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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1879.

WATCH-WORDS.

Toiling along my path, early and late.
I cling to Patience and Fidelity.

In all the weary changes of my day Is rive to follow duty faithfully; And when I falter, fainting, by the way. With subtle influence Patien e strengthens me.

So onward, through what suffering God may send. I walk with faith and feet that shall not tire, Trusting with Patience, strong unto the end, To reach at last, O Lord, my soul's desire.

Helen S. Conant in Harper's Magazine for Aug.

JUDGE WILMOT.

A SUN-SET SCENE. BY REV. JOHN LATHERN. " Another hand is beckoning us, Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps,

The path that reaches heaven."-Whittier.

The activities of the late Judge Wilmot's life were continued to the last; but. for a considerable period, previous to his sudden departure, they were considerably chastened and restrained by painful and threatening symptoms. From neuralgia, in its severest form, he repeatedly and intensely suffered; but, in keenest distress, found alleviation and potent comfort. When almost quivering with nerve-pain, scalding tears forced from his eyes, with a sweet smile, he would often say: "There shall be no more pain; and God shall

wipe away all tears from their eyes.' "For the last few months of his life," writes an esteemed correspondent, "Lis whole converse was of heaven. Talk as you would, on other subjects, he came back to the same theme. He loved to had been closely identified with every proquote the passage: 'Eye hath not seen, minent movement of the community. nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' The last conversation was upon the same subject: the glorious hope of heaven. The rapture with which he referred to the bright home beyond, even then, brought a dread and fear, of which we spoke when he had left, that the time of departure was at hand, and that we must lose him soon. Through all that visit there was on his face a most heavenly expression; and the last words, on leaving, were: There is nothing true but heaven."

My own correspondence with Judge Wilmot, with more or less of frequency, was extended over a period of twenty years, and was counted a valued and honored privilege of life. The last communication, received a little while before his death, contains passages graphically and glowingly descriptive of the magnificence and brightness, the light and purity, the beatific vision, the splendour of jewelled masonry, jasper pavement, and crowns of amaranth and gold, of the everlasting city of God. It closes with the familiar lines:

" We speak of the realms of the blest. That country so bright and so fair Aud oft are its glories confessed-But what must it be to be there."

That last line, of the stanza quoted, in many a conversation like thread of gold, or sound of lute, in light and sweetness, was woven into, and mingled with, an almost ethereal strain. "Yes," he would say, when, on the grounds or at rehearsal, admiration had been expressed for floral beauty, fragrance, or melody, in musing undertone, or lighting up with sudden flash of thought, "flowers are beautiful, music has raptures, earth has its joys; but what must it be to be there."

The latest Sabbath of his life, on earth, was spent in the usual routine of duty. That sacred day,-its sanctuary services. hymn; of praise, litanies of supplication, gla -tidings of salvation, communion of saints, means of grace-always brought renewed gladness and hallowed anticipation. "One thing have I desired," he could say in fervent appropriation of inspired utterance, "that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His tem-

Into all the exercises of the Sunday School, he entered on that day, with all his wonted interest. The address at the close had some traces and touches of the old fire, for he was still elequent. The subjec was announced for the following Sabbath, and the hope expressed that there

would be careful preparation. In his accustomed place in the choir, on that Sabbath, with unabated fervor, he led the congregational service of song; and in evening worship was heard, for the last time, that voice of power and melody which in public praise had so often exulted up to the expanding gates of heaven. An arrangement was made for a musical rehearsal, out at the Grove, for the following Tues. day evening; and with all wonted enthu. siam, revealing the intensity of a life passion, he gave the assurance that "there

would be a grand practice." On the following Monday afternoon, in his accustomed health, driving in the carriage, with Mrs. Wilmot, he complained of sudden and severe pain in the region of the heart-thought to have been occasioned by a seemingly slight accidentcaused by an impetuous movement of one of the horses. He was at once driven home and a physician summoned. But it was too late for medical aid. The goiden bowl was broken and the silver cord loosmoraing, and slightly changing the seventh Psalm: though, life at its close

Set as sets the morning star, which goes Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides Obscured amongst the tempests of the sky, But melts away into the light of heaven.

