

The Breakfast Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary was held in the Cannon Street Hotel, May 1st.

We give the following extract from the speech of Rev. John C. W. Gostick.

Mr. Chairman, many a glorious page has been contributed to the annals of English history through our rule in India.

Many a deed of daring, many a bright example of the bold and intrepid spirit peculiar to our race has been furnished in that far-off land.

They tell still of Clive and Plassy. Bengal mothers still sing their children to sleep with the story of the prowess of Warren Hastings.

They tell still of the great rebellion; but, Sir, there is no grander page in the history of Anglo-Indian life in India than that of the great famine in 1877.

When a few English officials stood to their posts and in that land of disease and death fought that fearful scourge day by day, lived for months in cholera camps pouring medicine down the mouths of the dying, snoring the poor Hindus in the famine camps, disputing each inch of ground with that dreadful pestilence,

and when at last the famine cloud rolled away from the land that glorious band was still there, and remained there until that land was saved.

Oh! Sir, long will their memory live. Long will their tale be told in village and bazaar, and with their tale as part of it will be told that England, where the good Queen lives, helped, and she herself, sympathizing with them in their hour of need, joined in breaking her box of precious ointment for their poor wounds and stretching forth her hands to wipe their tears away.

These things will live forever. As long as this country can accomplish deeds like these the sun will never set upon Britain's glory, and the morning bugle of the British regiment shall herald the rosy dawn across the broad belt of the world.

Oh! I hope that you will put out your hands again as you put out your hands in that great famine and succor these poor Hindus. I would that you would put out your hands again in a royal manner and sweep away the opium traffic.

OBITUARY.

ISAAC SPIEER.

Died of inflammation of the lungs, at Spencer's Island, April 15th, Isaac Spieer in the 62d year of his age.

Bro. Spieer was a consistent member of the Methodist Church for 30 years, being converted to God under the faithful ministry of the late Robert Crane; and from the time of his conversion to the day of his death he exemplified, in his every-day life, how the religion of Jesus is calculated to adorn and beautify the character of the man in whose heart it dwelleth.

The deceased was appointed a Steward of the Quarterly Board when Advocate Harbor Circuit was first organized, and he continued to discharge the duties of that office with great diligence and success until his death.

Bro. Spieer was truly loyal to Methodism, and a liberal supporter of our cause; while, at the same time, the needy and suffering found in him a true friend.

His last sickness was brief. One week before his death he was seized with inflammation of the lungs; and, almost before he or his family could realize that he was in a dangerous condition, he found himself face to face with death.

But, although death came suddenly and unexpectedly, he was fully prepared. When made aware that he had only a short time to live, he manifested no anxiety or concern, but assured those who spoke to him of the near approach of death that all was well.

C. SWAKLOW.

WILLIAM H. SMALL.

William H. Small, of English Settlement, Queens Co., N. B., died at his late residence, Feb. 21st, 1880, aged 49 years.

Bro. Small was well known by the minister and people of this circuit, to be an honest and straightforward man. Twenty-five years ago he was converted to God, and united with the Methodist Church, and about five years afterward was appointed leader, which office he held until his death, to the edification and strengthening of the church.

MR. HENRY DAVIDSON.

As the grave has but just closed over the remains of Henry Davidson, of Glenville, River Philip, a venerable man of nearly four-score years—and as the privilege of visiting "the chamber where the good man met his fate," and of preaching his funeral sermon, devolved upon the Wesleyan minister, he feels it to be due to his many relatives, and friends, in Nova Scotia and the United States, to pay a passing tribute to his memory, especially as some of his sons are honored members of the Methodist Church, and two of his brothers belong to the M. E. Church of the United States.

Mr. Davidson was himself a Baptist, and as he had lived, so he died, in the communion of that church, and was buried in the cemetery where stands the old Baptist Church, in which, when there was a pastor, he was accustomed to worship. His remains now repose near the remains of Rev. Joshua Cogswell, whose name is still fragrant in River Philip, and who died on the road-side, some years ago, while engaged in pastoral duties.

During one of my last visits, he showed me "Smith's History of Methodism," which his son, Mr. Oscar Davidson, had sent him from Yarmouth, in which he was so interested that he read it twice over, and lent it to his neighbors; expressing his admiration of the grace of God, which he had seen in the lives of the eminent men it records, and how truly all good men, in all the essentials of religion, are one.

It was upon this ground that I claimed a true church relationship with Mr. Davidson, and felt it a privilege to minister to him as a member of the household of faith.

His death was, as his life had been, eminently peaceful. He frequently spoke of his unwavering confidence in his Redeemer, saying, he has promised to come again, and take me—and he cannot deny himself: he will come. His death took place on the 25th April. His funeral sermon was from Pa. 88: 26-24. G. W. T.

