Strand was built by William Gibbs in 1717, on the spot of ground whereon the ancient May-pole was wont to be erected. Pope, in his "Dunciad," makes this the spot where his heroes assemble:—

"Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand,
But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane!"

In Newcastle Street, which runs down from it towards Lincoln's Inn, there is an old inn of Chancery, called Lyon's Inn, which was used by students of Law as early as the time of Henry the Eighth. This street leads towards Clare Market, a poor collection of butchers' shambles, and costermongers' stalls.

SOMERSET HOUSE,

FORMERLY was the palace of the Protector of that name. Here Queen Elizabeth, Anne (the Consort of James I.), and Catherine of Braganza (Charles the Second's wife), successively held their courts. The present building, however, which replaces the former, dates only from 1775-6, and was planned by Sir William Chambers. It is now the seat of various government and other offices. Here are the rooms of the Royal Society, of the Society of Antiquaries, of the Government School of Design, of the Geological, and of the Royal Astronomical Societies. The London University has its head-quarters here; and King's College is in the Eastern Quadrangle. The Navy Pay Office, the Office of Stamps and Taxes, the Legacy Duty Office, the Poor Law Commissioners' Audit Office, the Registrar-General's Office, and various others, are also settled in Somerset House. Any inquiries respecting the University should be addressed here to the Registrar. Formerly any property left in a public vehicle might, after the lapse of four days, be inquired for at Somerset House; but since the union, in 1849, of the business of

the Stamps and Excise, in what is now called the Inland Revenue, the Coach and Public Vehicles Registration has been confided to the Police Commissioners, in Scotland-yard, Whitehall; and the Lost and Found Office transferred to the Excise Office, in Broad Street, City. If the number of articles given up by the drivers of cabs and omnibuses be any criterion, they may be considered, as a class, quite patterns of honesty and good faith. Never get into a cab or other vehicle without noticing the number, which, in cabs, is placed at the back, and on omnibuses and stage-coaches, at the side. The business of the Admiralty is like that of the Inland Revenue, divided; and the Board of Commissioners (commonly called the Lords of the Admiralty) sit alternately at Whitehall and Somerset House. In an obscure corner of the great quadrangle is the office of the Registrar-General, where in many large and well-kept volumes is an account of every birth, marriage, and death, which takes place in the whole country, no matter how rich or how poor the individual may be. In the various offices of Somerset House there are above 1,500 clerks, warehousemen, and porters employed, at a cost of something like £350,000 a year. The hours of occupation are from 10 to 4, except in the Newspaper Stamping Department at the south-east corner, where the hours of labour depend greatly on the quantity of work to be performed. In this office are stamped all the legal, receipt, and other documents used in the United Kingdom, as well as the postage envelopes and country bank notes, and labels of patent medicines. The queen's-head labels are printed by Messrs. Bacon and Co., of Fleet Street, and the envelopes themselves are folded, after having been stamped, by a newly-invented machine, at the contractors', Messrs. Delarue, of Bunhill Row. The rooms now occupied by the School of Design were formerly used for the exhibition of the pictures of the Royal Academy, and through the doors have passed, some hundreds of times, the greatest painters and sculptors of modern times—Benjamin West, Fuseli, Reynolds, Opie, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many others. You will, of course, notice the statue of George the Third, at the north end of the quadrangle, with the fine allegorical figure of the Thames.

EXETER HALL.

A BUILDING with a narrow but tall and conspicuous frontage. It stands on the right of the Strand as you continue your advance. It is chiefly used for oratorios,

concerts, or public meetings; it was erected in 1831' and the Large Hall is capable of accommodating upwards of 4,000 persons seated. During the month of May the several religious societies, as well as those for the Abolition of Slavery, Intemperance, and Late Hours of Business, hold their meetings here. Any of the turnings to the right will lead direct to

COVENT GARDEN MARKET,

THE great emporium for flowers, fruit, and early vegetables for the London tables. It stands on the site of the convent garden formerly belonging to the Abbey of Westminster; and was first used as a market in the fifteenth century. The quadrangle was formed in 1631, at the cost of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, on whose estate it stands. The Piazza, which formerly ran quite round the square, was built after the design of the famous Inigo Jones. The Market, however, occupied but a little room, and it was not till the removal of the nobility further west, towards the latter end of the last century, that the entire space was appropriated to its present use. The market house, perhaps the best and most convenient in the world, was built in 1830, by John, Duke of Bedford, under the superintendence of an architect, called Fowler. The revenues are collected by a small toll on each ton of potatoes and waggon of vegetables brought for sale, besides the rent of the shops in, and on each side of, the Grand Arcade. The best time for visiting Covent Garden is about five o'clock of a summer's morning, when the odour of the flowers and the bloom on the fruit and vegetables is quite delicious. The cut flowers used for bridal parties, theatres, balls, &c., are purchased here, as well as the offerings thrown on the stage to the favourite actresses of the season. At such an hour all is animation and bustle, and the visitor should by no means miss an opportunity of seeing it. During the Commonwealth this district was separated from the adjoining parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and formed into a separate parish called St. Paul's, Covent Garden, to which the Duke of Bedford pays annually, for the support of the poor, nearly, it is said, £5,000!

A MODEL FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

"The bright memories of the holy dead,
The blessed ones departed, shine on us
Like the pure splendours of some clear, large star,
Which pilgrims travelling onward, at their backs
Leave, and at every moment see not now,
Yet whensoever they list, may pause and turn,
And with its glories gild their faces still."—*Trench.*

If a stranger had entered the Corn Exchange Hall, Derby, (where our Traffic Street school and congregation are meeting, during the building of the new chapel), on Sunday morning, August 13th, about a quarterpast nine, he would have found the superintendent of the school, who was giving out the first hymn, quite overcome by emotion, and all the scholars weeping together.

If he had again entered in the evening, he would have found the minister and a large congregation in a similar state.

We can easily suppose he would have imagined that some very important person had died; perhaps some office bearer, who had stood foremost in the ranks of our church, or some wealthy member whose costly offerings, prompted by a loving heart, had endeared him to the people; or else some aged disciple who, amidst honours, had left the church below for his reward on high, and whose absence would be severely felt by his remaining friends.

But this sorrow was occasioned neither by the death of an important church office bearer, nor by the death of a wealthy friend, nor by the death of an aged disciple, but by that of a poor girl not quite sixteen years of age. Truly though her sun has gone down while it was yet day, it has set in beauty. The reader will not be surprised at these manifestations of sorrow after reading the following brief account:—

The name of this young girl was Mary Ann Osgarby. She was born in September 1849, and died August 7th, 1865.

Four years ago a young woman, who was a member in Mr. Jeffery's Tuesday evening class, invited Mary Ann to accompany her that evening to the meeting. She consented, and for the first time attended one of these blessed services. Little did that pious young woman, who has been departed this life almost three years, imagine the good results that would follow these few earnest words of invitation; but that evening Mary Ann was converted. When she got home she told her parents of the change, and, after gaining their consent, joined the class which

had been rendered so beneficial to her. She also shortly afterwards entered the Sabbath School. It speaks well for her that the last Sabbath she attended her former school, she received the first prize for general good conduct.

She continued in Mr. Jeffery's class till last March, when his assistant leader, Mr. E. Berrisford, was requested to commence a new one, and she and a few others left the old class to form the nucleus of the new one.

Her attendance at the various services of the sanctuary was most exemplary.

Let all who permit little excuses keep them from their class meeting, ponder the following fact :—

Her leaders, after examining the class books, find that on an average she was not absent once a quarter. How admirable! A young girl walking a considerable distance, facing all weathers, and overcoming all obstacles, to be present at these often slighted meetings. And she did not come just in time to relate her experience, but always early, and often the first.

Her experience was expressed briefly and modestly, and was equal to that of many of maturer years. This was specially the case on July 20th, the last time she was present.

Her life at home was an adornment of her profession ; she was forbearing, affectionate, and diligent. After returning from her daily labour she was always glad to assist her mother in her domestic concerns, and though so young it was not unusual for her to be asked to lead the family devotions.

But a feature in her character, that I specially pray may be emulated by every reader of this, was, her intense desire to get others converted. For this she prayed, believed, and worked. And her efforts were not unsuccessful. I am informed that we have now at least twelve members in Traffic Street Society who have been brought to Christ by her agency. This would make her more precious in the sight of God than many a hero whose name has been emblazoned on the page of history, and whose far less worthy deeds have secured for him a stately monument of costliest marble.

But more than these are known to have been converted through her, for when we held a course of revival meetings last winter, she invited several who attended other places of worship to accompany her, and after their conversion, for this was her object, she told them they were at liberty to attend their regular place of worship ; so that there are

young women in several denominations who have been saved through her efforts. Every one who reads this will not fail to admire such conduct ; but let not this suffice, "Go thou and do likewise."

How desirable did it appear that a life so valuable should be spared, but He, about whom are clouds and darkness, saw fit to call her to himself.

She began to be unwell on July 22nd, while visiting some relatives in Yorkshire ; and she returned home on the Saturday following very poorly. Inflammation of the lungs was setting in. The day following, when her leader visited her, she expressed a presentiment that her end was nigh, and then quoted a few lines of the beautiful hymn commencing :

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

The day following she had much spiritual darkness, heavy clouds seem to shut out the glories of the Saviour's face. Satan was fiercely tempting her. How often has it been remarked that just before the believer's death it is not unusual for Satan to subject him to a fiery trial. It was so with holy Baxter, and the seraphic John Smith.

When Mary Ann had told her leader of her sad fears and doubts, he reminded her of Bunyan's pilgrim in Doubting Castle, and then told her to cling to the dear Redeemer. As he spoke of His love and tenderness her eyes began to brighten, and when he finished she appropriately said :—

"I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know,
I must for ever die."

She then sweetly said : "He has been so good to me in health that I will not doubt him now."

After this there was not a cloud arose to intercept her loving gaze on Christ.

Two days before she died she seemed filled with ecstasy. Her countenance was lit up with a heavenly smile, that those who witnessed will never forget. It seemed as if the gates of heaven were thrown ajar that she might have a glimpse of its glory, and as if a few rays of its light were reflected on her wan features.

