

The Wesleyan,

284

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,
Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXIX

HALIFAX, N.S., SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

NO. 36

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,
125 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, N.S.

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A PASTORAL SKETCH.

BY GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D.

K. is a Japanese student. He was sent to this country by his Government to be educated for the civil service of Japan.

He was introduced to me by a lady (a member of our Church) with whom he was boarding. He told me that he wished to have some conversation with me, and I made an appointment to meet him in my study on the following Tuesday.

At the appointed time he came and upon my opening the door, in response to his ring, he greeted me with a low bow, after the manner of his country, and politely took a seat in response to my invitation to that effect.

After the ordinary introductory words of courtesy, I said to him: "Mr. K., I am glad to see you, and am now at your service. What is the nature of your wish? What is the object of this interview?"

He at once, in a somewhat broken dialect, and yet with well-chosen words, replied:

"Mr. Pentecost, I am, as you may know, with a great many of my young countrymen, seeking a western education; that is, an education after the manner of the European peoples. In addition to the studies that we shall pursue in the schools and colleges of your country, we are instructed to learn all we can about your institutions, manners, customs, and especially to make ourselves acquainted with the religion of your country—Christianity. I am, therefore, come to see if you can teach me your religion.

By this he did not at all mean that he wished to become a disciple of Christ, but simply that he wished to study it, as he might political economy, or the Constitution of the United States.

I told him I would be most happy to do what I could to help him in this direction.

He thanked me, and wanted to know how much I would charge him and when he might come to me for instruction.

I assured him that there would be no charge; but on the contrary, I should take great pleasure in seeing him one afternoon in each week.

To this arrangement he assented with thanks.

I then asked him what his religion was. He told me that he scarcely could tell; that though only eighteen years old he had embraced and given up successively several religions; that so far as Confucius was concerned it was no religion that he offered, but only ethics. He spoke highly of Confucius, and said there were contained in his writings many excellent precepts. I found out, however, that he was a Theist, believing in the existence of one Supreme God—a being to be worshipped, on some accounts to be loved and on some others to be feared; but, upon the whole, his idea of God was confused, as it must always be with those who merely speculate.

He had never read the Bible; had heard a few sermons, but did not know of whom men spoke when they talked or preached of Jesus. The first interview was over by this time and he was to come again in a week.

Promptly on the day and hour appointed he came. I took my Bible in hand, knowing scarcely where or how to begin. It was a novel position for me to be face to face with an intelligent and fairly cultivated young man, who yet knew absolutely nothing of the Bible and without the most distant idea of the revelation therein contained. But with an inward prayer to God for guidance, I began. Without opening the Bible, I told him the story of the creation, including, of course, the creation of man; of his temptation and fall; of his coming to the knowledge of sin; of the awakening in him of conscience; of his effort to hide his nakedness and to hide himself from God; of God's call and the confession; of God's curse upon the serpent and the earth; of his clothing man with coats of skins; of his promise of a Redeemer in the person of the "seed of the woman," and of man's banishment from the Garden.

Then of Cain and Abel and the two altars—one bearing an offering of the fruit of the field, and the other a sacrifice from the flock; the acceptance of the one, the rejection of the other; of Cain's anger and the murder of Abel; the subsequent quest of God for the murderer, and his curse and wandering. Then the progress of the race till the flood; the wickedness and evil-heartedness of the people; of the flood and the ark; the reservation of Noah and his family; of the degeneracy of the race after the flood; of Babel and the dispersion. Then of the call of Abraham, and his history, including the offering of Isaac; of Jacob and Esau; of Jacob and the twelve patriarchs; of the sale of Joseph into Egypt; his history there; of the famine; and the coming down of Israel and all his family into Egypt; of the subsequent bondage there; of the birth of Moses; his preservation and education; his flight into the wilderness; his wonderful meeting there with I AM, talking to him out of the burning bush; of his deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt, dwelling expressly upon the slaying of the Paschal Lamb; of the passage of the Red Sea; the wandering in the desert; the manna and the smitten rock; the giving of the law; the unbelief of the people; the fiery serpent and the brazen serpent lifted up; the crossing of Jordan under Joshua; the siege and sack of Jericho, and the subsequent possession of the Promised Land.

Here I rested, having consumed more than an hour in this running rehearsal of events. The story of the Bible never seemed so interesting and so real to me. I seemed to talk with a thrill and glow, as if I had been an eye-witness of these events. All this time my Japanese friend had preserved a perfect silence, listening with respectful and yet most absorbed interest, but never once changed expression, except an occasional gleam of unusual interest in his eyes. I gave him a few chapters out of Genesis, Exodus, and Deuteronomy to read, and then closed our second interview.

At the third interview, pursuing the same method, I took up the subsequent history of the Jews—the story of the Judges; of Samuel, of Saul, David, and the Kings; of the Prophets, especially of Elijah and Elisha; of the captivity; of Daniel and the Hebrew children; of the rebuilding of the Temple, etc.

Then, going back, I took up and rehearsed to him the Jewish ceremonial worship; especially describing the tabernacle and Temple; the holy priest; the offerings; the altar; the laver; the holiest of all, with the ark of the covenant; the mercy seat; the cherubim and shekinah, enclosed by the veil; the service of the high priest on the day of atonement.

Then beginning with the first promise of a Saviour given to Adam in the Garden, and linking it with all the history

of the Jews, I traced the Messianic promises rapidly through the Law and the Prophets, down till the close of the prophetic period, especially calling attention to the 53rd of Isaiah. This closed our third interview. My heathen only interrupted me when he did not quite understand the significance of some word or event.

At our fourth interview I began with the New Testament, and told him the story of the incarnation; the subsequent life of Jesus; the miracles; his parables; one of which, the parable of the prodigal son, I read; and then of His betrayal, trial, death, resurrection and ascension; the promise of His coming again, and of the resurrection of the dead; of the final separation of the wicked from the righteous and the everlasting glory of the redeemed. During this, as at other interviews, my young Japanese friend for the most part sat in silent but absorbed interest; his intelligent face occasionally changing expression as some new point of peculiar interest was presented.

At this point I gave him an abridged copy of Hanna's "Life of Christ," to read in connection with the New Testament. It ought to be borne in mind that all the time, so far as anything to the contrary had developed, his interest in this matter was purely secular and educational.

At the fifth interview he asked me some questions concerning the person and death of Christ—as to his divine nature and the meaning of his death. Then he voluntarily expressed his surprise and delight in the story of Christ's life and the beautiful teaching of the Bible; admitting that there was nothing in any of the religions of the East that was "so grand and pure."

I then read to him again the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, calling his attention back to the story of the Paschal Lamb in Egypt; the Jewish sacrifice of atonement; the high priest; the mercy seat in the holiest of all; proceeded to unfold to him as best I could the necessity and significance of the atonement; read to him the story of Christ and Nicodemus; and brought up again the "lifting up of the serpent in the wilderness," linking it, as Christ had done, with his own "lifting up for the sins of the world." In short, I preached to him Jesus. I saw that he was visibly affected, and waited far him to say what was in his mind and heart.

After a few thoughtful moments of silence, he asked me:

"Is God the Father of all people?"

"Yes, of all people."

"Of the Japanese?"

"Yes, of Japanese, if they will accept his Son Jesus Christ."

"Will he be a Father to me?"

"Yes, if you will receive his Son."

And then I read to him the words:

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the Children of God, even to them that believed on his name."—(John i, 11-12.) I then told him how by the grace of God, Christ had tasted death for every man (Heb. ii), and how in the great company of the redeemed whom John saw there were those out of every "kindred and tongue and people and nation" who had been redeemed by his blood.

"Will he be a Saviour to Japanese?"

"Certainly."

"As well as to American?"

"Of course. He came to take away the sin of the world."—(John i, 29.)

"For God so loved the world that who so ever gave his only begotten Son, that who so ever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—(John iii, 16.)

"Will he be a Saviour to me?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"Now! Just as soon as you will receive him."

"Then I take him now to be my Saviour and I take God to be my Father. What must I do?"

"Confess him; for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 10. And follow him, for "if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."—(Luke ix. 23.)

We then knelt together—he for the first time to the true God, thanking him for leading this his child "out of darkness into light;" for leading him so simply, to accept his Son and Him for his Father, and prayed that he might be taught the way more perfectly out of his Word and by his Spirit. And then I asked him to pray, which he did in these words: "God, I am a sinner; but I take Jesus Christ thy Son for my Saviour and you for my Father forever. Help me to worship and serve thee in the right way."

So his heart was given to God. I saw him from time to time, giving him instruction in the Word. He was an apt scholar. Just before the summer vacation he came to me and asked me to buy for him a "right kind of a Bible," to take with him on his vacation, I happened to have just bought for my own use a copy of a small Bagster's "New Testament and Psalms," in circuit binding, which I gave him.

Three months after this he came into our prayer-meeting, and toward the close he arose on his seat, and said that he wanted "to confess Christ before men." He then went on and told how he had been reared in the religions of the East; how he had many times longed to know the true God; how from a boy he had been tortured with doubt and fear concerning God and the future; how he had been harped upon with sin, and how he never could get rid of it; and then how he had come to "your pastor," and had learned of him "of the Father and of Jesus Christ the Saviour;" how he had received them as his God and Saviour. Thence he went on and poured out one of the most wonderful heart experiences I ever listened to, quoting the Scripture freely and aptly, showing he had been a diligent and Spirit-taught disciple. He spoke of the peace and joy that had come to him and of the unceasing delight he had in life since he had found the true God. Then he asked prayers for himself and for his nation, expressing the hope that he might go home to tell his countrymen of Jesus Christ and of the true God.

Thus is God working out his purpose that the Gospel be preached among all nations.—Independent.

DEGREES WON BY WOMEN.

The University of London lately heard a petition of two hundred physicians against the granting of medical degrees to women. The Senate concluded to go on, however. The chief prize in applied Mathematics and Mechanics in the University was won this year by Miss Ellen M. Watson, over a hundred young men. She also won the Meyer de Rothschild scholarship of \$250 per year. When Professor called out her name for the honor, he said hers was the finest mathematical mind he had ever met with in a pupil of either sex, and that a few more students like her would raise the young University above the older institutions. Professor Huxley's daughter Marion took the first prize in art; Miss Constance D'Arcy the first in art anatomy; and Miss Orme, sister of Professor Masson's wife, gained the Joseph Hume scholarship in jurisprudence. The Paris faculty of medicine has given a doctor's diploma to Zenaide Oukonoff, a young Russian woman, at the same time commending her on her attainments.

LONDON.

But what can a man do in London, the great city of labyrinths, its sights innumerable, its history wonderful, its suburban localities full of thrilling interest? One is discouraged before he begins. Only ten days to remain, and we must visit Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Houses, the Tower, St. Paul, the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Bank of England, the Royal Aquarium, Cambridge or Oxford, Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, Windsor Castle, and—any further enumeration will weary the reader. Even London requires months of attention. Your readers must come and see. One is oppressed with the weight of history, in the midst of the old associations. It did not seem difficult for me to rise from these grand works of the finite mind, to the work of creation by an Infinite mind. Westminster Abbey, the chapel of Henry VII, Windsor Castle with the Inimitable Chapel of St. George, and many other structures are eminent instances of grandeur and power of the human mind. What cannot the Infinite mind do? There are social and economical questions, that have interested me quite as much as the material structures. I am more and more convinced, that London is more than any other the great central force of moral or immoral influence for the world. It is the metropolis of the world. It is the greatest Protestant city and center, and yet is the concentration of evil, and especially the evil of intemperance. The Sabbath is comparatively observed, in the principal streets, but the smoking, eating and liquor saloons are in full and brilliant blaze during parts of the day, and during the large part of the night. Drunken men and women reel about the streets, young women in great numbers, are the barmaids in all parts of the city, and drinking is the common practice with young and old. Wines and beer are used extensively in private houses, boarding houses, and hotels, and the masses are wedded to their cups. Last Sabbath evening I attended divine service at City Road (Wesleyan) Chapel. It was about two miles from my lodgings. When I reached Easton road and its continuations, nearly every corner was occupied with a saloon, and all brilliantly and attractively lighted and the people were pouring in and out of these places. My friend a Dutch Reformed minister, was in another direction, and he was appalled by the drunkenness, especially among the women. An observing American gentleman, who has lived in London for some years, said to me that he had seen more women drunk in London than men in the United States. Now this state of things must be the result of the flippant way in which the use of liquor is talked about, and the tendency to use it unconcernedly and as a pleasant social custom of no special harm. The wine glass is seen on the table as other glasses, and wines and ales are used openly. A great evil thus fostered can but grow and increase in power and universality. Though intemperance is fearful in its results in our own country, I glory in the fact that it is under the ban of public opinion, and of late has had a great check and partial overthrow in the grand Murphy movement, which has swept like an angel of mercy over the country.

