

The Wesleyan

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,
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OUR ENGLISH LETTER.
THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—In addition to the public meetings, held to consider the various aspects of the Turkish Question, and the voluminous correspondence in the newspapers, a conference has been held consisting of upwards of 1000 delegates, and the list of names disclose an immense array of talent, rank and influence. Men who are famous and foremost in all departments came out boldly in opposition to any attempt or proposal to support by the might of our arms, the present Government of Turkey. The conference was not avowedly political, but it was in direct antagonism to some of the indiscreet and fiery utterances of Lord Beaconsfield, and doubtless expressed the views of the great Liberal party of the day. The papers which represent the Government, and others which support Turkey through all her crimes and misdemeanors, were in great wrath at the decisions of the Conference. It was the extreme of rashness and the reverse of every thing patriotic to assemble and discuss questions of high imperial policy at the present crisis, and on the very eve of the assembly of the European Council at Constantinople. Much more of this loud talk was indulged in, but it is quite evident that the Conference has exerted a mighty influence in the interests of peace. The Government refused to call Parliament together, and there was no other way in which the voice of the people could be heard. Our rulers have taken counsel from the unmistakable expression of opinion, and Lord Salisbury is shaping his policy more after a peaceable fashion, and is not acting as if we were in mortal fear and terribly suspicious of every act and move on the part of the Russian Government.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PETITION,
from India, begging our Queen to maintain the Sultan and his possessions, and hinting at the possible consequences to the vast myriads in India who profess his faith, and own him as a kind of spiritual lord and head, is a fact of deep significance. Yet there are suspicious facts in the wording of the document, and the resemblance of the arguments to those invariably employed by certain parties at home, that deprive the petition of much of its value, and lead to question its origin and inspiration. There can be no doubt as to the sympathy of millions in India, with the rule of Turkey as it is, and it is certain that in the event of a protracted war or the existence of its Power, the Turkish Government could soon stir up a terrible manifestation of sympathy and wild enthusiasm in the midst of the Mohammedans of India.

THE SITUATION
is a critical one. Turkey appears obstinately determined to resist the demands made, and at any moment we may hear of a wide rupture, and an immediate close of the negotiations. This shadow hangs over all the joyousness of

CHRISTMAS TIDE
and it is easy to mark in the vast accumulation of war material and the movement of troops, the possibility of the sudden outbreak of war on a scale of great magnitude.

Turning to happier themes, we note the removal of an onerous restriction from the shoulders of

OUR DAY SCHOOL TEACHERS,
who are now at full liberty to exercise their gifts as Local Preachers. They are not to undertake duty that will at all interfere with their public and scholastic work, but with this exception they can come upon our plans, and render very valuable aid in a sphere for which many are admirably fitted, and

from which they have, for so large a time, been debarred.

THE NEW MAGAZINE,
published at sixpence, and taking the place of the venerable shilling magazine, and the juvenile "City Road Magazine," has been issued. It is about equal in appearance to your Canadian Magazine, and one might suppose that suggestions as to size, paper and type had been taken from the young monthly of the Dominion. The specimen number is a fair start, but it will have to go farther in the indicated lines, ere the new sixpenny will satisfy the Methodist of to-day.

"EARLY DAYS"
is enlarged, and takes a pleasant form, and full-page illustrations.

"MEN, BOYS AND GIRLS,"
at a half-penny, promises to be popular, and on the whole the new arrangements bid fair to be useful and progressive. The old system of shilling and seven-penny acts is abolished, and some new rules are set forth for the better, and wider distribution of our Book Room publications.

This is my last letter for the year 1876, and it seems a fitting time just to write a line or two, expressive of what has long been on my mind in relation to the get-up and filling-in of our own "WESLEYAN."

Some recent numbers have been so complete in varied information from all parts of the vast field, so rich in local news, so lively and withal so true to Christ and Methodism, that they have given me very great satisfaction and pleasure. Accept kindest greetings, dear Brother, for yourself and all your patrons, from
Yours truly,
G. B.
Dec. 28, 1876.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO.

Your correspondent has long been silent. The locale of his residence has, in accordance with the inexorable laws of the church, been changed from where it was during the past three years, to the most southerly town of Canada, and at the extreme south east point of Ontario. The magnificent Detroit river, here four miles in width, and studded with fertile islets, sweeps majestically by it. The navigation of the great net work of lakes passes by it at an average of one ship in every six minutes. The Canadian southern R. R. here terminates, and is connected with the Chicago line, by an immense steam ferry boat, and numerous bridges which span the river. The town is one of the oldest but not most progressive in the Province. It has its historical interest, but is the centre of a large French settlement, and Roman Catholicism is the prevailing religion. We did not arrive at our new station till October. July found us in search of health. Crossing the Atlantic—then amid the grand and picturesque scenery of Scotland's lochs and trossachs; then further south, till we found ourselves locked arm in arm one day in the streets of Nottingham—on the way to the Conference-room, in company with your English correspondent. A month in Staffordshire—a week in Leamington—with trips to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and Leigh Hall. A week in London and another at Brighton. A few days at Cheltenham, a look in upon the shrine of Shakespeare at Stratford, a ramble through the Scotch metropolis, Edinburgh—and then to Glasgow, a tour to Sir Walter Scott's home in Abbotsford, and Lord Byron's at Newstead, and very many other places were included in his summer ramble—not forgetting the Centennial.

