leyan from 1st October till 1st January 1877. fifteen m mths, at \$2, postage paid.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

M R. EDITOR.

Sir-Here is a beautiful passage, as truthful as leautiful. from Ruskin's " Political Economy of Art," which as I read it I thought at once I would send you. Give it a central position in some celumn:

"As long as there are cold and naked-

ness in the land around you, so long there can be no question at all but that splendour of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at-not lace. And it would be strange if, at any great assembly which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentler hearts that beat beneath the embroidery, with a placid sense of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if for a moment, the spirits of Truth and Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts and show us howinasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street-they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death; and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted net only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see-the angels do see-on those gay white dresses of your. strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that ye knew not of-spets of the

Yours, NEMO II. Charlottetown, Sept. 22, 1875.

inextinguishable red that all the seas can-

not wash away; yes, and among the plea-

sant flowers that crown your fair heads,

and glow in your wreathed hair, you would

see that one weed was always twisted that

# CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

We take the liberty of giving our readers a few extracts from a very welcome letter sent us by Rev. R. Wasson, dated Sept. 18th. We are rejoiced at to manage than geese. his health and prosperity.

"I have had it in my head and heart to send you a few jottings before this, but up to the present date have had no time at all to do so. The heat and change of climate did affect me considerably; but, thank the Lord, I never felt much better than I do now. I do not think I ever was so happy in my work as I am since I came I am glad to say my throat affection does not trouble me any. Praise the Lord for this. The Master is daily giving proofs of His love and power. Sinners re enquiring the way and believers are eeking holiness of heart. I can and do believe we are going to have a glorious

# OBITUARY.

Twenty-three years ago the writer became quainted with this now deceased friend. At that time her father the Rev. Mr. Cardy was stationed in Saint John, New Brunswick, and if my memory serves me aright, it was about the same time and during a most precious period of revival season in all the Methodist Churches of the city, that she fully consecrated herself to Christ, and henceforth until called to the rest of Heaven she walked in the fear

Shortly after my arrival at this station in July I found that the health of Mrs. Bluck was almost. completly broken down and that symptomatic paralisis was present. A few weeks later this symptom From this attack she never rallied.

When our dear sister settled in Bermuda she did not abate her zeal in and devotion to the cause of Christ which early characterized her: nor did she yield to the round of mere pleasure seeking of which her worldly circumstances might admit. Early instructed in the ways of the Lord and being experimentally acquainted with the Truth as it is in Jesus, she, like every true follower of the Sav iour, set the heart upon doing what she could for for the Master. The soon became an active and efficient worker in the Sabbath School, and the blessed fruits of her labor in this department of bely and precious toil, are to be seen now when she has passed to be reward. The pour too were the secipents of many gifts from her open hand and

interest in everything that affected the comfort of of the church she delighted to do with the couuld for them.

gerene disposition through her whole he and in her closing days the calm penerfulness in his surfities disposition shone with beautiful lustre.

For some days before her death the power speech had greatly failed her, and it was teared that the would pass away without saying any word to the sorrowing ones who constantly waited upon her. but the divine Father heard their ora er and they were permitted to catch one word more from those she died she speke to her husband telling him " 1 am dying." He asked her if she had any fear, to

New Subscribers will receive the Wes- me- All is well-Heaven is my home." Thus she died on the morning of the fourth inst., in her

thirty-eighth year, with a true hope of eternal glory-She was greatly beloved for her unassumed and real goodness, her humble, holy and useful life and she will be greatly missed in this community. May the God of all gra e sanctify, sustain and guide the ago. husband and little family into his own divine love

in the solemn and deeply affecting exercises in the

Hamilton, Bermuda, Sept. 7th 1875.

#### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE KING AND THE GOOSEHERD Maximilian Joseph, the late King Bavaria, was one summer day sitting in plain costume in the garden of his palace. It was so very quiet in the garden that the king fell asleep over the book he was reading. When he awoke he thought he would take a walk. The road, which took him farther and farther away from the garden, brought him at last to the meadows, which extended on both sides from the shores of the beautiful lake, near

which the palace stood. Here the king remembered his book, which he had left lying on the bench in his park. As he was unwilling to return the same way, he looked about for some one who would fetch the book for him; but far and wide he did not see a single human being except a boy who was watching a flock of geese. The king went up to him and said;

"Listen, my boy; if you go fetch me a book which I have left lying on sbench in the park you shall have a florin for your The boy's eyes sparkled when he held

the money in his hand, for he did not get much more than that for looking after the geese for the whole year; but still he hesitated. "Well," asked the king, "and why don't

Said he: "I will-but-I dare not. the farmers heard that I had left the geese they would dismiss me.'

"I will watch them till you come back no one thought of-The grass that grows | again." stranger from top to toe. "You don't look to me like one who can take care of There is a dear little girl baby down geese. Look at that fellow there with the stairs, of whom he is very fond; but I black head, who belongs to the court gardner; he is an awful old bird. He would play you fine tricks whilst I was

"But why should not I be able to keep these geese in order as well as I succeed in keeping men in order?" said the king. You?" replied the lad, again eying the monarch, with a grin. "They must be fine fellows, indeed! You are a school-

"Come be quick. I will answer for any mischief that may happen."

master! I tell you boys are much easier

This decided the boy. He enjoined the king to keep a watchful eye over the goose which he called the court gardener. Than

the boy gave him the whip.
"Crack it at once," ordered the boy. The king tried it, but it would not crack

"That's just what I thought!" exclaimed the boy. " The schoolmaster fancies he can take care of geese, and cannot even crack a whin? Then he took the whip out of the king's

ad showed him how to crack it. When it had succeeded, the boy enjoined him to use it at the right moment, and

then he ran away.

It seemed as if the geese observed at once that their young but severe master no longer held the reins of government. The gander which the boy had pointed ut as the court gardener raised his long neck, looked everywhere round him, uttered several "quack! quacks!" and then all the geese raised their wings, screamed aloud and before the king could look round rushed off to all points of the compass in the meadows around the lake.

The king cried out—it was of no use he wanted to crack the whip, but the whip gave out no sound: he ran to the right, he ran to the left-all of no use whatever. Out of breath with laughing, he sat down on the trunk of a tree where the boy had been sitting, and let the geese go. The boy was really right," he said to

himself, "that it is easier to govern a couple of millions of men than to manage a herd of geese." The boy meanwhile had found the book

and came merrily back. But when he saw what had happened he let the book fall out of his hand. "Didn't I say you understood nothing about it? Just look now: I can't collect them together by myself. Now you

have to help me! After the boy had instructed the king how he must lift up his arms, wave them about and shout aloud, he ran off to fetch the most distant of the straved flock.

The king did all that was in his power. and after great exertions the whole flock was at last assembled again; then the boy began to scold the king for doing his duty so badly, concluding with the words:

Never in my life will I trust the whip out of my hands again, I wouldn't even entrust it to the king himself, if he tried to persuade me to leave my flock. You are right, my brave lad," said the king, bursting into a loud laugh: "he understands no more about it than I do.

for I am the king myself." At first the boy would not believe that such a stupid man could be a king. An extra florin restored his good humor, and as the king went off with his book he some charge. - Methodist.

A country mother visiting Detroit with her daughter, a girl of fifteen, said to the child who was about drinking a glass of soda water. "Now. Mary. be careful.-Den't gulp it down at three swallows and foe of hosierv. he replied with all her remaining strength | get employed half to pieces by the gas, but,

### CHARLEY.

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.

