

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.

MARYSVILLE, N.B.—You will be pleased to hear that God is reviving his work in this place and that sinners are seeking the "Sinner's Friend." We commenced our services in the Vestry on Jan. 10th but the number in attendance soon compelled us to occupy the church, and every evening since, the good work has been going on, with unabating interest. We expected that my esteemed colleague, Bro. Jenkins would have assisted us, but Providence so clearly indicated his duty to work at Gibson, that he had no option in the matter and we had the somewhat unusual but pleasing fact of two revivals in progress at the same time. His heart has been greatly encouraged and that part of our work has been greatly blessed. To the brethren Rowley, Murray, R. Staples, old Father Baker and others I am under lasting obligation, for the readiness with which they came up to the help of the Lord, while their timely and telling addresses contributed largely to the gracious results. Old Father Baker's touching and oft-repeated words, as he leaned trembling on his staff—"It does my old heart good to see many of the young folks seeking Jesus"—will not soon be forgotten. Every night have these earnest workers been at their post, and have prayed with or exhorted their neighbours to "flee from the wrath to come."

It is too soon yet to form an estimate of the actual gains of the church, but that our gains may be considerable we are well assured. Seven have been admitted by baptism (with water of course) and eleven other by the right-hand of fellowship. Three persons belonging to another Circuit have sought and found the Saviour, several others are rejoicing in the Lord, and quite a number are still seeking. Besides these there is a general awakening among some thirty of these—between the ages of nine and fourteen—for prayer and religious conversation. This is to me a new experience, and how to deal with such tender ones I hardly know. I am however comforted to know that the needed grace and wisdom will be imparted, and my hope and prayer is that God will bless those dear little lambs. That they will all be what we wish is, perhaps, too much to hope for, but that many of them may be benefitted for all the future by the influence of the present, I have no doubt. Personally, I am devoutly thankful for the present state of things. My fourth year is proving by far my best one, and my regret is that it is so soon to terminate. To a large portion of this people I have ministered for seven years—three in Lepreux, the rest here, and in all that time we have never had a single jar. And now that God's blessing is crowning all my joy and rejoicing is great indeed. What are the numerical results of the "Gibson" services I am not prepared to say, but as I have to be there soon to receive some into church fellowship, I will report what they are which I may write further concerning ourselves.

Your's truly R. WILSON.

MARGATE CIRCUIT, P. E. I.—Dear Editor.—Granville—The time to favour Zion in this place has come. Our church is crowded night after night with the "Weary and heavy laden" longing for rest. Souls long "dead in trespasses and sin" are now alive to God and rejoicing in the consciousness that they have been washed in the "blood of the lamb." The whole neighbourhood is waking to the importance of "fleeing from the wrath to come." Bro. Goldsmith my colleague, is an earnest worker, and is well received.

H. J. CLARKE.

BEDQUE—Our hearts are gladdened here, for God has been very gracious to us during the past three weeks of protracted meetings. Between fifty and sixty persons of all ages, from the old man of sixty to the youth of sixteen have declared their faith in Christ as an Almighty Saviour and more are deeply concerned about their souls. Nearly all who have professed conversion, meet in class. Youngmen and maidens, have calmly and prayerfully, devoted themselves to the service of Jesus: to whom be all the praise. The church here, has been much rejoiced, and our Sabbath School is large, and efficiently worked.

Your's, &c., S. R. ACKMAN. Feb. 8th, 1876.

UNION PRAYER MEETING.—The religious feeling aroused during the services held by Mr. Earle seems to continue, and increase among some congregations. Last evening the Union prayer meeting held in the Germain street Wesleyan Church was attended by a large and interested audience. Ministers representing all denominations were present, amongst others Rev. Messrs. MacIsaac, Bennett, Carey, Parsons, Everett Clark, J. D. Pope and Howard Sprague who occupied the chair.

