

**SOCIABLE.**—The Sociable given by the Methodist congregation of Berwick was held on Tuesday evening as announced. A respectable number of persons were present, and all seemed pleased with the exercises.

The programme consisted of Music, Recitations and Readings, intermingled with speeches by Revs. Shephardson, Robson and Lockhart, (Methodist) and Rev. Isaiah Wallace, (Baptist). After the programme had been excellently rendered, the ladies "passed around" the tempting eatables which were soon disposed of. The Sociable closed and we are sure all were repayed for their "quarter."—*Star*.

The High Tea in connection with the Methodist congregation at Kentville on Tuesday evening was not so largely attended as was hoped it would be, but a pleasant evening was enjoyed. Not wishing to have to say fail they prepared dinner yesterday, and the Custos kindly announced to the Court in session the fact, and a goodly number of the Justices and others availed themselves of the privilege of getting an excellent dinner for 40 cents.—*Star*.

**LECTURE COURSE IN CARLETON, N.B.**—A course of lectures is to be given in the Methodist Church, Carleton, and was opened by a concert in which the choir of the church, aided by several talented singers from this side of the harbor took part. Among the lecturers will be the Rev. Mr. Carey, Rev. Mr. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Teed, Rev. Mr. McKeown, John March Esq., Rev. Mr. Hart, Rev. Mr. Price, and others. The course, which is for the benefit of the Sabbath school, ought to be well patronised.—*News*.

Wentworth, October 30, 1876.

**DEAR MR. EDITOR.**—As we think it is advisable for ministers to insert short notices of Missionary Meetings as they are being held on the various circuits of our Conference, that news of success may cheer and gladden the hearts of the brethren, we trouble you with an epitome of part of our labor in this work.

Not long since I attended the Missionary meetings at Athol and Springhill, and am glad to be able to report cheering news of success. Last night (Monday, Oct 29), we held a meeting at Wentworth. The attendance was all that could be desired, the meeting was opened with spirited singing by the choir, after which Bro. Morton engaged in prayer and the chairman read the report. Bro. Baines followed with a telling speech, the primary idea of which was, "The effect of Christianity upon the world," and it was evidently as well received as the most sanguine could desire.

Bro. Hall took up the strain with burning words and his fine manly way of telling his story drew out the full sympathy of his audience, while Bro. Morton, last but not least, with much ingenuity and good feeling brought a most successful meeting to a close, the results financially being in excess of last year. We doubt not that the work of our church in connection with its missions now finds a warm place in the hearts of our people, who while doing nobly for the cause of missions, are not unmindful of local requirements for the sustentation of a Gospel ministry.

Yours truly,

W. G. LANE,

WHEN the Atlantic Cable Company was first started, the address and signature were not charged for in messages. One day a green Irishman staggered into the company's office, and asked—"Do you charge anything for an address?" "Oh, no," was the answer. "An' do yez charge anything for a signature?" "No." "All right, here's my message." The clerk took the paper, which read as follows:—"Patrick Mulligan, Hill of the Downs, County Meath, Ireland—Mike Mulligan." "There is no message, here," said the operator; there is only an address and signature. "Well, that's all." Just you find the old man that. I course he'll know I'm here, safely landed; but the manin' he takes out of it is none of your business. Sine it an."

**A DISQUALIFICATION.**—A carping old woman said once to her pastor, "Dear me, ministers mak' muckle adae about their hard work; what's twa bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I could do't myself." "Well, Janet," said the minister good-humoredly, "let's hear you try't." "Come awa' wi' a text then," quoth she. He repeated with emphasis, "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house." Janet fired up instantly. "What's that you say, sir? Dae ye intend anything personal?" "Stop, stop," broke in her pastor; "you would never do for a minister." "And what for no?" said she. "Be-

