

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

EBENEZER BRACE.

Thou knowest, Lord, the burden
Thy servant had to bear,
In childhood, youth and manhood,
The suffering and the care,
And Thou alone couldst compass
The suffering distress,
Ere nature finally bowed to grace,
Nor wished that suffering less.

A gem that hid the setting
A soul sought could reform,
A voice born of the Spirit
That sang above life's storm,
Thou' many prize his goodness,
Unselfishness and worth,
Few knew the innate heroism
His daily life called forth,

His patient, calm endurance
His open scorn of wrong,
His zeal to save the erring,
With pen and tongue so strong.

O! rapture of enjoyment!
When snapp'd earth's galling chain
His soul redeemed, and glorified
Takes up the heaven born strain,
Recounting and his rapture,
Earth's trials, one by one,
Trials that make his Heaven more sweet,
Nobler the victory won.

And the embers clay was dropped to earth,
And the glorified immortal
Etherealized passed from our view,
Within the heavenly portal.

J. R.
St. John's, March 5th 1883.

JAMES NICHOLLS.

An unusual number have died on the Advocate circuit since July. The last to leave was our highly honored and much loved brother, James Nicholls, aged 59 years, who passed to his rest on the 12th inst.

Thirty five years ago he was brought to God during a revival under the labors of the late Rev. Rob't E. Crane, and then connected himself with the Methodist Society. His good common sense, his public spirit, and his Christian zeal won for him the high esteem of the community. For several months before he died he suffered much with cancer in his face, but it was always soul-cheering to visit him and mark his patience, his faith and his joyful hope of glory.

Within a few weeks of his end, it gave him great satisfaction to know that four of his sons had given their hearts to Christ. An unusually large attendance at the funeral attested the esteem in which he was held; while the writer addressed them from the words: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." His sorrowing widow and children are hoping to join him in the "better country," may the Lord comfort and guide them.

J. W. HOWIE.

MRS SMALLWOOD.

Sister Smallwood was the daughter of Aaron Aikin, Esq., proprietor of the Sheffield Works, Birmingham, England. From her earliest childhood she was taught to prize the ordinances of religion and was regular in her attendance on the means of grace. Though frequently impressed with the necessity of decision for the right, it was not until the year 1832 in the 22nd year of her age, that under the ministry of the Rev. Bernard Slater she sought and found salvation in Christ. She was very much quickened by the ministry of the late celebrated Rev. Robert Aiken who, though an Episcopalian, was acting as a revivalist in the Methodist churches of Britain; and at that time received a fullness of grace, which it is believed she never lost. In the year 1841 she left her home for St. John, N. B., in which her now bereaved husband was stationed. From that time, she faithfully discharged the arduous duties of the wife of an itinerant minister. The Methodists of Richibucto, Woodstock, St. John North and South, Halifax, Charlottetown, Horton, Annapolis, and Amherst circuits will remember her faithful devotion to duty and her unostentatious though fervent piety. Her husband, as a supernumerary minister, having been invited to the copastorate of the church in Charlottetown, the last ten years of her life were spent in that city, where in the capacity of a class-leader, she rendered very effective service to the cause of God. In her last illness she suffered greatly, but never even in the most severe pain did she utter a word of complaint or murmuring. She seemed to look for special aid and to enable her to endure patiently her sufferings, for she said to a friend, speaking of her suffering, "Pray for me that I may not murmur." Her prayers were answered for the sustaining grace of God was wonderfully manifested in her till on the morning of the 13th March, 1883, the message came for her release. Her last words were, "Oh God, take me." Her eyes seemed to brighten as if they beheld some vision of glory, and an expression of peace settled on her features as they stiffened in death. "The angel of the Covenant" was consoled and faithful to his promise stood prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.

The Bishop of Oxford having sent and to his churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was, "Does your circulating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" the churchwarden of Wallingford replied, "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DOM NION METHODIST CHURCH.

An adjourned meeting of the Quarterly District Board of the Dominion Methodist Church of this city (Ottawa) was held on Thursday evening, the 22nd day of March, two persons members, including the chairman, (out of twenty-seven) being present, when the following resolutions were adopted, with one dissentient voice only—the dissentient being the undersigned—and, as will be seen by the final one, the Recording Steward was instructed to send them to the Christian Guardian and the Wesleyan, with a request that they should have early insertion.

Ottawa, 23rd March, 1883.

(Signed)

P. LESUEUR,
Recording Steward.

1. Though the Quarterly Board is unanimously in favor of the Union of the four Methodist Churches, it decidedly disapproves of several of the provisions of the "proposed Basis."

2. We object to lay representatives in the Annual Conferences because, let, we have already equal representation in the legislative court, and on all financial committees of the Church. 2nd, The large addition which would thereby be made to the numbers composing the Annual Conferences, would render them unwieldy, burdensome and expensive, and in all probability tend to the further disintegration of the Church, through the necessity of sub-dividing the present annual Conferences.