River Philip, May 7, 1880. American Methodist papers please copy.

MRS. STEPHEN MACK.

The late Mrs. Stephen Mack, of Mill Village, the daughter of Nathan and Lydia Tupper, was born at Milton, Queens Co., N. S., in 1798. Her parents were devoted members of the Congregational Church in Liverpool, who endeavored, by early religious instruction, to bring their children to Jesus; and happily their labors were not in vain in the Lord.

At the age of twelve years our late sister became seriously interested in religious things, but as she did not make known the movements of the good spirit on her heart, she remained until she was twenty-five years of age before she decided to join the church. But at that time united herself with the Congregational Church at Liverpool, and remained a constant and devoted member of the same until 1851, when she joined the Methodist Church in Mill Village.

Not that she had sought against the church of her early choice, but as there were none of that church in Mill Village, and the Methodist had an interesting and rising cause there, to which her husband and united herself, and to whose services her children attended.

She thought it would be of advantage to her husband and family to join the class, and no doubt that step was a blessing to the whole, as her pious counsels and care had a tendency to give stability to her partner, and encouraged her children to give their hearts to God; and she had the pleasure of seeing several of her children consecrate themselves to Christ, two of whom are now active official members of our church.

She answered the character of "one of the Lord's inn-keepers," for her house was ever open to entertain any of the ministers of Christ, when they were visiting or passing through Mill Village; nor was any labor or trouble begrudged to make them comfortable. Often the writer or this has received the hearty welcome and kindness under her hospitable roof; and was ever found free to converse on religious subjects.

No one, indeed, could be long in her company without perceiving that she was a person of sterling good sense, of general intelligence, and earnest piety. It is true she was outspoken, but not censorious, pressing her disapprobation of what was inconsistent with a religious profession.

CONVERSION OF KAREN WOMAN TO CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE LATE MARY E. HERBERT.

Beside the Salween river, I took my lonely stand; Watching, with curious, wistful eyes, A ship appr'aching land.

Nearer it drew, and from it A stranger stepped on shore; A form so gracious, face so good, I never viewed before.

In accents sweet and gentle, He straight accosted me,— And said, "Wh'er thou goest, May peace abide with thee."

Then with a kindly gesture, He clasped my willing hand,— And, lo, again within the ship, I saw him sail from land.

With what a bitter yearning, I marked him pass away, Then, hastening, told my kindred, "An angel came to-day! I told them of his greeting, How kind his words to me,— 'As I had been a man' he spoke, An angel he must be."

They listened, darkly scowling, Then from my husband fell, Fierce taunts and cruel scolding, "That I such tale should tell; And sternly spoke he to me, For festal rites prepare, Hasten to Guadama's shrine, And choicest offerings bear."

Then changed my spirit in me, I would no longer bow, With fawning eyes, undaunted mien, I made this solemn vow: "No more to Guadama, An offering will I bring, For twenty years I've worshipped him, A vile and worthless thing."

But not one answer send he, My broken heart to cheer, Why suffer he my husband thus, To go mad to despair? But taunts and blows are useless, For, hear me, from this day, The God that made the white man good, To Him alone I'll pray.

Then five long years I waited,— And sent forth bitter cry, "Oh Father God, oh Righteous One, O just Lord, make reply; Wherever be thy dwelling, On earth, or in the sea, In the mountains, in the heavens, Have pity upon me."

And lo, at last, in answer, Another stranger came, I, at his feet, sat gladly down And heard of Jesus's name, Oh precious, precious tidings, The white man's God is mine, And for the love he shows to me, I all things can resign.

No more to Guadama, My kindred homage pay,— But, bowing to Jehovah, Thy own his sovereign sway, And by Christ's love united, The heavenly race we run, Still working, till our Master, Shall say to each, "Well done."

The above narrative, rendered into verse by the writer, was related to the wife of a Methodist Missionary in Burma, by a Karen woman, who has been the instrument of the conversion of her husband and family, and of raising three churches; a wonderful exemplification of the saving power of the glorious Gospel.

THE ARCHDEACON OF MEATH ON M. RENAN'S "EARLY CHRISTIANITY."

The Venerable Archdeacon of Meath in preaching the anniversary sermon at the Female Orphan House, North Circular road, Dublin, on Sunday week-gave an able reply to the theories propounded in London by M. Renan, on the subject of "Early Christianity."