Do you know Charley? He was born on the 28th of March, just ten years He says he came near being an April fool; but my opinion is, though I wouldn't tell him so, that the "miss" was as good "as the mile." He is Georges were present at the funeral and took part rather short, but well-knit, and boasts his "muscle." He likes to wrestle with the other boys, and, to speak literally as well as figuratively, generally comes out at the top of the heap, much to the detriment of collars and trousers. If I remonstrate with him, he says, "O, mother, it's such fun! 'Tisn't fighting, you know. It's only trying to see who's the best feller, and we never get mad about it. Besides, if a feller's ever g ing to be strong' he's got to begin." reminded him gently that it wolld be better if he could put his strength to practical use in the way of bringing up hod of coal, now and then, or emptying the ashes. A funny twinkle comes into his roguish blue eyes, and then he blushes, for he remembers that he often tries to beg off from "chores," and considers them on the whole rather in the

light of "dead horses." Charley's hair is brown and thick, without a particle of curl in it, and his forehead is broad and full, but not high. His nose is undeniably a pug but he has a pleasant mouth and a dimpled chin. As to his complexion it is nice and white on Sunday's, and for about ten minutes after he has been washed on week days: but I will not answer for its colour at other times. Naturally somewhat freekled, untoward accidents frequently embellish his skin still further with the addition of inkblotches, mud-spatters, or scratches and bruises, as the case may be: and with hat on one side and clothes soiled and torn, I am afraid he resembles a street Arab far more than the child of civilized Christian parents.

And what a voice the boy has! almost wonder that he was not born an Indian, such glorious war-whoop possibilities lie hidden in lungs and larvnx am pained to say that after half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons previous to the session of the Band of Hope, she gets not a wink of sleep. You see, the boys congregate under our windows, or in our alley; and there is always some plan to discuss involving differences of opinion on the part of Fred Jones of Jhny Jameson or Charley all of whom are anxious to be "brigadier-generals": or there is some bit of mischief to laugh about, or a top to trade off, or a tin horn or new drum to try, or a proposition from Fred or Charley to be acted upon as to which shall shout "Rally!" the loudest. And then. of course, the baby does her part towards " rallying," and screams in concert with these young savages. I open my window, "Charley," I say "why cannot you remember? How often must I ask you not to bring the boys into the vard-not to make so much noise near the house?" He looks up penitently. "Well, mother, it is too bad. I didn't mean to wake the baby. But I forgot. Truly, I forgot. I won't do so again. Come, boys, let's go up to the corner." And so, the horse having been stolen, Charley shuts the stable door. Afterwards, when I have an opportunity quietly to talk with the child, I question him as to the imme diate significance of this terrible cry don't mean anything in particular," he replies. "We only do it to see which feller's got the best lungs." "But, my dear boy, what possible enjoyment can there be in making such a hideous noise? You must be satisfied by this time as to whose lungs are the strongest, surely: yet every day I am startled almost out of my wits by this insane shouting on the part of the children. Now, tell me, if you can, where is the fun in it all?" "Well, mother," he answers, with evident compassion for the hopelessness of my stupidity, " if I could explain it to you so's 't you could understand it, I would. But you can't, 'cause vou're a woman. I wish you was

a boy, and then you'd know. It is dinner time. Charley's father looks up at the clock, and asks, be an amount to most people perfectly The old was thereby mixed up with the any account of him. But presently I astounding. hear his whistle outside, and his steps on the back staircase. He saunters in, of whom I enquired freely admitted too, notwithstanding that in him "dwelt tosses his hat upon a chair, and marches straight to the dining room, his face smutched, his necktie twisted awry, his gest a visit to the wash-basin. He obeys with a half frown-he never did like water in small quantities—and then I observe that his two bare heels are laughing over the tops of his shoes. he wore pantaloons i.e., when he was a turned to crack his whip over his trouble- Mortification takes possession of me. baby The neighbors will never guess that I mended those stockings faithfully only the day before vesterday. They will not stop to think that we have had two stormy days in succession, or remember that rubber boots are the indefatigable

"Where have you been, Charley?"

mud, or riding on a dumpeart-which?" "I haven't been doing either," he replies shamefacedly. "A big boy made a little boy cry, and I went for him, and then he pitched into me and knocked

me down and kicked me for it." "So! A case of injured innocence and wrong triumphant. You musn't 'go for' the big boys so rashly, Charley. Wait till you're older and

stronger?" And then there comes to my mind another instance of mistaken zeal on the part of our young hopeful. It occurred when he was about six years old. One of his little playmates ran crying into the yard one day, his face covered with blood, Charley walking leisurely behind him.

