

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE

MONCTON.—The lecture by the Rev. Wm. Lawson on Monday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Temperance Union, was a most excellent one and we are glad to say was well patronized.

WINDSOR.—The religious meetings will probably be continued for a time longer. Upwards of fifty heads of families have expressed their intention of uniting with the Methodist Church, and in all, about 170 persons have stood up to be prayed for in that church, or privately expressed their desire to the Rev. Mr. Heustis to connect themselves with it.

MRS KENT MASON lectured upon "Intemperance" in the Methodist Church on Saturday evening. The Church (the largest in Windsor) was filled. The Rev. Mr. Heustis introduced Mrs. Mason to the audience. The lady had been unwell and hardly did herself justice. From the continual work to which she subjects herself, it would not be surprising if she broke down physically and had a serious illness.

METHODISM IN FREDERICTON.—On Sunday evening last, in the Methodist Church, Fredericton, three persons were baptized and some twenty-five to thirty, embracing persons of both sexes, were taken into the church and had extended to them by the pastor, Rev. Mr. McKeown, the right hand of fellowship.

MATTERS IN MARYSVILLE AND GIBSON.—Our correspondent informs us that the good work continues in the above places and a large number of persons are seeking the pearl of great price. A blessed revival is in progress at "Robinson," and some 40 persons have avowed their determination to seek and serve the Lord.

SYDNEY.—On Monday 28th Feb., the members of society and a number who had found peace through believing, met in the church. Of the latter, twenty-one were received on trial, each being presented with a copy of our general rules.

PORTLAND, ST. JOHN.—A correspondent writes:—The special services in the Portland Methodist Church continue with increased interest and power. Rev. Mr. Pickles, of the Maine conference, received on Monday night a very generous expression of the high esteem in which his services are held.

Rev. Mr. Duncan, the pastor, has recovered so far as to grace the meetings since last Sunday morning with his presence—which is a matter for gratitude and praise to God. In looking over the large gatherings, marking the spirit of the services and numbering those who nightly crowd the altar for prayers, one is led to remark, "It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes."

Job Printing neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

CORRESPONDENCE

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me a few words upon this subject, at present occupying so much attention.

We are glad that the different College Boards, who are supposed to have the interests of their respective Institutions more particularly in charge, have at last moved in the matter. There need be no fear about their being supported by those whom they represent.

Why have they done these things? For the advancement of Higher Education and the bringing in of a better system, they say. Did they believe that this end was to be secured by multiplying institutions? If love for education rose in their minds above denominationalism, if they thought, as they profess to think, that all the denominations should rally round a common centre, why in the name of common sense, did they not ally themselves with some of the then existing colleges and thus to a large extent, beyond all peradventure, accomplish their object at once?

It is well known that the political papers, supposed to be organs of the present government, supported and led by the "Presbyterian Witness," have always advocated the policy of repression towards the other colleges, and the development of Dalhousie. From this fact, and the readiness with which this College has been subsidized, as well as from present utterances, we judge that many of those who rule us are in favour of the Provincial University scheme.

It is not too late, however, for them to rectify their blunder. They have no interest in Dalhousie save location. It is just as easy for them to leave Halifax as it was to go there. Dalhousie, anyway is far inferior to any of the other institutions, a building utterly unfit for a Provincial University. They are the only denomination that are in a position to do what they are calling so loudly upon the others to do.

I need go to no trouble to prove that it is practically a Presbyterian Institution. Disguise the fact by verbiage as you may, apply to it names and titles ad libitum, obtest, protest, legislate as you like, the fact still remains. It is and must ever be a Presbyterian College, simply from the fact that no other denomination of any note will or can have anything to do with it.

We do not say that this was intended in the scheme by which it was launched on its career—we will not impute motives, but we do say that if it had been intended, no better plan, none more sure of attaining the object could have been devised than the one which was acted upon. It is all very well, in a race, for the umpire to wait till four out of the five competitors have their hands and feet tied, and then to set up the prize to be striven for, and it is very well for the successful party to cry out "a fair race! a fair race!" and then claim and receive other prizes gratis, simply because it won the first—but others may think differently.

