

# The Wesleyan

Longworth Mr R

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No. 4

CELIA.

BY MRS. MARY M. ARCHIBALD.

In a secluded spot beneath a spreading tree, on the New England shore, a grave was pointed out to the writer, —marked by a headstone bearing the inscription "Celia." This spot was once the resting place of Celia and her companion, a sailor boy; and during his absence at sea here she would sit and sing the wild songs he had taught her and watch for the coming sail. Her patient watching was frequently rewarded; but there came a time when she looked in vain for her lover's return. Year's flew by and her song grew sadder and sadder, until silenced by death. The wanderer came back, but too late. On the old spot he found not Celia, but her grave, made there in fulfilment of her last request.

I  
Singing on a mild May morning  
Plain and woodland earth adorning;  
Singing gladdest roundelay,  
Gayest of the girl band gay:—  
Singing 'lone yet lonely never,  
Singing by the crystal river,  
Shore bound coopers ringing ever:  
Artless singers, bird and child,  
Magic music, sweet and wild.

II  
Music in midsummer glory,—  
Dreamy, dazing golden glory,  
Melody of maiden song,  
Merriest of the maiden throng;  
Melody beside the river  
Where the shade and sunlight quiver:  
'Neath the willow's breeze—born shiver  
Sings a maiden, child no more,  
Weaving chaplets by the shore.

III  
Music through the copeses trilleth,  
Autumn's stilly twilight filleth,  
Faint sweet notes—yet strangely sad:  
Child and maiden—she was glad;  
Woman now beside the river,  
Sad and strange her song forever,  
Standing 'neath the waving willow,  
Gazing o'er the distant billow.

IV  
Hide and seek the moon is playing,  
Snow clouds o'er her bosom straying;  
Snow flakes dancing o'er the lea  
Hoarding white the willow tree.  
Song at midnight on the river,  
Song of welcome first to give her;  
Captain singing, "Haul to shore!"  
Bronze boy sailor now no more.

V  
Hushed the song upon the willow:  
Some one watch 'neath the willow:  
"Waiting for me as of yore."  
Springs in rapture to the shore,  
Moonbeams dance upon the river,  
Neath the snow-veiled willow quiver,  
Linger on the marble stone,  
Where he reads her name alone.  
Hushed the song upon the willow:  
Thro' the copeses 'neath the willow:  
'Neath the snow-mound by the river,  
Hushed the sweet sad song forever.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S FIFTH LECTURE.

(EXTRACTS.)

I shall never forget an exhibition I once attended. Shortly after schools for the imbecile were commenced in Europe, a young man, moved with benevolence, crossed the ocean to examine their mode of operation and success. Assured of their utility, he returned and commenced a similar institution. He advertised for the most idiotic and helpless child that could be found. Among those brought to him was a little boy of five years of age. He had never spoken or walked, had never chewed any hard substance, or given a look of recognition to a friend. He lay on the floor a mass of flesh, without even ability to turn himself over. Such was the student brought to this school. The teacher fruitlessly made effort after effort to get the slightest recognition from his eye or to produce the slightest intentional act. Unwilling however to yield, at the hour of noon he had the little boy brought to his room, and he laid down beside him every day for half an hour, hoping that some favorable indication might occur. To improve the time of his rest, he read aloud from some author. One day, at the end of six months, he was unusually weary, and did not read. He soon discovered that the child was uneasy, and was trying to move itself a little, as if to turn toward him. The thought flashed upon his mind: it misses the sound of my voice. He turned himself closely to it, brought his mouth near the child's head, and after repeated efforts the little fellow succeeded in placing his finger on the teacher's lips, as if to say, "Make that sound again." The teacher said that moment he felt he had the control of

that boy. He gained his attention, and by careful manipulation of his muscles, succeeded in teaching him to walk, and then to read, and when I saw him at the end of five years he stood on a platform, read correctly, recited the names of the Presidents of the United States, and answered accurately a number of questions on our national history. I looked with astonishment, and said to myself, Was there ever so much patience and such devotion? and how strong should be the love of that little boy for his teacher? I said, was there ever an instance of one stooping so low, and waiting so long? Then I said, Yes, there was one instance—the son of God came down from heaven, laid himself down beside me, his great heart by my heart, watched me with perpetual care, infused into me his own life, and waited for nearly twenty years before I reached my finger to his lips and said "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." What condescension, what love to fallen man! Christ stooped so low, it authorizes us to stoop, and wait, and wait, ever. Some of these wretched ones have been suffering for more than eight and thirty years, and have been lying at the edge of the pool waiting for us to come and help them into the troubled waters.

As to sermonizing, I feel my incompetency to advise. I have never been a systematic sermonizer. I have already said to you that in my early ministry I believed it impossible for me to become a successful preacher in the sense of being an orator. In addition to this, my health was very delicate, and I anticipated, at the longest, only two or three years of service. At that time, in the Church to which I belonged, there were no theological schools; and in the West no theological seminary, founded by any Church, had gained much reputation; hence I commenced my ministry without any specific theological training. I had read my Bible thoroughly from my earliest childhood, for I have no memory when I could not read; and my study in the original languages, more especially in the Greek, had been for years a delightful occupation; but no one had told me how to make a sermon. I had listened to good preachers, but the only sermons I had ever read were those of Mr. Wesley. I did not know there was such a thing as a skeleton, or a book of skeletons of sermons; and in my youthful innocence I would as soon have stolen money from a bank as to have attempted to appropriate a sermon which I had either heard or read. I remember well how, about the close of my first year, an older minister put into my hand, and offered to lend me, a book of sketches. I happened to have common sense enough to decline the offer; so, without knowing how a sermon was made, save as mentioned, I began to preach. I did not try to make sermons. I felt I must, at the peril of my soul, persuade men to come to Christ; I must labor to the utmost of my ability to get sinners converted, and believers advanced in holiness. For this I thought and studied, wept and fasted and prayed. My selection of words, my plan of discourse, was only and all the time to persuade men to be reconciled to God. I never spoke without the deepest feeling, and unless I saw a strong divine influence on the congregation, or knew of some soul being converted, I felt sad, and sought retirement to humble myself before God in prayer. My sermons were not well arranged; sometimes I had divisions, for I had heard ministers say firstly, and secondly, and thirdly. Sometimes I had a line written out here and there, and sometimes a few catch-words on a scrap of paper, but which I seldom, if ever, carried into the pulpit, and very few of which I ever preserved. My ministry was one of exhortation rather than of sermonizing; and I looked for immediate results under every effort, or to me it was a failure. So my early ministry was formed. Whatever my method was, it was purely my own, and was adopted, as I have said, not to make sermons, but to bring men to God. No one could have been more surprised than myself when I began to find, not only that souls were awakened and converted, but that friends began to speak kindly of my simple talks as sermons. So I finished my first year. My second year I was stationed in Pittsburgh, where I was compelled to preach three times on Sabbath and once at least during the week, but not always to the

same congregation. I was so driven, it seemed as if I could not change my plans. At the end of my first year there I had preached all I knew, and expected to be relieved. But I was unexpectedly returned, to preach three times on the Sabbath and once a week to the same congregation.

I had a membership of four hundred, scattered over the city. In addition to my preaching, I led the public prayer-meeting, spent one evening with my official members, led two classes, took a deep interest in the Sunday-school, and formed a class of young men, whom I encouraged in their reading, and helped in some slight degree to prepare for the ministry. And so not expecting to be a preacher, I preached on; not expecting to live, I lived on. Many a time I resolved I would prepare better and yet I often found myself brought up to Saturday evening or Sunday morning with comparatively slight preparation for the Sabbath. But I studied intensely. I arose early and spent my forenoons faithfully—not in sermon writing, but in mastering standard works on theology, mental philosophy, and the natural sciences, of which I was passionately fond. I studied on my feet, and found my sermons among the sick and poor, in garrets and in cellars. Not expecting ever to do much in the pulpit, I spoke to men everywhere of Jesus and his love, and had the satisfaction of seeing many scores brought to the foot of the cross. I expected by and by to find leisure to make better sermons, but I have never found it. My boat got on the stream, and I have been borne down the rapid current without the time to rest until I can almost see the mouth of the river, and the boundless ocean. I could not advise any young man to do as I have done. I would breathe into you, if I could, the earnestness and love of souls and the devotion of my earlier ministry; but I would urge you to make a better preparation, and to become workmen more approved both of God and man.

ST. JOHN POOR.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held in St. John on Monday last, measures were adopted for relieving the distressed poor of the city and vicinity. We can only give brief statements of the condition of things from speeches delivered at the meeting.

Mayor Earle said—Few persons in the city had better opportunities than himself for judging the amount of suffering and want; from early morning until night his office was daily besieged by them in quest of relief, asking for food, fuel and clothing; and he assured the meeting that prompt action was needed, and that on a large scale, to succor these poor unfortunates.

Rev. D. Macleise said no doubt existed in the community as to the amount of present suffering; for it had been shown in the papers. He was cognizant of much want in the section of the city where he resided, in fact his house was constantly visited by people of whom he knew nothing asking for aid. He had tried to do something for the worst cases, and had advised others to go to the Alms House, though that institution he had since learned was full. The greatest want existed among those who did not make their condition known. He was glad to learn from the Mayor that the Relief Fund was not exclusively for those who had been burned out. No statistics had been submitted to this meeting, because no one had been authorized to prepare them, but he could give the names of many present sufferers. The rev. gentleman mentioned the case of the family of an English mechanic residing near the Marsh Bridge who had lived four weeks on bread and water; also that of a widow with four children whose eldest daughter had been sick for some time, who called on him last Saturday in deep distress, having just been warned out of her house by the landlord. Scores of such cases existed. He had furnished the press with some of the particulars, and he would be happy to furnish fuller information to the charitable. It was folly to say get work; as it can't be got at even 60 cents a day. He described the manner in which the city was distressed some years ago for relief purposes, as a method worthy of following in the present case.

Rev. Mr. Hart felt the time had come to call a citizens' meeting with reference to the relief of the poor. He had thought over the matter and agreed with Dr. Waters that the distress arose somewhat from the commercial depression; while a great part of it was due to the late calamitous fire. The fire had crippled the rich, who now could not aid those whom the hard times had reduced to penury. Prompt action was required. He was glad to learn there was no legal obstacle to using the Relief Fund for the indirect victims of the fire, and if the continuance of that fund was, as had been contended, to cause

permanent pauperism, it was a strong argument in favor of its immediate expenditure for deserving cases. But if the civic authorities could be induced to provide work for the laborers out of employment, it would be still better than helping them from the fund, as it would not make them feel that they were paupers.

Rev. Dr. Waters moved that Captain Prichard, Mr. T. W. Daniel and Dr. Bennett be appointed a committee to call on the Executive Committee of the Relief and Aid Society, to see what they would do about extending relief. He thanked the Sheriff and other officers of that Society for the manner in which they had discharged their duty. Resolution unanimously adopted.

## INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

FIRST QUARTER.—STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B. C. 445. LESSON V. THE READING OF THE LAW; or, The Holy Word. February 2.

EXPLANATORY.

Verses 1. All the people. Including not only the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who were still few, but all the Jews settled in the other towns and villages. As one man. 1. "There is an impressiveness and moral power in a multitude assembled for religious service." In every age revivals of religion have followed large congregations. 2. "Hence, we should seek to bring all the people to God's house." Street. More properly, "open place," probably a park or square south of the temple, between it and the city wall. Water gate. Probably located in the district called Ophel and opening to the subterranean reservoirs beneath the temple, near the present entrance to Al Aksa. They spoke. Indicating that the movement began with the people themselves, and not with the authorities; a popular revival of interest in the word of God. 3. "It gives good hope for the church when its membership begin to inquire after the Scriptures." Ezra. The greatest character in the latter history of the Jewish people, called "the second founder of Israel." He was a priest and scribe, gifted also with prophetic inspiration. He came with a commission from Artaxerxes Longimanus, about B. C. 458, thirteen years before Nehemiah's arrival, and accomplished several important reforms among the people. By his influence they were led to a close study of an exact obedience to the written word of God. He is believed by the Jews to have 1. Instituted the great synagogue at Jerusalem. 2. Edited, arranged and settled the canon of the Old Testament. 3. Introduced the use of the Chaldee characters in place of the obsolete ancient Hebrew. 4. Wrote the books of Chronicles, Ezra, and perhaps Nehemiah and Esther. 5. Established synagogues for worship and the reading of the law. Before the events related in this lesson, he had probably been absent at Babylon, but now returns to assist Nehemiah in his work of restoration. His tomb is shown at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Scribe. The name of an order which arose after the captivity, when the prophets began to cease, and the people turned toward the written law. The scribes were of various rank, the highest being interpreters and teachers of the Scriptures, the lowest mere copyists and writers. As a class, they were held in high respect, but in later years grew proud and arrogant, well deserving the censures which they received from our Lord. Book of the law. Probably not only the Pentateuch, but also most of the Old Testament Scriptures, which Ezra was then arranging and revising.

2. The priest. Ezra was descended from Hilkiah, who had been high-priest in the reign of Josiah. Brought the law. The sacred writings, being in manuscript only were very scarce and valuable, and kept with great care, and only brought before the public on great occasions. 4. "There were then but a few Bibles for a whole land; let us thank God that now we may have a Bible in every house." In 1300 A. D. a copy of the Bible was worth the wages of a labouring man for thirteen years; now it may be bought for twenty-five cents. All that could hear with understanding. Better translated, "all having understanding to hear;" children who were of age to listen intelligently to the law and the history. First day of the seventh month. This was the "feast of trumpets," (Lev. 23, 24; Num. 29, 1, 6) a "new-year celebration," as the seventh month of the ecclesiastical year was the first month of the civil year. It was the month Tisri or Ethanim, nearly corresponding to October, 5. "How much better were the sacred pleasures of the ancient Israelites on their holidays than the senseless noises with which so many keep our national days."

3. He read therein. Every circumstance conspired to make this a solemn service—the striking scene itself; the rank and importance of those who conducted the exercises; the listeners, gathered from all cities; the sacred volume, brought out of the seclusion of ages, and from its sacredness and scarcity doubly precious. 6. "The remembrance of religious services in after years come back with added power to the memory and the conscience." John Newton, on the deck of a slave ship, suddenly remembered his early prayers beside his mother's knee, cried out "My mother's God! have mercy on me!" was transformed into a holy man and earnest minister, and wrote many hymns of the church, among them "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," etc. From morning. A service of about six hours, probably without intermission. 7. "When God's book is scarce, people hunger for its words, and are ready to fast upon them." In the dawn of the English Reformation, when the "Great Bible," newly translated by royal authority, stood on its desk, chained to a pillar in the cathedral, the people gathered in vast throngs, standing on the stone floor listening hour after hour to the reader's voice, and whenever he paused, crying "Read on! read on!" Attentive. 8. "From these ancient hearers let us learn a lesson of interest in the word of God."

4, 5. *Patrol*. Literally, "tower." Probably, however a raised platform, elevated so high that the reader could be seen by a large multitude. They had made. As a temporary, not a permanent structure. Beside him. These were priests, perhaps those who were then employed in the temple service. They probably by turns assisted and relieved Ezra in the reading, and also added to the influence of the service by the encouragement of their presence. 9. "The leaders in society should sanction and encourage the services of the church by their example." All we know of these eminent men is that they took part in a worthy work. 10. "Though a man's history may be forgotten, yet his influence lives after him." Opened the book. Not such a volume as ours, but a long roll of manuscript, wound upon a stick. He was above. Being over the heads of the people, all could witness him as he unrolled the sacred scroll. 11. "There is an added impressiveness to God's truth when it reaches the eye as well as the ear." All stood up. As a sign of reverence toward the book of God. 12. "Let us learn how to treat the book which comes from God, carefully respect its every leaf, and never mistake or injure it." The ancient Jews would not tread on a scrap of paper, lest it might contain the word of God.

6, 7, 8. Answered. A response, not merely from a few, but from the whole congregation, testifying their concurrence with the prayer and praise. 13. "The public worship of God is not a spectacle to be gazed upon, but a service in which all should participate." Amen. A Hebrew word meaning "firm," or "so be it." Lifting up their hands. Pointing toward the heavens, as calling upon God to witness. Bowed. In the posture of supplication, with knees bent and head turned earthward. 14. "Let us learn a lesson of reverent posture while God is addressed during divine service." Also Joshua, etc. These thirteen Levites seem to have been stationed at intervals through the crowd, to repeat and explain the reading, where the voice of Ezra would not reach the multitudes. And the Levites. Or, "even the Levites." Caused the people to understand. They may have explained the more obscure passages, or translated the obsolete words, as the people were then speaking a language as different from the earlier Hebrew as ours is now different from that of Wickliffe's day. People stood. The word "stood" is not in the original. They remained in order while the law was read and explained. Distinctly. Some think that here is a reference to some sort of choral recitative or chanting. Caused them to understand. Many scholars translate, "And they [the people] gave heed to the reading," making the reference to the hearers rather than the readers.

GOLDEN TEXT: The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple. Psa. 119, 130.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION: The divine authority of Scripture.

The next lesson is Neh. 13, 15-22.

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ing Ears. For Girls. By T. S. E.  
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DEPARTMENT.  
OTTAWA, 15th April, 1878.  
NT will be allowed on American  
ed further notice.  
J. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner of Customs

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

JANUARY, 1879.

Full Moon, 8 day, 7h, 34m, Morning.
Last Quarter, 15 day, 6h, 48m, Morning.
New Moon, 22 day, 7h, 57m, Morning.
First Quarter, 30 day, 7h, 31m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and various astronomical data points for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon, a Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Corwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Thro.
High water at Picou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

OBITUARY.

MRS. CROCKETT
was born in the year 1790, at Dunfries, Scotland. In 1816 she emigrated to Prince Edward Island in company with her husband who departed this life 31 years ago, leaving the widowed mother in the midst of her devoted family, most of whom still live in the Little York Circuit.

Mrs. Crockett was advanced in years when led to Christ, and not until her natural eyes had become dim were her spiritual eyes opened to see "the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." Bro. W. W. Brewer being the honored instrument in conducting our dear departed sister into the light of gospel day, after a long and severe struggle. Since then Sister Crockett has walked in the light, and had fellowship with the Father and with the Son, and truly may we say the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed her from all sin.

After a period of great suffering, yet uncomplaining patient waiting, her Lord appeared, and full of days and well stricken in years she joyfully bade adieu to friends and earth to enter upon the fuller joys on high, August 11th, 1878, in the 88th year of her age.

J. C. BERTIE.
Murray Harbor South.

AMASA BETTS, ESQ.
of Middleboro', Cumberland Co., N. S., departed this life on the morning of the 24th Dec., at the age of 64 years.

For the last four years Bro. Betts has suffered in a very painful state of illness, but has ever manifested a patient resignation to the Divine Will. In his active life he was known as an earnest, diligent man of good judgment and financial ability.

After his conversion to God he was intrusted with large responsibility in the erection of the Middleboro' Church, and gave a satisfaction to those interested. He wished to outlive his parents that he might minister to the wants of their age. His mother, the last to depart, was borne to her grave two months before himself. A large family circle and many friends mourn his loss. T. D. H.

BRO. GEORGE WIGGINTON
was born in Inkerham, England, and died at Margate, P. E. Island, July, aged 81 years.

Of the circumstances of his conversion I have no knowledge. I know not what agency was employed to bring him to Christ. All I can say is, that at a very early age he was induced to remember his Creator, to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness. In the latter part of the year 1817 he landed in Charlottetown, P. E. Island, and, with a number of others, came to Crapaud, where he remained until a year or so before his death. In the long passage across the Atlantic he seemed to have suffered spiritual declension, and the difficulties of establishing a new home all but extinguished the holy fire in his soul. But, by the blessing of God, under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Paine, he was greatly quickened and revived. He now became anxious to work for his Master—to go about doing good. It was at this period that he was made class-leader and became an exhorter. In the former capacity he did a good work for his Lord and Master. I believe there

is no office in the Methodist Church more difficult to fill, yet for more than fifty years, with marked success, he discharged the duties of this position, and will, no doubt, from it have many stars in his crown of rejoicing.

Bro. Wigginton's zeal in the cause of his Master could not be restricted to the class and prayer meeting, it took a wider and more extended range. With Bro. Hudson and others, his name appeared on the Circuit Plan as a local preacher. When roads were bad and almost impassible, when travelling was attended with so much difficulty, he was always found when his turn came either in Bodeque, Summerside or New London breaking the bread of life to hungry souls. Eternity alone will reveal the indebtedness of the Meth dist Church to the local or lay preachers. Eternity alone will reveal the myriads that have been brought to God through their agency. May their number never grow less. In latter years, when infirmity rendered this department of work impracticable, he still continued to aid in other positions in the church, where he did much to sustain the cause of God.

His home for years was an open house for Methodist ministers. He was a most generous supporter of our cause in all its departments, and at his death left quite a sum to sustain the work of God on the Tryon and Margate circuits.

On the Sabbath previous to his death he led a prayer meeting in the church in Marvate, never for years with more freedom of utterance, with more of the unction of the Holy One. On Tuesday he was prostrated with paralysis, and on Friday morning was not for the Lord took him. The nature of his disease, during his brief sickness, rendered the expressed hope of a blissful immortality impossible. But, however comforting this may have been to friends, it was unnecessary. "Tell me," said Newton, "how a man lives, and I'll tell you how he dies." Bro. Wigginton's life was his dying testimony. Jan. 10, 1879.

BRO. R. HUDSON

of Tryon, P. E. Island, in a brief communication to me a short time before his death, wrote—

"I was born in Yorkshire, England. My parents were nominal Christians. My father died when I was very young, I, at the age of eleven was apprenticed to a trade in a country village, where, amid the errors of the wicked, I soon learned to walk in their ways."

