

The Family.

A GERMAN PEASANT HYMN. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY THE LATE DR. JAMES HAMILTON.

Neighbor, except our parting song, The road is short, the rest is long; The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence, This is no place of permanence.

The bread, by turns of mirth or tears, Was thine these checkered pilgrim years; Now landlord's word, shut to the door, Thy guest is gone for evermore:

Gone to a realm of sweet repose, Our convoy follows as he goes: Of toil and toil the day was full: A good sleep now!—the night is cool.

Ye village bells, ring, softly ring, And in the blessed Sabbath bring, Which from the weary work day tryst Await's God's talk through Jesus Christ.

And open wide, thou gate of peace, And let this other journey cease; Nor grudge a narrow couch dear neighbors, For slumbers won by life-long labors.

Beneath these sods, how close ye lie, But many a mansion's in you sky; E'en now, beneath the sapphire throne, Is he prepared through God's dear Son.

"Is quickly come" that Saviour sighs; Ye, quickly come! this churchyard sighs; Come, Jesus, come! we wait for thee—Thine, now and ever, let us be.

Evangelist.

LECTURE-ROOM TALK.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Intemperance—Labor and Prayer.

FRIDAY EVENING, June 16, 1871.

I have received a note, from which, although I cannot read it, I shall read a few lines; because, the name being kept secret, there can, I suppose, be no possibility of any person's tracing the note; and it will better answer the purpose for which it was written, for me to read it, with some remarks, than simply to do as it requests, without this introduction:

"Once before I asked your prayers in behalf of my husband. Since that he has more frequently been under the influence of liquor. O Heavenly Father! aid me. My heart is breaking. Our darling children are sorrowing as few young people sorrow. What can I do? a wife cannot influence her husband against his will. Promises are of no avail. My only hope is in prayer. Why does not God answer me? Will you pray that he may have the wisdom and strength to resist temptation, and that I may be faithful and patient? I must save him from this destroyer. You know the promise where several agree touching one thing. My husband! my husband! Oh pray for him, now sleeping such a sleep! Oh! pray, pray for him!"

Such a wail as this interprets the evil of intemperance more than a thousand lectures can. Remember that this is a single instance out of ten thousand. Every neighborhood has just such cases. How little are the sorrows of suffering to be thought of, how little does pain from sickness, from disappointments in business, and from troubles of care amount to, when you come to such anguish as is depicted here! Consider a child reared in love, reared by tenderness to exquisite feeling, reared so that every sensibility is prepared for the highest enjoyment, or for the keenest suffering.

Then comes the bright and blossoming days of hope and love, and all the expectations of life. Then comes the awakening. And now every single chord of the soul is stretched, apparently to be played on by the fiery hand of anguish. Here are baffled joy, mortified pride, and maternal anguish in behalf of the children. It is not once, like an occasional thunder cluck in Summer; it is day by day, week by week, month by month. You might go by the house and never know that from it a column rose to God, full of darkness and anguish, without ceasing. You might even meet this person upon the street, or in social relations, and she would cover her wounded heart with a gay face, and you should not suspect it. Here, and there, and in multitudes of places, just such suffering is existing, compared with which all common suffering is light.

What are the troubles which persons have when children are suddenly deformed? Every day we see accounts like this: "The boat was swamped; the boy and girl sunk like lead;" and this was a great trouble. Or, "Some siding blow prostrated the head of the family; and the wife and children mourn the untimely departure of the husband and father;" and it is a great affliction—a great affliction. But what is death compared with life, if suffering have the power of producing suffering? And what in life are all the ordinary trials compared with this, that begins in the heart and never leaves it—suffering that takes hold, and wrings the very cords of life?

We are commanded in the Word of God—and this is the very spirit of religion—to remember these in bonds as bound with them. Do we, when we look upon such cases fulfill this spirit? A young man for instance, has fallen into bad habits. A few shake their heads sadly, and say, "Well, it is a great pity." A good many others are indignant at it, that with such fine prospects he should be such a fool as to throw himself away. How many persons are there who enter into the sufferings of the father or mother in respect to such a young person, remembering those in bonds as bound with them—when they see his unsteady step, when they know his misfortune and his sin? How many make the case their own according to the command of God's word? How many are able to enter into the household of grief, and to remember those who are in bonds by such sorrows as this as bound with them? How many of those are able to pray for those who are in such a trouble? How many are able earnestly to plead to God in their behalf? It is in such cases as this as occur that I think every man must feel how precious are all those efforts which are made for the reformation of morals, and for the restriction of this desolating evil.