Spirited, though brief, addressed were given by these gentlemen, intermingled with hymns, sung by the audience, led by Mr. Parsons, who quite equals Mr. Hodges as a leader. Mr. Pope was thankful that the revival was being continued; the cheering report brought by the other ministers of the continual growth of religious feeling which is being shown in their churches said, too, that Christianity tends to develop the reasonings and thinking powers of a man, causes him to think of God and heavenly things, develops his manhood and prepares him for better things.

Rev. Mr. Sprague said there were many people in this city who never go to any church, these should be sought out, and brought in. Christians should not fear to go among the lowly poor people, for their Great Leader did this. He believed that Christ's Church was not to depend for its existence and growth upon the grace of God only, but by the labor of the Christian people, who compose the church. Many persons in the church rose and stated their causes of thankfulness to God for favor, and light in their darkness. The meeting closed with a hymn and the benediction. The meetings will be announced from time to time as they are continued.—St. John, Tel.

OBITUARY.

TO WRITERS OF BIOGRAPHIES & NOTICES OF DEATHS.

DEAR BRETHREN—If you would always kindly state the age, the residence, the Circuit and Province, of the deceased and the date of death, you would confer a great favor upon the writer who prepares "The Tabular Record of Recent Deaths," for the Methodist Magazine. For want of these, he sometimes has a great amount of fruitless labor. He always tries to be correct, though he sometimes fails.

Yours, &c., THE COMPILER.

February 8, 1876.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We fear even the improvement called for will not be sufficient. No little surprise has been created among our people by the Magazine Record hitherto. Our Brother the Compiler, has a difficult task and ought to be aided if there be any possible remedy.)

EDWARD FORD was born in Devonshire, England, in 1823. He emigrated to this Island in 1842. He was converted to God in the twentieth year of his age, at his brother's house on the Winslow Road. It was not in connection with revival services, or the ordinary means of grace, that he was led to the Saviour of Sinners. Awaking from sleep at midnight, under the influence of a powerful impression that only five minutes were allowed him to repent, and that these if not improved would place him beyond the reach of mercy, he began to pray earnestly for salvation. His brother and sister kneeling with him, besought the Lord on his behalf. The five minutes had scarcely elapsed, when his agonizing distress was removed, and his soul filled with joy unspeakable. He waited not for daylight but hastened at once to tell his neighbors what the Lord had done for his soul.

He soon began to exercise and improve his gifts in leading prayer meetings, and in attempts to exhort his fellow sinners to turn to the Lord. About two years after his conversion his name was placed upon the plan as a local preacher. The success attending his labors indicated most clearly, that he had not ventured on this work without a Divine warrant.

For thirty years he discharged with great acceptance the duties of a local preacher. He was a Methodist of the olden type, firm in defending the truth, but no bigot, he had too much religion to be a bigot. He was ever ready to speak a word for Jesus; and multitudes can testify respecting those every day sermons, he was accustomed to preach. These are often remembered, when the longer ones are forgotten. He was a model as regards punctuality in attending his appointments.

Two branches of the Methodist family enjoyed the benefit of his devoted services and holy life. The "Bible Christians," for twenty-five years, the "Wesleyan Methodists" the last five.

His last illness was brief, but exceedingly painful. Pleurisy, resulting in congestion of the lungs, hurried him into the eternal world. Attached to the earth by a pious partner, and three children; yet through grace he was perfectly resigned, and willing at the Lord's bidding to depart. About twelve hours before he died he said to his daughter, that "At four o'clock in the morning the machinery of this body will cease its operations." This he also repeated to the physician about six hours before his decease. Precisely at four o'clock his spirit left the body.

His exhortations while on the bed of sickness, to his family and others, were of

the most affecting and spiritual character. He lived a christian life, and died as only christians can die. His last sermon, which was attended with remarkable power, was preached at Stanhope, about ten days before he died. G. O. H. Cornwall, P. E. I., Feb. 1876.

MRS. ANN HASLAM.