"Her every look it beamed praise
As worshipping with Seraphs."

She said to her attendant, "There is light in the valley ; Jesus is waiting at the other end to receive me."

Her intense desire to do good was manifested to the

last. While her father stood weeping near her she said, "Father, I am dying that you may be saved, if my life were spared you would remain undecided, but now I know you will give your heart to Christ." It affords me no ordinary pleasure to say that amongst twelve who were weeping at the penitents' form after the funeral sermon, I perceived him. I went and asked him whether he was determined from that hour to serve God. He answered in tremulous tones, "Oh, yes! I must meet my daughter in heaven." He was made happy and is now a member.

A day or two before her death she sent a message to her class-mates and another to the Sunday scholars. To the former it was: "Tell them to go on, I shall never meet them again in class, but"—and she said it with much energy—"tell them to go on and meet me in heaven."

To the latter her message was: "Get religion; there is nothing like religion; and meet me in heaven."

A few hours before her death she affectionately bade each member of the family farewell, asking her eldest brother to give himself to God that moment. She gradually got weaker; amongst her last words were, "Look! don't you see the angels!" She gradually sank asleep in death, leaning on her father's arm. The last words he heard her faintly utter were: "I am going to Jesus." So, doubtless, her last word on earth and first word in heaven were the same—that name above all others the most charming—"Jesus."

J. COOPER ANTLIFF.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

THE words of this hymn, so unique and yet so truthful, so enchanting to the little ones, and so endearing to older scholars, are said to have been written by a London school superintendent, but others have ascribed them to the Rev. G. Gill, a returned missionary from the South Seas; the latter I believe to be the author. If so, he has made himself a name that will be immortal. Several have set the hymn to music, but the present tune is considered a good one, and is written by a minister near London, the Rev. A. E. Lord, of Henham.

"Beautiful Zion" is so written that it aids the memory, while at the same time the facts of Scripture relative to the heavenly world are prettily told. Respecting the city we have its gates of pearly white, trees, fruits, rivers, and fountains, while many points of attraction to the saint are introduced. It would be a good Sabbath's exercise for you, my young reader, to find and mark the texts that prove these lines to be correct. Every thought is enough for a

sermon, every line for an address, and oh, the end is so sweet to the believer—that heaven is a beautiful home of perfect peace.

Throughout the good book are studded many gems about the heavenly world, and poets and divines have written volumes about the place and state called heaven; but let us thank God that the Bible tells us how we may get there, and shows us glimpses of the heavenly world. Hymn writers have sung—

“Have ye heard of that sunbright clime?”

“There is a happy land.”

“O, happy land—O, happy land.”

“Jerusalem my glorious home.”

“Canaan, bright Canaan.”

“I hear thee speak of the better land.”

“The shining shore.”

Of—“A glorious world above.”

“Beyond the river.”

“Sweet heaven.”

“Bright heaven.”

“A glorious world of light.”

“The realms of the blest.”

And many other expressions have been used to portray the heavenly world, but oh, how far from the reality is all this!

My young friends, heaven is a happy place, but where are you going?

When a boy, I heard my father speak of a Cornish girl, who had been converted during a revival at St. Agnes, and one day meeting a friend who was not willing to seek religion, she bade him good bye in words like these:—

“I’m bound for Canaan, you’re bound for hell,

If you will not go with me, I wish you farewell.”

Is there not a beauty in some of our hymns on the better land that makes them dear to you as they are to many others? You perhaps love to sing, as have many little ones—

“Come sing to me of heaven,

When I’m about to die,

Sing songs of holy ecstasy

To waft my soul on high.”

A person who attended a chapel, and whose children attended the Sabbath school, lost one of his children by death. His little girl, about five years old, was taken to the school in her sister’s arms, and loved the hymns she learnt there, and her father declared that he felt attached to the school because of his little daughter’s hymns. She had “sung of heaven and learnt the way.” So may it be with you, young reader, if thus early called away.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Beau - ti - ful Zi - on,
 built a - bove! Beau - ti - ful
 Ci - ty that I love! Beau - ti - ful
 gates of pear - ly white!
p Beau - ti - ful tem - ple,
f God its light! Beau - ti - ful
 tem - ple, God its light!

Beautiful trees for ever there,
 Beautiful fruits they always bear
 Beautiful rivers gliding by,
 Beautiful fountains, never dry.

Beautiful Heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful songs that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir

Beautiful light, without the sun,
 Beautiful day revolving on,
 Beautiful worlds on worlds untold
 Beautiful streets of shining gold.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there.

Beautiful throne for God the Lamb,
 Beautiful seat at God's right hand,
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease.
 Beautiful home of perfect peace.

Juvenile Biography.

MARY JANE, the beloved daughter of J. D. and Elizabeth DOBSON, departed this life at Leeds, April 23rd, 1865. She had just passed the tenth anniversary of her birthday. She was a scholar in our Reho-both (Park Lane), Sunday school, and had been very regular in her attendance, and evidently very anxious to make the best possible use of the instruction given. How far she succeeded will be more fully ascertained by the following extract from a note of condolence, sent to her parents by her teacher. "Of her conduct there (at the school) I never had reason to complain. She was cheerful and kind, and gained the love and respect of her class-mates. The interest she took in the lessons taught fully repaid me for my trouble, and I feel certain that the labour was not in vain." Mary Jane was an obedient and affectionate daughter; her disposition was peculiarly amiable, and her manners sweetly interesting and winning. Her last affliction was water on the brain, so that occasionally her conversation was irrelevant, but in her lucid moments she took great delight in singing hymns, such as

"Jesus, tender Shepherd."

"I want to be an angel," &c.,

and in talking about Jesus and heaven, &c. Her father said to her, "My dear, do you love Jesus?" She replied with the emphasis of Christian assurance, "O yes." Again her father said, "And, my dear, do you think that Jesus loves you?" Once more she emphatically responded, "O yes, yes." How sweet, how confident!

"I love Jesus, yes I do,

Jesus smiles and loves me too."

In the apocalyptic vision the apostle John says, "And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion," &c. . . "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps." So this dear girl, as she neared the shores of immortality, heard strains of music, sweet and yet subdued, break upon her ear, which thrilled her heart. "Hush!" said she several times, "I hear music." Dear and sainted girl, thou art right! Many, young and old, when dying, have "heard music." Why not? O glorious dying!

"The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes,—my ears,

With sounds seraphic ring!"

This lamb of the flock, throughout her illness, and to the last, yea, the very last, maintained her meekness, composure, and confidence. She frequently and very tenderly referred to the

Sabbath school, and assured her parents that she was going to heaven. Reader, think! as you peruse this brief notice of Mary Jane Dobson, that her spirit, pure as the light, looks now on the past as "lighter than vanity," while all the present gives "solid joys without a tear." Parents, pray for yourselves and for your children. Sunday-school teachers, work on, accounting "all things loss that you may win Christ," and be the means of fixing many such sparklets in the crown of your Saviour King. T. DEARLOVE.

MARY, the beloved daughter of James and Matilda LITTLE, of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, was taken from this world to enjoy the blessedness of the heavenly mansions on Sabbath morning, June 4th, 1865, before she had completed her twelfth year.

Mary was blessed with pious parents who prayed with and for their children, and took them to the house of God and to the Sabbath school. From early infancy she exhibited a meek and quiet spirit, and when at school her friends were astonished at her anxiety to understand the meaning of her various lessons. The Sabbath school was her delight; she loved her teacher, and en-

deavoured to treasure up the instructions given her. But it was during her very painful affliction that her love to the Saviour was more fully exhibited. She suffered with lamb-like patience, and resignation to the will of God. She was delighted if her mother sang some of her favorite hymns, or if any friend talked to her about Jesus or going to heaven.

When the friends were preparing for the bazaar to be held at Easter, she desired her mother to get her some dolls to dress for it, desiring to do something for the Lord, and she performed her self-imposed task with delight H. G.

Died recently at Bradwell, Derbyshire, MARGARET ANN TANFIELD, daughter of Robert and Jane Tanfield, in the seventh year of her age. Both her parents being members of our connexion, and her father a local preacher, they of course felt an interest in their child's spiritual and eternal welfare, and endeavoured to train her for the Lord. Their efforts were happily successful, for she very soon gave indications of being a child of grace. Hence her gentle and meek disposition, obedience to her parents, love to the Sabbath school, and a manifest delight in the worship of God from a

very early period were noticed by many. She was a lovely child and a sweet little singer. "Rest for the Weary," "Happy Day," &c., were her favourite pieces.

Her mother died in the Lord some time ago, and a short time before she departed she called little Margaret Ann to her, laid her hand upon her head, prayed for her, commended her to God, and said, "Meet me in heaven," &c. She never forgot this, but often referred to her mother as being in heaven. To Mrs. Bennett (who asked her if she would like to get better) she said, "No, I should like to go to heaven to my mother."

She was a great sufferer during the several weeks' illness which terminated her life. But she bore all with remarkable patience. A short time before she died she called her father to her side, placed one arm round his neck, and tried to raise the other, but her strength failed, and she sank back on her couch. Her father then commended her to God in prayer, when shortly the final sigh was heaved, and her spirit fled to be for ever with the Lord. T. BENNETT.

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Died recently at Worcester, SARAH GRAZIER. She was born October 18th, 1845. As

she grew up her mind was impressed with matters of divine importance. But it was not till February, 1862, that she enjoyed that peace of mind which flows from a knowledge of adoption into the family of God. Soon after this she became a teacher in our Sabbath school at Worcester, in which work she evidently took much interest. Being naturally of a reserved disposition, she did not make much profession, yet she loved the people of God and the means of grace. She was a pattern of humility, and manifested love to Christ and a desire to be conformed to his image.