3. But if the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada determine to admit the principle of lay representation in the Annual Conferences, we respectfully urge that laymen shall have the right to participate in the examination of ministerial character, both moral and administrative, as in both these particulars the interests of the laity are at least as deeply involved as those of the ministry, and because it would enable the laity to defend the action of Conference, and thus prevent the aspirations too frequently cast upon it.

4. Instead of lay representation in the Annual Conferences, this Board recommends the extension to the lay representatives, who already form part of the District meetings, of the right to take part equally with the ministers in the examination of character as defined in the former resolution. This we fully believe would serve a much better purpose on the whole, and would moreover save the time and heavy expenses of lay representation as proposed in the "Basis."

5. This Board also recommends that the lay representatives to the General Conference be elected by the District meetings, as at present, thus securing the representatives of each District, which might not be the case under the mode proposed by the "Basis." We fear that if the business allotted to the laymen in the annual Conferences remains as proposed in the Basis, the best laymen would refuse to serve, and the representation would fall into the hands of inferior men, from whom would be chosen the representatives to the General Conference.

6. This Board also recommends that there be a General Stationing Committee of the entire Church, instead of a Stationing Committee for each Annual Conference as at present. In our opinion this would form one of the strongest connexional bonds that could be devised, and a Transfer Committee would then be unnecessary.

7. We recommend that the General Superintendent or Superintendents be elected for four years only, but be eligible for re-election for a second term.

8. That the Recording Steward be, and hereby is instructed to send a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the editor of the Christian Guardian, and the editor of the Wesleyan, at Halifax, N. S., with the request that the same be published in their respective papers at an early day.

P. LESUEUR,
Rec. Steward.

MILLTOWN, N. B.

At the Methodist church, last Sabbath evening was devoted to the Review of the S. S. lessons for the past quarter. The scholars and teachers occupied the front central seats of the church, all taking great interest, answering promptly and distinctly the questions put to them. The questions and answers were interspersed by explanatory remarks from the leader, and by singing by the teachers and scholars, followed by a brief address on the state of society in Jerusalem and throughout the Roman Empire when the Apostles began their labors, and a comparison of this with the spread of Christianity. The service was conducted by the pastor (Rev. A. Lucas). The Divine Spirit was manifestly present, and the school, with the people of the congregation, felt it to be a service of unusual interest and profit. During the quarter one sermon of each Sabbath is upon the S. S. lesson for the day, as one means of keeping pastor, people and school in one line of scriptural thought and sympathy.

This school is prospering. It supports itself by collections in the class each Sunday, with a week-night concert once or twice in the year to add to its funds. With January of

this year it organized a Missionary society as suggested from our Mission Rooms. This, we trust, will increase in influence for good on their own work as active mission sympathizers always brings a blessing on the home work. Many of the scholars have been invited during the quarter and the school is now one pleasing feature of our Methodist work in Milltown.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAR EDITOR.—I notice a paragraph in your last issue respecting some criticisms made about your admitting the advertisement of the Beatty organ in your paper. The "American Agriculturist," of New York, published some fifty miles from Beatty's factory—a paper that makes systematic war on humbugs and systematically excludes all humbug advertisements, has been publishing Mr. Beatty's advertisements for a long time. It was on the strength of this advertisement that I was induced to buy one of his organs. The organ, so far as I can judge, is what it is represented to be. It is considered, by those playing and hearing it, a powerful and rich toned organ. The material and workmanship of the case are equal to any cabinet organ I have seen. I am entirely satisfied with my bargain. In substantiation of what I say I beg to refer you to our minister, the Rev. S. K. Ackman. I am not an agent for the Beatty organ and in no way interested, except, that I own one. I have as much right to refuse your paper on the ground of your refusing such others have because you admit them. Your paper does not circulate as largely among the poorer classes of Methodist families here as it ought, owing to the price being considered too high, and by refusing such good paying advertisements you preclude the possibility of reducing it.

Yours truly,
C. R. PALMER,
Dorchester, N. B., Mar. 26 '83.

[As a matter of simple justice we publish Mr. Palmer's statement. The gentlemen on whose representation our previous statement was based, are also men of the highest standing in the communities in which they live. We have not space for any further communications on the subject. Intending purchasers must find out where the discrepancy is. Ed.]

CROSSING THE STRAITS.

