

SHEFFIELD N. B.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Whatever may be thought of the spirit in which the correspondence relative to ministerial supply has been conducted, every christian must be grateful to God that he has so graciously answered the prayers of his servants. For, earnestly has the prayer been offered before the throne of grace—

“Convert and send forth more, Into thy Church abroad; And let them speak the word of power, As workers with their God.”

“God answers prayer.” Let the Church —“Let the people praise him.”

Let me mention another place which is being honoured of God in supplying workers for “His vineyard.” I refer to “Maccan Mountain” on the Parraboro Circuit. A person standing a short distance from the Methodist Church on Mount Maccan, will I think be within rifle shot of the natal, and spiritual birth-place of four brethren who are now actively engaged in the work of our ministry. While within the same bounds another minister found a companion for life in the person of one whose literary productions sometimes grace the columns of the WESLEYAN. May the Lord make the same little Church the birth-place of many more earnest workers. E. S.

SALISBURY, N.B.—We are rejoicing here in revival influences which are deep and general. We hope for a good and extensive work. Already the glory of the Lord has filled his house. From thirty to forty have decided for Christ and I believe the most of them have found peace.

Your's &c., J. F. BETTS.

PORT HAWKSBURY.—The good work goes on though my strength fails. About 20 have turned from the wrong, to the safe, noble and right life.

Our Sunday School of over one hundred scholars and seventeen officers and teachers, is most perfect. The admiration of all.

Your's &c., J. B. HEMMEON

Rev. W. Young, Trenton, Ontario, writes:—

I wish you great prosperity and success in the great work in which you are engaged in the East. We in the West are trying feebly to advance the cause of religion Temperance and Morality. Prohibition is the order of the day. God is saving souls by hundreds. I am glad we are one. Yours in the bands of the blessed Gospel.

MR. HILL'S LECTURE.—Rev. Geo. W. Hill, A.M., of Halifax, lectured at Lingley Hall last evening. Subject: “Moses.” The President of Eubethorian presided. We have not space for even a brief resume of what was one of the finest literary treats ever given a Sackville audience. The age Moses lived in, his personal character, his acquirements in the arts and sciences, his patriotism, his acts as a statesman, and his reliance in and submission to the Almighty, were forcibly told in a vein of sustained eloquence.

Professor Stone presided at the organ, and delighted the audience with two spirited and finely executed voluntaries.—Sackville Post.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY MITCHELL. Death has been doing its work in the removal of one of the oldest settlers in the parish of St. Stephen.

MARY widow of the late James Mitchell and daughter of the late Benjamin and Mehitable Gatchell; has passed from earth away.

She was born in St. Stephen in the year 1787. Blessed with pious parents she was, according to Divine injunction, brought “up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

Her life was a proof of the truthfulness of God's word to parents, “Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

Her mother Mehitable Gatchell accepted Christ's death as the atonement for her sins under the ministry of the Revd. Duncan McCoil, and was the first convert in this place. In the Spring of 1804 her conflicts with this life ended. She fell peacefully asleep in Jesus.

“Blessed sleep.” From which she never wakes to weep. She died as she lived in the full triumph of faith. Thus her daughter Mary, at the age of seventeen was bereft of a pious parent. But the seed sown in her youthful mind by her sainted mother was not lost; it sprang up and bore fruit unto righteousness. She too was brought to the feet of Jesus as a humble suppliant for mercy; under the ministry of Mr. McCoil.

Through faith in the atonement she found “peace with God.” And from that time her life was one of consistency.

Sometimes her conflicts with her enemy were fierce, but in the strength of the Lord she conquered. She “endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”

She was a cheerful Christian, always having a clear and unmistakable evidence of her acceptance with God. She was enabled in all her conflicts with her spiritual enemies, and in all the dispensations

of Divine Providence cheerfully to acquiesce in the appointed trial, whatever it might be.

Her confidence in God to the end was unbounded. He had been her refuge in youth, and in middle age, nor did he forsake her in old age. The desire of her heart was, when the writer visited her, “to depart and be with Christ.” She cheerfully resigned her spirit to God who gave it, on Nov. 7, 1875, aged 88 years.

