

# The Wesleyan.

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## THE "WESLEYAN."

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### FROM THE PAPERS.

Mr. Henry Varley, the well-known evangelist, says: "No words can overstate the power of an ably conducted Christian paper."

The fact has been made public that the Madison Square Theatre, New York, is owned and run by the Rev. Geo. H. Mallory and the proprietor of a religious newspaper—the *Churchman*.

The people of Lansing, Mich., have circulated a petition asking the school-board to introduce a "hand-book of temperance" into the schools as a regular text book.

The *Watchman* affirms that the debt-paying of the last few years, by which so many churches have been relieved of financial burdens, is as true an advancement of the cause of Christ as is a revival.

A ten cent edition of the revised New Testament is to be put upon the market by a New York publishing firm as soon as the sheets can be received from England, which will probably be in May next.

Mr. Moody's mother, two of his brothers, and a sister-in-law, who were received on confession of faith into the Congregational Church at Northfield on a recent Sunday, have hitherto been members of the Unitarian Church.

The Rev. John A. Heugli, of Detroit, who recently withdrew from the Roman Catholic Church and joined the Lutheran, has sued a man who accused him of making the change in order to marry, claiming \$5,000 damages.

Cardinal Manning forbids the Catholic priests of England to eat pudding at dinner, and to smoke cigars after it, and tells them that bread, meat and vegetables are all they need; and whatsoever is more than these tendeth to gluttony.

At the last meeting of the Star Assurance Company, Colonel A. M. Arthur, brother of the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A., was unanimously elected a director of this society, in the place of the late Sir Francis Lyett.

The *Christian Union* thus presents the partial judgment of many as pertains to the duty of a layman in distinction from a minister. "Virtue in a layman is greed in a minister. He who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel, unless he is a clergyman."

The Prince and Princess of Wales stayed five days at Lord Aveland's country seat not long ago, and during that time 4,000 head of game fell to the guns of the host and his party of guests. The destruction of produce in rearing and feeding this game is estimated at \$30,000.

It is a significant fact that nine members of the newly elected City Council of Toronto—the Mayor of the city and eight Aldermen—are Sunday School Superintendents, and several others are active Sunday School workers. They will be able to discuss the S. S. Lesson with public business falls.

Mr. Nathaniel Niles has purchased Lake Pagatong and surroundings in New Jersey, and intends to make a summer resort for school teachers so that they can spend their vacation there for a small sum of money, and listen to lectures scientific and literary, and enjoy other privileges.

Recently in New York city, Coroner Brady submitted a number of cases to a jury composed entirely of colored men—the first of the kind ever summoned in New York. They performed the duty required of them with marked ability and intelligence, and were greatly pleased with having been permitted to act as jurors.

Mr. Shaw, M. P., for County Cork, leader of the Home Rule party before Mr. Parnell, was an Independent minister, and since he entered into business has frequently taken appointments in Methodist places of worship. It may not be generally known that Mr. Parnell is a Protestant and a member of Synod of the Episcopal Church.

The ex-Empress of France has nearly finished a history of the life and death of the Prince Imperial. It is her purpose to publish the volume as soon as she becomes settled in her new residence at Farnborough. She also intends to publish the daily notes of the Emperor, written during his reign, in collecting which she has been assisted by M. Rouher.

The *Examiner and Chronicle* says a good thing thus: "The *Methodist* says, 'It is a Methodist rule to give as the Lord has prospered us.' The *Christian at Work* adds, 'It is a Presbyterian rule, and a Baptist rule, and an Episcopal rule, and a Congregational rule.' The trouble is not with the rule, but its observance, the exceptions far outnumbering the compliances."

In Hackensack, N. J., a poor wretch stole a ham, and was sent to the penitentiary for five years. John J. Berry, a bank cashier stole \$175,000 and has just been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. This coincidence and discrepancy suggest gloomy reflections. The discrepancy is one of the things that society will some day pay for in blood and iron—unless repented of.—*N. Y. Methodist*.

Calvin, of Chicago, in the *Presbyterian*, says, "Our daily papers announce that Rev. Dr. Kittidge, pastor of the Third church, Chicago, has received a call to the West Arch Street church, Philadelphia. In the event of his acceptance—which is not improbable—the pulpits of seven of our Chicago churches will be vacant. Candidates will please come in sections and not swoop down upon us all at once."

From "Table Talk" in *London Methodist*: "The Lord Mayor's evening party at the Mansion House on the 27th January, I hear, was a great success. About 1,200 persons were present. Of these a very large proportion were Wesleyans. The Lord Mayor, I was glad to learn, remained true to his Methodism, and could by no means be induced to allow dancing. I wish some other Methodists had as much backbone."

If anything could convince people of the absolute puerility of most of the discussions about religious forms and symbolism, it would be the fact that the Dunkards of Johnson County, Missouri, have split on the question as to whether in celebrating religious feet washing both feet should be washed or only one. Will the era of common sense never commence in religious matters?—*Christian Union*.

More than eleven thousand ministers are enrolled in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States; not to speak of the many thousands in the local ranks. A very large proportion of this vast company have but recently entered upon ministerial work. Thousands of young men, moved by the Holy Ghost and encouraged by the Church, are now seeking, in our colleges and theological schools, a better preparation for future service.—*N. Y. Advocate*.

Here is something that pleases us. Cyrus D. Foss, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and H. B. Whipple, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, both sign a letter of approval of the petition, now seeking signatures in the state, granting the women of Minnesota the privilege of suffrage on all questions pertaining to the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Bishops of other churches, Congregational and Presbyterian, also sign the petition.—*N. Y. Independent*.

The *Guardian*, the conservative organ of English churchmen, has opened its columns to the discussion of the question of disestablishment. Its correspondents are singularly unanimous in maintaining that unestablishment is the only remedy for the Establishment, which, in their opinion, the Church is now all wrecked. One writer extends that churchmen will do well to have the question settled as soon as possible, because better terms can be got now than at any future time.

A few months ago a well-to-do and healthy-looking farmer belonging to Queens County came to St. John with the avowed intention of purchasing for the aged mother, who at that time was almost at the point of death. The old lady shortly after began to recover, and in a few weeks was almost convalescent. About a fortnight later the farmer himself took sick and, after a few days' illness, died. The coffin and other articles were used at his funeral, and the one for whom they were originally intended still lives. Truly, man proposes but God disposes.—*St. John Globe*.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has done and is doing effective work on the Continent of Europe. It appropriated for the year 1881, for Germany and Switzerland, \$24,000; for Denmark, Norway and Sweden, \$43,953; for Italy \$25,000, showing a decided interest in the Continent; but it does not give a dollar to France. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions expended in Papal Europe last year \$3,765.45, and has appropriated for this year the sum of \$5000. The American Board of Foreign Missions has a mission in Spain, on which it expended last year \$5,710.16, and one in Austria last year \$8,787.72; total, \$14,497.88. But not a dollar for France.—*N. Y. Observer*.

## WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

Having experienced the pardoning mercy of God, he walked in the fear of the Lord, and enjoyed the comfort of the Holy Ghost. That he might more clearly perceive what was his Christian calling, and enjoy all the salvation purchased by the blood of Christ, he regularly perused the sacred volume, and implored divine direction. Being obedient to the teachings of the Spirit, it was not long before he was convinced of the necessity of a further work of grace upon his heart. He saw that it was his privilege to be cleansed from all sin. "I was for some time deeply convinced of my need of purity, and sought it carefully with tears, entreaties, and sacrifice, thinking nothing too much to give up, nothing too much to do or suffer, if I might but attain this pearl of great price. Yet I found it not, nor knew the reason why, till the Lord showed me I had erred in the way of seeking it. I did not seek it by 'faith' alone, but, as it were, by 'the works of the law.' Being now convinced of my error, I sought the blessing by faith only. Still it tarried a little, but I waited for it in the way of faith. When in the house of a friend at Liverpool, with my mind engaged in various meditations concerning my present affairs and future prospects, my heart now and then lifted up to God, but not particularly about this blessing, heaven came down to earth; it came to my soul. The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart; and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking: my soul was then all wonder, love, and praise. It is now about twenty-six years ago; I have walked in this liberty ever since. Glory be to God! I have been kept by his power. By faith I stand.—*Memoir of Bramwell*.

## AN INCIDENT.

A preacher in a Western State, being called upon by Bishop Morris to report his missionary collections in open Conference, made this statement. "At the last Conference I was sent to a church that had never done much for missions. All they permitted was a plate collection once a year. When I went there the church needed repairing, and the parsonage needed to be rebuilt; and, having to raise so much money for themselves, they resolved that they must withhold their usual missionary contributions for that year at least, and the Pastor accordingly was requested not to present the cause. As they presented the case to me, it seemed almost a case of necessity. I fell into the trap, and we agreed together to take no missionary collection.

"The very next Sabbath, as was my custom, I invited persons to come forward. Among those who presented themselves was a young girl who had been at school, but whose mother was very sick, and had called her child home to attend to her. As she handed me her certificate of membership, she asked me if we had appointed our missionary collectors for the year, saying that she had been one of the collectors in the church where she had attended school—that she loved to work, and would be glad to continue in it. I stated to her the action of the Official Board, and that we should not raise any missionary money this year. Her countenance fell. She was sad, and returned to her pew. Early the next morning she called on me for a collector's book. I told her I had none; indeed, there never had been one in that church. Whereupon she wrote to her former pastor, requesting him to send her a missionary collector's book. In due course of mail it came, and she presented it to me that I should certify to her good character, and that she was authorized to receive money for the support of missions.

"The whole affair soon passed out of my mind. We repaired the church, and rebuilt the parsonage, and the bills were paid. Yesterday morning when starting for Conference, I saw that young girl coming through the gate and up the walk to my house. As she came in she said, 'I understand you are going to Conference.' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Here,'

she said, 'is a little missionary money which I have gathered during the year,' and that faithful girl counted out a twenty-six dollars, which she had quietly collected in a Church and community where they had never given more than twenty-five dollars under the most stirring appeals of the pastor, and when they had resolved to withhold even this amount for this year! Bishop, my missionary collection is seventy-six dollars.—*Methodist Recorder*.

## JOY AND USEFULNESS.

Above all things, see to it that your souls are happy in the Lord. Other things may press upon you; the Lord's work even may have urgent claims upon your attention, but I deliberately repeat, it is of supreme, paramount importance that you should seek, above all other things, to have your souls truly happy in God himself. Day by day seek to make this the most important business of your life. This has been my firm and settled conviction for the last five and thirty years. For the first four years after my conversion I know not its vast importance; but now, after much experience, I especially commend this point to the notice of my younger brothers and sisters in Christ. The secret of all true effectual service is joy in God, and having experimental acquaintance and fellowship with God himself. But in what way shall we attain to this happiness of the soul? How shall we learn to enjoy God? How obtain such an all-sufficient, soul-satisfying portion of Him as shall enable us to let go the things of this world, as vain and worthless in comparison? I answer, This happiness is to be obtained through the study of the Holy Scriptures. God has therein revealed himself to us in the face of Jesus Christ. In the Scriptures, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he makes himself known to our souls. Remember, it is not a God of our thoughts or our own imaginations that we need to be acquainted with; but the God of the Bible, our Father, who has given the blessed Jesus to die for us. Him should we seek intimately to know, according to the revelation He has made of himself in his own precious word.—*George Muller*.

## THE SALVATION OF THE HEATHEN.

It is not my purpose to argue the theoretical question, Can the heathen be saved without the Gospel? but the practical one, Will they be saved? Men constantly show a disposition to wander from the real point and to deal with supposable cases instead of with actual ones. The great question which every one who loves God is bound to ask himself is, Are the heathen—the millions of Japan and China and India—saved without Christianity? To this inquiry I say No.

A while ago a gentleman said to me, "You can't make me believe that the Almighty is going to turn all these millions of Chinese into hell." I said, "There is another way of putting it. I cannot conceive how they can possibly go to heaven."

What is heaven? Men have the grossest idea about it, as if it were a place where everybody is happy, independently of his moral character. Heaven is the place where "the spirits of just men made perfect" are engaged in the service and enjoyment of God. I cannot conceive how souls, full of lying, and deceit, and impurity, and envy, and malice, and revenge, can dwell there; how men who find an hour spent in worship and meditation an irksome task, can find any enjoyment in spending all eternity in such service. If such souls were taken to heaven, it could be no heaven to them. Take a man who loves impure talk, joking and jesting, a fine generous, rollicking, good-natured fellow, if you please, and put him in a prayer-meeting, an experience meeting, a room where Christians are enjoying sweet converse about their souls, and he feels ill at ease, he wants to leave—he finds no happiness in such company. What if he were condemned to listen to such talk and engage in such services for an eternity!

Death has no regenerating power. The mere fact that the soul leaves its dwelling place in the body cannot possibly renew its nature, change its likes and dislikes. No, God says, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy let him be filthy still."

It may be, theoretically, possible, perhaps for the Holy Spirit to regenerate a soul who has never heard the Gospel, but in an experience of a quarter of a century nearly I have never found such a man, nor have I ever heard of any other missionary meeting with such a man among the millions of China. It is after men hear the gospel that they become aware of their sinfulness and desire a change. This is the rule, at least. I have met with a very few cases, in which men seemed to be longing for the gospel; but in their cases, as in that of Cornelius, God in his providence granted them what they were thirsting for.

No—sad, terrible as the conclusion is, I do not see how we can escape it—the heathen cannot be saved without the gospel.

