

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

JANE QUEEN. Died on Jan. 23rd, Jane, the beloved wife of Alex. Queen, in the 78th year of her age. She joined the Methodist Church in her 13th year, and has been a consistent member ever since. Just one week before her death she took part in a prayer-meeting at the house of her son-in-law, John Youngclaus. She died in great peace, saying to a neighbor—I shall soon be...

A. E. LePAGE.

WILLIAM SEALEY. On Wednesday, the 29th ult., at Barened, Conception Bay, Nfld., after a week's illness, William Sealey passed hence, in the 60th year of his age. He was converted to God in his seventeenth year, when he at once identified himself with Methodism. Several years ago, when one Methodist itinerant travelled the ground now occupied by two, Bro. Sealey rendered our cause good service as class-leader and local preacher. In reply to a remark of the writer, he said when dying: "My work is done. I am going home to be with Jesus."

E. TAYLOR. Port-de-Grave, Jan. 12th, 1881.

A STRICKEN HOUSEHOLD.

There is no position more trying to the faith of Christian parents than that of giving up their loved ones to the cold embrace of death. Truly, nothing short of that faith which is of the operation of the Divine Spirit, can enable parents, while looking upon the caskets from which the jewels have fled, to say: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Into how many homes and hearts have these words of our blessed Redeemer carried comfort and hope, as well as those other words: "He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them, and said of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Such a home have we in our midst to-day, as Mr. and Mrs. John Bell, Jr., have been called upon to give up both their lovely children to the last enemy within a few days—Harry Oliver, aged three years and four months, and Edith Annie, aged six months and twenty-four days.

They now rest side by side in our beautiful cemetery awaiting the resurrection morn.

St. John, N.B., Feb. 1881.

ELEANOR CHILCOTT.

One of the oldest and most respected members of our Church at Grand Bank, Nfld., has recently passed away to join the innumerable multitude that encircle the celestial throne. About the year 1817, the Rev. Richard Knight—whose memory is still fragrant in Newfoundland—was appointed by the Missionary Society in London to the Fortin Bay Mission, and made Grand Bank his headquarters. He was the first Methodist missionary to labor in that part of the colony. At the period referred to, the moral condition of the people was truly appalling. Soon, however, as the result of the youthful missionary's faithful proclamation of the truth, one after another realized the converting grace of God, and among them the subject of this brief obituary notice. For upwards of sixty years she maintained her integrity, and strove to walk with God. Whilst health and strength continued, much of her time was devoted to the care of the afflicted, and by her skillful treatment many were relieved of suffering, and cured of disease. Our sister being one of Rev. R. Knight's earliest converts was never forgotten by him; and when, in company with the Rev. Dr. Richey, he visited Newfoundland soon after the formation of the E. B. A. Conference, he made affectionate enquiries concerning her, and sent kind messages, together with his portrait. This was carefully preserved and pleasurable exhibited to the last; and when, owing to extreme age, other persons and objects were but imperfectly remembered, the mention of Mr. Knight awakened her interest and gratitude. The latter years of our sister's life were spent in feebleness, yet to the end of life's journey she clung with firm trust to the "Rock of Ages." On the occasion of her interment a sermon was preached by the superintendent of the circuit, Rev. Thos. Harris, from Psalm 116: 15—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

SUSAN HARDING.

Another of our members, has also been removed to the rest of Paradise, for which during her long and wearisome affliction, she so ardently longed. Our sister was characterized by many excellencies, and they were prominently exhibited while suffering under the chastening hand of God. Solicitude for others—gratitude expressed for kindness shown to her—acquiescence in the Divine will—beautiful patience under severe pain—ardent longing for "full redemption,"—and, in submission to the supreme appointment, a desire to depart and be with Christ, were strikingly illustrated by her, until the hour arrived when the Master came and called her to Himself. In her decease the Church has lost an intelligent and valued member, and the family circle an endeared and precious friend and counsellor. At the funeral a sermon was preached by the superintendent of the circuit, from Rev. 14: 13.—"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," etc. VIGIL.

CITY MISSION WORK.