You can get no other argument that can compare with this loving anguish of a soul so distressed. And our unknown friend (for I am utterly ignorant who this person is) pitiously desires us to pray, saying that there is nothing left but prayer.

Now, I would not discourage prayer, but I would say that there is much left besides, and that prayer must not be wholly relied upon. It must not supersede patience and perseverance and hope.

In the first place, we are to remember that this is not simply a sin. Intemperance, when it has once fastened upon a person, becomes a disease. It is a disease as much as paralysis, as much as gout, as much as insanity, and although moral reaction should be encouraged, we are to remember that one of the

effects of intoxicating drinks is to destroy the moral stamina, to take away that resting power on which alone a person can himself rely. We are therefore to look upon persons who are bound in this way as our patients—not simply as monsters; not simply as great sinners before God. They may not be guiltless; they are not guiltless; but after all they are not guilty in such proportion as we are wont to suppose; and they are to be borne with, and treated as you would treat a paralytic, or a person that has any other chronic alarming disease.

In the next place we are not to give them up because through periods of months; or even of years our exertions have been unblest. They promise us, and they earnestly mean to keep their promise; but they fall again and again; and we are apt to treat them as though they were responsible for the breaking of their word. We forget that the very nature of this disease is to lower the tone of conscience; to take away many of the elements of responsibility. God knows that I would have society relax the responsibility of men who are in the commission of evil in the matter of intemperance; but without a doubt, God measures men's responsibilities, and grades them, and makes a great difference between a man who is in his normal condition, and a man who has become diseased (by his own sin, admit) so as to incapacitate himself for moral conduct and moral action.

We are not, therefore, to be discouraged because promises have been made and broken. We are to wait, and wait, and wait on the Lord. And there are encouragements. In multitudes of cases where for years persons had seemed to be lost, there have been hopeful restraints brought to bear upon them; though, I admit, there are other cases that are so hopeless as not to afford ground for the least encouragement.

I would suggest further, that where it can be, the hope of restoration should be connected with institutional restraints. I think that intemperate persons should be treated in the institutions as the insane are. I believe that thus a large number might be restored. I have not a single doubt of this. That all will be cured, of course we cannot expect. No form of disease is always curable. But that medical treatment may lead in those instances where persons have lived alone, and unrestrained, and where without medical prescription they would go down, I have reason to know. I am sure it is so.

While, then, prayer is not to be intermitted, while day and night those who are interested should pray for such, it ought not to be the feeling of any one that prayer is the only thing, though it be a great comfort and a great help. And now as to prayer. There is a great deal of skepticism about it. Men say, "Would you pray for a person who had the dropsy, that God would heal him? Would you pray for a person who had broken his leg, that God would set it? Would you pray for a person who was struck with paralysis, that God would take away the stroke and restore him? Would you pray for persons that were sick with fever? Or would you send for a skillful physician and have him prescribe for them?" I would do both. First I would do the best I could. Secondly I would avail myself of the experience of a physician. But what would prevent my asking God to guide my judgment and the physician's skill? If the one and the other human instrumentality were not available, what would hinder my asking God, out of the endless resources of his providence, to heal the person? I do not think that God's providential government is to put a premium on laziness, I do not think that prayer should be made a substitute for labor; but while we are doing the best we can, I do believe it is our privilege to ask the higher wisdom of God to inspire our wisdom. And I do believe it is in the power of God so to use natural laws and natural agencies, as make it worth our while to pray. I do not suppose we shall have answers to prayers miraculously; but that God can employ the great laws of nature, and can by our importunity be persuaded to do this, I firmly believe.

Neither do I desire to see the foundation of this faith knocked out from under me. It has been a comfort and consolation to the world for ages. Prayer, I think is the weak man's sword. Prayer is the staff in the valley of the shadow of death. Prayer is that which comforts the despairing and hopeless. And if one may not cry out to God in such anguish as is depicted here, the heart, it seems to me, must break and be utterly crushed under the burdens that come in life.