But let us look a moment at this matter of a Provincial University. It is a mooted question. We will not go into the pros and cons. Indeed, we have no objection to such an institution, if the scheme could

be initiated with any prospect of success. But does anyone believe that it is practicable? We would not intimate insincerity on the part of this great object. Nova Scotia had some half-a-dozen denominational colleges. They thought that she had entirely too many, so they established another practically of the same kind. They thought that the walls of sectarianism should be thrown down in matters pertaining to the Higher Education—they adopted a course which any man of common prudence must have known could only have the effect of building them higher and setting up the gates thereof.

Why have they done these things? For the advancement of Higher Education and the bringing in of a better system, they say. Did they believe that this end was to be secured by multiplying institutions? If love for education rose in their minds above denominationalism, if they thought, as they profess to think, that all the denominations should rally round a common centre, why in the name of common sense, did they not ally themselves with some of the then existing colleges and thus to a large extent, beyond all peradventure, accomplish their object at once?

Why did they not take Kings or Acadia or even Sackville the youngest of them all. Suppose—and we refer now to the latter college because we know it best—suppose they had added to its revenue as much as it now possesses, say an endowment of \$60,000 besides Theological Department, and other sources of income—to their buildings and lands, valued at perhaps \$40,000 suppose, they had added as much—suppose the government had given to this enterprise what it now gives to the two institutions, any one can see that whether others were willing or not we would have had a Provincial University. Not one in name either, but one in reality.

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must provide their own college buildings, pay their own professors and as far as others do, educate their own youth with the aid of such a grant as the others may receive. If, on the other hand the Government gives up its idea of a Central Teaching University, then this first act of justice must be the placing of the Presbyterian body on the same footing as the other denominations. They must build their own colleges, pay their own professors, and educate their own children. We are afraid that the two horns of the dilemma look very much alike, both pretty large and pretty sharp. But this beast of a question does not seem to have any little horn.

We do not advocate any revolutionary legislation. We should be sorry to see Dalhousie broken up, or even crippled. It is doing good work, let it prosper, but not by feeding out of other men's larders. The Presbyterians are able to support it, let them do so. Give them time and opportunity if this can be done compatibly with justice. But we speak our decided conviction, when we say that any measure which does not look to a speedy and complete righting of this matter will be a sop thrown in vain.

In conclusion we simply add that we have penned those lines with the warmest wishes for the success of our Presbyterian friends in everything except in securing exclusive state grants to Dalhousie. It ought to hurt no man, however to have the whole truth told him. If it does so much the worse for the man.

SCRIPTOR.

Guyboro Feb. 29, 1876.

HOUSE AND FARM.

SOUP GOOSE.—To utilize the remainder of the goose after cutting out the breast for smoking, it is prepared as follows: Cut up the flesh into suitable pieces, then take of vinegar and water equal quantities, enough to cover the meat, add a handful of small onions, and salt, pepper, cloves, etc.; boil together until the meat is done. This, if put up in a cool place, will keep well, and makes an excellent dish when warmed up or eaten cold.

EXERCISE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—The Herald of Health answers the question, What form of exercise is best for consumptives? "Riding on horseback will probably suit most cases best. Rowing on quiet waters with an easy-going boat is also very excellent. Swimming is very good, too; as when the body is supported by the hands it raises the shoulders up, gives more room to the lungs, and more air is absorbed. Hunting and fishing are good. Gymnastic exercises with light dumb-bells, wands, clubs, and rings are all good if wisely used—bad if improperly used. Walking is good, but not so good as the other exercises."