**HINTS FOR PACKING BUTTER.**

Having read your valuable paper of late date I notice that the interest taken is not only in one branch of trade, but you cheerfully give ideas that are quite useful to all classes of dealers. I have therefore taken the liberty to present to your readers the best mode of placing their butter in market to command the highest price. Having experience in the butter trade for the past twenty-one years, and having been connected with the commission trade for the past twelve years, I offer a few suggestions and words of caution in regard to the packing and making of butter, hoping they may result in some benefit. I wish to impress upon the minds of Western shippers and makers of butter the necessity of paying strict attention to this great interest, which is yearly growing in magnitude, if they wish to compete with other sections. The packing and package used are almost essential points as making, and this fact should be remembered. Of course all packages of butter are not alike, and cannot all be sold at the same price, but a little more care and attention paid in this respect (packing) would do considerable toward bringing about a greater uniformity in prices. Very often commission merchants receive complaints from country shippers stating that their butter was as good as their neighbors', which sold as choice, and probably from two to five cents higher than theirs. This may be so in their own estimation, but other parties may differ. Their neighbor's butter may have been put up in more desirable packages, probably new tubs; then their butter may have been streaked, probably only a least trifle, while their friend's goods have been straight and uniform in color, all of which would naturally tend at times to make a vast difference in prices and create dissatisfaction.

Makers and shippers should be careful to pack butter uniform in colour, and should particularly remember that streaked lots, no matter how sweet and choice, cannot be brought in competition with lots running uniform in colour, the latter always commanding a much quicker sale at a fair premium, and in every way compensating makers and dealers for their extra labor and care. Another fault is that a large portion of the butter turns sour and rancid very suddenly, sometimes before being received, although it may have left in good and sweet condition from whence it was sent. This fault lies with the makers to remedy to some extent; for instance, the cream may have stood too long, or not been worked sufficiently to take out the buttermilk, while another fault would be in not salting properly. These minor points, although trifling at first, are more noticeable after they have gone through second hands and finally reach other markets. The packing and package used are, however, of no secondary account in the matter of realizing the best market prices, and during hot weather particularly should shippers be especially careful in regard to packages. Jars and boxes should be avoided as much as possible, the former costing more freight, besides being a package not easily handled. In handling at the stations and express offices, and even forwarding, jars and boxes are often placed on top of each other, and as there are no other covers for protection, the quality is damaged by defacement, and the price is considerably lessened. Tubs, pails, and firkins should be used exclusively, but in this some discrimination is required. Oak firkins and tubs are taken in preference to others on account of their neater appearance, though some parties use home made tubs, which they claim answer for their purpose.

Another reason why these packages are becoming more in favour on the part of dealers is the fact that they sell more readily to shippers, and parties can also more readily agree to take if a certain make of tub is used to which they are accustomed. Therefore, I recommend tubs, pails, and firkins as the most desirable and in the end, the most economical packages used. Parties should be careful to soak their packages well before using. In butter making always use the best salt; Ashton's factory filled dairy is most generally used. Parties should be careful to pack their butter solid, completely filling the packages, and so spread a piece of clean new bleached cotton over it, dipped in brine, neatly tucked in at the edges, so when moved it will not damage the appearance. Knowing that these instructions are old to few, but new to many, I offer them for the purpose of having uniformity in trade as well as in packing, hoping I may soon again have the pleasure of seeing other ideas in print regarding the commodity.—*James H. Loh, in American Grocer.*

**JOHN GARRETT**, one of the survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, has died in the hospital at Bristol. Deceased was a trumpeter in the 13th Hussars, and received a bullet-

**"HOW SWEET!"**

BY JESSIE E. M'INTYRE.  
How sweet to know that Jesus  
Loves sinners such as I—  
To know he came from glory  
To suffer and to die!  
He left his throne in heaven  
To wander here below,  
An exile and a stranger,  
Through countless paths of woe.  
He left his Father's bosom,  
He left the saints throughout,  
He left the holy harpers,  
He left the angels' song;  
He left them all for sinners;  
He bore their guilt and pains,  
And in his blood so precious  
Washed all their crimson stains.  
He loves us, O he loves us!  
He pleads for us above,  
With more than brother's kindness,  
With all a Saviour's love.  
Then come, dear friends, to Jesus;  
The hall is filling fast;  
The evening shadows deepen,  
The day will soon be past.  
Edinburgh.

**THE PROBABLE AGE OF THE WORLD.**

Geologists are fond of making heavy drafts on past time. A million of years, is to them the merest trifle. Some of them will hurl ten millions at you under the slightest provocation. Darwin has a treasure of past ages to dispense to his developing and struggling proteges and he does dispense it with unstinted liberality. If you point to the apparent changelessness of present species, the obvious and ever ready reply is,—“But you do not know what may have happened in ten millions—a hundred millions—three hundred millions of years. In that time protoplasm may have shaped itself, or got itself somehow shaped into jelly fishes—ascidians—reptiles—fishes—birds—monkeys—men!” Well: we do not know and no one knows, what has happened in the past three hundred millions of years. We give it up. Some geologists go a great deal farther back and claim two thousand millions of millions of years for the crust of the earth!