## CHIEF JOSEPH, OF OKA.

Of this deceased Indian Methodist minister, we find the following sketch in a Montreal paper of Friday last:

The Rev. W. I. Shaw addressed the congregation as follows: The directing of so much public attention to the life and death of our departed brother has been such as to surround this occasion with very peculiar interest. There is something peculiar in the extent to which the press throughout the Dominion and the United States has taken notice of the death of our Indian brother; something peculiar in the fact that citizens of different social and commercial positions and of different religious denominations, have met together on this sad occasion to do honor to his memory. It cannot be explained by anything but what the man has suffered for freedom and done for truth. So general has been this interest that the daily press, with characteristic enterprise, has given to the public probably all the facts that can be gleaned in our brother's life. He was stricken down at the early age of 36. He was born at Oka in 1845. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Saint Mary's College, Montreal. He was afterwards employed as secretary to the Sulpicians at Oka. With growing influence amongst his tribe he was soon elected to the position of a chief. About the year 1871 his people, wearied with the oppression they had to endure from those who should be the law of heaven and earth have been their protectors and guardians and friends, of their own accord concluded to try and see if they could find in Protestantism the liberty and light which the Almighty designs should be enjoyed by every human being, and so, headed by Chief Joseph and others, they sought the sympathy and aid of the Methodist Church, which, at least, has befriended the Indians, not only in these older Provinces, but also in the North-West, as much as any religious body of today in the Dominion. A Methodist missionary was sent to them, schools were opened and every effort made to elevate them socially and mentally, as well as religiously. In 1876 our brother was received as a probationer, and completed the usual four years' course, reading his course in French. He was ordained in 1880, and appointed to the missionary work at Caughnawaga and St. Regis. In entering upon this work he felt the need of having in his own language the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. Since 1867, when the Sulpicians were really made, by Louis XIX., the trustees and guardians for these Indians, no copy of the word of God was ever placed in their hands. Indeed, when the Methodist Church entered upon its missionary work among these Indians, it was found that very few of them could read at all. Joseph died young, yet he lived long enough to give his countrymen a copy of the holy gospels in their own tongue. There is something about the completion of this work very suggestive of the work of the venerable Bede, who, eleven hundred years ago, upon his death-bed, finished one of the earliest translations of these

same holy Gospels into Anglo-Saxon. There is one thing to which I wish to give prominence on this occasion in the life and spirit of Joseph. He was no bigot. He tried to show the charitable spirit of his Divine Master. If anybody ever had occasion to hate the system of Romanism surely it was he. With his people opposed and destitute, and kept in ignorance for centuries it would have been human for him to have had unkind feelings to all connected with this system, but I have the means of knowing that in his labors as a missionary, and in his spirit as a Christian such feelings he never manifested. I remember on one occasion he told me about an aged Catholic Indian at Caughnawaga, who was at the point of death and whom he visited. This man was reputed a good man, and from what I learned I think he was such; so, just to discover Joseph's spirit in such a case, I said to him, "He was a Christian man, was he not?" Joseph replied, "I think he is saved." I am glad to be able to say that Joseph possessed one of the highest qualifications of a Christian missionary, that is a spirit of love rather than controversy, pity for the erring, and a magnanimous and a forgiving spirit of patience toward his persecutors. From his manifestations of this spirit, from the fidelity of his labors, from the evidence he gave of a simple, intelligent reliance alone upon the merits of Jesus his Saviour, I am convinced that to-day he is with Christ in Paradise, far from a world of grief and sin, far from the cold storms of earth and life's fierce tyranny, in the bright world where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

## A TRIAL OF INFIDELITY.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says: There was once an evil hour when I slipped the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief; I no longer moored myself hard by the coast of revelation; I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind. I said to Reason, "Be thou my captain; I said to my own brain, 'Be thou my rudder'; and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now! but I will tell you its brief history. It was hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought. I went on, and as I went the skies began to darken; but, to make up for that deficiency, the waters were brilliant with coruscations of brilliancy.

I saw sparks flying upward that pleased me, and I thought if this be free thought it is a happy thing. My thoughts recoiled, and I scattered stars with both my hands. But anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and, as I dashed on, they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized the prow of my ship and dragged me on, while I in part gloried at the rapidity of the motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the old landmarks of my faith.

As I hurried forward with an awful speed, I began to doubt my very existence. I doubted if there was a world. I went to the very verge of the dreary realms of unbelief. I went to the very bottom of the sea of infidelity. Just when I saw the bottom of the sea there came a voice which said: "And can this doubt be true?" At this very moment I awoke. I started from my death-dream, which would have ruined my soul if I had not awoke.

When I arose, Faith took the helm. From that moment I doubted not. Faith steered me back. Faith cried, "Away! away!" I cast my anchor on Calvary; I lifted my eyes to God. And here I am—alive and out of hell. Therefore I speak what I do know. I have sailed that perilous voyage; I have come safe to land. Ask me again to be an infidel! No, I have tried it. It was sweet at first, but bitter afterward. Now, lashed to God's Gospel no more firmly than ever, the argument of hell to move me; for "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." (2 Tim. 1: 12.)

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MY SACRIFICE.

"Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,  
Accept this gift to-day, for Jesus' sake.  
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,  
Nor any world-ideal sacrifice to make.  
But here I bring within my trembling hand  
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small;  
And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand  
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all."

Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze canst see  
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,  
All that I have, or am, or faint would be—  
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings in-  
fringe;  
It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed  
with sighs,  
Cleaved in my grasp till beauty hath it  
none!

Now, from Thy footstool, where it vanquished  
lies,  
The prayer ascendeth—May Thy will be  
done!

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail!  
And merge it so in Thine own will that e'en  
If in some desperate hour, my cries prevail,  
And Thou give back my gift, it may have  
been

So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,  
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,  
I may not know ere I am as my own.  
But gaining back my will, may find it  
Thine!"

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

It was a season of deep religious  
interest at Spalding. Tea-parties  
and festivals had been forgotten,  
and everybody attended the revival  
meetings being held in one of the  
two churches which the village con-  
tained. Many souls had been born  
again, and the good work was still  
going on.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr.  
Bruce, the good pastor, was trou-  
bled. Several of his congregation  
for whom he had most fervently  
prayed and strongly hoped, refused  
to yield—Mr. Taylor, the store-  
keeper, a good honest man, but  
needing a living experience; Dr.  
Steele, who had so many opportu-  
nities for pointing sick and dying  
ones to the Saviour; and many  
others. Most of these urged, as ex-  
cuses, the failings of Christians;  
but there were Bertha and William  
Page, children of the most active  
and influential members of the  
church—what excuse could they  
offer? Surely, both father and  
mother were exemplars of the Gos-  
pel he preached. Bertha Page was  
a highly intelligent and amiable  
young lady, always ready to assist  
in the outward work of the church  
and Sunday-school, but strangely  
reticent whenever the subject of  
personal piety was broached.

Of course, Mr. Bruce did not con-  
sider the shortcomings of Christians  
a sufficient reason why the unsaved  
should remain unsaved, but he did  
think cold-hearted, inconsistent be-  
lievers would help onward the  
Lord's work by becoming devoted  
in heart and Christ-like in life; and  
accordingly, he preached a search-  
ing sermon from the text, "Prepare  
ye the way of the Lord."

"I do wish the minister would  
preach more about the joys of heav-  
en, and not scold so much," said  
one; but the sermon was one which  
many profitably applied to them-  
selves. Others applied it only to  
their neighbors.

"Yes," said Mrs. Page, as she  
sat at the well-spread table that  
afternoon—for the family observed  
the good old-fashioned custom of  
having dinner and supper in  
one on Sunday—"Yes, a most  
excellent discourse. Brother Bruce  
preaches good practical sermons  
that people can understand, and I  
hope those for whom this one was  
meant will receive it. It would  
prepare the way of the Lord, we  
must remove everything that would  
hinder people from seeking him—  
all the stumbling-blocks. I can't  
wonder that Mr. Taylor thinks the  
religion isn't good for much that  
doesn't make people pay their debts.

He's lost hundreds of dollars, first  
and last, by trusting church mem-  
bers. And there's Dr. Steele. He  
says he can't understand why any  
one expecting a mansion in heaven  
can be so terribly afraid to go and  
possess it as Bro. Lewis is when  
sick. Hannah Butler pretends to  
feel so much concern for her hus-  
band and children; but anybody can  
see that she herself is keeping them  
back, scolding and fretting about  
the house from morning till night.  
I might name twenty other cases.  
Even Bro. Bruce would be more ef-  
ficient if he called around oftener  
among the people. But then I sup-  
pose these extra meetings take a  
good deal of his time. Well, I hope  
the sermon to-day will be of benefit  
to those who need it. When Ber-  
tha and Willie want to start for the  
kingdom, I hope they'll find no  
stumbling-blocks in the way."

Mr. Page was a man of few words,  
and knowing how well his wife liked  
to talk, he ate his meals in sil-  
ence, simply nodding assent, now  
and then, to her remarks.

Two hours later, Mrs. Page lay in  
the fading light of the short winter  
day, on the back-parlor lounge, her  
mind filled with anxious thoughts  
concerning the children she loved;  
just such anxious thoughts as every

Christian mother must have, who  
sees her sons and daughters ap-  
proaching manhood and womanhood  
unconverted. Many prayers had  
she offered for the gentle, studious  
Bertha, and generous, affectionate  
Will. What would she not be will-  
ing to give or do, she asked herself,  
if she might only see them number-  
ed among the saved.

The front parlor door opened and  
shut. As the folding doors were  
partly closed, she could not see who  
had entered, but she could distin-  
guish the voices of her son and  
daughter.

"I say, Bert, what do you think  
of it anyway?—this religion. I  
mean, that all the folks are making  
so much fuss about? If what your  
mother says is true, we are just as good  
as these folks that talk so much in  
meeting. I wouldn't lie, nor cheat  
nor steal. Why are not my chances  
of heaven as good as theirs?"

"O Will, that's mean and coward-  
ly; not like you at all. We have  
no right to neglect our duty because  
others are unfaithful. As for the  
'chances' you speak of, there are no  
chances about it, I've been studying  
the Bible, and I find that we can  
never be fitted to live with Jesus  
and the holy angels until our hearts  
are made clean and our sins forgiv-  
en, no matter how good our lives  
may appear."

"I suppose you are right; you  
almost always are; but why don't  
you seek this change, if you believe  
in it? I'm always ready to follow  
you anywhere. I must say, though,  
I can't understand why mother  
should talk so about those she calls  
brethren and sisters. Think I'd  
keep talking about you to others  
if you'd done wrong? No, sir!  
Not while you were my sister."

"That's just it, Willie. I've tried  
so hard not to notice mother's talk,  
and I'm ashamed of myself that it  
should trouble me as it does. I've  
returned from meeting a great many  
times, feeling deeply my needs, and  
she would say something about the  
minister's peculiarities, or some-  
body's inconsistency that would  
drive away all my serious impres-  
sions; and the worst of it is, the  
next time I hear that person speak,  
I keep thinking of what mother has  
said. She's a good woman, and  
wouldn't do anything wrong for the  
world. All that she says may be  
true; but I do wish she wouldn't  
talk about people."

Again the parlor door opened and  
shut, and Mrs. Page knew that she  
was once more alone. Covering her  
face with her hands, she groaned in  
contrition. Those ten minutes had  
given to her a revelation of which  
she had dreamed. She had never  
meant to be unjust or unkind. Nat-  
urally a talker, she had imperceptibly  
formed the habit of speaking  
her thoughts in the family circle;  
and now she saw how much evil  
might be wrought by a few un-  
guarded remarks.

"By God's help, I will in the fu-  
ture keep my tongue from evil,"  
she murmured.

At the meeting Mr. Bruce missed  
the face of Sister Page, and won-  
dered at her absence. Her children  
never knew why she remained at  
home, but the strength she gained  
alone in prayer that evening showed  
itself in her after-life. Habit was  
strong, but Mrs. Page had learned  
to set a watch over her tongue, and,  
rarely, if ever, was she heard again  
to make disparaging remarks con-  
cerning her fellow disciples.

Bertha and Willie were not con-  
verts during that revival, but before  
Mr. Bruce left Spalding, his heart  
was gladdened by seeing them ga-  
thered into the fold.—*Zion's Herald.*

A DARING ACT.

We were on our way from Vera  
Cruz to Europe, and all interest was  
centered in a man whom we had  
seen a day or two before in the  
Mexican port. It was Manuel, the  
shark-killer. For a doubtless this  
tall, muscular enemy of the fierce  
fish offered to display his skill. We  
soon made up the amount, and the  
next day he came out to our steam-  
er in a light rig.

"At your service, sir," was his  
salute.

He pointed at several large sharks  
that were hovering near the vessel  
to snap at anything that fell from  
it. He went down into the bark  
in which he had come off, and  
throwing off his *zarape*, grasped an  
enormous cutlass, and took a keen  
knife between his teeth. Then, go-  
ing to the bow, he plunged boldly  
in, describing a long, graceful curve  
as he cut through the clear waters  
of the Gulf.

When he came to the surface he  
struck out for the vessel, followed  
by the sharks, which, however, did  
not approach him very closely.  
After a time he turned on his back,  
and was motionless as a log. Then  
he saw six sharks rush toward him;  
but when the leader got within a  
few yards it halted, as if uncertain,

It did not seem to like the look of  
the floating log, till, evidently smell-  
ing its prey, it turned over, and  
rushing at Manuel, tried to seize  
him by the waist. The Mexican  
was ready. He dived, passed un-  
der the brute, and, turning back,  
struck at him with his knife. Whe-  
ther the aim was bad, or the blade  
slipped, the shark, unhurt, turned  
over again, and swam rapidly off.

The second shark was only a few  
feet off. Without losing a minute,  
Manuel plunged down again, and  
coming up under the shark, laid it  
open with a vigorous blow. The  
shark rose to the surface, pouring  
out a red tide of blood, and was soon  
floating lifeless past the side of the  
vessel.

Cheers and hurrahs greeted Man-  
uel as he climbed back into his  
craft, having won the prize. We  
soon had him on board amid a  
lively party.

One of the sailors took the whole  
affair in dudgeon, and said he could  
do as much. The captain gave him  
leave to make the trial. As soon  
as sharks were again seen he de-  
scended the ladder. The cook threw  
over a spoiled codfish, and a huge  
shark darted at it. Then the sailor  
plunged in. As he rose to the sur-  
face, knife in hand, ready to strike,  
he was seized with cramps, to which  
he was subject. His knife dropped  
from his hand, and instantly three  
sharks were upon him, and all was  
over.

"So much for trying a trade be-  
fore you learn it," said Manuel.

It was the sailor's funeral ora-  
tion.

RIDICULING PIETY.

