erable ages revuired for its posits and formation; and y, they say, is in perfect ac ne Mosaic cosmoginy, iu which not state how long the earth its chaotic state, nor how arit moved upon the face of eep, before God said, " Let

his part of our subject to your n, and to judge whether it be we would like to enquire mys of creation. That they revolutions of our earth on , giving us day and night, evening. I offer the follow 1st. Admitting that a day used for a longer period in r eternity itself, in poetry, Moses must be understood twenty-four hour days, be-Decalogue he commands us ays b fore the Sabbath rest. the creation of the world : lay means an indefiaite pericommand would be, labour periods before you keep a t, therefore, there could be av as is now observed, for no ow how long these periods the six days are indefinite ust the forty days rain in be forty indefinite periods? d may extend all the days the Bible. 31. If the evenasoning were one day, then t be twenty-four hours-for te day, there would be many mornings. 4th. On the mide the grass and berb. ming trees, and on the sixth man and animals to eat reasonable to suppose that d to the sixth day, an indefiof years existed before God uths to eat them ? Or that ad the sun, and moon, and were made on the first and day, had been shining for le number of years before ated an eye to see or a heart s xth day. 5th. If the sixth Adam was created. was te period, he must have been der than 130 years when Seth th. We must distinguish beand generation. Creation into immediate and matured le generation brings them med ately and gradually, nal growth or deve opment ured ; thus we read : " God ant of the field before it was , and every herb of the field After their creation, they iply and produce their re-Thus it was with all the sea, and land, and air; and ith Adam. not made to grow as all his posterity must, by but created a man.

n of the world and all things completed in six days, on has continued from that and will till the end. When reator came in the flesh, he miraeles how easy it was ate a world in six days, by s power. He-bad only to d, and these miracles. were when, at the end of the Il destroy it, and raise the great as creation) this world anew and rightnot be done as immediately n at the beginning P as I have already trespass-Mr. Editor, think well, you he WESLEYAN what I have blige J. V. J. vn, March, 1880.

the Methodist Book Concern, entitled Holiness the birthright of all God's children.' Written with an admirable spirit and believed by the author to present the true Wesleyan and Christian idea, it, was-on account of its supposed departure from the traditional Methodist doctrine-attacked with a spirit and virulence that spoke not well for the temper and charity of those who claimed to be the true exponents of holiness. But the author and the editor of the books of the Concern-that heavy-brained but dull-eared veteran who sits at the helm of the Quarterly-were cudgled. We mention this not to enter into the merits of the discussion, but to introduce for a moment Dr. Jonathan Townley Cane, the busy writer, anccessful teacher, the happy Christian, the consecrated pastor. At his home in Port Jervis, N. Y, while sitting in his study before his books, on M, day morning, Feb. 16, he died suddenly of some heart paralysis in his sixtyfirst year. He was of Presbyterian parentage, graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1843, and received by the N. J. Conference in 1845. From 1849 to 1858 he was Principal of the New Jersey Seminary at Pennington. During his pasto-rate at Morristown, N. J., 1867, he took for a short time the classes in Greek at the Drew Theological Seminary owing to the temporary illness of Dr. Buttz, the Professor of New Testament Exegesis. Dr. Crane was a man of a beautiful and symmetrical character, very happy in his home relations, successful in winning souls for Christ, thoroughly attached to Methodism, and his sudden death was a

The following hymn, found in most collections of Church Psalmody, a great favorite of the illustrious Bishop Heber,-See " R binson's last days of Bishop Heber," page 133-one of Charles Wesley's noblest productions, will be No. 474 of New Hynin Book :

surprise and grief to the church

FOR TIMES OF TROUBLE. Head of the Church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glory: We lift our hearts and voices With blest anticipation ; And cry aloud, and give to God, The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct thy people Through torrents of temptation ; Nor will we fear while thou art near The fire of tribulation : The world with sin and Satan. In vain our march opposes : By thee we shall break through them all,

And sing the soug of Moses. By faith we see the glory. To which thou shalt restore us ; The cross despise for that high prize Which thou hast set before us : And if thou count us worthy, We each, as dying Stephen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand. To take us up to h aven.