But this beautiful young plant was soon to be removed from this world of sin and tears. About the end of October, 1863, she was attacked with a severe illness. But although her body was weak, her trust in God was strong. Her language was that of the Psalmist, "When my flesh and my heart faileth, God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." Often during the intervals of pain would she say to her pious mother, "Mother, I am so ill but so happy; Jesus is very precious to me now." She bore her extreme sufferings without undue murmuring. The writer

has often asked her, "Is Christ precious to you, Sarah?" and with a heavenly smile beaming in her countenance she would reply, "Oh yes, he is very precious to me." She was very fond of having a few Christian friends to visit her and to talk to her "of heaven and things divine." Satan often tried to shake her confidence in Christ by suggesting that she was not a child of God, but she as often gained the victory over the enemy by faith and prayer, or, as she expressed it, "I then run to the arms of Jesus and feel I am safe." One night a few persons were in her room, when she began to sing,

"Behold, behold the Lamb of God," &c.

earnestly requesting all present to join her, and with throbbing hearts we did so. What a solemn time it was! One person remarked, "There is a reality in religion." Another said, "Oh, that every infidel were present." Seeing her mother weep, she said, "Mother, don't cry, I shall meet you in heaven; I am going to Jesus." Then with earnestness she said, "Do help me to sing." She began,

"The Lord has pardoned all my sin,

And now to praise him I'll begin," &c.

All present sobbed aloud, but this did not prevent her from

singing. She said "Don't cry; help me to sing." She began, "My soul's full of glory, which inspires my tongue," &c.

After singing the whole of that delightful hymn she wished the superintendent of the school to be present. Although late the writer went to him and asked him to come; he did so. We entered, and soon Sarah began to sing, waving her hand,

"Come sing to me of heaven," &c.

After this she said to me, "Mr. Hale, I shall soon be with your dear mother in heaven; shall I tell her you are coming?" I said, "Yes, do, Sarah." After singing a few more favourite hymns we left, not expecting to see her again in the flesh. But God saw fit to restore her, but not to perfect health, for she was again seized with severe illness, which terminated fatally. During this interval Satan sorely harassed her and tempted her to distrust God, and for a time she was like Bunyan's Pilgrim, who "fell asleep in the arbour," and like him "missed the roll." But the rich mercy of God pursued her, and his Spirit continued to work powerfully upon her heart, until at length she sought and found "the lost treasure." Now she was happy again, and could "rejoice in the God of her salvation." But fell disease had marked her for

its prey, and attacked her with such power that it soon ended her natural life.

During this final suffering she was very submissive, bearing severe pain with exemplary patience. The writer visited her often, and never left without being blessed by her conversation. She said to me once, "I don't want to get better in this world; I want to go to Jesus, which is far better; but I must wait till the Lord calls me." Often would she break forth in singing some of her favourite hymns. Her mother says, "I scarcely heard a murmur from her; she was a pattern of meekness in suffering; and when pain had subsided for a moment or two she would

sing or be engaged in prayer; and often has she requested me to kneel down and pray for her." A few days before she died I called to see her, and oh, what a smile lit up her countenance as we talked together of heaven. She requested me to have a favourite hymn sung at her grave, and wished the teachers of our school to follow her remains to the tomb, &c. After asking her for the last time if all was right, she said, "Oh yes, I shall soon be in heaven with Jesus." After praying with her I left, and saw her no more till her spirit had quitted its clay house, and exchanged it for "a house above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." C. T. HALE.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.

"WE DON'T VALUE OUR TICKETS."

"COME, are you not going to school?" said a teacher in the Primitive Methodist Sunday School, in the village of B. to a group of young men who formed part of a select class in that institution. "Not yet," was the reply. "But it is time," urged the teacher, "and you will miss your tickets." "Yes, but we don't value our tickets," was the careless reply of one of the young men. The

teacher passed on; for the words, "We don't value our tickets" had gone with cutting effect to his heart. And as he reflected upon them the following thoughts occurred to his mind.

1st. To whom are tickets given? To those scholars who are punctual in their attendance at the Sabbath School.

2nd. For what are tickets given? Tickets are given that each scholar by presenting on an appointed day the number

he has accumulated during the year, may receive a book from the hands of the Superintendent, as a reward for punctuality, which book speaks in accents louder than words, that the receiver honours the Sabbath School and promises fair for future usefulness in the cause of God. But there are some who despise the reward, and disregard their privileges, of whom but little hope of their usefulness can be entertained; and these are they who "don't value their tickets."

3rd. The little respect such scholars have for their teacher's feelings. The faithful teacher is at his post about five minutes before the time appointed for opening the school, and there he waits for his young charge; but there are few who make their appearance in time. When the School has been opened those present retire to their class-room, where the teacher calls over the names of his scholars; and who can tell the feelings of disappointment which fill his breast, as he marks down absent or late opposite many of the names in the class-book?

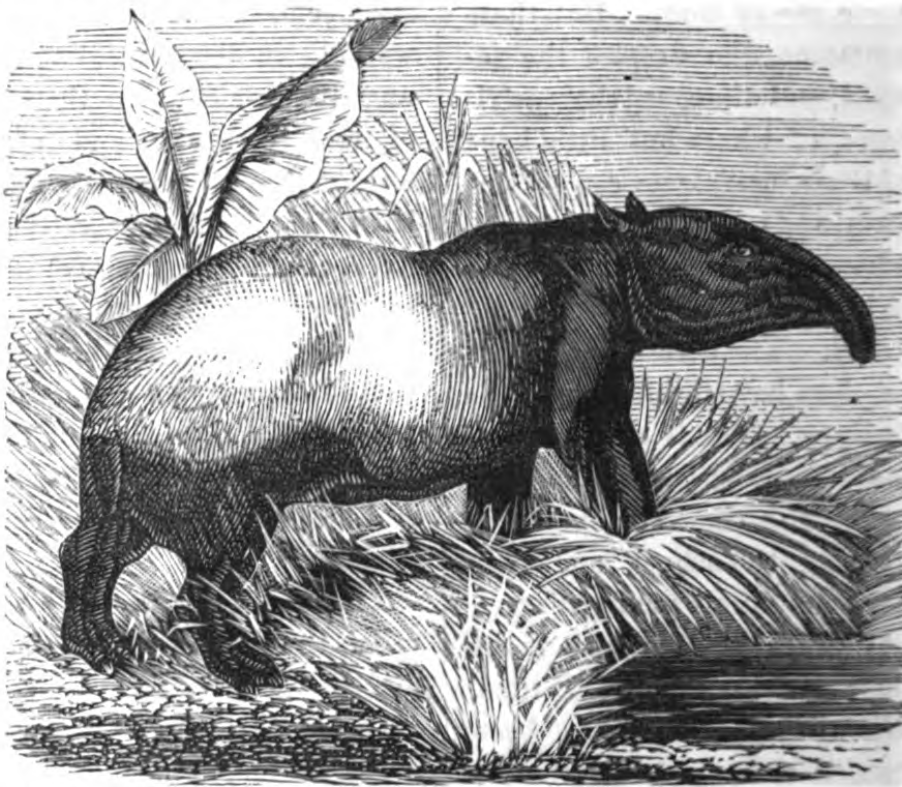
It often occurs that those who are inattentive to their school become careless about their character, which may be considered as a ticket or pass-

port, introducing them to respectable spheres in life; for as punctuality is one mark of a Christian, so it is an important trait in a good character. But it is to be feared that in many instances this is not the worst consequence of "not valuing their tickets," for such scholars are often found walking in the counsel of the ungodly, or sitting in the seat of the scornful; and after losing all relish for the Sabbath School, they proceed (if unchecked by divine love) step by step along the path of vice, until they end their short but wicked career in a premature grave. That instances of this kind are repeatedly occurring is a fact too patent to be controverted.

The lost in hell did "not value their tickets" in time, for they disregarded the salvation purchased for them by Jesus Christ, which may be considered as a ticket or passport admitting them to heaven. They loitered on their journey through life while the door of mercy was open to receive them; the servants of the Lord pleaded with them, and the Holy Spirit strove with them; but they lingered in sin till it was too late. The door was shut; the ticket-box was closed; the distributor had retired from his post, and they

found themselves in eternity without a hope of mercy. Therefore, when God shall come to judge the world, they (like the man at the wedding feast, not having on the wedding garment,) labouring under a consciousness of slighted opportunities in the past, shall

stand speechless; and in the presence of the Judge they shall be bound hand and foot, and cast "into outer darkness where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth"—the fruits of "not valuing their tickets." J. C.



THE MALAYAN TA PIR

THIS is a large animal, standing over five feet high, and measuring more than six feet in length when full grown. It resembles the American tapir in form, but is rather larger; it has no mane on its neck; its proboscis is rather longer; and it is not like that, of a uniform brown colour. On the contrary, a broad band of white encircles its body, and shows in marked

contrast with the deep black of the legs, head, and neck. The young tapir is beautifully marked with light yellowish spots and stripes on a brown ground, the spots becoming white on the under parts of the body.

The food of this animal is wholly vegetable—the young shoots of trees, wild fruits, gourds, &c.,—and its tough skin enables it to penetrate the

densest thickets, where it loves to feed. It is said to be quite harmless unless it is attacked, when it is able to defend itself and to inflict severe wounds with its strong teeth. It is very fond of the water, and its usual home is in some thicket on the bank of a river. When hunted it will take to the water, where it does not swim, but will remain at the bottom for a long time, walking about in the bed of the stream. It is a very shy creature, and although it is common enough in its native country, it is rarely seen, as it

conceals itself in the under-wood during the day and only comes out to feed at night.

The inhabitants of Malacca call the tapir *kuda-ayer*, which signifies "river-horse," a title which it shares in common with the hippopotamus, and which it has doubtless derived from the habit, common to both animals, of frequenting streams and remaining long under water. The skin of the tapir is said to be valuable for many purposes, but the flesh is disagreeable to the taste, and not worth cooking.

Anniversaries.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY AT SHINCLIFFE, IN THE DURHAM CIRCUIT.—On Sunday, May 14th, 1865, the anniversary of the above school was held, when the services were conducted in the morning by Mr. J. Dixon, and in the afternoon and evening, by Mr. J. Jackson, of Durham. Several of the children recited dialogues and select pieces of poetry. The congregations were large, the chapel being crowded to excess, and some could not gain an entrance. The collections amounted to £2 1s. 8d. Also on Saturday, May 13th, 1865, the children had their annual treat, and in the evening a tea was provided in the

chapel, when the teachers and scholars sat down to the social repast, after which a public meeting was held, when Mr. T. Sanderson occupied the chair. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. T. Stephenson, W. Hardy, W. Mason, J. Hutchinson, M. Short, G. Dixon, R. Parkinson and G. Short. M. SHORT.