Rapidly the tidings of his death passed through the city; and the stern fact. which for a moment it seemed impossible to realize, speedily threw the shadow of a deep bereavement over every home. Swift and sudden that departure seemed to others; but to himself, the event had been one of calm and confident anticipation. There were tokens that he was nearing the home of the many mansions and very rapturous Were the visions of faith. He had nothing to do at the last but to step into

the chariot and "sweep through the gates.' In a beautiful cemetery, in the suburbs of Fredericton, bounded on one side by the majestic river St. John-fringed and bordered by a rich, almost tropical, culture-surrounded, in adjacent park and slope, with grand and graceful trees-a great concourse of people were gathered in the spring of 1878. From the stately church tower, which—with heaven-piercing spire, bathed ia cloudless radiance, gleaming like a pillar of light-crowns the loveliest of eastern cities, in slow and solemn tone, the bell tolled out a funeral requiem. They were met, those mourning ones, to commit to the dust the mortal remains of him who, for long years, Even that quiet resting place of the dead, in which he had planned and directed to the last, and which now looks tranquil and exquisitely attractive, was a memorial of his taste and enterprise.

" With silent step and thoughtfal brow All of the human, left us and,
They carry to that peaceful graye."
But Mors Janua Pitae, "death is the gate

of life;" and that sepulchre is the pathway to immortality. Beyond the gloom of the grave there is a lie which never dies; and in sure and certain hope of glorions resurrection, earth is committed to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.

For less of lustre, in life and life purpose, and for public services less distinguished, there have been men honoured with the magnificence and solemn pomp of national sepulchre. But all that was mortal of this illustrious and revered Colonist, as was most meet, was rendered to the mould hard by the city where his active and beneficent life had been spent. And grudge not, to others, the trophied tomb, or storied urn, for to him was paid, on that day, a rare, touching, and beautiful tribute. A procession of some hundreds of yourg people, members of the Sunday School, moved silently past the grave, and, as a last token of affection, each one dropped a flower, dewy with tears, upon the coffined dead. There was a deep pathos in that closing scene. Each heart palpitated as with a sense of personal bereavement; and there was a low murmuring in the air-"as the sob of an infant pierced with pain." That expression of tearful, heartfelt homage, more costly than glittering mausoleum, or the gold of a millionaire, was such as few magnates of earth, though honoured with greater parade of funeral obsequies, could have commanded. And the conspicuous merits, to which that unique and beautiful recognition was accorded, will, for a long time to come, constitute a treasured and influen-

tial memory. It was a rare honor to, and a noble memorial of, their comrade, La Tour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, as he was called, foremost in a land of chivalrous deed, when, after his death, his former companions in arms insisted that though dead his name should not be removed from their record: and regularly, at the regimental roll-call, it was answered by one of the survivors. There was still an inspiration in the greatness of bis life and the thought of unsullied and heroic deed; and his name of renown they would not willingly let die. Judge Wilmot has finished his earthly course. He was ever foremost in the ranks. He died at his post. But his name cannot yet be erased from the roll of the sacramental host. His life brightened and enobled by high and honorable service, will be perpetuated in potent and enduring influence; and by it he being dead yet speak-

In fitting memorial, of an honored superintendent, a portrait by a competent artist to which members of the Sunday School contributed, hangs in the basement of the church; and if not, like the warrior of Breton birth, who fell upon another field, named at the regular rollcall, from that speaking canvass, with benignant expression, he looks down upon the assembled school and almost yetseems to mingle with the scene of earnest and active christian work.