However, the Geologists are not going to have it all their own way. The Astronomers must be heard. Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait and others submit strong reasons for cutting down the geological periods to something that the imagination can grasp. Certain inferences can be drawn from the cooling of the earth, from its motions, from its relations to other planets and to the sun, all of which tend to cut down the age of the world to the not scanty measure of say ten millions of years! All over the world there are marks of ages of ice when all these temperate lands were covered with glaciers—with an “ice cap”—over a mile in thickness. The old ice marks are to be found over nearly all this continent. Then there tame periods of almost tropical heat in the same regions. There are signs too of the sea covering the land, and the land rising from the sea many times in succession. All these changes, according to the Geologists, demand hundreds of millions of years. The Astronomers come in with their explanations showing that the “ice cap,” and the submergence and emergence are due to changes in the earth's orbit. To explain the “explanation” would take up too much of our space and would involve too much of technical language. All we need to say is that the Astronomers have certainly compelled the Geologists to revise their theories to an amazing extent. How far the revision must ultimately reach no one is in a position to say; but it is certain that millions of ages are not henceforth to be tossed at you like coppers to a beggar, in answer to any anti-Darwinian difficulties.

**METHODISM RETURNING TO OXFORD.**—Methodism began at Oxford College, England, but was not permitted a place even in the town. After the lapse of the long interval extending to the present, a project is on foot for giving it not only a place there but a permanent home. A call has been issued for a tasteful and commodious church edifice. The few Methodists residing there are to be aided in the good work, which has the sanction of William Arthur and other influential Wesleyan ministers. They justly feel that the Methodist young men who enter that venerable and powerful institution, Oxford University, shall not be compelled to worship outside of the circle

**LET US NOT REND IT.**

BY H. BONAR.  
Seamless and fair!  
Let us not rend Thy perfect garment,  
Lord!  
But ever keep it whole throughout,  
Maintaining in Thy church a blest accord.  
Let all be one!  
One church, one faith, one love, one hope, one joy,  
One Bridegroom, and one holy Bride—  
This united divine let none destroy.  
One temple vast  
Built of living stones by Thine own hand,  
One household and one brotherhood,  
Knit all together by love's perfect band.  
Let truth prevail!  
Truth ever true, not shifting with the wind,  
Walk we in light, as some of noon;  
The shadows that divide us left behind.  
Let love prevail!  
Love, the most excellent of gifts divine:  
The love that seeketh not her own,  
Long-suffering love, all-patient, Lord,  
like Thine!  
Let love prevail!  
The love that envies not, that thinks no ill,  
That faileth not, but ever lives,  
All things believing, hoping, bearing still.  
So be it Lord!  
Even here on earth, where all things broken lie,  
So shall it be in love's own day,  
In love's own kingdom everlastingly.

**THE BEWITCHED HAMMER.**

On a warm October afternoon, Miss Julia McCloskey, who was cook chambermaid and waitress for Mrs. Smith, suddenly stopped scouring her tins, stared vacantly into the street for a moment, and then exclaimed: “It's jist the day to clane me dinin'-room carpet; it's little weather we'll have for six months but'll be too wet to wet to let a carpet touch the grass. An' the boys, bless their troublesome little bodies, are gone to their cousins, an' I won't have nobody to pester me at all.”

Miss McCloskey was a perfect treasure of a servant; whatever she thought needed attention was attended to at once, so within five minutes she had her tins and scouring materials put away, and was taking up the dining-room. I regret to say that two or three moments before she returned, Master Lawrence Smith, one of the troublesome “byes” whose bodies Miss McCloskey had blessed, having some disagreement with his cousins, strolled home, and guiltily sought comfort in the family cake-box, which was in the dining-room closet. He had barley time to shut himself in the closet as he heard the servant's approaching footsteps, so you can be sure he watched her very closely through the key-hole, hoping he would have an early chance of escape.

Miss McCloskey spread the carpet neatly, and began to drive the tacks, when she noticed that several of them clung to the small end of the hammer.