A passing tribute is due to his former circuit. It is one to fame unknown. The head of the circuit was in a small country village; the membership numbered only about two hundred. Yet beside a liberally supporting married and a single man, it contributed to our missionary fund \$375, and to the other connexional funds with equal liberality. From such a people it was hard to tear ourselves away, and we were glad of the three months interval before entering upon our labors upon a new field of work. In the sequestered nook in which we find ourselves, we realize the blessedness of being "little and unknown." We know nothing of what is going on in the Methodism of the London Conference only as we look upon it through the windows of the "Christian

Guardian." The era of church building as well as of revivals continues unabated. Dr. Eves is in frequent requisition at the dedication of new churches; and our respected President is in travels more frequent for similar purposes. He is an eloquent man and a very able pulpit divine. We meant to have written you a short sketch of our St. Catherine's Conference and its President as the time, but were peremptorily ordered for a season to cease all efforts of the kind, and seek for rest and this Mr. Editor is the first time we have ventured to add one iota to our regular ministerial duties, by such work. Your kindness in sending the WESLEYAN notwithstanding our silence, has been highly appreciated. We should miss very much its weekly appearance. We must defer a sketch of "Father Byrne," and other matters to another letter, and subscribe ourselves,
Yours, &c.
H. H. R. S.

LABRADOR MISSION, 1876.
(BY REV. GEO. FAYRE.)

Having during the past summer been again appointed by the N. F. A. Conference, as missionary on Labrador coast, I here present a report of my labors on that important mission. Through the generosity of M. T. Knight Esq., whose kindness both last year and this, I shall never forget; I obtained a free passage to Labrador coast. We left St. John's on Tuesday, July 4th, but on account of head winds did not reach Labrador until the following Tuesday. My mission this summer commenced at Hensley Harbor, which place I did not reach last year. There I found several methodists and a few Episcopalians, most of whom visit the place only for the summer months, but some few families remain there all the year round.

We held service in a house purchased by the late Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, who was formerly the Episcopal missionary at Battle Harbour, Labrador, and who, in his truly catholic spirit, for which he was dearly beloved by the members of the Methodist church as well as his own, left word that it was to be opened for Divine service to Protestants of all denominations. At each service, notwithstanding a very heavy shower of rain, there was a goodly number present; and best of all the Master's presence was felt, and it is to be hoped that good resulted from the preaching of the word. I was very much pleased at finding a Sabbath school organized, and in a flourishing condition; this I visited, and presented to each of the scholars a small book which they seemed glad to receive, especially the natives, for whom I selected those with the most attractive covers.

The next place I visited was Cape Charles; but did not get there before many of the people had gone north; so that the congregations were not so large as last year. Still we had a goodly number present at each service which was held in a store; when the comforting influence of the Spirit was felt. During my stay there, I visited a young man, who was a resident, and had been for some time sick; he seemed to be trusting in the Lord, but had not a clear assurance of his sins being forgiven. I tried as best I could, to point him to Christ as his only Saviour; and as he heard the good news that God loved him, it brought tears to his eyes.

From this place I took passage to the mail steamer to Dead Island, and from thence I went to Triangle; this time I stayed there over the Sabbath, but not having a minister on the Sabbath for a long time. The place of service for morning and afternoon, was rather a novel one, it being a stage, which is used for landing fish, and in which they split and salt it. The evening service, and those during the week, were held in a house, where we had some very hallowed meetings.

I returned from Triangle to Dead Island, where services were conducted in a dwelling house, the congregations were good upon the Sabbath, but not so good during the week. Whilst staying there I visited a poor young man, who has since died; he was then in a sad state; his life had been one of rebellion against God, having been a great blasphemer; his tongue was now so swollen and sore that he could scarcely speak. Poor fellow! when last I saw him he seemed anxious

about his soul, but I had to leave him without any evidence of a change of heart.

My next removal was again by steamer. By one of the passengers I learnt of the death of dear brother Dixon, who has left the church militant to join the church triumphant. After spending one night on board, I was safely landed at Venison Island, at which place the Methodists are very few, but we got good congregations. We conducted services in a large store. Upon the return of the mail steamer I took passage in her to Square Islands, where we had some interesting meetings in store; the Lord was truly in our midst.

From Square Islands I went up Serammy Bay, to visit some friends from Newfoundland. Whilst there, those terrible storms commenced, which proved so disastrous upon the coast of Labrador this year; such gales of wind and heavy seas had not been experienced there before. I thought only to have spent a couple of days here, but on account of the storm, was detained from Monday until Friday, that day, which was the first of September, I shall never forget. The sea was so rough that some expressed an opinion, that we should have hard work to get along, but others thought it would not be so very bad, so being anxious to reach another harbor before Sunday, in company with three men and the colporteur, belonging to the British and Foreign Bible Society, I left in a large boat belonging to a steamer, which was kindly lent us. We had a fearful time, and often wished ourselves back, but we could not return; some of the ballast was thrown overboard, sails reefed, and after a time one taken down; great care had to be taken upon the part of the helmsman, so as not to have the full force of the waves, yet in consequence of the sea rolling in all directions, it was impossible to escape them all. All on board seemed to be anxious for their safety, especially as the wind was continually rising. We were bound for Fishings Harbor, but gladly made for Ship Harbor, in doing so, we had a very narrow escape; no one on board being acquainted with the place, we had to run the risk of all shoals, and just outside of Ship Harbor is a sunken bank, which in our ignorance we passed over. Just as we were on it, a heavy gust of wind came off the land, and what with the extra motion of water on the shoal, and the wind, we really thought our boat would have been swamped. A kind Providence however was near, especially in the shoal not breaking, for if it had done so, our boat would certainly have been dashed to pieces, and not one of our number left to tell the tale. As may be expected we were glad to get into any harbor, and felt easy when once more sailing upon smooth water. The people all wondered to see a boat coming in that direction, for they thought it impossible for a small boat to live in such a sea.

