

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

MY FEET ARE ON THE ROCK.

(On the death of Mrs. George Beer, of Charlottetown, by a friend of the family.)

"My feet are on the Rock," she calmly said. With confidence in God, she felt no dread. No fear of death, for lo! it lost its sting. Through faith, disrobbed of power, a harmless thing.

MRS. CATHARINE HOWE.

A recent number of the WESLEYAN contained a notice of the death of this aged saint, who for many years was well known by all who have been associated with Methodism in this place; but the influence of whose godly character and life—like that of many another Christian mother—has been more widely and blessedly felt by thousands, through the devoted ministry of two of her sons, the Revs. John and Isaac Howe, the former being now of the Nova Scotia, and the latter of the New Brunswick, Conference.

"In age and feebleness extreme Who shall a sinful world redeem? Jesus! My only hope thou art, Strength of my failing flesh and heart, O could I catch one smile from thee, And drop into eternity!"

After a painful conflict with the tempter, that smile was vouchsafed to our dear sister; perfect peace filled her heart, but like a weary but satisfied child she sank into the arms of Jesus and slept in Him.

J. S. COFFIN. Sydney, C.B., Feb. 1st., 1882.

COMMUNICATED.

CHARLES STREET CHURCH.

MR. EDITOR—As a number of your readers are interested in the growth of our cause in the city, I will trespass upon a few inches of your space to note down an item or two of progress at Charles St. Church.

For a few years there was a debt on the church of \$1,416. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees in May last, it was decided to remove it at once, and to make such further enlargement of the vestry and Infant Class room as the land at their disposal would permit. The alterations and incidental expenses brought the debt up to \$2,078.

At a meeting of the congregation on Wednesday evening, 15th Feby., to talk over the general affairs of the church it was stated that \$160 was still required to liquidate all the indebtedness, and in a few minutes it was subscribed. The subscription paper had the good fortune not to have on it any name not equal to the amount signed. It is scarcely necessary to say that when the debt was declared to have been wiped away, the doxology was sung with deep gratitude.

It is still pleasanter to write of spiritual prosperity. After the Missionary meetings were over the members of the church were spoken to in regard to special religious services. They at once embraced the idea, and pledged themselves to do all they could to achieve success. From the first the Lord graciously manifested his presence and power to save. An interesting feature of the work was the general awakening in the Sabbath-school. There are now about one hundred and thirty of the scholars meeting in the seven classes provided for

them. I trust that those to whose care they have been committed will be abundantly successful in leading them forward in their spiritual life. The prospects of this charge were never brighter than they are now. The congregations are good, and the spiritual life of the church vigorous. The Sabbath-school registers at present at the largest average attendance in its history. Bro. J. W. Smith, the efficient Superintendent, has gathered around him a devoted band of teachers, who have caught his enthusiasm and cheerfully co-operate in his plans. In conclusion I may say that in giving proper prominence to the doctrine of Christian Holiness God has shown his approval, in lifting up his children to a larger spiritual life. It is with feelings of sincere regret (on my part) that according to the order of things my relation to this dear people will soon be changed. But my successor whoever he may be, will do more for them than it was possible for me, with my limited abilities, to accomplish.

W. H. E. Halifax, Feby. 20th, 1882.

CONFLICTING OPINIONS.

SIR—I am extremely reluctant to tax your editorial courtesy with another letter and I would not do so were it not that I hope to remove from your mind an evident misapprehension. For proof of a "studied effort" on the part of advocates of Consolidation "to treat Mount Allison as occupying a place outside the group of colleges in which Nova Scotians are most deeply interested," you refer to "the quiet, careful classification of Mount Allison by some writers, as if a New Brunswick College and that only." You refer of course to Consolidationist writers, and I heartily agree with you that such a course on their part would indicate a "studied effort" of the kind that you allude to. Such a classification would be erroneous and unjust and would merit your severest editorial censure. But my honest impression is that no such "quiet, careful classification" as you refer to has ever been made by Consolidationist writers. Their classification has been all the other way. The invitation to the Conference, which was the first overt act in the Consolidation movement, was addressed to the Alumni Society of Mount Allison and was signed by Mount Allison Alumni. Mount Allison is expressly classified in the formal statement of the Association as one of the four Protestant Colleges embraced in the Consolidation programme, and in the constitution of the Society the phraseology was "quietly and carefully" and with deliberate purpose moulded into such a shape as to prevent Mount Allison from "occupying a place outside the group of colleges in which Nova Scotians are most deeply interested." Instead of defining the object of the Association to be the consolidation of the colleges in Nova Scotia, the Constitution was so framed as to refer to the "colleges supported by the people of Nova Scotia." Every consolidationist writer, so far as I am aware, has carefully and studiously recognized Mount Allison as not being a "New Brunswick college and that only," and I am quite certain that upon reflection you will not be able to point to a single instance in which a consolidationist writer has classified Mount Allison as a "New Brunswick college and that only," or has shown a disposition to treat Mount Allison "as occupying a place outside the group of colleges in which Nova Scotians are most deeply interested." If these impressions on my part, which I can assure you are honestly entertained, shall prove to be correct, your references to this phase of the discussion "in the presence of friends" must have been due to an unaccountable misconception on your part and must have led them to unjustly entertain unfavorable opinions of the company that I have been keeping. That company as you are aware includes some of the most distinguished alumni of Mount Allison College and Academy, and in justice to them as well as to myself I would submit with all deference and in perfect good humor that unless your statements, doubtless made in the hurry of editorial work, can be supported by proof they should be withdrawn.