—
SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.—On Monday, June 4, a sermon was preached in the morning by the writer. In the afternoon and evening a number of pieces in prose and poetry were recited by the scholars. On Monday, the 5th, the children

and teachers enjoyed the afternoon in a meadow, and at 5 o'clock they partook of tea along with a large number of friends. The services were highly satisfactory. The collections and tea left £3 clear for the funds.

SAMUEL SMITH.

STUBBIN, ELSECAR.—The anniversary sermons of the above school were preached by Mrs. Anderson, of Sheffield, on Lord's day, June 18. Pieces and dialogues were recited by the children. Hymns and anthems were sung, some of which were composed by the conductor, Mr. L. Solomon. Collections, £6 1s. 4d. On the Monday following we had a public tea meeting, which afterwards was addressed by several friends. Also on Tuesday evening, June 20th, a lecture was given by Enoch D. Solomon, on "The Temptations of Youth." T. R. & W. S.

MORETON, CHINNOR CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of our Sabbath school was celebrated on Whit Sunday and Monday; on the former day three sermons were preached by the writer, and pieces and dialogues were recited by the children, interspersed with singing. On Monday the children were supplied with cake and tea,

after which about 110 adults sat down to the good things provided. This was followed by a public meeting, addressed by Messrs, Eustace, Mott, Hastings, Cronford, and Anthony, chiefly upon the utility of Sunday schools.

The above services were attended with a Divine influence, and although this is but a small hamlet, yet the friends nobly contributed to the funds between three and four pounds.

CHARLES ANTHONY.

TIPS END, DOWNHAM CIRCUIT.—The Sabbath school anniversary was held July 9th, conducted by Mr. Forth.

On Monday, the 10th, a dinner was given to the children at 3 o'clock, and afterwards a public tea was held, when upwards of one hundred adults sat down. A public meeting followed; the chair was occupied by Mr. Dolton, and speeches were delivered by Messrs. Speechly, England, Cawthorn, and the writer.

The Report showed the school to be prosperous.

The income of the anniversary is upwards of seven pounds. T. MACKILL.

NORTH CREAK, FAKENHAM CIRCUIT.—The thirteenth anniversary of this school was celebrated July 23rd and 24th.

On Sunday the children and teachers processioned the village before the commencement of the public service, making the air vocal with the songs of praise. A sermon was preached in the morning to a goodly company in a large barn, kindly lent for the occasion, and in the afternoon and evening interesting and appropriate

pieces and dialogues were recited. On Monday 24th, the children, teachers, and other friends, walked in procession through the place. The children then sat down to a dinner provided by Mrs. Sands. A public meeting was convened in the evening, and addressed by Messrs. Rous, Walker, and Johnson. T. W. Rous.

Queries and Replies.

WEST BERGHOLT.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have often heard it stated the Apostle John, the brother of James, did not die a martyr. I should be obliged if you would explain to me the 39th verse of the 10th chapter of the Gospel by Mark: "Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of, and with the baptism that I am baptised withal shall ye be baptised."

Yours truly, S. S.

ANSWER.—The meaning is, that the two brothers should suffer with their Master and for him, but not necessarily that they should die like him. James, indeed, died a cruel and unnatural death, but he was not crucified; and John was banished to Patmos, and had to endure other sufferings, but he was not martyred.

BRADLEY GREEN.

DEAR SIR,—In reading the twentieth verse of the first chapter of the first epistle of Peter, I read that "Christ verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world." I should be much obliged if you would give me your opinion of the period here spoken of, termed "the foundation of the world."

J. C.

ANSWER.—I understand the phrase to mean *the creation of the earth*, whenever that was. Whether the earth was created 6,000 or 60,000 years ago, that was the founding of it, or laying its foundation. And ere that period, as God possessed a perfect knowledge of all that would occur, he had graciously determined, or ordained, that in the fulness of time Christ should die for sinners. To him be glory for ever!

Poetry.

ABIDE WITH ME.

LUKE xxiv. 29.

ABIDE with me, my Saviour dear ;
Through the darkness be Thou near ;
O let me feel Thy presence here ;
Jesus, abide with me.

My helper Thou hast been to-day ;
Depart not in the night, I pray ;
But all through life's uneven way,
Jesus, abide with me.

Now I lay me down to rest,
O let me with Thy love be blest,
And give Thy Spirit for my guest :
Jesus, abide with me.

O let no foe disturb my sleep ;
No harm within my dwelling creep ;
But do Thou watch around me keep :
Jesus, abide with me.

If clouds around my pathway lower,
Give grace to keep me every hour,
To shield me from the tempter's power :
Jesus, abide with me.

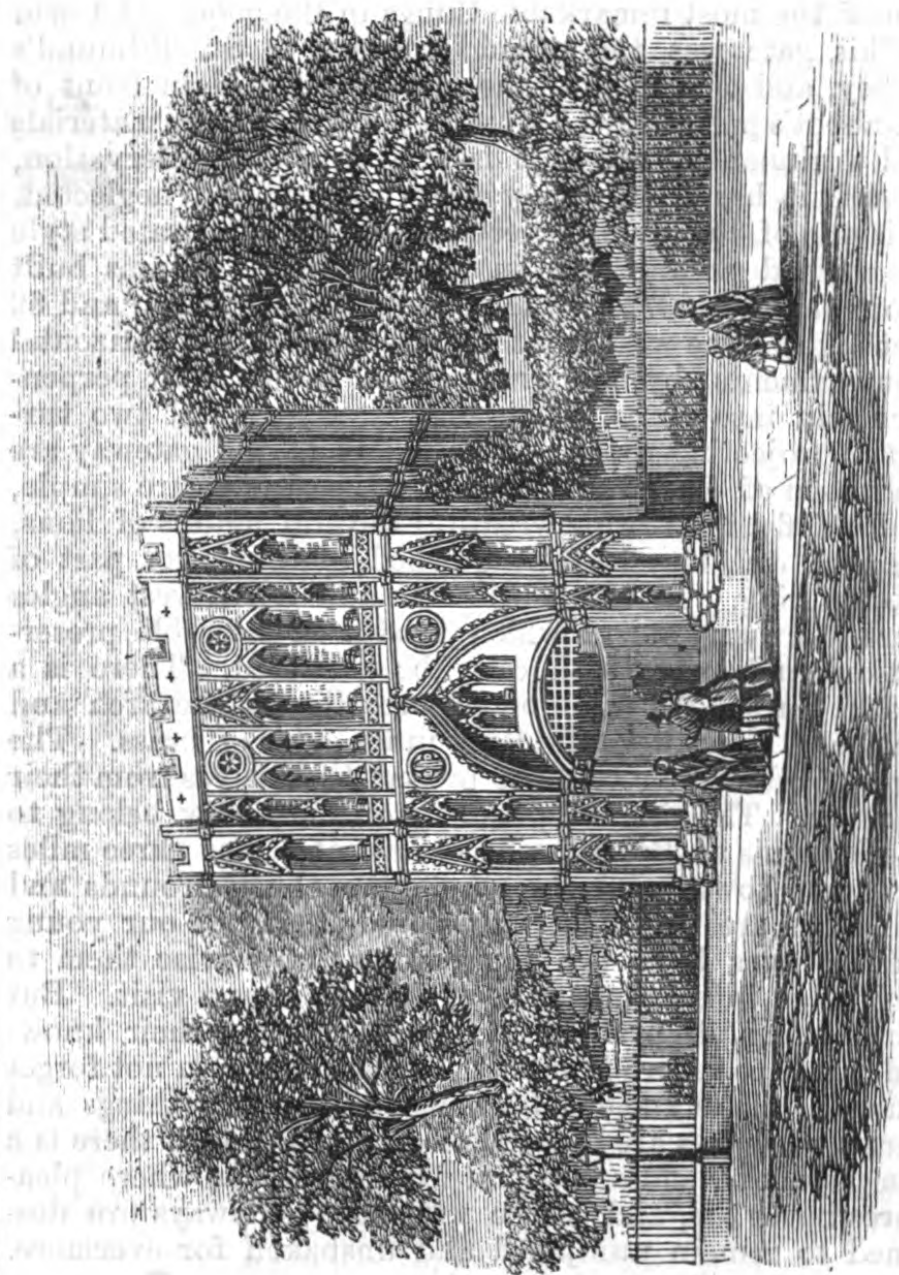
From hour to hour, from day to day,
Be Thou my strength, my guide, my stay,
Until this body shall decay :
Jesus, abide with me.

And when the dreary vale I tread,
May I as peaceful lay my head
Down in my grave as on my bed :
Then, Lord, abide with me.

Belper Circuit.

MARY ANNE F—.

THE
PRIMITIVE METHODIST
JUVENILE MAGAZINE.



THE ABBEY GATE, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Youths' Department.

THE ABBEY GATE, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

(With Engraving.)

WE last month gave an interesting account of the town of Bury, and especially of the Norman tower, kindly supplied by Mr. S. Smith. We have now to give a short account of the Abbey Gate, in the same town, which is one of the most remarkable things in the good old town.

This gate was the grand entrance to St. Edmund's Abbey, and opened into the great courtyard in front of the abbot's palace. Such was the excellence of its materials and workmanship, that it is still in good preservation, though it has stood many years roofless and neglected. It is one of the purest specimens of the Decorated style of pointed architecture in this country. It was built about the year 1377. It is 50 feet long, 40 broad, and 62 feet high. The west front is divided into two horizontal compartments by an ornamental band, and perpendicularly into three, consisting of a centre and two turrated projecting wings. The pillars of the gateway are composed of clustered cylinders; the capitals are simple, and chiefly the Gothic wreath. Several figures of lions, dragons, &c., may be distinguished in the lower part of the building. In the south-west and north-west angles were staircases, one of which is still in tolerable preservation, and may, with care, be ascended. There is a groove for the reception of a portcullis in the arch and wall, and there were formerly inner gates of brass. The monks did all they could to protect themselves from their enemies. The site and precincts of the abbey belong to the Marquis of Bristol, who has a seat about three miles from the town. On the whole the abbey grounds and buildings are very interesting, and if any of our young readers ever have the opportunity, we advise them to pay these interesting relics of former days a visit. But while using all prudent means to increase their knowledge and to secure innocent pleasure, let them not forget that like these ancient buildings, all earthly things and carnal pleasures are doomed to decay; but that there is a temple above and a mansion for each of us, where pleasures never die, and whose walls and gateways are destined to remain uninjured and unshaken for evermore. Oh may we all meet there. Amen.