"Why, Willie! What's the matter?" asked. "What has happened to you?" " Tarley stwut me, an' div me a buddy nose," he managed to articulate in his funny fashion.

I turned to the culprit.

"Did you strike Willie?" I demanded. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "An' l

oughter. Mamma, he swored-awful! This horror of profanity still characterizes him, though he has learned that corporal punishment administered at the discretion of offended parties doesn't always work as well in all cases as it proved to with Willie. But he still enters his protest against profane swearing and vulgarity, and shows his colors unmistakably, now as then refusing to associate with boys whose speech is interlarded with oaths and seasoned with vile allusions.

Many are his faults. He does not obey on the instant. When he is asked to do something which for any reason he doesn't want to, he is prone to stop and argue the matter. He seldom takes care of anything when he has used it, unless reminded of it. He is quicktempered, and not always respectful at home, though people tell me that he is very gentlemanly on the street, and if spoken to is invariably polite in his answers. He says he does not mean to be impudent and naughty to his mother, and I believe him; for when he sees that he has grieved me, his heart is heavy, and he begs very humbly for forgiveness, and prays me to forget all about it, and he says he will try to be a

Yes: with all his faults-and they are a source of great annovance and much foreboding-I know that Charley is sincere, that he has good and generous and noble impulses, and that he loves me dearly. And so I try to be patient and look forward into the future with hope. I have no selfish plans for him -no ambitions, save that he may grow up a true, useful and upright man, Christlike in character, in purpose, in devotion to duty, in sacrifice, if need be for the welfare of others. I pray that by his life he may make honor, integrity and virtue more beautiful in the eves of men, so that the world may be the better

and not the worse for his living in it. And, praying thus, I trust the divine love for the future.

### ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY. EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR SMOKE.

"'Tis but" - the cost of smoking. I read with much satisfaction, the Dr. Arnot's "Earnest Thoughts" on smokwhich seems to be such a favourite with | ing, in your paper of July 19th last, and the boys in our neighborhood. "O, it on your own oble article, in your issue of July 23th, on "Something alike Unhealthy. Expensive and Filthy.

There is a row of good brick houses in New York (I saw them to-day), understood to have been built by an active christian mechanic, years ago, by small savings well cared for, which he was accustomed to call his "'tis buts"—i. e. "'tis but 5, 10, 15, 25 or 50 cents; spend it? No! I'll save it, if it is but the trifle of a few cents."

Some may ask, "What has that to do with smoking?" I will tell you: Over 17 years ago, I became satisfied that the cost of smoking, at compound interest, on a long term of years, would

I made the figures at that time—those that the cost, at one dollar per week all the treasures of wisdom and know-

was certainly within the amount ex- ledge." pockets bulging with stones which he pended by most smokers; and that as picked up for his "collection," and | young American-young men-often, his hands black as a mulatto's. I sug- if not generally, began to smoke as early as fourteen years of age! Since, or about that time, I knew a

youth, who learned to smoke before

Subsequently seeing a young fellow handling his cigar with the easy grace so pecular to "old smokers of good ci-He mptly told me five!

And I will now tell you confidential- himself shall be abased, but he that

man of New York, a devoted christian philanthropist, told me that years ago he was much devoted to smoking; but that in view of its cost in money and time, and the bad effects of his example upon others, and especially upon his own children, he was induced to give it up. I have no doubt that many of your readers acquainted with New York can

guess who that man is. Having often thought upon this subject (although I never smoked) I concluded to go over the figures, at \$1 per week, the amount, \$26 being brought in as capital at the end of every six months, at 7 per cent, per annum, compound interest. The result, errors escepted, is as follows:

At end of 5 years it amounts At end of 10 years it amounts

735 15 to At end of 15 years it amounts 1,341 97 At end of 20 years it amounts

At end of 25 years it amounts At end of 30 years it amounts 5,108 56

At end of 35 years it amounts At end of 40 years it amounts 10,900 07 At end of 45 years it amounts

At end of 50 years it amounts to... At end of 55 years it amounts

to At end of 60 years it amounts to At end of 65 years it amounts to...