“Write blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

J. TINLING.

UNANSWERABLE FACTS.

“I thank God,” said a jubilant believer, in our office, the other day, “I thank God for the glorious, unanswerable facts of Christianity! And then he went on to tell this double story.

Away over in Iowa, on one recent Sunday morning, a half dozen transient guests at a quiet country hotel returned to the hotel from our attendance at the little church, and as we gathered about the stove in the office, we fell to discussing the sermon in particular, and, presently, to debating theology and religion in general.

“As for me,” said one loud talker, “this whole matter of religion is a humbug; I don't believe any of those things!” and the room full—say of thirty persons—received the scoffer's dicta with open assent, or prudently, and perhaps cowardly concealed dissent. One of those who had just returned from the church bestowed more than usual time in folding away his overcoat, and a close observer might have noticed that some of his physical movements were emphasized by the pressure of strong mental feeling. As the assailant of religion was about to conclude that his expressions were perhaps the verdict of all, the nervous hearer aforesaid turned quickly, around saying—

“See, here, my friend, pardon my confidence, but I know you are mistaken! As a ready talker you can outdo me in formal theological statement, but my conscience, as well as my experience, shows me that you have not by any means reached the bottom of the question you are discussing.” And then he went on to tell of his dear old father, long ago an octogenarian, bereft of property, disabled by age, blind, and just now tenderly struck by the very recent loss of a favorite and helpful daughter; “yet,” said the son, “father sits in the chair in actual personal communion with Christ, singing all day long, and repeating ever and over from memory the precious promises of God, and he is happier than any prince about to be crowned as a king. My mother too, is almost a life-long sufferer from fearfully acute pain, sensitive to the loss of her children as only a mother can be; still more helpless because of father's extreme old age; yet she told me lately, in the midst of the night made sleepless by physical pain, she rejoices with unspeakable joy because the Lord Jesus comes to her bedside, and in person tells her of that coming glory with which her present light afflictions are not worthy to be compared. Father knows and mother knows, and, thank God, I know you are mistaken—for God has power to forgive sins, and every one of you”—turning to the intent hearers—“every one of you may know as an unanswerable fact, and as a matter of irrefutable consciousness, that God can send His Spirit to testify that you are His children, pardoned, justified, gladdened, and satisfied that religion is as real as your personality and present existence!”

Need we say that the little company, impressed, silenced, and some in tears, dispersed, each admitting to himself at least, that the Truth has power when spoken out of a full heart, and seconded by the spirit that additionally testifies whenever a witness utters such precious experience through love for hungering souls about him.

MYSTERIOUS FIRES.—We are now arrived at a season of the year when fires are abundant, and mysterious fires especially so. The mystery of a fire is one of three kinds—the mystery of fraud, the mystery of carelessness, and the mystery of ignorance. The latter characterizes people of all ranks in life, and is, seemingly, as persistent as carelessness, and sometimes as culpable as fraud. For instance, how many people know precisely what a defective flue is? How many know anything about spontaneous combustion? How many know that hollow walls are actual flues which have the power of carrying flames from the bottom of a house to the top, almost instantly? How many know that the heat of a stove, even when separated by some little distance from wood, will, in the course of time, so char it that a spark will fire it? How many know that under favorable circumstances fires will smolder for hours, ready to flash into actual flame when fanned by the opening of a door, or the slightest current of air caused in any manner whatever? In brief, how many know anything of a hundred and one circumstances that will cause mysterious fires, which a slight degree of practical knowledge might easily prevent.—The Index.

A TEMPERANCE CHARGE.

BY REV. W. LAWSON.

Go forth, oh temperance soldiers, To the battle-field of life; Let fear nor foe deter you From the thickest of the strife; Go meet the mighty armies, And be ye not dismayed, For the voice of God comes to you—“Ye shall not be afraid.”

The Lord is your “Rock and fortress.” And you may trust to Him; He spreads his shadows o'er you When'er the light is dim. Nor powder's blackening darkness, And no loud cannon's din, No threatening of foe shall hurt Accorded unto Him.