I believe disestablishment and a thorough revival of evangelical religion; less formalism and more real power in the life; the inculcation of virtue of the highest type; humility which is opposed to royalty, and pretention; integrity, which is opposed to falsity and hollowness; in fact many radical changes in social life and government, are greatly needed and must take place before the great evil intemperance shall be mitigated, much less cured.—Dr. Bugbee in Pittsburg Advocate.

The Australians have had before the Courts the question whether a Wesleyan preacher is a minister of religion, in the sense in which that term is legally used. The case grew out of the election of a local preacher to a seat in the Parliament, his opponent contesting the election on the ground that he was disqualified, being a "minister of religion." The decision was in favor of the local preacher. And this is an important decision for Methodism in Australia. It will introduce into the highest assembly connected with the Government a class of men who regard moral and social questions of more weight than party politics. Our readers we presume know that under the Wesleyan administration local preachers are never ordained. They are really laymen authorized to exercise their gifts in the Church under the direction of the regular ministers, and have no proper license as ministers in the legal sense.—Central Advocate.

I WAIT FOR THE LORD.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait
As they that watch for the morning;
And soon in the east of His own good
time,
Methinks I shall see the dawning.
So dawn and shine in this heart of mine,
Sun of my spirit and Life Divine.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
For the way is dark and dreary;
And mine eyes oft fail from their upward
look,
And my faltering feet are weary.
When the wind comes bleak o'er my
mountain's peak,
Be Thou a Comforter unto the weak.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
For my life is all His choosing;
And I fain would bow to His wise decree,
Not a bitter nor sweet refusing.
My fear He'll quell, and my doubts dispel,
For I know that He doeth all things well.
I wait for the Lord, I still do wait;
But earth and its scenes are waning,
And I've learned that life, when you sum
it up,
Has nought that is worth retaining.
But soon or late, at the golden gate,
My soul for the Lord no more shall wait.
Cottager and Artizan.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF SACRILEGE.

The extravagant pretensions of the "priestly" party in the Church of England we have fondly imagined to be pretty clearly understood, and the measure of their audacious assumptions to be gauged with tolerable exactness. An incident which has just transpired in a Liverpool church has sufficed to dissipate such a notion, and to show that there are deeper depths of superstition and loftier heights of fanatical vanity than have ever been dreamt of in our philosophy. At a fashionable wedding in St. Augustine's Church, the steps and aisle had been draped in red cloth, in honour of the bridal party. After the ceremony was over, the prosaic and evidently uncircumcised Philistine of an upholsterer, who had laid down the crimson carpet, as carefully rolled it up again, and placing it on his shoulder, proposed to bear it homeward, for possible sale, or haply to be ready for the next nuptial festival at which it might be in request. The daring spoiler, however, was caught ere the shameful deed was done, and pious propriety in the person of the sexton not only upbraided him for such a deed of guilt, but with the heroism which is becoming in an officer of the church militant straightway laid hold upon the sacred property and struggled with the spoiler for his prey. The unenlightened upholsterer loudly asserted his rights as regarded the crimson cloth; the indignant sexton even more loudly asserted the claims of Holy Church; "for," said he, "it has been made holy by its use in church, and so, being consecrated, its removal is an act of sacrilege," and this the loyal Levite was bound to resist even unto death. The cloth suffered very greatly by the fierceness of the struggle, and a large crowd of witnesses gathered round the porch in which the war was waged. Some laughed, some cheered, and some cried "shame!"

"But still the tide of battle rolled,
And fearful was the fray."

Eventually victory ranged herself on the side of the church, and the discomfited representative of secular concerns had to retire vanquished from the field. The consecrated carpet was borne to the vestry by the triumphant sexton, there to abide the issue of "ulterior proceedings." Of course the progress of the case will be watched with bated breath, for, who is there who does not see the very serious consequences which are involved? It is difficult to see why the shoes of worshippers should not be requisitioned after having done duty on holy ground. The thoughtless layman who obliges by taking round the consecrated plate during a collection runs serious risk of being captured by a press-gang and caused to devote his consecrated self to serve before the altar day and night. What of all the secular tools introduced within the sacred walls for cleansing purposes or for repairs? Think of a desecrated mob, which after having washed the sacred floors, is employed on meaner surfaces! The incident we have narrated opens up to us a new array of sacrilegious possibilities that the mind shrinks from following them to their dread issue. (L.H.)

now incur the displeasure of his priest and so come to be unfrocked; should laymen's doublet be flung upon his consecrated limbs, and a secular cap be placed on his recreant brow, who doesn't see that it were far better that he should starve in a crypt, or even vault, than that he should go out and mingle with the common herd and so profane a "vessel" of the holy place? Doubtless the scarlet cloth is a symbol dear to the bastard Popery that finds its home beneath so-called Protestant fanes, and hence there may be something special in the purpose which our valiant sexton had in view. However this may be, we are disposed to think that the departure of the discomfited upholsterer will, at some not distant day, be compensated for by the arrival of the undertaker, who will be called upon to bury such an unwholesome anachronism as an Established Church which alone can give decency as that to which we have directed the attention of our readers.—London Methodist.

DISRAELI—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Hearing that the Prime Minister was to speak, I left the House of Commons, and upon the order of a noble lord, was finally admitted, along with a select few, into the "stranger's gallery" of the House of Lords. The hall employed by the lords is substantially like that of the commons in its shape and furniture. The news that Disraeli was going to speak filled all the seats belonging to members, and all other points where he could be seen and heard were crowded by members from the other house.

I did not need to be told which of all the men below me was the famous Prime Minister. On the front bench, in nearly the centre of the hall, sat a figure in black, in whose motionless attitude, swart face, and Hebrew cast of countenance I at once recognized the famous Tory leader. He was the most marked and striking figure in the House. His features are large, his face smoothly shaved and dark; his expression a dull, sullen immobility. This sullenness of his swarthy features was intensified by his raven black hair, worn long, and cut squarely around the neck. His forehead is wide and high, his perceptive organs prominent, giving him a strong and intellectual appearance.

For a long time he sat on the bench with one leg crossed over the other, head bowed a little forward, and motionless as if cast in bronze, save a twisting in and out of each other of his white, shapely, slender hands. I may except another motion, but which was so slight as to escape notice, unless one like myself were watching him with close attention. This was in the eyelids. They are very large, and drop over the eyes like two great curtains. Ordinarily they were down, concealing the whole eye; but now and then they would rise quickly for a short distance, and a thin back-ground of intense black would flash out upon the audience.

He seemed to be a powerful figure, a little above the medium stature. He wore a frock coat, buttoned about his waist, which displayed to good advantage a strong rather than graceful figure. There was a table in front of him, and to this he walked, so that he stood with a half face to the speaker. He commenced in a low, but yet not indistinct, and with a rather musical voice. His head was thrown forward, his eyes were fixed on the table, and his manner was similarly hesitating. He appeared laboring under a painful embarrassment. His voice had a tremor in it. He seemed to stumble over a word here, and to catch at some other one there. His hands and arms were incessant in a species of nervous shifting. The fingers would rest for a moment on the table. Then the arms would be clasped behind his back, only to remain there a second before swinging by his sides or being moved forward again to rest upon the table.

Nevertheless, all this time it was the eye and ear which took in these developments. Beneath the senses was a conviction that all this was of no account and that despite them he was moving forward swiftly and irresistibly. And such was the case. His ideas were clear, logical in their arrangement, and his words fitted to each other like the

jewels in a diamond cluster. By degrees, the apparent nervousness, hesitancy and indecision disappeared. The feet became immovable; the shifting motion of the arms gradually grew into quiet but graceful gestures, the twisting of the body into a swaying motion, full of power, deference, yet dignified and elegant. The heavy head was thrown back; the sullen, motionless features became lighted up and permeated by a flexible mobility; the broad eyelids rolled up, and the great eyes flashed out with a somber brilliancy.

BIGOTRY.

Dr. Matthew Byles, a venerable Congregationalist minister of Boston, who died there in 1788, was noted for his wit.

He remained a devoted subject of the British King when the Colonies fought for their independence, but, with strange inconsistency, he was very bitter against the English Church. Even in his dying hour this hostility cropped out. His old friend, Bishop Parker, having called to see him, Dr. Byles lifted up his finger, in token that he wished him to bend down, that he might whisper something in his ear.

The Bishop accordingly did so, when the dying man then 82, with his fondness for fun and controversy as strong as ever, faintly whispered:

"I have almost got to that world where there are no Bishops."

The Bishop mildly answered: "I hoped, Doctor, that you were going to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls."

Within our own remembrance, a district teacher was summoned before those august personages, the "Trustees," to answer to the grave charge of opening the school every morning with an "Episcopal prayer."

What prayer do you suppose this was? Why, forsooth, it was the Lord's prayer.

Bigotry is a very hateful thing, and it is only cherished by the narrow-minded or the ignorant.

We have good reasons for being devoted to our Church and for preferring it to all other systems of religion, but we become little better than blind bats when we refuse to recognise goodness in whatever form it may appear.

DISCOVERY OF SATELLITES OF MARS.

Professor Asaph Hall, of the Washington Observatory, has recently announced the interesting discovery of two satellites attendant upon the planet Mars. At about 11 o'clock on the night of August 16, Professor Hall, by the aid of the great 26 inch refractor telescope, noticed a very small star following Mars by a few seconds. Two hours later he looked again, and to his surprise found that the distance between planet and star had not increased, although the former was moving at the rate of 15 seconds per hour. Hardly crediting his discovery, Mr. Hall delayed further observation until he could bring the matter before his colleague, Professor Newcomb, and that astronomer, being confident that the discovery of a satellite had been made, calculated roughly its time of revolution, which he found to be 1 day and 8 hours. This enabled the prediction of the probable place of the satellite on the following night—a prediction which was verified. On the morning of August 17 another satellite appeared, and its identity was fully recognized.

The distance of the first satellite from the planet is between fifteen and sixteen thousand miles, which is less than that of any other known satellite from its primary, and only about 1.16 the distance of the moon from the earth. It is exceedingly small, having a diameter of not over 100 miles. The inner satellite is believed to be still closer to the planet, and to have a period of less than 8 hours. The first moon is distant 80, the second 30 seconds from their primary. Further and more accurate details will, however, soon be forthcoming, as probably the keen eyes of astronomers the world over will now be turned upon Mars. Next to our moon, more full and accurate knowledge is possessed regarding Mars than of any other heavenly body. Venus is nearer to the earth, but when most closely approximated she is invisible, being concealed by the solar light.

Mars, however, may be examined under favorable circumstances, and during the present year the conditions are especially advantageous, owing to the planet being in opposition to the sun, near perihelion. The apparent disk is now larger in the proportion of 3 to 1 than when the planet is in aphelion, while the illumination is more brilliant in the proportion of 3 to 2. At the same time the planet is nearer perihelion than previously for more than 30 years; so that in the heavens its brightness is but little inferior to that of Jupiter.