We have never been able to ap-  
preciate the judgment which has  
been so universally favorable in re-  
gard to the influence of Dickens'  
writings. It has been taken for  
granted that he was an apostle of a  
wider and deeper charity than that  
which was common among people  
of any class. Whatever may have  
been the influence of his humani-  
tarian sentiments, we believe that  
his caricatures of religion and re-  
ligious people have done great in-  
jury to the only cause that ever yet  
made men truly self-sacrificial and  
nobly devoted to the best interests  
of humanity. On this point we  
agree with the views of the Rev.  
Richard Glover, vicar of St. Luke's,  
West Holloway, London, who says  
in an article on "Christian Cheer-  
fulness":

"It is impossible to compute the  
harm that Dickens has done in the  
way of making religion appear as  
the enemy of all that is bright and  
cheerful, and even honest and true.  
Does he ever introduce a religious  
professor unless it be to make fun  
of him, or, worse still, to set him  
up as an object of loathing and  
scorn? And the effect on the young  
mind is to make it suspect every  
man who professes godliness to be  
a Chaddan or a Stiggins, a snivel-  
ing enemy to all joy, or else a  
disguised, contemptible hypocrite.  
Hypocrites there are among relig-  
ionists, and always have been and  
will be, we all admit; nor do we  
find fault with Dickens for indignantly  
exposing them. But the  
great evil of his writings, so far as  
the interests of religion are con-  
cerned, is that he never exhibits the  
genuine coin, but only the base  
counterfeit. All his religious char-  
acters, if our memory be not at  
fault, are beings to make religion  
not only not winsome but even rep-  
ulsive. He makes it appear (to  
use one of Carlyle's phrases) as  
moral *ipecauanha*."—*Observer.*

ON DEBT.

Mr. Talmage preached a sermon  
to young men on Sunday from the  
brief and fragmentary text: "As  
an ox to the slaughter." "There  
is nothing," he began, "in the voice  
or the manner of the butcher which  
indicates to the ox that death is  
ahead. The ox, no doubt, fancies  
that he is being led to the herbage  
of some distant pasture. But after  
a while appear men and boys, with  
sticks and stones and loud cries,  
drive the poor beast in at a dark  
doorway. The animal's nose is forced  
upon the blood stained floor, and the  
unerring blow descends. So many  
a young man is being driven down  
unsuspecting to the slaughter. So-  
ciety slaughters many by its cruel  
demand that, no matter how small  
the income, appearances must be  
kept up. Whatever your salary,  
poor unfortunate young man, you  
must live in a fashionable boarding  
house, must smoke expensive cigars,  
and must give wine and brandy to  
as many of your friends as your  
neighbor. If you haven't the money,  
why, borrow, and if you can't  
borrow, why, then—steal. Do any-  
thing, but don't appear 'mean' and  
'close.' By this awful process 100,  
000 men have been slaughtered. When  
will you, young man, learn

the curse of debt? (Mr. Talmage  
had his glittering eye upon a beard-  
less youth in the gallery, who fidget-  
ed in an uncomfortable way upon  
his seat.) "Debt induced Lord  
Bacon to take bribes; it broke  
Walter Scott's heart; it drove  
Burns to drinking. Perhaps some  
of you don't know that Lord Byron's  
mother died in a fit of rage produc-  
ed by reading an upholsterer's bill.  
Oh, the curse of debt, the curse of  
debt!"

NOT TO BE BOUGHT.

Six or eight years since, in one of  
the towns of Eastern Massachusetts,  
there was a Mr. D., a livery stable  
keeper, about whom I once had the  
opportunity of learning the follow-  
ing fact. Among his many other  
good habits, one was never to suffer  
his own feet or his horses' feet, to  
tread profanely on the Sabbath day.  
The illustrative fact referred to was  
this:

On a certain Sabbath morning  
three gentlemen from Boston, put-  
ting up with their wives at the vil-  
lage hotel, said to their host that  
they would go to Mr. D. and get  
three single-horse buggies, and take  
each his wife and go to the camp-  
meeting, about six miles off. "It  
will be of no use," said the host,  
"for Mr. D. never lets his horses on  
the Sabbath." "I never saw the  
man yet that money wouldn't buy,"  
rejoined one of the party. So they  
went and rang the bell at Mr. D.'s  
door. Mr. D. himself answered the  
call, and invited them in; after  
they had made known their errand,  
he said:

"Gentlemen, I should be glad to  
accommodate you, but it is against  
my principles to let my horses go  
for hire on the Sabbath day."  
"How much do you usually have  
for your single horses?" asked  
the gentleman who was the chief  
speaker.

"Two dollars and a half a day  
usually, sir," answered Mr. D.  
"Well, then," returned the gen-  
tleman, "here are three five dollar  
bills; please take them, and let your  
man harness the horses, and we  
will go away very quietly, and will  
return just after dusk, and without  
noise."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. D., "I  
can only repeat what I have already  
said, that it is against my prin-  
ciples to hire out horses on God's day,  
and I must persist in declining your  
very liberal offer."

At this the chief speaker on the  
other side stepped up closer to the  
sturdy Sabbath-keeper and, slip-  
ping into his hand a bright looking  
bill, said to him: "There, Mr. D.,  
take that, and let your man harness  
the horses for us."

The tempted one, looking down as  
it was thrust into his hand, saw that  
it was a new one hundred dollar bill  
on a Boston bank, a glittering prize;  
but, without hesitating a moment  
and evidently without any inward  
struggle with the spirit of greed, he  
calmly but emphatically said:

"Gentlemen, my principles on  
this matter are fixed, and should  
you bring me all the money in the  
city of Boston, it would not alter  
them. If you would like to attend  
worship our bell is now ringing,  
and I should be most happy to show  
you a seat, but I cannot let my  
horses go on the Sabbath," and he  
handed back the bill.

As the baffled tempter took the re-  
jected money he also looked at Mr. D.,  
admirably in the face, and stretch-  
ing out his hand toward him said:

"I want to shake hands with you  
Mr. D.; I have sometimes heard of  
such men as you are, but I never  
saw one before."

Likewise said they all, and each  
of the other two shook hands with  
him, expressing also their pleasure,  
and adding that before they return-  
ed to Boston they would like a sup-  
ply of his cards that they might  
know to whom to direct their friends  
and acquaintances as they visited  
the village. And as the secular  
week opened, all these gentlemen  
returned repeatedly to Mr. D.'s  
stable to obtain horses and carriages  
for their pleasure, thus testifying  
in the most express manner their  
approbation of his conscientious and  
unswerving conduct. And so will  
it be in all ordinary cases where  
Christians are punctilious in mat-  
ters of professed principle, scrupu-  
lous on points of worldly conformi-  
ty, high-minded, resolute, and incor-  
ruptible on all questions of duty.

To be not only true to ourselves  
but also useful to others is one of  
the objects for which God has called  
us to his kingdom and glory. As  
says our chief English poet:

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,  
Not light them for ourselves; for if our  
virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not."

Or, as says the greatest One of  
all, "No man lighteth a candle  
and putteth it under a bushel, but  
on a candlestick, that it may give  
light to all that are in the house."—  
*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PLAYING CARDS.

In the winter of 1870, I had oc-  
casion to go from Green Bay to Chi-  
cago on the Northwestern Railway.  
At Oshkosh we were joined by a de-  
legation of lawyers, on their way to  
Madison, the capital, to attend the  
Legislature then in session. They  
were all men of more than usual in-  
tellect, and of unexceptionable char-  
acter. Two were ex-Judges of the  
Circuit Court, and one I had seen  
chairman of the Young Men's Chris-  
tian Association. The party found  
seats near together, and after the  
salutation was over, they began to  
look about for means to while away  
their time. After awhile some one  
proposed a game of cards. No  
sooner said than done. Two seats  
were turned apart as to face each  
other, a cushion improvised to serve  
as a table, and three of the lawyers,  
including the chairman of the Y.  
M. C. A., and a Chicago runner on  
good terms with them, were soon  
deep in the mysteries of a game of  
euchre.

I was surprised to see the Chris-  
tian gentlemen—judges of the law  
and equity, leaders of society, mak-  
ers of public sentiment, lawgivers  
of a great State, directors of public  
morals, supposed to be public ex-  
emplars of all that is good, and  
guides to the young—thus setting  
publicly their seal of approval to  
a most evil and dangerous practice.  
To be sure, they played for stakes  
no higher than the cigars for the  
party; but it seems to me that in  
the eyes of all discreet persons this  
does not change the act or lessen  
the danger of its example, but rather  
heightens it, as from the less to the  
greater is the invariable course of  
crime. I did not intend to moralize  
on paper; I was about to say that  
while I was filled with such thoughts  
as these, one of the party grew tired  
of the game, and our remaining  
judge was invited to take his place.  
I saw the blood mount to his manly  
face in an honest blush of disappoi-  
ntment, and he hesitated and drew  
back. But the game had become inter-  
esting, and his excited companions  
urged him on:

"Come, Judge take a hand; we  
can't go on without it."

The Judge rose slowly from his  
seat, inwardly condemning the act,  
as I evidently saw, and stepping  
forward, took a seat among the  
players, and the game went on.

I had noticed an old lady in a seat  
to the rear of the players, who had  
got on board at Menasha, I believe.  
Gray, and bent with age, she sat  
abashed, and with eyes closed,  
seeming asleep most of the time,  
until the train stopped at Oshkosh,  
and took on board the company of  
lawyers. She then underwent a  
change, and became greatly inter-  
ested in the company, looking from  
one to another, as if she recognized  
them all, or was trying to recall  
their faces. When the game of  
cards was started, she became rest-  
less, would hitch about uneasily in  
her seat, and take up the hem of  
her faded apron and nervously bite  
the threads. Once or twice I thought  
she wiped her eyes under her  
"shaker bonnet," but could not tell.  
She acted so strangely that I became  
more interested in her than in the  
players, and I watched her closely.

She got up after a time and tot-  
tered forward, holding on the seats  
as she passed. She brushed against  
Judge—in passing, but he had  
become interested in the game, and  
did not notice her. Reaching the  
water tank at last, she drank a cup  
of water and took a seat near the  
door with her back to the players.  
But she did not remain there. Ris-  
ing with difficulty, she tottered  
back to her former seat, but reaching  
the players, she paused directly in  
front of them, and excitedly threw  
back her long bonnet and looked  
around at the company. Her actions  
at once arrested their attention, and  
pausing in their play, they all look-  
ed up inquiringly. Gazing directly  
in the face of Judge—she said in  
a tremulous voice—

"Do you know me, Judge—?"

"No, mother, I don't remember  
you," said the Judge, pleasantly;  
"where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she,  
and I was with my poor boy three  
days, off and on, in the court room  
in Oshkosh, when he was tried for  
—for—robbing somebody, and  
you are the same man that sent  
him to prison for ten years; and he  
died there last June."

All faces were now sobered, and  
passengers began to gather around  
and stand over them to listen and  
see what was going on. She did  
not give the judge time to answer  
her, but becoming more excited,  
she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did  
send him to jail. He helped us  
clear the farm, and when father  
was taken sick and died, he did all

the work, and was getting along  
right smart till he took to town and  
—to playing cards and drinking;  
and then somebody—didn't like to  
work a cent; but I used to stay  
out all morning, and then he'd  
sleep so late; and I couldn't wake  
him when I knocked, he'd been  
out so late the night before. And  
then the farm run down, and then  
we lost the team. One of the horses  
got killed when he'd been to town  
one awful cold night. He stayed  
late, and I suppose they got cold  
standin' out, and got scared and  
broke loose and run most home-  
less, and a stake run into one of them,  
and when we found him next morn-  
ing he was dead and the other was  
standing under the shed. And so  
after awhile he coaxed me to sell  
the farm and buy a house and lot in  
the village, and he'd work at car-  
penter work. And so I did, as we  
couldn't do nothing on the farm.

"But he grew worse than ever,  
and after a while couldn't get any  
work, and would not do anything  
but gamble and drink all the time.  
I used to do everything I could to  
get him to quit and be a good indus-  
trious boy again, but he used to  
get mad after awhile, and once he  
struck me; and then in the morn-  
ing I found he had taken what lit-  
tle money there was left of the  
farm and had run off. After that I  
got along as well as I could, clean-  
in' house for folks, and washin', but  
I didn't hear nothing of him for four  
or five years; but when he got ar-  
rested and was taken up to Oshkosh  
for trial, he wrote to me."

By this time there was not a dry  
eye in the car, and the cards had  
disappeared. The old lady herself  
was weeping silently and speaking  
in snatches. But recovering herself  
she continued:

"But what could I do? I sold  
the house and lot to get money to  
hire a lawyer; and I believe he is  
here somewhere (looking around).  
Oh, yes, there he is, Mr.— (point-  
ing to Lawyer—, who had not  
taken part in the play.) And this  
is the man, I am sure, who argued  
against him (pointing to Mr.—,  
the district attorney.) And you,  
Judge—, sent him to prison; for  
the poor boy told me that he really  
did rob the bank. But he must  
have been drunk, for they had all  
been playing cards most all night,  
and drinking. But oh dear! it  
seems to me as though if he hadn't  
got to playing cards he might have  
been alive yet. But when I used to  
tell him it was wrong, and bad to  
play, he used to say, 'Why, mother,  
everybody plays now. I never bet  
only for candy or cigars, or some-  
thing like that.' And when we  
heard that the young folks played  
cards down at Mr. Calvers' donation  
party, and that Squire Ring was  
going to get a billiard table for his  
young folks to play at home, I  
couldn't do anything at all with him.  
We used to think it was awful to  
do that way when I was young; but  
it just seems to me as if everybody  
nowadays was going wrong in some-  
thing or other. But may be it isn't  
right for me to talk to you, Judge,  
in this way; but it seems to me as  
if the sight of them cards would  
kill me, Judge. I thought if you  
only knew how bad I felt you wouldn't  
play on so; and then to think,  
right before all these young folks!

May be, Judge, you don't know  
how young folks look up to such as  
you; and then I can't help thinking  
that may be if them that ought to  
know better than to do so, and them  
that are higher learnt, and all that,  
wouldn't set such examples, my  
poor Tom would be alive and caring  
for his poor old mother. But now  
there ain't any of our family left  
but me and my poor grandchild, my  
dead daughter's little girl; and we  
are going to stop with my brother  
in Illinois."