(To be continued.)

The recital of Brother Osborn's labors reminds the writer of one of your own most heroic veterans—Hector Brownson by name, whose family is under the pastoral care of the writer. In his eighty-sixth year he is still hale, hearty and happy, the oldest effective Methodist preacher extant, and one of the best agents the American Bible Society ever had. If he ceases to work, it will be because he ceases to live. A few Sundays ago he preached three times and traveled from ten to twenty miles. As a sacrifice for that noble organization, he cannot be beaten. During a hot summer's day while pleading with a country congregation to give him \$30 for the Bible Society, the all-gentleman was overcome by heat and disappointment, and incontinently fainted. He had only received about five dollars. Alarmed and anxious, the people gathered round him, dashed water on his face, and when he regained consciousness, very anxiously inquired what they should do for him. "Raise me those thirty dollars," he responded, in gasping tones. Said he, "They raised me thirty-five." The ruling passion was strong in what looked like death. Father Brownson is revered and beloved through all his district, and will be greatly missed when translated to that new Jerusalem whose existence and accessibility he has done so much to bring to the knowledge of the perishing millions.—Am. Paper.

People will not be surprised to hear that the Rev. John Farrar has resolved to retire from the Governorship of Heidelberg College next Conference. He has well earned his rest. Mr. Farrar's active ministry dates from 1822. The great portion of that period has been spent in departmental life in college and school. He has been twice President of the Conference, and he held the distinguished position of Secretary of that assembly 1831-33, 1853-60. Perhaps no one else has taken part in the organization of as many Wesleyan ministers as Mr. Farrar. He will go into private life with the admiration, respect, and love of his brethren; and while none will begrudge him the repose, and fall to hope for him a bright and promoted sunset, none can say he held his appointment longer than he was able to discharge his duties with great efficiency.

Last Saturday's Bourne mouth paper states that arrangements have been made with a number of "popular preachers in the Wesleyan connexion for visiting Bourne mouth, who will on one Sunday in each month in rotation occupy the pulpit of the Wesleyan Church. Amongst these are several ex-presidents, and what may be designed as coming men. It goes on to give a list of the ex-presidents, who are expected, and of what it calls the "coming men," but with reference to one of the latter it says—"The Rev. Dr. Rigg, who many of the knowing ones of the denomination anticipate will be elected to the chair next year."—London Methodist.

Real cannibals have been discovered by missionaries on the islands of New Britain and New Ireland, off the north-east coast of New Guinea. These natives are nude savages of the oriental negro type, which live more like beasts than human beings. The Rev. George Brown, a Wesleyan missionary, reports that he saw women roasting the leg and thigh of a man who had been killed in a fight. In another hut smoke-dried human flesh was hanging. In another he counted thirty-five jaw bones of men and women. Cannibalism seemed to be common throughout the islands, not as a religious rite, but as an ordinary means of subsistence. The natives assured the missionary that the accounts heretofore published of a race of human beings were true, and were certain these strange creatures were not monkeys.

"GRANDFATHER"

"Grandfather" is the name of an old parrot, owned by Mr. W. H. Seward, Jr., of New York. This parrot has been a great traveller in his day, but now lives quiet at his home on the Hudson River. His master is very fond of him, and so are all his family; and he is the pet of all visitors who go to the house.

Several years ago, when there was a dreadful war in our own beloved country, Mr. Seward lived in Washington, where his father, a great statesman and Patriot, then held the office of Secretary of State.

At that time, the well-known "John Brown Song" was all the rage. The very boys in the streets, would sing as they went along, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," and several other lines, ending with the chorus,

"Glory Hallelujah!"

"Grandfather" would listen and try to sing it, but all he could learn of it was the "Glory Hallelujah," which amused the family very much. After a while he seemed to forget even this; for he dropped it altogether, although he learned many new things.

Many years passed. Mr. Seward had gone to his own home on the Hudson river. The war was over, and the old campaign song of "John Brown" had passed out of people's minds.

The aunt of Mr. Seward, who had lived with him in Washington, and had not seen the parrot since, came to make the family a visit; and in asking after the health of all of them, said "Don't tell 'Grandfather' I've come; I want to see if he will remember me."

Then she went into the room where the parrot's cage hung, and, going up to it, said, "Good morning, 'Grandfather'! How do you do? Do you know me?" "Glory hallelujah!" said the old fellow.—The Nursery.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, JANUARY, 1877.

Last Quarter, 6 day, 10h, 3m, Morning. New Moon, 14 day, 11m, Morning. First Quarter, 22 day, 11h, 32m, Morning. Full Moon, 29 day, 4h, 25m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and various astronomical data points.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrboro, Cornwall, Horton, Hanston, Windsor, Newport and Tracy.