“I wonder what sticky stuff them baves hev had this hammer in?” said Miss McCloskey aloud, as she picked the tacks off and gave the hammer a vigorous wipe on her apron. Then she went on with her work, but happening to lay the hammer in the saucer of tacks for a moment, she was surprised to find the smaller end again covered with tacks. Master Lawrence saw through the keyhole the expression on her face, and it amused that bad little boy very much.

“Sure, an' its powerful sticky, whatever it is,” said she, picking off the tacks and feeling the hammer gently with her thumb and forefinger, “an' yit it don't seem so to the touch.”

She went to the butler's pantry, and carefully washed the hammer with soap and water. Master Lawrence saw his chance to escape, but he was willing to be detected for the sake of seeing the rest of the fun, for he knew the ways of that hammer.

“Now I reckon it won't be afther playin' me any more tricks,” said the cleanly servant, kneeling down on the carpet again. But as she knelt she laid the hammer into the saucer of tacks again, and again it bristled with tacks. “Now did iver any one see the loike av that?” exclaimed Miss McCloskey, and Lawrence had to clap his hands to his mouth to keep him from saying, “Yes, often.” But Miss McCloskey was not in the habit of giving up easily, so she took the hammer to the grate,

the tacks to test the cleanliness of the hammer, “now you'll be makin' me no more trouble, I'll warrant, an'—holy mither!”

As the astonished girl lifted the hammer, a whole string of tacks came with it, and although some of them dropped when she shook the hammer, several spirited tacks seemed to resolve never to abandon the hammer until forced to do so.

“The ould thing's bewitched!” exclaimed Miss McCloskey, dropping the hammer as if the handle burned her fingers. “I'll niver touch it again as long as I live.” And Miss McCloskey crossed herself as a great many good people do when they think that evil spirits are near them. Just then Master Lawrence burst from the closet and shouted—

“Ha! ha! ha! wasn't you cheated though, Julia? I never saw anything so funny in my life.” And the bad little boy was so amused that he dropped upon the carpet and rolled across the room, laughing until his face grew purple.

“What was you doin' in that closet?” asked Miss McCloskey.

“Watching you, and almost spliting to see the fun. O dear!” And again Lawrence rolled across the room, laughing heartily.

“You were a stealin' cake—there's some av the crumbs on yer lips, an' I'll tell yer mither,” said Miss McCloskey.

“And I'll tell everybody you didn't know a magnet from ‘sticking stuff,’” said Lawrence.

“A maggonet?” said Miss McCloskey, very much astonished.

“Yes,” replied Lawrence. “Didn't you learn all about magnets from the ‘First Book of Philosophy’ when you went to school, how they steer ships with them, and make electricity work with them, and how the North Star's jist a great big magnet?”

Miss McCloskey did not like to say that she had never studied the “First Book in Philosophy,” out of which Lawrence had learned such wonderful things, but she promised the little boy that she would not tell his mamma about stealing cake if he would be sure to say nothing to any one of the family about the hammer. And Lawrence promised, but he told the story, as a great secret, to his best boy friend, and his friend told it to a little girl, and she told her big brother, and he told his papa, and the papa wrote it down and sent it to the editor, for, as Miss McCloskey does not subscribe to this paper, thousands of little boys and girls may laugh at her mistake without hurting her feelings a particle. And the little readers, and the parents who read this story to children who cannot read for themselves, may, after they have laughed all they care to, remember that it is not always safe to think that the troubles which they do not understand are caused by bad spirits.—*Christian Weekly.*

**PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PAPACY.**

—During a session of the English branch of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Southport last month, a paper, written by Rev. William Arthur, on the present condition of Papal Europe was read, in which the writer referred to the general decline of the Papal power, and asserted that there are now less Roman Catholics in England and America than there were when Pius IX. ascended the throne. Of course, the Papal authorities affect to deny such decline, but we have no doubt of the essential correctness of Mr. Arthur's statement.

**THE STORY OF A GREAT COMMENTATOR.**

—Dr. Lange, the commentator, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his taking the professor's chair. The story told of him by a European exchange is that he was the son of a peasant. As an errand-boy he carried milk into the better-situated families of Elberfeld; and, falling in love with the daughter of one of the fine families, he determined to make something out of himself, so as to be regarded as worthy of her hand. He borrowed books of his pastor, soon mastered Latin and Greek, and entered the gymnasium at Duisburg for one year, and stood at brilliant examination. Soon he mastered theology, and became pastor a