FIGHTING RAMS.—Says a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer: "At certain seasons of the year, rams are apt to develop their combative propensities, and those who keep several of them together often have trouble on account of their injuring each other. It is well known they always 'back up' to get a start to butt. Stop their backing-up and you disconnect them entirely. To do this, take a light stick (a piece of broom handle will do), about 2 or 2½ feet long. Sharpen one end and lash the other end securely to his tail; the sharpened end will then draw harmlessly on the ground behind as long as his majesty goes straight ahead about his business; but on the attempt to 'back up' he is astonished to find an effectual brake in the rear. Don't laugh and call this 'all gammon'; but if you have a butting ram, try it, and the time to laugh will be when you see him jump out sideways, and whirl round, trying to inspect the machine, which will keep behind him."

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.—A great many farmers," says a sugar making correspondent of The Christian at Work, residing in Ohio, "might make a few hundred pounds of superb maple sugar, and a barrel of superb maple syrup, just as well as not. They have the trees, and abundance of cheap help, and wood that would cost nothing except the labour of preparing it for the fire. The only difficulty in the way is a disinclination to engage in such a job. Let us make our own sugar this year," says the writer, and then follow his directions for doing it.

"My process of reducing the sap is this: I keep the larger pan supplied with fresh sap, by means of a spout with a coarse cloth strainer over the end, from the reservoir, so adjusted as to admit a supply equal to the evaporation from the pan. From time to time I transfer sap from the larger to the smaller boiler, passing it through a fine woolen strainer. After accumulating a desired quantity in the smaller pan, and reducing it to a thin sirup, it is clarified by putting into a quantity which will make three or four gallons of molasses the white of an egg beaten up with about a gill of sweet skimmed milk. The sirup should not be hot enough to cook the egg. The egg and milk will entangle any sediment or foreign matter in the sirup, so that when brought to the boiling point everything will rise, when it is skimmed off, leaving the sirup clean. I then continue to boil it as rapidly as possible, till it is reduced to the desired consistence. I reduce my molasses to what I suppose to be about 38° B. My process of making sugar is to reduce the molasses to a degree which I should think to be about 48° or 50°, and pour it into a cask with one head out, with a spile at the bottom, to which other lots are added from time to time, as they are made. In a short time the mass will begin to granulate, and after having stood some days the molasses will drain out, leaving a white and beautiful sugar."

AUNT BETSEY'S PRAYER MEETING.

BY JULIA A. MATHEWA.

I've been to-night to a meeting,
Our own Church-meeting for prayer;
I knew it wouldn't be Christian
To wish I wasn't there;
But somehow I felt quite different
From what I'd felt before.
I went with John and the children
Into the old church door.

I went feeling chirp and happy;
I'd had a good, bright day;
Father'd been rakin' the meadow,
The boys were cutting hay;
And the smell came up so pleasant,
Just like a sweet wild rose,
I had to sing at my bakin',
And as I damped my clothes.

And all the day had been shiny—
Indeed, days mostly is;
I think when they go to meetin'
Folks don't remember this.
It's often so in our meetin's;
They go and sing and pray,
But scarcely ever seem thinkin'
Of the brightness of the day.

To-night there was many prayin',
And many speakin' too;
Yet there was a somethin' wantin'
When they had all got through.
The prayers were real good and earnest,
And there was wise words said,
But somehow even the Scripture
To me fell cold and dead.

They told the Lord of our failin',
Of all the cares he'd sent,
Of our troubles and our trials,
(Owin' 'twas kindly meant;
And they prayed for help and comfort—
I know it was quite right,
But all the while I was wishin'
They'd thank him more to-night.

We'd had such a real nice sunset;
The clouds were gold and red,
And lay on the blue so restful,
I wanted one word said
To thank the Lord for its beauty;
He did it to make us glad;
But never one real thanksgivin'
For that fair sight he had.

O, no; they only just thanked him
In a gen'ral kind of way;
I wish they would speak out plainly,
Of flowers, the new-mown hay,
The birds, the sky, and the sunset,
And all our sweet home-joys;
Would tell him of all the pleasure
We have in our girls and boys.