No evil shall befall you, Nor harm of plague to come Near to your guardian person, For He shall be your home. Into the care of angels The Lord hath given you, And tho' you walk mid dangers, The Lord shall bring you through.

You are safe tho' twice ten thousand At your right hand appear; The Lord will you deliver In answer to your prayer. Your work of love is for him, And He will lift you high— Will show you his salvation, And with long life satisfy.

Engaged in such a fight, How can you be afraid? His arms and love are round you, Then be ye not dismayed; But in his strength abiding, Forget ye every fear, And in the trust of goodness, Meet every foe that's near.

JACOB'S LADDER.

Extract from a recent prize poem of the University of Oxford—by REV. WM. ALEXANDER. Ah! many a time we look on starlight nights Up to the sky as Jacob did of old, Long looking up to the eternal lights, To spell their lines in gold.

But nevermore, as to the Hebrew boy, Each on his way the angels walk abroad, And nevermore we hear with awful joy, The audible voice of God.

Yet to pure eyes, the ladder still is set, And angel visitants still come and go; Many bright messengers are moving yet, From the dark world below.

Thoughts that are red-crossed, Faith's out-spreading wings, Prayers of the church are keeping time and tryst— Heart wishes making bee-like murmurings, Their flowers, the Eucharist.

Spirits elate, through suffering rendered meet For those high mansions—from the nursery floor Bright babes that climb up with their clay-cold feet, Unto the golden floor.

These are messengers, forever wending From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan: These are the angels of our God ascending Upon the Son of Man.

It is high time to rebuke the false notion that the people are too poor to take a good religious paper. Nothing they eat or wear is so cheap. Too poor! Perhaps so; but it is a significant fact that the most poisonous and baneful publications are mainly supported by people of slender means. It is this class who buy the trash that is hawked through the cars and on the ferries. The wretched comic nonsense, and the sensational monthlies which are circulated by wandering agents, are laid aside in the humblest country homes. The “Sunday Mercury” and other story papers are bought by the thousand on Saturday night, by mechanics and servant girls. The sons and daughters of the very men who have for years been “too poor” to take a family paper which would have been a living fountain of religious influence, buy quantities of pestilent trash, which in too many cases lead them to ruin.—The Evangelist.

OPEN COMMUNION.—The Baptist ministers of New York, in their weekly conference, passed the following resolution by a vote of twenty to six—Dr. Jeffery is associate editor of the Baptist Union, which favors free communion:

Whereas, The Rev. Reuben Jeffery, D. D., has taken a position openly as a propagator of open communion; and whereas common courtesies extended to the open communion party have been construed as a quasi indorsement of open communion sentiments; and whereas Dr. Jeffery's appearance before this Conference to read a paper would be construed by his associates in the same way; therefore, Resolved, That Dr. Jeffery's appointment to read a paper before us be hereby rescinded.

The plan of making England the purchaser of the Khedive's interest in the Suez Canal, and its practical controller for \$20,000,000, was substantially the work of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, editor of the “Pall Mall Gazette,” and one of the most capable of London journalists. The memorandum drawn up by him setting forth the arguments in its favor is said to have made a deep impression on Mr. Disraeli, and secured his adhesion.

ROBERT ROBINSON, the author of that well-known hymn, Come, thou Fount of every blessing, was converted under the preaching of Whitefield, and himself became, in time, a preacher of considerable popularity, but was not very steadfast. He seems to have expressed well his own experience in the line,

Prono to wander, Lord I feel it. He became a Socinian at last. The story of his conversion is somewhat curious. One day in his youth, he encountered an old woman, a fortune teller, who told him he would live to a very old age and see a long line of descendants. In thinking over the matter, which he seems to have laid to heart, he said to himself: “And so I am to see children, grandchildren, and great grand-children. I will then, in my youth, endeavor to store my mind with useful knowledge. I will see and hear and note down everything that is rare and wonderful, that when I am incapable of other employments, I may sit and entertain my descendants. Thus shall I be respected in old age, and my company be pleasant. Let me see, what can I acquire first? Oh here is the famous Methodist preacher, Whitefield, he is to preach here to-night, I will go and hear him.” He went, and the result was his conversion in the course of a short time.

