

POETRY.

WARNING BELLS.

Joseph N. Thibau, as is clearly divulged by the evidence at his trial, was disturbed in his deed of murder by the sound of a little bell, heard from a distance of two miles through the woods on the quiet, beautiful morning of the 1st of Sept., 1830. It is the custom in Annapolis Co. to fasten a bell on the neck of one of each yoke of working oxen; and the murderer knew consequently that a team, and probably men, were travelling in his direction. The fire which he was then kindling to destroy all traces of his crime led to its discovery. The law requires that the bell of the prison, or the parish, shall be tolled for some minutes before a public execution.

Little bell! little bell! Late the warning thou dost tell, faintly tinkling in the distance, As the startled murderer starts To thy metal, magic spell. Art thou ringing peaceful numbers To his conscience while it slumbers, Soothing now to deeper rest the soul that Satan lulls to death? Or, art thou of some avenger Voice, revealing coming danger,— Troops of angels, warning cry Hunting hood and agency? Little bell! little bell! comes thy quivering voice from man or wraith?

Little bell! conscience bell! Prince's park and peasant's dell Filling, aye, with awful ringing; Whispers, shouting, warning, stinging All who wander or rebel. Bell of Pagans, Christians, Sages, All degrees of all the ages; Art thou not a resurrection from the dust of this man's soul? Thou the voice of the Eternal Calling from abodes infernal; Asking why this wailing sound,— Blood that callest from the ground? Voice that summonest the guilty to the Bar, from pole to pole?

Village bell, Judgment Bell! Ringing out thy funeral knell— Does thy tongue convey assurance After trial, sentence, doom? Art thou voice from Heaven's Hell? Has the murderer's slumber ended?— Conscience awakened?—life amended? Whither speeds the spirit taking now its everlasting flight? Call yet louder to the people From thy lofty pulpit stoop! To be merciful and pure 'Gainst all passions to endure. Saviour, God, we flee for shelter from ourselves to Thy great might!

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

ROBERT TAIT.

The Wallace Circuit has suffered a loss through the death of the late Robert Tait, which will not easily be filled up.

Mr. Tait was born in the County of Down, Ireland, in the year 1796. He emigrated to this country in 1830, and died in Wallace, Jan. 31st, 1881. He joined the Methodist Church in his native land, and continued a faithful member until death removed him to the Church above. Of him it may truly be said that his path was "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His physical form was strong, noble, manly, and his inner life was in perfect keeping with it. The chief element of his religious life was praise; he was a joyful Christian. The last Sabbath of the old year he worshipped in the Wallace Church. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and all present observed how much he enjoyed the service. Little did he think, or little did we think, that it would be the last service he would ever attend in the Church where he had worshipped for so many years, but so it proved to be. From that time he gradually sank into the grave. "But, if in health he enjoyed 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,'" much more did he in sickness and death; praise was ever in his heart, and praise always on his lips. A few days before he departed, a friend said to him: "Father Tait, I will sing a verse, what shall it be?" Said he, sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and never did he join in those beautiful lines with deeper feeling, or with more fervent gratitude, than on that occasion when "heart and flesh were failing." At the close his friend said to him, "You will soon join in a nobler song. O, yes, said he, I will soon join in the song, "Unto Him that loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood." His death was not only peaceful, it was a grand doxology. He greatly prized all the means of grace, but especially the prayer-meeting, and this may be accounted for by the fact that in a prayer-meeting he was converted to God. While he will be sadly missed in many a home and in many a service, he will be missed for a long time most in the prayer-meeting.

J. A. M.

Wallace, Feb. 8, 1881.

Among those who have died on the Portland, N. B., Circuit during the year just past, three call for more extended notice.

JAMES WILLIAMS was born in Cornwall, England, on the 13th of Feb., 1803, and died in Portland on the 16th of Jan., 1880. Among the prominent characteristics of his life may be mentioned the following: Uprightness.—"Saw'st thou yonder column," said Confucius to his disciples; "in its uprightness is its strength." A marked feature of his character, acknowledged by all who knew him, was the supremacy of conscience, firmness in what in his judgment was right. Little was the continual denial of

Satan's insinuation that a sensitive conscience suits not "the realm of business or the tragic hearts of towns." With him honesty was not policy, either best or worst. One instance of this may be given in his unwillingness, for many years before his death, to handle tobacco, convinced that it is wrong to sell what one believes it to be wrong to use. Little cared he that it meant much financial loss, whose heart was fully set within him "to do the thing that is right."

