

# THE DAILY RECORDER.

FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE UNITED WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

No. 10.]

TORONTO, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

[Vol. III.]

## PLAN OF THE PUBLIC SERVICES IN CONNECTION WITH THE FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE UNITED WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

**METROPOLITAN CHURCH.**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. J. H. Robinson.  
7 p.m. Rev. D. D. Currie.

**RICHMOND STREET.**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. J. A. Williams.  
7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Jeffers.

**ELM STREET.**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. Dr. Rice.  
7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Selles.

**CARLTON STREET.**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. N. Barnash, B.A.  
7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Kershaw.

**BERKELEY STREET.**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. R. F. Huestic.  
7 p.m. Rev. Alexander Sutherland.

**QUEEN STREET.**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. H. McKewen.  
7 p.m. Rev. George Brown.

**YORKVILLE (Blair Street).**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. R. F. Huestic.  
7 p.m. Rev. Wm. H. Bridges.

**YORKVILLE (Young Street).**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. R. F. Huestic.  
7 p.m. Rev. J. W. McCullum.

**TEMPERANCE STREET (New Connection).**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. E. Whiting.  
7 p.m. Rev. W. Stephenson.

**SPADINA AVENUE (New Connection).**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. J. G. Laird.  
7 p.m. Rev. J. W. McCullum.

**UNIVERSITY STREET.**  
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. William English.  
7 p.m. Rev. R. M. Hammond.

## Poetry.

### Charity.

Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
but the greatest of these is Charity.  
If we knew the cares and crosses,  
Crowding round our neighbour's way,  
If we knew the little losses,  
Sorely grievous, day by day,  
Would we then so often chide him  
For his lack of thrift and gain,  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on our lives a stain?  
If we knew the clouds above us  
Held but gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling,  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows  
Fitting o'er the dewy grass,  
If we knew that birds of Eden  
Were in mercy flying past?  
If we knew the silent story,  
Quivering through the heart of pain,  
Would we drive it with our coldness  
Back to haunts of guilt again?  
Life hath many a tangled crossing,  
Joy hath many a break of woe;  
But the cheeks, tear-washed, are whiter  
And kept in life are bowers of snow.  
Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward living nature,  
Cherish good that still survives,  
So that when our diroled spirits  
Soar to realms of light above,  
We may say, "Dear Father, love us,  
E'en as we have shown our love."

For the Recorder.

### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. W. W. ROSS.

At the suggestion of our much-travelled friend of the "Ambitious City," Mr. Sandford, I gave up the mountains of Pennsylvania for the land of lakes. How much I missed by the former I know not; what I have gained by this is one of the great joys of my life. I took, as tourists having time usually do, the route of the northern lakes. Running by rail to Sarnia, we there changed to steamer of the Beatty line for the head of Superior. To me, after leaving Lake Huron, the way was new, and rich in interest. If your readers are so inclined they may keep me company by water; if not they may take the short-cut by rail to St. Paul. We will meet again within a week. Our company was made up mostly of emigrants bound for Manitoba. A few were going by the Red River Route, more by the overland from Thunder Bay. Among them was a party sent out by the Government on a Geological survey. Their destination was several hundred miles beyond Fort Gary. Some left behind their families. If prospered in their way, they would probably be absent four or five years. At times they were merry over the matter. At other times there was no mistaking the sound—at each remove they dragged a lengthening chain. Such is life—such is law. Suffering is the price of progress. The foundations of civilized lands are laid in the pains of the pioneer. When the fathers have fallen, and the children as princes shall dwell in the land of plenty let them remember the wailing in tears. Bruce mines is before us. What a wintry welcome! Neither man or boy—not even a dog at the wharf. Stretching along the shore for some distance are dwellings, but the dwellers have departed. The windows are mostly broken or boarded. At last we see life—at least its

form. In an open doorway, stock still, like Pompeii's petrified sentinel, stands a human being. It made no move from first to last. Sending a man to take the ropes, we managed to make fast to rickety old wharf. Clambering over piles of cordwood, the only tokens of trade at this end of the town, we land. By various windings and leaping we escape the holes of the wharf. Keeping close to the mail-bag we make for the other end of the town. Here we find life and considerable activity. The Wellington mines are worked with some vigor. Healthy, rosy-cheeked children, just out from school, flocked around us, offering for sale well-worn bits of ore, fished from their pockets. The most striking feature of the place is the vast piles of refuse ore. There is a superior school, and even at the height of former prosperity, a needless number of churches. They are all deserted, I believe, save one—the Wesleyan Methodist. Running to overtake the returning mail-bag, we rush on board out of breath. We are soon steaming into the St. Mary's river. The change from broad to narrow waters and green banks is very agreeable. Some of the scenery is worthy a more skilful pen than mine.

Night is on us, and navigation now is too perilous for further progress. We make fast till morning at Garden River. This is a picturesque place. On one side of the river is the French population. I found them out at once from their uniform, trim, white-washed houses. On the other side the Canadian, are other nationalities, very much mixed. The place owes its prosperity, which is very considerable, to lumbering interests. I inquired after our missionary. He had been removed by the late Conference, to the great sorrow of the flock. His successor had not yet arrived.