When about 15, while on a visit to a sick relation, a religious conversation between two pious persons deeply impressed his mind,—sleepless nights followed, until in the bitterness of his soul he was induced to visit a prayer-meeting where, in prayer and the exercise of faith, he obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sin. "After that," he added, "my wicked companions were broken off, and I said, 'this people shall be my people, and their God my God.' I at once connected myself with the church, took delight in the means of grace, and spoke, when opportunity offered, a word for Christ."

In 1817 he embarked in a vessel to P. E. Island, and after a passage of ten weeks and one day, he reached Charlottetown, where he remained for a short time, after which he removed to Tryon. Bro. H. did not leave his church membership and religion behind him, or drop them on his passage. He brought them with him, and was not ashamed to own and stand by them in his adopted county. The gifts and grace he began to use after his conversion he continued to exercise until, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, he was brought out as a local preacher. He filled this position for about 53 years, and must have rendered valuable service on a circuit which then included Summerside, Margate, Bodeque, and Tryon, and where now there are five ministers. His punctual attendance to appointments, at so great a distance, and when the roads were all but impassible, must have been a great tax on both his strength and time. But those voluntary and gratuitous services which led to so much exposure and suffering, from cold and storm, were not confined to the Bodeque Circuit, but extended to Pownal, Little York, Cornwall and Charlottetown. Bro. H. possessed a clear and analytical mind: his resume and expositions of the Word of God were lucid and graceful, and on many occasions produced deep and lasting impressions. Speaking of his work in this department of his Master's vineyard, he said, "I can boast of no great ability in this office. If I have been the instrument in the hands of God in the conversion of one soul, my labor has not been in vain in the Lord. The great consolation our people have been willing to bear with me, and I trust to meet them in heaven."

the responsible position as a representative to the House of Assembly for two terms of four years each, and as chief magistrate for many years in this community he conscientiously and faithfully discharged his legislative and legal duties.

For forty years he aided in the capacity of Circuit Steward, and the duties of this office were executed with honour and self and comfort to the minister. It was, no doubt, due, in a great measure to his oversight and earnest solicitation that the Bodeque and Tryon Circuits reached their position of independence. May his mantle in this office ever rest upon his successors.

It was my privilege to visit him during the evening and sunset of life. The happiness of his last days was in some measure marred by a strange hallucination. Speaking of it, he said, "It was mysterious that Providence permitted him to suffer so much from imaginary wrongs, but," he added, "herein is my consolation, it was brought on by an injury sustained in the service of the Lord." When these periods of mental suffering passed off, and he, satelothed, and in possession of all the powers of his mind, his conversation was spiritual and profitable. He often spoke of his dissolution, of his hope beyond the grave, and of the joys of the blood-washed. At times, when the unction of the Holy One rested on him, the emotions of his soul would destroy the power of speech, and tears and sobs would indicate what he could not utter.

A little while before his death, lying calm and collected, said a friend to him, "The Lord will be with you when you pass through the valley of the shadow of death." "Oh," said he, "there is no shadow now, it is all light. I had often feared the hour of death, dying, not the hereafter, but it is all removed now." And in a few days after, on 17th August, in the 81st year of his age, he fell asleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

A FRIEND.
Jan., 1879.

MR. JOHN LOCKHART.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." This we believe to be true of the subject of the following obituary notice. The late Mr. John Lockhart, of Newport, passed peacefully away from earthly toils and sufferings Dec. 20th, 1878. Our deceased friend was awakened to a sense of his lost and undone condition as a sinner under the ministry of the late Rev. Wm. Crocombe; for a time he was in deep distress, and sought the Lord with many cries and tears. One evening, feeling too miserable, as he thought, to go to the house of God, he and his wife (who had sought and found the Lord before him) remained home; and while he was pacing the room, in almost an agony of despairing grief, his wife reading to him passages from the Word of God; the Lord heard the sighing of the prisoner, broke in upon his soul with light and liberty; and he was filled with joy and peace through believing; his peace and happiness was such it shone in his countenance, for the following evening, when he attended a religious service, which was conducted by Mr. Crocombe: he observed him come in, and spending the same night at his house, told him and his wife he knew he had found a change; for his countenance bespoke the peace of his soul. He at once joined the Methodist Church, and though a man of retiring habits, and from constitutional shrinking from verbal testimony, had little to say of himself; yet he was a lover of God's house and God's people, and evinced a lively interest in the prosperity of God's cause he loved the ministers of Christ, and with his excellent wife delighted to welcome them under their hospitable roof; he continued his connection with the church of his choice until the day of his death. For several years past increasing infirmities deprived both himself and the aged and feeble partner of his joys and sorrows of the privilege of attendance upon the public and social means of grace; but he welcomed the visits of his minister and pastor, and the interest and spiritual profit of such visits was a source of mental gratification and enjoyment. He had been failing more rapidly than usual for a few weeks, but his death was sudden. While in the act of replenishing the stove with fuel, and ministering to the necessities of his affectionate wife, the pastor called, and in a few minutes he expired in the arms of one of his sons. He was an old man, and full of days. "The weary wheels of life stood still." Very rarely have we met with a couple whose married life extends over a period of 62 years. The separation between this aged couple cannot be long. May He who has dissolved the earthly tie, support the widow now in

age and feebleness extreme the few remaining days of her pilgrimage, and when the Master shall come and call for her, it may be to meet the spirit of her husband in the rest which remaineth to the people of God. The writer not being able, through indisposition, to conduct the funeral service, Bro. McMurray very kindly and promptly came over and rendered welcome service by performing the office to the comfort of the sorrowing family. ELIAS BRETTE.

AMELIA WHOOTON.

At Port Mulgrave, Dec. 23rd, 1878, "fell asleep in Jesus," Amelia, aged 18 years, beloved daughter of Frances and Charles Whooton. The subject of this memoir, was possessed of a frank and loving disposition, and had endeared herself to many hearts, by her affectionate ways and kindly consideration of others; she was ever ready to watch and attend those who were prostrated on beds of suffering, and we are assured there are many in Port Mulgrave who will ever remember with affection her unselfishness and loving attention. Amelia was the very personification of health and cheerfulness. From domestic duties performed with cheerfulness which would have named many a discontented mind, she was called to relinquish the tender ties that bound her young and loving heart; and in a few days weeping friends committed her to the grave "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

On Wednesday night, Amelia retired to rest, seemingly in perfect health, but before midnight she was taken violently ill; and passed away on the next Monday evening. Previous to her illness she had not made any profession of religion, although always manifesting the greatest respect for it and being the child of a pious praying mother she knew the necessity of a change of heart but had not been "fully persuaded" to surrender her all to Christ. But from the very commencement of her illness although not apprehending any danger she felt her need of a Saviour and with all the agony of a repentant soul burdened with sin she sought forgiveness through the atoning blood of Christ. "Oh my sins, my sins," she would exclaim: "Will Jesus have mercy on such a sinner as I?" We pointed her to the Saviour telling her to cast herself on Him "to look and to live" our dear young friend had not long to seek. He who hath promised to cast off none who call upon Him in spirit and truth heard her prayer. Her faith grasped His promise, and she was soon able to rejoice in God her Saviour. From that time she continued in a perfect state of ecstasy rejoicing and praising that name which is above every name. Her anxiety for the conversion of her friends, was indeed earnest, her affectionate pleading was indeed touching. She spoke to all who came in to see her about their salvation. She knew she must die but no murmur escaped her lips at the mention of parting with loved ones, dear as her life and all her sufferings which were indescribable, her faith never faltered, her trust in her Saviour was firm to the end. Passages from the word of God were her delight, and stanzas of favorite hymns were often uttered by the dear sufferer. To her sorrowing friends she would say,—"How can you weep for me when you see I am so happy?" Her only regret was that she had not sought salvation in health instead of leaving the salvation of her soul till a dying bed.

On last Sabbath Evening Rev. E. E. England improved the occasion by preaching a very impressive funeral sermon from Job cxli: 2. F. S. W.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Well boys and girls, this is a cold day. I look out of my window and see snow all around; the trees are prettily tipped with white, the ground covered over; in the distance fifty or a hundred youths are skating, and there is a good deal of frolic; but I find that many of my neighbours are very poor and in great suffering, and this has led me to think of the ways in which God helps poor people by putting it into the hearts of His servants to be kind to them, and I thought you would be glad to read a story on the subject written by a lady named Mary P. Hale; it is called

DO YOU KNOW ANY ANGELS?
"Matches! matches! buy any matches, sir?"
"No, no; don't want any. Besides you should not come up the front-door steps."
Yet the face of the gentleman who spoke was a kind one, which doubtless had given courage to the little boy, who had mounted the steps with a basket on his arm, on seeing Mr. Train;

pause for a few moments after closing the door.

The child was neatly clad, with a blue jacket and dark cap, he had moreover a very winsome face and voice, and on a second look Mr. Train stood gazing at him in surprise. Then the boy said:—

"Please, sir, do you know any angels?"

The gentleman looked still more surprised, and said—"Why do you ask me that, my little fellow?"

"Because mamma said, 'please God send an angel to show Lonnie where to go.'"

A tear moistened the old man's eye; he involuntarily put his hand in his pocket, intending to buy all the boy's matches. Then he said:—

"Your mother—is she living?"

"Yes, sir, but she's queer now since father died. Sometimes she talks to papa, though he isn't here. Josie says she's uncanny."

"How came you, such a little fellow to think of selling matches?"

"Cos when mamma's money was gone Josie brought us some food, and mamma said, 'I can't bear this, Lonnie, then I whispered to Josie, 'I'll go and sell m' matches'; and Josie helped me."

"Who's Josie?"

"The servant girl who used to live with us."

"Then," said Mr. Train, as he opened the door, "come in, my child. I think God sent an angel to guide you here, in answer to your mother's prayer. Come in, I will call Mrs. Train."

So the boy was led into a beautiful room. Mr. Train went upstairs and told his wife all I have been telling you. He then added:—

"The child has found his way to my heart already."

Mrs. Train went down and spoke kindly to the little fellow; then turning to her husband, she said:—

"Oh just suppose this was our little Eddie!"

Then she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her husband turned with quivering lips to the picture of the little boy that hung upon the wall; then, looking tenderly upon his wife he said—

"Eddie will never know sorrow. Perhaps God sent him to guide this little one here; and we will help him in his sorrow."

"Just what I was thinking husband, dear," said Mrs. Train, drawing her child to her and kissed him.

Then he put his arms around her neck, and said, "Does your little boy live in the sky? There's where my papa's gone; perhaps he knows him."

"This idea of the child thrilled the motherly heart of the lady, and seemed to be a strong bond between her and the little stranger. With her arm around him, she replied—

"I dare say it is, my darling. And now we are acquainted with each other and I intend to see you often."

"O, thank you! thank you! And now please to let me go tell mamma; it will take her sorry look away and make her well."