EDITOR.

LONDON: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.*

(Continued from page 291.)

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE most conspicuous objects here are the Nelson Column, a fine erection 177 feet high, erected in 1843, from a design by William Railton, at a cost altogether—including the granite statue of the hero, by Baily, and the bronze bas-relief on the four sides of the base, which represent the "Death of Nelson," by Carew; the "Battle of the Nile," by Woodington; the "Battle of St. Vincent," by Watson; and the "Battle of Copenhagen," by Ternouth—of upwards of £28,000; the equestrian statue of George IV., by Chantrey, originally intended for the top of the marble arch at Buckingham Palace, a rather commonplace-looking affair, considering that the horse and his rider cost the nation £9,450; and the two fountains, which, though the water is continually tumbling and playing over and into their granite basins, are by no means striking objects. From this spot, also, a fine view may be obtained of Northumberland House and St. Martin's Church; the first (the lion-surmounted screen only of which is seen from the street) was erected during the reign of James I., and the last in 1721-26, by Gibbs, at a cost of about £37,000. It is a noble edifice; and when it was built it was literally *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields*, the houses of the nobility in that day extending

* [We find we have been led into an error in regard to the charges for admission to St. Paul's, and furnish the following corrected account.—Ed.]

We find that the following is the revised list of charges for seeing over St. Paul's Cathedral. The reduced charges were adopted in 1851, prior to the opening of the Great Exhibition.

To the monuments and body of the church	FREE
To the whispering and two outside galleries	0 6d.
To the ball and cross	1 6
To the library and geometrical staircase	0 6
Clock and bell	0 2
Crypt and vaults	0 6
	3 2

The charge to visit the ball is kept high, because it is attended with some risk to timid persons; the high charge keeps them out of danger. There is no model room, the two models of St. Paul and St. Peter having been removed many years ago. Visitors can see all that is worth seeing, except the ball, for 1s. 8d. The Bull and Mouth Hotel still retains its original as well as its new name; and the Albion Hotel is in Aldersgate Street, not in St. Martin's-le-Grand.—G. J. S.

no further west than Covent Garden. In the churchyard, now covered in with flat stones, lie the bones of the notorious highwayman Jack Sheppard.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Its historical interest and its many associations are well known. Its marvellous beauty, even in the midst of partial decay, and of repairs hardly less disfiguring, may be best understood by personally visiting and examining its hoary and venerable precincts. The charge for entering the abbey is nothing ; for being shown its most precious monuments and once crowded chapels sixpence is demanded.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel is that part which is seen overtopping St. Margaret's Church, as you proceed down Parliament Street. The blackened northern transept once had on its front full-length statues of the Twelve Apostles, exquisitely set in fretwork, and was called "Solomon's Porch," on account of its surpassing beauty.

About 130 years ago the Rose Window, nearly eleven yards in diameter, was rebuilt. Indeed, everywhere in the abbey you see the too necessary defacement of renovations and modern repairs. The Jerusalem Chamber conceals a part of the western front. At the end of the South Cloister, to the right, is a low vaulted way, supposed to have been built by St. Edward himself, the last but one of the ancient Saxon kings. Here, in the Little Cloisters, stood St. Katherine's Chapel. In the Chapter House are kept the records, which are visited only by express permission from the Public Record Office, Chancery Lane. "Domesday Book" lies in the Chapter House.

The most attractive part of the abbey, to those who ponder on its diversified sources of interest, is, perhaps, Henry the Seventh's Chapel. But if we were asked to name any one object which, as a mere curiosity, surpassed others, we should mention the Coronation Chair, and the stone on which the seat is placed. In that chair has sat every English king and queen, to be crowned, since Edward I. The stone is very ancient, so ancient that neither research nor sarcasm can brush away the thick mythic cobwebs which have gathered round its history. There is a poetical tradition that it is the very stone which served the patriarch Jacob for a pillow when he dreamed the dream and saw the vision of the ladder extending from earth to heaven, with angels thereon descending and ascending. More definite accounts trace this stone to have been used in a coronation in Scotland, more than three centuries before the birth of Christ. A cursory inspection of the abbey will never give an

adequate idea of its multitudinous treasures of art and of memory.

In the South Transept, or Poet's Corner, lie buried many of the illustrious dead of England, not omitting some of her chiefest poets, from Chaucer on, in point of time. Indeed, Westminster Abbey is considered to be, by many degrees, the most glorious resting-place in which an Englishman can hope for his ashes to be laid and his monument to be erected. It was a constant hope of Nelson, whose monument, nevertheless, stands under the newer and less venerable roof of St. Paul's. The usual entrance is by the door at Poet's Corner, opposite the House of Lords, and the names of the several chapels, beginning from the south cross, and so passing round to the north cross, are in order as follows :—1. St. Benedict ; 2. St. Edmund ; 3. St. Nicholas ; 4. Henry the Seventh ; 5. St. Paul ; 6. St. Edward the Confessor ; 7. St. Erasmus ; 8. Abbot Inslip's Chapel, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist ; 9. St. John, St. Michael, and St. Andrew. The last three are now laid together. The chapel of Edward the Confessor stands, as it were, in the centre, and is enclosed in the body of the Church.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

This is free to the public at large while the Courts are sitting. It was built as a banqueting-room to the ancient palace of Westminster, by William Rufus, in 1097, and considerably enlarged by Richard II. in 1397. It is one of the largest apartments, unsupported by pillars, in Europe, being 238 feet long, 68 feet broad, and 90 feet high, with a most noble carved roof, of chestnut wood, curiously constructed, and everywhere adorned with angels supporting the arms of Richard II. and Edward the Confessor. Parliament often sat in this hall. In 1397, when it was extremely ruinous, Richard II. built a temporary room for his parliament, formed of wood, and covered with tiles. The fine Gothic windows at the extremities were reconstructed in 1820, and the whole hall repaired and beautified during the two following years, and again partially after the burning of the Houses of Parliament, in 1834. The front is adorned with two stone towers, ornamented with rich sculpture ; and on the centre of the roof is a lantern of considerable height, erected in 1821. The higher Law Courts are held here ; the Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, Queen's Bench, and Common Pleas, have been held in different apartments of this hall ever since the reign of Henry III. It was within these walls that Charles I. was brought to trial, in

1648. It has also been used for the trials of peers and other distinguished persons accused of high treason, or other crimes and misdemeanors, such as the late Lord Melville, Warren Hastings, &c. In the hall likewise are held the coronation feasts of the sovereigns of England.

After making the circuit of the abbey, bestowing a glance at St. Margaret's Church, founded by Edward the Confessor, in 1061, and walking through its burial-ground—in which lie Caxton, the first English printer, who had his office in the Sanctuary, Sir Walter Raleigh, and some other persons of note—stopping for an instant before Westminster Hospital, at the north corner of the abbey, in what is called the Broad Sanctuary, which was founded in 1715, and the present building, erected in 1834 from the designs of Mr. Inwood—looking in upon the boys at play in the ground attached to Westminster School, in Dean's Yard, and visiting for a moment the National Society's Training School for Masters, in the Sanctuary—we retrace our steps, and crossing Old Palace Yard, we pass the spot on which stood the old Houses of Lords and Commons from the time of Henry II. till their destruction, on the 16th of October, 1834—and come to the

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,

Or, as the splendid Gothic building is now called, the Palace at Westminster. The chambers in which the Lords and Commons assemble may be seen during the day by an order from the Chamberlain; or at night, during session, by a Member's order, neither of which are difficult of attainment.

The first stone of this noble edifice was laid on the 27th of April, 1840, and the building commenced under the superintendence of Charles Barry, Esq., architect. For the following description we are indebted to a clever and amusing contemporary:—

The river-front includes the residence for the Speaker at the north end, the corresponding terminal towards the south being the residence for the Usher of the Black Rod. Between the two extremes, and comprising what is called the curtain portions, are the libraries for the House of Peers and the libraries for the House of Commons: in the immediate centre is the conference room for the two houses. All this is on the principal floor, about fifteen feet above the terrace, or high-water mark. The whole of the floor above the libraries, and overlooking the river, is appropriated to committee rooms for the purposes of Parliament: the Peers occupying about one-third towards the south, and the Commons two-thirds towards the north. The House of Peers and House of Commons

are situated in the rear of the front building, or that next the river; and will, when completed, be enclosed also towards the west, so as to be entirely supported by Parliamentary offices. The plan of this truly national edifice is exceedingly simple and beautiful. The Central Hall, an octagon of seventy feet square, is reached through St. Stephen's Hall and Porch, communicating, by noble flights of steps, with Westminster Hall, and forming an approach of unequalled magnificence. From the Central Hall, a corridor to the north leads to the Commons' Lobby and House of Commons; and a corridor to the south, to the Peers' Lobby and the House of Peers; still further to the south are Victoria Hall, the Royal Gallery, and the Queen's Robing Room, communicating with the Royal Staircase and the Victoria Tower, at the south-west corner of the pile, now rearing itself in Abingdon Street, intended for her Majesty's state entrance.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

