

# The Wesleyan,

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No. 52

## NUTRITIOUS Condiment for Horses and Cattle !!

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You are quite at liberty to publish the foregoing. Yours very truly,  
J. K. GOULD, Major,  
Staff Paymaster to H. M. Forces.

GEO. FRASER, Esq.,  
Agent North British Co's  
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can be returned.

### THE SCOTCH PULPIT.

In Edinburgh one gets an excellent opportunity to arrive at a fair estimate of the Scotch pulpit. That city is not only the Athens of Scotland, and the whole country north of London, but in many respects it is as well the religious center. It is busy in religious work from morning to night. No stranger can walk its streets without being convinced of the intensity of its Christian life. It is the only place where above all others, my young companions—Messrs. Ferry and Coit—and myself have come in contact with street preaching. Young men had their Bibles with them, read short passages, sang snatches of familiar hymns, made brief expositions, and then went off to do the same work in the market-places and street corners. The Edinburgh pulpit has less str and dash than that of London, but is exceedingly scriptural, and the sermons are thoroughly wrought out. The pastor of the venerable St. Giles' Church, Dr. Lees, preached a sermon on the charity that never fails, which had none of the traditional divisions, and was ornate, even to the Guthrie standard, but was delivered in such an unimpassioned style that the wonder was that the congregation could hear with any interest at all. But one thing strikes all strangers from America here in the public services—the people come to hear the gospel because it is the gospel. They do not seem to care who is to preach, or what is to be his theme; but they come and listen for the reason that it is the word. They have little curiosity on their faces. So when Dr. Lees walked up into his little barrel pulpit, with his gown draped about him, and read from his dainty manuscript, there was a breathless attention to every word he said; but no word of the sermon seemed to burn its way into the heart, or was carried away as a treasure into the closet and over the battle-fields. But then his text was a grand one, and when he announced it the people thought of it afresh. His prayers were direct, simple, forcible. They had no introduction, no skillfully built frame work, no perorations for human ears—but were simple expressions of the great wants of the soul to the near Friend. I would gladly have climbed again up the hill and over the cobbles leading to the Canongate and St. Giles to be within the inspiration of such prayers.

Principal Cairns is one of the best Scotch theologians, and an earnest preacher without. He was announced to preach in a distant part of the city, and so we thrust our way to the church. It was a little low building in the rear of a large house, and badly ventilated. Cairns is a tall, muscular, fresh looking man. He has been writing and working too long to be without gray hairs. He has the broad Scotch accent which in Scotland goes for much. In fact, I have already been told a good many times in Ireland, Scotland, and England, that we Americans have such a peculiar accent that we can always be identified in any part of the British islands. The sermon of Cairns was extemporaneous only in delivery. It had been prepared with great care, was methodically arranged, and was preached with great earnestness, and was a whole body of divinity in itself. It was full of fiber, and had the quality of taking firm hold of the conscience and memory. It was seized by the audience with earnestness, and when over there was a feeling that the soul was richer and stronger for what another soul had said richly and strongly. I noticed that the preacher, lest some part of his sermon might be forgotten, went over his entire analysis at the close, just as Sidney Smith was wont to deal with his essays. Americans will have an opportunity to hear Cairns next year, when he goes over to Philadelphia to participate in the Pan-Presbyterian Council.—*Dr. Hurst in Chr. Adv.*

### LONDON PREACHERS.

Spurgeon remains, in a sense, prince of London preachers. I had heard him just twenty-two years ago, when he was pure impetuous and nervous, and still in the pride before the world. But he has long since fought his battle and fairly won. He had everything against him—the press, popular prejudice, and suspicion, and all the closed places to popular favor. But he has gone on, and now no one doubts his power and

### THE JEWS OF PRAGUE.

In 1696 some Jews were charged with insult to the Christian mass, and on conviction were mulcted in heavy penalties. The money was invested in a beautiful crucifix cast at Dresden and placed on the bridge. It is surmounted by five stars, representing those supernatural flames which stood on the water on the spot where the saint was thrown into the river. It is but a step from this, one of the most conspicuous reminders of Jewish humiliation by Christian medieval bigotry, to the Josephstadt—the Jews' quarter—which next to Frankfort-on-the-Main is the most venerable and interesting Jews' quarter in Europe. There is no possibility of fixing the date of the settlement of the Jews here. The oldest chronicles and the earliest traditions speak of them. The thirty-two streets of the Josephstadt are narrow and angular, and the two hundred and seventy-nine houses, high and of several stories—a single house belongs in part to several owners—contain each on an average more than thirty persons.