## **OBITUARY**.

ME EDITOR-Death has been busy here of late. Among those who have passed away from us, mention must be made of two aged members of our church.

# THE WESLEYAN, FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1880.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL SAID ABOUT JESUS.

"It was a very pretty reply made by a little girl to the statement she heard made that our Saviour was never seen to smile." Did not He say 'Suffer little children to come unto me?" And they would not have come unless he had smiled."-Sunbeam, Jan. 3rd 1880.

St. John writes in his gospel, " Jesus wept," And now, some persons say He never smiled; 'Tis well, this dogma, all will not acceps, And here is one, a darling little child. She thought they would have been afraid to come

To a grave stranger, from their mother's arms, Who ne'er had seen Him in their childhood's home How could they know they would be safe from harms.

Unless they were encouraged by a smile ? And thus their timid coufilence to gaia, He would beniguly, all their fears beguile, Although ite, condescendingly did deig 1 To say "Suffer the little children dear To come unto Me," and then blessed them all : With mild rebuke made His disciples fear, And said, "Forbid them not," to infants small. When his kind hand, an I gentle eye of love Rested in blessing on each little child, And twice received them, how can cavillers prove

That while He sojourned here He never smiled? Did not his smile irradiate the place, To see "such of His kingdom blest of feaven." To whom the brightness of the father's face Is to the gaze of "their" pure "angels" given ?

That which is to the "wise and prudent" sealed, Upon whose deep researches dawus no light, Thou, in Thy wisdom "hast to babes revealed Wven so Fathter, 'tis good in Thy sight.'

Lover of little children! taught by these, We will believe that Thon on them hast smiled, Help us to know we must, if Thee we'd please Receive Thy kingdom " as a little child." Guysbore', 1880. L. A. D. B.

A Story for our Young People.

### HARRY'S REVENCE.

Mrs. Spencer was sitting in her pleasant sewing room, busily engaged in making a new summer suit of clothes for her only little boy, Harry, when she was interrupted by a sound of bitter crying, and words of sorrow from this same little boy. She pat aside her work and was hurrying from the room when the door opened and Harry came in. In his arms he hell a little monkey. not larger than a squirreI, dead and stiff. At first his sobs were so violent that he could not speak, and Mrs. Spencer, seeing his little pet dead, could easily understand his sorrow. Dick had been a present from his nucle, who brought him biuself from South America, and had taught him quite a number of comical tricks; the little creature was very fond of his young master, and out of Harry's school hours the two were constant companions and playmates. After the first violence of his grief

ed by tears, and with his anger rising at every word. "John Pierce's Jack killed him

was over, Harry spoke, often interrupt-

mamma. I will kill Jack the first

He went nome with a sense of shame and discomfort that was worse than

Harry's sorrow, for there was a self reproach in his heart that he could not drive away. Too late he repented his act, and would have given the life of his own pet to have seen Dick sitting again on Harry's shoulder, cracking nuts, and playfully throwing shells at the boys. He soon found, too, that the school-boys felt Harry's grievance to be their own. Dick was a universal fav. orite, and every boy in the school blam. ed John for the comical little fellow's death. Worst of all was the loss of

Harry's company. "I do forgive him. mamma," Harry said, "but I dont want to play with him. I can't. It makes me teel wicked to see Jack following him and jumping around him. I feel just as if I must kill him, and make John feel as bad as I do."

It was six months after Dicks little grave had been dug in the garden, and winter snows lay thick upon the ground when one evening a fearful storm arose. Mrs. Spencer and Harry were in the cosy little sewing-room, puzzling over a difficult problem in algebra, when a low piteous moaning near the outside door made them both start. In a moment Harry was on his feet and running towards the door. He soon returned with a little snow covered object in his arms.