Tongue of man nor angel never  
preached a more eloquent sermon  
than that gray, withered old lady,  
trembling with old age and excite-  
ment, and fear that she was doing  
wrong. I cannot recall half she  
said, as she a poor, lone, be-  
gared widow, stood before those noble-  
looking men, and pleaded the cause of  
the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured  
forth her sorrowful tale was in-  
describable. To say that they look-  
ed like criminals at the bar would  
be a faint description. I can imagine  
how they felt. The old lady tot-  
tered to her seat, and taking her lit-  
tle grandchild in her lap, hid her face  
on her neck. The little one stroked  
her gray hair with one hand, and  
said, "Don't cry, gran'ma; don't  
cry gran'ma." Eyes unused to  
weeping were red for many a mile  
on that journey. And I can hardly  
believe that one who witnessed that  
scene ever touched a card again. It  
is just to say that when the passen-  
gers came to themselves, they gen-  
erously responded to the Judge,  
who had in hand, silently passed  
through the little audience.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

FEBRUARY 27

JESUS HEALING THE SICK

v. 12-26.

I.—The Sick Man and

We are indebted to  
some of the details which  
narrative more graphic.  
was suffering from palsy  
alysis—an affection which  
der him entirely help-  
borne of four (Mark ii. 3)  
which he lay would prob-  
some kind of mat, which  
would hold by the four c-  
house was too crowded for  
in at the door, and they  
roof, and removing a port-  
down their burden into t-  
the room where Jesus was  
stages of the mass of the  
especially in the village-  
are quite different, and a  
shamble, low-roofed, one-  
dences, opening directly  
intervening porch or lift  
street or pathway. With  
ity, and if need be, with  
appliance, far less elabor-  
application of a ladder, the  
no difficulty at all in get-  
flat roof of a fisherman  
The roof would probably  
flat stones covered with ca-  
rolled, and thus easily re-  
The conduct of these re-  
strong faith in the mir-  
er of Jesus Christ." And  
part of the sick man him-  
his hearers. Formerly  
they had witnessed had not  
away on them. They be-  
power to heal. 2. The  
faith which was not to be  
its purpose by hindrance  
"Many would have be-  
aged and deterred from do-  
under the circumstances;  
at any rate have waited for  
orable opportunity. Not a  
this was the very oppor-  
them. He was in the house  
determined that they would  
bold stroke which would e-  
tion to the object of their  
What a lesson for us. In  
faith, as well as in others,  
time like the present. We  
present difficulties by delay-  
only find ourselves face to  
thers that will prove su-  
rely it is worth making a  
et to Jesus. Let us reme-  
ath that makes no effort  
while the faith that re-  
sented by difficulties is a  
eed. 3. They showed a  
to the character of Jesu-  
did not fear to be rebuk-  
ed for their presump-  
new if they could only get  
him they were certain of  
help. 4. The cond-  
arers indicates trust fr-  
the sick man." Is it not w-  
itation, and a rebuke to  
ness about our friend  
any are there whom we  
Jesus if we were in carn-

II.—The Response

Men, thy sins are forg-  
his must have been a gre-  
all who were there—as g-  
covering of the roof. To  
ought to be healed of a  
ise, but the great Teach-  
in a spiritual blessing.  
1. "The forgiveness in-  
attitude and faith in the  
T." The faith of other  
acceptable to him. 2.  
ers may help to remove  
only our own faith can  
save."  
3. "It implies that he w-  
sensibly to himself." I  
y would have been a  
rds. "They must have e-  
thance to an anxious you-  
they would not have be-  
his justification of a  
rd spoken to him, a  
and his own reas-  
sibly giving the incident  
determined that he w-  
claims as the Messiah.

III.—The Comments of the

Pharisees.  
They were natural—and y-  
cular, they were right—  
one of sins is a divine pro-  
mote which is blasphemy  
the hasty. They might  
they should not have be-  
concerned One who had a  
so pure and good, a  
an evidence of possess-  
power.

IV.—Jesus' Justifica-

There should have been  
out of more than knowl-  
reception of their inward  
is one of the things  
so conspicuously in the  
His intuitive perception  
sights and feelings of th-  
It was something fa-  
human sagacity and a  
penetrating mind. I  
accurate and thorough  
every of it must have  
of conviction for the m-  
these Scribes and Phar-



THE WESLEYAN.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1881.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

While storms of unusual severity have been sweeping over many parts of Europe and America, the people of Newfoundland, so often supposed to dwell amidst almost perpetual ice and snow, have been enjoying a winter of rare warmth. A correspondent writes from Trinity Bay that the season reminds him "very much of an English winter;" another, resident at Fortune Bay, informs us that about the 17th ult. the people were "fencing and clearing ground almost as easily as is usual in April and May;" and exchanges contain notices of gifts of "wild grasses and plants as green and as perfect in vitality and coloring as any that might be gathered in the month of June." Up to the 19th of January, when a hard frost set in, followed by an old-fashioned snow-storm, there had been in the neighborhood of St. John's neither ice nor snow in sufficient quantities for ordinary winter travel, and cattle had been finding such abundance of feed in the more sheltered pastures that holders of hay are likely to meet with a serious disappointment as to prices.

For items of religious and secular interest we refer our readers to the proper columns. We observe with pleasure that the Methodist ministers of the Island, in common with their brethren in the two other Eastern Conferences, are actively engaged in Temperance work, in which, in the laity, they find willing and effective assistance. Our special attention is directed to a circular on the subject of a "Fishermen's and Seamen's Home," over the well-known signature of Hon. J. J. Rogerson, associated with James Murray, Esq., as a Provisional Committee. From this circular, prepared for transmission to the "parent mercantile Newfoundland houses in Britain, and to the foreign friends of the Island generally," it appears that ten thousand foreign seamen and at least double that number of outport fishermen, annually visit the port of St. John's in connection with their respective callings, and that for these there is no adequate accommodation—the sailors having only a small number of boarding houses, in nearly all of which liquor is sold, while the fishermen are almost wholly confined to the small fishing craft in which they reach the harbor. It is estimated that "Home" in St. John's, conducted on Temperance principles and in the sole interest of these classes, affording them at once physical comfort and moral safety, would cost about £7,500 stg. Two-thirds of this amount the friends of the scheme propose to raise in Newfoundland; for the balance they make a forcible appeal, addressed principally to that large class who have made wealth in Newfoundland which they are spending elsewhere. Men of this class will find it difficult, unless hardened in the race for riches, to resist the truthful and eloquent appeal conveyed in the closing words of the circular:

It is a matter of general knowledge and of general congratulation that large profits have been realized in the trade of Newfoundland in past years, the benefits of which many of its friends and their successors are now enjoying in other countries. The old storm-swept Island has been enriched with very few memories of those who once called it their "Home" and who participated in all its fluctuating fortunes. Generations of its early sons of toil have passed away who never trod the weathered lands of "their fathers," or the ancestral homes of dear old Britain. The monotonous lives of these native Fishermen are cheered by none of those realized results of wealth that in the homes of older countries are the heritage of the humblest classes. Life to them is little more than bare existence, and a hard and precarious existence at that—with little to vary it by the way, and often still less to soothe and cheer its declining days. Yet from its laborer's golden harvests have been reaped, and by its privations the comforts of many have been multiplied. We feel sure that a kind consideration of these facts and reflections will induce you to give a liberal donation for the object named.

An exchange gives this wise counsel: Brethren and sisters, let us be careful of our jesting; thousands have been ruined by the practice. A writer says, "It is hard to jest and not sometimes jeer, too, which oftentimes sinks deeper than we intended or expected." A number of young men were once nearly driven into infidelity by the continual jesting of a brother whose standing in the church was considered good. Instead of being instrumental in bringing people into the church, he was the means of sinking them still further down into ruin. Such men will do the church more harm in the estimation of the world than it is possible for the good conduct of many others to overcome.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

For some time the death of Thomas Carlyle had been expected. Not long since he said to an American visitor, in his broad Scotch accent, somewhat pettishly, if not peevishly, as the visitor thought: "I am not ill—I never was ill; I am only going—going—going." And now the wires flash to us, through the deep, dark waters, the inevitable sequel—"Gone."

Carlyle's birth-place, and burial-place as well, is a peaceful hamlet in Dumfriesshire. In the case of few, comparatively, is re-union with the dust of "mother earth" so long delayed; very rarely is one permitted to go forth and win such distinction as to render the place of his rest so worthy of note. From the day when, to use his own words, Carlyle seemed to hear a voice say: "Arise, and settle the problem of thy life," and he turned from the teacher's desk, where Edward Irving sat beside him, and from the steps of the pulpit which his father wished him to ascend, and resolved to become a "litterateur," his success was assured, though for some time apparently delayed. A man with a soul "on fire" must shine, whether he dedicate himself to Heaven's highest service, or choose the always lower heights of earth's highest places.

In the case of Thomas Carlyle, as in that of "George Eliot," the study of German literature proved a powerful aid to the development of talents which under no circumstances could have lain dormant. That "saturation" of himself with the influence of Goethe's greatest work, made his translation of it a masterpiece, but it did more. It probably changed the current of his thought, and when, a few years later, the giant within him seemed to have waked up, it gave to his writings in lieu of his former more gentle style, a German roughness, and that contortion of utterance which many an ambitious youth has sought to copy, to his own complete discomfort. The single argument to be adduced in favor of that style, which has now no careful copyists, is that it was part and parcel of the man himself, that it alone seemed suited to his peculiarities of thought and temperament. Otherwise, his tens of thousands of readers must have become wearied with his repeated catchwords and interwisted paragraphs. In his chosen field of toil he was an unwearied worker. His volumes were not "tossed off." They came in slow succession, presenting a complete mastery over details and exhibiting a deep philosophical acumen, thus securing for him a popularity which continued to increase from the time the public became acquainted with his "Sartor Resartus" until the last volume of his "Life of Frederick the Great" placed him in the front rank of historians.

Carlyle, however, cannot be treated merely as a "litterateur." He was an original, earnest and honest thinker. Hence his powerful influence for so long a time over his countrymen. To him literature was no mere art, words were not mere ornaments with which to hide paucity of thought, or to be used with mere regard to effect. As has been aptly remarked, his pen was "what the sword was to the Norse, whose courage and simplicity he shared—the weapon by which he cut his way to influence and authority." Through all his writings there ran a thread of purpose, and however wild his words, he ever had a more or less definite aim. To establish the nobility of labor, to run shams to the earth, to make men feel that injustice and wrong can never finally prosper, was no low purpose to keep in view. Granting that he did sometimes carry hero-worship to an extreme, that he was disposed at times to make earnestness cover a multitude of sins, that he grew impatient with others for failure, and over-cultivated a propensity to speak strongly, those who have watched the effect of his writings will, we believe, admit that, though by no means wholly free from misleading influences, they yet accomplished much of the work he aimed to perform.

Of his own inner life little has yet been revealed. How he looked forward during those years when he so mourned the departure of a wife who cheered him in "all of worthy" that he "did or attempted for forty years," has not been told. What prospect lay before him as he felt himself to be "going—going—going," none has told us. Probably none will. The influence of German literature is not always conducive to the higher interests of its students; in fact, to many it has proved disastrous. Let us hope that any wandering was followed by return. His address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University was calculated to repress doubt on this point. Throughout his brilliant career a reverence for the Most High and an regard for human virtue were visible.

May not that wish which led him to avoid the probable honor of a burial in Westminster Abbey, and caused him even to pass by that grave at Haddington, in order to be placed beside his kindred in the family burying-place at Ecclefechan, imply that in life's later years he found himself more and more in sympathy with the simple and earnest type of evangelical religion to be found in the homes of many of the Scottish farmers?

OUR INDIAN MISSIONARIES.

Rev. H. B. Steinhaur returned from Yarmouth, on the 9th inst., and on the following day left Halifax for Kingston, Ont., to fulfil an engagement there for last Sabbath. A Yarmouth minister reports "a good visit from Bro. Steinhaur, crowded meetings, and a good missionary feeling." Previous to his departure, Mr. Steinhaur asked for the insertion of the following note:—

Before leaving your city I think it is but right I should have a little paper talk with you, and through you, with the other friends, who with so much cordiality received and welcomed a total stranger who was thrown among them.

I cannot find words in which to express the grateful feelings I entertain towards those Christian friends of Halifax who, with the brethren of the ministry, manifested so much interest and received me in their happy homes so very kindly, and sympathized with my feeble efforts to tell them what has been accomplished by the labors of the missionaries, sent out by the Methodist Church of Canada into that part of the country known as the North West Territories. More than other instances of your kindness, do I feel most grateful in that you have shown your readiness to help in the good cause of Missions, for I carry away with me a sufficient proof of your readiness to aid your missionaries to carry out the work assigned them in that far off land. You have of your abundance supplied me means, by which a house shall be built up and furnished in which the people of that mission settlement at White Fish Lake shall worship God with comfort.

Dear Brother: Verbal thanks are but poor returns, but as I return towards the Rocky Mountains, and every day as I turn towards the East, I shall ever thank and offer up a humble prayer for you, that as the rays of the sun light and shine upon you and your country so may the everlasting light of God's countenance shine upon you always. No doubt, by God's blessing upon faithful labor put forth by true good evangelists sent into that, now called, "The Great Lone Land," the monotonous loneliness, now broken by the howling of the wolf, shall yet be broken by the songs of praise to the Great Spirit, uttered by the thousands who shall be redeemed from the darkness of heathenism to the liberty of the children of God—and the invisible ministering spirits as they walk upon our earth shall yet stop and listen by the lonely wig-wag of the native? And why? For they shall be vocal with the praises of "God with us." Already have the men whom the Methodist Church has sent to that great country hung upon the portals of its greatness a name; but not unto us, not unto us, but His name, whom we call Master and Lord, be all the praise and glory for we only are your servants for His sake." And now farewell, may the presence and blessing of our gracious God be your everlasting portion.