REPORT

OF THE GENERAL SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD OF CANADA FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 1st, 1876.

From a careful survey of our entire field of operations, it may be safely affirmed that our ministers and membership never manifested more lively interest in Sabbath-school work than at present.

RETURNS. The statistical table, published in the WESLEYAN in September last, shows increase during the year in the following particulars, viz.: schools 10; teachers, 506; scholars, 2,602; conversions, 1,888; scholars meeting in class, 3,244; schools using uniform lessons, 176; having regular meetings for the study of the lessons, 167; and of those kept open during the whole year, 192.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES. The total receipts for Sunday school work since the General Conference, to the first of October last, is \$788.52, and the expenditures to that date \$584.12.

of approved books, \$15.00; postage on schedules, books, letters, and constitutions, and other petty expenses, as per blotter, \$42.22. Treasurer's expenses \$41. Total \$278.67, or a grand total since the General Conference of \$584.12.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE'S WORK.

We regret to say that our work of examining library books has not proceeded as rapidly during the year as we had hoped. First, because the Secretary has not been able to give as much time to the work as it required, he having to attend to his regular duties, in connection with his pastoral work, and when we bear in mind that, after the committee have selected the books, every volume has to be mailed, with a blank certificate, to some minister, to be read, entered in the alphabetical register in such a manner that each book may be properly accounted for, and when the certificates are returned, they are similarly registered for future reference; next, the reports on the books are considered by the committee and their approval or disapproval expressed or recorded; finally, alphabetical lists are prepared, of the approved books, with the publisher's names and prices, for publication, and if rejected books for the use of the committee and our Book Rooms only.

It has sometimes been said that the Lecture system has been played out, and that it is useless to try any longer to make the institution popular. Since the removal of the Rev. W. Morley Panshon, LL.D., from our midst we have no resident orator who can draw a crowd by the payment of an admittance fee.

Circulars were forwarded to a large number of ministers during the past year, asking them to send the titles of any good books they might have read in the ordinary course of their work, which they considered suitable for our Sabbath school libraries. Three hundred books were in this way reported, of which only about one hundred were in stock at our Book Room, but samples of the remainder will be procured, and if, after examination they are found suitable, they will be placed on sale.

GRANTS TO POOR SCHOOLS. A committee has been appointed consisting of Messrs. W. Kennedy, Robert Wilkes, and James Patterson, all of Toronto, and the Secretary, Rev. A. Andrews of Tilsonburg, to whom all applications for grants must be forwarded; and they have full power to deal with such applications as in their judgment they deem best, in view of

the funds at their command. All applications for grants must be forwarded to some member of the committee through the superintendent of the circuit or mission where such grant is required.

OF BIBLE TRUTH.

The Rev. Henry Pope, Jr., has just published a volume of sermons entitled "Draughts from the Fountain of Life, being Expositions of Bible Truth for every Sabbath in the year, with an Introduction by the Rev. James R. Marraway." The book has been printed by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, who have got it up very nicely. The work will be completed in two volumes, that now issued containing 25 of the 52 sermons which are to be included in these volumes.

THE DOOR. The Chevalier Gerard de Kampis was a rich and a very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house-warming, and accordingly all his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast. At the conclusion of the sumptuous repast his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies and told that he was the most fortunate man alive.

PET THE OLDER ONES.

It sometimes occurs to us that the babies get more than their share of petting. Not that anybody can help it. The dear little dimpled things, with their sweet ways and their helpless dependence, and the charm of some new revelation every day, invite our caresses, and our whole store of complimentary adjectives. Darling and treasure, and the common stock of nouns of endearment and approbation, come easily to our lips when we talk to the little ones.

DR. SUMMERS AND PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

When Professor Huxley was on a visit to his niece, in Nashville, he visited the Vanderbilt University, where he was cordially received, and where this incident occurred, illustrating the "warfare of science and religion." He was inspecting the different depart-

ments, and on passing from the School of Science to the School of theology he remarked to the Rev. Dr. Summers: "You are a religion on one side and science on the other. Do you keep a patrol between them?"

"Come," said the Doctor, "and see where we beat out theology, and where we should be glad to have the opportunity of beating a little into you."

"Ah, Sir," said the Professor, "if I were here I should give you the novel theology, if not so sound."

"I have no doubt of its being sound," replied the Doctor.

Finally, the peculiar construction of the seats in the theological apartment suddenly seemed to strike the English apostle of evolution, and he immediately evolved this from his inner consciousness: "You seem to have a twist in the desk appendages to the seats, I see, Doctor."

"Yes; but it is not so bad as the twist which you put into the occupants, and which we are trying to work out."

"I hope we keep you employed," said Professor Huxley, and the laughing admission that they did was taken as a truce.—Harper's Magazine.

THE DOOR. The Chevalier Gerard de Kampis was a rich and a very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house-warming, and accordingly all his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast.

At the conclusion of the sumptuous repast his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the chevalier loved flattery we can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host.

"Sir knight," he said, "in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing, but that is a very important item."

"And what thing is it?" demanded the knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied the guest.

At this strange rejoinder, several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much as to say, "This man has gone mad." Wishing, however, to have the clue of the enigma, he continued, "But which door do you mean?"