Generosity.—He was watchful of his business that he might enjoy "the luxury of doing good." To him it would be pain to have mentioned those things that through all the years he had done without thought of praise or reward. "When saw we Thee hungry?" We are constantly being reminded by a generous friend our circuit has lost.

Earnest piety.—If he did justly and loved mercy it was because he walked humbly with his God. Three times a day, those who knew him best tell us, he sought strength from the hills of God. No business pressure was ever allowed to interfere with the sacred season of communion. Now we have looked as for cool refreshment amid the dust and toil and sin of life. "There no fear while the track to that chamber is a western one: while through the thrown back lattice the midday sun shines in upon the man of business on his knees."

The end was peace. "The 91st and 37th Psalms," he said to me, "are special favorites, but there is one verse more precious than all others, 'For God so loved the world.'" In beautiful harmony with that verse, with his latest strength he repeated "Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." At a meeting of Trustees, shortly after his death, this motion was passed:—"Whereas, since the last meeting of this Board, it has pleased Almighty God in his all-wise providence to remove by death our highly esteemed and venerable colleague, James Williams, Esq., for many years a member of this Board, therefore, Resolved, while expressing our deep sorrow at the departure from amongst us of one with whom we have so long and agreeably associated, and whose memory will ever be dear to us, and while expressing our heartfelt sympathy with Mrs. Williams and other relatives in their sad bereavement, we have at the same time cause for thankfulness that we are not like those who mourn without hope, having a confident assurance that the glorified spirit of our departed brother is now

"Far from a world of grief and sin, With God eternally shut in," and that our loss is his eternal gain."

A similar resolution was recorded by the Quarterly Meeting of which he was the Recording Steward for many years.

MRS. JOHN OWENS

was born in St. John in 1791, and died in Portland on the 26th of Jan., 1880. She linked our cause with the past. Forty years ago and more her house was a home for Methodist ministers, and her husband, now thirteen years dead, was one of the pillars of the Church. She delighted to tell of the times when such fathers as Busby, Smithson, MacNutt, Smith, Pickles, Snowball, now also among the blessed dead, lived in the parsonage next her own home on Paradise Row, and how greatly she prized their society. Though belonging to a former age, she kept in sympathy with the present. Her health in extreme age was such that until within three months before her death, her seat in the house of God was occupied. Her life exemplified the quiet Christian graces: gentleness, patience, meekness, humbleness, charity, cheerfulness. She was thus genial company to old and young alike. The last days were exceedingly painful, but her experience to the last was rich and calm and unclouded. She sank to rest amid loving exhortations to all who came to see her that they would give God their hearts.

MRS. GEORGE BUSTIN

entered into rest on the 13th May, 1880, in the sixty-second year of her age. She, and her husband, who three years before was called home, were fruits of the revival in Centenary Church under Rev. J. Allison, some 25 years ago. Her conversion was very clear and joyous and she continued to walk in the chosen path without interruption until the close of life. Her bright, hopeful, glad temperament shone forth in her Christian life, manifesting the delight and peace which religion gives, while her whole life, quiet, consistent, devout, and her attendance upon the means of grace, clearly showed to those within the family circle and without that she "had been with Jesus." Frequent returns of paralysis weakened both body and mind, but through wearisome months God was ever a means of grace to visit her. Quietly at last, surrounded by her loving family, she sank to rest, "for so he giveth his beloved sleep."

These all died in the faith, witnesses of the power of our holy religion to make life radiant with "the beauty of holiness," and to give "a sure and certain hope" amid the solemn realities of death.

B. C.

[Through an accident to the type some errors found their way into the recent memorial notice of Miss Emily Northup. Friends will read that she "was enabled to draw comfort from the Word of God and the consciousness of the Divine Presence." The closing lines were sent by her twin sister, and not by the "eldest of her twin-sisters."]