"Yes, dear," replied the lady; "I will go with you at once, and carry some nice things to her."

As soon as the child reached his mother he rushed into her arms, and said, "Mamma, mamma, here's the angel's mother. God sent her here and she loves me."

The poor lady who had been sitting with folded arms and downcast face looked up as if bewildered; there was a strange look in her eye which indicated mental derangement.

Mr. Train spoke in a cheerful voice, saying, "I have become acquainted with your dear boy. I love to visit the sick, and hope you will allow me the privilege of leaving you a few delicacies."

"George! George! exclaimed the invalid, gazing upward. Then you sent her. I thought you would."

"God sent me. I am His servant, and am already paid," answered Mrs. Train.

"Oh, Oh! that is good—that is good!" replied the invalid; and the anxious, melancholy look gave place to a more tranquil expression, as she said, "Then I can take it." Having partaken of some refreshment, she revived a little, and turning to her new friend said, "Come close to me."

Mrs. Train did so: and the sick lady said, "George is waiting for me. I shall soon go to him. But my darling—my darling boy, what did my father say?"

"I will take care of him. I have a very pleasant and happy home for him."

The invalid drew a deep sigh as if she would throw off her burden; then laying her head upon the shoulder of her attendant, she exclaimed, "Thank God! now I can rest." Then she seemed to fall into a quiet slumber. She lived but a few weeks, yet remained in a peaceful, contented frame, and died saying, "Jesus, bless my boy!"

Mrs. Train took the weeping child in her arms, and said, "I will take the place of a mother to you, my darling;" and thus God provided a happy home for little Lonnie.

for a few moments after closing... child was neatly clad, with a blue... and dark cap, he had moreover... winsome face and voice, and on... and look Mr. Train stood gazing... and in surprise. Then the boy... please, sir, do you know any an... a gentleman looked still more sur... and said—"Why do you ask me... my little fellow?"... because mamma said, "plese God... an angel to show Lonnie where to... near moistened the old man's eye;... voluntarily put his hand in his... intending to buy all the boy's... es. Then he said:—

TEMPERANCE.

LAME SARAH.

"Lame Sarah," the neighbors used to call her, or "the cripple;" but the girl knew nothing of that. She only heard the names of love her mother and grandmother showered upon her. Though at times she suffered much she was not really unhappy. There was only one real trouble in Sarah's life—she could hardly remember her father at all, and if she asked about him her grandmother frowned and her mother cried. She knew he was not dead, for sometimes her mother had a letter from him with money in it; but never since she had been lame had Sarah seen her father.

Poor child! she did not know that her own father was the cause of all her suffering—that in his drunken fury he had thrown her headlong down the stairs. When he saw what he had done he was sobered. He thought she would die, so he ran away to escape punishment; and when he heard that she still lived, but was crippled, he could not bear to come back. Whether he still drank no one knew. Now and then he sent them money, but the poor wife had to sew from morning to night to keep the wolf from the door.—Still Sarah had everything they could get to tempt her appetite, and they tried to be bright and cheerful for her sake.

At last one day, when grandma had gone out, Sarah said:—"Mother, I do wish you would let me write a note to father. You know I can write quite nicely now. I want to see him so much! Won't you let me write?" The mother did not know what to say. She knew that her mother would not hear of asking Sarah's father to come back. Mrs. Price, the grand-uncle, was a stern woman. "Let him drink himself to death—only let him keep away," she would often say. But his wife forgave him, and she longed to tell him so. She felt that her child's wish might be given her by God, and dared not refuse.

"Well, dear, you write and I'll post it; but never say a word to grandma." So, whenever the two were alone, Sarah would ask for her letter and painfully write a few more words. At last it was finished, and her mother, without reading it, sent it to the father, praying that it might touch his heart.—About a week after, as Sarah sat trying to play with her doll, but secretly fretting a little, because she had no answer to her letter, a knock came to the door and in walked a tall man. Sarah guessed in a moment who it was, but her mother's cry, "Frank! Frank!" would have told her.

"I'm come back. Sarah herself asked me, and, wife, I've never touched a drop since!"

"Hush," whispered the wife, "Sarah knows nothing of that."

"God be thanked for that! I thought she knew. I've not made money, but I've been steady."

The poor man could hardly bear to look at the crippled child, but after a day or two Sarah's favorite resting place was in her father's strong arms, and the two were hardly ever separate.

As Sarah grew older and understood how it was she had become crippled, she often said that since it opened her father's eyes to see the danger of drinking, she was glad it happened. But, O! it was a fearful price to pay. May none of you risk it by ever touching strong liquor!

SHORT TEMPERANCE TALKS.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

II. The Livery of Drunkenness.

As one man said to me not a week ago: "I felt under the power of the appetite as the rich man in hell must have felt when he longed for the drop of water; I longed for the stimulating influences upon my system, until I shrieked in my agony." Not only among these, but among others. O! what a pitiful sight it is to see men who have fallen from positions of respectability into this fearful debasing habit! Have you ever seen them? I have—clinging, as with a death-grip, to the last remnants of their respectability.

You see them, perhaps, going through your streets in the faded black coat, well inked at the seams, buttoned up close in the neck to hide the paucity of the nether garment—with perhaps an old rusty pair of gloves, and a couple of inches of wrist between the tops of the glove and the cuffs of the once-fashionable coat—the trousers fastly shinning with old age—the last penny shinning in the drink ex- that can be spared from the miserably pended in blacking the broken boots—the hat so dilapidated, broken and greasy, that they go into mock- and morning, and hide it with crape, and walk through the streets miserable to a walk which has stripped them of every thing worth having under heaven.

The livery of their master has become to them like a garment of burning poison, eating up all that is bright and green and beautiful about them. And when we consider what slaves to this appetite have been called upon, and are called upon, continually to endure, we shall have some idea of the mighty power of its influence. The intemperate man, it seems to me, is, above all others, a suffering man; his physical sufferings rack his bones; his physical suffering can scarcely be comprehended—it cannot be described; and yet, with his eyes wide open—knowing the cause that produces the effect—he will clutch his bloated fingers round the cup, and raise it to his blistered lip, and drink it, though he knows that every drop of it is like another nail driven and clinched in his coffin.

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

I once experienced a great bereavement, which tested my trust in God's providence beyond any previous trial of my life. One night I was seated with my little boy on my knee, mourning over my loss, when my eyes rested upon a favorite text over the mantle piece. The eye of the child also turned in the same direction, and without any request on my part he read the text aloud:—"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." As I heard the words from my dear boy's lips, they seemed to sink into my heart with a power they had never done before. To my surprise the child asked the question, "Papa, what does 'perfect' mean?" My heart was too full to make any reply for a few moments, and before I could break the silence, my little one supplied the answer by saying, "Papa, doesn't it mean that God makes no mistakes?"

PRAYER! ANS WERE IN A LUMP.

The Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, had a bearer—a good and converted man, as every body but himself judged—though troubled with doubt as to his own salvation. The Doctor said to him one day:

"Well, Thomas, how long have you been praying?"

"For forty years."

"And what have you got?"

"I canna say I ba'e gotten ony thing."

"I wonder you are not tired, then, and don't give up that kind of hopeless work."

"Nay, sir, we maanna dee that."

Well, when Thomas lay dying—was very near his end—Dr. Kidd called, and asked, as he always did, when he was going to pray.

"What shall I pray for?"

"Give thanks," said Thomas, "give thanks, for my forty years' prayer answered in a lump."

From Zion's Herald: "A little girl and her younger brother were on their way to the store one windy frosty morning. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of cloak over her. As they walked briskly along she drew the boy closer to her and said:—

"Come under my cloak, Johnny."

"It is not big enough for both, said he."

"Then I will try to stretch it a little."

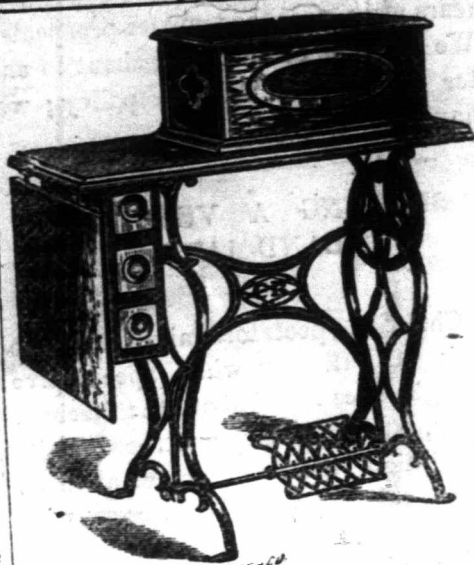
"And they were soon nestled closely together."

"What a lesson! How many shivering bodies and sad hearts there are, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves."

A Georgia colored minister preached this doctrine to his people: "But taint no use ter trabbel along dat narrer path 'less yer can carry, folded up in yer creed, a good rec'ommendation from yer creditors. Hebben aint no place for a man who has to dodge round a corner for fear of meetin' some one who'll ask for dat little bill dat never was paid."

DIPHTHERIA has for a long time been very prevalent, and very fatal. Its fatality seems to be greatly owing to neglecting what is supposed to be an ordinary cold or sore throat until it has progressed to its stages, and then when medical aid is procured it has too often been found to be too late. From the fatality attending this disease every family should keep a remedy on hand and use it on first appearance of sore throat. A preparation called DIPHTHERINE has been placed before the public. It is the discovery of an English physician, and has been regarded where it has been used, to be an infallible remedy for that disease. It is placed within the reach of all, put up in bottles with full directions, and sold by Druggists and dealers in medicines at the low price of 25 cents a bottle.

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MACDONALD & JOHNSON BARRISTERS. Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public, &c. 152 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S. CHARLES J. MACDONALD JAMES W. JOHNSON

**A Word with our Ministers.**—*Only a few have as yet reported as regards subscribers. Please send us information as far as you have made a canvass. And very little money comparatively has come in. Do not wait to finish, but if not complete send all the money you have. The demands on the office at this season are always pressing.*

**A Word to our Subscribers.**—*Quite a number have remitted direct, when they had not been called upon. Do us the favor, if you have not already paid to send your subscription at once. We revise our lists next week. Ten minutes work will settle your subscription and leave you to enjoy your paper for the rest of the year.*

Dr. Topp, one of the leaders in debate during the Presbyterian General Assembly in Halifax two years ago, has left to meet a call in England. It is somewhat remarkable that he is succeeded as Moderator of Synod by Rev. J. McDonnell, whom he met so powerfully in his celebrated heresy case. It says much for religious toleration that the erring one was at all allowed an opportunity to recover himself, but there is something absolutely magnanimous in extending forgiveness so far as to crown the returning penitent with high honors. The churches are manifestly learning not a little in the direction of the Master's spirit of forbearance and love.