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

These words struck both guests and host, and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all things earthly, and from thenceforward no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once so gloried in. He was completely altered: only made use of his riches for good works, thus laying up for himself an eternal inheritance.

PET THE OLDER ONES.

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How often we drop these pretty forms of speech as they grow older. They leave the cunning age behind, and graduate into the awkward one. Girls and boys alike pass through a period when they are shy, sensitive, morbid, and self-conscious, yet without arrogant, conceited, and opinionated. With what matchless confidence sixteen and eighteen adopt and parade notions on subjects which have puzzled prophets and sages! Then their fathers and mothers too often feel impatient and disappointed. They do not remember that this queer husk will fall away, and from it emerge a flower by-and-by.

So gradually and insensibly do mothers lose the habit of caressing their older children, the latter would often look very much surprised at a kiss bestowed out of the regular way. The habit of a morning and evening salute is kept in families where it is merely mechanical and perfunctory. Yet that is better than no kiss at all. The magnetism of mother-love, shown to the boy or girl, however unamiable their transitory mood may be, is

strong enough to save them from such unhappiness, or from the attacks of temptation. Do not slight so strong a power. Even though you feel diffident in taking up what should never have been laid aside, begin again, and pet your big sons and daughters.—Selected.

HAPPY DAY.

BY REV. C. BARCOCK. Absent from the body I, Shall be present with the Lord; Raised to mansions in the sky By the merit of his blood, I shall see Immanuel's face—Share the riches of his grace.

Patriarchs and prophets there, All arrayed in robes of white; Crowns of life and glory wear, 'Mid the first-born sons of light; Join their songs in holy lay, Happy day! O, happy day!

Hail! all hail! celestial throng, Trophies of redeeming grace; Sweeping harps of wondrous song To the great Messiah's praise; Near the throne on Zion's height, 'Mid the flowery plains of light.

Thence the Lord in flaming fire, Shall with Majesty descend, With his bright angelic choir, While ten thousand saints attend; Slumbering millions far and near, Then his trumpet voice shall hear.

Seas and graves shall yield their dead, All receive their final doom; Saints ascend with Christ their head, An immortal youth to bloom; Vio with angels in their lay, Happy-day! O, happy day! Nov. 21, 1876.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARTHA WARREN, N. F. Martha, the beloved wife of William Warren, of Channel, N. F., and sister of John Evans, J. P., departed this life, Sept. 1st, at 9 p. m. Peacefully she passed through the valley, resting on the promises of Christ whom she had long loved and served. At 8 o'clock in the morning of the above date, she was in great pain; and it was apparent to all that her end was near. She remarked that "all was well," and that she "was on the road to heaven." At one p. m., she opened her eyes, which had been closed for four hours, and asked for a drink; and after recognising all present, she closed them again, and remained in that state until 9.30 when, while loved and loving ones were kneeling around her bed in silent prayer, her spirit passed away to the rest-land of the spirits of the just.

During the last five years of her life she was a great sufferer. Sometimes disease shook the clay tenement so violently, that its standing so long was a marvel to many. Doubtless, her patient and cheerful disposition did much towards rendering the medical skill brought to bear on her case effectual in prolonging her days; and at the same time manifested the power of religion to sustain and comfort the heart in the most trying circumstances of life. There was no fear of death before her. Frequently has the writer heard her say that she was willing to live or willing to die as the Lord saw fit. His will was her will in the matter. Her love for the public means of grace was genuine and most exemplary. Whenever it was possible for her to resort to the house of God, her seat was not vacant. Even when inclement weather, and her weak state of health would have justified her absence, she would submit to all but carried there, that she might hear the word and share in the hallowed exercises of prayer and praise. While free from sectarian bigotry and narrow exclusiveness, she was firmly and ardently attached to the principles and polity of Methodism. The class meeting was particularly dear unto her. Nothing but sheer inability to get there would keep her from it. While speaking of the divine support and comfort she received in her affliction, her heart would be manifest in her eyes; and her voice trembling with emotion would declare her gratitude and the preciousness of Christ. She was ever ready to promote, according to her ability, the interest of the Methodist Society at Channel, feeling concerned in all that related to the welfare of Zion. In this matter it may be truly said of her, "she hath done what she could." In providing a home for the ministers, she sacrificed much personal comfort. The writer having spent two years beneath her roof can testify that her self-denial in this respect was great. Nevertheless she gloried in it. Not forgetting the declaration of the Lord, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done unto me."

Our sister has left a husband, daughter, step-daughter, mother, three brothers, two sisters, and many friends to mourn their loss.

Yet 'em the greatest griefs May be relief, Could he but take them right, and in their way. Happy is whose heart, Hath found the art To turn his double pains to double praise. J. N.

Green's Horror.

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

FIFTH YEAR, 1877. JANUARY. FIRST QUARTER: STUDIES ABOUT THE KINGDOM OF ISRAEL.

B. C. 925. Lesson III. OMRI AND AHAH; or, Growth of Sin. Jan. 21. 1 Kings 16, 23-34.

EXPLANATORY. THIRTY AND FIRST YEAR. Reckoning from Tibni's death, [compare verse 15.] when he began to reign alone. Twelve years. Dating from Zimri's death. [See verse 29.] He reigned four years with Tibni, and eight years alone. Six years. The first half of his reign. Tirzah. Originally a Canaanite royal city; exact site not known, perhaps the modern Tel-luzah, a place in the mountains north of Nablus, (Shechem,) about nine miles distant. The kings Baasha, Ela, and Zimri lived at Tirzah, and Jeroboam seems to have had a palace there.