While the surface of Mars has been mapped with remarkable accuracy, and although probably no other planet has been subjected to more keen and continuous scrutiny, yet up to the present time all searches for satellites attendant upon it have been fruitless. Most astronomers have not hesitated to assert that none such existed, though it has been said that if Mars has moons they are too small to be recognized by any telescope extant; but in any event the probable presence of Martial moons was not to be predicated on any phenomenon exhibited by the planet itself, and if their existence was suspected it was because it would be more in accordance with the nebular hypothesis that they should be present than absent. In a work on astronomy published some 40 years ago, we find mention of a phenomenon on Mars which might possibly lead to the idea that the planet was subjected to reflected light from some near body, and that was, that a curious and persistent illumination of the planet had been noticed, which, under the circumstances, was unaccountable, save under the hypothesis that the planet was slightly phosphorescent.

The discovery is a triumph, both for Professor Hall and for Mr. Alvan Clark, the maker of the great telescope. It, besides, shows what may be expected of the still more colossal instrument which at no very distant day we hope to see established in the Lick Observatory.—Sc. American.

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.—Some young men in the town of —, having "cut up" one night to the detriment of certain windows and bell-pulls, were lodged in the calaboose, and in due time the next morning confronted before the police magistrate, who fined them \$5 each and an admonition. One of the three foolishly remarked: "Judge, I was in hopes you would remember me. I belong to the same Lodge with you." The Judge apparently surprised, replied with brotherly sympathy: "Ah, is it so? Truly this is Brother —! I did not recognize you. Excuse me for dullness. Yes, we are brother Masons, and I should have thought of that. Mr. Clerk, fine our Brother \$10. Being a Mason, he knows better the rules of propriety than other men! Fine him \$10. You will pay the clerk Brother —! Call the next case."

[We can vouch for the truth of the above. The "upright judge" referred to was that good man and true, Judge Storer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, recently deceased.—Ed. Advocate.]

A SEVERE REPROOF.—I hear a good story which illustrates the desirability of elderly gentlemen strictly observing the truth in their communications, with the third and fourth generations. A grandfather, well known in the House of Lords, was the other day amicably chatting with his grand-daughter, who was seated on his knee. "What makes your hair so white, grandpapa?" the little maid asked. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," said his lordship, with a reckless disregard for the truth. "Oh!" said her little ladyship, regarding her distinguished relative with fresh interest, "Are you Noah?" "No, I am not Noah." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No, I am not even Ham." "Then you must be Japhet," insisted the little maiden, at the end of her historical tether, and growing somewhat impatient with the difficulty which surrounded her aged relative's identification. "No, I am not Japhet," said his lordship, wagging his head, intensely enjoying the joke. "Then, grandpapa," said the little maiden firmly and decisively, "You are a beast."—Mayfair.

The president of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A. says: "People of both sexes and all ages come to our rooms sent by those who do not take the trouble to understand our mission, expecting to find at once a soup house, a railroad free ticket office, a lodging-house, a pawnbroker's, a money lender's, a detective agency, and a lazzar-house."

WHERE HELL IS.—I wish to ask you a question," said Mr. Sharp to our young minister as he met him in the street; I am anxious to know where hell is. The Bible I have read, geographies, histories, and other books, and I can't find out where it is exactly.

The young minister, placing his hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his eyes, replied encouragingly:—"My dear sir, do not be discouraged; I am sure you will find out after awhile. As for myself, I have made no inquiries, and really don't wish to know where hell is. About heaven I have thought, and read and studied, a great deal. I wish to make that my home, and by the grace of God I will. Ask me about heaven, and I can talk. I don't know where hell is, and you had better not find out."

Harper & Brothers' Greek New Testament, edited by the Rev. J. A. Spencer, is a great improvement upon those diminutive books on which students and ministers continue to spoil good eyes. Many ministers have fallen into neglect of the Greek text merely for lack of a fair type. There is really no longer any excuse of this sort. Spencer's text is good, his notes are helpful, and all young ministers ought to form habits of critical study of Scripture. A great deal of "beating the air" would be prevented by such habits, especially with the invaluable aid of the Greek text of the New Testament. We advise our young men to get good Greek Testaments and study them until this study becomes a pleasure.

OBITUARY.

JAMES IRONS.

Died at Young's Cove, Queen's County, N. B., August 21st, aged 30 years. Just one year ago this young man was called upon to bury his wife, after about three years union. Mr. Irons was trained under Methodist influence and was always respected for his moral habits, but he had not given his heart to God until sickness told him he was not long for this world.

In sickness and death Mr. Irons was happy in the love of God, but he lamented for not having given his heart to Christ while in health; and almost close up to death he would exhort his young companions and friends to serve God at once, and not do as he had done in putting it off from time to time. His dying request was that his only child should be dedicated to God in holy baptism, which was complied with at the father's grave in the presence of a large assembly. The occasion will long be remembered for good.

MRS. MARY F. HATCH.

In May last, while the flowers were blooming and the soft winds of approaching summer were wafting their incense to us, we laid to rest, in the beautiful cemetery at Mount Hope, Bangor, one of God's noblest women, whose life, whose character, whose worth in all life's relations, deserve more than a passing notice.

The plain record is but a brief one. But the bare name of Mrs. Mary F. Hatch will arouse pleasing and fruitful recollections in the memories of many, by whom she was known, loved and honored.

Mrs. Hatch was born in Horton, Nova Scotia, July 11, 1794; was married to Col. Silas Hatch in 1817; moved to Bangor in 1825; and joined the Methodist Church here in 1835, though she had been a Methodist in sentiment from childhood. Her ancestors, in fact, had been Methodists—father, grandfather, and great-grandfather—back to the very days of Wesley.

Besides being a devoted Christian, Mrs. Hatch was a natural lady. In her younger days, she was possessed of a personal beauty, a sprightliness of temper, and a warmth of feeling, which would have fitted her for that fashionable society into which her marriage introduced her. All these attractions, indeed, went largely with her to the last. But none of these advantages were sacrificed to pleasure. All she had—all she might have had or hoped—were freely and fully given to the church; and God rewarded her singleness of life with numerous blessings, of which her family of interesting and successful children she always reckoned as the first and best.

As her six children are still living, good taste, perhaps, would here be silent. But justice to her as a Christian mother will not suffer a total forgetfulness of her maternal life; and the least that can be said covers her name, in this regard, with peculiar honor; for her children all stand before the world as monuments of her religious care and labor. Not one of them has been a failure. Not one has given her cause of regret, or pain or sorrow. Not one but could join her second son, the Hon. Silas C. Hatch, late State Treasurer of Maine—in saying that "all was owing to their mother!" Yes true to the holy record: "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

I wish to ask you Sharp to our young in the street; I where hell is. The biographies, histories, and I can't find out

placing his hand on the ark earnestly into the ark. I wish to be discouraged; I want after awhile. As I know where hell is, I thought, and I read deal. I wish to deal by the grace of about heaven, and I where hell is, and out."

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

THIRD QUARTER: STUDIES IN EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

X. D. O. LESSON XIII. PAUL AT MILETUS; OR, THE GOSPEL OF SELF-SACRIFICE. Acts 20, 17-32. September 23.

EXPLANATORY.

MILETUS. About thirty miles south of Ephesus, and once its sea-port. Its site is now left ten miles inland by the recession of the sea. Sent to Ephesus. To reach Jerusalem by Pentecost would require all his time, and he would not risk the detentions which might occur by visiting the city to which so many ties bound him. Elders. In Greek, "presbyters," the officers of the church. When they were come. A little company of men, weary from a day's walking, is gathered at some solitary place along the shore, listening with deepest interest to the words of one who is about to leave them forever. Ye know. Not every teacher could thus point to his past as the evidence of his integrity and fidelity, assured of an approving voice in the memory of each hearer. Asia. The province along the coast of the Aegean Sea, of which Ephesus was the capital. At all seasons. Literally, "the whole time." Ephesus, as the metropolis, was the centre of his ministry, but his labors extended through the district.

SERVING THE LORD. An apostle of the highest order in the church, he is still the obedient servant of the Lord. Humility. True greatness is ever humble and free from self-seeking. Tears. He was no stern stoic, but a tender-hearted Christian, with tears over his trials; though his weeping did not prevent his working. Temptations. More precisely trials. Lying in wait. Plots, conspiracies. Of the Jews. Everywhere the apostle found his bitterest enemies among his own countrymen. Nothing that was profitable. Not the pleasure, but the profit of his hearers, had been his aim, and in the light of his own conscience he is acquitted of any unfaithfulness in the manifestation of the truth. Publicly and from house to house. Preaching deals with men in the mass; personal labor deals with them singly and individually. One reaches out more widely; the other more mightily; and both are needed in the church.

TESTIFYING TO THE JEWS AND ALSO TO THE GREEKS. Thus including all people, alike in the same disease, and requiring the same remedy. Paul always began among his own people, but never stopped there. Repentance... faith. The two great steps in the way of salvation; one leading out of sin, the other up to Christ. Bound in the Spirit. Yielding obedience to an inward impulse which he recognized as proceeding from on high. Not knowing. The prophetic voices forewarned him of coming perils, but left unrevealed their precise nature and their final result. The Holy Ghost witnesseth. By direct revelation and through the lips of prophets. Bonds and afflictions abide me. "Are awaiting me." It is in mercy that God hides coming clouds of sorrow from most men, but Paul's was one of those rare souls that only grew stronger in the face of approaching afflictions.

NONE OF THESE THINGS MOVE ME. I make no account of these things." Dangers are not to be reckoned when duty lies in the way. Finish my course. An illustration from the foot-race, which Paul frequently employed. Elsewhere he refers to the prize, here he dwells upon the endeavor. With joy. Joy in tears, peace amid warring elements, contentment under tribulation. So can Christ lift a soul above circumstances. The ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus. Summoned to so noble a work, by such divine authority, one might well persevere through opposition. The gospel of the grace of God. The work of the preacher "is to bear witness to the good news of God's mercy." See my face no more. This was not prophecy, but expectation. He knew not what might result from the coming persecutions; and if preserved through them, he proposed to turn his face toward new fields, far in the west. Whether or not his words were verified is uncertain. Some think that about ten years after, in the period between his first and final imprisonments, he revisited the churches of that section.

TAKE YOU TO RECORD. Call you to bear witness. Pure from the blood of all men. His conscience, attested by the consenting voices of his people, acquits him of neglect. No soul had been lost that his efforts might have saved. Have not shunned. It is easy to suit the gospel to the desires of the hearers, and to dwell lightly on unwelcome truths; but such preaching will not satisfy God's call, nor save the people's souls. Take heed therefore. Let those to whom the apostle leaves the work realize its responsibility. To yourselves. Those who are charged with the care of other souls must first watch over their own. He is the best leader in war who

says not "Go," but "Come." Overseers In Greek, *episcopoi*, "bishops." The same persons called *presbytera*, or elders, in ver. 17, are here termed bishops. In the New Testament there is no distinction between the two words, except that one relates to the person, the other to the office. Purchased with his own blood. The more costly the flock, the closer should be its care. How, then, should they watch over souls, for each one of whom Christ has died!

GRIEVOUS WOLVES. False teachers from abroad, bringing in false doctrine and corrupting influence. Of your own selves. Ambitious members, claiming pre-eminence, and forming parties within the fold. The most dangerous foes of the church are those who have drawn their sustenance from its bosom. Three years. In fact, a few months less, but more nearly three years than two. I ceased not. An honest ministry, "to warn;" a faithful ministry, "every one;" a laborious ministry, "night and day;" an earnest ministry, "with tears." The word of his grace, which is able. No dead Gospel, but living and endowed with quickening power. Among all them which are sanctified. The word brings purity, peace, and power here, and eternal glory hereafter.