The hymn is often mis-sung. We have frequently heard persons of little culture sing the first line.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing, showing that they did not understand the words they were using. Perhaps persons often sing it without thinking that they are directly addressing themselves to God, the “Fount of every blessing.” Another error is very frequently heard in the second line, which is sung thus:

Tune my heart to sing thy praise, instead of grace, which destroys the rhyme, for the fourth line ends with the word praise. While we are at it, we may as well refer to another line which is probably not well understood:

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer That is, “stone of help;” see I Sam. 7: 12, which will explain it.

WHAT SMOKING COSTS.

Probably not many who smoke cigars regularly, says the Worcester Palladium, are aware of the expensiveness of the habit. They whiff away their Havanas without a thought of what the practice is actually costing them. It is only five cents or ten cents a time, and so they indulge, unconscious that they are converting houses, lands, capitals and the essentials of life into smoke. But let us look at it in the light of arithmetic. Suppose, gentle reader, that you should save the money you pay for cigars and put it in a savings bank where the interest will be compounded semi-annually.—have you the slightest idea of the amount of such savings in the run of years? Beginning with the lowest daily cost of the use of tobacco: 2 1/2 cents a day deposit as above will amount to \$10 in a year, to 130 dollars in ten years, and to \$2,900 in fifty years. How many smokers, who have been in the habit for fifty years have kept themselves down to 2 1/2 cents a day? If you should lay aside in the same manner 5 1/2 cents per day, it would amount to \$20 in a year \$260 in ten years, \$5,800 in fifty years. Saving likewise 11 cents daily, you will have \$40 at the end of the year, \$520 in ten years, and \$11,600 in fifty years. This last sum, if saved by the young clerk in a single decade would leave him quite a little capital to invest in some legitimate business. And many poor young men in this city are spending eleven cents daily for cigars or tobacco! But let us step up higher. Laying aside 27 1/2 cents per day, you save \$100 dollars in a year, 1,300 in ten years, and \$29,000 in fifty years. In the same ratio fifty-five cents a day foots \$200 the first year, \$2,600 in ten years, and \$58,000 in fifty years. If you should save \$1.10 a day, it would leave you \$400 at the end of the year, \$5,200 in ten years, and \$116,000 in fifty years.

Now we ask the earnest attention of smokers to the above figures, and put the question whether they can afford to indulge in a practice so costly. Take the eleven cents a day. This sum at the end of the year would leave you \$40, enough to pay the bread bill for quite a family. By studying the above can you not see how you are unconsciously sending off into space to make the circuit of the globe money that would purchase a good homestead, and leave you something besides to make comfortable your old age?

We recommend to all smokers to take an evening, sit down with their families, and consider whether they can afford to smoke; whether their happiness, their future prospects, and their respectability, would not be greatly enhanced by a total discontinuance of the odious practice.

HOUSE AND FARM.

USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE SHOP, THE HOUSEHOLD AND THE FARM.

S. A. T., says:—To stick leather paper or wood to metal, to a glass dissolved in water add a teaspoonful of glycerine.

The best treatment for slight burns is to apply cotton batting soaked with a liniment made of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water. Be careful not to break the blisters, should any form.

The finest quantity of indigo has the least specific gravity, and floats upon water. It may also be tested by its not readily leaving a mark on drawing it across a piece of paper, and also by the clear blue which it imparts to water when dissolved.

To prevent the skin discoloring after a bruise, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, merely moisten it with cold water, and place it on the injured part. This is best done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. Invaluable for black eyes.

