

POETRY.

Lord Be With Them.

Written after hearing of the purposeful embarkation of certain Missionaries for Africa.

Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them! Thou art Lord of winds and waves; They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they come to free the slaves: Be Thou with them!

Friends and home and all forsaking, Lord! they come, at Thy command As they stay Thy promise taking, While they traverse sea and land; O be with them!

Speed them through the mighty ocean, In the dark and stormy day, When the waves in wild commotion Fill all others with dismay: Be Thou with them!

When they reach the land of strangers, And the prospect dark appears, Nothing seen but terrors and dangers, Nothing felt but doubts and fears; Be Thou with them!

When they think of home, now dearer Than it ever seemed before, Bring the promised glory nearer; Let them see that peaceful shore, While Thy people Rest from toil, and weep no more!

When no fruit appears to cheer them, And they seem to toil in vain, Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them, Then their sinking hopes sustain: Thus supported, Let their zeal revive again!

In the midst of opposition Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee; When success attends their Missions, Let Thy servants humbler be: Never leave them, Till Thy face in heaven they see.

There to reap in joy forever, Primit that grows from seed here sown: There to be with Him who never Ceases to preserve His own, And with triumph Sing a Saviour's grace alone!

THOMAS KELLY.

LITERATURE.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CHAIG-KNOX.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW CORDELIA.

FORTNIGHT passed away, and Philip had devoted an evening in each week, as agreed upon, to the task of assisting Mrs. Austin in the disposal of the papers. They had got through two of the black boxes, and had left them absolutely empty. Mrs. Austin was as gentle and gracious as ever; but Philip thought her a trifle more reserved than she had been on the evening when they began their task.

To Philip it was the pleasantest task he had ever undertaken. Mrs. Austin's presence began to act like a charm upon him. He would come in from the walk to her house, with a bitter and restless mood upon him, and before he had been many minutes there the ice was thawing round his heart, he felt himself becoming genial and calm; the attitude of resistance in which he lived continually could not be maintained, and it was a real rest to him to lay it aside.

Mrs. Torrance sat in her corner handling her mesh, knotting the threads of her apparently endless web, and raising malign influence from her eyes; but Philip took no heed. He was so glad to enjoy the presence of one woman, whom he felt to be pure and good—he who had such a need, such a hunger for faith in goodness and purity; and he read them in every form of expression, in every feature, in every word and act of Mrs. Austin's.

Philip did not want Mrs. Torrance out of the way that he might make love to Mrs. Austin; but he would have liked her out of the way to confide in Mrs. Austin, to tell her much that was in his heart, and much that was in his life. He had a craving for her sympathy for which he could not account, seeing he was not in love with her; and, if he had but known it, the craving was mutual.

Poor Ellen, in all her chilled life, had never met any human being whom she liked as she liked Philip Tenterden. It was more than liking, it was an instinct impossible to explain, of mingled trust and tenderness. What she had felt that first evening would perhaps never come to her again—thanks to her mother's tongue—that satisfying sense of safety and happiness. She did not say to herself, "Here is one human being who will not hurt me knowingly or unknowingly," but she felt it, and expanded in it as in light and freedom. Thus they were mutually giving pleasure, and unconsciously the pleasure and satisfaction would ray from the one to the other, in word and smile and lightest touch.

On the third evening a little incident happened which called this mutual feeling into active play. Philip had taken up a packet folded in brown paper and tied with cord, but with nothing unusual about it, and not even a name to indicate its contents; there was only a date written outside and a black seal. Breaking the seal and cutting the cord he came upon a bundle of yellow let-

ters, written in faded ink, and he had no sooner glanced over the first than he put it back again and handed the packet to Mrs. Austin, saying, "this is private."

She took it from him with a smile, and began also to peruse the letter; but the smile quickly faded and her hand trembled a little.

Philip continued to look at her, as if he awaited her decision. Her downcast eyes were still fixed on the faded page; but she was not seeing, she was striving to force back the coming tears. When he became aware of this, Philip averted his face, and he felt sure that she wept a little, and was anxious to hide her emotion from her mother.

After a few minutes she laid the packet down by itself and resumed her task without speaking.

But a little later Mrs. Torrance rose and went out of the room, after searching her bag and muttering, "I thought I had another ball." She had gone up to her room to fetch one. To be bereft of occupation for her tongue was bad enough, but to be left without work for her hands as well was unendurable.

Mrs. Torrance suffered from a diseased activity of body and mind.

Then Mrs. Austin rose and took the little packet, and scooped to place it in the fire.

"Will you not look through it first?" said Philip quickly.

"No," she answered sadly. "He never mentioned her name to me. He would not wish it."

"Still I do not think they should be destroyed unread," he ventured to say; "a mere glance would suffice."

"Will you look over them then, and do stroy them one by one?" and she held the packet towards him.

He hesitated. The letter he had read was full of terms of endearment.