Then they talked so of our failin's!
Enough to fright a soul!
We want some measure of courage
To keep faith bright and whole.
If you should be always tellin'
Your boys of their faults and sin
Your strivin's to make them better
Wouldn't be worth a pin.

I know I'm a vexin' sinner,
But I don't feel I'm 'vile';
If I did I'm sure I shouldn't
Think it was quite worth while
To tell all my friends and neighbors;
I'd be so much ashamed,
I'm sure I couldn't lift my head
If I should hear it named.

I'd just get close to the Master,
To breathe it in his ear;
I know he'd be watchin' for me,
Waitin' my tale to hear.
But I don't believe he'll ever
Let me be "lost" or "vile."
For his own strong arm can hold me
Close to him all the while.

So I came straight home this evenin';
I did not fret a mite
To John or the boys of meetin';
They'd think it wasn't right,
For they're all strong meetin' goers,
And they don't seem to see
The want there is in prayers and things
That is so great to me.

—London Sunday School Times.

EXCUSE FOR POETIZING.

We receive a great many communications every line of which begins with a capital. It looks strange, as they are not poetic, though they sometimes jingle at the other end. The writers, indeed, frequently think that what they thus write is poetical—which would be an innocent mistake if they did not wish us to print them. We think people ought rarely to write poetry if they can help it. There seems to be a demand for a reason for so doing. Pope had to write his excuse:

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink? my parent's or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed!
The Muse but served to ease some friend,
Not wife,
To help me through this long disease
my life;
To second, Arbutnot, thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

By the way, why did he not say "your art and care" to agree with "you preserved?" This mixing of the solemn thy with the polite you will never do. But to come back to the mutton—it is astonishing that men who manifest good sense when they talk with you, and, indeed, when they write prose, will make themselves poor ninny hammers by writing the most stupid doggerel, and calling it poetry. Is there no remedy for this crying evil?—Nashville Ad.

CHILDREN

A FRIEND

A group of young faced children in the cottage in the ground was a chilly Oct sitting-room was the long entry room full of fear nestled a little tucked her apron while Tom curled corner.

"I do wish m sighed Fan, shiv apron.

"But you know any mamma, no our mamma to st up, while she g little Nellie!" s Tom swallowed throat.

"It'll be dreadf it seems worse, c said.

"So dreadful "Only think, Mrs noon, just as well "And didn't he for?" asked Fan, "There was a d was quite dead wh Oh dear! I shan the ears again," s "Why, then, he chirped Fan, after

All the children into the starlit sh thinking only of the dark, desolate l "I wonder if the streets and pearly Corliiss, Nannie's door, beside her sis "Mamma says th

a figure, but it w more beautiful than about. It doesn't does it?—if Mrs. C it, and was down b ing," replied Nann "Down here" w they all looke i up the stars, they cau warmth and light a upper world.

"I was thinking "how much more n real place, to have know; and Ned's n good to a fellow, but what will they a "Her will tell C and he won't let s said Fan, blinking The older ones lo each other.

"Do you suppos can ask God?" s "Only think of hav loves us, to tell h need."

"But it is dread mother close to," s "Don't let us st things," said Stel stories. I know a b there was a little g she lived with her tain, and kept good faries and mermaids "Dragons, perhaps "Yes, there were she used to get real didn't have half eno father used to beat-h strayed away she ha through the bushes a and get her feet and But one day a be along when she was and stopped and ki her some plums, and every day to that s would bring her so she did; and every lady would talk so hold her rough han ones, till Lizette ached. But after ev the lady had to go a think! she was the k when she kissed Li promised never to f she would ask the lots of beautiful t that be splendid, to daughter, and have about you, and send diamonds? I like th "But there isn't an ea, so it couldn't eve said Nannie. "Way There was a clik and tired little Fan y half rolling down the Mamma lighted the the fire, laid away her sleepy, shivering The others drew the around the stove ex