

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The annual meeting of Mr. Spurgeon's church was held Feb. 8th. There are now 5,810 members.

Rev. Geo. Gould, of Norwich, ex-president of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, is dead.

Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood has resigned his place on the Committee on Resolutions of the American Bible Society, since its action refusing to make an appropriation to print Dr. Wilson's Burmese Bible.

The Independent has a manly and able article on the Bible Society, in which we propose to publish next week. It rebukes the Society for pandering to sectarianism.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society, celebrates its Jubilee year, and is asking for half a million dollars in recognition of the same.

President James B. Angell, United States Commissioner to China, has returned home. His services in negotiating the new treaty with China entitle him to the cordials of the people of the United States.

The following words gleaned from Watch Tower are worthy of being printed from every pulpit and read from every editorial office.

Gov. Dingley, of Maine, introduced into the House of Representatives last week a bill providing that payment of any duty imposed by laws of the United States on imported distilled and fermented liquor should not be held to authorize the sale of liquor in any State contrary to laws of such State, or in places where such sale is prohibited by municipal laws.

A little girl connected with the St. Sunday-school, Jenny Bertha Bell, Hattie Hopper, and others, with the assistance of friends here and elsewhere, last week a children's Bazaar, made about \$50, of which \$25 was the continued support of a boy in school at Chicago.

PHILIP SCHAFF reports that the Revised New Testament, having fallen off remarkably after the first rush for work. It is estimated that 500,000 copies of the Testament have been sold, including all English and American editions.

that the Revision is a great improvement on the King James version, but it is not yet perfect. Some of the apron strings of the translators were not cut and hence we have, altogether too many archaic forms and expressions.

The Committee of the Board of Governors of Acadia College, appointed for the purpose of presenting to the Government of Nova Scotia a memorial on the matter of grants to Colleges and Academies, met in Halifax last week and had an interview with the Government.

The fostering of the higher education in Nova Scotia is in a mixed and troubled condition. About forty years ago, twenty thousand dollars were loaned by the Parliament to Dalhousie College.

In the department of High Schools also there is an unsettled state of things. A special Academy at Yarmouth and one at Pictou have been in the receipt of \$1,400 cash per annum; but nothing was given to Horton Academy last year.

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PERSEVERANCE.

On a certain day, in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable widow, and a chubby faced boy with a bright eye.

She opened her business at once. "Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace; his heart is set on being in a Lawyer's office. But there, I have not got the money to apprentice him.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors, who might be called tyms; the old-established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum-tree instead of sitting under it, and opening his mouth for the wind-falls.

But these sharp practitioners are often very good-natured, and so looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant.

"Well, thank you, all the same," said the widow with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

"So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially. Then Mr. Chitty said in a hesitating way: "To be sure there is a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir, if you please?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office boy," said Mr. Chitty. "An office boy? What do you say, Robert?"

"I suppose it is a beginning, sir. What will he have to do?"

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office, than bide at home with me."

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty, only mind, it is half a crown a week, that is all."

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the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving, he said he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on.

"Sir," said he, "it is the ambition of my heart to go to London."

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country.

He was now amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law, whilst the practice was sharpening him.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose and surprised them a little.

Of course there was a look or two interchanged, especially by every female there present; but the confidence in him was too great to be disturbed, and this was the first eccentricity.

He left them, went to Gray's inn, put down his name as a student for the bar; paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

The author, though his book was entitled "Practice," showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly but firmly unscientific legislation and judicial blunders.

So here was a student of Gray's inn, supposed to be picking up that inn a small smattering of law, yet, to diversify his crude studies, instructing his more counsel and correcting the judges themselves, at whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk.

Such an instance of single-heartedness, perseverance, and proportionate success, in spite of odds, is not for one narrow island but the globe; an old man sends it to the young in both hemispheres with this comment.

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clients; and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader.

Senior counsel too found that they could rely upon his zeal, accuracy, and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the Bar; and so much for perseverance.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now, a popular junior counsel cannot all ways afford to take silk, as they called it. Indeed, if he is learned, but not eloquent, he may ruin himself by the change.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that court some years, was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal.

A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect lightly.

Reasoning carried to perfection is one of the fine arts; an argument by Lush enchained the ear and charmed the understanding.

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membered his Creator in the days of his youth; nor did he forget Him when the world poured its honors on him, and those insidious temptations of prosperity, which have hurt the soul far oftener than "low birth and iron fortune." He flourished in a sceptical age; yet he lived, and died, fearing God.—Charles Reade, in London Freeman.

TROUBLESOME WEEDS.

Every one has a garden called Conversation. If the unpleasant words which blossom into thoughts are kept out, the garden becomes beautiful and interesting.

1. Untruth. This is dark-leaved and so small at first that it is scarcely noticed. In its early stages it is called exaggeration.

2. Slang. This spoils many a garden of choice flowers. It is sometimes overlooked among boys, but is not considered to have any beauty.

3. Bad grammar. This is a common weed found in the gardens of uneducated and careless persons.

4. Gossip. Every one knows this ugly weed which works mischief wherever it appears.

These are the principal weeds which find their way into the garden of conversation. Examine the one belonging to you and see what weeds are gaining headway.—Scholar's Companion.

HOW IT WOULD BE.

One evening, says Wm. Howie Wylie, at a small literary gathering, a lady, famous for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing regret that he had not appeared in our own time.

But, after all, his early career interests a much wider circle. We cannot all be Judges, but we can all do great things by the perseverance which, from an office boy, made this man a clerk, a counsel, and a judge.

See what becomes of those two bug-bears, when the stout champion Single heart, and the giant Perseverance take them by the throat.

Why, the very year those chilling lines were first given to the public by Bulwer and Macready, Robert Lush paid his wife's dowry away to Gray's inn in fees, and never whined, nor doubted, nor looked right or left, but went straight on and prevailed.

Genius and talent may have their bounds—but to the power of single-hearted perseverance there is no known limit.

Now omnis mortuus est; the departed Judge still teaches from his tomb; his dicta will outlive him in our English courts; his gesta are for mankind.

FOUR GRAND ARGUMENTS.

There are four grand arguments for the truth of the Bible. The first the miracles on record, the second the prophecies, the third the goodness of the doctrine, and the fourth the moral character of the penman.