Your obedient servant B. RUSSELL.

(Our statement in a previous issue was intended to be final, but seems not to have been so understood by our correspondent, whose letter we therefore publish. The letter only goes to prove the irresponsible character of some of that correspondence on "Consolidation," which the time at our disposal will not possibly permit us to review. So far as we can see, the only end to be reached through a tedious discussion would be an "agreement to differ." Having given Mr. Russell a fair opportunity to express his opinion on this matter, we must respectfully decline the publication of any further correspondence in relation to it.—Ed.)

MISSIONARY.

DEAR EDITOR,—Is it not time something were done to increase the circulation of Missionary intelligence amongst our people? Scidom, if ever, in the history of our Church were the supporters of missions so scantily furnished with this information as now; while it is equally true that, to meet its increasing wants, the Society has never been more importunate in soliciting contributions. Unto very recently, in our Conferences, subscribers

of \$1.00 and upwards received a copy of the "Minutes" containing the Missionary report and lists. Now a small parcel of Minutes is sent to each circuit, only resulting in embarrassment to the pastor and dissatisfaction among the people, the many who receive none claiming an equal right with the few who are supplied. Only \$4.00 subscribers receive the annual Report, so that the great mass of our people, from whose smaller contributions the bulk of the fund is derived, are entirely without missionary literature. The Central Board is doing just about nothing to inform the people, and the cause is the sufferer. The "Missionary Outlook" is of undoubted excellence, but should it be left to an individual to risk his private purse in teaching the people the knowledge by which the fund is to be increased and the Board made more effective? And besides the price of the paper places it beyond the reach of the masses, and the pastor who is faithful in his pulpit and in the homes of his people, who looks well after the connexional funds and attends to the interests of the Wesleyan or Guardian has little time for private enterprises either of his own or another's. The "Outlook" very properly urges a wide circulation of missionary information; but with an empty purse and an empty portfolio what can we do?

In the Report for 1880-81 there are items of expenditure amounting to some \$14,000 that do not go directly to the support of missions. Could not a reduction be made here that would leave a margin of a few hundred dollars with which to supply reports to a greater number? It will surely pay. Let us at least supply one dollar-subscribers with a Report. Hoping to hear from others on this important subject, I am yours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

Dr. H. W. Pearson, for some time an agent of the American Bible Society, publishes a volume entitled "In the Brush, or Old-time Social, Political and Religious Life in the Southwest." The "Brush" is a general term for a wild region of country in Kentucky, Tennessee and Western Virginia. One would like to know how he struck out clear from the following backwoods attack:

"The house contained but a single room. The daughter of whom I have spoken was about eighteen or twenty years old, tall and large, wore a butter-nut-colored woolsey dress that she had probably spun and woven, and was barefooted. I had not been long in the house before she retired from their only room, in which I sat, and in honor of my arrival reappeared in another dress. I do not know where she made her toilet, only that it was the same ample and magnificent dressing-room first used by Mother Eve. The material of the dress in which she appeared was old fashioned cheap curtain calico, with waving stripes some two or three inches wide running its entire length. Preferring perfect freedom and the comfort of the cooling breezes to considerations that would have been influential with most of my lady readers, in thus making her toilet she had chosen to remain stockingless and shoeless. A massive head of dark-brown hair, cut squarely off and pushed behind her ears, hung loosely down her neck. "When the dishes were washed and all the after-dinner work accomplished, and she was prepared to sit down and enjoy the conversation, she took from the rude mantle-tree above the fireplace a cob pipe and filled it with home-grown and home-cured tobacco from an abundant supply in a large pocket in her dress. Lighting her pipe, she took a seat at the right of her father, while I occupied a chair on his left. Soon large columns of smoke began to rise and roll away above her head as gracefully as I have ever seen them float around the head of the most fashionable smoker with the most costly meerschaum. Bending her right arm so that she could clasp the long stem of her pipe with her forefinger, she rested the elbow in the palm of her left hand. Then, placing her right limb across her left knee, she swung the pendulous foot slowly, as if in meditative mood, and yielded herself to the full enjoyment of her pipe and our conversation. Her name I should have said was Barbara. She was of a quiet, taciturn disposition, and rarely said anything, except as she was appealed to on some matter by her proud and happy father.