"Nothing can deprive him Of the force he made his own. Being here and we believe him Something for advanced in state And that he bears a truer crown Than any wreath that we can weave him. Over that grave, on monumental erec-

tion rather than death. The sun of his sculptured granite, and polished marble philosophy can explain, but somehow. THE FAITH OF THE PENITENT Through gathering clouds and stormy seas of Fate life set in a clear and serene sky to rise in Two golden watch-words guide and comfort me: the sacred, noontide brightness of un
In Memoriam, a simple, but suggestive every kindred. These words express the clouded, everlasting day; and there shall and significant, inscription has been chis-tuniversality of redemption. 10. From earth, he passed through the gates of the and characteristic passage from the thirty- Saviour's blood." Hast mide as. The

> THE HONOURABLE LEMUEL A. WILMOT, D. C. L. Born 31st January, 1809. Died 20th May, 1878.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom; The law of God is in his heart."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. FOURTH QUARTER: -- STUDIES IN

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 96. LESSON X. THE HEAVENLY Song: or, The Saviour's Praise. Rev.

DECEMBER 7.

EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL. Verse 1. In the right hand. Rather, on," as if lying on the open palm. Him that sat on the throne. The Almighty Father, as distinguished from the Son

verse 6), and the Holy Spirit (4, 5). A book. A manuscript roll. Written within, | universe. etc. The ancient rolls were generally written on the inner side of the sheet only; but occasionally, as in this instance, on the outer page also. "This betokens the completeness of the divine counsels." -Alford. Sealed with seven seals. Not seven leaves, each with a seal, but seven seals fastening the roll together. The book could not be unrolled until all the seven seals were broken. Various opinions have been entertained as to the meaning of this symbolic volume, The best seems to be, that it represents the complets plans of God respecting the world, the full revelation of God's porposes. 1. "God's designs are kept sealed from hu-

man eyes until their fulfilmeat." 2, 3. A strong angel. Whose voice was heard through heaven and earth, and the regions of the dead. Who is worthy? With ratio exalted, attributes so comprehensive, and ability of mind so great as to enable him to understand the mysteries of the divine counsel. 2. " No uncommon nature can comprehend the plans of C. She very har. S. "Not even the angels of C. have power to understand all his purposes." Nor in earth. 4. "Where angels may not look, those lower

than the angels cannot." Neither under | the song of the elders and the song of the the earth. Even the world of the dead, the realm of spirits, is searched in vain us. So let us live in constant preparation for one who can reveal the divine will. 5. to join the music of the skies. "Then it is of little use to call upon 'the spirits' to unveil to us the future." Look thereon. To look on it with a view to

4, 5. I wept. John had been called up into heaven (4, 1) to receive knowledge of the hereafter. It now seemed as if the promised revelation was to be withheld. His tears were not from want of faith, but from disappointment. "It must have been a wonderful thing to see a tear fall on the floor of heaven. -Alexander. One of the elders. Around the throne sat wenty-four elders, believed to be the representatives of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the fwelve apostles. There is an old tradition, however, that the elder who spoke to John was the patriarch Jacob. he lion of the tribe of Judah. The lion was the type of invincible power, and was the ensign of the tribe of Ju ah. Christ s here announced. Root of David. An offshoot from the stock of David. as a shoot grows up from a root in the ground. Hath prevailed. "Hath conquered." Christ's victory over sin, on the cross, and over death, in the sepulcher is here referred to. " None but the Messiah is able

to unfold the purposes of the Father." 6. Midst of the throne. Not of the throne itself, but of the company around it. Four beasts. An unfortunate mistranslation for "living creatures." See cnap. 4, 6-9. These probably stand as reresentatives of redeemed humanity. hough some take them to symbelize "the whole creative life of nature." A lamb as it had been slain "A Lanb standing as if slain." The Lamb of God. John I. 29. Christ in his office as atonement for sin; not, probably, in the form of a lamb. but bearing on hands and feet the marks of his passion, which he endured as God's appointed lamb. 7. "In the midst of the glories of heaven, Christ crucified is still the central object." Seven horns. Tho emblem of complete authority and power. Seven eyes...seven spirits. " The seven eyes of the Lamb represent the Spirit in his sevenfold perfection, flowing from the incarnate Redeemer."-Alford. 8. "Thus on the same throne are revealed the three