GOLDEN TEXT: For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. 2 Cor. 4, 5.

DOCTRINE: Consecration to Christ. Phil. 1, 21; Gal. 3, 27; 2 Cor. 4, 10. The next lesson is Third Quarterly Review.

CYCLOPEDIA OF METHODISM.

Months ago our readers were made acquainted with the fact that Bishop Simpson had consented to give such portions of time as he could properly command in the intervals of his busy and exhausting episcopal work to the preparation of a Cyclopaedia of Methodism. That work is now far advanced, and a considerable portion of the "copy" already in the hands of the printer. Indeed, we have already in neat type, on excellent paper, and admirably illustrated. They are sample pages, furnishing us at a glance a clear view of the design, scope, and methods of the author in its preparation, and of the mechanical form and finish in which it is to be brought out by its publishers. They present a work wisely designed, and, thus far, admirably executed in all respects.

The full title of this new work is as follows: "Cyclopedia of Methodism, embracing Sketches of its Rise, Progress, and Present Condition, with Biographical Notices and numerous Illustrations. By Matthew Simpson, D. D., L. L. D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Philadelphia: Everts & Stewart, publishers." The specimen pages now before us embrace the topics under the letters A and B, and C as far as the word "Calvinistic Methodists." The sketches include those of persons, places, doctrines and institutions of Methodism in all its branches. The pictorial illustrations of churches, institutions of learning, and of our chief ministers and laymen, are of usual excellence. The whole work will make a super-royal octavo of over 1,000 pages. The first edition, we understand, is to be ready at an early date, and to be sold on subscription. Judging from the portions before us, we are quite sure that the work will only need to be seen to secure a certain and an extensive sale.—N. York Advocate.

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C. W. WETMORE, President. MAY 25.

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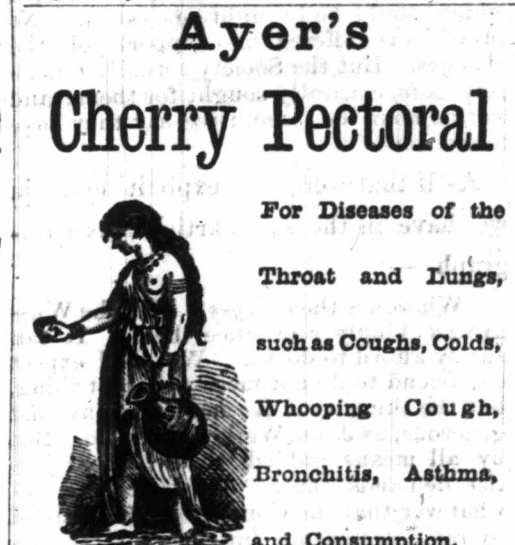
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

THE "WITNESS" ON THE TRACT SOCIETY.

Really, we scarcely know now where to turn, or what to say, in view of the shape matters have taken. For two years, at intervals, we have been striving to defend an annual Conference against persistent attempts to frown it down before the public, first for the presumption of passing resolutions in protection of its Sunday Schools and families, against literature opposed to its teachings, and next against charges which meant that it was ignorant, dishonest, or jealous, as the only grounds for its action. We asserted in our humble way that the Conference had much evidence in favor of its resolutions, and that the Tract Society might as well acknowledge as much. The Executive Committee of the Society we thought was quite sincere in believing there was no evidence, though that argued to our mind ignorance on their part of the Society's doings. As to the *Witness*, we were sure it was sincere all the time. In its issue of Sept. 1st, it said:—

"It will be remembered that statements like these were made last year. Proof was earnestly sought for by the Society whose character was assailed; but to this moment no proof has been given. Why is this? If the Society is so bad, it would be but justice to the whole community to destroy it at once. We shall most cordially assist the *WESLEYAN* in the work of destruction as soon as we see that evidence. The character of the Society has been assailed by the most damaging charges which could be brought against it. No proof was offered in support of the charges. But the Society actually solicited proofs, earnestly sought for them; and to this hour the Committee say they have found none."

As if that were not explicit enough, we have in the same article this paragraph:—

"Where are the charges? Will the *WESLEYAN* kindly reproduce them? It can surely afford to do so. We shall expect our friend to do not merely the just thing, but the thing that is magnanimous and generous, as John Wesley would do. But by all means, publish the evidence: justice demands that. We have no doubt whatever that the Conference was misled by rash statements into uttering the accusation which it did utter against the character of an Evangelical Society which has carried the light of the Gospel into many a desolate corner of these Provinces."

We quoted last week from the same article, this sentence:—

"It may be very astonishing to the *WESLEYAN* that we cannot accept the finding of the Conference though twice repeated, but we cannot do so consistently with what we know to be facts; and we deplore exceedingly that so honest and intelligent a body as the Conference should have been so misled."

The *Witness* of last week reprints our article and proceeds to comment upon it. But—well something has changed. Either this is not the same world; or two years have been blotted out of the memory of the *Witness*; or a wonderful flash of light has come from some quarter.

The *Witness* says:—

"The Editor of the *WESLEYAN* counselled silence at the Yarmouth Conference. This, from his point of view was kind; but after all, the Conference was morally bound to bring the matter to an issue—either to make good the charge of 1876 or to withdraw it."

So far good. This is precisely what we have been insisting upon. This is precisely what the Conference authorities are now doing. Up to last Conference, however, we believed the Conference could afford to drop the discussion: not so now. The Society has anew intimated to the world that the Conference had no grounds for its action, and the *Witness* has repeated the assertion, challenging proof, taunting the *WESLEYAN* with its inability to show cause. Our article of last week was written on the defensive—for really it is the Conference which now stands accused. The points made in that article the *Witness* of last week tacitly or posi-

tively admits, and falls back upon special pleading for its defence.

It concludes its article thus:—
"They (the Conference) will be able to relieve themselves from this difficulty in a way which will reflect honour not only on themselves but on our common christianity. We will not dishonour them by giving credence to the rumor that the officials of the Conference are now engaged in gathering up 'evidence' to justify action taken in June 1876. What affects the honour and good name of one denomination affects more or less the other denominations. In this sense if one member suffer all suffer with it."

This is the crowning contradiction! The Conference was "misled," "tempted,"—had no evidence—and now it would be "dishonour" to believe that the Conference is collecting its evidence with a view to its defence. The Book and Tract Society sent circulars to the members of Conference for evidence, and made no little capital out of the result; but for the officials of Conference to do the same thing is so disreputable that the *Witness* will not dishonour them by believing it. We imagined the *Witness* had a reputation for logic!

We are specially anxious to know how the Conference can "relieve itself from this difficulty in a way which will reflect honour" upon it, or "on our common christianity," except by convincing the world that it has a character for honesty and intelligence which is too precious to be held up to doubt and all but contempt, as has been the case for some time back. This can only be done by giving the public its evidence, for the public has had so much of mere assertion on both sides that it cares not a rush for individual opinions. But this evidence the *Witness* does not want, and will not allow to go to the public if it can help it. The reader may take this as prophecy.

We will now close by a little summary of two propositions:—

1. The Nova Scotia Conference must look to its reputation. When that has been maintained properly, we will talk of christian courtesy and love. Till the truthfulness and honesty of the motives of Conference are admitted all round, all writing on charity is but as "sounding brass."

2. The B. A. Book and Tract Society must take a new name, or launch into a very different kind of work from that in which it has been engaged for some time. While Methodism has been supporting this Society freely, the Society has been as freely undermining Methodist teachings. Who is responsible for this is a question with which we have nothing to do. We only repeat the fact, and have no expectation now of being called upon to prove it. We will even undermine the special plea of the Society and the *Witness*, by affirming that, so far from taking action on this subject without any warning, the agencies of the Society had been cautioned and remonstrated with for years before the Conference finally took the matter in its own hands.

REVIEW OF THE "MINUTES."

MISSIONARY INCOME.

There are causes which prevent a full showing of the receipts for Missions in the Western Conferences, in time for the printed Minutes. We can, therefore give no data as respects those 'at our present writing. For the three Eastern Conferences we have the following reports.

	Receipts.	Members.	Per Member.
Nova Scotia..	\$11052	8577	\$1.25
N. B. & P. E. I.	8200	7416	1.10
Newfoundland	5780	5790	1.00

Last year	\$25032		
Increase	23069		
	\$ 1963		

Taking the Upper Conferences on the basis of last year, we have these proportions:—

	Receipts.	Members.	Per Member.
London.....	\$37862	34400	\$1.10
Toronto.....	44892	32189	1.40
Montreal.....	32251	20789	1.55

The average from all the Conferences would be nearly \$1.40 per member. In the English Conference the average per member, taking in amounts subscribed for Home Missions, would be about \$1.80. It is gratifying to find that, in zeal for missions, our youthful General Conference so well emulates the parent body. Methodism in the United States, if it equalled in mission liberality that of the British countries, would provide such an array of Christian agencies as would astonish the world. But, owing

to the heavy demands of the episcopal machinery, bishops and presiding elders particularly, the drain upon the church's resources is so heavy as to bring American contributions to missions down to a small figure.

It is noticeable that the richest territory is not by any means the most liberal to this particular Fund. There is a larger proportion of purely missionary work performed in the Montreal and Newfoundland Conferences than in any of the others; yet the support afforded to the Funds from those two, if taken in the aggregate, is equal to that from any of the most favoured sections of our work. As a financial speculation alone, it would appear by these statistics that mission enterprise really pays.

Another peculiarity of our missionary reports is, that the mechanical and manufacturing districts are seen to contribute far more freely than the agricultural. There is something extraordinary in this problem of social benevolence, or social economy. Why it is that in localities abounding in wealth of real estate, men should be less liberal than where the artisan and common toiler earns his daily wages, or the shopkeeper waits for his yearly profits, is a question not easily answered. Whether the perpetual handling of money makes men less eager to hoard it as it comes; or the prospect of widening fields and increasing herds has a tendency to make men avaricious, who can tell? He was a farmer who said, "I will pull down my barns and build greater." There is nothing sinful in this disposition when kept within proper bounds; but it becomes a calamity if nursed into national proportions. Investing in advance—buying property on conditions which keep the purchaser in trammels for a life-time, in debt so long that, when emancipation comes, it is too late to burst the bands of penurious habits—this is surely bad policy.

But we must make exceptions, and we do so from cheerful remembrance of what we have seen personally. There are, pursuing the honest, humble profession of agriculture, some of the most princely benefactors of our day, considering their means. We only regret that their example does not diffuse its holy influence everywhere.

If it were not for Baptists and the *Wesleyan*, the *Christian Messenger* would be sadly at a loss for subjects; in fact, with the Greek word once settled, and the *Wesleyan* silenced, the *Messenger's* mission would be closed, and it might proceed to wind up. We have given towering offence by writing last week that John Wesley's plan of probation was about to be followed in the reception of Baptist candidates for the ministry; and the zenith of impertinence was reached when we presumed to suggest that the same rule might apply to the reception of converts. A correspondent of the *Messenger* empties his phials of wrath upon our poor head; and the Editor follows him up in this style:—

We never heard of three months' delay in the so-called, baptism of infants. Why then with "converts"? We have heard of great haste—even among Methodists—in giving that rite, lest the child should die without receiving it. Probably our contemporary has himself been sent for—even at night—to save members of his congregation from such a fearful calamity in their families!

Our brother perhaps does not perceive that such a suggestion, as that we have quoted above, from such a source, is a little impertinent; and possibly was intended as a small magisterial insult, such as he knows so well how to offer. But we are not disposed to regard it so; we would rather exercise the 'charity which suffereth long and is kind,' seeing that he is so continually expressing his anxiety that Baptists should become open-communicants! notwithstanding the restricted communion of all other bodies of Christians.