While it is yet early morning we reach Saint Ste Marie. Here things look more hopeful. The Methodist Mission premises were pointed out to me. The pretty white church and parsonage are an honor to those whose hands helped to rear them. Not knowing but that our brother C. might be a 4 o'clock a.m. son of Wesley, I made first towards his house, hoping to have a word with him, if only from the window. The only greeting I got was a growl from a neighbor's dog.

On board once more, we quickly cross to the other, the American side. What a difference! The one still asleep, the other wide-awake. Our cousins certainly get up earlier than we do. I'm not so sure that their strength lasts as long. Their business, and ours too, for that matter, has to go to bed too often during the day. "He that is greedy of gain, that will be rich, falleth into temptation and a snare." I was surprised at the shops, so many of them, and so well stocked. They would have done no discredit to our cities. This prosperity is owing largely to the building here of a ship canal. There is reason to fear an ephemeral life. The passage through the Locks was exceedingly pleasant; they are very fine. The wharf and walks were thronged with people. The most novel sight to many was the Indians catching white fish in the rapids. Each bark canoe contained two; one at the stern poling it up the stream; the other at the prow using the dip net. It required all the skill, which few but an Indian acquire, to steady so frail a craft in such wild waters. Before we were out of the Locks, they were on board with a basket of this delicious fish. Never did I enjoy fish more, unless the first salmon of the season on the Saguenay steamer. We are in Superior!

I expect to be thrilled with a similar and sublimer sensation only when I am out upon the Pacific. We were free from storm, but somewhat hindered by fogs. After a long stretch of unbroken waters, Silver Islet rises to view, fifty miles ahead.

We pass with salutations an excursion steamer bound for Agate Bay on the south shore. The stars and stripes are streaming from the mast head. It is the fourth of July. They are gone specially in search of agates. These shores north and south are rich in varied treasure. Silver Islet is off the mainland only a little; originally it was a rock, exposed just enough to reveal the precious ore. It was formerly owned by a Montreal company. Through lack of push, I presume, hardly lack of funds, it passed from them to an American company. With characteristic enterprise they took hold of it vigorously. By transporting material from the mainlands they broadened the islet into a base form, which now rise half a dozen goodly sized buildings. Among them, boarding house, reading room, office, &c. About 160 hands are employed. The shaft has been sunk over 600 feet. It is jealously guarded. Comers and goers, especially workmen, have to pass through a search room. Occasionally specimens are stolen away. One genius concealed a rich lump in the knot of an enormous neck tie. The yield, as our readers know, has been at times surpassingly rich. It has paid the company for certain, and perhaps the public. On shore, I went in search of our missionary. He had not yet returned from Conference. I met with the Presbyterian missionary, with whom I had a brief but pleasant talk. Off to your right as you stand on shore, facing south, is an extended bluff which might be called a mountain. This, I think, is Thunder Cape, or the sleeping Indian. Farther on, after leaving the channel of navigation, is an island of magnificent upward proportions. Be-

yond and back of this again, just across another and navigable channel is a singular formation, near the mainland called Pie Island. It looks like a round deep English pie inverted. In mythology it might make a feast for the gods—if of good digestive power. Within this grandly guarded place is the famous Thunder Bay, not less than nine miles long, and as many or more broad. I am not writing for immortality, but for a soon to die "daily," so I'll be pardoned if not mathematically correct. Direct ahead on yonder rising shore is the place for debarkation for those bound to Manitoba, by the Carpenter & Co. road. Prince Arthur's Landing is a pretty place. Its natural advantages are more than ordinary. It is well laid out. Streams fed by fountains above the town, run down the streets. By the planting of trees and the care of these streams, the place may be made, with very little expense, very beautiful. I hope that beauty may not be sacrificed to a short-sighted utilitarianism. What well-built wharves—some what narrow, it may be! The whole town, the lying-about loose part, at least, and they are not a few just now—has turned out to see us. The coming of a steamer is the event of a week. Unrecognized myself in the clerical grey, I recognized several faces from other parts of the Dominion. Some cheery and hopeful as though they were getting near the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow; others Micawber-like, a sort of waiting-to-turn-up look; and others the same sad discouraged face which they wore in other places. I'll not just with their sad faces. Some of them have yielded sweat, but little bread. One of them toiled hard as an agent for one of the thousand and one inventions that are going to make every man's fortune who is so fortunate (?) as to have anything to do with them—in an incredibly short time. Here we shall spend several hours. I make first for our mission-ary. Here, as at the Saul, we have a neat white church and parsonage. The hard-working Halstead is at home. He has done a good work here. His record is on high and among men too. The town wears a smart look. All kinds of dry goods, groceries, drugs, in, I should say, super-abundance. They are over-doing the business. The weaker will go the wall, and very soon too. The spacious stables and yards of the Carpenter Road are full of bustle—waggons coming in and waggons going out. C. himself, watched by the "opposition" eye, set right and left, is flying about, a piece of perpetual motion. I met him first at the Madoc Eldorado, next in the Orillon pushing his fortune in the provision line, and now at Thunder Bay. If he fails in this his last line, it will be owing, not to lack of push, but tact. There were nine hundred emigrants between here and Fort Gary, some of them on the way for weeks, and in sore distress. For his own, and country's sake we wish him success. Ah, there's a "character," face burnt and somewhat bloated, well on in years, still showing, both of brain and body, a certain rough shaggy strength, not unlike the granite of his native hills. He wears the channish cap, though not the kilt. Who is he? He is the brother of a distinguished Professor in a Scotch University. He came to Canada many years ago. He is unmarried—a hermit-hunter for more than half the year. In the fall he goes off alone into the far back-woods to trap and hunt. Keeps perfectly sober till spring; comes out, sells his pelts, gets drunk, and keeps so till his money is gone, and trapping time calls him back again.