Some of our readers may not have learned that a part of the Scriptures in the Cree language published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, was translated by Mr. Steinhaur. To him was committed the translation of the Old Testament from the commencement of the Book of Psalms, and that of the New Testament from the Epistle to the Romans. Two of his sons are at present students at Victoria University, preparing to follow in their father's steps, as Gospel messengers to their countrymen. Those who have heard the modest missionary's relation of the results of the tools of himself and other missionaries in the great North West will follow him with prayer for yet more abundant results.

While anticipating the future labor of one of our native Indian workers, we are called upon to note the cessation from earthly effort of another, whose labors in the translation of the Scriptures into Iroquois will long outlive him. On our first page will be found an estimate of the worth and work of Chief Joseph (Sose Onasakenrat) who died recently at Caughnawaga, where he had been serving under the direction of our Church. He was one of the few Indians of untainted blood in the Province of Quebec. His funeral at Montreal was attended by large numbers representing all sections of Protestantism. In May, his body will be removed from the vaults to the plot reserved for Methodist ministers and their families in the cemetery. We observe that a subscription has already been proposed for the benefit of his widow and her three children. Some additional facts having relation to a useful life, thus early terminated, are taken from the Montreal Witness:

He was born in 1845, about five miles from Oka village. His superior natural intelligence, which was improved by some little travel and association with

the English, caused him to be noticed by Father Cuog, a priest who took a real interest in Indian matters, and at the age of fourteen sent him to the Montreal College. Here the greatest care was taken of him, as he was to be the leader of the Indians, one who would be a tool in the hands of his advisers. But he did not forget that he was an Indian and an Iroquois. From Montreal he was sent to Oka again, where for some years he remained as secretary to the Sulpicians there. The Indians, in their travels in Ontario and the United States, had been given copies of the New Testament in Mohawk, which they understood. In his visits among them at Oka, Father Cuog was shown these books, declared them to be bad ones, confiscated them and threw them into a box in the room in which the young secretary worked. The latter read them, found them to be good and redistributed them among his people. His intelligence and manifest interest in the tribe caused him to be looked upon as a coming chief. The time came when one was to be elected. The feelings of the Indians were in favor of Joseph. The Sulpicians objected. Joseph was asked if he would serve if elected, but could not consent, as in his position he would be under the immediate control of the Seminary. The gentlemen of the Seminary urged upon him that if he were appointed he must never assist the Indians in obtaining the rights they claimed and never under any circumstances address the Government, although when at College it had been openly admitted to him by his teachers that the Seminary had no right to the lands but as guardians and tutors to the Indians. In 1868 he was elected one of the chiefs, and immediately set about the work for which he was appointed, the obtaining of the rights claimed by the Indians. The result of this conflict is well known—how in prison for the monstrous crime of asserting the rights of his people he translated the New Testament; how at liberty he guided his people wisely and well until now the Indians at Oka are acknowledged to have rights which not only the Government but the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice are bound to respect. His loss will be greatly felt and his early death deplored by those who best were acquainted with his worth and work.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

The grandfather of the Rev. J. C. Ryle, the Episcopal bishop of Liverpool, was a warm friend of Wesley and the early Methodists. A tablet to his memory in one of the Methodist churches of Macclesfield preserves the memory of a gift of £1000 made by him toward the cost of that church. By permission of the trustees, the bishop has lately had the tablet cleansed and renovated, and has added words of respect for the memory of his grandfather, and his grandfather's friend, John Wesley. On the occasion of a recent visit to the church, Bishop Ryle was presented with an address by Rev. John S. Jones, the Chairman of the Macclesfield District. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Jones said:

It is not necessary for me to speak to you of Methodism, and the relations in which it stands to the Church of England, of which you are now one of the chief dignitaries. Those relations, you know are not those of hostility, but of friendship. If we are a separate community it is not because we entertain any feelings that are unkindly towards the Church of England, but because we think we can do the work assigned to us in the providence of God better in our distinctive character than if we were incorporated in the National Establishment. There was a time when the Methodists were a society within the Church of England, and, if they have ceased to be so, it is due not to any premeditated intention on the part of our founder, or of the early Methodists, that a separation should take place, but rather to the action of the Church of England itself, which obliged our forefathers to take a position outside its communion. This is a fact known to your lordship, as well as myself. Still I believe we are coadjutors with the Church of England in the great work of evangelizing the nation.

In reference to these statements, the Bishop, after having given expression to his regret that the dignitaries of the Establishment at an earlier day should have given the "cold shoulder" to Wesley and his fellow-laborers, and having affirmed his belief that such treatment would have been reversed under present influences, added:

However, God brings good out of what appears to be evil, and out of past differences no doubt the glory of God will be evolved in the long run, by the increase of preaching and the promotion and establishment of the work of evangelizing the world. I hope in view of the same great end—to promote the glory of God, to preach the full Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to do what we can each in our own way for the conversion of souls and the extension of pure, good, true and loving Christianity; and, though we walk in different lines, I hope and trust we are all tending to the same home, and in the day when Ephraim shall no longer vex Judah, nor Judah Ephraim, when Christians shall be known no longer by different names, we shall all sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God, there to meet with John Wesley, my venerated grandfather, and many others who have walked in the same way, and meet on that blessed day with many honoured saints who will be found there to part no more. May God grant that

in these days of infidelity, of increasing indifference, of trifling with the truths of Christianity, and of the fearful growth of Romanism, that each in his own way, I in the Church of England, you in the Wesleyan community, may be found faithful to the Saviour, all holding the same common faith, boldly, decidedly, courageously, and without flinching, working together on behalf of the same common truth, and against the same common vice and the same common errors, and as you work in your way, I in my way, each believing, it may be, his own way the better way, I hope at last that we shall all be found sitting down together in one fold, under one Shepherd, when all the Dissenting flocks, and Wesleyan flocks, and Church of England and all, are brought together in one grand company, none missing, none wanting of the sainted dead, and those found alive when Christ's kingdom comes—all joining as one blessed company in one blessed home. You and I have met together to-day in this curious and remarkable manner, never perhaps to meet again on earth. May God grant that those who love and respect his name may meet together on that day to part no more! I again thank you for your kindness in allowing this tablet to be renovated, and for the kind expressions you have been pleased to make use of towards myself.

THE TEMPERANCE OUTLOOK.

Several counties are moving to secure the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act. In Sunbury County, N. B., the vote was to be taken yesterday. In Hants Co., N.S., a similar vote will be taken to-morrow. On the 17th of March the question is to be tested in Shelburne County, N.S., and on the 13th of April in Hamilton, Ont. The date for a vote in Annapolis County has not yet been fixed. From Colchester County, petitions bearing a much larger number of names than is required by law, have been forwarded to Ottawa.

We are somewhat perplexed respecting the new regulation recently published in the Canada Gazette, respecting the Scott Act. It may have been rendered necessary by a careless collection of names; possibly it may have sprung from a disposition to tease where it was not easy to kill. One thing is certain, that the enforcing of the Act must prove more difficult than the securing its passage. Two or three counties in New Brunswick are striving in a worthy way to render the Act operative. Several cases are at present under consideration in Fredericton. Woodstock has made the law a terror to evil-doers. Earnest efforts, too, we believe, have been put forth at St. Stephen. In Westmoreland County, the readiness to sustain the Act, by financial effort, promises successful results. The Moncton Town Council has voted \$350 for the purpose, and at a meeting held last week in the Methodist Church in Sackville, a sum of nearly \$300 was subscribed to meet any expenses the committee might be obliged to incur. All this effort and a hundred fold more will be demanded of the opponents of this overwhelming master evil, whose banishment from our world would go far towards making it an outer chamber of paradise.

Since writing the above, we have learned that Mr. Boulbee's amendment to the Canada Temperance Act has been defeated by the adoption of Mr. Ogden's resolution for a six-months hoist, by a vote of 85 to 54. The discussion continued from five o'clock till after midnight. Mr. Boulbee's bill, the principle of which is that a full majority of all registered electors, instead of a majority of electors voting, shall be necessary to bring the act into force, was endorsed by Messrs. Plumb, Bannerman, Thos. White and Anglin, and opposed by Messrs. G. W. Ross, Longley, Mills, Blake, Tilley and Huntington. The feeling was bitter, and strong speeches were made. According to the telegram, parties were badly mixed up. This is as it should be. All party lines should be ignored in action on this most important subject. The Dominion is to be congratulated on the issue of this effort.

THE COLLEGE QUESTION.

The Nova Scotia Legislature is summoned to meet for the dispatch of business on the 3d of March. Among the more important questions for discussion will be that of College Grants. On Saturday last, petitions for the continuance of the grant to Mount Allison, signed by all the members of the Special Committee of the Nova Scotia Conference, were placed in the hands of the Government. Continued aid is asked solely on the ground of the part taken by Mount Allison in the general work of higher education in this Province.

We observe that our esteemed contemporary, the Christian Messenger, has at length stepped to the front of the platform. Thence it says:

We have no hesitation in putting forth the claims of Acadia College to a participation in the grants for Higher

Education in Nova Scotia. Having held the matter so fully discussed and settled in past years, that the only policy for this province of public provision for Higher Education is that of aid to denominational Colleges, of which Dalhousie is one—and the one that is most intensely ecclesiastical than any—hitherto has existed on grants in aid, with the Castine Fund and loans from the Legislature, we are not anxious to spend time and space in proving what is already admitted and established. What the Government may purpose submitting to the Legislature in the coming session, we know not. We think, however, they have more wisdom than to suppose that any measure which contemplates giving a preference to Dalhousie will be acceptable to the people. They must know that it would awaken strong remonstrance, and stir up a determined hostility. They will hardly venture on such a course of proceeding in dealing with this matter. Any measure withholding of grants, too, will be a fresh to the enquiry, Why Dalhousie should retain the Castine Fund, and why they should still hold the loan of \$25,000, we believe it is, that they have no interest?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The general use of "beer," it is frequently said, would prove a preventive of intemperance. The man who advances such a statement can have paid but little attention to the various phases of this gigantic evil. With a fair opportunity for watching the effects of "beer" among the military, we have reached the conclusion that if a man must get drunk at all, he should get himself of the aid of the whiskey-fancier. In that case he may have occasional intervals of clear-headedness, such as denied the habitual beer-drinker. One day, at the door of a tent, an artilleryman remarked: "It's no use to talk a man about religion when his head is muddled with beer." The poor fellow spoke the truth—from experience, as we believed him. Were it our lot to go forth as a city missionary, we should regard the "beer-muddled" man as among the least hopeful cases on our list. One of the saddest human wrecks ever looked upon, it was said: "I used nothing but beer." We do not vouch for the truth of the remark, but see no difficulty in believing it to be true. The Washingtonian aptly says that these statements respecting the harmlessness of "beer" are doing more injury than "all that the whiskey-dealers could say from now to the day of judgment."

The Church Guardian failed to mention two or three things last week. It forgot to tell its readers why a certain letter did not appear in the WESLEYAN, and to inform them that our marks, as quoted, were only applied to a section of the Episcopal Church and not to the whole body. There are in the membership of that Church a few "of whom the world is not worthy," who in defence of the truth would "count not their own lives dear unto them." Of these we cannot speak too highly; while of that class who eats the bread of the Episcopal Church and on every possible occasion attempts to be that Church, meanwhile leading men astray from the truth for which martyrs died, it is sometimes difficult to speak with respect.

M. Theakston, City Missionary, sires to tender his hearty thanks to following friends who have sent articles of clothing and in other ways rendered assistance to him and the teachers of the Sabbath-school in the mission work—Mrs. S. N. Binney, Miss Black (Dunve), Messrs. F. Oxley, Edward L. G. H. Starr, J. Hart, H. Theakston, Saunders, and Mrs. Walter G. Ray. Contributions of cast-off clothing and material of any kind will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged. Major Theakston, 111 Agricola St., or Bliss, Granville St., John Smart, or St., or at Y. M. C. A. Rooms, Park Street.

Dr. Sutherland, the General Missionary Secretary, will be most happy to forward copies of The Missionary to any persons desirous of seeing it before subscribing. He may be addressed at the "Mission Rooms, Toronto."

Notices of renewals, with accompanying remittances, are earnestly requested. In the meantime, let the call for new subscribers go on. The better.

The number of communications and memorial notices lately forwarded to the office for the exercise of patience in our quarters.

Communications can only be published when accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

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PROSPERITY.

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PERSONAL.

Mr. H. F. Houston, a venerable local preacher at Liverpool, has been very ill, but is now, we are glad to say, gradually recovering.

The London Methodist announces the death of Mr. J. W. Punahon, son of Rev. Dr. Punahon. "Never," it says, "has sympathy been more heartily or generally evoked." We can assure the bereaved father of the sympathy of the Methodists of the Maritime Provinces. To the prayer of the Methodist: "May the Great Father be his comforter," they respond, "Amen."

The funeral of the late Thomas Logan, Esq., of Fredericton, took place on Saturday last. The members of the Young Men's Christian Association of which he was President, with a large number of other citizens, attended the body to the grave. Great sympathy and respect were shown by the whole community. Services at his late residence, and also at the grave, were conducted by Rev. E. Evans.

Some of the valuable members whom Irish Methodism has given us may remember the Rev. Robert Huston, a venerable Irish minister whose decease is now announced. He entered the work in 1820, and after a long ministry marked by extensive revivals, retired in 1871. Mr. Huston was also the author of several interesting volumes. During the closing years of his life in Dublin he preached and laboured as his strength permitted, and was made especially useful in work amongst soldiers and sailors, in whose welfare he took a deep interest.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *School Examiner and Monthly Review*, for January, published by W. J. Galt & Co., Toronto, is the first number of a new magazine, designed more particularly for teachers, to whom it will no doubt prove an assistance.

The February number of the *Preacher and Household Monthly*—I. K. Funk & Co., New York—is a good number of that valuable periodical. A glance at its list of subjects, and the names of the men by whom they are treated, will readily show its value.

*Harp's Monthly Magazine* needs no words of commendation. Its success has long been assured. Yet its publishers constantly aim to make it more and more worthy of public regard. The March number which reaches us at an unusually early date well maintains the standard.

The *Sunday School Banner* for February will prove an important help to our teachers. We are pleased to know that this valuable periodical is finding an extensive circulation in all parts of our General Conference territory. The edition for January, though much larger than usual, was exhausted early in the first week of that month. Teachers can be supplied through our Book Room in Halifax.