Persons of the Godhead.' 7, 8. Took the book. He took it as One who was worthy and had a right to it. Fell down. To worship him, Vials. Probably censers, or bowls for incense are meant. Odors. incense. Prayers of saints. These beings present before the throne the prayers of God's people on the earth.

interest in this scene." 9, 10. A new song. New, because the song of redemption from sins, and not merely of praise to God. For thou wast slain. By his redemptive death the Son becomes worthy to open the book of God's

true reading, both here and throughout the previous verse, is 'them," instead of "us." King and priests. God's people are kings in rule and priests in worship.

11 12 Many angels. Besides the "liv. the one of the other. He, gazing upon ing creatures," and the elders, an innu-the Cross of the Redeemer, beheld merable company of angels now appear what? A dying man with tokens of chanting the praise of Christ. Tuey adore him, but do not praise him for their salvation, since they have never sinned. Ten thousand. Alford translates "myriads of myriads, and thousands of thou-

sands," that is, a countless host. 13, 14. Every creature. The voice of assenting praise from creation itself, ness, accumulating sorrow. Surely none throughout all its orders of animal life, from highest to lowest. Under the earth. 'The under world; the spirits of the departed saints awaiting in joy their resurrection. In the sea. All the numberless forms of life in the ocean are represented as adding their praise to God and his Son. Unto the Lamb. Thus honor equal to the Father is paid to the Son from all the

GOLDEN TEXT :- Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Rev. 5: 12.

LIGHT ON THE GOLDEN TEXT. Rev. 5: 12 .- " Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

I. Who sing the new song ?- The music swells from a narrow circle, composed of the four cherubin and the four and twenty elders; then the angels take it up, thousands of thousands; then-

"The whole creation joins in one To bless the sacred name Of Him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.'

II. Who is the subject of the song?—Jesus, as the Lamb of God. This was the very title which John the Baptist applied to Jesus, John 1: 29. Long before Isaiah had spoken of him as a Lamb led to the slaughter, Isaiah 53: 7. The song explains the meaning of the title. Jesus has redeemed us unto God by shedding his own blood for us on Calvary.

III. What motives have we to join this song.—We can say what the angels cannot while this dying thief, gazing upon say. Point out the difference between the same Cross, cries, "Lord remember angels, verse 9, 12. Yes, Jesus died for

" They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel. And all the martyr throng; There is the throne of David. The song of them that triumph. The shout of them that feast.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION :- Redemption through Christ's blood. The next Lesson is Rev. 21: 21-27;

thou give up thine own head, thine own power. There is wider scope for wonheart, thine own will, to the Lord Jesus | der here. Upon the Cross itself, in the Christ, and let him mould, and control, full tide of that "sorrow like unto none and direct thee in head, heart, and will, henceforth in all things forever?

No: thou wilt not as long as thy head is filled with ideas of thine own to be self, comes triump antly forth. He is, fulfilled by the Lord. That makes thee to-day, "making His grave with the head over Christ and him thy follower: wicked and with the rich in His death." instead of giving him headship over He looks into the grave of this dying thee. No, never; until thy head is thret's helplessness and woe, but He given up to Christ, to let him, by the feels the pang of His Cross, and the Holy Spirit, lead thee into his thoughts thrid of the penitent's believing cry, and purposes for thee.

while in thine own heart thou are cherishing things of thine own; never, until dise." Hyannis, Mass. thou givest thine heart as it is up into the hands of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he may fill thee with the Spirit, with you a sense of God's presence, and turn thee from things of thine own his holiness and his love; it will preto the things that he will show thee.