The correspondent is even more sarcastic and bitter in allusion to "the babies"—charging us with having baptized unbelievers—if he mean by this adults, it is not true; if children, we but obeyed the scriptures. But where is the consistency of these brethren? They charge us with intentional impertinence for writing in regard to their mode and subjects of baptism, and yet they turn upon us with all kinds of sneers in regard to ours! Do they imagine that we have no respect for our ordinances, or that we are unfeeling pagans?

"Suffer the word of exhortation," brethren. Your neighbors, who are no better than they ought to be themselves, perhaps, have made a discovery which you have not. They have the presumption to believe that the Baptist churches receive members a little too readily;—that if they delayed three months, the membership would be reduced to a more healthful basis. They say these things in private—we say it in public; but do not call us ugly names for this. You tell us plain things, and we strive to meet them by argument, or, if convinced, we profit by your counsel; but your method is so censorious you see that people begin to wonder whether you are really open to conviction.

Brethren you are altogether too sensitive. This immersion ordinance is with you like the jewelled crowns which nations have shielded with their bodies, and the loss of which meant to them ruin and extinction. The editor of this paper has far more respect for your convictions than you have for his. He admires what is noble and true in your system and principles, while he thinks you elevate a mere ordinance into a position far beyond what was intended by the Master. He has never alluded to your mode of baptism excepting in argument. You, on the contrary, frequently hold up our "baby-sprinkling" to contempt, and you think of us as unbaptized unbelievers. Is this kind? Is it worthy of a church whose record you point to all down the ages as having endured for the sake of Christ?

If the other Protestant churches can make no common cause with Baptists, who is to blame? While suggestions and innocent remarks are magnified into impertinences and insults; while the Baptist people are taught that, with all our profession of godliness we are still but disobedient or deluded men and women; while in our love for our offspring and our regard for our Lord, we seek to bring them to Him according to what we regard as His commandment, our conduct is pointed at as a piece of heathenish or Romish foolery—pray what can be expected?

We imagine there is room for charity and love on both sides!

The Papal Ablegate, if we can credit press rumors, is using some rather distasteful measures with the political intermeddling priests of the Province of Quebec. It came to be understood that that Province was Roman Catholic territory, to be governed only by Roman Catholics. It seems to have been discovered that so unpatriotic a notion was sure to work great mischief some day, so that remonstrance and warning have come in good time. If we may accept as genuine the mandates by which the Papal Ablegate has thus far censured the Priests, and even some of the Bishops, there is hope that a better understanding in regard to the common rights of citizens will ensue in the Western Provinces.

Here we are, going over this old Bible in the International course of Sabbath School readings,—great men thinking out its meaning, and millions of teachers and children following their rendering of the text. Just as if all this had not been done, in a different way, for centuries upon centuries! So shall other millions do when we are gone. This grand old book, like God, whose mind it is, is eternal, is the book of all ages and climes and conditions. When we shall have been in heaven perhaps a thousand years, great minds will be writing upon the gospel, and young minds coming to this fountain to drink—like the woman of Samaria, to meet Jesus. Thank God, there is one good legacy at least, which we can all leave to our children!

It will be gratifying to our lady readers to learn that the value of silk goods have been subject to a most important decline—the prices of this valuable article of merchandise have this season reached a point far lower than ever before—thus placing a good *Black Silk* within the reach of all. In order to fully appreciate the value of this we would advise our readers to look at the advertisement of Davison & Creighton in another column.

WELCOME BACK.—The editorial announcement was this week brightened by the venerable form of Dr. McLeod, whose hand held the helm of the *WESLEYAN* during its first perilous adventure—from 1848 to 1853. We were mistaken last year in saying that Dr. McLeod was editor in 1858, when the paper made its appearance. It was but an experiment at that early day. After this venture failed, and a Magazine in New Brunswick, for some six years, ran its course, the *PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN* appeared, Dr. McLeod as editor, taking, in a brief time, a leading place among the journals of the Maritime Provinces. These five years show, by reference to the old files, that the way of religious journalism was troubled very often. Under Dr. McLeod's genius the *WESLEYAN* did not a little in encountering, but also in creating, the storms. There are but few of the Doctor's old companions remaining to greet him at this late day. Here and there a veteran minister takes him by the hand, or sends him a blessing. On some library shelves are his books on polemics, by which, in the olden times, marked victories were gained. In his pocket remains the same gold-rimmed spectacles—never yet used for reading, however—presented to him by one of his preacher pupils, of whom he seems to have had not a few during his provincial life. Converts of the past, here and there, arise to call him blessed.

Dr. McLeod is now well advanced in years, his head and beard white and pure as the driven snow—a man before whom one could kneel reverently for a benediction. Those who remain of his old-time readers, and all who with them have learned to love and venerate the men who lived and endured for the cause of God in Methodism, will join us in praying that a good Providence may carry him safely back to his home in Baltimore, and crown his closing years with the tenderest blessing.

TALMAGE.—Halifax has enjoyed another rich oratorical treat. Rumors had reached us that, at one of two places, the lecturer had disappointed his hearers. Either he must have been inferior to himself, or they were not judges. The audience in Halifax was very large and very intelligent; and we have heard but one opinion—that of great satisfaction.

Geo. Wilson, Esq., of the *Port Hope Guide*, was one of the "Press party" who recently visited Halifax. He gives a very animated description of his journey. The Editor of the *Wesleyan* tenders his thanks for Mr. Wilson's compliments.

Our neighbor, the *Halifax Chronicle*, ought to see that the *Wesleyan* at least has no disposition to continue a discussion with the *Witness* on the Tract Society matter. We offer a fair test by which the difference may be adjudicated upon by the public. Fighting on this subject is now useless—it has reached the point where proof is necessary.

The Hantsport Sabbath School held its annual picnic on Tuesday of last week. The members of the school and friends went in carriages up the Gaspeaux and had a most enjoyable time. The school under the efficient superintendence of Mr. J. A. Taylor is prospering.

There are three moons belonging to Mars—this is the latest announcement. Should the martial planet go on at this rate, we shall feel ashamed of our own solitary satellite. But then our moon is three times as large as those of Mars.

Halifax, like all modern cities, is becoming more and more exacting upon its rate payers. Taxes have now reached \$1.33 upon every \$100. Withal, two main streets in the business parts are kept clean by private subscription. Who can say we are not going ahead?

Every good result seems to have followed the Convention of the Y. M. C. A. held this week in Chatham, N. B. The Convention for the Dominion opened at Quebec on Thursday. Particulars had not reached us up to going to press.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BOOK OF DISCIPLINE.

MR. EDITOR.—As there are some things in that little book, designated "The Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada," hard to be understood, and for fear that those who are unlearned, or have not sufficient intellect to harmonize its contents, might, through mal-administration, bring upon themselves ecclesiastical destruction, or at least censure, I have thought that it may be advantageous to ask a few questions on points that have presented difficulties to my mind.

The points upon which I would like to have editorial or constitutional light are as follows, viz:—

1. The Discipline says, Stewards of the Quarterly Official Meeting "shall not be less than three, nor more than seven, one of whom shall be the Recording Steward." Now my circuit has eleven preaching places where the appointments are regularly filled by the ministers in charge, and each place requires a steward. If I appoint that number, will the Quarterly Board be considered constitutional by the higher courts of our Church?

2. A refractory member is to be tried "before a Committee of not less than five, who shall not be members of the Quarterly Official Meeting." Now I knew a church where every male member belonged to the Quarterly Board. In such cases shall the sisters be appointed a Committee before whom the accused member (a brother) must appear for trial? If so, what about Paul who said, "suffer not a woman to usurp anything over the man?"

3. In section 14 of "An Act to Amend and consolidate the Laws relating to the Methodist Church of Canada," it is said if the Superintendent minister refuses to preside at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, it "shall be as valid and effectual as if the said Superintendent had been the chairman thereof and had presided thereat." In the Discipline under "the Duties of Superintendents" we have, "It shall be considered a principle in Methodist Discipline that no court shall be recognised as Methodist in which the minister or preacher does not preside." How are these two standards of Methodist authority to be harmonized?

4. Has the word "may," referring to the representatives to the Quarterly Official Meeting from the Societies of the circuit the force of shall, and must they be appointed, to render the Quarterly Board Constitutional?

Now, Mr. Editor, I will stop for the present, knowing that a fool may ask questions that a philosopher cannot answer.

Yours, &c.,

NOVICE.

[REPLY.—There are authorities upon the Discipline who ought to be able to explain these things, having helped to mould the somewhat incomplete book of ecclesiastical law. There are others who have been making a special study of the book, and are ardent admirers of its technicalities and diction. We may instance one, an ex-President, an ex-Book Steward and Editor, and a thorough good judge of the practical and harmonious in Church polity. He, or one of the first-mentioned class, should meet our correspondent's queries. For ourselves we have to confess, though the Discipline has done much good in the East, its tenor, in many particulars, we do not presume to understand, youthful as we are in the study of ecclesiastical science. We remember standing appalled at our responsibility in the prospect of resuming circuit work once more, on reading this question and answer, Section XV., Question 2.

Ques.—What are the duties of a Superintendent?

Ans.—To see that the Ministers and Preachers on his circuit behave well and want for nothing.

There are circuits which, if this be Methodist law, we would hesitate to undertake. To keep an eye on the behavior of five or six genial Supernumeraries in one's circuit may be no cruel task; but to see to their weekly or daily provision, is something serious. Again, rising at four o'clock may be within the bounds of possibility, but to preach immediately afterward, "wherever we can find a congregation," may mean far more than most of us are willing to take as a rule of conduct. When one of our members has married with an unawakened person, the minister is required to "declare that, whoever does this may be put back on trial for three months." This assumes, of course, that the member has gone to some other minister to perform the ceremony. And that includes a second offence. But we must stop.—Editor.]

RETURNS OF MEMBERSHIP.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Near the commencement of your "Leader," in your last issue, I find an item which requires some explanation, in order that it may be made intelligible to many of our people. Our "Returns of membership," have been made by the various ministers in charge of circuits. These Returns have passed our District Meetings and Conference. In the article referred to, in the table of membership of the Conferences of our Church, the returns from N. S. and N. B. and P. E. I., are entered "Doubtful." Will you allow me to ask, By whose authority was that word substituted, for the duly authorized Conference statistics? As the matter now stands that "Doubtful" seems to imply a reflection upon someone. Will you kindly fill out the table, giving the "increase and on trial" of each Conference, so that we may have the result of last year's work before all our people.

J. S. COFFIN.

Horton, Sept. 8, 1877.

By THE EDITOR.—Here are the returns, as per minutes:

Table with 3 columns: Conference Name, on trial, total. Rows include Nova Scotia Conference and N. B. and P. E. I. Conference.

We scarcely know whether to regard our correspondent's expression on the word "doubtful" as really serious. We meant, as a delicate way of putting the fact, that some would claim an increase, others would not, in the membership referred to. By adding those on trial, or deducting that number, a small increase or decrease can be made to appear in the returns of these two Conferences.

ST. JOHN—EXPLANATORY.

MR. EDITOR.—I notice the omission of some figures in my report of last week from the Treasurers' of Churches' Relief Fund as printed. The following statement will make all clear:—

Table listing financial contributions from various churches and individuals, including Ministers of Nova Scotia, N.B. and P.E.I. Conferences, and individuals like L.L. Beer, W.W. Ryan, etc.

Total, \$1819.04. Joe. HART, Treasurer.

MEETING OF THE SACKVILLE DISTRICT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The members, ministerial and lay, of the above mentioned District met according to appointment in the Hall at Point de Bute, on the 29th ult., for the transaction of financial and other business. Such gatherings of the brethren are generally very pleasant, and often result in good, socially and spiritually.