Archdeacon Reichel selected as his text James i. 27. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted before the world." He pointed out what he considered the enormous improbabilities and the absolutely entire historic baselessness of M. Renan's theory of early Christianity. The difference according to M. Renan, between St. Paul and the Apostle of the Circumcision was that of two hostile Churches, and yet marvellous to state, within forty years of the death of the two great apostles Peter and Paul—all trace of that enormous difference had disappeared.

occurrence of some merely natural phenomena (if M. Renan's hypothesis be true) was that so incapable of distinguishing between impressions from without and impressions from within, a mind so unable to trace the course of its own thoughts as to ascribe to such a cause a change which had been gradually stealing over it from within itself, should still be a mind so original as to be the first to prophesy the necessity of opening the church to all the world, utterly resigning all the ancestral theocratic feelings of the proud-born Jew, a mind at the time so powerful as to impose that novel system on the whole world—a mind, that, in a word, combined the most childish fanaticism and the most absolute smallness with the highest speculative and highest governing power.

NERVES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

There is hardly an American family in which some member is not a victim to some sort of nervous disease—neuralgia, hysteria, the extreme of epilepsy, or the mild form of constant "tires." Women, often young than old, are frequently mere bundles of nerves: thin and bloodless, living on morphine and valerian, known only in their homes or social lives by their sufferings, which are real enough to carry them to the edge of the grave, if too vague for any ordinary medicine to touch.

An eminent physician has hit upon a system of treatment for this class of invalids, which is said to be successful. He removes them from home, changes the whole material and moral atmosphere about them, puts them to bed, and forbids them to move hand or foot. They are overfed five times a day. The lack of exercise is supplied by kneading the entire body, and by electricity. The patient goes to bed a skeleton, and comes out, it is said, fat and rosy. The secret in this treatment is absolute rest, and the reduction of the patient to the condition of a mere animal.

The Eighty-fifth Annual Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Diocese of Virginia, was held at Petersburg, Va., May 20th. Bishop F. M. Whittle presiding. In his annual address Bishop Whittle gave a flattering account of the work done throughout the diocese during the past year.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

Mr. Joseph North, Ont., has been called place of the Hon. Geo.

Montreal has had a ship laborers, striking. The different lines have 30 and no further tro

At Springfield, Ill. the Republican State amid considerable con-declaring Grant the election for the Presidency

Mrs. Weldon, wife has presented a valuable china, numbering 353,000 of King's Collee collection is worth \$50,000. Many of the art brought to St. John several of the bowls with baptismal fonts.

Another Chicago ter is wandering away minister Catechisms, Christ, and he is ignorant. Dr. Kitt died for the salvation are some who tell us the salvation of blood was shed only of us be careful to share doctrine of election by, rather than "contra get it into our narrow trine." And just who the Christian instructed that through ignorance

The Imperial Parlia on Thursday last. (T refers to the cordial powers, and hopes for tion of the whole Tre says the efforts to pac establish a strong and friendly Government, ing. A policy of con Africa is advised, but other signs indicate th The Peace Preservation will expire in June, and Irish. The loyalty and Irish people will justify provisions of emergency, istered, for the mainte order.

The "Congregationa right to provide for a service in the Sunday notwithstanding the at tists, because "no har done, for no close coun be compelled to be pre be considered that u stances, the proposed be an act not of fellowa ship; not of unity but the circumstances, it ap would be an act of un to thrust before our B bit of respect for their is, true that "they are present" but that is no them where they would absent.

What an Englishman depends somewhat on h what where he goes. A the London Times lately from Boston to New Y that the New England washed over every ye did not once occur to h painted with the best of baby a search through would hardly discover a tentious than an Irish that was whitewashed. ber of Parliament for B after coming home from ca, he only saw four ar in the country. But M. M.P., who was here for into our agricultural p that he: "Saw six men carried pistols!" We witnesses. But we surr went to the very confine N. Y. Independent.

The Presbyterian Ch street, Fincosdilly, Lond time was largely attende of the Maternal Scotch to be closed about a ye lack of worshippers. now been sold for the £1,800, and will, it is s with converted into the one of the Metropolitan

GENEROUS LIVING— years ago, and a few we who made a strong m erature. Each felt u harness, as is said, at a what should have been Both lived generously, stimulants, both ate and —far more than was g ed with powerful consti vity, both as a physi might have lived 50 years of useful, honorab The just published l Dickens show how h away. We see how h worked up to the last he was in many things, erous as we knew him to ant of the science of life a valuable life more rec destroyed. The world's amples; and though the medical men like Sir V Henry Thompson, Dr. Dr. Kerr, who see the ev and have some proper n great mass of the medic scribes beef and brandy and continual stimulants which we see arou Stimulants may quick ment, but they do not stimulation is a waste There is no one who w any kind who would n ing equal, live longer w la applies to tea, coffe hashish, as well as to hants.—Phrenological Jou