Mr. Duncan McGregor, the Superintendent of the Albermarle St. Mission School, sends us a communication which the space at command will not permit us to publish in full. Some thoughts, however, of value to Christian workers in all our towns we give our readers:

Besides the supervision of the pastor, it would be necessary—

1st. That each Church appoint a special missionary director or superintendent, who with a small band of young men and women, would undertake a regular and systematic visitation (weekly) of families brought to their notice by the city missionary or mission Sunday-school superintendent.

2nd. That this mission band make the object of their visits to parents, to get them to attend morning and evening services of the Church, on the Sabbath, and the week-night prayer-meeting. To children, to secure their attendance at the afternoon Sunday-school of the Church on Sabbath, and at the week-day school.

3rd. That the Church supply the mission-band with a liberal supply of clothing—the ladies of the mission band undertaking to teach the mothers and daughters to sew for themselves; both in making up and mending garments.

4th. That although not successful in getting parents to the church or children to the Sunday-school that the mission hand do not give up regular visitation until the case is reported back to the city missionary or Sunday-school superintendent. And I would emphasize the duty of aiming to secure the attendance of children at the morning service of the church as well as at the Sunday-school as the children when under the care of the mission are instructed twice a day by means of two sessions of the Sunday school. It is successful in obtaining a large attendance of these poor children and their parents at the morning service, it would further be worthy of consideration whether a part of the sermon could not be simplified for their benefit as owing to their neglect of educational advantages and their lack of good, early training, this might be necessary.

And lastly, might not the members of the churches who would thus be largely gathered in the poor adopt the rule to dress more plainly on the Sabbath, and thus reduce the distinction existing between the poor and rich, which is an excuse often given by the poor for non attendance.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

A correspondent asks us to copy an article under the above heading, which recently appeared in the Missionary Outlook. We give extracts:

There are scores of married men on our Domestic Missions who will receive this year, all told, less than \$400 each. Out of this amount—scarcely more than the wages of a day laborer—the Missionary is expected to maintain his family, educate his children, dress respectably, respond to numerous calls on his liberality, supply himself with necessary books so as to keep in some degree abreast of the times, and keep a horse to enable him to reach his appointments. It can't be done! Such an income will scarcely provide the barest necessities of life, and until it is bettered the Missionary must, in many cases, dress shabbily, neglect the education of his children, repress his charitable instincts, and starve his intellect. What wonder if, under such circumstances, the man becomes disheartened, loses all healthy ambition, and performs his dull round of duties without heart and without hope? The only wonder is that anything is accomplished by men who are compelled to carry so oppressive a burden of anxiety.

There is something wrong somewhere. But what? and where? And can anything be done to remedy the evil? It is time some one spoke out, and spoke plainly.

After having charged some of the individual sufferers, as well as the Annual Conferences, with an undue readiness to take out ministers and divide and sub-divide circuits, the Outlook continues:

The most serious responsibility remains to be noticed: The Church has never come up to the measure of her duty in supporting the Missionary cause. From 1875 to 1879 the Society got deeply into debt; but an annual income of \$160,000 would have prevented the accumulation of a debt, and an average of considerably less than \$150 per member would have raised this sum. In a Church that does much, there is evidently a large number who do nothing. But did not the Church come to the help of the imperilled Society, and pay the debt? Yes; but of less than \$120,000 subscribed, nearly one-fourth was paid by 1,000 ministers and their families, or an average of about \$28 per family. In the Church we have upwards of 120,000 members. Assume an average of five persons to a family, and this gives 24,000 families. Deduct the odd 4,000 and we still have 20,000 families in the Church, without counting "outsiders." The circumstances of these families will average quite as good as in the case of ministers,—perhaps better; and an average of \$30 from each family would have given, apart from ministers' givings, a special fund of six hundred thousand dollars, instead of less than \$90,000 actually subscribed. Where is boasting then? It is excluded.

What can be done to relieve the distress? 1. Let District Meetings utterly refuse to recommend a division of circuits or an increase of men, except in cases where the need is imperative.