On our way to the meeting we stepped out of the cars at Moncton, and there greeted our worthy and popular President, Rev. John Prince, and also the Secretary of the General Conference, Rev. D. D. Currie. We learn they are both bound northward on Conference work, and that therefore we will be deprived of the counsels of one of our best financiers, the superintendent of the Moncton Circuit. This, we mentally remark resuming our seat in the cars, is no small sacrifice these hard times when we want the advice and assistance of our very best men. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, a prominent member of our District is laid aside, as you know, by severe affliction; and for some reason the Rev. Dr. Pickard could not attend, "and lo, we had not a celebrity left."

A glance at our district assembled shows the youthful character of its members. There is not an old man in our meeting, and the oldest present are found among the lay brethren. Should some wise acre, knowing the questions likely to be brought before the meeting, look in upon us, probably we would have some misgivings. But our chairman—than whom there is no more worthy member in our Conference—presides with dignity and ability. A man of sound judgment, a well-disciplined intellect, and thoroughly in sympathy with his work—he can weigh the niceties of a case, and is able to deliver his decisions with clearness and satisfaction. As long as we have Bro. Chapman at our head we think the interests of our District will not suffer.

Our financial outlook is not the most pleasing. While some of our independent circuits have gone up largely in circuit receipts—and this is well—yet on

most of our missions heavy deficiencies still look us in the face. Yet the brethren on these missions are cheerful and willing to labour on hoping for better days to come. Worthy men and brave fellows they are! Do our people sufficiently appreciate them? We hope they do; and that they will show their appreciation this coming winter.

In the evening a social service was held. There was a good congregation present. An admirable programme had been arranged by Bro. Mills, superintendent of the circuit. After devotional exercises, the first topic, Work in connection with Revivals, was spoken to by Bro. Allen, of Cape Verde. He showed the necessity of prayer—private and social—of visiting from house to house, and of making personal appeals. Rev. Robert Wilson then read an essay on the church and qualifications of the Christian minister. It would be impossible to give you an idea of the worth of this essay. Suffice it to say that it was admirable in conception, rich in thought, pure and beautiful in diction. We regret the author is not enjoying good health. The brethren Lodge and Comben spoke earnestly and well upon Faith. The necessity of decision by the unconverted. A holy influence pervaded the meeting, and made us feel it was good to be there.

Next morning came a review of the spiritual state of the work. Warm and earnest addresses were made, and some of the brethren spoke hopefully of seeing extensive revivals during the fall and winter. Let us earnestly seek and labour for this blessing. It was the general feeling of the District that if the brethren could associate with each other more frequently they would be better prepared for the great work of saving souls, as well as greatly blessed themselves. It was therefore resolved that a District Convention be held during the winter, and that a committee be appointed to make arrangements. Thus ended our very interesting and profitable Financial District meeting.

Very truly,

H. R. BAKER.

Havelock Corner, Sept. 4, 1877.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.—At Chatham on Thursday afternoon, the eleven convention of the Y.M.C. Associations of the Maritime Provinces began its sessions. A considerable number of delegates were present. Clarence Primrose, Esq., of Pictou, as President, called the convention to order in an appropriate address. The following were appointed officers for the current year:—President, J. B. Morrow, Halifax. Vice Presidents: J. E. Irvine, St. John; T. C. James, Charlottetown; A. W. Patterson, Chatham; W. H. Wiswell, Halifax; W. E. McRobert, M. D., Truro; Theo. Logan, Fredericton; John Hillson, Amherst. Secretaries: W. B. McNutt, Halifax; W. R. Whidden, Antigonish; J. M. Oxley, Halifax.—Herald.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The following statistics are transmitted to us by the Railway Branch Y. M. C. A. of Columbus, O., for the month of July: Attendance of readers at rooms, 3,249; " at Sunday services, 677; Number of registered visitors, 367; Number of papers and mag. dis., 1,415. The board of managers of the Y. M. C. A. of Louisville, Ky., have leased rooms in the Public Library Building and will at once proceed to fit them up in an attractive manner.

The tenth annual convention of the Y. M. C. A. of Pennsylvania, will be held at East Liberty, Sept. 27-30.

The following report in regard to the work of the Friendly Inn of Buffalo, N. Y., for the quarter ending August 1st, has just been rendered. Meals and lodgings given away:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Quantity. Rows include Meals, Lodgings, Number of meetings held, Employment found for.

The central association furnishes the following statistics:—Meetings at Penitentiary, 13; at Jail, 13; at Almshouse, 13; at Rooms, 89; at Home for the Friendless, 13; open air meetings, 7; visits to hospital, 15; cottage prayer meetings, 59; papers and tracts distributed, 9,545. Bouquets of flowers given, 371. The 2nd Conference of the Y. M. C. A.'s in the 7th and 8th District of the State of New York, met at Hornellsville, August 30-31. A new association has been organized at Barrigt, N. J. H. C., Atkinson, President, Jerry S. Storm, Secretary. Wm. R. Eadie was elected President, and G. S. Middlebrook, Secretary of the North Shore S. J. Association.

The Association at Longview, Texas has a membership of 74 and is doing a good work. Hazelwood House, a home for young men at Ryde, Isle of Wight, England, was reopened in July, after having been enlarged. It has now accommodation for 40 young men, and is the generous gift of George Williams, Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A., of London.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 4th, the new building of the Y. M. C. A., of Harrisburg, Pa., was opened in the presence of a large

gathering. The building cost \$11,800, and is the 49th owned and controlled by the Associations. There are in the United States and Canada 800 associations, with a membership of 100,000, and owning property to the extent of \$250,000,000.

NEWS IN BRIEF

NOVA SCOTIA.

On Saturday last there was launched at Maitland from the shipyard of Mr. Alfred Putnam, M.R.P., a magnificent ship of 1658 tons, called the Thomas E. Kenny. She was taken in tow by the tug Hunter, for West Bay, to complete ballasting, and will then proceed to a cotton port.

On Tuesday last week two bridges on the main road near the residence of Mr. Robert McDonald, Cape George, were carried away by a freshet which suddenly and singularly rose in that locality. For about an hour rain poured down in steady torrent, heavier than ever seen before, causing brooks in the vicinity to rise some six feet above their usual level. Besides the bridges above mentioned being carried away, the road in several places was fearfully cut up by the freshet. Strange to say this tremendous fall of rain extended over only about a mile of the road.

The schr. Kedron arrived at Yarmouth on 5th inst. from the West Indies, having lost the captain and one man on the passage home. The captain, whose name was Euben Robinson had, been sick, and was thought to be affected about the head. He was last seen sitting in his chair in the cabin. His particular fate was never known. The young man was named William Munro, son of the Principal of the lower town school. He was hurt getting a cask overboard on board, and died some days after and was buried at sea.

Shortly after the express from St. John had left Oakfield last Friday evening, a lad about 13 years of age was found lying on the track at the station with both legs cut off. It appears that he fell under the train while trying to get on it after it was in motion. He was subsequently put on board the night express and taken to Truro, where he was placed in charge of Drs. Muir and McKay. He was one of Mr. Bird's children, and, singularly, he happened to be on the train which picked him up.

The Intercolonial Coal Mine, one of the largest and best known properties in Cape Breton, in splendid condition, and connected with its own loading pier by a line of railway, was sold on Tuesday the 30th ult., by the Sheriff, and after a slight attempt at competition, was knocked down to the Mayor of Montreal for \$200,000, or only one-fifth of the bonds issued on the property.

A movement is on foot to establish a newspaper at Bridgewater, N. S., with a branch office at Lunenburg. Mr. B. H. Parker, of Bridgewater is to be the business manager.

A reward of \$200 is offered by the Halifax City Council for information that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the scoundrels whose daring attempts at incendiarism on two occasions have been so near resulting in a general conflagration.

The barque Pactols, of Windsor, which lately took a cargo of lobsters and deals from this port to London, was afterwards chartered to carry rails from Newport, G. B., to Bahia. Soon after leaving Newport three men fell aloft; one was killed and the others injured. No names are reported. The vessel put into Falmouth, G. B., on the 28th ult.

An old Indian, known as Capt. Peter Toney, died at the Indian encampment at New Glasgow on the 28th inst., and was buried at Mengonish, his native place.

A young man named William H. Siteman, belonging to Chester, formerly a Halifax dry-goods clerk, and more recently in the same trade in Boston, has been playing some strange pranks at Amherst, and is believed to be insane. He will be detained by the police until his friends can look after him.

The Prohibition Convention recently held at Truro was a grand success. Dr. Burns, of Halifax, addressed the Convention at length upon prohibition. His speech, which was listened to with almost breathless attention, was highly eloquent and powerfully convincing. A branch of the Dominion Alliance was organized, with Hon. Samuel Creelman as President. The Branch Alliance meets in Truro again on the 28th inst., on the occasion of the County Exhibition.

The "Windsor Mail" supplies the following items:—The disease in the potatoes has made its appearance in several localities, caused by the heavy warm weather. Continued rains will probably cause the disease to spread rapidly. The little lad Brison, who was stated in last week's "Mail" to be badly scalded with hot water, died yesterday after a week's fearful suffering.—Plaster shipped from port of Windsor, 19,111 tons; Manganese, 9 tons; 280 standard of deals.—There are six new cases of diphtheria reported from our last issue. It may ally the fears of some to state that all physicians are agreed in the statement that this disease cannot be carried in the clothing.—About 50 employees on the W. & A. F. have been discharged this month.

Capt. Hines, of the schooner Warrior, of Lockeport, which arrived at Saturday from the Grand bank, reports that about a fortnight ago, off the Virgin Rocks, he picked up a board painted black with "George Cromwell" in gilt letters on it. This will be the name board from the pilot-house of the ill-fated steamer.

Messrs. J. T. & A. W. West's brig, Champion, Capt. John Fanning, from this port for Malaga, arrived at Vigo, Portugal, on the 30th of August, making the passage across in 15 days.

N. B., & P. E. ISLAND.

Mr. Knox has added to his fleet of boats at Lily Lake, a curious-looking craft which he styles a water velocipede. It consists of two narrow shells, placed about eighteen inches apart, and a paddle-box in the centre, supported on each side by the shells. On the paddle-box there is a seat, and the paddles are worked from this seat by cranks manipulated by the feet of the rider. The steering apparatus is also very convenient. Mr. Knox made a test of this craft the other day and it worked satisfactorily. Mr. D. McLaughlin was the builder.

Schooner Lucknow, Capt. Newcomb, at George town, P. E. I., from Bank Bradell, reports a good fishery; has 1000 qts codfish.

The congregation of St. David's Presbyterian Church, St. John, Dr. Watters, pastor, have determined to build a church costing \$30,000. The size of the main building will be 85 by 90 feet, with 15 feet additional for a vestry. A spire in the south-east corner will be 170 feet high. The seating capacity will be about 1,200 persons. The basement will be utilized for a Sabbath school room.

A lad of 14 named Alfred Walter, son of Mr. Richard Walter, Paradise Row, St. John, fell from a wharf near Kirk's mill, on Saturday, upon a raft of logs, which were resting on the mud, the tide being out. The height of the fall was about fifteen feet, and the lad's face was fearfully bruised and he received severe internal injuries. After having received medical aid from Dr. Smith he was taken home and died the same evening.

A few days ago Mr. Fred Gaultin, of Escuminac, County of Bonaventure, shot a bald eagle, which measured 7 feet six inches from tip to tip of wings. Three horses were killed on Saturday morning at Amqui, about 60 miles from above Campbellton. The track not being properly fenced, the parties are going to prosecute. The driver of the train, James Houston, used every endeavor to stop, but without success.

The Fredericton Methodist Sabbath School picnic recently was the most successful of the season, being in the hands of an efficient committee, and under the personal superintendence of Mr. George Hatt, Jr., they devoted their attention to the wants of the children, and allowed the adults to look after themselves.