CORRESPONDENCE.

MINISTERIAL CONVENTION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—At the request of the brethren present at the Ministerial Convention of the Annapolis District, held at Bear River, on the 8th and 9th inst., I would ask the favor of space in your columns for a brief report. The Convention proper was opened on Tuesday morning. In the absence of the President, Brother Wasson by request took the chair. After devotional exercises the morning programme was postponed until the afternoon, and as Brother Gaetz was unable to be present, his topic—"The best methods of drawing interesting and holding our congregations," was discussed. The Chairman and brethren Parker, Heartz and Johnson, spoke upon it, expressing in substance the following views. First, that the grand agency in this matter is the Holy Ghost in His presence and power; then, that the preachers should be men not so much of what is called popularity, but men of heart, of living, spiritual power, men of God; that in their preaching there should be freshness of thought and style; that both pastors and church members should show themselves more in sympathy with the people and become increasingly devoted to God and His cause. He maintained that our churches should be made more homelike and attractive, with an avoidance of the extravagance of ritualism on the one hand, or that of meanness and poverty on the other. It was felt that great injury is sustained in this direction by our present pew system, that more attention should be paid to the children of our congregations, and that in many instances increased attention to the choir and congregation with reference to the singing might be desirable.

In the afternoon Bro. D. W. Johnson read a paper on "Revivals." He favored the idea of constant rather than spasmodic revival effort and pointed out that not only music and collateral aids were necessary but that a deep religious experience on the part of those conducting the services was also necessary to success. 2 That the people as well as the pastor should be thus qualified. 3 That this matter should be kept before the people to prepare them for it. 4 That the style of preaching most likely to bring about the desired result in this direction is the setting forth very clearly of man's depravity and the need of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. 5 The desirability of getting young converts interested. The methods of signifying decision for God in revival services, what should be said to those who come forward, and the reason why so many fail to find peace and others fall away, all received attention. Several brethren then spoke upon the necessity of adopting different methods in different places, of using no undue influence to persuade converts to join our church, and on the desirability of looking for immediate results in regular services. The next subject—"How to utilize the available material in our churches for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom," was opened up by Bro. Heartz. He spoke strongly in favor of approaching people singly rather than in company on this subject, and of studying the character of the persons we wish to approach. He believed that ministers should be "all at it and always at it," but that they should not do work which they people can do and that we should impress our people with the certainty of success in work for Christ. These views were supported by other speakers. On Tuesday evening Bro. Wasson preached from 2 Cor. 5, 9, a plain, and practical discourse.

On Wednesday morning a valuable paper was read by Bro. Sharp on "The nature of Christian Work." He showed that work of any kind is to be tested by its results—that Christian work is pre-eminently benevolent in its character, and is essentially the work of God, that it is impossible for a man to be a real Christian and not a worker, and that the Christian ministry is the highest type of Christian work. Several brethren then asked, "What position do professing Christians hold who do not work at all?" In the unavoidable absence of Bro. Cassidy, Bro. Parker opened a discussion on "The best methods of sermonizing," stating that in his experience the production of plain, practical thoughts, accompanied in their utterance by the spirit of God, are above merely great thoughts." He recommended the keeping of a note book for texts and outlines, to read all we can, and not to write sermons in full, but to think them out fully, and seek the direction of the Holy Spirit. Others in the main sustained these views. In the afternoon, after a short religious service, Bro. Strothard spoke upon the subject assigned him, "The most effective methods of 'Pulpit Delivery.'" He reasoned that different methods were required by different men before different congregations, and approved of the extemporaneous preaching of sermons worked into the heart as well as the head. He regarded preaching as the most important matter in reaching the heart. These, with many other important points, brought out by succeeding speakers, bearing upon the cultivation of the voice, the control of the passions, the expression, the attitude, the reading of sermons, the ventilation of buildings, with some good practical remarks from several laymen present on the sympathy of the people with the preacher, brought a very interesting and profitable Convention to a close. Wednesday evening was occupied with an interesting Missionary meeting of which, doubtless, you will hear.