"It is a poor little dog. mamma, who seems to have broken his leg, and is half frozen."

" Pour fellow ! Put him on this cushfrom Hannah. I will wipe the snow MUSICAL JOURNAL ion, Harry, and get some warm milk off.

Dried, warmed, and fed, the poor dog, held up his broken paw. " Mamma," Harry said very gravely

this is John's dog Jack. I need not kill him myself, to have my revenge. If I only put him again where I found him, he will die. See him lick my hand as if he knew what I was saying.'

Mrs. Spencer made no reply, only stroking the little dog's head with her soft, white hand.

"If I put him out again," continued Harry, "I wonder if John would feel as barly as I did when Dick was killed. Do you know you killed my Pet, Jack ? Don't you deserve to die for that ? See how he looks at me, mamma, as if he was asking me to pity him. Do you think we could bind up his leg if I made some splints ?"

" I think so, Harry."

" Well'! and the little boy drews long deep breath, "I will make them and we wilf try." D Lat

For two days the storm kept every one indoors: the snow drifts were so deep that no one in the yillage left the houses, except ng for necessary chores. But on the third day the sun came out again, and the boys were all busy clear-



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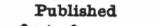
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on of some. Bishop Haven the widest reading and ture of any in the Methothe United States. He ing writer. Yet the books w. Some think his " Pdor Sketches of Travel in is his best. His Life of has delighted many in the inces. (Boston, 1872, pp. er works were " National on, 1869, 12 mo.,) Mexico, . 467, plates and 2 maps.) ent contributor to the Mey. A somewhat remarka-Wesley and Modern Philand April, 1879. attracted nd criticism of some peri of Methodism. His conperiodical press were alle. He was a prodigious ay he economized time is a lesson for us all.

death were sown in his siting Liberia during his a 1876-7. No slight and of the mission would sufiven was really a martyr of his soul-the gospel for the negro, and it will aspect the church will him. It will keep his rever. At the same time at a tremendous cost, ethodist well points out ach the M. Epis. Church Conferences ought to be native Bishop, the lives Haven and Scott being ch to be unnecessarily e death-laden exhalations the white man's grave. moved of Bishop Haven's th? How the unbelievquestions-born of the o shame by such a glorihat evidence for the truth loes such a death-scene that agony was upon me of this illness I feared it death." Is Christ precle whom I have preached g will not desert me now. rist, a full Saviour. Glory a salvation." "There is t is all beautiful." "I am floating ; 1 am surgels." So he was carried

ttle book was issued from

MRS. CHRISTIAN B. TUPLIN,

widow of the late W. B. Tuplin, Sen. Sister Tuplin was born at Chettlehampton, Devonshile, England. Emigrated to P. E. I., with her husband in 1837 and set-tled in Margade, where she continued to reside till her death, Oct. 1879, aged 85 years. Brought to God in the year 1828 she was enabled to " walk before the Lord." for the space of 51 years; and when passing away was enabled to testify to the all-sufficiency of Christ to save. Quiet, unobtrusive, yet firm and consistent in her Christian deportment, she was enabled to "Adorn the ductrine of God her Saviour." While firm in her attachment to the Methodist Church, through whose agencies she was brought into the enjoy- to have his pet killed. O mamma! ment of personal religion, Christians of every name found a welcome in her home. A large concourse of neighbours, and friends at her funeral, te tified to the esteem in which she was held.