With the rapid increase in the population of Moncton, the deaths also increase. There were five funerals on Thursday. One undertaker is said to have made 42 coffins last month.

The new Bridge which is being built across the Memramcook, under the superintendence of Mr. Kilham, is rising gradually from its watery bed. The foundation of the piers are all laid and are being built up as fast as possible; but, owing to the fact that work can only be prosecuted at low tide, this proceeds somewhat slowly. The structure will not be completed till next year.

While Mr. Obidiah Snowdon, of Wood Point, was using a mowing machine last week, a valuable colt of his got in front of the machinery and was so badly cut that it had to be killed. The colt was a valuable one with which Mr. Snowdon had hoped to gain honors at the Agricultural Exhibition.

Tatton and Fierston, who were in jail at Dorchester, escaped from that institution recently, being aided by Ann Black, who had obtained the key of the cell in which they were located, from the tailor's son, in the absence of the jailer. The prisoners were awaiting trial for participation in the trouble at St. John. Nothing has been heard of them since they regained their liberty.

From Woodstock to the Grand Falls the oat crop will be light compared with that of last year; buckwheat poor, in some cases a failure; wheat excellent, almost every farmer has got more or less of it sown. Mr. Brymer, of Tobique, has six and a-half acres in wheat. The soil on Tobique is probably the best in the province for the production of wheat. The potato crop is generally good, although in a few places there has struck. Parties on Tobique have gone into the cultivation of turnips largely this season; the promise is of a most bountiful return. The crop of hay will be about two thirds of that ordinarily harvested. A large quantity of wildernes land has been cleared this season, and prospect is that the lumbermen will direct their attention more towards farming and less to lumbering than formerly. Any one who has a good farm on the Upper St. John and has been industrious, is now in good circumstances.

St. Andrews Bay has swarmed with mackerel for the past ten days, and notwithstanding the immense number caught in weirs, nets and line, the schools of these fish are increasing daily.

Mr. W. K. Reynolds, Jr., who has edited the "Borderer" for a year, has purchased the paper, and will enlarge it and give it a new dress immediately.

The St. Stephen's "Courier" says Mrs. T. W. Rose has a complete copy of the New Testament in manuscript, written by Mr. Rose during his leisure moments, in the years 1811-2. It is very exactly copied, beautifully written, neatly bound, and is not defaced by a single blot.

Intelligence was received on Saturday of the total loss of the ship Montana, Captain Culbert, at Castillia, on the coast of South America. The Montana was built in 1867 at Courtenay Bay by Messrs. Nevins, Fraser, & Co. She was 1163 tons, and was principally employed in the guano trade.

UPPER PROVINCES.

Three locomotives have been ordered to be built at Kingston, Ontario, for the Intercolonial Railway.

The applications for space at the Quebec Exhibition are being sent in so fast that it is believed the exhibition building will have to be enlarged.

Mr. Commissioner Young, of Montreal, having returned from Australia, has this week been at Ottawa reporting the result of his mission to the antipodes. The Canadian public would like to learn at an early day what measure of success Mr. Young has achieved on behalf of Canada.

Says a Quebec paper—"Mr. Egnogy, a practical miner, who has resided in California for 30 years, has been prospecting at the Gilbert River in the County of Beauce, and reports the prospects as exceedingly good. He thinks it is quite as profitable to work the gold mines of Beauce as it has been those of California, and looks forward to an era of prosperity for this Province from the wealth of the gold mines in the Chaudiere Valley."

The Postmaster of the Winnipeg Post Office has been discharged on the recommendation of Chief Inspector Dewar. A numerous signed petition for the appointment of Mr. William Harrgrave, now Assistant Postmaster, is in circulation.

It seems probable that the manufacture of beet root sugar will shortly be introduced into the County of Quebec. Mr. Bernard, of the Department of Agriculture, addressed a large number of the farmers at Charlesbourg, enquiring whether, in the event of a factory being established, they were willing to produce and supply a sufficient quantity of the beet-root. The feeling appears to be altogether in favour of the establishment of such a factory.

The steambot Queen caught fire while at Ottawa on 7th inst., and was almost gutted before the flames were extinguished. It was on her that the fight about hauling down the Union Jack and hoisting the Papal flag took place this summer. The fire started in the boiler room. Incendiarism is not suspected.

A young girl named Ann Duffy, an idiot, lately discharged as harmless, was refused admission by her relatives, wandered to a friend's house at Amherst, where she arrived at night. The owners of the house thought robber; were attempting to enter and shot her. She died in a few hours.

The largest buyers in Ontario who, some years ago, thought it more profitable to import direct than to purchase through Montreal houses, have again changed their views and are now making their heaviest purchases through Montreal houses.

Farmers are flooding their produce and they say they never before had such extensive stocks to dispose of. Indeed all over the country the crops were never known to be so plentiful.

The Ontario and Quebec governments have signified their agreement to the 22nd of November as a National Thanksgiving Day. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have also fallen into line.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Earl Russel celebrated his 85th birthday, August 18. It is 64 years since he first entered Parliament as member for Tavistock and 31 since he assumed his first premiership.

The New York "Daily Bulletin" of yesterday says:—There can be no question now but that the farmers, especially those of Illinois, are disposed to hold back the wheat crop from market in the expectation of getting better prices later in the season. There is some talk of holding back even till next spring.

John Frost, one of the leaders in the great Chartist movement in England nearly forty years ago, died in England on the 30th ult., at the age of 97. In 1839, when Mayor of New Paris, and magistrate for that borough, he took a leading part in the Chartist riots in South Wales, was tried for high treason and condemned to death. The sentence afterwards was commuted to transportation for life, and was sent to Australia, where his exemplary behaviour led to the mitigation of his punishment and he returned to England.

Special Sharratts of the New York Post Office, detected passing through the mails circulars called "gift concert," and styled "Second Royal Dominion Gift Concert," offering \$250,000 in prizes—the concert to take place at St. Stephen, N.B., Nov. 30. Sharratts states that the whole affair is a swindle.

An abundant harvest, coupled with the present war and state of European markets will, it is believed, enable Austro-Hungary to recover from the commercial depression of the past few years.

Frank Leslie, the well-known publisher, has made an assignment; liabilities \$220,000. His publications will continue.

The government of Mexico will send 1,600 troops to occupy the territory bordering on the Rio Grande, the local authorities being bitterly hostile to the Americans, and unwilling to abide by the terms of the treaty.

The Pope's condition is not so good as for some time past. His limbs are partially paralyzed, but no immediate danger is apprehended.

New Moon, 7 day, 8h, 6m, Morning.
First Quarter, 14 day, 6h, 5m, Morning.
Full Moon, 22 day, 11h, 21m, Morning.
Last Quarter, 30 day, 2h, 6m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, RISES, SETS, SOUTH, SOLAR. Rows for days of the week from Saturday to Sunday.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Farnboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hanisport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray,"
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say,
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A wearied lot is mine,
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."
The Elm was moved to pity:
Then spoke the generous tree,
"My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me.

The Kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace,
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the Spring.

6th beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its need,
The love of those whose sorrows,
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.
—From the Spanish by W. C. Bryant

ST. JOHN'S N. F.

A picnic in connection with the George Street Methodist Band of Hope came off at Mr. Earle's farm on Wednesday last. At half-past twelve o'clock the members, together with their President and Monitors, assembled in the basement of the church, and, after a short interval, proceeded in processional order to the place selected for the afternoon's enjoyment. The day was very fine, which tended greatly to enhance the pleasantness of the occasion, and which was taken advantage of by a goodly number of friends who were present to witness the interesting gathering, some of whom did much to amuse and interest the children. Various recreations were chosen for the enjoyment of the young folks; and the good spirit which characterized their participation in the same, was an evidence that they fully appreciated the kindness which had been bestowed on their behalf. Refreshments were provided, and at an early hour the children, being seated, freely partook of the good things which had been liberally supplied, after which the amusements were resumed till about half-past seven, when the call was given by the President to prepare for home. This command having been quickly obeyed, they returned in the same order in which they left, all apparently delighted with the day's enjoyment.

Much credit is due to the friends for the untiring zeal which they manifest in the promotion of the cause of temperance among the young. At present when the temperance societies in our city seem to be in a languishing condition, and the strifes of intemperance are so apparent, strenuous exertions should be put forth with a view to check, in some degree at least, the onward progress of this giant evil. In no better way is this likely to be accomplished than by inculcating temperance principles into the minds of the youth; therefore it is of the greatest importance that institutions for the promotion of so desirable an object should be recognized and fostered by every lover of temperance and morality. The accession of the youth to the temperance ranks is a good indication of future results in the total abstinence cause; and it is to be

hoped that the day will come when many, who at the present time may be considered very insignificant in the cause, will stand prominently forth to advocate the noble principles of temperance.—Com. to Public Ledger.

A SHORT SERMON.

My friend was walking up State street late one windy afternoon, when he encountered a short sermon on temperance. The air was keen and cold, with "symptoms" of snow. He had pulled his cap down over his ears as far as possible, and buttoned his overcoat close to keep out the stinging lake wind, and was hurrying along at a pace that might rival Weston's, when he nearly ran over a little child not more than four years old, who had fallen on the sidewalk near him.

"Heigho, sis!" he exclaimed, lifting her safely to her feet again.

The little ragamuffin put up a very grievous lip, and was going to cry, but stopped when he spoke pleasantly to her.

"Whew! bare-foot, and such a day as this"—with a low whistle—"why don't you run home, sis, and put on your shoes and stockings, before you freeze your toes?"

"Don't dot any shoes and stotins." "Don't got any, eh? How does that happen? Don't your father buy you any shoes and stockings?"

"Oh, no!" she answered, with a tone that meant "of course not," and a manner indicating that she considered the reason amply sufficient, "no, my pa dets drunk."—Morning Star.

THE BEGINNING.

"Give me a half-penny and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you three pence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again or three-pence."

"Three-pence," was the answer, and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you. You won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him his three-pence back and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He hung his head down, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy.—Morning Star.

In reply to an advertisement for the position of governess, a young lady received the following, of which she begged insertion in the London Times: "Madam:—In reply to your letter of this morning I beg to say we are desirous of meeting with a governess for our four elder children—two girls and two boys, aged 9, 7, 6, 4. Our girls have not got beyond simple tunes in music. Are you a good needle-woman? and can you cut out and make children's frocks? As I should require you to attend to their wardrobes, assist with other sewings, wash and dress the two elder boys, dress the girls' hair to walk out with them, and to make yourself generally useful, would you, on an emergency, object to help make the beds and wash up the breakfast and tea-things? Are you a member of the Church of England and a communicant?" The salary offered to the lady possessing the required qualifications was \$100.

THE YOUNG MERCHANT

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hour passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon. What do you ask for it my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it." But, he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like, to point out the defects of your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will always find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your stand in future. Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself" was the reply and the purchase being made the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about these lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer and you have lost one."—Selected.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL.

A young lady from the South was wooed and won by a young California physician. About the time the wedding was to come off the young man lost his entire fortune. He wrote the lady a letter releasing her from her engagement. And what does the dear good girl do? Why she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside: "Entreat me not to leave thee; or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest will I lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the South to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.—Pittsburg Commercial.

While Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, and Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, were crossing the Atlantic in the same ship, a terrible storm overtook them, and it was feared that all would be lost. The Churchman and the Presbyterian retired to a state-room, and, kneeling side by side, they forgot all differences of religious feeling in pouring out their heart-felt supplications to their common Father.

No doubt these devoted men are both now enjoying the beatific vision of the Divine Redeemer in Paradise.—J. N. N. in Young Churchman.

A tremendous argument on the question of dancing is the fact stated by the New York Chief of Police, that of all the abandoned women of the city, three-fourths date their ruin to approaches made by men with whom they were dancing round dances.