Sister Haslam, one of our beloved members, passed from earth away, to mingle with the white robed ones in heaven, on the 21st December, 1875. She was born in the town of Kirkcaldy, Parish of Abbots-hall, East Scotland, and in early life was taught the ways of God, and truth, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of that town. She with her husband, a brother beloved, came to New Brunswick in the year 1845. They attended the preaching of the Methodist ministers stationed here at that time, and about the end of 1847, she gave herself to the Lord, and joined the people with whom she found grace. She was a tender hearted Christian woman, ever ready to help the needy and the sick. Her departure from among us is regretted by all who knew her. The writer saw her a day or two before she died, and conversed with her for half an hour on the subject of salvation. Her trust in Jesus was calm, but firm, and her evidence of God's favor clear and cloudless. She was fully resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. Our loss is her infinite gain, and who would call her back from the realms of light? Her attachment to Methodist ministers, and indeed Christian ministers generally, was shown by her indefatigable labors to make them happy by administering to their "temporal wants."

Her illness was short, yet severe, but borne with resignation to the Divine Will. She assured her loved ones that all was well, saying,—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in these I find." She triumphed over death and fell asleep in Jesus. S. R. ACKMAN.

ALL ABOUT THE MUSK-RAT.

BY A. D. WALKER.

The musk-rat is truly a wonderful little animal. Its body, when full grown, is from ten to fourteen inches in length, quite thick, and covered with a dark brown fur, which is much used, though not considered very valuable. Its tail is covered with a thick scaly skin, and is from eight to ten inches long. It has short legs, and paws that somewhat resemble those of a monkey, and five toes or fingers than have long, sharp nails, which were very useful for digging purposes. Its head and ears are short, the former full and thick, and its eyes are small and almost round. It is surprising to hear of the sagacity of this animal. Its house is always built near a stream or pond, and generally upon a low island. This house is of a conical shape, and often large enough for the abode of twenty musk-rats; though this numerous company never eat in their dwelling, they have tiny houses made for that purpose, and two or three will partake of a meal together. The dwelling and eating-houses are made of clay, twigs, grass, and weeds. There are no doors in sight; the rat enters its house from the water.

Its dwelling is two and sometimes three stories high; it builds a ground floor, then makes a path or sort of a stair that leads to the upper chamber. This arrangement is very useful in times of danger. The food of this creature consists of roots, the tender shoots of water-plants, and grasses. It is very cleanly, and many a time has been seen washing the roots preparatory to eating them. It will take the food in one of its hand-like paws, plunge it into the water, shake and wash it vigorously, and then with the other paw rub off the remains of clay or soil. It takes its food in the same way as you have seen a squirrel or mouse, sitting upon its hunches and holding the root or other article of food with the front paws. It is an excellent swimmer, and can live for some time under the water. An acquaintance caught one of these animals when it was young, and it grew tame and was contented with its indoor home; it was fed at first with milk, and after with roots and grasses. It was kept in an unused room, wherein was a fire-place, in which it built a little house, and it was amusing to see it scamper away with a bit of grass or twig and put it upon the house. It was kept for five or six months, and then escaped to the water, where, we suppose, it lived as wild as its fellows.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is to recover from. It remains sometimes until maturity, as shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not unfrequently fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them, and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in dark places they stand in dread of. No one without vivid memory of his own childhood can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell the sufferings they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for the position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above every thing else, is to be feared in their education, early and late.

THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST.

1st. COR., 10, 4.

A great and mighty host was journeying. Through the dull deserts of Arabia's land. No stately forest spread its shadowing wing. No river flowed to slake the thirsty band. They came where waterless, and burnt and bare, Rephidim's rocks drew down the tropic day; Weary and stern they spread their canvas there, And chide with him who led them on their way.

He took the rod wherewith he smote the Nile, And with it cleft a rock of Horeb's hill; Forth leapt the waters from the flinty pile, Clear as the noon and cool as glacial rill. They drank of it and praised the God of Heaven; Cooled dusty foot and sweated sunburnt face; A new strength to their weary hearts was given, A host refreshed, anew their way they trace.

In our own day there journeyeth a band, From spiritual Egypt of their birth, Unto a milk and honey yielding land Beyond deep-flowing death and desert earth.