Last week we intimated that we would await the *Visitor's* promised article upon Calvinism in its influence upon literature and philosophy. We are waiting still. The indications are that we must continue to wait. An article purporting to be on that subject appeared in its pages last week, but it had neither argument nor proof. If the readers of the *Visitor* accept as final that style of writing, either they require some training in mental science, or the majority of thinkers are already hopelessly behind them in the refined art of drawing deductions. We confess that the *Visitor*, in our estimation, has not touched, in a single instance, the point with which it originally startled the world—that Calvinism dominates modern religious thought.

An amusing result of bad writing is reported in "Zion's Herald." Dr. Wentworth sent an article for publication, which contained a sentence so intricately tangled that printers, editors, publishers all failed to unravel it. It seemed deliberately to shut all "authors and poets" out of Paradise—a horrible doctrine! Still, there it stood, the best that could be made of it, and in it went. So much for the agitation of the "intermediate state." Next week Dr. Wentworth—himself an author and a poet of no mean dimensions—remonstrated. He declared that the writing was "authors of sects." But the editors do not apologize. They suggest that Dr. Wentworth should take a course of instruction in penmanship, and even offer to bear the expense of it. Now this is a new way of compounding for editorial blunders. We shall adopt it. The editor will henceforth obtain a free course of penmanship for all who find their letters misprinted in the *Wesleyan* during the few remaining weeks of his incumbency. He was about to offer most magnanimously to conduct the writing-class, but the printers cruelly suggest that he sadly needed himself a full doze of his own medicine. We shall engage Mr. Whiston instead!

#### TRANSFERS—PROSPECTIVE AND SPECULATIVE.

Here at length is a competent organization. As constructed by General Conference, there is scarcely any limit to the power of a Transfer Committee. The first constitution effectually tied the hands of representatives; this casts off the bonds and leaves them free to act, with scarcely a limitation. The annual Committee shall be subject to the call of the President, shall do so and so with its correspondence, shall fix the dates of transfers—that is all. They may transfer a score or a hundred at a sitting; may transfer them to widest extremes. The question is, Will they do it? What will they do?

It may be safely set down as a general opinion that something ought to be done. Under the pressure of that conviction the General Conference cut away the trammels, and left the Com-

mittee free to act. It will depend on the constitution of those composing the Committee as to how far their serious prerogatives may be exercised. They will have, on the one hand, the connexion needs before them. To preserve our Methodistic economy, there must be free circulation of appointments. Hemmed in by narrow provincial limits, annual conferences will soon become localized in their relationships and prejudices. The Committee will doubtless be much influenced by stern facts already presented in evidence of this both east and west. There is, perhaps, a tendency in the direction of localization during our early formative existence, which may be partially cured by judicious treatment. Transfers may be a necessary element in that treatment. Up to this time there has been virtually little transfer beyond occasional exchanges. Reform is needed. The danger in all reforms is that of going to extremes; so that a little forethought here may do good.

From all indications which reach us of ministerial as well as lay sentiment, our Conferences are ripe for the introduction of a sound, thorough transfer economy. It may—indeed it ought to—affect high and low in the ministry, rich and poor of congregations. Any arrangement which would touch only one class of men or people would be a mistake. If it can be once established that even five in a hundred have immunity from transfer—enjoy exceptional privileges as to locality—the system would be opposed from the outset. But let a broad principle be laid down and we are persuaded all will loyally help to carry it out. This we write in what may be called the philosophic spirit.

In the prophetic spirit, however, we are inclined to hold different language. We have our reasonable fears as to any general policy being adopted. Those who look to transfers as the adjusting remedy for our lurching ship during her trial voyage, may as well quietly think over the actual condition of things. The ship will right herself in due time. There is a strong, wise master on the quarter deck. But let us be prepared for eventualities which we know lie in the way of carrying out a system of transfer covering any great area of country, or including any great number of families.

As a first and principal contingency let us take in the question of expense. Our economy is such that any apparent disadvantage placed upon a minister by conference or committees takes at once a commercial aspect. It is worth so much to meet certain deprivations and submit to certain abrupt changes in social life. If those conditions have been ordered by a competent body, that body must provide the means of compensation. When a minister desires transfer, he volunteers a sacrifice which includes his travelling expenses. That is the ruling of General Conference, and it is right. When, on the other hand, a congregation invites a man, or the Missionary Committee requires one, each becomes responsible for necessary expenditures. So far well;—but a transfer policy, to become anything like a system, must lay hands on just the class of men whose removal would be met with repugnance by themselves and by their Conferences. In that case there come in, of course, bills of indemnity, which must be provided for by the judges who have decreed, or the authorities who gave the judges their commission.

Incidentally, thus, we have alluded to the second chief difficulty in the way—that of individual reluctance. Ministers will hesitate, notwithstanding a fair sentiment of loyalty, to break up their associations when it comes to the point. Their reluctance will be increased by what they know of antipathies which have confronted strangers who have already accepted charges among brethren of distant conferences. True, an argument would be afforded for use by men transferred against their will, which in the other instance could not be adopted, namely—"I came hither not with my own will. I am ready to return at the earliest moment practicable. But while here I mean to do my duty." Prejudice is disarmed before such a plea.

Altogether, we have both hopes and fears as regards the transfer prospects. We hope the connexion is about to enter on a grand Transfer policy; we have fears that it is not.

#### SHIFTING A VERY OLD LAND-MARK.

Christian spectators might afford to look on patiently while speculative thought goes round about the fabric of truth, striking here and there at its foundations, did they not see at times that it takes a too serious liberty with venerable, well-tried, vital doctrines. The age is reflective, somewhat disputatious, and growing, withal, we fear, more irreverent with time-honoured opinions. This may be partly a result of growth in knowledge. As humanity advances in freedom of mind and conscience, and in intellectual culture, it may be expected to demand, more and more, reasons for everything, especially everything affecting its future and eternal interests. Still, there ought to be bounds to all agitation, while there appear to be really none as regards some old-fashioned but very precious beliefs.

Take the doctrine of the future state. Until within a score of years—less than that in many localities—a single, supreme conception of death held sway over Christian minds generally in these provinces. Death was considered simply as a transition—the opening of a door, the falling of a veil, giving eternal light, life and liberty to the spirit of the believer. The few recent years have wrought great, perhaps sad, changes in this particular. Discussion has been rife outside. At centres of learning, among the proudest peers of thought, investigations, controversies, have proceeded, until the world has been left in a maze of uncertainty. Books, pamphlets, tracts by the hundred, have gone out upon a mission of distraction through all the earth. Is it wonderful that, where scholars and philosophers widely disagree, persons of limited education, and with little time for study, should be at their wits' end?

With aged, confirmed Christians, matters may be unchanged. To them heaven is still a veritable, immediate, blessed state of conscious and eternal happiness to all who die in Christ. But how is it with the youth of this day, even those in the membership of the churches? Are we all aware that a spirit of uncertainty and unrest has been gaining upon Christians only partly matured in experience, while very many of our children have been growing up in a vague, dreamy state of mind in relation to the soul's future condition. To say nothing of the pronounced Atheism of this day—the denial of futurity in any sense; or the semi-infidel objection, that because no one has been known to return with a decisive message from the dead, and the Bible at best speaks but in figures upon that subject, therefore it is all left a matter of doubt; we may find quite enough in really Christian instances to awaken pity if not alarm as to the drift of human belief. The heresy of annihilation we fear has made converts. It is considered reasonable that, soul-life being a gift of God, He may recall it at death, and restore it only to those found worthy at the judgment. As to the doctrine of soul-sleep, we have reason for believing that it has gained a hold of ignorant minds which will be found rather difficult to relax. We have even known the necessity of correcting this fallacy in the instance of scholars taught in Methodist Sabbath Schools! As to theories of the intermediate state, they are quite common enough among all classes and creeds of to-day. The old doctrine is declining; the new offers no substitute, but is itself divided into a variety of indefinite opinions.

Two questions are suggested by this subject:—

1. What is to be the doctrinal standard of the rising generation of Christians in regard to the future state? Where is all this dreaming and speculation to end?
2. Is the pulpit sufficiently awake to the necessities of the case? If so, does it regard the old doctrine of an

immediate, conscious, active Heaven or Hell for the dead as of such truthfulness and importance that it deserves defence and enforcement?

Next week we may attempt a definition of the church's old, honoured faith in regard to futurity, the basis on which it rested, and the effect which it had upon Christian faith and zeal and profession.

#### UNITED PRAYER AND INDIVIDUAL AGGRESSION.

The week of prayer to which we made allusion in a recent issue, has proved a "linked sweetness long drawn out." For three weeks past, the Evangelical churches of this city, have continued in united prayer for the Divine blessing upon the various interests with which as a Christian community, we are directly or indirectly charged. The lively interest manifested in these special services, is certainly matter of sincere gratulation, and would seem to encourage the hope that some more practical results will shortly follow. It cannot be that the flower of an earnest piety, which has so readily opened its petals under the friendly, benign influences of these protracted meetings shall blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air. Rather, may we not reasonably expect the churches' quickened pulse to expend its force in a more vigorous effort towards enlarged success in aggressive Christian work? Among the hopeful signs for the immediate future of our religious life as a city, is the simple fact, that the season of united prayer has been extended over such a protracted period. The church that prevails with God will be most likely to prevail with men. A subject of sufficient importance to be mentioned 500 times in Holy Scripture, as prayer is; and an exercise that is so much in harmony with the instincts of our common nature, as to find a place in every form of religion known in the world, must be a powerful factor in the sum of the church's life and of the church's future. This would seem to be further recognized by the large attendance at these meetings for prayer. It is admitted that numbers alone are not a safe criterion in estimating the merits of a work such as this. One recalls at once the saying of the old Grecian orator: "I looked around my audience, and they had dwindled away—till only one remained. But that one was Plato." There is such a thing as "a fit audience though few." Far more importance attaches to the quality—to the spirit of a praying band. As Falstaff exclaimed: "What care I for the bulk and big assemblage of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow, give me the spirit." It is gratifying to have observed, however, that the meetings for united prayer, have been as remarkable for their excellent spirit as for their large attendance. And their good influence must be felt, for just as the Bible has been called "the perfumed bottle of Christianity," so each individual Christian, and more particularly, a select company of Christian men and women, uniting in prayer, cannot but prove censurers of sweet incense—odors of saving influence, shedding their fragrance wherever they go. If, as chemists tell us, a single grain of iodine will impart color to several thousand times its weight in water, what may we not expect from the influence of some hundreds of praying, practical Christian men and women? Moreover, in the subjects that have been presented for prayer, attention has been directed to definite objects towards which Christian effort may bend its energies. It is well to lift up such objects into prominence, as are calculated to keep alive our Christian sympathies, and to give directness of aim to church and to individual effort. This has been done; and no feature of these meetings has been more salient than their eminently practical character. To cite one instance among many: the benevolent and philanthropic institutions of Halifax have been the subject of earnest prayer. To the credit of our city, it was stated by a prominent citizen, at one of the morning meetings, that no city or community on this continent surpasses Halifax in proportion to its population, for its charitable institutions. These

institutions stand among us, not like monuments that adorn the abode of the dead, but rather memorials of a living charity, and a healthy Christian life. Just as in the world around us every production of nature has its own peculiar offshoot, so these kindly provisions for the afflicted and the unfortunate, are the outgrowth of religious life. Like the famous Palace at Potsdam which was erected by Frederick the Great after the close of the Seven Years' War to show the world that he still had plenty of money in his pocket, so our benevolent institutions are the practical expressions of a living, lavish charity, and notwithstanding the wide spread depression in trade and commerce, this Christian community will not suffer these flowers of charity to die for want of sunshine.