In January last Rev. Father Osborne, of New York, visited Charlottetown, P. E. I., crossing the Straits in an ice boat. An interesting account of his journey was given in *Economist*, from which we take the following:

It is curious as we stand waiting to see the huge fields of ice drifting majestically past us, the great hummocks standing out sharp against the blue sky from ten to twenty feet high. The captain and two men stand on beams, watching for our chance. At last a huge ice field a mile or more across comes along—"Now boys if we are to take this field we must go!"—and with a rush we are off. There are about ten or twelve feet of water with floating ice and slush between us and the solid ice, and as the boat crashes down into this I supposed all would get on board, and accordingly got in. But the men rushed on, stepping on the floating blocks, shouting and heaving, and in two minutes we were on the solid ice in front. We were now fairly off and settled down to our work, the boats were formed into line, the captain leading and our boat second. The stern of each boat kept close up to the stern of the boat in front, so that we looked like some enormous reptile wending its way along over the silent snow. The work was heavy, for the snow on the ice-fields was fully eighteen inches deep, and through this we had to plod, dragging our boats with their burdens.

Very little was said by any one, so that the stillness in the quiet morning air was striking. We were soon warm, and in fact too warm. In half an hour from starting every man had an icicle from each end of his moustache, while I had a little icicle of them round the edge of my fur cap. The men made me put my boots under my trousers and the top trousers down. By this means all snow was prevented from getting into the tops of my boots, and if it happened to slip into water the thick trousers I wore would throw it off. I got over this quite dry.

Our ice-field was not all smooth; in many places the ice was overboard, that is one sheet over another. These were concealed under the snow, and before we knew it we might stumble and slip over so. Sometimes there were holes ever so deep, into which you might sink in snow and water to your waist. We got over our first field without mishap. Then there was a short space of blue water to be crossed to the next field. As we neared the edge the word was given "straps off" and we threw them off into the boats. Then accelerating the speed of the boat she crashed down into the water and we all jumped in hastily and were soon rowing on. We had to repeat this several times. In some places the water had a very

thin coating of ice, through which you waded our oars, leaving a mark like a V in the ice on either side. Sometimes the ice was just too thick to row in, and then we had to break the way. This was done by rolling the boat rapidly and striking the ice in front with an oar or boat hook. In one instance two of the men got over the bows of the boat and jumped up and down, smashing the ice before the boat with their feet. This was very curious to see and looked dangerous. They kept fast hold of the boat, and kept their straps on, and no harm happened. While they did this the others pulled the boat by means of boat hooks. These boat hooks were a curious shape, like two spuds put opposite ways. The hooked spud was struck into the ice so as to make a purchase to pull on. It was very funny to see the boats going thus, the six hooks in each boat striking rhythmically together. After the first start, ours was the leading boat all the way, so we had the honor and toil of breaking a way for the others. The men were very civil to me, addressing me "Reverence," whenever we came to any hard place it was always, "In with your Reverence," and then I jumped into the boat and they followed. Now and then the ice was very rough and in great hillocks, and the boats had to be dragged up and down, bumping and crashing. This was very tuckish work, for the hillocks were often only piles of loose lumps of ice, and on these we had to step. Sometimes the ice gave way under us and then we had to look very sharp, for we might slip under the boat and strain an ankle or break a leg. Where the ice was thin, or melted where we dragged the boat in water, we ourselves stepping on floating ice, the sensation was very curious when you found your footing sinking beneath you. There was nothing for it then but to hold on to the boat and jump or step to the next piece. Indeed we had to keep our eyes open and our wits about us all the time.

Slow and sure may be true of a horse but not of a watch.
He who never changes his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes.
Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety, or by the handle of faith.
Selfish people always think their own discomfort of more importance than any other else in the world.—George Eliot.

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.—Mrs. Ellis.

Keep your hands out of your pockets, young man, and thus avoid the necessity of thrusting them into the pockets of other people.—Athena P. St.

A morally weak man resembles a weak-jointed, pointed pair of tongs, such as pusillanimously cross their legs, let their burdens drop, and pinch the hand that trusts them.—De Forest.

A fashionable lady, in boasting of her new "palatial residence" said the windows were all of stained glass. "That's too bad!" cried her mother, "but won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

A man in Vermont made a flying machine, and attempted to make a trip in it from the second story window, when it fell and resulted in breaking his leg. It was a case of defective flew.

A small boy of four summers was riding on a bobby-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause he said, "I think if one of us gets off, I could ride much better."

Ephraim Sorrogs, of Fallstown, Tenn., boasts that he has now burning on his hearth the same fire which he started when he went to house-keeping fifty years ago. From the day that fire was started to this it has never been permitted to go out.

The golden rule by itself is far from being an adequate guide of life. It requires as its complement a true idea of man as it ought to be. We must know in what well-doing consists. What ought we to desire at the hands of others?—Prof. Fisher.

Nothing wiser was ever written than these words of an American humorist: "The revolutions of human nature are not much to boast of—Poverty beget necessity; necessity beget convenience; convenience beget pleasure; pleasure beget luxury; luxury beget riot and disease; and riot and disease between them both beget poverty again."

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, he caused a stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Charles II. on looking at it, inquired the meaning of it, and on being told he said, "take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap. Thus originated the word foolcap, which has since been given to a size of writing paper usually about 16 x 13 inches.

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