But hot and weary is the way they go, Their throats are parched and their eyelids fail; While serpent evils, scorpions of woe, Beset their path, and foes pursue their trail.

But He who from Ham's haughty rule could save A chosen seed, hath smitten with His rod

"The Rock of ages," and its living wave Now followeth the Holy Host of God.

They drink it and never thirst again, 'Tis in their hearts a ceaseless well of life;

It giveth vigor for life's toil and pain, It giveth conquest in the deathly strife. M. G. C. SPRING HILL, Y. C., Jan. 14, 1876

THE PRIEST AND THE BOY.

A parent asked a priest his son to bless, Who forthwith told him he must just confess.

"Well," said the boy, "suppose I am willing, What's your charge?" "To you 'tis but a shilling."

"Must all men pay? Do all men make confession?" "Yes, every man of Catholic profession."

"And who do you confess to?" "Why to the Dean."

"And does he charge you?" "Yes a whole thirteen."

"And do the Deans confess?" "Yes, boy they do."

"Do bishops, sir confess?" "If so, to whom?"

"Why they confess, and pay the Church of Rome."

"Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd."

"And does the Pope confess?" "Oh, yes to God."

"And does God charge the Pope?" "No," quoth the priest.

"God charges nothing." "Oh! then God is best."

God's able to forgive and always willing; To him shall I confess and save my shilling.

THE STUDENTS OF UPSALA.

Mary Howitt, in her "Frederika Bremer and her Swedish Sisters," repeats the pleasant story of the university student at Upsala in the early part of the present century. He was the son of a poor widow, and was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning. As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess.

Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed, "I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!"

His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said, "It is impossible! Thou, an utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare! It is too absurd to think of."

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say," returned the other.

The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that, so far from succeeding, he would not even venture to propose such a thing.

Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and, politely addressing them, they stopped, on which, in a modest, straightforward manner, he said, speaking to the governor's daughter, "It entirely rests, with Froken to make my fortune."

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed.

"I am a poor student," said he, "the son of a widow. If Froken would condescend to give me a kiss, I should win a large sum of money, which, enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety."

"If success depend on so small a thing," said the innocent girl, "I can but comply;" and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother.

Without a thought of wrong-doing the young girl went to church, and afterwards told her father of the encounter.

The next day the governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxi-

ous to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his daughter. But the young man's modest demeanor at once favorably impressed him. He heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited to dine at the castle twice a week.

In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is at the present day a celebrated Swedish philologist. His amiable wife died a few years since.—"Literature of Kissing."

HOUSE AND FARM.

FARMERS AS BUSINESS MEN.

It is popularly supposed by a large class of farmers that none but business men need to acquire a knowledge of business forms and rules. To their mind the business man occupies a position similar to the lawyer and doctor; he learns his trade and proceeds to get a living by it. This class of men believe that business forms are unintelligible, whereas they are very simple. He is as respectful at the mention of the words "percentage," "drafts," "bills of lading," "invoices," etc., as he is when he hears his family physician tell Latin. But every farmer is a business man. He has crops to go to market; he wants to sell to best advantage; he has to sell oftentimes on credit; and he is continually buying. To all intents and purposes he is a business man. It would seem very desirable however, that the younger men who are one day to fill the places of the present generation should learn how to handle with ease and accuracy the business forms and methods which commercial men by long practice and experience have reduced to system.—Am. Farm Jour.

PORK—HOW TO CUT AND TRIM THEM.

Have the hog laid on his back on a stout table. Clean the carcass of the loaf fat. Take off his feet at the ankle joints. Cut the head off close to the shoulders, separating the jaw from the skull, and open the skull lengthwise on the under side, so as to remove the brains fully. Remove the backbone in its whole length, and with a sharp knife cut off the skin, then the fat, leaving only about one-half inch of fat on the spinal column. The middlings or sides are now cut from between the quarters, leaving the shoulders four-shaped and the ham pointed, or it may be rounded to suit your fancy. The ribs are next removed partially or entirely with the sides. The trimmings or fat from the hams and flabby parts of the sides are rendered up with the backbone strips for lard. The sausage-meat is cut off from the fat and ribs, and other lean places are used for the same purpose. The thick part of the backbone that lies between the shoulders is called chine—it is cut from the tapering bony end—and the latter part called the backbone by way of distinction. The backbone is used while fresh; the chine is better after being smoked.