SAMARIA. Shemer—two talents. See Special Exegetical Notes. On the hill. Samaria was situated on an oblong hill, having steep sides rising from a remarkable basin, and a long flat top. Possessing abundant springs of water, it was admirably adapted for defense, and, therefore, continued to be a royal city until the end of the kingdom.

WROUGHT EVIL. An expression used to describe the character of all the kings of Israel after Jeroboam. Did worse. The "statutes of Omri" are spoken of in Micah [6. 16] as kept in his time. That he enacted laws for idolatrous worship, and laid the foundation for the worse idolatry under Ahab, is highly probable.

THE WAY OF JEROBOAM. That is, opposition to the Jehovah worship from self, fish fear, fostering image worship, observing a self-appointed feast day instead of the day divinely appointed for that purpose, supporting the false priests' not of the line of Levi, and leading the people into sin. His sin. The calf worship. To provoke—to anger. The expression here used is employed in the Bible only in reference to the sin of idolatry, and has reference to the second commandment, "the Lord thy God is a jealous God," another form of the same word. [See Deut. 32, 21.] Vanities. Nothingness, that is, worship of things which are nothing in themselves. "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy." Jonah 2, 6.

REST OF THE ACTS. This record is only concerned with the apostasy of Israel, and those acts which led to it or helped it on. It appears from chap 20, 34, that there was war between Israel and Syria of Damascus during the reign of Omri, and that the Syrian king not only captured several cities, but obtained the right to make for himself streets in Samaria. His might. Valor—brave deeds. Probably shown in this war, as well as in the contests with Tibni. Books of the Chronicles. Doubtless one of the original works from which the books of Kings was compiled, but not now extant.

SLEPT WITH HIS FATHERS. A formula for death used throughout the books of Kings, and less regularly in Chronicles. A somewhat similar expression is found in Gen. 15, 15, and in Judges 2, 10. Buried in Samaria. It was the custom to bury kings in their capital city. So David and his descendants were buried in Jerusalem, (chap. 2, 10; 2 Kings 12, 20,) though no other interment was permitted within the walls.

ASA. Rehoboam's grandson. Thirty and eighth year. Asa's long reign contrasts with the short reigns of the wicked kings of Israel. Twenty and two years, reckoning in the full years of his accession and of his death. Compare chap. 15, 10, with 22, 51.

EVIL. The great sin of Ahab, that by which he exceeded all his predecessors, was his introduction of the very gross and positive idolatry of the Canaanites, and its establishment as the religion of the State.

A LIGHT THING. Sin is never "a light thing." It is rebellion against a God of holiness, power and grace. It brought Christ from heaven. Look at Gethsemane and Calvary. Can sin be "a light thing?" Jezebel. The most sinful, as she was the most powerful, woman of Old Testament times. A heathen, base, cruel, intriguing, heartless. Her name "became a by-word for false doctrine, idolatry and harlotry in after ages of the church." Zidonians. And king also, in all probability, of Tyre. Baal. A woman's influence for good or for evil is immense. Ahab's bad heart clave unto a bad companion, and the heart became all the weaker and more wicked. Worsened. Forgetting and defying the God of Israel. But sin goes from bad to worse, and from worse to worse.

BUILT IN SAMARIA. Permanency insured to this new and infamous idolatry by the erection of a house of Baal in the

very capital of the nation. A large, capacious building. A monument to Jezebel's power and Ahab's shame. GROVE. Shaded, silent, solemn, dark retreats for heathen mysteries, and for the unhallowed and forbidden sins which pertained to idolatrous worship. Anger. God really hates sin. BUILD JERICHO. Against God's express command; under influence of a popular disregard to God's law and threatened penalties; in imitation of the recklessness and boldness of Ahab. Bethelite. All the sacred memories of Jacob's God that clustered about Bethel. Here, too, Abraham built his altar. Word of the Lord, which is unalterably and eternally true.

The following is the order of worship at Clyde (Ohio) Methodist Episcopal Sunday school.

- 1 Songs—ten minutes. 2 First bell—attention. 3 Second bell—song—opening. 4 Superintendent—I was glad when they said unto me; Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Ps. cxxii, 1. 5 Pastor—God is a spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.—James iv, 24. 6 Assistant Superintendent—Drawnigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.—James iv, 8. 7 Chorister—Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice, have mercy also upon me, and answer me.—Ps. xxvii, 1. 8 Superintendent—I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.—Ps. cxvii, 1. 9 All the School—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him. 10 Primary School—Those that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. viii, 17. Singing by same, one verse of appropriate song. 11 Males—For the son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. 12 Females—As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God.—John i, 12. 13 All the School—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.—1 John iii, 1. 14 The Apostle's Creed repeated by all in concert. 15 Have you brought your Bible? 16 Reading the Lesson. 17 Prayer. 18 Secretary's report of last Sabbath. 19 Collection. 20 Notices. 21 Lessons study. 22 Song. 23 Review. 24 Distribution of Papers. 25 Song. 26 Lord's Prayer. 27 Benediction. Perfect silence till closing bell.