Another "character!" Surely I have seen that face before. Can it be! Yes, it is he—a lawyer from a distant part of the Dominion, but so dissipated. To-day, as I had often seen him before, staggering along the street. He was so drunk as to be unable to walk straight, and yet not so drunk as not to know and feel his shame. As he approached the hotel, on the balcony of which we were sitting, he made desperate efforts to appear sober. He succeeded in coming to a stand still on the sidewalk; then, nodding his head knowingly, as if considering a "case," he made various points on his palms. Finally, he folded his arms across his breast, fixed his eyes upon the walk, and went into a meditative mood. At last he disappeared into the bar-room. Passing by the building some time after, I saw him again. He had just emerged from the room; he was now lost to sense and shame; saw nobody. After repeated efforts he managed to steady himself on the very edge of the platform. Politics was now the passion. "It is a lie; I-I-I say it again; the Pacific Scandal is-is-is a lie. They can't make the country swallow it. I'm a true Tory; I'll vote for him every time. Three cheers for Sir John A. Macdonald!" We have left behind us the most of our company and freight. Next day, Sunday, at five o'clock, we reach Duluth, the steamer's destination. Here is the receipt of custom. Our captain has spoken well of the officer. He combines courtesy with conscientiousness. If he judged the passenger honest, the luggage was passed unopened; if otherwise, and any contraband goods discovered, he didn't confiscate for the States and his own good, as he might, but enacted dirty on the spot and passed them. Some, either ignorant or thinking thereby to escape examination, had nailed their chests and boxes; they were obliged to open them.

(To be continued.)

## Our Portrait Gallery.

### THE DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.

Does the gentleman need any introduction to the Methodist public, whether lay or cleric, in this wide Dominion? Nay; still, for form sake we must say something, and most will be surprised that it has not been said before. Having been forty-eight years in the ministry, admitting him to have been only twenty-two when he entered it, would still run his years up to seventy; and yet his blonde hair is very little changed; his complexion is as fresh as a boy's, and he is scarcely wrinkled at all, nor is his walk that of an old man. True, his constitutional plumpness of muscle prevents wrinkles; and as to his walk, it was always since we knew him, deliberate and noiseless. It would be hard to conceive the idea of the Rev. Dr. Wood going "upon the run." He makes no display of scholarship, and yet every one gives him the meed of all necessary attainments; and without seeking it, he has received one of the highest degrees conferred by any University. Without self-assertion he is preferred to honor; and without flagging and slaving himself he is thought equal to the most important work. Although an Englishman, and sent out by the British Conference, he has been all his public life in the foreign work—three years in the West Indies, eighteen in New Brunswick, and twenty-one in what we now call Ontario. After a period embracing three apprenticeships, he is now surely a Canadian—may, including the whole Dominion of Canada, number six apprenticeships. No doubt he is thoroughly colonial in all his ideas, feelings, and sympathies; and it is fortunate for the United Methodist Church and these united colonies to have secured to themselves a man so calmly wise.

Dr. Wood owes much of his influence to the unobtrusive, but known kindness of his heart. No brother ever went to him with a tale of sorrow, but he met the most ready and often tearful sympathy from our friend. Any official trouble he ever fell into, arose more from his pecuniary advances than from any other cause. His emotional susceptibility, combined with his unpretentious ability, give his pulpit ministrations a peculiar charm. Alas, that some of us so seldom enjoy them! Dr. Wood, from his constitutional caution and conservatism, would never venture on any fundamental change in Methodism from himself, yet he would readily coincide with any such change that is made by connexional authority. It must be said, however, in justice to him, that the project of confederating all the older Methodist bodies in the North American colonies has been a favorite scheme with him since his coming to Canada West. He is a good presiding officer; for although he vapors no superior knowledge of connexional law, somehow or other, by his instinctive sagacity, he generally goes right, and decides points of order with wisdom and fairness. There! we have said something, but from the difficulty in fathoming and measuring this deep, capacious mind, and the hurry with which we have had to do it, we are not satisfied with what we have said.

Does any one need to be informed that Dr. Wood, though retiring, is highly respected in good society, and very influential with public functionaries; and that he has been twenty-one years, either Superintendent of Missions or Senior Secretary, a good part of which time he was Treasurer also; likewise eight years, President of the undivided Canada Conference, and that he is now President of the Toronto Annual Conference?