And now one single word more. I suppose that this young person, or this person (for I do not know whether it be a young man or not; I should judge from the tenor of the letter that it was a middle aged man)—I suppose that this person, when he began to drink, began with plenary courage. Very likely he was a young man of pride, and when he was exalted, he let it alone! Let it alone! said, "I am a free man; and if I cannot save myself without a pledge, and without binding myself, I think it is a pity." I have no doubt that he resented the importunities of friends, and that when they said to him, "Such and such men have gone down to drunkard's graves," he said, "That may be so; but they were weak and foolish." I have no doubt that he felt that while others might perish, it was safe for him. There is an inordinate conceit and unwarrantable self-confidence, in view of all the unvanquishable part of those who indulge in the wine-cup. They make a venture without any sort of justification in prudence or experience. They exhibit a folly which is utterly presumptuous. And if one could stand and see both what are the sufferings of this person himself in this lucid interval and what are the sufferings which he entails upon those who were dear to him, and who, I doubt not, by paroxysms, are still dear to him—one could stand and see these things as the results of his dissipation, I am sure that he would see that there is no pleasure in that mode of life to put all his present life and the life to come in peril for the sake of a dash that, like shavings on fire, goes up, and then is ashes.

Let us unite in prayer: Thou that didst stop the bier; Thou whose heart was touched with the mother's tears; thou that didst speak to the young man as they bore him to the sepulcher, and didst call him to life again—To thee we come. Thou didst permit the woman that followed The into Simon's house to weep upon Thy feet, and to wipe the great tears with her disheveled locks, and didst send her away speaking peace to her soul—to Thee we come. Thou that didst everywhere look after the lost; Thou that didst go down among them, and inspire them with hope that there was a place of repentance for those that Jesus took by the hand when all others scorned them; Thou that didst open Thy heart to those who were shut out from the sympathy of respectable men—to Thee we come. O Lord Jesus Christ! Thou that didst give life and ransom for those who were doomed have compassion upon those who were in

darkness and sorrow—especially upon thy servant who is overcome by his adversary, and is a captive, bound hand and foot. Had he not a praying mother and a praying father? Then remember their prayers, if he can no longer cry out. Was he not brought up in the way of virtue and piety? Remember the innocence of his youth, and all the hope of his young manhood.

Look, we pray Thee, with sovereign mercy upon this handmaid. May her heart never give up in despair. May she be so strengthened, also, that as her day, her strength shall be ended. May she be gentle and faithful and patient in suffering, and have a hope that will not give up. And while she prays may she labor and, without childing God still supplicate.

Lord, we beseech of thee that thou wilt look upon this distressed household. The dead are not there: it is the living that are there. Oh! grant their groans. Behold their tears. And grant that there may be, out of this infinite mercy, raised up an appropriate help, and that thy servant may yet one day rise up in this place, and say, I was dead but an alive again; was lost, but am found. Oh! bring him back to sanity, to health, to self-government, to purity, to divine love.

And yet this household is only one of a multitude. How many wretched places there are! How many dwellings are but halls of groaning! We pray that thou wilt strengthen the hands of those who seek to stay the destroyer. Grant we pray thee, that those who destroy, and who make their gain out of the ruin of their fellow-men, may be held back. We pray that thou wilt enforce all those influences and teach us to enforce them, by which the community are to be saved from the evils of intemperance and by those that once were lost, are to be brought back again.

We think Thee that we have in our midst many who have been witnesses of thy power to save; many who have held with trembling hands the destroying cup, and have dashed it from them forever. We think Thee that in many families the altar of prayer is erected where not a great while ago only blasphemies were heard. We think of their deliverance; we think Thee that they are being strengthened more and more; we think Thee that they are setting an example to their fellows, and that they are an encouragement to those that are thralled, that men may be saved even from intemperance. And since thou hast done for such wonderful things may they feel that they are called to bear burdens and sorrows in behalf of those who are in captivity. May they remember those in bonds as bound with them. May their memory of the past feed their activity for the future.

We pray, O Lord that we may be more and more in sympathy with each other's trials and burdens; with each other's hopes and fears, and grant that we may pray for another. May we have more faith in prayer; more simplicity; more childlike confidence in Thee. And so we beseech of thee that we may go on laboring one for another, laboring for the poor and the outcast, laboring for the ignorant and the friendless, until our time on earth is over; and then may we be called home to this heavenly kingdom, where there shall be no more temptation, no more falling, no more sin, no more anguish. And to Thy name shall be the praise. Father, Son and Spirit. Amen.