"It is not an easy matter to maintain a conversation for several hours with those who have never read a word of their mother tongue. Their stock of ideas is necessarily rather limited. But a very large experience in mingling with this class of people had given me such facilities that I was evidently already installed as a favorite in the family. I asked a great many questions in regard to the children and grandchildren, which were answered with the interest which always pertains to these inquiries. At length the old man returned the compliment by inquiring very particularly into my own family affairs. When pressed upon this subject, as I almost universally was by families in the Brush, I was compelled to tell them that my family was very small—just that of the Apostle Paul; in plain language that I was quite an unusual character, a clerical bachelor. The old man was astonished. I think he was gratified. His face glowed with some new emotion. He was evidently willing on our short acquaintance to receive me as a son-in-law. Turning his pleased, animated face to me, and leaning forward in his chair, he lifted his right hand, and pointing with an emphatic gesture to his daughter, said: "Well preacher, my gals is all mar-

ried but Barbara here, and she is ready, sir. "Miss Barbara retained her hold upon the long stem of her cobpipe, and smoked on, well-nigh impatiently, at this sudden culmination of affairs, though I think that, like myself, she was somewhat startled and moved, for I could see an evident increase in the swinging movement of her still pendulous right foot."

SAVED BY A KISS.

A very remarkable case of what might be called bringing a child back to life, says the Louisville Courier Journal, occurred recently at the residence of Mr. Joseph Meyer. Mr. Meyer has two children, one a boy about ten years old and the other a little girl two months old. This baby, which always appeared healthy, was taken seriously ill one night with something like convulsions and came very near dying before medical aid could be summoned. Dr. Henderson was called in and gave the child some medicine to relieve it, not thinking, however, that it could possibly live. He then left, but again returned the following morning. When he reached the house the child was barely breathing, and in a few minutes afterwards respiration stopped altogether. Every appearance of death was visible; the face assumed the hue of death, the jaw dropped, the limbs relaxed, and the eyes became glazed. The doctor examined the pulse and listened for the beating of the heart, but failing to find any signs of life, pronounced the child dead. It lay thus for fully ten minutes, when the members of the family grouped around the bed lamenting, as is usual in such cases. The little girl's brother, who was just old enough to understand the situation, and who seemed to be greatly grieved, suddenly stepped from the circle and approached the supposed corpse, leaned over and imprinted a kiss upon the pallid lips. The baby's mouth was slightly open, and in kissing her the boy blew his breath down her throat. The little lips suddenly moved, the child gave several sudden gasps, and then commenced to breathe—slowly and very feebly at first, and then gradually stronger until respiration became almost natural. Every one around was terribly astonished at this unlooked-for coming back from the dead, and did not seem to realize the fact until the child had been breathing half an hour. It is still alive and rapidly improving.

BREVITIES.

A man who lost an eye by a railroad accident has sued the company and recovered \$10,500, and says he can see his way better in the future than he ever could before.

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel who was cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

Do your duty in an obscure position if you would rise to a prominent one, like Epaminondas the Theban, who being invited for being placed in an obscure position, replied, "I will fill it so well that hereafter it shall be honorable."

Mr. Spurgeon recently made this remark: "Doubts about the fundamentals of the gospel exist in certain churches, I am told, to a large extent. My dear friends, where there is a warm-hearted church you do not hear of them. They do not come near; it is too hot. I never saw a fly alight on a red-hot plate."

An extraordinary scene occurred not long ago in Ireland at the Roman Catholic Chapel of Gurteen, County Sligo. The pews were put up at auction by the late parish priest and let to the highest bidder. His successor, however, gave notice that he would not abide by this arrangement, and a second sale was held. The rival bidders became excited and ultimately engaged in a fight which made it necessary to call in the police. The next Sunday divine service had scarcely ended when the two factions renewed the fight and smashed the pews. The victors carried away the fragments as trophies, and paraded the streets with them.

The old Duke of Wellington carried his punctiliousness and sense of justice into every transaction. He was very desirous of purchasing a farm adjacent to his estate of Stratfield Saye, and gave his agent orders to negotiate. A few days later he was congratulated by a friend upon having obtained a bargain, as the owner of the farm was in difficulties. "What sort of a bargain?" asked the Iron Duke. "Well, the property was valued at £11,000 but the man was glad to take £8,000." "Is that so?" asked Wellington, turning to his agent, and receiving an affirmative reply, he said quickly: "Then take the extra £3,000 to the last owner, and never speak to me of cheap land again."

Dr. D. G. F. Macdonald writes; Mr. Gladstone's life and lineage have been published many times in books, pamphlets, and newspaper sketches, but no positive information is given as to his mother's birth-place. I have ascertained, on reliable authority, that she was born in Park-house, Dingwall, Ross-shire. The lady was the daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, proprietor of Blackwell's estate, near that town, who was so popular that he was elected three times Provost of Dingwall. The accomplished and fascinating Miss Anne Robertson gained the affections of Mr. John Gladstone, of Liverpool, whose first wife was dead, and was married to him in 1800. She gave birth to a fourth son on Dec. 29, 1809, William Ewart.

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NEW BOOKS AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM

THE CONSTITUTION AND POLITY OF Wesleyan Methodism; being a Digest of its Laws and Institutions, brought down to the Conference of 1880. By Henry W. Williams, D.D.

Cassell's Cheap Library. HISTORY OF THE FREE TRADE MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND, By Augustus M. Giddings.

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