When a teaspoonful of any medicine is prescribed by any physician, it should be borne in mind that the quantity meant is equal in volume to 45 drops of pure water at 60° Fah. It is a good plan to measure off this amount in a small wine-glass, and mark on the latter the exact height of the fluid. This will give an accurate and convenient standard for future use. Teaspoons vary so much in size that there is a very wide margin of difference in their retaining capacity. It is well to remember, also that four teaspoonful equal one tablespoonful, or half a fluid ounce. A wineglassful means four tablespoonful or two fluid ounces; and a teacupful, as directed by cookery books, indicates four fluid ounces or one gill.

A good dentrifice, largely sold and advertised, is made of 1/2 drachm white Castile soap, dissolved in 1 oz. alcohol, 3/4 oz. water, and 1/4 oz. glycerine. This is colored with cochineal and flavored with peppermint, wintergreen, and clove oils. The powder which accompanies each bottle is mixed of precipitated chalk powdered orris root, and carbonate of magnesium.

To make a handy snow shovel, take a light, tough, half-inch board, twenty inches long and a foot wide. Sharpen one end and over it rivet a strip of this sheet iron, bent sharp to fit the edge; this forms the cutting edge. Across the other end nail firmly a piece an inch thick, five inches wide, and long enough to extend across the shovel board. Bore an inch hole through this, slanting downward and forward, so that the handle when passed through the hole will strike the board three or four inches in front of the cross piece. Bevel the end of the handle to fit the shovel board, and fasten it with a staple. The handle should be long enough to work without stooping, and the whole thing should be as light as possible.

A farmer correspondent sends us an excellent wrinkle for finding the weight of horses or steers without scales. He says:—“Make a weighing stall about 3 feet wide with a level floor. In the latter make a recess for the platform of the scales so that the platform will be flush with the planking. Now lead your horse or at or into the stall so that the forefeet of the animal rest on the platform and note the weight. Start him ahead until his hind feet are on the platform; note the weight again. Add the two weights thus taken, and the sum will be the total weight of the animal.”

Leather pump packing requiring to be very tight, for small work, should not be more than 1/4 inch thick, and not be bent up round the bore or sides of the barrel more than 1-16th inch.

The cause of streaked butter is the imperfect working of the butter after it is salted. Salt in butter sets the color, or dechens and brightens it; so that if the salt is worked into the butter and not so fully worked as to set every part, then the fresh butter retains the color it had when it came from the churn, and the salt butter grows so much darker that it is decidedly streaked. The remedy is to work the streaked butter more thoroughly.

Black lead well mixed with white of an egg is a good stove blacking. Lay on with a paint brush, and when dry polish with a hard brush.

To prevent flat irons from rusting, melt 1/2 oz. camphour and 1/2 lb. fresh hog lard over a slow fire take off the scum, and mix as much black lead into the composition as will bring it to the color of iron. Spread this over the articles for which it is intended. Let it lie for 24 hours, and then rub it well with a dry linen cloth. Or smear the irons over with melted suet, and dust thereon some pounded unslacked lime from a muslin bag. Cover the irons with baize in a dry place when not in use.

Eddie is to school. school before is like. Th is on the g so gracefully. That is an grand and berry bush road close to some ripe must not s must go to sure afterw By and which gurg stones. An and pretty a What is it pebbles,—re green. O, h play with brother's ha them. “Take c Eddie, run taking her b go there. An brook.” “I want Anna, point “No,” said school. See t gives her a p walk on to hand. Eddie sister and ta Now they elm-trees th green arms q the children a ful arch of b below them, the little broo ing in the wo blue mountain where they ar dark-colored, kind teacher and asks the room. In th was narrow a is afraid. Children, a We are just the light; fo care of us all Some nau ened poor lit very little ch ened stories. the staircase gloomy; and takes her h stairs she tri and says: “I I don't want to go home a then she begi get away. B but gently t carries her up ful room in, comes in at little Anna a tures to look a are soon drier troubles forgo Arithmetic; r rows of bird's things in the that arithmet study, and wi to study it all those row keys and ball listens to the is reading al and happy, a is very pleas Anna was home from s stopping to g ries by the w ther that she did not cry th nor ever after dark stairs to learned to rea reading little dear children, fret, for we do for us. What make you ver what you wa you. And mothe sympathetic, little ones. A