WM. AINLEY.

Barton, Digby Co., Feb. 17th, 1881.

A COLORED SLAVE OWNER.

A remarkable man died the other day near Washington. He was an aged negro, by name Hannibal Brown, but more generally known as Prince Hannibal, and was, it is believed, the only negro in the United States who was a slaveholder. He was brought to America in 1820 from Africa. He always affirmed that his father was a king, who wore jewels and owned many men. He was tall and commanding in appearance, and while always deferential to white people, required all his colored brethren to treat him with the respect due to a prince. His former master received such convincing proofs of his moral birth that he emancipated him long before the war. Prince Hannibal then went to work as a blacksmith and made much money, which, as fast as he made it, he invested in slaves, from whom he always exacted the homage due to his rank. He was devoted to the cause of the South during the war, and gave both time and money to the cause, believing firmly in the right to own slaves, which he said he inherited from his native country. He invariably refused to shoe horses for Federal soldiers, and whenever they would go to bed and complain of being ill, he was a short time during the latter part of the war imprisoned on suspicion of giving aid and information to the Southern soldiers. As everything he had was invested in slaves, the war left him penniless, and in his latter days he with difficulty earned a living by blacksmith's work. He lived alone in a small cabin, being visited by no one, as he would not allow colored people to come near him. For a week he had not been seen. On the evening of the 7th inst. some people in the neighborhood went to the small cabin and looked through the window. There was Prince Hannibal sitting back in his chair, his arms folded, his head drooping on his breast, dead.—St. James Gazette.

WIT AND WISDOM.

All proud flesh, wherever it grows, is subject to irritation. —J. C. Sew.

Wisconsin wolves have become so hard up for provender that they chase young men who part their hair in the centre.

A little girl suffering from the mumps declares that she feels as though a headache had slipped down into her neck.

Backbiting is called by Dr. Moore a "malignant sort of insanity." In some neighborhoods it often takes on an epidemic character.

Said Ambrose, one of the early fathers: "As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence."

The Rev. Rowland Hill said of a man who knew the truth, but seemed afraid to preach its fullness: "He preaches the truth as a donkey mumbles a title—very cautiously."

The last time we heard Mr. Moody, he called for, "short, pointed, juicy talk" from those disposed to respond to what he had said. A brother arose and began a dry, prosy speech, whereupon Mr. Moody cried out: "That's not what I asked for, that's preaching."

Thousands of women can appreciate a compliment to their clothing, the work of a dressmaker, who would scorn to be complimented on their mental qualifications, the work of the schoolmaster.—Boston Transcript.

"Coaxing the devil to support the gospel," is the way the *Banner of Holiness* puts it, about church fairs, festivals, "man" societies, etc. The *Banner* insists moreover, that when he does support it in this way, he always gets more than he gives.

The *Christian at Work* has invented a new word, "Sermonette," which is supposed to mean "a little sermon." But the *Interior* thinks it must mean "a light, flowery, poetic, nice, pretty, sweet sermon—sweet in the sense that a spring bonnet is said to be sweet."

Everybody can do something. A religious paper says: "Men who are worthless in the Church for giving, for laboring, for advising, for helping, can discourage a pastor, frustrate a sermon, or defeat a new meeting house." A very weak member can do great harm.

Says the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "A Mr. Gerner sends us 120 pages of rhymes in small type—advance sheets, as it were—and requests us to read the work 'through to the end,' and then criticize. This able editorial is for the purpose of informing Mr. Gerner that Methuselah is not connected with this paper."

Mr. Moody tells us of a blind beggar sitting by the sidewalk on a dark night with a bright lantern by his side. Whereat a passerby was so puzzled that he had to turn back with—"What in the world do you keep a lantern burning for? You can't see!" "So 't'fols won't stumble over me," was the reply. "We should keep our lights brightly burning for others' sakes, as well as for the good of being 'in the light' ourselves."

A South Sea islander is said to have offered the following prayer, which might be appropriate on the lips of many who pride themselves on a high civilization: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded away in a box till another Sabbath comes round. Rather let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death."

CHEAP

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