2. Let Annual Conferences, for a time at least, put new candidates for the ministry on a list of reserve, and only call them out when absolutely necessary.

3. Let the whole Church come somewhere within sight of the gospel standard of giving to the Lord, so that the men in the field may receive at least enough to keep them above absolute want; and the Society be enabled to answer the pathetic appeals of those who are without the gospel.

4. But all this, though promising well for the future, will not meet the present distress. True; and there is only one thing that can:—The Domestic Missions must make special efforts to help themselves. Every dollar of prospective income has already been allotted by the Missionary Committees. There is no possible help from that quarter. Not a few Domestic Missions could do better if they would, and this is a time when all should advance who have the power; and those persons especially who have done nothing hitherto for the support of their Master, should begin without delay.

HEALTH OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Very often it is not the school that injures a child, but the fact that the child is living in a city and has no place to run out-of-doors. Very often it is not study at all that hurts, but study in hot or close or badly-lighted rooms; or study may be in excess of the powers of the system.

It seems to me fair to say that the growing girl would not generally suffer from her studies if they be restricted within the limits hereafter suggested, and if her physical development were cared for properly. A healthy girl—such as nine out of ten ought to be—need not suffer in health from regular attendance on school for three or four or five hours a day, if she is protected from "society" and given a fair chance to grow strong. The harm is done when a girl goes to the theatre or concert, and appears the next morning in school with a worn and tired look and two great circles around her eyes. The harm, indeed, is done long before, when she first comes to live in a city where public parks are thought unsafe for her to walk in, and where play in the open air (except for "children")—that is, very small girls—is an impossible or a forbidden thing. It begins with that substitution of artificial for natural enjoyments, of society and its excitement for sports, of adult for childish interests which is characteristic of city life. Many such girls are thought to be overworked if they lose their color, while studying four or five hours a day, at the age of fifteen.—School Hygiene.

CHRISTMAS AT THE LONDON POST-OFFICE.

The City Press describes an extra work of the General Post-office at Christmas: This year, in anticipation of the great event, 178 extra hands were engaged from different Government offices on Dec. 22. On the 24th (Christmas eve) there were no less than 1,324 men engaged at the General Post office all through the night, while at ordinary times only 196 are employed until midnight. The greatest number of men employed at any one time in the office during the pressure was 2,542. The amount of correspondence at half-past ten on the 25th was 1,000 sacks, filled to the brim, over and above the ordinary quantity. Excluding registered letters, the number of extra sacks of correspondence received during the "season" was 3,383, and the number of extra sacks despatched 4,341. The number of extra letters, exclusive of "registered," was estimated at 11 1/2 millions, and the amount of extra postage was estimated at £55,902. The total number of registered letters disposed of during the season was 183,124, showing an increase over the ordinary number of registered of 52,594. On Christmas eve alone the number of sacks of extra registered letters was 240, and during the season the total extra weight of this class of correspondence was four tons.

HOW SOME PREACHERS WORK.

Like Theodore Parker, Chapin undoubtedly felt his vitality to be so immense that it could not be overtasked. Parker came of a long lived race, but he died of overwork at fifty. Chapin seemed made for infinite endurance, but he was shaken at sixty, and he died at sixty-six. Some years ago, in the height of his prosperous lecturing career, the Easy Chair met him at the Albany railroad station in the early evening of a winter day. He was snatching "a bite" and a cup of coffee, and as the bell rang, they hurried to the train, Chapin carrying a lumbering bag and shawls, and laughing and joking as they climbed into the car. He had been out all the week, starting early on Monday morning, after preaching twice on Sunday. He had lectured every evening during the week, travelling hard all day. "Up before light," he said, gayly, "eating tons of cold steaks and bushels of cold apples, whizzing on in these stifling cars, and turning out just in time to swallow a cup of tea and off to the lecture." It was tremendous work, as only the fully initiated know. But he made it all a joke, and his swift tongue flew humorously on from incident to incident, and presently began to discuss the new books and the new articles in the magazines with sharp and just discrimination. Suddenly the train stopped, evidently not at a station. The night was cold and stormy. Presently the conductor passed, and Chapin asked to know the reason of the delay. The conductor replied that there was some derangement of the locomotive; and Chapin said, quietly, "This is bad business for a man who has to preach at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning,