PROSPERITY IN ENGLAND.

The London Methodist says: There are evidences that the revival of trade has advanced. Dividends are increasing. The returns of railways, banks and commercial companies generally are more favorable than they were six months ago. Progress is slow, but we trust sure. Business men are to be congratulated. They have passed through years of fruitless toil. They have lost large sums of money. But the tide has turned, and they are now beginning to anticipate years of prosperity. The results of business during the last six months will give confidence, and with the return of confidence business will increase. The producer will produce; the distributor will add to his stock, and the consumer will buy. Thousands of traders are no doubt hampered by habits which they have been forced to contract during the depression which has prevailed. It will take years of work to bring them up to the position which they reached years ago. The beginning of a period of prosperity is generally a time of opportunity. Labour is comparatively cheap and prices quietly and gradually rise, and thus profits are made. No one ought to begrudge the tradesman his opportunity. Ere long he will be called upon to share his profits with his work people. Already there are indications of restlessness among the working classes. They are entitled, of course, to liberal wages. We trust, however, they will be reasonable in their demands. The determination to have high wages is sure to send up prices, and thus but little is gained in the end.

THAT CURSE.

A few days ago, in New York, a man complained of his wife as a common drunkard. On coming into court the man testified, with weeping eyes, that when they were married, and for years afterwards, his wife was as provident and tender and loving as any man need to have; but that she had lately given herself up to drinking, and had destroyed his business, his home, his peace. She had sold everything of her own and his that she could lay hold of for whiskey; and, while in drink, she was a perfect fury, abusing him and their child as only a drunken maniac could. After hearing this testimony, the magistrate asked the woman if she would promise to drink no more and go home and be a peaceable wife and mother. Her answer was made with streaming eyes: "No! I shall drink till I die! I cannot help it!" It was a sorrowful sight—the husband holding the wife in his arms, both of them weeping and sobbing as if their hearts would break, and yet with no hopeful outlook for the future. Who can measure the terribleness of a raging appetite for drink—*Zion's Herald*.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN THE ENGLISH CHURCHES.

Throughout the different ecclesiastical bodies the temperance question is gradually winning its way. In the Church of England there are 7,000 clergymen abstinents, and their association is working with great activity and with gratifying success. In Scotland, though some of the resolutions passed in the Presbyteries may not be so sharply defined as physiological discoveries and experience warrant, yet their higher inclination indicates the influence of scientific facts. Though the motion may be somewhat tardy and tremulous, it is in the direction of total abstinence. The United Presbyterian Synod has followed the good example set by the General Assembly of the Free Church, and recommended the formation of Bands of Hope in connection with their congregations. The Temperance Committee of the Established Church have formed a temperance register for their congregations, which will include the names of ministers, elders, and members who are abstinents. In the Congregational Abstinence Association for England and Wales, sixty per cent. of the students are abstinents, and there are 703 avowed abstinents out of 2,032 Congregational ministers in England. The Baptist Abstinence Association of England consists of 540 ministers, 288 office-bearers and 210 students, being an increase of 72 over the last year. A Total Abstinence Association was formed in October in the Baptist Union of Scotland, to which thirty persons, including ministers, deacons, and church members, gave their adhesion. In the several branches of Methodists the temperance question attracts increased attention. At the West York Conference it was stated that 1,851 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 175,000, are in connection with their denomination. The League of the Cross, an association in connection with the Roman Catholic body, numbers in London thirty-one branches, comprising 35,000 active members.—*League Journal, Jan. 6.*

FRONTIER LIFE.

There was a serious disturbance of the peace, with loss of life, on Christmas eve, at Socorro, New Mexico. The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian united for a festival in the house of the former. There were present some rude fellows who behaved disorderly, and they were, not inconsiderably, corrected by one of the ushers, Mr. A. M. Conklin, one of the most esteemed citizens of Socorro, who was editor of the *Socorro Sun* and was an elder in the Presbyterian church. On the way home three of them, aged from twenty to twenty-six, waiting for him snatched him from the arms of his wife, and shot him through the heart. All the worse for us, these fellows are Protestants. The sheriff was slow to serve a warrant, until about 200 Americans joined as a volunteer posse, but by that time two of them had escaped to Texas. The third was taken, but attempting to kill his captors, was killed himself on the spot. One of our missionaries there, a strong friend of law and order, has been threatened as the next victim, and then they declare that all the Protestant ministers shall follow. The throat-cutters are under heavy bonds to keep the peace. Our missionary referred to is Rev. Mathias Michelson, member of the West Wisconsin Conference.—*Id.*

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN THOMAS.

The London Methodist Recorder of the 4th inst. says: We regret to announce the death, on Saturday last, of the venerable John Thomas, the pioneer missionary of the native work in the South Seas. Rev. Walter Lavery was the first missionary appointed to the Friendly Isles, but his was a visit of exploration, and he made no attempt to communicate religious instruction to the natives by direct address. Mr. Thomas was the first sent out from this country to the Pacific, and he took himself to the acquisition of what could hardly be called a language, inasmuch as it had never been reduced to system, but what was the understood medium of communication with the natives, and he soon had the unenviable privilege of telling the rude islanders in their own tongue of the wonderful works of God. In the year 1826 there appears on the Minutes of Conference this record: "Tongatabu, five members;" and from this small beginning the flourishing churches of the South Sea Islands have sprung. It is not given to every one to sit beneath the shadow of the tree himself has planted, and to rejoice in its foliage and fruit. Mr. Thomas was a humble, single-minded, saintly man; and he has been honoured by God above many.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells the following: "The Rev. Marcus Ormond, of Pennsylvania, is among friends in Rushville. He was, a few months ago, among the most eloquent and profound expounders of the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church, and on returning to his town in Pennsylvania one day, he found that his house, library, and everything that he had, had been consumed by fire. A day or so afterwards he was stricken with brain fever. He recovered his health, but his memory was literally wiped out. His Greek, Latin and English were all gone. He had no language, and didn't even know his letters. His wife at once began to teach him his alphabet, and he can now read a little. He seems to be cheerful and contented, lacking nothing but what he once learned at school. He is in appearance a gentleman of intelligence. He hopes to again get back to where he jumped off so suddenly."

THREATENED FLOODS.

The Sacramento papers bring details of the great flood which submerged the surrounding country and threatened to sweep over the levees and drown the city. Late despatches indicate that the worst fears were not realized, but the damage done was nevertheless considerable, and the peril was great. On January 31st the water reached the highest point it had ever attained, marking on the gauge at the foot of K-street twenty-six feet and one inch. Improvements outside of the levees suffered severely. The little Chinese wash-houses were left with only corner posts and dilapidated roofs, and their occupants were compelled to beat a hasty retreat and squat within the levees. Just after dark, a little shanty in which a light was burning and a stove could be seen, floated tranquilly down the Sacramento. The top of it struck the railroad bridge, but the current carried it under, and it was swept down the stream. There is good reason to fear that something of this sort will happen painfully near home if a continued thaw melts the vast bodies of snow in northern New York and New England, and breaks up the ice in a score of rivers. The Connecticut Valley of Western Massachusetts are almost certain to have trouble. Every few years that the stream overflows the Northampton meadows, but there the flood is not altogether a curse. Nearly the entire town is far above the river level, and the water deposits valuable fertilizers as a recompense for broken bridges and washed-out roads.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Rev. D. B. Scott is having some successful services at Vogler's Cove, in the Mills Village (N. S.) circuit.

A "Devotional gathering" held at the house of R. L. Black, Esq., River Phillip, on the 11th inst., resulted in the collection of \$42 towards circuit receipts.

The proceeds of a pleasant tea-meeting, on the 7th ult., at Port de Grave, Nfld., are to be used in furnishing our parsonage there.

The fifth of a course of entertainments at Fairville, N.B., was given on the 8th inst. Readings and choice music constituted the chief attraction.

On the 9th inst., Rev. Thomas Rogers, of Horton, reported successful services at Greenwich. Several had been converted, and others were seeking salvation.

At aazaar lately held at Grand Bank, Nfld., the handsome sum of about \$600 was obtained, towards the reduction of a debt on the church and parsonage at that place.

Missionary sermons were preached at Fredericton on Sunday last—in the morning by Rev. D. B. Currie, of St. John, and in the evening by Rev. H. Sprague, of St. Stephen's.

On the 14th inst., Rev. Joseph Hale went from Guysboro, County of Antigonish, to visit his aged mother and father, who are now nearing the blessing.

On the 26th ult., the Rev. W. Marg, of Margate, P.E.I., received a donation of \$20 from the late New Annapolis, Mr. Magee preaches in the hall at that place, on alternate Sunday afternoons.

The Charlottetown Methodist choir recently visited the asylum near that city, and spent some time in singing for the pleasure of the inmates, who appeared delighted with the rich and rare treat thus afforded them.

Several friends, at a meeting at the residence of Mrs. Gale, Young's Cove, N.B., presented Mrs. Tweedie with a purse of \$15. Rev. W. Tweedie made a fitting reply. Unfavorable weather prevented a larger attendance.

On the 7th inst., the 25th anniversary of the marriage of the Rev. Robert Wilson, his friends at Belle Vue held a meeting in the Hall, and after tea presented him and Mrs. Wilson with an appropriate address, beside a silver pitcher, cake basket, and purse, the whole representing a value of more than \$50. Messrs. B. Robinson, W. H. Franklin and A. Ward, Wells, Esq., are reported to have been the principals in the affair.

Rev. George Paine informs us that his congregation at Heart's Content, Nfld., are endeavouring to build a parsonage. At a recent bazaar in the Orange Hall, kindly placed at their disposal, the ladies, as the result of a net of willing, hard work, collected the amount of nearly \$200. This sum quite exceeded their most sanguine hopes. A much larger amount is needed to enable the managers to carry out their purpose. Assistance from any of our readers would be gratefully accepted.

The annual missionary meeting held in the First Methodist Church, Charlottetown, on the 8th inst., was held in the *Examiner* to have been of more than usual interest. Robert Longworth, Esq., as chairman, gave a good address, and Rev. F. W. Moore read the annual report. To the income of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, Charlottetown last year contributed \$1,585. The same circuit also contributed about \$2,500 to the Relief and Extension Fund—a total of about \$4,000 during the past year. Speeches were delivered by Rev. Mr. Harris, G. M. Campbell, and Joseph Sellar, A.M. The latter speaker remarked that he had been five days in getting from Alberton—half the time necessary to cross the Atlantic. A resolution having reference to local arrangements was moved and seconded by Revs. F. Smallwood and J. V. Jost. In proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Longworth, Rev. H. P. Cawpeltwaite expressed his regret at the probable early removal of that gentleman to Nova Scotia.

Rev. J. M. Fisher, of Musquodoboit Harbor, reports the liberality shown at the Missionary meetings recently held on that circuit as far beyond his "most sanguine expectations." A good advance had been made in receipts, though at the date of his note one important meeting had not been held.

Rev. A. W. Nicholson sends this message from the Annapolis circuit: "It will be cause of rejoicing to former pastors of this charge, who have had the distress of a wearisome debt on the Clemente-Portland church, to know that the last payment is to be made on that encumbered next week. We all remember the time when the burden was so desperate that the Conference was obliged to consider how the really beautiful structure was to be preserved from the auctioneer's hammer. The present pastor found the debt reduced to about \$750. Last year we paid off \$300 with interest. This year we pay the balance, a friend in Halifax, whose investments of that kind are pretty widely distributed, meeting the last \$50 of the amount. We have also kept the interest on the somewhat serious debt on the parsonage regularly paid, while the principal has been reduced about \$200 in two years. This makes nearly \$1000 debt paid off in eighteen months, on a circuit which our compellers of the Missionary Reports will persist in keeping among the Mission stations—probably because some of the other venerable circuits so classified need company. With a debt of nearly \$2000 once wiped out, and the annual gnawing pang of interest fairly removed, there ought to be no difficulty in finding bread and butter for a pastor's family in the Annapolis Royal circuit. Its Church and Parsonage property, with the exception of Bishop Black's monumental edifice, now somewhat decayed, is commodious and handsome.

The columns of American Methodist papers abound with tidings of revival.

The Methodist ladies of Philadelphia, under the leadership of Mrs. Bishop Simpson, are doing a noble work in establishing the Methodist Orphanage of that city. The institution was organized, with Mrs. Simpson as President, Jan. 16, 1879, and chartered by the Legislature May 12, 1879.

At the recent session of the South India Conference, the death of the Rev. W. Inneson was reported. He relinquished a Government office for the privilege of preaching the gospel in Hindustani. But sickness came, and he had to give up this delightful and useful service. Just before he breathed his last, he was heard, in his weakness, to whisper, "It is wonderful, wonderful!" "What is wonderful, brother?" whispered his presiding elder. "It is wonderful, I didn't know Jesus can save like this."

At a congregational meeting of the University of Ireland, Belfast, Ireland, on the 19th ult., Mr. Alderman Lindsay, J.P., announced, it is stated, that he would contribute £300 toward the erection of three new Methodist churches, £100 each. It is hoped that this munificent offer will inaugurate a movement for church extension in Belfast beyond anything yet attempted. The 13th day of Mr. Lindsay has recently been devoted to other objects. Several of the good ministers have received substantial tokens of his esteem, the gifts in some instances reaching the noble sum of \$50.

A Methodist hymnal in the Spanish language has just been published for the use of the Mexican mission. There are about three hundred hymns, gathered from various sources and accompanied with tunes. These include translations from Wesley, Watts, Doddridge, Cowper, Bonar, from Moody and Sankey's books, and there are hymns by Spanish authors, among whom are Carvajal, Cabrera, and Medina. Dr. Butler and his accomplished daughter have superintended its preparation. Many hymns have been prepared by Dr. Rule, a former Wesleyan missionary to Gibraltar and an excellent Spanish scholar. The expense has been covered by the general application of Dr. Butler to his friends in England and in the United States.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

The Epiphany collection in Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, was \$13,736.56—the largest, probably, ever taken in the city.

The St. John Sun understands that the Rev. B. Musgrave has severed his connection with the Reformed Episcopal Church of that city.