JOHN STOREY, Esq.,

General Conference delegate for Quebec, is a noble specimen of robust, sanctified manhood, noted for his gushing generosity to the cause of God, to which he is under great obligations himself. He was born of Wesleyan parents in old Ireland, near Killeandra, county of Cavan. As his progenitors were Methodists on both sides, he was early admitted to membership himself, which he has maintained till this day. He entered the employ of Messrs. Calvin and Back, of Garden Island, and is their responsible manager in Quebec. He has twice visited his native land, on the second of which

visits he married a staunch Methodist lady, who sees eye to eye with him in his efforts for his beloved church. He is the Recording Steward and one of the principal supporters of the Wesleyan cause in the old city of Quebec.

REV. RICHARD WHITING,

The Chairman of the Pembroke District, is not above medium height, handsome and neat in personal appearance, with a well-knit frame, and healthy constitution, eminently adapted to sustain the toilsome labors of an active Methodist preacher. As a worker, Bro. Whiting has been laborious and untiring; as a preacher, he is earnest, practical and pointed. Hence, he has been very successful on his different fields of labor, having had gracious revivals of religion on nearly every circuit on which he has been stationed.

Mr. Whiting was born in Cornwall, near Bodmin, in 1820. This county has furnished a goodly number of ministers to our Canadian Conference. He was baptized in the Church of England, brought up in its Sabbath School, and was confirmed by the late Bishop Philpotts, of high church memory and became a communicant in that Church. Having been converted through Wesleyan agency, when about thirteen years of age, he began to preach while quite a youth, and labored as a local preacher on the Bodmin and Liskerd circuits, till he left England for Canada in 1845. He reached Chatham, Ontario, on a Saturday evening, and began his ministerial labors the next morning, and has for nearly thirty years, without intermission, faithfully prosecuted his work.

Mr. Whiting, though a staunch Methodist, has always cherished a kind attachment to the church of his childhood; and has cultivated friendly relations with many of its ministers. And yet, this excellent brother has recently become the object of the most bigoted and unchristian treatment from that church, that has ever disgraced the annals of Canadian ecclesiastical history. He has committed an unpardonable offence against Episcopal propriety and liberty. It appears, the Episcopal minister at Pembroke, being too late for a funeral, Mr. W. being present at the request of the friends of the deceased, read a portion of holy scripture, and offered prayer at the house, then proceeded to the graveyard, where he laid the astonishing hardihood to pronounce the benediction in consecrated ground. Thereupon an action has been instituted against him in the law courts, to punish him for having dared, under the open canopy of heaven, on free Canadian soil, to ask God's blessing upon the people! Tell it not in Gath, that while falsehood and wickedness are abounding, men who call themselves the true ministers of the world's Redeemer, believe they are doing God service, when they persecute earnest workers for Christ, who do not pronounce their shilloleths. And worst of all, this intolerant bigotry shields itself under the cover of Christian duty. Alas for the church, or the minister, that has so sadly misapprehended the law of Christian charity and duty!

THOMAS BOWLES, Esq.,

One of the Toronto District Delegates, is muscular and manly in person, dark complexioned, hair and beard abundant, black and curly. Is yet in his prime, having been born July 27, 1830, which makes him just past forty-four years of age. His constitution was developed on a farm, a business which he still follows. He resides in the place of his nativity, in the township of Chinguacousy. He is of Irish parentage. He is a well-to-do man of business, for which he is naturally adapted. His manners are sociable and off-handed. He enjoys the affection and confidence of those in the midst of whom he lives, whose suffrages have preferred him to several civic offices. He has been connected with the Municipal Council the last twelve years, holding various positions of trust during the time, and is now Reeve of his township.

As to religion, he has progressed fast. He became identified with the Church in 1852, but not converted till the following year, a spiritual child of the venerable S. C. Philp. Being gifted and zealous, he has risen to be class-leader and local preacher, and has now the honor of representing the metropolitan district in the General Conference. We opine, he will be found observed. (Concluded on fourth page.)

Travellers' Guide—Toronto Time.

Table with train schedules for Grand Trunk East, Grand Trunk West, Great Western Railway, Northern Railway, Toronto and Nipissing Railway, and Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway.

The Daily Recorder.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1874. RITUALISM IN CANADA.

We were all considerably amused, and doubtless a good deal amazed, at the intense bigotry and absurd priestly pretensions set forth in the extracts from a recent Anglican Catechism, read by the Rev. Gervase Smith on Tuesday evening.

We could scarcely believe it possible that in any part of Canada any man could be so unutterably bigoted and foolish as to do what a cotemporary mentions as having lately been done in Pembroke.

And this audacious offender against the sanctity of consecrated ground is our own Rev. R. Whiting, of Pembroke. The facts of his offence are more fully stated in the sketch of his life on our outside page.

It may be worth inquiring however, whether the General Conference, without endorsing any schismatic movement in the Church of England, should not give a strong deliverance on the subject of the rampant ritualism which is in many places manifesting itself.