After all this united prayer, the time has come for a more earnest and vigorous aggressive campaign, on the part of the several churches. Entire success will not be attained until sinners are converted and accessions are made to our church membership. How to reach the masses has ever been an important and equally perplexing problem in the policy of church work. But Mr. Moody's solution, is certainly the most satisfactory: *Go to them.* The best friend of the cause of Christ must confess that in real aggressive work the churches are not nearly so successful as they might be. And this cannot be because there is not preaching enough. Some one has said that the time was when one sermon converted three thousand souls, but to-day it takes three thousand sermons to convert one soul. In the late Russo-Turkish war, the number of hits in the number of cartridges fired by the Russians, was one in every sixty-six shots fired. Now, is there not a greater proportion of mis-directed efforts on the part of the churches generally? What is wanted is a burning passion for perishing men, such a passion as shall lead to faithful admonition, and kindly, winsome, persevering effort to lead souls to Christ. In this one work let the churches cultivate a holy rivalry. Let the sects forget the names that are legion in their devotion to the banner that is love.

#### THE JOST CITY MISSION.

On the 18th of March, 1878, an effort was made to organize a Sabbath School in connection with the Mission Church. Two teachers and eleven children comprised the school for that day. A flourishing Sabbath School, professedly in connection with the Y. M. C. Association, had been conducted in the building for some time, well officered, thoroughly disciplined, though consisting of material gathered to some extent from the neglected population. This entire organization was removed to another building. The new mission was thus dependent purely upon its own strength from the beginning. There were no methods adopted for advertising the scheme. It had not a solitary attraction or inducement to offer. It seemed in fact an extravagant if not a hopeless adventure. Teachers understood that, if they were to teach children they must first find them. The population in the vicinity, from which a school was to be organized, were poor, many of them honestly poor, but the majority poor through and in vicious habits and inclinations. There would be sympathy with the scheme on the part of the churches provided it succeeded. There was a fatal breach in the walls. The enemy was strong and well garrisoned. An attack was to be conducted having no supports from without. No one was at hand to cheer the attempt. Volunteers must go forth single-handed, under the solitary eye of their Commander. This kind of sortie has always required a certain kind of courage, and in the service of Christ it has never failed through lack of willing soldiers.

There were three additional teachers offering their services last Sabbath, making a complement of twenty-five in all. The first stage of difficulty passed, the second stage will have as its principal difficulty a tendency to vainglory. Volunteers there are always for the winning side. There are mission schools at the Five Points—

tions stand among us, not like tents that adorn the abode of God, but rather memorials of a charity, and a healthy Christian...

JOST CITY MISSION.

18th of March, 1878, an attempt was made to organize a Sabbath connection with the Mission...

New York's moral maelstrom—to which it is an honour to be attached. Christians rank high who succeed in a bold enterprise.

Several classes have been divided three or four—one, indeed, as often as seven times. A meek remonstrance was offered on the latest division...

It would be easier to mar this work than to make it. An austere look, a proud reserve, the attitude and tones of a conscious distinction...

We cannot but think that Mr. Jost's hope and prayer are at length being fulfilled. He saw a great work to be done, in a very needy locality.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,—News from the mission field such as we now and then see in the WESLEYAN, is very cheering to at least one of your readers.

is so great that our increase in membership thus far is only four. We feel sadly the need of live class leaders.

The above is the bright side. There are discouraging statements as well. One of the chief discouragements to a man laboring on this circuit is the few who take the WESLEYAN.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

From five to ten thousand dollars are contributed yearly by the Friendly Island converts to the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

It is stated as a fact, that among ten thousand Fijians there is not a house without family worship.

Rev. Dr. Newman Hall declares that the churches of Great Britain have lost thirty thousand members within the last three years, by intemperance.

Of one hundred and ninety-one Congregational ministers who have died during the past four years, ninety-seven had passed the limit of seventy years.

MR. SPURGEON AND NEAL DOW.—The Hartford "Courant" publishes the following correspondence. It should be explained that Mr. Dow did not mention Mr. Spurgeon's name.

HARTFORD, Jan. 7, 1879. Some months ago you published in the "Courant" a statement of Neal Dow in relation to the intemperate habits of Mr. Spurgeon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I spend most of the hours of the day with Mr. Spurgeon, and can bear personal testimony that Mr. Dow's statements have no basis in truth.

One of the most curious facts which come out in the marriage returns in the United States is the gradual decrease in the proportion of marriages solemnized to the rites of the Established Church.

Here is an old story of Dr. Peter Cartwright, whom Illinois Methodists especially will not soon forget.

NEWS AND NOTES.

NOVA SCOTIA.

As was expected, and foreshadowed in a speech a few weeks ago in Halifax by the Admiral Commanding on the North American Station, Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, has been promoted from a Captaincy to the position of Rear Admiral.

NEWS FROM ABOARD.

The sensation of the street last week in Montreal was the failure of Alderman William Glendenning a large property holder and stove manufacturer with several hundred thousand dollars liabilities.

Mr. Henry Morrisey, the only veteran on this side of the Atlantic who fought with Nelson in the battle of Trafalgar and saw that hero fall, died the other evening at his residence, 253 Pleasant Street, near the Academy of Music.

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A brother of the clergyman who was said to have died from starvation in Toronto, has written as follows to the papers:

"I observe in your evening edition very gross misstatements in regard to my brother, the Rev. W. F. Checkley, assistant minister of St. Paul's Church Toronto. It is stated that he died from starvation, that horrible poverty had been secretly endured for years, and that for a household of ten or eleven there was an annual income of but \$400."

Dear Sir,—If Mr. Neal Dow knew the truth he would not make such false charges against me. My manner of life is before the world. Ask them that know me. Whatever faults I may have, I have been preserved at all times from excess, and I have given no ground for any one to accuse me of it.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.

A colored barber named W. D. Curtis, a native of Boston, was found in the Street, at St. John on Friday morning last, so far gone from exposure, it is supposed, that he died a short time after.

A car of cattle, 16 head arrived by the freight train from the North on the 16th inst., en route for England. They were shipped by T. C. Patterson, Esq., of Woodstock, Oxford, Ontario, formerly manager of the Toronto Mail, and are in charge of Mr. Muir.

Mr. W. H. Hayward, of Port Elgin, has lost his wife and four children—all boys—since Christmas from diphtheria. Two other children are now ill with it. The disease has also appeared at Point deBute.

Mr. Ernest Dawson, second son of our respected Mayor, has successfully passed a rigorous examination and is engaged in the Civil Service of India at a salary of 4,200 rupees, or 420 pounds sterling, per year, with a free passage to India and the prospect of a liberal pension in the future.

Mr. M. P. Rochford, a printer very well known in P. E. Island, died at Charlottetown a week ago. He was the editor and proprietor of a small daily paper, of a humorous character, known as "Rochford's Daily," claimed to be the first daily paper established in Charlottetown.

The value of exports from the thriving little village of Alberton, Prince County, for 1878, were valued at \$135,000—the principal items being potatoes, eggs and mackerel.

The inhabitants of Campbellton, P. E. Island, are agitating for a branch line of railway from Campbellton to Charlottetown—a distance of three and a quarter miles.

The Sackville Post says:—The hay crops on this marsh district is enormous. By the census of 1878, including upland hay they were as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Location and Tons. Sackville: 11,220; Westmorland: 8,348; Hillsboro: 5,152; Hopewell: 4,993; Amherst: 11,547; Amherst Head: 4,793; Maccan: 2,110; River Head: 67,906.

To give some idea of the dimensions of the cattle trade of these farming districts, we give the following figures as the approximate shipments from the following places during 1878. They are within the mark:

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Dear Sir,—I spend most of the hours of the day with Mr. Spurgeon, and can bear personal testimony that Mr. Dow's statements have no basis in truth.

Says the London Methodist.

The London Circuits will be busy this week and for the next fortnight with their various meetings on behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund. It will be of great importance to the success of the movement that these meetings should be vigorously worked, and that great liberality should be shown.

My temperance friends will be glad to hear that at a meeting of young men recently held in the Cannon-street Hotel, under the presidency of Sir Francis Lytton, the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., said he wished he was a young man beginning life again; he would lead a different life. First he would be a water-drinker; he was not a teetotaler, though he was never in his life nearer being one than now; but having gone through some of the most dangerous parts of the world, and breathed malaria in some of the worst districts in India, and knowing what he did of the precariousness of European health in Eastern lands, he would begin life as a water-drinker, and continue to the end of his days.

Tennyson is writing a poem on the death of Princess Alice.

Loss of life by yellow fever in the South last year is estimated at about 15,000 persons, and of money and trade at from \$175,000,000 to \$200,000,000, as great as the loss from the Chicago fire.

Honduras is prepared for war. A battery of Krupp siege guns of heavy calibre and a number of Remington rifles have lately been received. A late statement gives the number of Remingtons in the arsenals of the Republic at 10,000, a very respectable armament for a small country in time of peace, although the President of Nicaragua anticipates trouble between some of the Republics, it does not say which, at an early date.

A fire occurred on the 14th inst. in the Montreal General Hospital, creating a great deal of excitement among the patients. It originated in the basement at the east end of the building, where the linen of the establishment was drying. The patients were terribly frightened by the smoke, which penetrated through all the wards; and those able to move rushed through the corridors in all directions, creating great alarm among those unable to get out of bed. The loss, which will not exceed a few hundred dollars, is covered by insurance.

The "Glasgow Herald" quotes a letter from a member of the Free Church Mission at Livingstonia, which states that three seams of coal have been discovered on the western shore of Lake Nyassa. The spot is about a mile from the shore, ten miles south of Florence Bay, and has an elevation of about 400 feet. The thickest seam was seven feet. Traces of alluvial gold were also observed, but it is doubtful whether the metal is in sufficient quantity to repay working.

There is an apprehension of one of the greatest strikes in the coal trade Britain has known taking place. Because of the depression that prevails in the trade in South and West Yorkshire and North Derbyshire, the masters recently decided to reduce wages, and already at many collieries notice has been given. The officials of the South and West Yorkshire Miners' Association have recommended unity of action in resisting the reduction, and at a monster gathering proposed to be held in the holidays will advise the men to strike rather than submit. If such a course is taken, upwards of one hundred thousand men will be thrown idle.