Rev. D. Beaton, a native of Scotland, has arrived at St. John's N. F., to take charge of the Congregational Church, recently vacated by the Rev. T. Hall. Mr. Beaton has been most cordially received.

It is understood that Rev. W. R. Boone, pastor of the African Baptist Church, in this city, will shortly sever his connection with his congregation, which is too weak to sustain a minister of his own.

The Reformed Episcopal Church is steadily gaining among the colored people at the South. Bishop Stevens' training-school at Charleston has seven or eight students fitting for the ministry with several ordained already.

The Glasgow *Christian News* says, "There has never been such activity among the churches of Scotland as at this moment. All denominations have extra services on the Sabbath day and well as extra services through the week."

The Independent Catholic Church in New York continues to be crowded at all its services. During the last two months three other priests have joined the movement. A French Mission has been opened in Eighth Street and another Independent church established in Newark, N. J.

SECULAR GLEANINGS.

MARITIME PROVINCES. The Allison Mines Relief Fund now exceeds \$30,000.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Killam, M. P. is recovering from his recent illness. At Anichat during the last two months over forty children have fallen victims to diphtheria.

The Supreme Court of Canada has decided against the legality of the tax levied on commercial travellers in St. John. A seam of what appears to be Anthracite coal of the best quality was found lately while sinking a well at Montague, P. E. I.

A steamer has been chartered to carry a cargo of apples direct from Annapolis to London for 3s. 9d. per barrel. She will sail some time in March.

Fifty-nine inches of snow fell in P. E. Island during the month of January and a little over an inch of rain, making the total precipitation equal to a little over seven inches. Several lumbering parties in New Brunswick have been visited this winter by an attack of measles. A great many men have been laid up with them, and some few have died.

The barque *Scotland*, owned by Messrs. Black, Bros. & Co., is reported a total loss near Queenstown. She was a vessel of 512 tons, built in Margland in 1869, from whence she sailed.

Young Daniels, the fireman, who was killed, on the 10th inst., by the collision on the New York and New England railroad, was a son of Mr. H. Daniels, of Newdigewank, Kings Co., N. B.

On Friday night a destructive fire occurred in the grist mill of S. A. White & Co. The damage to building and stock will probably amount to some \$20,000 or \$25,000, insured in several offices.

At Polet River, Westmorland Co., on the 28th ult., a young man named Charles Chapman, of Butternut Ridge, while working in the woods, was struck on the head by the top falling from a dry tree. Death was instantaneous.

Four more parties were to be taken before the Fredericton Police Court on Tuesday for selling liquor. One man has been convicted a third time for violating the Canada Temperance Act and sentenced to two months in jail.

The Moncton Sugar Refining Company recently shipped a car load of refined sugar to Winnipeg. The *Times* understands that the company has some orders from British Columbia and will probably ship to that point soon.

Through lack of accommodation in the Dorchester penitentiary, thirty-five convicts have been sent to that at Kingston, Ont. Among them were Melick, Le-furphy, and the two Halifax glass-breaking soldiers.

The Cape Breton Oil and Mining Company are sinking a well half a mile from the western shore of the lake, and have reached a depth of 1,000 feet. The prospects are said to be good, and the oil of a quality exceptionally valuable.

A minister writes from Minnigash, P. E. I.: "On the level we have between 3 1/2 and 4 feet of snow, while some banks measure fully eleven feet. In more than one case I have been obliged to leave my horse and sleigh on the road and plod along on snow rackets."

About two weeks ago a bombardier of the Royal Artillery, while removing his long boots heard a crack and on attempting to place his foot on the floor, found he could not do it. He had fractured an old break in his leg. The man was removed the next day to the Military Hospital where mortification set in, and he died Friday afternoon. The deceased was twenty-nine years old.

The *Northern Light* has arrived at Georgetown at last. She left Port on the 22nd ult., and since that time has been held by a large field of heavy ice between Picon Island and Murray Harbor. Two parties composed of passengers and seamen left her, and managed to reach the island shore, some of them considerably frost-bitten through long detention on the ice.

The captain and crew of the barque *Looper* of Yarmouth reached New York on the 11th inst., having abandoned their vessel at sea. She was almost completely wrecked in a gale on Jan. 3. Her provisions and water were swept away, and the crew taken from the sinking craft were completely exhausted from work and want of food and water. The vessel and freight, which consisted of pitch pine, were insured in Yarmouth offices for \$14,000.

UPPER PROVINCES.

Four seats are now vacant in the House of Commons.

On Monday, four prisoners in the Kingston, Ont., Penitentiary, overpowered their keepers, locked them in the cells, and escaped.

The Governor General came down to the Senate on Tuesday afternoon and gave his assent to the Canada Pacific Railway bill, which then became law.

On the 4th inst., two thousand promissory notes fell due at the Bank of Montreal in that city, and not one of them went to protest.

The excitement raised by the trial of James Carroll is subsiding. All the prisoners are back in Biddulph again, and the O'Connor family will soon repair to their old place also. The entire selling of the Baptist church at Ottawa fell on Saturday night last, much to the surprise of the congregation, who the next morning found the audience room in ruins. Had it fallen when the congregation were in solemnly one would have escaped alive.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The enterprising spirit of the planters of Grand Bank is being shown by the building of five large schooners, four of which are to be employed in the prosecution of this spring's herring fishery.

The North Star says that the French returns of the Newfoundland fishery for 1879 show an increase of 2,410,800 kilogrammes in the quantity of fish captured over those for 1878, but a slight falling off in the value: 177 vessels, employing 7,168 men, were engaged in the fishery.

There is now no doubt of the loss of the schooner *Maggie* which left St. John's ten weeks since for Fogo. The most deplorable circumstance is the large loss of valuable lives. The *Maggie* had a crew of six men, and Dr. Oke—a passenger, with one exception all men of family.

At Greenspond, recently, the *Hercules* took in tow the damaged schooner, *Nautilus*, but when some time out the *Nautilus* leaked so badly that the steamer was obliged to abandon her, and shortly after she went down. She was owned by Messrs P. Rogerson & Son of St. John's.

St. John's capitalists contemplate the establishment in that city of a factory for the manufacture of woolen goods, flannels, etc. It is understood that a considerable portion of the capital stock has already been subscribed, and it is hoped that the balance will be forthcoming early enough to have the factory in full operation by the 1st of July.

We (*North Star*) learn from the *Trillington Sun* that several deposits of copper have been discovered in as many several localities in Green Bay during the past season, notably at least at Piley's Island and on both sides of Sealbay; a deposit of rubisite, giving 50 per cent. of copper, has been discovered between the waters of Littlebay and Hall's Bay, and a discovery of lead and antimony has been made at Badger Bay.

It is estimated that 18,000 cattle have been destroyed by the floods in the Province of Seville, Spain.

Baroness Burdett-Contts and William L. Ashmead Bartlett were married on Saturday morning.

On the 4th of March, General Garfield will take possession of the White House and be formally installed President of the United States.

The Duke of Cambridge has drawn up a note on the military side of the Candahar question, forcibly urging the retention of the place.

Hanlan, on Monday, won the race on the Thames, taking the lead at the start and maintaining it without difficulty to the end.

The tank of the Standard Oil Company at Bergen Point, New York, containing 9,000 barrels of naphtha exploded on Monday, shaking buildings and breaking glass in a radius of ten miles.

An Orenburg newspaper reports that the distress is so great among the Ural Khirgiz tribes that they are selling their male children for grain and leaving the girls to perish by cold and hunger.

In some provinces of Austria the snowstorms have been very heavy. All traffic was suspended in the Tyrol for days. In Galicia fifty-one miners were overwhelmed by the snow, and six were frozen to death.

On the 10th, at a place thirteen miles from Santa Fe, N. M., Julian Vigil, a Mexican, killed his wife and young daughter with an axe, and seriously wounded his son, leaving him for dead. Vigil then hanged himself to a rafter in the same room. He was insane from over-indulgence in liquor.

The late advance of General Colley against the Boers was most unfortunate. By a reckless assault his force suffered heavy loss, and becoming surrounded, left Natal completely open. The troops on the Transvaal are numerous enough but are divided into several little garrisons, each surrounded by the enemy.—A despatch from Durban says General Colley is isolated at Mount Prospect, and that the Boers surrounded his camp. Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood has arrived.—The transports *Queen* and *Habymay* have arrived at Durban. The *Dragon* horses were landed in fine condition. The Garrison of Potchefstroom has made a sortie, and killed 50 Boers. Transport steamer *Hendon* will proceed to Bombay from Natal, to fetch a regiment of Hussars. Three other transports are chartered in London to convey further reinforcements to the Cape.

A despatch from Dublin says the social condition of the country has further improved. The weekly rents of the Land League are falling off. The tenants in several districts are paying full rents to landlords.—Patrick Egan, Treasurer of the Land League, telegraphs from Paris to the *Irish World* that there is to be no finching in the work of the League.—At Mullingar, on Wednesday, Rev. Dr. Nulty, Catholic Bishop of Meath, speaking at a banquet, denounced the Coercion Act as atrocious. An immense mass meeting of Radicals and Irishmen was held at Hyde Park on Sunday. Six platforms were occupied and the crowd surged around each of them to listen to remarks of the speakers. Resolutions were passed condemning the Coercion bill in any form and Michael Davitt's arrest and action of the Speaker in the House of Commons. No display of force was made by the authorities.—It was said that Parnell would return to London on Wednesday. Egan and Brennan will remain in Paris for the present.—The *Standard* says there is no prospect of a Land Bill being introduced before the first of March. It will consist of two parts, one dealing with the interests of occupying tenants, and the other containing the provisions facilitating the purchase by tenants of their holdings.

POETRY.

A PLEA FOR A SAILORS' HOME.

The following lines are part of a poem which accompany a circular, calling attention to the effort to establish a Fishermen's and Sailors' Home at St. John's, Nfld. The dangers to the sailor are graphically described, as are those on the sea, in previous lines, for which we have not space.

Is there light and cheer for the Sailor Lad As he reaches the haven safe? Shall he earn his rest at a kindly hearth, Or be cast on the street—a waif, To be robbed and ruined, with cursed wiles, To be slighted and spurned and banished? Shall those who have batted the wave for us, Find never a Home on Land?

And our Fisherman, too, when work is done, Comes here for his home and his household goods, When his summer of labor's o'er:— When he looks with joy to the winter's eve, While the fragrant birch burns bright, And the clustering friends whose guileless talk, Beguileth the wintry night.

Do we give him a home? Ah, no, the door Of the Tavern opens wide, And its all-deluding light and rest Entice him on every side, Till, with reeling brain and deadened sense, He seeks his floating home, And the fisherman's wife shall wait for a man Who never again shall come.

To be found no more—ignobly lost— Sad fate for a man so brave! Whose life was a life of noble toil,— Of battle with wind and wave; But a comrade goes to the widowed one To tell her he comes no more, And shrinks from a wail, and a children's cry, That will haunt him on sea and shore.

Oh, brothers and friends, how long! how long! Shall we hear this wailing cry? We want no beacon or life-boat here, But— for those who are "ready to die," We want your aid in this holy time, For God's sake, reach a hand, To build a HOME for our Sailor sons Who have made our Newfoundland.

ISABELLA.

Xmas, 1880, St. John's, Nfld.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

AFTER AWHILE.

After awhile—a busy brain Will rest from all its cares and pain. After awhile—earth's rush will cease, And a weighty heart find sweet release. After awhile—a vanished face, An empty seat, a vacant place. After awhile—a name forgot, Crumbled head stone, unknown spot. After awhile—the tramp will sound To wake the nations under ground. After awhile—the Lord will come, To take his chosen people home. After awhile—Eden's portals past, Rest on thy Saviour's breast at last.

MRS. NELSON MOSHER, BELMONT. Died at Belmont, Hants Co., Dec. 10th, 1880, in the 20th year of her age, of inflammation of the lungs, Mrs. Nelson Mosher.

Mrs. Mosher had made a profession of religion during the ministry of Rev. James Strothard. Like many others she had lost a sense of the favor of God through neglect of the means of grace. She was, however, in the hour of extreme need enabled to look to Him who is "able to save to the uttermost." Her sickness, though not protracted, was exceedingly painful; this fact together with the administration of opiates was of necessity unfavorable to a clear apprehension of her state before God. But while the mind was clear she was seeking earnestly to be found of Him in peace, endeavoring to trust in the atoning merit of the Saviour's sacrifice. We trust that now she is privileged to behold fully the Christ whose garment hem her faith sought to touch amid bodily weakness—and the deepening shadows of life's closing hours.

Mrs. Mosher's death in the bloom of life was rendered still more sad by the fact that her husband was away at sea, and knew nothing of his wife's illness and death. May he that sitteth upon the floods guide the vessel to her destination in safety, and direct the thoughts of the bereaved husband to Him who doth all things well, and who can cause all sorrow to work in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

MR. MORRIS MOSHER.

At Avondale, Dec. 29th, 1880, Morris, son of Mr. William Mosher, in the 27th year of his age.

The death of Mr. Mosher occurred under peculiar circumstances. He had been waiting upon his brother, who was dangerously ill. Having left the warm room to go for the physician, he drove some miles in the cold and felt that he had been thoroughly chilled. The consequence was a severe cold, which did not fully develop itself for a day or two. The next day he was taken to his own home, and that evening seemed better. In the afternoon of the following day, the doctor was present and pronounced him "convalescent." The same night, 12 o'clock, a sudden attack of congestion came on, which no available remedies could check. After a struggle of about two hours, the body in the vigor of youth was compelled to succumb to the stroke of death.

Our young friend, while possessing a generous and amiable disposition, and while an affectionate son, and an attentive husband, had up to the time of his sickness lived without a knowledge of the love of Christ. There was but little time for preparation, yet he realized his need and called earnestly upon God. We know that "He is not far from any one of us." It does not take long for fervent prayer to reach Him, and His ear is ever open to our cry, and

whose hand is stretched out to save. And from all the circumstances we are encouraged to hope in the death of the deceased and to believe that he was enabled to exercise the faith that saves. His death cast a gloom over the whole community. The lesson the Holy Ghost teacheth is "Be also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." We deeply sympathize with the afflicted family and commend them to the care of Him who comforteth us in all our tribulation and is able to make all grace abound to us. R. A. D.