CAPT. BOYTON'S SWIM OF EIGHT HUNDRED MILES.—Intelligence has been received that Captain Boyton has accomplished the feat of swimming down the Po, from Turin to Ferrara, a distance of 800 miles. On reaching the latter place he is stated to have been received with great enthusiasm by the foreign as well as Italian residents. In November he swam from Turin to Castel Nuovo in his life-saving dress, 280 miles, in 83 hours, but was obliged to leave the water, feeling that a fever, caused by the malarious atmosphere of the river and his exertions, was coming upon him. He was laid up for several days at Castel Nuovo. On starting again from that place, however, he completed the journey down the Po to Ferrara, 280 miles, in 96 hours, without a single break. This he states to be the last, as it has been longest, of his feats.

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THEOLOGY. Dope's Theology, Watson's Institutes, Forney Lectures, Treffry's Sermons of Christ, Butler's Analogy, Chalmers's Natural Theology, Fairbairn's Typology of the Scriptures, McCosh on the Method of the Divine Government, Rawlinson's Historical Evidences, Liddon's Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Christ, Farrar's History of Free Thought, Bushnell's Nature and Supernatural, Young's Christ of History, R. Payne Smith's Prophecy a Preparation for Christ, Ecce Deus.

MENTAL MORAL PHILOSOPHY. Noah Porter's Human Intellect, Hamilton's Metaphysics, McCosh's Defense of Fundamental Truth, Wayland's Elements of Moral Philosophy.

CHURCH HISTORY. Neander's History of the Church, Schaff's History of the Apostolic Church, Schaff's History, Smith's Table of Church History, Milman's History of Latin Christianity, Stanley's Lectures on History of Jewish Church, Shedd's History of Christian Doctrine, Stevens's History of Methodism, Missions and D'Aubigne's Reformation, Moister on Missions, Dr. Smith's Old and New Testament History, Stanley's History of Early Christianity.

HOMILETICS & PASTORAL THEOLOGY. Farrar's Life of Christ, Robert Hall's Sermons, Thomas Arnold's Sermons, Wesley's Sermons, Robertson's Sermons, Bushnell's Sermons, Fish's Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence, Spencer's Pastors' Sketches.

SECULAR HISTORY. Cox's History of Greece, Gibbon's Decline and fall of Roman Empire, Merivales General History of Rome, Hallam's Middle Ages, Howe's England, Macaulay's England, Robertson's Charles the Fifth, Motley's Dutch Republic, Motley's United Netherlands, Bancroft's United States, Prescott's Mexico.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Hallam's History of Literature of 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, Chamber's Cyclopaedia of English Literature, Chamber's Encyclopedia, Bacon's Essays, Colridge's Works, John Foster's Essays, Macaulay's Essays, Isaac Taylor's Words, Whipple's Essays, Trench on Study of Words, Whitney's Language and Study of Language. Discount to Ministers, Students and Teachers. FOR SALE, AND TO ORDER, AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM, 125 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

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The above statement sworn to before me at Wallace, this 13th day of October, 1876.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

Ministers on the different Circuits request that subscriptions for the "Wesleyan" not yet paid, shall be sent in to them at once, where it is at all possible, without waiting to be called upon. Please comply. Those who wish to be reported as intending to pay at a future date, will be kind enough also to inform their Minister soon, as our lists must soon be revised.

WANTED—A NEW REFORM FOR AN OLD VICE.

The temperance organization has partly spent its strength. Most of the headway made to-day against intemperance, in the use of alcoholic stimulants, is made by agencies and examples outside of the lodge-room. From the temperance ranks came originally a good, firm, intelligent sentiment; but those who carry chiefly the force of that sentiment against the indulgences of the masses, are not now members of any temperance organization, excepting as the churches and family may be called such. A mighty work the temperance reform has achieved; and if it have succeeded to the extent of infusing its own life and purpose into the outside Christian world, it may be content to let them continue the great work in their own way and place. Now that an opening is presented for a new reform movement, however, it is reasonable to invite attention to another, and what seems to us, an awful evil,—an evil growing shamefully prevalent; coming so prominently into fashion everywhere that men cease to regard it as sinful in any degree.

Within the past few months several instances have come to our notice of surgical operations performed for the removal of tobacco-cancer. We can recall many familiar faces which have been more or less deformed by the surgeon's knife, as a result of tobacco poisoning, bringing on fleshy growths about the mouth and lips, and yielding only to desperate remedies at the close of their deadly development. Churches have recently been summoned to prayer for the preservation of Christian's lives, endangered by an indulgence of years in this habit of smoking a poisonous weed, from pipes rendered filthy and fatal by tobacco-juice. Our young men—and children—are following in the footsteps of their fathers, submitting first to pay the penalty of disgust and sickness, necessary to acquire a fondness for tobacco, then yielding the colour from their cheeks, the firmness from their nerves, and the sweetness from their breath forever after. Christian bodies which sigh under the poverty that leaves their missionary treasuries in debt, their ministers miserably paid, their parsonages and churches encumbered, are wasting, squandering, millions of dollars in a vice which they know to be forbidden of God and injurious to mankind. Much of the righteous indignation which has been expended over the Chinese opium traffic, might well be spared for our own plausible, costly, demoralizing tobacco business.