and whose sermon is not begun." His companion remonstrated; but Chapin's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Oh, you laymen know nothing about it. Burns sang the cotter's Saturday night, but the minister's Saturday night is yet unwritten. At least," he said, "laughing, "this one is likely to be unwritten." It was past midnight when the train reached the city. "Good night," cried the heavy voice. "Go home, and go to bed; I'm going to work." The next time the Easy Chair met the preacher, it asked about that sermon. "Oh, that was all right. I went home and there was a bright fire in my study and a brew of hot coffee and I finished that sermon just as the sun rose." And the next morning probably he was off again for another week of the same kind.

It was at the same Albany station that, crossing in the bleak winter night over the frozen river, Theodore Parker was totally chilled. He and Chopin were both stalwart men, with such ample and overflowing strength that it seemed to them to be exhaustless.—Harper's Mag.

BREVITIES.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

A lady once asked Rev. C. Simeon if teachers ought always to be talking about religion. "No, no," rather hastily answered the good man; "let your speech be seasoned with salt; seasoned with salt, madam; not a whole mouthful."

The school committee of Lewiston, Me. have thrust upon an enduring community a new verb, when, in their annual report, they allude to the influences which "derrick up to a better life." Heretofore the average New Englander, when he wished to express the same idea, has said "l'ist."

The man who spends hours in studying the pedigree of his stock, and scarcely knows the name of the teacher of his children, shows a strange estimate of the relative importance of things. That man will read this paragraph, but will apply it to somebody else.

An enterprising phonologist once wrote a note to the late Charles Dickens, asking permission to make an examination of his cranium. Dickens replied: "Dear Sir:—At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal." Figuratively speaking, Carlyle has used the sword and not the trowel. De Quincey once said to him, "You've shown or you've made another hole in the tin kettle of society; how do you propose to tinker it?" Shedd of America says that Carlyle's work is of the nature of a spasm. This criticism is no doubt correct. In reading his books you feel that the inward power of the author does not correspond with the desperate tugging which he makes to be forcible.

A poor memory is a very inconvenient thing. So a man found it who lately called on a friend, and in the course of the conversation asked him how his good father was. "He is dead; did you not know it?" answered the friend. "Indeed! I am distressed to hear it," said the visitor. "I had no idea of it," and he proceeded to express his sympathy. A year after he called again and forgetfully asked, "And how is your good father?" The clever reply was, "Still dead."

Opportunities are like railway trains which come to meet only those who wait for them at the proper place. He who sits still all his life waiting for an opportunity to do something great is like a man who should say he had no chance to travel by rail because the train did not draw up at his front gate. Opportunities await every person. The wise man goes to meet them, watches for their arrival, and takes advantage of them; the foolish one sits still and abuses his bad luck, because no opportunity comes to him.

The following is worth passing around, for it contains the substance of an average sermon. "I have been sick," said a member of the church to his pastor, "and you did not come to see me, and yet you went to see Bro. —, who was sick at the same time." "I was not aware," said the pastor, "that you had been sick." "How did you find out that Bro. — was sick?" was the somewhat sharp inquiry. "Because I missed him from church and from the prayer meeting. He is always in his place if well, and when his seat was empty I knew I would find him in the sick room."

How easy it is to see the sins of others. Even a child can do that. A Boston Sunday-school superintendent tells of an experience of his in support of this truth. One Sunday he found in his school a class of urchins recently gathered in from the street, without a teacher for the day; so he took them in hand. He came right down to first principles, and talked of sin and salvation. One of his pointed questions was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the answer came from one of the brightest of the boys, who pointed to another boy at the end of the seat, and said, "Yes, that feller down there." That boy was more outspoken than he would have been if he had been longer in the school; but his mode of judging was much that of those long under Christian training. There is no sorrow like our sorrow; and no sin like—"that feller's down there."

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