A story is told of two worthy New England deacons between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would yield, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation, when one day Deacon Smith appeared before his enemy and solemnly said: "Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon our Church. I have prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that you must give in, for I cannot."

This Chinese missionary who is trying to convert America to Buddhism, has got to give bonds that his religion will not interfere with a man who wants to run a grocery bill of \$800 per annum on a salary of \$500, or he will not get many converts in Central New York.—Rome Sentinel.

A NOVEL AMERICAN EXPORT.—It is said that Jabez W. Abbott, employing mason of Passaic, has received orders from R. Neill & Sons, builders of Manchester, England, to send between 200 and 300 skilled carpenters and joiners to Liverpool. Every man must have a complete kit of tools. Steady work is to be guaranteed to good men. Wages are at the rate of \$4 an hour; fifty-one hours a week is the working time. Of 150 masons who went over last year, only six have returned to this country. A new detachment lately sailed from New York.

Complaint was made to the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland that there is a great deal of "hunkering" going on in the Church. "Hunkering" means the practice of squatting in prayer, instead of standing, as the Directory requires. Dr. Begg deprecated the practice, and said, if the evil were not promptly suppressed, other evils would follow. "We shall have organs next," he said, "and then will come liturgies, and deans, and chapters, and bishops."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MAMIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

- I want a piece of talito
To make a doll a dress,
I doesn't want a big piece
A yard 'll do, I guess.
- I wish you fred my needle,
And find my fumble too—
I has such heaps of sewin'
I don't know what to do.
- My Hepsy's tore her apron,
A tumlin down the stair
And Cesar's lost his pantaloons,
And needs annuzer pair.
- I wants my Mand a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket,
His uzzer one's too small.
- I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me—
I wants to go to-night!
- She lets me wash the dishes
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.
- I want some newer mittens,
I wish you'd knit me some,
Cause most my fingers freezes,
They leak so in the fun.
- I wore it out last summer
A pullin' Georg's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.
- I wish I had a cookie—
I'm hungry as I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You better bring me free.
—The Children's Friend.

OUR STEPMOTHER.

BY HILIER LOBETTA.

It was a bright afternoon early in the autumn of 1863; Mary Lee and I had been playing by the river, sailing miniature boats laden with sand and grass, and becoming tired of our pastime we sat down upon the bank to talk.

"So it is really true that your father is going to be married?" said Mary, renewing a subject which she seemed to have chosen on purpose to annoy me.

"It is not true at all," I replied with some asperity, "and whoever says so is just telling a story to make mischief."

My companion looked incredulous, and after a moment added, "Mother and Aunt Susan believe it."

"I don't care who believes it," I said, "I suppose Grandmamma would be the first to know, and I am quite sure she would tell me."

"What will you bet?" said Mary, with a look of mischief in her eyes. I was not accustomed to betting, for

although the habit prevailed to a great extent among my companions, I had been taught to consider it both improper and unladylike; however, the occasion seemed to justify it, and without hesitating I answered, "I will bet that string of blue beads which I shewed you yesterday; it is nearly a yard long and makes a beautiful necklace."

Mary jumped up, and clapping her hands said, "Just the very thing I want, and I will bet my silver brooch that Aunt Susan gave me on my birthday. There! you see I am pretty certain, or I wouldn't risk that."

I turned away angrily and walked home, "Mary is very rude, and very ill-natured," I said to myself, "and I shall take her silver brooch just to punish her, though of course I don't want it for myself."

When I reached home I found grandmamma sitting in her own room before the bureau, every drawer of which was open, and the contents strewn upon the tables and chairs.

"What are you doing, grandma?" I enquired.

"Tidying up a little."

"Tidying up!" I repeated after her, "Why it's only a week since we had the house-cleaning done."

"Yes, but you see Ethel, these are all my things, and I am packing them away, for perhaps the bureau may be wanted."

"Why, grandmamma," I said, "what do you mean? is anybody coming?"

"I am going away on a visit, Ethel," said my grandmother, evading my question, "and when I come back I think I shall sleep upstairs."

I was quite puzzled, for grandmamma rarely left the house, and had never changed her room since I could remember. I stood leaning upon the bureau, fiddling with a package of letters for a few minutes.

Then I said, "Grandmamma, did you always sleep in this room when mamma was alive?"

"I never staid here when your mother was living," she replied. "I only came to take care of you and Harrie."

Then I summoned up my courage to ask the question that had been troubling me, "Do you think papa will ever marry again?"

My grandmother raised her soft grey eyes to mine, as if trying to read my thoughts. "You must ask your papa that question, my dear," she said, "but I think it would be the very best thing he could do; I am getting too old to look after his house, or to be responsible for a girl of your age."

"Oh, grandmamma!" I said, interrupting her by throwing myself on her neck, "you will never be too old, and you must not go away; I will do everything you want, even when I am a woman, if you will only stay."

Grandmamma drew me upon her lap, for I was sobbing violently. "My darling, I am coming back for a little while," she said, "and you will often come to see me at the cottage. Why, Ethel! you must not cry this way." But grandmamma's own voice had a choking sound in it, for I had been in her charge since I was two years old, and naughty, self-willed girl though I was, I think she loved me better than any one else in the world, except, perhaps, papa, who was her only child.

So without being told, I understood that Mary Lee was right,—that papa was going to be married. I was very unhappy all that evening, and I think papa noticed it, for when tea was over he and grandmamma spoke together for a few minutes, and then he called me to him, and taking me on his knee, said

"Ethel, I have a secret to tell you; I meant to have told you some days ago, my love, but I have been so busy that I have scarcely had time to come home." He paused, and I hid my face upon his shoulder, while he continued;

"You do not remember Miss Raymond, but she was very kind to you when you were a little child, and I am sure she loves you still. She is going to be my wife Ethel, and you must call her mother, for she will be a good mother to you; I am sure she will try to make you happy, and she is very dear to me."

I did not speak. "Not jealous! are you, darling?"

to a great... I had... the occasion... about hesita... that string... you yes... long and... apping her... ing I want... rooch that... birthday... certain, or... nd walked... very ill... and I shall... to punish... want it for... and grand... om before... which was... upon the... ndma?" I... after her... we had the... these are... king them... u may be... id, "what... ming?"... n a visit... r, evading... me back I... ndmamma... had never... ld remem... e bureau... eters for a... na, did you... en mamma... your mo... "I only... Harrie."... courage to... en troub... a will ever... r soft gray... o read my... your papa... said, "but... best thing... oo old to... be respon... aid, inter... self on her... old, and... do every... am a wo... on her lap... "My dar... a little... will often... ge. Why... way." But... d a choking... her charge... d naughty... s, I think... y one else... y, papa, who... understood... that papa... was very un... nd I think... ea was over... together for... called me to... kinee," said... o tell you... some days... en so busy... me to come... hid my face... continued... Miss Ray... kind to you... d, and I am... She is going... ou must call... a good mo... will try to... is very dear... darling?"

said my father, lifting up my tearful face. "No, papa, I am not jealous, only perhaps I won't like her; grandmamma says she is good and pretty, but I don't always think people nice because other people say so, and I don't want anybody to make me happy but you and grandmamma. It is so pleasant here, and it will never be as nice again, for she will always want to talk to you in the evenings, and I shan't even have grandmamma."
"You will have us all, Ethel," said my father, smiling. "Grandmamma will often come to stay with us, and your mamma will want your company all day while I am at the office. It would be dreadful lonely for her if you were not here, and as for me, why, Ethel, you cannot be so silly as to think that I will love you less because I have found some one else to love. Come, you must not look so serious, you will always be your fathers darling, if you are good," and he added, by way of caution, and kissing me once more, he set me down.
Dear, kind papa! he was very patient with me, but I was a spoiled child, and very exacting. Besides, I had a vague idea that stepmothers were a class of women in whom the motherly instinct was altogether wanting, who were only actuated by selfish motives, and a desire to tyrannize over their step-children. I remembered how, when I was a very little child, and would not obey my nurse, she used to say, "Never mind! some day you will have a stepmother, and she will teach you to obey," and although grandmamma had tried to remove the impression from my mind, she had never succeeded. I went to bed that night determined with all my little might to oppose my father's marriage, and cherishing my future prejudice until it gained strength. I awoke in the morning feeling decidedly antagonistic to Miss Raymond. It was a long time since I had been at school, and my father was thinking about getting a governess for me, but in the meantime I had too much leisure, as grandmamma often had cause to remark. After breakfast I sat at the dining-room window, playing idly with the climbing roses that sought to enter, wantonly destroying their beautiful buds, and scattering their delicate petals to the wind; then suddenly I caught sight of a figure upon the road. It was Mary Lee, who, finding herself too early for school, was sitting upon a fallen log reading over her lessons. I ran upstairs, and a moment after I stood behind Mary, and without speaking dropped my blue beads into her lap.
"O, Ethel!" she exclaimed, jumping up. "I don't want them, indeed I don't. I never"—then catching sight of my face, she said in an altered tone, "Take them back, dear." She had never called me dear before, and I was a little softened towards her, but I pulled my dress out of her hand, and turning my face away ran home as fast as I could.
It was Friday, and my brother Harry was coming home to stay with us till Monday morning, for his school was two miles off. I lingered near the gate, anxious to be the first to communicate the news to him, but I found that he had already been at papa's office and had learned it all.
"It is too bad! upon my word," was his first comment. "I don't see what business papa has to think of marrying at his age, you and I are so nearly grown up; why, I am going into his office in about three years, and you will be old enough then to keep house if grandmamma wants to go away. Lily Martyn is only fourteen, and her father says she is a splendid housekeeper."
"She is coming home the end of September," I said, following my own thoughts.
"Yes, I know; I am to be here to meet her. Papa is going to write to the doctor and ask him to let me come home for a week. I don't care though; I'd rather stay at school. 'Mrs. Lennox, I suppose we shall call her.'"
"Papa says I am to call her 'mother,'" I replied with a sigh, for gentle as my father was I never thought of disobeying him.
"Well, you may of course, for you are a girl," said Harry; "but I shan't, she isn't old enough to be my mother, and if she were as old as Methuselah I shouldn't do it."

I was almost afraid to hear Harry express himself in that way, yet I thought it was nice to be so independent. Grandmamma called us just then, and in the evening Harry went out to play with some boys. The next day he invited some friends to the house, and on Sunday papa was at home all day, so we had but few opportunities for further discussing the subject which was uppermost in our minds.
On Monday papa left home, for he was to be married on Wednesday. It was a very busy week for grandmamma, and a great many people came to work and to put the house in order; but I did not take much interest in what was going on, though I kept close beside grandmamma, anticipating her wants, and trying to be very kind to her. Now that she was going away, I began to realize how very good she had always been to me, and to wish that she would take me to live with her in her own little cottage.
"I know I shall not be happy here when she comes," I said. "It will all be so different."
"Yes it will be very different," said my grandmother thoughtfully; "but I think, Ethel, if you are not happy the fault will be your own. I have known Lillian Raymond since she was a little girl, and have always thought her very amiable; I am sure that no unprejudiced person could help liking her. If you are a good girl and try to do your duty by your stepmother, I think your home will be happier than it has ever been; but you must remember that she is not the only person who has a duty to perform; you are quite as responsible in your own way."
I did not quite understand my grandmother's words, much less did I realize their importance; but I was awed by the solemnity of her manner and I said no more.
A week from the following Thursday, Harry came home, and the same evening my father arrived with his bride. Grandmamma had promised to remain for a few days; and everything was in order; the house had never looked so nice since I could remember, and we children had on our best clothes. A stranger might have envied the lady who was coming as mistress to such a beautiful place, but alas! how deceitful are appearances. Harry and I had quite made up our minds to dislike our stepmother, although she had never done us any harm, and was even anxious to shew us kindness. As she stood before us in her beautiful travelling dress, looking so sweet and graceful, we only recognized her as an intruder.
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