One of the forms which this movement has taken in Canada is the establishment of a Ritualistic paper, the Church Chimes, a monthly record of Catholic progress in Canada.

cross is conspicuous in its head line. It affects archaic spelling, and gives as a first article a "Kalender" for September. The first saint commemorated is "S. Giles, Abbott and Confessor, A.D. 720-725," a noble Athenian, who to escape the honours paid to his miraculous power, fled to France, where he lived in a cave, supported by the milk of a hind, and so on.

The Chimes, we are informed, is the organ of the religious guilds of S. Laurence, the Good Shepherd, and other associated guilds. These "guilds" are intended for rallying points for "a tiny handful of Catholics in a Protestant-riden town," such we suppose as Toronto, and "to keep alive the sacred fire when all around seems sunk in hopeless gloom."

In an article on "the crisis in Canada," we are gravely assured that "the position of the celebrant at the altar, [i.e., whether standing before it or at one side] is just now the key to the attack and defence of Church principles." It is not the cardinal doctrines of repentance or faith, but the still more momentous question of "the position of the celebrant at the altar." What fetishism is this!

The Chimes asserts the dogma that the Eucharist is a sacrifice continually offered up, and says logically enough, "For any one to talk about a priest or an altar who did not believe in a sacrifice is absurd." Otherwise he is only a "preacher not a priest; the altar is only a table, not a shrine.

The "cumminists," as they are called, come in for a rather severe diatribe, as "the newest schism;" but they will doubtless survive this counterblast.

The Chimes makes use of verse as well as prose for the disseminating of its doctrine. The following is a specimen from "a hymn for children."

I am a little Catholic, I love my Church and School; I love my dear old English Church, I love her faith and rule.

In a "Poem for the period," a "vested Priest of God" who stands before the altar "as one who turns, to greet a presence at a shrine," is contrasted with "the people's hirling," who stands at the Northern end.

The duty of confession is strongly urged, and also that of prayers for the dead, as in the following, among the notices of deaths:—"Of your charity pray for the soul of—, grant him, Lord, eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine on him."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE UNITED WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

NINTH DAY—MORNING SESSION. Precisely at 9 o'clock the President announced the 367th hymn, after the singing of which the Secretary read the 4th chapter of 2 Corinthians, and the Rev. James Gray led the Conference in prayer.

The minutes of the previous session were read and confirmed. The Rev. J. A. Williams, Secretary of the Committee on Discipline, presented a further report from the Committee, the first part of which relates to the death or disability of the President of an Annual Conference, in such case the ex President shall take his place, and should there be no ex President, the Secretary shall call a special meeting of the Special Committee, who shall elect a President by ballot.

The report of the Committee on Discipline was resumed, which defined the duties of the Stationing Committee, and the drafts of stations which they shall prepare for the Conference, and the mode of electing the Chairmen of Districts and Financial Secretaries.

Mr. Humes read a further report of the Committee on the Children's Fund; that the children of superannuated and deceased ministers who were born while their fathers were in the actual work, or within one year after their superannuation.

That to aid in the support of our Universities, Theological Schools, the Wesleyan Institute in Manitoba, and the proposed French Missionary Institution, an Educational Society shall be formed, similar to our Missionary Society.

That any person may become a member of the society by the payment of \$5 per annum. That the management of the society shall be in the hands of a Central Committee, consisting of one layman, appointed by the General Conference from each of the Annual Conferences of London, Toronto, Montreal, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and one minister elected by each of the same Annual Conferences, together with the heads of the Universities and Theological Schools.

That it shall be the duty of the Central Committee to organize and sustain a branch of the society in each Annual Conference. The Annual Conference shall appoint a Conference Committee of ministers and laymen, who shall arrange for the holding of an annual meeting on each circuit or station within the bounds of their Conference.

That the Committee recommend that the charter of the College, Convent, and Mount Allison Institution, Sackville, shall be so amended that the General Conference shall constitute the annual meetings of those Colleges instead of the Annual Conferences as hitherto, and that the names of twenty-four persons be designated by the present General Conference to constitute the first board, such names to be inserted in the Act of the Legislature of New Brunswick, amending the present charter, and shall be constituted the legal board of management till their successors are appointed at the next General Conference.

The Committee also recommend that the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, and the Dundas and Stansfeld Institutions, have their charters so amended that the clerical directors of these institutions shall be appointed by the General Conference to hold office for four years; any vacancies that may occur in the intervals of General Conference shall be filled up by the General Conference Executive Committee; the directors may apply to any Annual Conference for the appointment of a member of such Conference as governor, and that such Conference shall have power to make the appointment.

The Committee further recommend that in respect of the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby. The Executive Committee of the General Conference shall appoint clerical directors, and any Annual Conference shall appoint a governor as soon as its charter is confirmed to that of our other proprietary institutions. The Committee consider it very desirable to establish an Educational Institution for our

French Canadian missionary work, and that the Rev. J. Borland shall be appointed agent for the purpose of endeavoring to secure an Establishment. It appears that the sum of \$15,000, in addition to all present available means, will be required to maintain our various Educational Institutions.