Is an unsatisfactory building, notwithstanding the recent alterations and the addition of a fourth wing to the quadrangle. It was built by Nash, for George the Fourth, though never permanently occupied by that "finest gentleman in Europe," nor by his brother, the "sailor king," William. It stands on the site of old Buckingham House, and was built by a sort of juggle quite unworthy of a king, though perfectly consistent with the character of the then Prince of Wales. When Parliament granted a sum of money for the repair and improvement of the old house, it was never contemplated that an entirely new palace would be built; but alteration succeeding alteration, the present said-to-be-uncomfortable residence was the result—a result which was crowned by the absurdity of a marble arch which cost £90,000, and which, after being ridiculed for years, has at last found an inappropriate resting-place at Cumberland Gate, or Tyburn Gate, as it is more commonly called, at the northern side of Hyde Park. But even when the Queen came to the throne the alterations were not over, and from her ascension to the present time the bricklayers and carpenters have never been long absent. Mr. Blore was the architect of the latest alterations, and her majesty took possession on the 13th of July, 1837. Though great sums of money have been spent on this palace, the metal gates alone costing £3,000, it is not anticipated that it will ever prove a satisfactory house for royalty. The situation is too low, and in damp wintry weather the atmosphere is loaded with impurities, so that the royal family reside there as little as possible. Being built for

an unmarried King, it is said to be altogether unfitted for the residence of her Majesty and family. Nevertheless, it contains some noble apartments, and the Throne Room is said to be one of the richest in Europe. It contains a chapel which was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 25th of March, 1843; a grand staircase of white marble; a library which is used principally as a waiting-room; several drawing-rooms, and many other grand apartments. But the principal attraction of the palace is to be found in its fine gallery of pictures, which consists of some fine Dutch and Flemish specimens, besides several pictures of modern English artists. In the gardens behind the palace there is a Pavilion, decorated with eight frescos from Milton's "Comus," by Eastlake, Ross, Ewins, Leslie, Stanfield, Maclise, Dyer, and Edwin Landseer, with ornamental borders by Gruner—really quite a little fairy palace. The Royal Mews, the entrance to which is in Queen's row, concealed from the view of the palace inmates by a lofty mound, contains a good riding-school. In the mews are kept the handsome state carriage, designed by Sir W. Chambers in 1762, and painted by Cipriani, with a series of emblematical views, at a cost of £7,661 16s. 5d.; also the state horses and their fine trappings. When the Queen is in town, a flag of silk is displayed from the roof of the building. Permission to view the mews may be obtained by an order from the Master of the Horse; and, during the absence of the Royal family, the palace itself may be inspected, though the special permission of the Lord Chamberlain must be obtained. Many persons, however, procure the honour of *entrée*, if honour it be, through the influence of the pages and others about the person of the Queen.

CYRUS A TEETOTALLER.

CAN it be true that upwards of sixty thousand persons yearly go to fill drunkards' graves in England? and in connection with this awful fact is there a passage in the Word of Life that declares that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God?" Whence, then, the apathy, the indifference, the standing aloof of so many professing followers of the Lord Jesus as to the temperance movement of the present day? We mourn over the fact that the sympathies and influence of many who might do much in the cause withhold both. We marvel, too, that there is a Sabbath school in our beloved England where a Band of Hope is not one of its chief glories.

We can do very little for the poor inebriate who daily, almost hourly, crosses our path; we only hear occasionally of one being brought to his "right mind" through much persuasion and many efforts; but we can do much for the next generation by establishing Bands of Hope in schools where we exert any influence; we may train up children in the way they should go.

Dear brothers and sisters, awake to your responsibility. Let us see what united efforts and prayers will do towards pulling down a stronghold of Satan. Is not this a message to you? Ezekiel xxiii. 8.

We bless God that we were born in Christian England, but let us remember to our sorrow and shame (for while we have been crying to God to save the poor drunkard, we may not have been moving a little finger to do so), that on the fair bosom of our beloved country lies a black plague-spot which is as a cancer eating away its life and vitality. We are idling when we ought to be working; we are dreaming when we ought to be acting. Oh, if each were to ask honestly and humbly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the path of duty would soon become plain.

Our youthful readers might like to know what opinion the great Cyrus (Isaiah xlv. 1) had of that which destroys both soul and body, and so we have copied from Rollin's Ancient History an account which we hope will both please and instruct.

"When Cyrus was twelve years old his mother, Mandane, took him with her into Media, to visit his grandfather, Astyages, the king of that country. In this court young Cyrus found very different manners from those at his father's. Luxury reigned universally, for the Medes affected an effeminate life, and the habits of the Persians were very plain. The finery he witnessed did not affect Cyrus, who, without criticising what he saw, continued to live as he had been accustomed. Meanwhile he charmed his grandfather and everyone else with his sprightliness and wit. Astyages made a sumptuous entertainment for him, in which there was a profusion of everything rich and delicate. Cyrus beheld it all with indifference, and on observing that this occasioned surprise to his grandfather, he said, 'The Persians have a much shorter way to appease their hunger; with them a little bread and cresses answer the purpose.' Astyages desiring Cyrus to dispose of all the meats as he thought fit, the latter distributed them to the king's officers, except the king's cup-bearer, to whom he gave nothing.

Astyages testified concern at this omission, saying that the cup-bearer did not deserve it, he served him so dexterously. 'Is that all,' cried Cyrus, 'if that merit your favour I can soon obtain it, for I will serve you better than he.' Cyrus was immediately equipped for the office, and with a napkin on his shoulder, holding the cup nicely with three fingers, he presented it to the king. His grandfather embraced him affectionately, saying, 'No one could serve with a better grace, my child ; but you forgot one essential ceremony, that of tasting.' 'No,' Cyrus said, 'it was not through forgetfulness that I omitted that ceremony, but I feared there may be poison in the cup.' 'Poison, child ! how could you think so ?' 'Because I remarked at an entertainment which you gave some time ago that when the guests had drunk of that liquor all their heads seemed turned ; when they would have danced they could not stand.' 'Does this never happen in your father's court ?' asked Astyages, 'and if not how do they manage ?' 'When they drink their thirst is quenched, that is all,' replied Cyrus, thus giving a delicate but striking lesson on sobriety." E. H. C.

THE OLD CARDIFF MINER.

"THERE'S danger in the mines, old man," I said to an aged miner who, with his arms bent, leaned against the sides of the immense vault absorbed in meditation—"it must be a fearful life."

The old man looked at me with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half broken sentences he muttered :

"Danger—where is there not—on the earth or beneath it—on the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where is there not danger ? where hath not death left some token of his presence ?"

"True," I replied, "but the vicissitudes of life are various : the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him—the hunter seeks death in the wild woods—the soldier in the battle field—and the miner knows not but that the spot where he now stands to-morrow may be his tomb."

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man, "we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life—'tis a strange riddle—who shall solve it ?"

"Have you long followed this occupation ?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy ; I drew my first breath in the mines ; I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of those vicissitudes," I said, "to which you have just now alluded."

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings! Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me so proud in their strength, and I filled too with a father's vanity. But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together—so near that his hot blood sprung up into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment and his light laugh was in my ears—the next, and the large mass came; there was no cry—no look of terror—but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash, and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment, but time that changeth all things brought relief, and I had still two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They, too, were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother—but the fire damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no greater price—and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"

"You have indeed," I replied, "drunk of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up—"From heaven—God gave and he hath taken away—blessed be his name."

I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer, and the old man passed on.

Sent by J. WYVILL.

FACTORY LADS AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

WHEN we think of Christian missions, their incalculable good, the multitudes at home and abroad that have been brought to God through them, their vast and increasing influence at this day, and the means God has chosen to carry on this great work, we may well stand astonished. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." If God wills, what shall hinder Carey the shoemaker from laying down plans and eventually going to India to accomplish the conversion of the heathen; or Morrison, though once a ragged young Sab-

bath breaker, from growing up head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries as a pioneer in the evangelisation of China? And now the Christian world, big with hope, turns its eye of faith to heaven, and its heart throbbing with emotion, its fancy follows in the wake of Dr. Livingstone (once a factory lad) as he traverses the great interior of Africa, the land of darkness, superstition, idolatry, slavery, suffering, and blood, bringing to light its customs, suggesting plans for its improvement, and meditating its entire emancipation from a far more galling bondage than literal slavery in its most horrid forms. We make no doubt but that to accomplish his future purposes in the world the Omniscient directs his eye to many a factory or other centre of toiling industry, as the place whence his agents shall be selected. The above thoughts have been suggested by the following case. G.B., a pale-faced factory lad, was employed at a short distance from our chapel at B. Here he was led to Christ and joined our Sabbath school and society. Having to remove to a distant circuit, we advised him to cast in his lot with our people at his next place of residence, to study the Word of God, and to aim at steadfastness and improvement. The next time we saw him he was much altered; consumption had fairly set in, and was bringing him low, but his consolations in Christ abounded. He had followed our advice, and was a good young soldier who, though about to leave the Church militant, had a bright prospect of joining the Church triumphant. He calmly fell asleep in Jesus on January 7th, 1862. Going to a round of missionary services shortly afterwards we were glad to learn the above particulars from the society with which he was last connected, as also from his mother, who caused a note to be sent to one of the meetings, in substance as follows,—

“To the Primitive Methodist Missionary Society at A.

“I beg to enclose a small gift from the late G. B., which he saved while living. Among his last wishes was a desire that his mother would make the amount to 4s. 4d., it being one year's subscription at 1d. per week. He hoped it might be of some use to the society in its good work of saving souls. She feels a pleasure in complying with his last request, and wishes the Rev. Mr. — to remember her to his society and congregation at B. (where her son was converted) whom she will ever have good cause to remember.”

“Well,” says one, “a penny a week is not much.” No, nor were the widow's mites, and yet her disposition and

circumstances made her offering more acceptable to God than any given. "They who serve God serve a good master," and if a cup of cold water is not to be lost sight of, such instances of generosity and self-denial in humble life shall in no wise be forgotten. Let the above facts and remarks be prayerfully pondered by all our readers, and we venture to prophesy that many who give little or nothing to help the good cause of missions will resolve to make short work with useless and injurious practices. One and another will ask cannot I afford one farthing per week? or a halfpenny, a penny, sixpence, a shilling, &c.? Many professedly Christian families in deep poverty spend from one to three shillings a week in tobacco, snuff, &c. Are my hands clean in this matter? If not, by God's help I will wash them at once, and so the instance of a poor factory lad's generosity shall be the key to unlock the generous heart, and prompt to the vigorous action of some who till now have been all apathy on the subject of Christian missions.

HOPEFUL.

A RUINOUS DEFECT IN A MILL.

A FAITHFUL minister who knew that a miller in a certain neighbourhood who was proud of his business and machinery prosecuted his calling on the Lord's day, as many millers do, felt it a duty to call upon and get into conversation with him about his mill.