At end of 70 years it amounts At end of 75 years it amounts At end of 80 years it amounts

No doubt, some people will say "I don't believe it" to these I reply, enquire into this expensive subject, and figure for yourselves, and then save the money, and keep it earning interest.

Others will say, "I won't endure so many years of privation, denying myself the comfort of a smoke, for the sake of the money, even if you are right about

the amount." Yes that is just the point! the comfort or satisfaction in the indulgence of a habit alike unhealthy, expensive and filthy, and alike injurious to yourselves and everyone that goes near you. Very E. B. WATROUS. truly yours.

# REPEATING SERMONS.

 $-N. \ Y. \ Witness.$ 

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LUSK.

It has been said by a religious journal to his praise, of the late Dr Beman, of Troy, that he never repeated a sermon; that in speaking to his people again from the same text of Scripture, he apologised for it by saying the sermon was "entirely new"; that he would not be guilty of the fault of delivering a sermon to his people a second time! But is it a fault in ministers of the Gospel to do this? Is it, in fact. never called for?

This sensitiveness on this point has not in my judgment the sanction of Scripture. It Springs from a thirst of novelty in the pulpit, and may be carried to dangerous excess. It is not required of ministers to foster it in our age. "Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom is like unto the man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." It were needless to argue in what shape the old things must come up in preaching, whether in sermons "entirely new" or by the repetition of those alroady composed and delivered. Here we seem to be left at liberty. The principle involved in either case will not be misapprehended in its bearing on this subject.

Nay, Jesus Christ, the great "Teacher sent from God," repeated His own new. He did this on important themes, and as occassion served Him. He did it,

Take the Lord's Prayer. We find it in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, as given us in the 6th chapter of Matthew. It also oecurs in the eleventh chapter of Luke, and in answer to the request of His disciples, "Lord teach us to pray," the occasion being very different. But Christ saw the need of it, and did not hesitate to quote himself on this subject. Some of His apothegms, or condensed maxims of heavenly wisgars," I asked him how old he was. dom, which re-echoed often; like the one, for instance, "Whosoever exalteth

we find by refe

Testament. But some will obj tion on the subject age of progress! then, that occasion e tain lapse of time) mon from the pull sooth, have been del set, when few were or it now fits precis which occurs in the be better appreciate of sickness disablin study for days or w the relief hereby at labours. I will suppo asual health, and But in this age of ministers are taxed often crushed to the production in their should they be deba use of their preparation

How is it in the re Dr. Griffin preached over again in almos his charge; for the sa ed to be discussed an And if a man has ca thing adapted to su used it with effect hi thank God for the ch out of his treasure in really old. He will he in the way of production if he favors himself in we all know that in the mind produced by rev the old things often cor same people with all force of novelty itself.

It may be added, with an incentive to carefu Hasty preparation for t ceedingly to be deplored fostered by frequent c clergymen for preaching plication of their ens what is a wholesome not being armed with God to their people which, to say the least repeated in coming time what is needful to their fruitfulness in the pas could show, if it were the men who mix up t new as hereby contemp of the greatest power adorned the American pastorates also have bee ed and successful. It England. It is so in th Church of this country. But enough has been topic to lead to seriou London Christian Union

ADVICE TO PENNILE

My Dear Brother:

At the close of my la several churches in this have been entirely cured able evil of delinquency of their pastor's salary. fit of yourself and bret imposed upon, let me giv treatment in two cases

No. 1 is a large country

which, by the way, is no has on hand a long list applicants. Its promise minister was that he wou much salary, in half year For more than a hundre likely that its pastors, inst ing the amount promised, each half year, received on same, and the balance a the next half year. The go started upon the same plan pastor, who, after a time the practice was dishonest of the Church as well as en himself, determined to On a certain day the treas usual, with the money h possession, which was, of part of the amount due. spoke very kindly to the this moral weakness of the ing the money man to und he did not blame him, in t finally declined to receive th ed, stating that the whole to be paid promptly, that n after, he preferred to amount due was ready to l in full, if not on the day as it might be convenient that brother continued to s congregation very acceptab