The report was adopted unanimously. Dr. JEFFERS, Dr. RICE and Dr. EVANS, all spoke in terms of great commendation respecting it, characterizing it as one of great comprehensiveness. The French Institution especially seemed to be very cordially approved. The President in asking the Conference to vote respecting the report, expressed his own personal pleasure at the lucid manner in which the whole question of education had thus been set forth, and said he was sure that argued well for the grandeur of the whole scheme.

JUDGE JONES presented the report of Committee on Church Property, of which the following is the substance, viz: 1. The Committee recommend that all church property, such as churches, parsonages, burial grounds, &c., hitherto held in trust for the several churches and Conferences now embraced in this General Conference, shall be held as vested in trustees, in trust for the Methodist Church of Canada.

2. All church property as above mentioned, which hereafter be acquired, shall be deemed to and held by trustees, in trust for the use of the said church, according to the form of the deed to be hereafter approved and settled.

3. That such deed to be so settled shall provide that the church property so held may be sold or transferred by and with the consent of the General Conference, within the bounds of which such property is situated, said consent to be certified under the signature of the President and Secretary of such Annual Conference, with the Conference seal thereto attached.

4. That application be made to the Legislature of the several Provinces comprising the Dominion of Canada, and of the Province of Newfoundland and the Bermuda Islands, for such legislation as may be required to give legal effect to the provisions herein set forth.

5. That we recommend that this Committee be appointed as a Standing Committee, with full power to carry out the foregoing recommendations, and with authority to act for such time after the close of this Conference as may be necessary.

Mr. Humes read a further report of the Committee on the Children's Fund; that the children of superannuated and deceased ministers who were born while their fathers were in the actual work, or within one year after their superannuation.

That arrangements now existing for the payment of claims for children born before their fathers were received into our ministry shall continue in force, but hereafter no claim for children born before their fathers' reception into the ministry of our church shall be provided for by this fund. The above report was adopted.

The Committee desired an amendment to be added to the report which they submitted a few days ago relative to the amount to be paid to the children of ministers. In connection with the Conferences in the Maritime Provinces it has been the rule to pay \$40 per year for each child until said child is twenty years of age; while in the Canada Conference the amount paid has only been \$30 until the child is eighteen years of age.

At the time the basis of union was drawn up it was agreed that each Annual Conference should manage its own Children's Fund; but now several of the members of the Conference desired that the same payment shall be made to children in all the Annual Conferences, and a compromise was recommended to the effect that payment should be made to the amount of \$35 until 19 years of age, securing, however, all the vested rights of children of widows and superannuated ministers who have been accustomed to receive \$40 per year, with the expectation of the same being continued until 20 years of age.

As was to be expected this amendment did not meet universal approval. Those from the East contended that it would be better for the Western Conferences to level up to the usages of Eastern British America. The discussion was earnest and protracted, but was conducted in the most friendly manner. It was contended that while exceedingly desirable that the connexional principles should be maintained as far as possible in all matters of finance as well as everything else, and still, as many who were not members of the General Conference had gone into the union not anticipating any change of this kind, it was thought that to make any alterations from the basis agreed upon at the connexional meeting, and sanctioned by both Conferences, it would create a spirit of distrust and excite an amount of opposition which would require considerable time to allay. It was finally agreed to allow the matter to remain in its present state at least for four years. A pleasant episode here occurred.

Dr. Wood informed the President that the Rev. Geo. McDougall, from the Saskatchewan, in the North-west, was present, and he would conduct him to the platform. Dr. W. did so, and the heroic Missionary was cheered again and again; and when the President gave him the welcome shake of the hand, the whole Conference rose and cheered yet again. The good brother, though very much bronzed with his long journey and great exposure to the burning sun, looks remarkably well, so that the pure and plain penman evidently agrees with the noble man, who is worthy of the honor that the Conference can confer upon him. Mr. McDougall was evidently the subject of much emotion, and for some time it seemed as though he would not be able to sufficiently command himself so as to even address a few words to the Conference. At length he began and said he was glad to see Dr. Ryerson in the chair of the first General Conference in Canada. From childhood he had revered the name of Dr. Ryerson. He had addressed some strange congregations in his time, but he never addressed one like this, and therefore they must of necessity bear with him. He was full of joy and thankfulness at what he now saw. As he looked round he beheld the venerable man who gave his local preacher's license, and here and there he saw those who had been the friends of his youth. He could hardly tell why he was thus called upon, as he was very unfit to address that Conference, seeing he had been travelling for eight weeks, and for the last five nights had had scarcely any sleep, and only reached the city at 7 o'clock this morning. He must acknowledge that he was glad to hear of the spread of union sentiments. While in the North-west he had often wished that some in Ontario who are so tenacious about