Wilt thou be made whole? No, no; never whilst thy will is set to have the Lord fulfil thy plans, and let thee choose in trade," with which to do business for for him what he shall do for thee and Christ in holy living and work. By for others, and how he shall do it. No; faithfully using what he has he will never until thy will is given over to our multiply his resources; by neglect and Lord Jesus Christ, to be completely unfaithfulness he will lose what he has brought under and into the will of God to begin with. "To him that hath by his Spirit in thee, so that thou shall be given, and from him that hath not only pray, "Thy will be done on not, shall be taken away even that which earth as it is in heaven," but he seemeth to have." Alas for the seek first to know, and then do, the will poor, unfaithful, bankrupt soul! of God, instead of trying to get him to do thy will.

the Lord Jesus Christ, and let him have charming, serene, calm nature, which 8. "Every praying disciple, then, has an thee in unlimited freedom, to lead thee brought an inexpressible purity, brightthee how completely thou hast been put- the soul. In other words, that it made ting him who is first last, and making the soul like a field or garden of God, headship over all things in thee and in pleasant, delightful, undisturbed, and purposes. Redeemed us. The blood of thy life. This do, and, in his name be enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle, ened. With scarcely an articulation net Over that grave, on modulate the passed away. His departure was translation—prominent amongst memorials of Christ bought man's salvation, how, no it said, thou shalt be made whole.

It was a simply magnificent faith, were crucified. I take ut, these three. in companionship, crucified in full view Tuey ignominy, pain, and anguish upon him. Blood dripping from nail-pierced hands, and feet; blood trickling from thorns crowned brow. A jeering, vindictive multitude below,—a railing, impious malefactor at His side, -gathering darkof the insignia of death and shame were wanting here. He gazed upon. He heard it all. In derision they had plaited thorns and crowned Him "King of Sorrows;" in bitterness His selfaccusing judge had written over Him His only accusation, "This is the King of the Jews." He sees it all; but ah, more than this! By a Divine illumination he beholds the mystery, he pierces the disguise, he reads the horrid riddle. He has heard the matchless prayer from the parched lips, "Father, forgive them;" he has seen the Divine pity and love breaking through all the pain of "marred countenance;" and the thorncrown glistens with a matchless splendor; there is an aureole about the brow; the "glory of the Cross" is declared in the first hour of its uplifting. The shadows of death thicken, yet he sees the nailtorn hands reaching up out of the grave the sceptre of universal em-

> dom." It may not have been a perfect faith, t may not have grasped the true genesis and development of the kingdom, and yet it was a royal faith. Why, the disciples, with whom He had companioned for years, stood afar off, crying, We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel," me when thou comest into thy kingdom." You do not wonder-for God gives always beyond, and better than, our faith-that swift and strong, the answer came, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'

pire, and he cries, "Lord, remember

me when thou comest into thy king-

How this, again, speaks to us of the power of the Cross, as it declared itself in the consciousuess of the Redeemer. We wonder at the strengthful calm of that matchless last discourse, given us by John, a discourse uttered under the very shadow of the Cross.

We wonder that, with prophetic vision of the awful scenes near at hand WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE? full upon Him, He should have spoken Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt words of such assured triumphant other sorrow," His divine consciousness of power, ay, and of power begotton out of that very symbol of weakness itand seeing "of the trava'l of His soul," Wilt thou be made whole? No, never, says simply and sublimely over it all, "To-day shalt thou be with me in para-

Wherever you go, endeavor to carry serve you from a thousand snares.

Every Christian has a certain "stock

____ Holiness, as I then wrote down some Wilt thou be made whole? Then let of my contemplations on it, appeared thyself go as thou art into the hands of to me to be of a sweet, pleasant by the Spirit into all truth, and show ness, pea efulness and ravishment to him thy follower, instead of giving him with all manner of pleasent flowers, all vivifying beams of the sun.