"A fine mill," said he; "one of the completest I have ever seen."

This was nothing more than just. The miller had heard as much many times before; but his skill and judgment were gratified by this new testimony, and his feelings conciliated.

"But oh!" continued the minister, after a little pause, "there is one defect in it."

"What is that?" carelessly asked the miller.

"A very serious defect, too."

"Eh?" replied the miller, turning up his face.

"A defect that is likely to counterbalance all its advantages."

"Well, what is it?" said the miller, standing up, and looking the minister in the face.

The minister went on: "A defect which is likely to ruin the mill."

"What is it?" rejoined the miller.

"And will, no doubt, one day destroy the owner."

"And can't you say it out?" cried the impatient miller.

"It goes on the Sabbath!" exclaimed the minister, in a firm, solemn, and monitory tone.

The astonished man stood blank and thunderstruck, and remained listening with meek submission, to a remonstrance and exhortation of a quarter of an hour's length, in which the danger of his state and practices, and the call to repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, were urged upon him.

Sent by J. WYVILL.

"GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH."

THIS hymn is usually ascribed to good Bishop Heber, who from being rector of a country parish became a bishop in India, and after living usefully was found dead in a bath. He wrote many sweet pieces, but none more practical than that on Prayer. When a lad at school, I first heard it sung as adapted to the tune of the Soldier's Tear, a song then very popular, and from that time it had a place in my memory and affection; may it so have in yours, my reader, that you may practise as well as sing it.

It opens sweetly with the thought of early morn, and takes you through the livelong day, first bidding you use the breath of early morning, then mid-day, and lastly the declining eve for secret prayer.

The hymn has been sung to many a tune by youthful voices, but to none more appropriate than the one we have here, adapted from one of Mozart's pieces of music. Sung by the Sabbath choir in many a chapel, or among the youthful voices of the Sabbath-school, it is delightful to hear the softened voices singing, as some of you can sing, if you learn it,—

"E'en then, in silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love."

In a magazine I have seen another verse beyond what are usually found in those collections which possess this hymn, and this verse I will append, as to me it appears likely to belong to the original,—

"O not a joy nor blessing,
With this can we compare—
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all."

One thought strikes me, what beautiful bits of prayer, fit for use at all times, are to be found in the hymns of childhood, and that young people will love to sing some of these prayers, and with deep feeling also, when they feel a distaste for staid and solemn prayer. Listen to that little one who prays at her mother's knee—

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.”

Or when uttering the hymn-prayer—

“And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

And tell me, are not prayer and simple faith often in exercise there?

Oh my reader, in these days of ignorance and contempt of the gospel of Christ, forget not when you pray—

“To link with each petition,
My great Redeemer's name.”

THOMAS LEE, a miner, of Ilkeston, Derbyshire, on Saturday, December 27th, 1863, when going down the pit to work, out of which he never came alive, began singing the hymn—

“Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly care away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.”

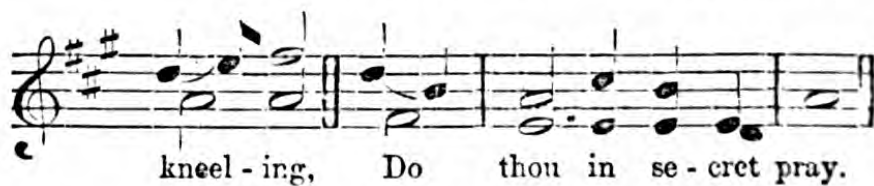
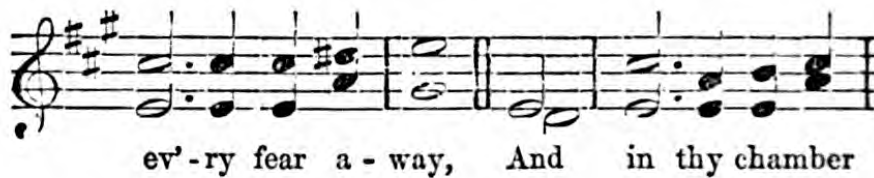
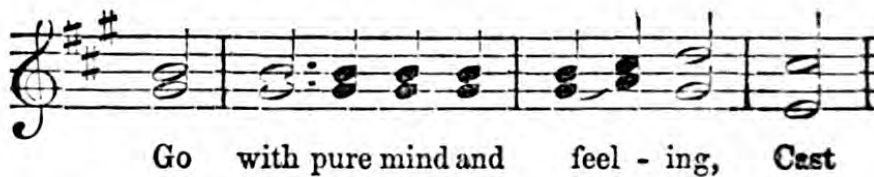
Fit thoughts and aspirations for one in the depths of a mine. The following verses are equally appropriate. To one who blamed him, Thomas said, “I feel it my duty to work hard a little longer, but am prepared either to live or die.”

About nine o'clock, while at work, a large piece of bind fell, and struck him on the right temple; blood gushed out of his mouth, and his death was immediate. One verse we trust was realised in death—

“E'en then, in silent breathing,
The spirit raised above,
Shall reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.”

UNCLE WILLIAM.

GO WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.



Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
 If any such there be.
 Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition,
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

But, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray—
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way;
 E'en then, in silent breathing,
 The spirit, raised above,
 Shall reach the throne of glory,
 Of mercy, truth, and love.

Juvenile Biography.

ARTHUR FRANCIS was born at Swaffham, Norfolk. He was naturally of a mild and amiable disposition, and, having pious parents, he was early trained to love and fear God, and was sent to our Sabbath-school when five years old. His love for reading good books and his attention to his lessons were soon observable. But no sooner had this bud begun to unfold itself than it was nipped by the hand of affliction. During the few weeks he was confined to his room he appeared to be in a very happy frame of mind, and on one occasion, when his father asked him whether he would like to die or get better, he replied, he would rather die and go to heaven. He took great delight in singing, and asking for his Sunday-school hymn-book; he pointed out some of his most favourite hymns, and the following he often desired his parents to sing to him:—

“Around the throne of God in heaven,

Thousands of children stand,” &c. and—

“We speak of the realms of the blest,” &c.

A short time before his death he appeared to have a glimpse of the heavenly world, for he said to his parents, who were standing near him, “Look!

look! what is that?” His father said, “You are going to heaven, my boy.” He then reached out both his hands to his parents, said “Good bye,” and his spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord.

May parents, readers, and the writer meet him in heaven. Amen. JAMES CLAXTON.

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JEMIMA SUDLOW was born at Haston Heath, in the Hadnall circuit, September 23rd, 1849. From her childhood she evinced a quiet and retiring disposition, which kept her from those public amusements which charm and captivate so many in early life, vitiate their tastes, arouse their baser passions, and are the forerunners of immorality, crime and wretchedness. Her kind disposition and her sense of filial duty led her carefully to avoid everything that might prove offensive to her parents. She was sent to our Sabbath-school at five years of age, and remained a scholar or teacher till the time of her death.

She was convinced of her condition as a sinner at a camp-meeting held at Harmer Hill in this circuit thirteen years ago. In the prayer-meeting after the love-feast she sought and obtained the par-

don of her sins. She never was known to be absent from the means of grace unless prevented by the affliction to which she was so often subject. Then she was often heard to say it was not like Sunday to her.

As a missionary collector she was very zealous. Her father has kept a missionary box in his house thirty years. Jemima being his youngest daughter, it fell to her lot to attend to that part of the work of God, and indeed we might say she did what she could. She often spoke of the perfect love she enjoyed.

About November last she had a succession of fits, which very much weakened her physical system, and she never fully recovered, and on June 30th she had another attack which terminated her mortal career July 5th. She died in peace. JOSEPH CARR.

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ANN JENKINSON, the beloved and much lamented daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Jenkinson, was born at Beverley, in Yorkshire, July 5th, 1848. From infancy she was taken to the House of God by her parents, who have been members of the Primitive Methodist Society for a long series of years. At the age of three years she became a scholar in

the Sabbath-school, for which she had a great attachment, and she was esteemed by both teachers and scholars. She took great delight in attending to the rules and lessons, and in after years they were made a blessing to her. When twelve years of age she became the subject of religious impressions under the labours of the Rev. J. Mules. She was fully convinced of sin, and felt without an interest in the blood of Christ she must perish, and the language of her heart was "What must I do to be saved?" And with brother Mules she often sang—

"No book beside so sure a guide,
Then learn to read the Bible."

In the summer of 1863 the Rev. Jacob Wilson, then stationed in the circuit, was the honoured means of pointing her to the Friend of sinners, and through his labours of love she obtained the pardon of her sins, along with Miss F. Rudd, who was her companion in tribulation. Having given her heart to God and her hand to the church she continued steadfast in the faith, became a singer in the choir, and ultimately a teacher in the Sabbath-school, endeavouring by her humble efforts to train the minds of the rising race in the paths of piety and virtue. But how mysterious are the

ways of Providence! Soon this opening flower, which promised a long continuance, was prostrate, and the strong constitution gradually gave way. Her grandfather, John Jenkinson, the oldest member and leader in Beverley, visited her along with brother Rawson, her leader, and found her fully resigned to the Divine will. During the six weeks she was confined to the sick chamber never a murmur escaped her lips. One of her favourite hymns was—

"Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

As she neared the Jordan of death she said, "There is a mansion above for me," and with almost dying lips she said to her affectionate mother, "I do love Jesus; don't fret, I shall soon be in heaven; I shall soon see John (a brother who died awhile before); don't you see them? they are all in white; I shall soon be with them." Her last words were, "Bless you all! bless you, mother!" Then on her dying lips the sound of glory quivered. Thus on the 21st of July, in the seventeenth year of her age, her happy spirit took its flight to join the blood-washed multitude. Her remains were borne to the house

appointed for all living by her class-mates and companions; on the following Sunday morning they sang over her grave—

"Farewell, dear friends, a long
farewell,

For we shall meet no more;
Till we be raised with Christ to
dwell,

On Zion's happy shore.

But is she dead?—the spirit lives
With God above the skies,
To Him eternal praises gives,
That she has won the prize."

THOMAS JENKINSON.