denominationalism could have beheld some of the scenes which he had witnessed; but alas, for the fields "out there" the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. He must tell them he had come from a great country, a country much greater than many people imagine, even statesmen do not seem to be aware of the immense domain that God has given to Canada. He supposed that the people in Ontario considered their own Province somewhat like perfection, but he assured them it was not equal to the vast country from which he had so recently come; and, with respect to beautiful scenery, why the Asinabome is a perfect picture gallery. Of course, he had travelled extensively, and he knew what he was saying, he had gone some 200 miles along the Athabasca, and some 300 up the Bow River, and then across the plains some 900 miles, and in all that vast region the flag of Britain waved. Last fall, his son John started on his journey to Morleyville. The snow had begun to fall before he could get away. They had no hay nor fodder for their horses and cattle in all the journey, nor during the winter, yet, such was the abundance of good prairie grass that neither horse nor cattle suffered for want. He was very glad that a union had taken place, as he hoped by that means that there would be more men and means for the North-west. He could mention places which could be taken up as Mission stations immediately. There was one where it was absolutely necessary a Missionary should be immediately sent. The Government are about to build a fort. He did not think, for reasons given, that it was the right place to make such an erection, but here there were some 800 laborers employed, some of whom he, Mr. McD., met going in thither, many of them are from Ontario and had been accustomed to sit under Methodist preaching in this noble Province. There are also a great number of troops there; and while the country was being developed he did hope that the ambassadors of Christ would be sent to sow the seeds of eternal life.

As it was near the hour of noon some wanted to adjourn; but as notice had been given that Dr. Douglas's motion for changing the name of the church would be discussed at this session, others called out, "question, question!" the chair therefore ruled that a motion must be submitted for protracting the session. A motion to that effect was therefore made, and carried by a large majority. Dr. Douglas then took the floor and moved that the name by which this church in future shall be known should be the "Methodist Church of Canada." Dr. Douglas then delivered one of his famous speeches, which elicited several bursts of applause from his admirers. He said, at the inception of the movement no proposition was so much opposed as that which contemplated a change of the name of the church. The name of Wesley is a sacred name, and one that is treasured in the memory by a strong and powerful memento. This name had had the faculty of his youth, the vigour of his manhood, and he could not part with it but with fearful reluctance. He thought that at the meeting of the Union Committee which was held at Montreal, the name Wesleyan Methodist Church was not considered the best. No doubt, this name was acceptable to a good number; but when the Methodist New Connexion came into the movement it was then found necessary to add the word "United Wesleyan Methodist Church;" and under this name the General Conference is now assembled. He thought, however, that to allow this to remain as the name of the church would be contrary to self-respect, and a violation of the golden rule. There would be no honorable union, though there might be absorption if the name remained as it is. He asked the question, which is the most ancient name, Wesleyan or Methodist? Look at the hymn book, and is it not "for the use of the people called Methodists?" Dr. D. would assure this General Conference that no dishonor to the name of Wesley was intended. Dishonor the name of Wesley, never, no never. No one would for a moment cast dishonor upon that name which had become immortalized for goodness, and which Macaulay, the eloquent historian, had spoken of in terms of such eulogy. After all, who and what was Wesley? He was only a man, though a great, grand man, and if he could now appear in their midst he (Dr. D.) thought Wesley would say, "Let my name perish, but let the name which Providence gave me people be that by which they shall be known." He was reminded of the Scripture passage, "Who is Paul, and who is Apollus?" It is an undeniable fact that the name must be changed. United Wesleyan Methodist Church is a cumbersome name—one that lacks euphony. It is a historic fact that compound names invariably degenerate into unworthy abbreviations, and should not belong to the Church of Christ. It will be remembered how one church used to be called the U. P.'s. "The Methodist Episcopal Church," where you hear this name once, you hear the term "M. E. Church" a hundred times. The name Methodist did not, as some others, awake any better recollections—it binds us in a brotherhood that can never be broken. By adopting this name we are opening the portals of the church sufficiently wide to admit all to whom the name of Wesley is the great shadow under which millions may rest. Still he heard some venerable man uttering the plaintive exclamation, "Woodman, spare that tree!" He honored them for their attachment, and he could not at the first but hesitate in putting himself in an agonism against those who regarded his proposition as a departure from the old landmarks. It had been said that "the Methodist Church" would be impolitic, a name of aggression, and an insult to the minor bodies of Methodists. He conceived that no one could be insulted by the name which he proposed. Some time since, as is well known, the subject of union was discussed about among the various bodies of Presbyterians; but what was the name chosen, and flung out, as he may say, the olive branch of peace, and under the endeared name of Presbyterian all were rallying. Then, too, there were the Baptists; one of the sections of which had assumed the name of the Baptist Church of Canada, but that was no insult to the other Baptists, among whom were "Seven Day Baptists," &c. He thought the generic name of Methodist would be acceptable to all. Those of the New Connexion had accepted it. The Primitive Methodists would approve it, and no objection had been heard against it from the Methodist Episcopal, hence, he thought, that the name is proposed would soon secure what they all desired, one Methodist from sea to sea. Hail, then, spirit of unity—hail the fact of the coming time! Give us not the new name, but the old, old name, and let us go hand in hand, winning fresh laurels to our beloved Methodism.