WILL QUEEN VICTORIA ABDICATE.—(London correspondence of the "Liverpool Post.") I have just received a piece of news which I should have been inclined to treat with incredulity, if I had not obtained it from a quarter worthy of high consideration. I am informed that on the reassembling of Parliament in February an intimation will be made in both houses that, in consequence of her recent bereavement and from other considerations, also of a personal nature, the Queen has decided to relinquish the reins of power in favor of the Prince of Wales as Prince Regent. Of course, I give you this extraordinary intelligence for what it is worth. I may, however, be permitted to remind you that there have already been Regents at the head of the English realm, and, although we should all deplore the day that witnessed the abnegation by the Queen of that power which she has wielded with such singular wisdom, yet it would be impossible, at the same time, not to feel that in being transferred to the Prince of Wales the sovereignty had passed into hands already familiarized with the exercise of royal and national duties.

MR. SPURGEON'S bodily infirmities appear to grow upon him. For several years he has had to lay aside all work in the early winter, and this season he has been prostrated earlier than usual. In the December number of the "Sword and Trowel," which he edits, he says of himself: "We issue this closing number of the year's magazine from the sick-chamber. One could wish that zeal and fervour were restrained and hampered by being yoked to painful infirmities of flesh. We could do more, and we think we may add without self-confidence, we would do more, if we were not laid prostrate at the very moment when our work equaled our presence." The work is that Mr. Spurgeon has been able to do half he undertakes. The largest congregation in London, an orphanage, a training college, and a monthly magazine are too much for the personal attention of one man, and Mr. Spurgeon gives to every one of these interests close personal attention.

GENERAL READING.

THE AFGHAN WAR.

The debate in the House of Commons on the Afghan war closed this morning and the Government had a majority of 101. Afghanistan is a country lying northwest of British India, from which it is separated by a lofty chain of mountains pierced by three principal passes. It contains about four or five million of inhabitants. It broke away from Persia about a hundred and forty years ago, and there has been so little stability in its political institutions that on the death of nearly every one of its successive rulers there has been a fierce civil war. The Afghans are a half-civilized race—wild, brave and reckless. There is a hereditary jealousy between the various tribes which occupy the country, and they submit reluctantly to the authority of a single chief. Some of our Indian statesmen of the last generation supposed it was in the interests of the English empire in India to encourage the mutual jealousies of the Afghan people and so prevent the growth of a single vigorous State. We began early in this century to look with anxiety on the countries lying northwest of our Indian possessions. Napoleon had uttered some menacing words at striking a blow at us in the East, and we proceeded to throw a net work of diplomacy over Persia, Afghanistan and the Scinde. At that time we had not passed the Indies, and of course we did our best to make the ruler of the Sikhs our firm ally. The treaty we made with Persia was an extraordinary one; promising on our part to defend Persian territory against all invasions, we required the Shah to engage that no Frenchman should be permitted to remain in any part of the territory subject to his government. The panic about France passed away with the victories of Wellington on the Peninsula, and for many years Afghanistan gave us no concern. Forty years ago we began to meddle again. The Afghan throne was occupied by Dost Mahomed, who was one of twenty brothers belonging to a family which had given the Afghan princes a great deal of trouble. Through a series of romantic adventures he had fought his way to supreme power, had expelled the princes who had ruled the country since its separation from Persia, and was administering the government with singular ability and vigor. It was alleged that he had given some cause of offense to Runjeet Singh—the old lion of the Panjab, and our ally. At Loodianah there was living the former occupant of the throne of Cabul, the representative of the prince who claimed to be the "legitimate" ruler of Afghanistan, and in an hour of inexplicable and almost preternatural folly the Governor-General Lord Auckland, a quiet sort of man—determined to ally himself with Runjeet Singh for the expulsion of Dost Mahomed and the restoration of Shah Soojah to his lost throne. The shadow of Russia projected across central Asia and gradually moving towards the Hindoo Coosh, was, of course a principal reason for adopting the insane policy. We took Ghazne, Candahar and Cabul. Shah Soojah recovered his crown, and by our intervention, was enthroned over a people that hated and despised him. After settling the affairs of the country to our satisfaction, most of our troops returned to India, but some 4000 or 5000 men, with about 10,000 camp followers were left for the protection of our embassy at Cabul. The Afghans, who were secretly furious that the "infidels" should have placed over them a prince who had none of the vigorous qualities necessary for ruling so brave and turbulent a race, watched for their opportunity and inflicted upon us a terrible vengeance. They murdered the principal men of the embassy and then drove out our army. A few of our people were taken prisoners, but most of them died a miserable death trying to make their way through passes held by hostile tribes. Of the fifteen thousand that left Cabul only one man reached Jellalabad. It was an awful catastrophe, unprecedented in the history of British arms. Within a very short time this terrible calamity was as terribly avenged, and we were again in Cabul. When there we could do nothing better than restore Dost Mahomed. He was the only possible ruler, and if we were to have the Afghans for quiet neighbors it was necessary to place him in his old position. The frightful sufferings which we had endured, the frightful sufferings which we had inflicted, ended in this incoherent and preposterous conclusion. Ended? No. For we had inspired the Afghans with a fierce hatred of the British name and a deep distrust of British policy. For more than five-and-thirty years it was the wise endeavor of a succession of Viceroys to efface from the Afghan mind the memory of the wrongs of which we had been guilty. We abstained from interference in their internal affairs. We treated them with courtesy. We gave them money and arms. The policy was fairly successful. Dost Mahomed, as far as I remember, always behaved in a most friendly and honor-

able way. Even during the Mutiny, when he might have attempted to avenge the injuries which we had done him, he gave us no trouble. He was a man of genius and had a singular faculty for government. He was capable of self-restraint that is uncommon among half-civilized races; and his natural sagacity was not blinded by his passions. He saw that whatever temporary annoyance he might inflict upon us we were certain, if he made us his enemies, to crush him at last. It is fair, however, to suppose that the obvious sincerity of the British Government in their declared desire to live at peace with him, had its natural and legitimate effect. At his death his son Shere Ali ascended the throne; but as usual there was a rival to be destroyed before the throne was secured. His brother contested the succession, and our first offense against the present ruler of Afghanistan consisted in our refusal to decide between the two claimants to the crown. Other offenses—one of them arising from our abhorrence of cruelty, which prevented our witnessing in silence the perpetration of a crime, others arising from events which we could not control—have contributed to alienate him from us. But after doing my best to master all the circumstances which have led to the present war I have come to the conclusion that but for the recent change in the policy of the English Government we might still have been at peace with him. As soon as the Conservatives came into office they concluded that the gradual extension of Russian power in Central Asia made it necessary that we should have English "residents" in Afghanistan. The native "vakeel" who represented us at Cabul was not likely, as they thought, to give us early and accurate political information. They were afraid that Russia might be at Herat before we knew anything about it. Lord Northbrook, the Governor-General was directed to take steps to carry out the new policy; but he resolutely refused compliance. He knew that the Ameer would regard the presence of English "residents" with alarm. Shere Ali is no stranger to what has happened in British India. As soon as a "resident" is sent to a native court the independence of the native prince is annihilated. We cannot help it. An Englishman when he sees political confusion and judicial corruption has an irresistible impulse to set things right. He remonstrates and argues—at last he menaces. If the native ruler is a just and kindly man no menaces may be necessary. He is willing that the evils of his government should be remedied, but the Englishman is the only man who has the vigor and capacity to effect the reform. In either case the power of the native prince disappears: if he is a bad man, the Englishman overbears him; if he is a good man, the Englishman undertakes to make such improvements in his administration, offers so many suggestions, sketches out so many admirable plans, that all the real power passes into English hands. The "resident" becomes "maior of the palace." Shere Ali knows this perfectly well and does not want to have an Englishman at Cabul. There is another reason for his reluctance. The Afghans are fanatical Mahomedans, and they are also like most mountain tribes, passionately resolved to maintain their national independence. They hate the "infidel," and they hate the foreigner. The Ameer has not the authority of his father, and he knows that if an Englishman were at Cabul the chances are that he would be assassinated by a shot from some unknown rifle or by a dagger in some unknown hand. When Lord Lytton succeeded to the vice-royalty he began at once to develop the new policy of the Conservative Ministry. We passed beyond our frontier and planted a force at Quetta, in Beloochistan, a position giving us the command of the Bholar Pass, which is the road to Candahar. We also began to press the Ameer to receive "residents." His distrust of us was deepened. It was inevitable that he should remember the wrongs which we had inflicted on his father. He recalled the real or imaginary offenses of which we had been guilty against himself. His temper which is said to be sullen and wayward was aroused. Lord Lytton's treatment of him was unlikely to soothe and quiet him. At one moment there was a chance of his yielding, but negotiations were suddenly broken off as if the Indian government was resolved to provoke a quarrel. When he was in this mood Russian influence began to be felt at Cabul. The embassy may not have been actually sent till the Berlin treaty had given us "peace with honor," but there can be little doubt that as soon as the threats of Lord Beaconsfield indicated that he was prepared to fight Russia in Europe, Russia began to prepare to give us trouble in Asia. The Ameer received the Russians it is said, with ostentatious courtesy. He refused to receive our own representative, Sir Neville Chamberlain, and the result was the present war. What will be the issue it is difficult to prophesy. Lord Beaconsfield pre-

saged the war in his speech at the Mansion House with a cynical frankness. He said that we must rectify our frontier. In the House of Lords a few evenings ago he endeavored to qualify this statement, and said that he meant that once the war had arisen we had the opportunity of rectifying our frontier. But the real truth seems to be that he wanted to get possession of both sides of the Suleiman mountains, so that the passes at both ends might be in the possession of English garrisons. If the Ameer had consented to receive "residents," we might have worked our way to this by gradual means; as he refuses, we can do it at once. But if we attempt to annex the country as far as the Hindoo Coosh we shall have a double problem before us. In the first place, we shall have to govern a restless, barbarous, warlike race, inhabiting a difficult country, and regarding our rule with intense abhorrence. I suppose we can do it; but the cost will be enormous, and it cannot be done without resorting to severities which are likely to provoke the generous indignation of the English people. In the second place, if it is necessary to hold both ends of the Suleiman passes, in order to have a "scientific frontier," it would appear equally necessary to hold both ends of the passes of the Hindoo Coosh, and we shall have to go on annexing. If on the other hand, we are satisfied with the new frontier, and leave the rest of Afghanistan to its present rulers, we shall not be likely to have friendly neighbors. And what is to be done in reference to Herat? In the debate in the House of Lords it is said that what the Government really wanted was a "resident" at Herat rather than at Cabul; and there can be no doubt that in relation to the movements of Russia, Herat is of far greater importance to us. But it may, I think, be assumed as certain that although Russia would not have the slightest objection to the presence of an English Embassy at Cabul she would offer the strongest resistance to any attempt on our part to plant ourselves at Herat. On the whole our Government has landed us in a chaos of difficulties. I intended to discuss some of the grave constitutional questions which have been raised by the government policy, but this discussion must be reserved for another letter.—R. W. Dale in Christian Union.

HOW TO WIN ATTENTION.