It was one of the characteristics of the reign of Joseph II. that first secured to this peaceable and thrifty but persecuted people a considerable relaxation of their restraints, and reliefs from the oppressions which before his reign fell so heavily upon them. It was a common accusation against them that they insulted the Host in its processions, and such charges were the signal for terrible extortionate fines, sometimes murderous slaughter, well-liked exterminating these defenceless and patient citizens, whose principal characteristics are peaceable long-suffering, patient and persistent minding of their own business, and conscientious and consistent but fearless worship of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, after the manner of their fathers. There is no darker stain on the character of Christian nations than the treatment of the Jews, and nowhere was that treatment more cruel than in this city.

Yet in Prague, too, we find what is rarely met with in Europe, a Jewish city hall, where the elders of Israel transact their peculiar business—and where they constitute within a city almost a city by themselves. And here, too, they follow more strictly than elsewhere the customs of their ancient religion and polity. The furrows of reform and Western progress are only dimly visible, and though here and there a wealthy Jew has broken up his abode in the Nostrant—the last section on the left bank, regularly and handsomely built—yet the mass remain inmates of the Josephstadt, and cling to the homes of their ancestry, with a devotion characteristic only of this race. They have ten synagogues, one of which is a Gothic edifice, whose antiquity is almost unfathomable. It is reputed one thousand years old. It is a small structure, with narrow windows, giving hardly light enough to see to read its parchment-books of Moses, six hundred years old! Its heavy gold-embroidered draperies, "a gold bell and a pomegranate," are eleven hundred years old. They have a flag presented five hundred years ago by the emperor, Charles IV. The women's apartment is entirely shut out from the men's, and is much meaner and sabbier. There are only small crevices for windows, through which they hear the prayers and music, and join in the singing, but can neither see nor be seen.—*National Repository for August*

### POWER OF FAITH.

O, it is wonderful what power faith has! I recollect standing at the Mansion House one day, waiting to cross over to the other side, when the omnibuses were coming from all corners of the compass, and I was looking for an opportunity to run in and out between them. A blind man came up and said, "I am sure you will lead me across; I am sure I did not want the job; but I was quite sure that, if the blind man was sure I would do it, I could not decline to do it, and I did it accordingly. I did not like to have a blind man's confidence thrown away. It seemed as if his confidence was my compulsion. And O, blind sinner, lay hold upon the skirts of Christ to-night, and say, "Jesus, I believe thou wilt lead me into heaven. At any rate, I mean to trust thee to do it. I have done with saving myself, and I mean to rely on thee and thee only." I tell you your faith will compel him; your trust shall hold him fast. He will do anything for faith. Was he not overcome at the brook Jabbok by Jacob's faith? Did not faith in the woman that touched the hem of his garment win a cure? And when he spoke to the Syro-Phoenician woman, and called her a dog, did she not win healing for her daughter by the brave stand she made by her faith? He wretched to be gracious! Trust him, and he shall have the glory, for ever and ever!

### EXPERIENCE AND INCIDENT.

OUR OWN WAY.—In a large monastery in Tuscany, now emptied of its former occupants and falling into decay, there remains one solitary monk, the ecleone of the traveller who may be attracted to the spot by the loveliness of its site, or the magnificence of the ruined structure. He complained of the tyranny that had destroyed their ancient habitation and scattered the brotherhood, and ended in lamenting that so many holy men could now no longer serve God.  
"Is there, then, no sphere of holiness but in a monastery?" inquired his visitor.  
"Are there no means by which God can be served out of it?"

### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

Dr. Palmer communicates the following: "At the close of one of the services in the 'James Tabernacle' last summer a fine looking young man came forward, and leaning his head on my shoulder, almost overcome with emotion, made this statement: 'I don't know why I came here this morning. I was passing by, and the singing attracted my attention. As I entered, a mother was asking prayers, for her unconverted and only son. It went as a dagger to my heart, and I said to myself, I have a praying mother, and if she was here she would make the same request for me. I then asked myself, Why I was not a Christian? I want to be. The reasoning went on till I resolved I would be, I would give my heart to God; and when you sang, that hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' and the second verse, 'And here do I, though vile as he,' you requested all that would thus go into the fountain to raise the right hand. I questioned for a while whether I might do it, but concluded I would; and as I raised my hand it seemed as if a shock of electricity went through me, and I know that my sins are forgiven, and that I am saved."  
"In the blessed book it is written that Abraham said, 'I have lifted my hand to God, and cannot go back.' God thought enough of his friend to enter his name in the book of life, and let it go down through all the generations, giving this recomendation of him, 'I know Abraham,' as much as to say, 'I can trust Abraham anywhere, and always.'—*Ocean Grove Record*.

### BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

In a hushed room among the mountains of Vermont a little boy was dying. For only four years had he been the crown and glory of his parents. He was an earnest, manly little fellow, wise beyond his years. He saw the anguish in his mother's face, and pulling her down to him he demanded the cause. Sincerely knowing what she did, she told him he was dying, and then, frightened at her own words, she talked to him of death and the fair country beyond, and all the glories faith loves to believe await us on the other side. Then he kissed away her tears, and said: "Don't cry mamma. I don't know how it feels to die, but I'm not afraid." And so clasping his father's hand, and resting his head upon his mother's arm, in the still night with the full moon shining clear upon him, without a moment's loss of consciousness, or one single flutter of fear or dread, he passed calmly through the silent valley across the shining river to the farther shore.

### THE PRAYER OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Among the papers found in the desk of the late Prince, at Chislehurst, by M. Parris, was the following prayer, which is in his own handwriting:—  
"My God! I give Thee my heart, but give to me faith. Without faith there is no strong prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the troubles on my path, but that Thou mightest permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Hear, O God! my prayer. Preserve to my affliction those who are dear to me."  
The Cartesian looked confused, and after a moment's pause replied apologetically, "It is pleasanter to serve God in the place and way one likes best."

### GRANT THEM HAPPY DAYS.

Grant them happy days. If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, O God, my share, and bestow it on the most worthy, and my the most worthy by my friends. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me. Misfortune is converted into happiness by the sweet thought that when we love are happy. Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought; while I rejoice those whom I love a thousand times better than myself are suffering. For me, O God! no more happiness. Take it from my path. I can only find joy in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more I shall be forgotten in my turn, and how sad the thought which makes one say, 'Time effaces all!' The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts for ever, that which is given by a tranquil conscience. O, my God! show me over where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always. Arrived at the term of my life, I shall turn my looks fearlessly to the past. Remembrance will not be for me a long remorse. Then I shall be happy. Grant, O God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love, and who are dead, shall see all my actions. My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my inmost thought shall never make them blush."  
This remarkable prayer, which discloses the most secret thoughts and feelings of the late Prince, was written about midnight or in the early morning of the day when he left Chislehurst en route for the Cape.

### THE NEW YORK HERALD RECEIVED A CABLE DISPATCH OF DR. TALMAGE'S RECEPTION AT DR. DAVIDSON'S CHURCH. THIS IS HOW THE REPORTER WORKED UPON HIS IMAGINATION: "THE ENTHUSIASM WAS IMMENSE. HALF A MILE BEFORE THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WAS REACHED THE CARRIAGE OF THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN WAS LIFTED FROM THE GROUND AND CARRIED BODILY TO THE CHURCH." THIS WILL BE NEWS TO DR. TALMAGE.

The Dial, Boston, Wednesday, July 24th, says:—Prof. J. A. Allen's Sunday evening discourses at the M. E. church in this city are deservedly attracting large congregations. Last Sunday evening, notwithstanding the extreme heat, the building was crowded with people. The audience was so large that the pastor, instead of a half a hour, occupied an hour and a half in his discourse, and at the close of his discourse he said: "Oh! Country, I love you, and let it go down through all the generations, giving this recomendation of him, 'I know Abraham,' as much as to say, 'I can trust Abraham anywhere, and always.'—*Ocean Grove Record*.

### NEWFOUNDLAND.

Last Tuesday's *Globe* contained a number of new appointments to the several Wesleyan Education Boards of our port districts, rendered necessary by the recent change of ministers. As made by the last Conference. Some alterations have also been gazetted in regard to boundaries of several Wesleyan educational districts in accordance with suggestions contained in the report of the superintendent of Methodist schools.—*St. John's, Nfld., South Star, July 26*.

### FISHERY NOTES.—Our first important Labrador news was received through the week steamer *Monty* from that coast, and is very encouraging. The ice was all clear on the 8th, and along the shore our fishermen have been succeeding well. Up to the 16th, seines from the several harbours averaged about 250 fish, and 100 fish about 50 fish, prospect on the whole being regarded as equally favourable both for boats and seines.

### The French steamer *Reginald*, also ar- rived from Labrador, reports the fishery as very good; although the Straits salmon fishery is almost a complete failure.

### The banking schooner *Geed*, of Ar- chat, experienced a heavy gale on the banks on the 8th, losing her pilot, anchor, and some fishing gear.

### On Thursday two French bankers ar- rived for bait. It is said that there were not less than 300 to 400 salmon on the shore here at Cape Rose on the 23d, all seeking bait.

A communication from the *Cape* to the  
*Chronicle*, dated the 20th of July, says the  
fishery along the shore to date was very  
poor, but hopes were entertained of a  
successful catch before the close of the  
season. At La Senne two fishermen had  
landed more fish to date than they had  
all through last season.—*St. John's Star,  
July 25*.

### CAPE BRETON TRADE WITH NEWFOUNDLAND.—We are informed that this season cargoes of fish and other goods left the Bay of Fundy for the New foundland markets this season. The New foundland trade is the most important market that our business houses will gladly take our trade with the continent, and is every year increasing.—*N. Sydney Herald, July 30*.