Avondale, Feb. 7, 1881.

THOMAS COLPITTS, OF PLEASANT VALE, N. B.

Thomas Colpitts, of Pleasant Vale, N. B., died on the 14th of December, 1880, in the 71st year of his age. His sufferings during the last two weeks of his life were intense but borne with Christian patience. When, a few hours before his death, the words of Paul were quoted: "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," the sufferer, with brightening eye, whispered—"That has been my experience for years." This meekness for heaven may have been the result of his long affliction. For nearly nine years he endured chastening; which was often grievous, yet for him it was profitable, since it yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

Half a century ago he was converted to God, under the Baptist ministry, and proved a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. The consistency and purity of his life exerted an influence for good, not in his own family only, but throughout the neighborhood in which he dwelt.

JOHN T. BAKENDALE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SACKVILLE MISSIONARY SOCIETY. Mr. Editor.—Our annual Missionary Meeting was held last evening. We had no Foreign Deputation, but the Church was well filled. Rev. Dr. Kennedy conducted the opening exercises. Rev. Dr. Peckard presided over the meeting with his usual ability. He said that the first meeting he ever attended in Sackville—now forty years ago—was a Missionary meeting. He alone survived, of those who took part in that meeting, and probably not more than two or three of the present congregation were present then. He feelingly reminded the congregation that in a very short time, our opportunities for usefulness would terminate, and it might possibly be a matter of regret hereafter, that we had done so little for the Master's cause while here.

The Report was then read by the Superintendent of the circuit, after which Dr. Inch delivered an earnest and eloquent address. He regarded this Missionary movement in the light of a campaign in which the militant hosts of God are marshaled under the banner of Truth. We are not to be on the defensive merely, but aggressive. He regarded our Missionary Anniversaries as reconnoitering occasions, in which we carefully examine the state of the enemy's army; and also as occasions on which new methods of attack are devised; but especially did he regard them as occasions on which we collect "the sinews of war." He returned in eloquent language to the fact that the Methodist Church from its very inception was missionary and aggressive. He told us of the thrilling effect produced on his own mind by Wesley's oft quoted aphorism—"the world is my parish"—when, last summer in visiting Westminster Abbey, and beholding with delight the proud monuments of marble and bronze, which on every hand perpetuate the name and fame of England's illustrious dead, his eye suddenly rested upon John Wesley's plain medalion, with its simple inscription—"The world is my parish." Never before did the simple grandeur of that utterance so vividly appear to him.

Rev. Dr. Stewart, who was the next speaker, apologized for his frequent appearance before that congregation as an advocate of Missions. This, however, was quite unnecessary, for last evening, as always, he was fresh and vigorous, and manifested true zeal in the great mission cause. His theme—"Domestic Missions," was not of his own selection, not one probably that he would have selected, yet one of great importance. He had no sympathy with the idea that we should confine our attention exclusively to our home work, for that would be to ignore the command of Christ to "Preach the Gospel to every creature." He then presented in an impassioned address—the mere outline of which would occupy too much of your space—the claims of our Domestic Missions, and the Mission to the lumbermen of our Province, and mentioned a case brought under his own notice. It was that of a young man converted to God in one of these lumber camps, by the word preached by one of our missionaries—Bro. Colpitts. Shortly after his conversion he returned home to die, and the influence of his triumphant death was felt for many miles around.

Rev. C. H. Paisley, M.A., excused himself from speaking on account of the lateness of the hour. Miss Peckard, our talented organist, presided at the organ, and the choir furnished suitable music.

This circuit contributed to the Mission fund last year the sum of \$383.61. We hope to do as well this year.

W. W. P.

Sackville, N.B., Feb. 7, 1881. Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.—Everett.

CONVERSION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

The Rev. E. M. Sasseville, pastor of Hedding Mission Church, Rochester, (Genesee Conference,) recently gave a crowded audience in that city a narrative of his conversion, which was reported in the Rochester Morning Herald, as follows:

I was born in Montreal of French Roman Catholic parents, and was brought up in that belief. My mother had a great desire to have me become a priest, and I was sent to college with this end in view when quite young. In due time I entered the seminary in connection with this institution. Shortly, however, I left the seminary, telling my mother that I did not like it, and was determined to work in a store, which I did for a few years. I then learned the art of wood engraving, and became a first class workman. My boss sent me to Ottawa to do some work for the Government. While there I again determined to become a priest, but, on returning to Montreal, in a few weeks I became acquainted with a priest from Toledo, who was a most vigorous and impure-minded man. This snook my faith considerably, and led to grave doubts as to the Catholic religion. He left soon, but his example had a bad effect on me, and I became disgusted with Christianity as I knew it then, and I asked myself whether the doctrines of the Catholic religion were believed by the priests, and my doubts were strong. I went to work in the Witness office, and when I had been there three weeks I made a confession, but the priest told me that I could not be absolved unless I gave up working for a Protestant paper. This I would not do, for I had to support my mother and sister. Time passed on till the 12th day of July, 1877, the day on which the Orangemen had a large picnic, and only a few of the order remained in the city to attend a service held on St. James-street. That morning when I went to work I was a Catholic, as I was when I returned to dinner, but when I came back to tea I was not. The reasons for this change were that I witnessed the brutal murder of young Hackett, being not more than twenty feet from him when he was shot down. Even when he was lying there the infuriated mob were not satisfied, but fired at him while he was dying. I asked myself if these could be men. This was the crowd to which I belonged. They were the Roman Catholics and murderers, and I was one of them. But my soul revolted, and I said that I would not be one of them. If it was religion I wanted none of it, and I begged my mother and my friends not to call me a Catholic again. About three weeks previous to this event discussions had arisen between a young lady working in the office, a Methodist, and one of the young men, a Catholic. In these he was always worsted, for the reason that she always quoted the Scriptures, which he could not answer. I had never seen a Bible, so that I knew nothing of the Scriptures. She asked me if I had ever seen the Bible, and upon my saying no she gave me hers, and asked me to read it, if for no other reason, as a history. I took it home, and putting it in my trunk had not seen it since. I did not think of it again until this time. About half-past eight on the morning of July 12 I sat in my room thinking of the events of the day, and wishing that I could find some means to enlighten myself in regard to religion, when suddenly I thought of the Bible in my trunk. I took it out and opening at the New Testament began to read. How beautiful I found it; how attractive and simple, but so sublime, so grand and clear. I read until 2 o'clock, and had perused the four Gospels and part of the Acts of the Apostles. I found nothing here of the doctrines I had been taught; no cardinals, no purgatory, no pope, and made up my mind that the Church of Rome was not the Church of Christ. I was down-hearted and saddened, for I knew not which way to turn, and kneeling down I prayed that I might find the Saviour, and that I might be assured that I was forgiven. Suddenly I felt the burden lifted from my shoulders, my heart was filled with joy, and I knew that my prayer was answered. Of course I met great opposition from my former friends when I said that I had renounced the Catholic religion, and my mother was made ill by the failure of her cherished hope to see me a priest. On the next Sunday I went to a Methodist chapel, where I watched the service closely, and was deeply impressed with the simplicity yet sublimity of it all. About two years ago I felt that God called me to preach the Gospel and went to college to prepare myself for this work. I came to this city on Sept. 1, intending to stay but a few weeks, but I received a call from this congregation, and have determined to stay here, and with God's help work hard to reclaim the erring and turn them toward the right way.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Doing nothing is the most slavish toil ever imposed on any one. Never repine at the good fortune of others; for many are they who wish to be raised to your situation. Your child possessing the largest possibilities for good is the one exposed to the greatest peril. For that child you must watch and pray accordingly. If an untruth is only a day old, it is called a lie; if it is a year old, it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old, it is called a legend.

This country is to be ruled and shapen by ideas. If you want to rule it and shape it in accordance with Christianity, help to put Christian reading into the homes of all the people. The School Board of Worcester, Mass. transacts its business harmoniously and promptly, the female members introducing no disturbing element whatever. A Montana Indian, who was recently convicted of murder, expressed his opinion of the lawyer who defended him with delicious frankness: "Lawyer too much talk! Heap fool!"

The average governor's message is about as interesting to the general public as the average report of a fire insurance company, and has about as much effect on legislators as a snow-ball made of feathers.

In his old age, John Wesley said, "O that God would enable me once more, before I go hence and am no more seen, to lift up my voice like a trumpet to those who gain and save all they can, but do not give all they can!"

"What luck did you have fishing yesterday, Breckenridge?" asked a gentleman of a well-known impecunious character who owes everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."

After a clergyman has taken a free bottle of tonic, felt better, and written out his certificate of the curative qualities of the medicine, for publication, it makes him unhappy to have a doctor come along and pronounce the stuff gin and bitters, and bad at that.

"How did you like the new minister?" was asked, a Sabbath or two since, of a little fellow. "I didn't like him; it took him too long to get to the Lord's Prayer." A doctor of divinity could not have put it more tersely, or criticized more aptly.

The possessor of an equable temper is to be admired. The man or woman who always has himself or herself well in hand, who is cool under all annoyances and circumstances, who has absolute control of the temper, we are always willing to trust in any emergency. But a person who flashes like powder touched by a lighted match, who loses control of himself or herself upon the slightest provocation, we distrust, and have a right to do so. In the battle of life, he who would achieve victories must keep a cool head. And this matter is largely under our own control.

An eminent pianist, having suffered much from the irrepresible conversation of drawing room audiences, devised, the other day, a means of giving a little lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece, at a given signal from him. It was done. The drawing and shouting voices were left in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence. Joyous, clear and distinct above them all, arose from the foremost seats the voice of a lady; and these words were ringing upon the air, "We always fry ours in lard!"

"Somebody asked me if all the ideas in my new book are original," writes an eminent clergyman in a private note, which the Boston Courier is permitted to copy. "I am sure I don't know, and I cannot see why I should care. When my mind is full of a subject, it digests everything given to it, and absorbs whatever thoughts are suitable for its productiveness. I could as easily analyze my blood and tell whence each particle comes as to trace these ideas to their sources."

A SUGGESTIVE FACT.

During the past year, in the village of Montclair, N. J., a wealthy gentleman had built for himself a residence in which every device which money could secure and science suggest for the promotion of the health of the inmates was adopted. The location was upon a hill side, about three hundred feet above the sea level; the ground dry and sloping toward the east; the house exposed on all sides to the direct rays of the sun; the rear dry, the plumbing in the house was confined to the kitchen, the laundry, the bath-room and one bed room on the second floor. Every waste pipe was trapped, and every trap ventilated. The soil pipe extended above the roof. The cess-pool was thoroughly ventilated. Nearly every room in the house had its separate ventilating shaft. For warming

the house was provided with a furnace, the peculiarity of which was that it presented a large radiating surface, so as not to overheat the air. To still further guard against the evils of overheated air this radiating surface was covered with a coating of clay, and a large water pan was placed in the hot-air chamber; to furnish the hot-air chamber with fresh and pure air, a cold air box was constructed, which opened at the surface of the ground outside of the house. A cemented pit was constructed, into which was thrown the refuse from the kitchen and the stable. The household consisted of thirteen members, seven adults and six children, all unusually healthy. The father and mother and the six children slept in bedrooms warmed by the heated air from the furnace. Early in December the contents of the refuse pit were taken out and spread on adjacent ground to the west of the house. Shortly afterward a succession of warm and moist days occurred, during which prevailing westerly winds swept over this offensively odorous field toward the house, the cold-air box of which opened in a favorable manner to suck in and distribute throughout the house the disease-laden air. Four children and the mother speedily developed diphtheria, and all but one died. Of the members of the household whose sleeping rooms were not heated by the furnace not one was attacked; and of all the attendants, physicians, nurses, friends, who were brought into close relations with the sick day and night for more than ten days, with possibly one exception, not a person contracted the disease.

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RECEIPTS for 'WESLEYAN'

Week ending February 16th, 1881.

Table of receipts for the Wesleyan department, listing names and amounts.

PREACHERS' PLAN HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH.

Table of church services and meetings for the week of February 18, 1881.

MARRIED

Series of marriage notices from various locations including Shelburne, Carsonville, and others.

DIED

Obituary notices for several individuals, including Mrs. Elizabeth J. Livingston and others.

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To the numerous inquiries in reference to this work, the Book Steward has pleasure in stating that the manuscript has been placed in his hands and arrangements have been made for its publication.

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THE OFFICE—123

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FROM Mr. Garfield attending his own

For the purpose Girls' Orphanage has received from the gift of £1,000

The English cause of nearly duty on wines, spirits in two years

The Emperor's courage the consolation to his it is said, to pay transportation.

The Y. M. C. some of the Chien especially addresses of whom there at that city.

Thus far four Aberdeen, Ayr, and Kelso, have assured the committee Free Church for it

Some one said at a late Boston wit: That American who go to Germany under Germanization here before entering

Having the Richmond that, "It is not your eggs in one risky to draw three in the crown, in the great sea to

The Baptists in \$20,000, set an examination. In twenty-four built 125 chapels, sides each person year for the support Church for which the

It is said that the tainment, the cheapened, has already that the publisher, confidently expect copies will be disseminated of twelve months.

Mr. W. H. Vandie has contributed the University of N known as the "Dr fund is to be loaned to enable them to o at the University.

The trustees of Brooklyn have increased salary to \$12,000 a year. The company increase two years ago failed to ratify the acquiesce, and he has his former salary, \$

According to The City of Richmond, Va., city a single woman v or Schopenhauer, and read Sir William Ha not think," it says, "much of anything but exception of fashion-

The Prince of Wales recent marriage of M child, gave great satisfaction as affording an example to that of the Germany. Since 1860 dukes were present a vice, no member of the England has witnessed

The young ladies Church, Northampton ed a Bible Club, the to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Word the spiritual growth, and the strength of connected with this circle for the young doing a good work.

In Cincinnati it has ary to suppress by a descendant and immoral long disgraced that c of all denominations jo ment, and the result their efforts. It sound that they also pledge to the Mayor in enfor One would suppose t under control of the M would suffice to enfor that kind.