This is a conventional age in a bad sense and an age of conventions in a good sense. They imply amity and promote civility, and produce the marvellous Christian unity of our day. What is attention? "Attention, company," is the first command in military affairs. Attention, analyzed, is "ad" and "tending" (to stretch to). Intention the same (to stretch to). If you stretch to a thing outside, it is observation: if you stretch to a thing inside, it is reflection. A man remembers everything that he attends to. A horse that runs, he knows not where, illustrates revelry. The horse that runs, guided by a rider, illustrates abstracted attention. Attention to nothing puts a man to sleep. Attention to a series of solemn thoughts tends to put one to sleep. The disciples fell to sleep because much sorrow fell upon them. Attention is voluntary and involuntary. Bayard Taylor, in his "Views Afoot," says he asked a man in Scotland why he did not talk to his dogs in Gaelic. The man said his dogs did not understand anything but English. They had not been taught anything else, and therefore paid no attention. This is involuntary attention. Little children are little animals, and at six months have no power of attention except involuntarily. Do school teachers set their scholars where they can look out of the window? No. Because their eyes are involuntarily turned to see what is passing. The squeak of a shoe in church involuntarily brings a man down from heavenly contemplation to see who is behind him. I once saw a distinguished president of a college jump from a platform in a crowded audience and knock over a distinguished bishop flat on his back, because he smelt a slight smell of smoke in the room, which indicated a house on fire. This was the involuntary operation of a sensuous perception of a disciplined mind. The tones of the human voice have a great power of securing attention. Tyn dall says every human voice has a "clang-tint," and it will be remembered, whether it squeaks or roars or growls or howls. Your natural voice will help you if you have anything behind it. The expression of the human face also is a wonderful power; so also the marvellous undertone of human feeling. John Wesley once said to a friend, "Stay, Sammy, stay, and learn how to preach," when he heard some low fellows quarrelling. Genuine pathos has great power. A clergyman whose health had failed, on departing for Europe was presented with a hollow cane full of 2,000 gold dollars. On hearing the jingle of the money, the

clergyman whispered with his hands on his lips, "This can't speak," but, putting his hand on his heart, "but this can speak forever." The audience was moved to tears. The minor key, and the lachrymal duct in sufficient proportions will accomplish the purpose of securing attention. If a Sunday school teacher's heart speaks he will gain attention. "Bro. Brown stop. Brother Jenkins, you pray; you know the Lord," said a minister to a man whose heart was not in prayer. Facts are good for securing attention. Give a fact and an incident that touches human nature. A handsome face and a prepossessing appearance help to secure attention. But people like to discover a "singed cat" sometimes: let this encourage homely and little men. Some men have evil reputations; some have ghastly and expressionless countenances; some have an awful, solemn tone. All these hinder and prevent the securing of attention. Have facts, a natural countenance, an undertone of feeling, and your heart full of your work. Every talker must weave a spell. Your glittering eye, your ready tongue, your personal character must do it.—Dr. Buckley.

THE TWO PREMIERS.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE CONTRASTED PERSONALLY.

A letter from London to the New York "Tribune" says: "There are certain things, trifles in themselves, which detract from the effect of Mr. Gladstone's oratory. If I may venture to refer to such a matter, his dress detracts from it. During his speech he was never on good terms with his shirt-collar and neck-tie. The neck-tie was ill adjusted, and from time to time made its way over to the upper edge of the collar and threatened to interfere with the free circulation of the arteries and veins. Then it had to be rearranged, and the repetition of this process was annoying to the orator and the audience. It withdrew the attention of both from the matter in hand. By and by, even the shirt front, of which there was more visible than an Englishman in morning dress usually shows, got into a confused and disorderly state. The coat sleeves were too long and no vestige of wristband could be seen, while the coat collar came higher up on the back of the neck. In short, Mr. Gladstone's dress was so ill managed that it really detracted something from the dignity and nobility of that fine head so well set on its shoulder, and from the uprightness of his figure. He has an odd trick of touching the top of his head just where a whisp of gray hair lies loosely across, with the end of the bent thumb of his right hand. This he did not once but often; perhaps twenty times while he was speaking. The physiologist might explain it as a method of irritating the brain—a mild substitute for the blister which Erskine used to put on his chest when he had a great cause to argue in court. The impression on the bystander is that the whisp of hair is tickling the skin. At times you notice an uneasy movement of the hands. The fingerless first joint of the left hand, which has a narrow bandage of black silk about it, is rubbed hard against the right palm. It is a kind of kneading process, often repeated. When he came into the luncheon room at the Ship Hotel and when he came upon the gallery-like platform from which he spoke at the rink, the great man's manner was not so perfect as one would like to have seen it. In both cases he had to advance sideways to the company, but turned his head so as to face them, and in this attitude smiled and bowed. The smile showed too much gratification in the applause that greeted him; or it might be better to say too little control over the muscles of the face. An enemy might have quoted against him Gratiano's remark about the visage which did cream and mantle like a standing pond; and it is certain no man never bowed with dignity when he was looking one way and walking another. I suppose it must be confessed that Lord Beaconsfield is Mr. Gladstone's superior in deportment. The Prime Minister at the Guildhall gave no sign of the feelings stirred in him by the applause he received. He seemed as nearly as possible insensible to what was going on around him, or unaware that anything was going on. A portion of this reserve of manner would have set well on Mr. Gladstone. On the other hand, the time which Lord Beaconsfield spends in composing his countenance and in the elaboration of an epigram Mr. Gladstone devotes to mastering evidence and settling a policy.

SAID Dr. Jessup, of Syria, in his very interesting address at Milwaukee: "It would have done Dr. Ray Palmer's heart good to have heard three hundred Mohammedan girls singing this hymn, 'My faith looks up to Thee,' translated into their own language."

FAMILY READING.

PERFECT TRUST.

A gentleman was walking one evening, with his little girl upon a high bank, underneath which ran a canal. The child was pleased with the look of the glistening water, and coaxed her father to take her down to it. "The water looks so pretty. Please papa, do take me down there," she said. The bank was very steep and the road a mere sheep path. In getting down the gentleman had to take hold of his little daughter's arms and swing her from point to point. While doing this she would sometimes be hanging in the air directly over the water. Yet she only laughed and chuckled, but was not the least bit afraid, although she really seemed to be in danger. At last they got down the bank and reached the tow-path in safety. Then taking up his daughter in his arms he said, "Now tell me, Sophy, why you were not afraid when you were swinging in the air, right over the water?" Nestlin her plump little cheek upon upon her father's face, she said— "Papa had hold of Sophy's hand Sophy couldn't fall!" This was very sweet. Here was a perfect trust. And this is just the feeling that David had toward God when he said, "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee." Sophy would have screamed with terror to find herself hanging over the water in the canal, unless she had had confidence in the person who had hold of her arms. But it was her—her kind loving father—who held her, and so, "what time she would have been afraid she trusted in him." And this is the feeling that we ought to have before God. The thought of his should lead us to trust in him.—Richard Newton.

LAYING UP.

In Eastern countries men lay up garments, and pride themselves in the number of their suits of apparel. In Egypt Joseph laid up corn for the day of famine; and in Syria men lay up water for their summer in cisterns under their houses. The astronomer lays up a knowledge of plants and flowers. This is wisdom, but it is not that of which the Bible speaks when it says, "Wise men lay up knowledge." The knowledge that is best is the knowledge of God himself; and though the knowledge of his works is good the knowledge of himself is far better. It is only this knowledge that can make you happy, or bring blessing to your soul. A scholar once turned away from a poor man, smiling at him, and saying "He does not know the name of Plato." Yet that same poor man knew something which that learned man did not know,—something far better than the name of Plato; he knew the name of God; and that name was the light of his soul, the joy of his heart. It is a great thing to know God—the living and the true God; and it is a sad thing not to know Him; for to know Him is everlasting life. It was to make Him known to us that the Son of God took man's flesh upon him, and came into our world, that by what he was, and what he said, we might know the Father and the Father's love. This is the true knowledge, in having which we become wise, and without which we are fools. This is the knowledge which we are to "lay up!" added to our stores of of it every hour. You are sent to school for education and you know that education is the training of the mind in knowledge, and of the will in obedience. Now this is the education which the Son of God came to give us, by which he fits us for his kingdom. From Him, through the Holy Spirit, we get the heavenly blessing, for He said "Learn of Me," let us go to him for that knowledge which saves and heals, and comforts. A poor woman, who could not read a word, once said to me, "You see I'm no scholar; but I'm Christ's scholar, and that will do." Yes, it was enough; for it made her "wise unto salvation." She was one of the wise woman that "lay up knowledge." This is the knowledge which you must have; you will find it in the Bible; you will find it in the Bible; and the Holy Spirit is most willing to become your teacher.—Children's Friend.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger, and followed by reactions.



MARRIED.

At River John, Jan. 7th, by the Rev. J. Astbury, Capt. Allison A. Perrin and Miss Maggie S. Hulbert, both of River John.

At Hantsport, Dec. 29th, by Rev. A. D. Morton, John Simpson to Miss Emily Ann Falsett, all of Hantsport.

By the Rev. J. K. King, at the residence of the bride's father, Church Hill, Elgin, Mr. Martin Crossman, of Havelock, King's Co., to Lizzie, second daughter of Mr. George Cochran.

DIED.

At Pownal, P.E.I., on the 9th of January, after a long and severe affliction, which was borne with Christian resignation, Mr. Howard Gay, in the 77th year of his age.

At Lower Montague, P.E.I., January 15th, after twelve days suffering with diphtheria, George Percie, aged 7 years and 17 days, the beloved and youngest son of James and Isabella Phillips.

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Table with columns: CIRCUITS, DATE, DEPUTATIONS. Lists various districts and their respective dates and deputation names.

EDUCATIONAL MEETINGS. Yarmouth District.

Table with columns: CIRCUITS, TIME, DEPUTATION. Lists educational meetings for various circuits in the Yarmouth District.

MARKET PRICES. Reported weekly by J. H. BENT, Agent King's County Produce Depot, Halifax, N.S.

Table listing market prices for various commodities such as Butter, Eggs, Pork, Beef, etc., with prices per unit.

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH. SUNDAY, JANUARY 26th., 1879.

Table listing preaching times and locations for the Preachers' Plan in Halifax and Dartmouth.

RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN" FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 22, 1879.

INSTRUCTIONS AS TO REMITTING MONIES: 1.—When sending money for subscribers, say whether old or new, and if new, write out their Post Office address plainly.

Table listing receipts for the Wesleyan church, including names of donors and amounts.

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From Call and Ingis List.

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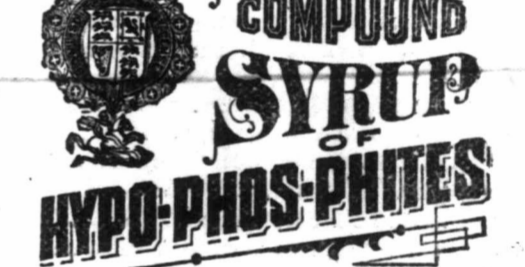
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