The Hon. Judge WILMOT in seconding the resolution said that he had never heard such a speech as that to which the Conference had just listened. He fancied that the opponents to the motion must be so silenced that the victory now was sure, and he did not wonder, therefore, that there should be such loud cries of adjourn, adjourn. He could not conceive how any odium could be cast upon those who desired to change the name, seeing the oldest was retained which was first given at Oxford as a term of reproach, but had now become a term of honor, for everybody would surely admit that it was an honor to be a Methodist. We still hold the grand doctrines preached by the fathers, and he thought we gained much by adopting the name recommended, and lost incalculably if we refuse. We are still Methodists; none can deprive us of this name.

Dr. FOWLER took the floor and spoke strongly against the motion. Of course, he admitted, that with such an express train as had now passed them, with Dr. D. for the engine driver and Judge Wilmot for fireman, it would be looked upon as a foregone conclusion that the motion must prevail, but he for one would do his best to prevent the name being changed. What's in a name! There might be honor, but honor will not heal a wound. He revered the name of Wesley. His father loved it, and his grandfather revered it. They bore his honored name. He conceived that the name Wesleyan was the best name, as in John Wesley was the embodiment of Methodism. The name Wesley, he thought was linked with goodness, and in a thousand years hence it would be greater than it is now. He had forced his way into Westminster Abbey almost a hundred years after his death. There were two channels through which they had derived their names. The name of Wesley had come from Wesley himself, and that of Methodist had come through the M. E. Church of the United States. He did not like the word united, but still it means a blending. And then as to the name of Wesley, he would ask, was not Wesley worthy of being honored by having his name attached to the Church of which he was the founder? Had he not given the Church and the world a treasure. Look at his writings, sermons, and above all, his hymns. What did that hymn-book teach us? It might contain one or two heavy hymns, but still that book is a repository of religious sentiment the like of which he did not think could be found in the same space anywhere.

Rev. JAMES BROCK spoke in favor of the motion and said that it was not until 1820 that the name Wesleyan was adopted. The name Methodist he thought was the more suitable, as it was recorded in the Deed of Declarations, and on the title page of the hymn-book.

Dr. GREEN spoke against the motion, but admitted that the eloquent mover had acted in the most fair and honorable manner, and though he thought it did not require much discernment to tell how the vote would go, he must detain the Conference for a few moments, while he stated some reasons why he was opposed to the change of name. It is contrary to the basis of union, and once begin to change that and their is no knowing into what difficulties we shall be plunged. It is known that when the union was being formed, Dr. Punshon strongly urged for the name Wesleyan to be retained, and then it was carried in committee. Here the President interposed and said yes, by a majority of one, and that one has written to me lately, and expressed his regret that he had voted as he did. Then said Dr. Green, the brother in question has backslidden. However, he, and those who would vote with him, would adhere to their platform, as he thought it would be unwise to change, and would not be treating the other denominations fair, as it seemed as though they would monopolize the name Methodist, as though they were the only persons in the world deserving that name. It had been said if Wesley were here, he would not have the name; be it so, and no doubt neither Wesley nor Luther would attach their particular names to the denomination which now bears them. For his own part he was willing to abide by the decisions of men like Dr. A. Clarke, Dr. Bunting, Richard Watson and Dr. Newton, through whom the name Wesleyan was applied, and well it might be, for Wesley was the greatest apostle that ever visited England. Their Fathers in England will be sorry when it is known they have changed their name. As alluring other bodies, he did not think the name would influence them at all. If the Conference wants to make concessions, let it be done when it is known what concessions are required.

Dr. RICE in opposing the motion said he thought that the Conference was about to vote under a wrong influence. There had not as yet been a single valid reason assigned why the name Wesleyan should be abolished. He must admit there had been a vast deal of eloquence, plenty of rhetoric, but little logic. He reminded the Conference that to change the name would require two-thirds vote of this Conference. The people had not asked for the change. There had not been a single petition or memorial asking for it; then why change? Is the Conference prepared to assume so grave a responsibility. Some said yes; he said no. In making this change he thought there was something more than the mere name, there was a principle involved. Had the question been submitted to the Quarterly Meetings he would have felt better satisfied.

Mr. SQUELCH wanted the question laid over for four years, and let the Quarterly Meetings be consulted in the meantime, but to this there were loud cries of, no, no, vote. The PRESIDENT said it must be borne in mind that we were formerly called Methodists in Canada, and not until 1833 did they adopt the name Wesleyan. Ten years afterwards it was the most difficult task of his life to defend the change from that of Methodist to that of Wesleyan.

Dr. STEWART then moved as an amend-

ment that the question be postponed until the next General Conference. Dr. RICE seconded it but it was lost. On the motion being put there was a large majority in its favor. Some called for the years and says, but Dr. Rice said there was no necessity to do that as there was no doubt which side had the majority.

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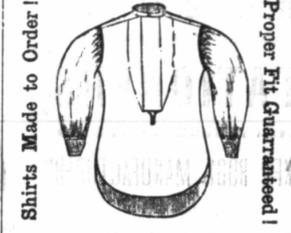
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