HOW BUTTER IS SOMETIMES TAINTED

Winter and spring butter is sometimes injured much in flavor by allowing cows to eat the litter from horse stables. Cows are not unfrequently very fond of this litter, though it is impregnated with liquid manure from the horses, and if allowed, they eat it greedily, and their milk and butter will be tainted with the taste of this kind of food, in the same way that the flavor is infused by eating turnips, but to a more disagreeable degree. If litter is allowed to be eaten, it should only be given to cattle not in milk, and no account should milk cows be allowed to consume other than the sweetest and purest food. Very nice butter-makers are sometimes at a loss to account for stable taints in butter when extraordinary precautions have been taken to have the milk until the butter is packed for market. Still the butter has a very disagreeable taint, and the cause often comes from allowing the cows, when turned out to water and exercise, to feed about the horse stable, where they consume all the litter which, on account of its being soaked with liquid manure, is cast out of the stable.—Rural New Yorker.

SURE REMEDY FOR THE BOTS.

The department of agriculture publishes the following experiments which a gentleman from Georgia tried and found effective in dispensing that serious trouble in horses. About thirty years ago a friend lost by bots a very fine horse. He took from the stomach of the dead horse about a gill of bots, and brought them to my office to experiment upon. He made preparations of every remedy he had heard of, and put some of them into each. Most had no effect, some affected them slightly, but sage tea more than anything else; that killed them in fourteen hours. He concluded he would kill them by putting them in nitric acid, but it had no more effect upon them than water; the third day they were as lively as when put in. A bunch of tansy was growing by my office. He took a handful of that, added a little water, squeezed out the juice, and put some in; they were dead in one minute. Since then I have had it given to every horse I have seen affected with the bots, and have never known it to fail of giving entire relief. My friend had another horse affected with bots several years later. He gave him the tansy in the morning and a dose of salts in the evening; the next morning he took up from the excretions three half-pints of bots.

SALT should be furnished to all animals regularly. A cow, or an ox, or a horse needs two to four ounces daily. Salt increases the butter in milk, helps the digestive and nutritive processes, and gives a good appetite. The people of interior Europe have a saying that a pound of salt makes ten pounds of flesh. Of course, salt only assists in assimilating the food; it does not make flesh nor muscle.

Sup... The... Fat... P... H... R... O... C... The... B... T... L... T... Ch... A... O... F... Th... Ju... H... T... L... O... Only... G... J... D... D... Y... S... H... T... I... O...

BY HENRY

"Robbie, I town and get is the pitcher. Robbie Gray little cart, when his mother busy indeed, look black, or a little while?" way. He just cheerfully: "O yes, man! Then he cut one hand, and and started off. He was in a to his cart, then out of the little run. It was de his yellow cur him as his litt the ground. J est and grand was just crossi bus had to wa pass. The Jud smiled. "I'll bet yo down and bree boy," he said. "I'll bet you Robbie called b Just at that stone got in t Robbie's head striped legs fl pitcher was six thousand pieces Judge Gray wiped off the own handkerchi "Don't cry, li hurt pretty bad though." "I won't cry f bie, struggling "but I don't kn to pay." The Judge tho pitcher, but Rob the bet. "I s'pose I ou thought poor Rob ly home; "but I to pay. Homes debts. Papa a has often told n reason people al of him, if he was spected him, ma me to be like him pay my debts. about it, that's pay it, and she than enough for now." Robbie looked home. Mamma broken pitcher th mind, and tried Robbie was turn little curly head of anything he c worth twenty-five his mamma, and pay. Life was a pre little brown hous papa had died on ing his widow sca honest name and she lived, a tiny but her own. Sh keep the black wo door; but, so far, if they did not dress richly, at least comfortable. But growl harder. So best customers found that they clothes at a less p