#### MRS. HANNAH BENTLEY

On the 30th January, 1880, Mrs. Han-nab, relict of the late Thomas Bentley, aged 80 years and 7 months. Sister B., came to this Island with her parents in 1799-naving been born on the passage from England. The family first settled in Cavendish, but shortly afterward mov-ed to Margate. The time of sister Bentley's conversion is not known, but it must have been at a very early date, as her membership in the Church dates back to a period beyond the recollection of our present members. Our sister with her family, was closely connected with the progress of Methodism in this part of the Island, and always manifested a lively interest in the material and spiritual prosperity of the Church. During the three years proceeding her death she was for the most part confined to the house, through the infirmities of age. But it was a pleasure to converse with her. Her experience has often cheered my own heart. At times the enemy assailed her with his fiery darts but she had a sure refuge. The Bible was her trusted companion. Its promises the solace of her heart, and "for her to die was gain." On Sunday Feb. 1st, we laid her mortal remains in the grave, in the presence of a large company of friends and acquaintances, "Them also that sleep in Jesus

with God bring with him." We miss those aged members. The influence of their saintly lives, their prayers, their faith, have been a blessing to the church. The Lord raise up others to take their places. E. S. Margate, March, 1880.

The local preacher who does not preach, dries up as a preacher, and is often spoiled as a layman. Let every man in the local ministry go to preach- setting his firery little terrier on the ing It Goi has called him, there is a monkey. It was not until he saw Harplace for him, and he will find it if he ry going sobbing into the house with Will look for it. His call in every case his little pet dead in his arms that he means work.

chance I get.

"Oh! no, Harry. Jack is a dog, and it is his nature to kill little animals. You should not have put Dick in his

way." "I did not, I was in our own yard. when John went by. Jack never noticed Dick till John set him on, clapping his hands and hissing to him. Dick got frightened, and would not come to me, but ran across the yard, and John cheered at Jack, and he chased him and choked him. I'll kill him for it. I'll nut a stone round his neck and drown him, and then we'll see how John likes look at poor Dick. He'll never run to the gate to meet me when I come home from school again. He loved me so much, and I loved him. O Dick! Dick !" and poor Harry sat down on the floor and cried again most bitterly, stroking the little animal, who could never again return his affection by his comical ways.

It was a child's sorrow, but it was very bitter, and Mrs. Spencer herself felt so indignant at the wanton cruelty that had caused it, that for a long time she could only try to comfort her little boy. But as Harry became quieter, and poor Dick was put into a little grave in the garden, Mrs. Spencer pointed out to him the sin of his angry, revengeful feelings.

"I am sure, by this time, John is as sorry for the thoughtless cruelty as you are, Harry," she said. "I never hurt Jack," said Harry,

"and I always let the other boys play with Dick. It was only last week we were talking of teaching Dick to ride on Jack's back. What do you think made John do so, mamma?' "Perhaps he did not think the dog

would hurt the monkey when they had been so much together."

"Perhaps that was it. I will try, mamma, not to feel so angry about it; but it does seem now as if I must kill Jack, or have some revenge."

"How will you try to conquer that feeling, my son ?" "I will say my prayers, mamma, and ask God to take the angry thoughts

out of my heart." "He will, Harry, if you try yourself

to forgive John." Mrs. Spencer was right in her thought that John did not realize the danger of

snow. School time found them all as sembled, and John's grave face soon attracted attention. "What is the matter, John ?" asked

Harry. "You will be glad enough to hear,' was the somewhat sulky reply. "I have lost Jack. He ran away the night the storm came up, and I suppose he was lost in the snow."

"Oh! no, he wasn't," was Harry's cheerful reply. "Yes he was. He would have come

home if he was alive."

broke his leg. He came to our door half frozen, and with a broken leg." "I supposed you turned him out again, or killed him. you seem to feel

so good about it," said John. "Of course he did," said one voice. "Served you right!" said another. "Who killed poor Dick?" cried third.

" I . id not turn him out or kill him, said Harry gently. "Mamma and I bound up his leg, and nursed him and fed him. He is almost well now, John. so you can take him home whenever you are ready."

There was a moment of decp silence among the boys. Then John gave a deep choking sob. "I don't deserve it, Harry," he said.

But I have been as sorry about Dick as you were." And this was all the revenge Harry

ever had.



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his little pet dead in his arms that he saw what pain his cruelty had caused. Card Co., Nassau, N. Y. Dec 26 13ins