MARY ANN LLOYD was born November 3rd, 1845, and was converted to God May 19th, 1861. She had been under conviction for a long time, but now she felt determined to obtain peace if that blessing could be found. It was with difficulty that she made up her mind to kneel before the altar of prayer, but at the request of a minister and other friends, she, with a broken and contrite spirit prayed and exercised faith in Christ for the blessing of pardon, and though for a time assailed with the number, nature, and enormity of her sins, and the buffetings of the enemy, she gave way to the influence of grace, and found joy and peace in believing. The following Sabbath she joined the Society, and soon after was registered as a teacher of the Sabbath-school, and continued such till her

confinement with consumption, which terminated in death. Her illness was protracted, her conflicts were powerful, and her pains intense; but the grace of God proved sufficient for her, and her patient spirit, with grace matured could say, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." She read much and was very intelligent. Her mind was bright and clear throughout her affliction. When in the Jordan of death she requested her sister-in-law to sing and pray with her, this being the Friday before her death, and on Sunday morning, September 3rd, she sent for her brother, Mr. G. Lloyd, the superintendent of the school, and his wife, assuring them that the time of her departure was come, and that she was going to be with the redeemed in heaven, and waving her hand she left the world triumphantly. H. YEATES.

WILLIAM JABEZ PRITCHARD was born at Moore street, Swan Gardens, Bilston circuit, 4th of May, 1856, and died at the same place, 22nd September, 1865. He was of a very serious turn of mind, and a great lover of the Sabbath school. The good impressions made on his mind while there, never wore off. For four

months before his death, he was confined to his home by a painful affliction, but he bore it with patience. When the pain was most acute, he was often heard to say, "Lord, help me. Lord, help me." On one occasion he said to me, "Oh, father, what would have become of us, had not Christ died for us?" to which I replied, "Why we must all have been lost." Then he said, "The love of Jesus! O, the love of Jesus to die for sinners. O father, I have been a great sinner, but Jesus Christ can save to the uttermost." When told by his superintendent, Bro. Nutt, that in heaven there would be no sickness, sorrow, pain or death, he said, "I shall soon be in heaven and wear my crown." The fear of death was removed, and he was anxiously waiting the time of his change. A short time before he breathed his last, he said to his mother who was weeping, "Mother, I wish you were going to the grave with me, and to heaven." His strength gradually failed, and while Bro. Worth and myself were praying by his bedside, he clasped his hands in prayer, praising God, and saying, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!" A few days before his death, he told his mother the hymn

he should like to have sung over him at the house, on the day of his interment, commencing,

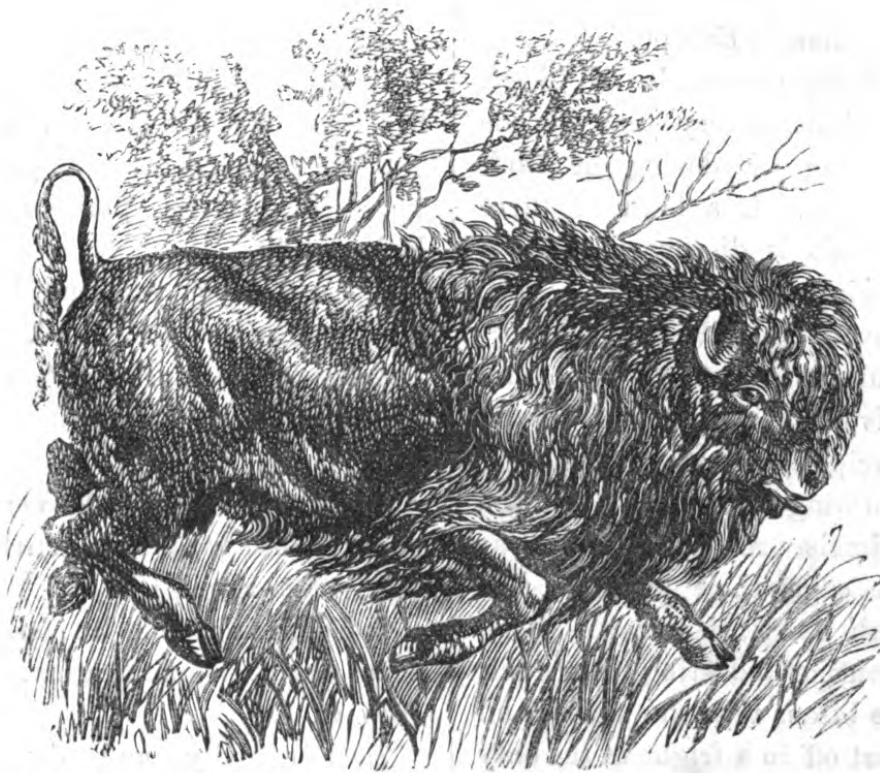
"Death has been here," &c.

which the teachers sang in a very solemn manner. May his

death be overruled for good to both parents, teachers, and scholars, that they may be ready when the summons of death comes, is the sincere prayer of his father,

WM. PRITCHARD.

Sabbath Scholars' Department.



THE AMERICAN BISON.

THE bison is larger than the English ox, and is furnished with a hump between the shoulders, and a mane which hangs over the head and shoulder and almost touches the ground. It is found in the wild prairies of North America, in large herds consisting of many thousands in number. It has been hunted both by

the Indians and the white men for centuries, but continues to exist in multitudes little diminished. The flesh is excellent food, but the choicest portion is the hump, for the sake of which alone the bison is sometimes slain, the remainder of the body being left to the beasts and birds of prey. Quantities of the flesh are dried in the sun, and con-

verted into what is called "jerked beef," in which condition it may be preserved for several months. The hides are valuable for many purposes; the Indian makes from them his tent, his bed, some parts of his dress, and his shield: while the white man collects them in large numbers, and transports them as merchandise to Europe.

Many thousands of bisons are killed every year by the cunning or daring of their enemies. If a herd of these animals is discovered near a precipice, the hunters will scatter themselves so as to surround them at a distance and drive the herd nearer to the precipice, but at first without alarming them. When the animals are sufficiently near the edge, their pursuers will dash suddenly towards them, shouting and firing their guns, the bisons take the alarm, and start off in a fright in the only direction open to them, which is that leading to the precipice. The leaders, on arriving at the edge, attempt to return, but they are driven on by the frightened herd behind them, and are forced over the cliff, and hundreds of them destroyed.

In summer the bison thrives on the plentiful grass of the plains, but in winter it has to shovel away the snow with its

broad nose to get at the herbage beneath, and fares but poorly. Notwithstanding its great size and weight it is remarkably active and sure-footed, and will go at full speed over ground so rough that a horse would be unable to follow.

DIRECTIONS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

1. Be thankful for what God has done for you.—Isa. xii. 1.

2. Be as earnest now as you were in seeking pardon.—Heb. vi. 11.

3. Live every moment by faith in Christ.—Gal. ii. 20.

4. Do not make the piety of others your standard.—Matt. xvi. 24.

5. Do not expect to be very happy, unless you are eminently holy.—Isa. xlvi. 18.

6. Diligently and by faith seek entire sanctification.—Heb. vi. 1.

7. Punctually and devotionally attend the ministry of the word.—1 Peter ii. 2.

8. Value the weekly prayer-meeting.—Matt. xviii. 20.

9. Neglect not the communion of saints.—Matt. iii. 16.

10. Make family worship interesting and profitable.—Psa. cxviii. 15.

11. Have your stated times for closet prayer.—Matt. vi. 6.

12. Daily and prayerfully read the Scriptures.—Psa. xix. 7.

13. Never neglect a duty because you do not feel much.—1 Sam. ii. 30.

14. Maintain great tenderness of conscience.—1 Tim. i. 5.

15. Guard against pride in your dress.—1 Tim. ii. 9.

16. Avoid all lightness in your conversation.—Eph. v. 4.

17. Be very careful in your choice of companions.—Prov. xiii. 20.

18. Never parley with the great adversary.—James iv. 7.

19. Be zealous for the salvation of souls.—James v. 20.

20. Joyfully wait for the coming of the Saviour.—Phil. iii. 20.

Extracted by J. HAWKINS.

Anniversaries.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.
—The Anniversary services of the Ballast Hills Sunday school, Newcastle-on-Tyne, were held on Sunday and Monday, August 13th and 14th. The Rev. H. B. Kendall preached in the forenoon and evening of the Sunday, and Mr. F. P. Barkas, in the afternoon, delivered an interesting address to the parents, teachers, and scholars. On the Monday evening, the Rev. Henry Phillips delivered a lecture—subject, “Wedded Life.” At all the services the scholars delivered suitable recitations. The whole of the services were highly satisfactory; the collections amounting to £9, a good increase on the preceding year.

W. B. LEIGHTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL, BALDWIN'S GATE, MARKET DRAYTON BRANCH.—On Sunday, July 16th, 1865, we held our seventh anniversary. We have a prosperous school numbering seventy-one scholars and eighteen teachers. At half-past one o'clock we assembled at the chapel and service commenced at half-past two o'clock, and in the evening at half-past six, and two excellent sermons were preached to crowded congregations, by the Rev. J. Timmins. After the sermon, the children sang suitable hymns and recited a dialogue and pieces. The collections and donations for the day amounted to £8 13s. 4d.

J. BENNETT.

Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those that love me,
 For those that know me true ;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And waits my spirit too :
 For the cause that lacks assistance ;
 For the wrong that meets resistance ;
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE the sweets of solitude ;
 I love the twilight hour ;
 I love the gentle murmuring stream,
 Likewise the shady bower ;

I love at silent eve to view
 The starry gems on high,
 That gaze upon those fleecy clouds
 That flit along the sky.

I love to walk that humble vale,
 Just at the close of day,
 Where the sparkling river gently rolls
 And bears its waves away.

I love to hear those distant falls,
 Where cooling waters foam ;
 And trace those windings round the hills
 Where with my friends I've roamed.

I love to think of meeting friends
 On that eternal shore ;—
 With whom I oft have mingled here,—
 When all life's toils are o'er.

But more than all I love to think
 That Jesus died for me ;
 And view by faith the promised land,
 Where I His face shall see.

Sent by SARAH ANTLIFF.