THE CANADA WESLEYAN CONFERENCE ON TEMPERANCE.

At the late session of the Wesleyan Conference, the Committee on Memorials presented a report on the subject of temperance, which cannot fail to cheer the hearts of all true friends of the cause. The portion of the report referred to is as follows:—

1. That this conference reiterates its frequently expressed views on Total Abstinence, and would renew its earnest recommendation that every minister preach at least one sermon in each year of every congregation under his charge, enforcing Mr. Wesley's sentiments against the drinking and the sale of intoxicating liquors.

2. That this Conference earnestly recommends some form of Temperance effort in connection with all our Sabbath-schools, and urges on all superintendents and teachers, because of the potency of example, the practical adoption of Total Abstinence, and that they place in the hands of the children such books and tracts that will serve to inform them on the subject of Temperance, and guard our youth against the pernicious drinking practices which now prevail to an alarming extent.

3. That inasmuch as the rules of our Church virtually constitute it a Temperance Society, we heartily approve, and respectfully recommend the general adoption of a practice now prevailing in some of our Circuits, of incorporating into the meetings of our Church, one for the discussion of the subject of Temperance, which may also assume the character of a Literary or Mutual Improvement Society.

We moreover, devoutly hope that our Church will practically respond to the prayer of the York memorialists, heartily identify itself with the jubilee measures inaugurated to secure the prohibition by-law of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks; and we would respectfully suggest until this consummation shall have been realized, a public meeting will be held during each session, of Conference, for the promotion of Temperance.

There is no mistaking the import of the above. The Conference has come out squarely for Prohibition, but recognizing the magnitude of the work to be accomplished before public sentiment is brought up to the right point, recommends continued effort for the spread of sound temperance principles. Let the laity of Methodist rally around the banner thus planted by the Conference and it will not take long to leave the whole country with Prohibition sentiment.—Pure Gold.

ALLIE'S DOLLAR.

"Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred," counted Allie. "O, mother! I've got a dollar—a whole dollar! haven't I?"

Allie's mother replied that she had. "And papa said, when my pennies got to be a dollar, I might spend it as I pleased; didn't he?"

"I believe he did," replied Mrs. Raymond, smiling at her little daughter's eagerness. "Oh, won't it be nice!" cried Allie. "What shall I get? There's so much to buy you know; and I don't know what I want most."

"Your mother says you could do the most good with it," said Mrs. Raymond. "You can use your money in such a way that it will do good to yourself, and to others at the same time."

"O mother!" cried Allie, in her impulsive way, "there's little Prue Wells! She can't go to Sunday school because she hasn't got any dress warm enough. She wears her caico dress to school; and her mother says it Saturday night, and she wears an old one Sunday, because her good one isn't dry."

"You don't mean that this is mine, do you?" cried she, holding up the pretty cloth, and looking at Allie, who was enjoying her surprise in great delight.

"Of course I do," answered Allie. "I got it on purpose for you. Ain't it pretty?" "Oh! it is the prettiest dress I ever had," answered Prue, hugging it up closely, as if it were a doll. "I don't know how to thank you for it."

"I'm satisfied if you are," answered Allie, and ran down the path again. The next Sunday Prue made her appearance at the Sunday school in the warm and pretty new dress; and Allie felt how true that passage in the Bible is that says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Love Church Missionary.

Spurgeon says: "As a general rule it may be observed that those who know the least of Greek are sure to air their rings of learning in the pulpit; they miss no chance of saying, 'The Greek is so and so.' It makes a man an inch and a half taller by a foolometer, if he everlastingly lets fall bits of Greek and Hebrew, and even tells the tense of the verb, and the case of the noun, as I have known some do. The whole process of interpretation is to be carried on in your study; you are not to show your congregation the process, but to give them the result; like a good cook, who would never think of bringing up dishes, and pans, and a spice box, into the dining hall, but without ostentation, sends up the feast."

would get her a real nice warm delaine dress, and then she could go to Sunday school every week. May I get her a dress, mother?"

"I am perfectly willing," answered Mrs. Raymond. "You couldn't use your dollar in a better way I think."