"I cannot do it," she urged. "Mr. Tenterden, perhaps you know that my life has not been a happy one. It has had in it more of sorrow than of love. I think he must have loved her, and her only. Oh! I wish he had but told me. It would have made a difference. He did not care for me at all, and I—I would have loved him if he would have let me." Her face was quivering all over with pain.

Philip took the packet from her hands. "I am not too happy, Mrs. Austin," he said; "and therefore I may be allowed to sympathize with you;" and he passed his own hand gently over the hand that lay in his for a moment, thrilling the woman through with a passion of tender pain, which she would gladly have wept out at his feet.

But just then Mrs. Torrance entered. There was a slight elevation of the eyebrows as she saw the changed attitude of the pair, both standing on the hearth-rug, and both visibly moved. But neither vouchsafed an explanation.

Mrs. Austin made way for her mother, and Philip began unfolding letter after letter, glancing at their contents and committing them to the flames.

"Have you come upon anything particular?" inquired Mrs. Torrance, unable to restrain her curiosity.

"Some early love-letters, mamma," said Mrs. Austin.

"Oh, I should have liked a look at them," said Mrs. Torrance.

"I have not looked at them," replied Mrs. Austin, with gentle emphasis; and Philip coolly finished putting them into the heart of the fire, a proceeding which sealed his fate with Mrs. Torrance.

When the black-marble timepiece on the mantel-shelf chimed ten, Philip prepared to shut up the box and to say good night, as usual.

Mrs. Torrance interposed. "My dear," she said, addressing her daughter, "you are not thinking of going to work at those papers on Christmas week; surely you will let them stand over for a little."

"I had forgotten, mamma," she answered; and then turning to Philip, with a smile, "I must not think of troubling you for a week or two, she said.

must bow, or Mr. Tenterden will take your kindness to him for more than it really means. I think I can see—and I'm sure you have often acknowledged how clearly I see into those sort of things—he cares a great deal more for you than you think. If you don't wish to encourage him—"

Mrs. Torrance stopped abruptly, for her daughter had once more moved away—once more shrouded herself in the heavy curtains. It was a habit of hers to look out thus. But she was not this time hiding a hurt, she was looking up to the moon in the clear lofty sky, with a face all transfigured with a strange joy. "She was thinking, 'Is it so?'" and for a moment she realised the sweetness of the hope; but only for a moment. Such happiness was not for her, who harbored her life away; and there rose before her a vision of Lucy Tabor in all the glow and freshness of her youth, and contrasting herself with the vision, she felt the joy was not for her.

After what seemed to her mother so long a pause that she started to receive an answer, Ellen stopped quietly back to the table. "Mamma," she said, with unusual sternness, "I think you are mistaken; but at any rate, please do not speak in this way again. Let me take people just as I find them; let me make of my life what may still be made of it. I am not likely to err on the side of rashness."

"Very well, Ellen," said Mrs. Torrance, angered more at the tone than at the words, and more at what was unsaid than what was said. "Perhaps I had better leave you. Bessie will take me in, though her husband does all he can to make me uncomfortable. Or there's Julia; she'll want me in the course of a month or so. Poor thing! she can hardly make ends meet, and can't put me up very well, but I'm always welcome. I'll go to Julia's."

Mrs. Austin allowed her mother to run on. Bessie and Julia were her sisters, from whose homes Mrs. Torrance periodically retreated, vowing that, unless in a case of life and death, she would never enter them again.

At this point something possessed Mrs. Torrance to cry, a thing which she was not in the habit of doing. "It's very hard at my time of life," she sobbed, "to be bundled about in this way, and I did think I could have been at peace with you Ellen."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Ellen, in the greatest grief, "pray do not speak in that way; you who have been so good to us, have done so much for us. 'Forgive me, mammy dear,' and she flung herself at her mother's feet.

Mrs. Torrance's ascendancy was once more complete. It was quite true she had been a devoted, if not a tender, mother. Many a day and many a night she had worked for her children till her limbs had ached and her eyes grown dim; she had denied herself rest and comfort, and even warmth and food, that they might be warmed and fed; she had sat up stitching, ironing, plaiting, knitting, netting, and crocheting, that they might look fair without and be cosy within; and none of her self-denials and sacrifices were forgotten by this Cordelia of hers. Nor did they appear the less because they were made the most of.

(To be continued.)

BISHOP CUMMINS.

The following letter is taken from the New York Observer (Presbyterian) and is worthy of a careful perusal:—

In common with most of the non-Episcopal press, you have commented quite fully upon the action of Bishop Cummins in his departure from the Episcopal Church, and his attempt to form a new Church. But I have noticed that in presenting the case to your readers, and in commenting upon the treatment of it by Episcopalians, you and others have omitted one consideration, which seems to me to be absolutely essential to a correct judgment of both these matters. Your journal is so influential, and the truth in everything is so valuable, that I am impressed to hope that you will admit this communication into your columns.