That afternoon Allie went down to the store and selected a pretty red and black delaine. "How surprised Prue will be!" she kept thinking. She was so excited when she reached Widow Wells's cottage, that she fairly ran up the path, and could hardly stop to knock.

Prue opened the door herself. "O Prue!" cried Allie, almost out of breath, "there's a present for you! I see how you like it."

Prue wonderingly opened the bundle. "You don't mean that this is mine, do you?" cried she, holding up the pretty cloth, and looking at Allie, who was enjoying her surprise in great delight.

"Of course I do," answered Allie. "I got it on purpose for you. Ain't it pretty?" "Oh! it is the prettiest dress I ever had," answered Prue, hugging it up closely, as if it were a doll. "I don't know how to thank you for it."

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Obituary.

ARTHUR J. RICKARDS, OF WINDSOR.

This name heading an obituary will strike many with sadness. Mr. Rickards was widely known in his native Province. When a young man he commenced business in Halifax, and proved his capability by soon outstripping many of his competitors. Had he survived to advanced age there is every probability that he would have become one of our leading commercial men. He reached only 35 years.

He once became a member of our church and brought to its aid the force of his ardent mind and energetic temperament. He allowed his business engagements to absorb his thoughts and time, after his first love had subsided, thus preparing ample reason for future self-condemnation. But his interest in the cause of religion; especially in the public service of the sanctuary never declined. His pocket-Bible, almost a Sabbath-day of Ministers and Texts, extending over a space of several years—attests to his love of truth.

Nearly two years ago this community was startled by the intelligence of a serious accident which threatened to terminate fatally in the case of Mr. Rickards. He had, very reluctantly be afterwards assured us—abruptly left his business in Halifax to take a day's recreation with his gun. A companion laid one of the dangerous instruments, loaded, in the bottom of their wagon; the concussion discharged the entire contents of shot through Mr. Rickards' foot naturally followed from a drive of some fifteen miles with such a wound upon him. The shock to his nervous system, and the subsequent drain from his naturally delicate constitution, were such as to leave him a ready prey to that terrible disease consumption. He sunk gradually but very perceptibly, until, on Saturday 8th inst., we closed his eyes in death.

From the first of his illness Mr. Rickards began diligently to cultivate his spiritual gifts, and he sacrificed his marked religious modesty with a persistency which was nothing short of real heroism. Once his strength came up as far as he could expend his forces of love. Our church was thus being furnished, and day after day he would visit the place, giving the counsel of his refined taste, and living the Pastor's life with his own hands; it was painful to see him at such times, so patient of his own sufferings, so mindful of the comfort of others. At length the day came when in leaving the church he involuntarily turned round at the door and looking back at the finished structure, his spirit whispered—"I shall never see this again!" and the premonition was too true.

We did what was possible in affording him religious consolation. His fear was that his faith might fail in the end; so far from this was the result, that catching eagerly at the Doctor's words—"He is only living from moment to moment"—he called a friend to his bedside and whispered with a smile which meant victory and unbounded hopes—"He says I will soon be there!" The sun was setting so that the light and his spirit went out together.

A. W. N.

Died at Salmon River, in the Hopewell circuit, N. B., on the first of June last, Foster Strong aged 26. Our departed brother was strong in the bloom of life, and there appeared every prospect of his becoming one of the most useful members of our church, in the community where he resided. When but a lad he yielded to the importunate request of his Heavenly Father, "My son give me thine heart;" and immediately connected himself with his Christian church. And from that time, his Christian course was decided and progressive. After he had attained to the age of manhood, he was many times exposed to very powerful temptations; by being surrounded by the contaminating influence of ungodly men. But wherever found, his firm religious principles were soon made manifest, and always secured for him the highest respect of all classes. Humble and unostentatious, he walked closely with God, and men took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.

As the closing hour of life drew near, he gave most unmistakable evidence, of the foundation upon which his heavenly hopes were being built. The last request that came to us from his dying bed, was, "Oh, talk to me of Heaven, I love it."

To hear about my home above."

And shortly after, calmly resting upon the bosom of Jesus—"He breathed his life out, sweetly there." On the following Sabbath, we endeavored to improve the solemn event, by pointing him out, to a large concourse of people, as one of innumerable witnesses around the throne, who could testify to the blessedness of the religion of Jesus.

J. M. P.

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