I think the secession of Bishop Cummins is mistakenly treated, as though it were an ordinary case of renunciation of the Episcopal ministry, and to be judged accordingly. But it is not so at all. Clergymen have more than once left the Episcopal ministry, and no one has denied their to do so. When any clergyman finds that he cannot labour in her ministry, for any reason whatever that seems to him conscientiously to be an obstacle to his doing so, he is bound to lay it down. And no good man would think of reproving him; but all would respect him the more for doing it. But has Bishop Cummins done this? By no means.

Here is displayed the feature of his action, which, I think, his approvers ignore, and which a fair judgment of his action should not overlook. When Bishop Cummins found that he could not labour longer as a Bishop of the Episcopal Church, he did not lay down his ministry; he did not resign the exercise of his office into the hands of the Church; he did not receive it. But he expressly retained his office, and announced his purpose to use that office

for other purposes than those for which his Church gave it to him.

I do not desire to touch upon the question of motives at all. I have no right to do so. But as a matter of fact, what is the nature of this action? Bishop Cummins received the office and authority of a Bishop from the Episcopal Church, to do a certain definite work, perfectly understood at the time by the Church and himself. In few words, this work was to be her minister, to build up her interests, to propagate her faith, to defend her against error. Had his Church supposed he would not do this, she certainly would not have given him her highest authority and office. When he found that he could not do this, one would have supposed that he would have given her back the authority which she had given him for her purposes. But no! He expressly retains the office and authority of a Bishop, which she had given him, and carries them with him to be used against her. So that, as a fact, all the power which he will possess as a Bishop—and that will be his special strength—to organize a body which shall oppose, and if his purpose succeeds, weaken and injure her—will be taken from her armory, and was received under the express condition promised by him, to use them for her ends alone. That this which I have written is true, is proven by the well known fact that Bishop Cummins intends to continue to administer the office of a Bishop, and will immediately attempt to provide for the continuance of this misappropriated authority in making another Bishop by consecrating Dr. Cheney. It is this leading fact which I have discussed, that Episcopalians bear constantly in mind. Their judgment of Bishop Cummins' action is controlled by it. In view of the fact, I am surprised at the calm tone of criticism with which the Bishop's action has been met by Episcopalians, and which is the most encouraging feature of Episcopal public opinion.

POPULARITY.

It is pleasant to be popular, but popularity must not be gained at the expense of truth and duty. None of the Old Testament prophets were popular, nor was Christ. Their mode, office, and utterances gave offence. When Phocion in the delivery of an oration, was warmly applauded he asked his friends what he had said that was wrong. Our Saviour told His disciples, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers unto the false prophets;" and when a Christian minister is popular with men of the world who have their portion in this life, and they commend his daily deportment and sermons, he may well doubt whether he is doing his duty and faithfully preaching the whole counsel of God; for according to the ancient adage, "a compliant temper makes friends, truth excites odium." The pure doctrine and precepts of Christianity are humbling to proud and earthly hearts, and therefore repulsive to them.

—Rev. Jos. R. Walker, rector of St. Helena Church, South Carolina, preached his fiftieth anniversary sermon as rector of that church on Christmas Day.

Special Notices.

COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—That pleasant and active agent in the cure of all consumptive affections. It is the most valuable and reliable of all medicinal agents. Sold by the proprietor, A. D. WILBOLD, Chemist, Boston.

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A late number of the St. John Morning News thus concludes an interesting article on the "Fellow's Syrup of Hypophosphites." Mr. Fellows is certainly entitled to high credit for his energy and enterprise in working up his valuable discovery so successfully, and the presence of such confidence in any community is a matter on which that community should congratulate itself.

The St. John Telegraph and Journal says: "The invention of Fellows' Hypophosphites has become one of the valuable industries of the country, and is the kind, and a credit to the Dominion of Canada."

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New Advertisements.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. AN ORDER IN COUNCIL having been passed authorizing the establishment of a railway between Halifax and Montreal, and the route between Halifax and Montreal is now in force upon the other portion of the Intercolonial Railway.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That the Rates for Passengers and Freight hereafter to be charged between Halifax and Windsor, and between the Stations, shall be the rates given in the Tariffs of the Nova Scotia Railway.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 12th January, 1874.

R. A. REEVE, B.A., M.D., Oculist and Aurist, 22 Shuter Street, Corner of Victoria, TORONTO.

Halifax, N.S., Advertisements. Home and Tuition. For three or four young children, at the house of a clergyman. Address, MRS. LAMPMAN, Gore's Landing, Rice Lake, Ont.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND, A Consumptive Curad. When death was hourly expected from CONSUMPTION, all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child with a preparation of Curable Lactia. He now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not dissipate. Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles. Address CHADWICK & CO., 102 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of this paper.

Church of England Ladies' School, 200 WELLINGTON STREET, OTTAWA. LADY PRINCIPAL—MISS FULLER.

The Council having rented the adjoining building, formerly the Bank of Montreal, there will be Additional Accommodation for Boarders. Application to be made to the Lady Principal, or to Rev. H. Pollard, Secretary, December 31st.

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