It is about time society were waking up to look at this sin. Christians especially have need to pray for grace that they may be able to examine patiently a vice so very plausible and potent—to look at it squarely, instead of faking refuge in arguments which seem to justify or extenuate the offence.

That ministers of the Gospel use tobacco is no defence of this sin. Certificates from clergymen are valuable, as we all know. Thank God, with the world there is always faith in men set apart to sacred work. While good morals are to be sustained by force of example,

appeal to the best by all means. But no example, however elevated, can justify a doubtful act or custom.

This habit is most difficult to conquer. Of course it is; and that accounts for its prevalence. If men could shake it off in a day, thousands would be emancipated with every protest from long-suffering wives and sisters. But it is not a noble defence for any descendant of the Briton who has conquered on a thousand battle-fields, that a thing cannot be done because it is difficult. Can Christians use this plea? What is religion for, if not to overcome through the blood of the Lamb!

We could urge incentives but that tobacco-users have ten at hand for every one we could write at this moment. Cleanliness, economy, example, health; the approval of God, and good men, and self; consideration for the comfort of others; peace of mind—on this subject, at least—all demand a free and final resolve for abstinence from tobacco.

The fate of this article need not be difficult of prophecy. It will be "set up" under the stimulus of tobacco—proofed, printed, addressed, carried to the Post Office, assorted for the mails, delivered at its destination, by men using the weed, and finally discussed amid clouds of tobacco-smoke. It has an ordeal through which to pass, quite equal to that which leaves upon Her Majesty's coin and notes of the bank which reach us after a little circulation, a colour and an odour that indicate the peculiar atmosphere which men breathe in this world. Give us a reform!

We have had occasion recently to say, more than once, that men with any regard for their reputation, cannot now well enter political life in Nova Scotia. The public have so far permitted a low, personal mode of warfare in some of the daily papers that it has come to this:—He who would give himself to his country must first resign his self-respect. A man cannot be religious any longer and be a politician—cannot take a leading part in religious enterprise without becoming a target for shafts from his political opponents. And it is now evidently the intention to kill off any honourable element which may remain in politics. We congratulate this Province in advance, upon the results which are sure to follow, providing these journalistic thugs are permitted to pursue their present avocation.

A paragraph appeared in a city paper a few days ago which seems to have awakened such universal indignation that we at length see some little prospect of public sentiment righting itself. A prominent member of the Methodist Church, who has been honoured with appointments to important offices, was chosen President of the Evangelical Alliance, and in that capacity attached his name to the annual circular of the society. This was made a text for one of the most cowardly and vulgar attacks presented to public eyes for many a day. The offence is the more intolerable coming as it does from a paper which has been assuming as many airs of importance and dignity as if it really were controlled by exalted principles.

APPRECIATION. This is the season for renewals—and comments. An instalment of both reaches us regularly every day. With thankfulness we write that scarcely a censorious word has been written thus far, though we are conscious our work has not been without mistakes and short-comings. On the other hand, so many warm, whole-hearted expressions come in, approving of the effort to make the WESLEYAN useful, that we are humbled in gratitude. The response of those who have been ministered unto in any way for intellectual or spiritual gratification, is especially cheering. We could publish many such testimonies, but prefer, in this one paragraph, to thank the writers—all—for kind words.

It is always interesting, sometimes sad, to read apologies from subscribers who are obliged to discontinue. Among this list we number those who write two or three pages of explanation for the word "stop," and end by adding a desperate "N. B. Continue the paper—I have changed my mind." We are sure they will not regret the resolve, and will strive to help them for their courage.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND NEWS-PAPERS.

The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, London, having reached its hundredth year, has been changed from a shilling to a sixpenny publication. Its matter, withal, has undergone a wonderful transformation. It will now be more adapted to the masses. There is a sparkle about its articles of the January number most pleasant and exhilarating.

Our own Canada Methodist Magazine gives in the January number, an excellent portrait of Rev. Gervase Smith, A. M., ex-President of the English Conference. In the introductory article by Doctor J. Carroll, Mr. Smith pays a little of the penalty of greatness. There are several meritorious original contributions in this number, while the selections show good taste.

The New York Advocate—grandmother of all the Advocates—true to the physical law which changes each body in a given time, has taken a new and neater form, and shows all the vivacity and more than the ordinary strength of youth.

The Halifax Citizen has gone into the hands of Mr. McConnell, late of the Eastern Chronicle. This publisher bravely intimates that he hopes to meet his share of duty as a Christian as well as a journalist. This is something for the editor of a political paper to say in Halifax. The daily press here has need of him. We are sure he will command respect here as he has elsewhere. To the retiring Editors of the Citizen we bid a friendly and kindly adieu.

The St. John Visitor has gone into an eight page form. We wish it all prosperity.

Mr. Pope's first book, anticipated by us in frequent references, and noticed at length by the Telegraph, in an article we copy this week, has been laid on our table. We hope to have an extended review soon from an able pen.

Friend H. A. Harvie, of Charlottetown, has anew issued his Almanac for P. E. Island,—a very neat, comprehensive and useful repository of Island and general information.

A. T. Stewart's relatives in Ireland are suing to have his will reopened, and a mass of affidavits and evidences has been presented, of an imposing character, by his first cousins. The plaintiff's attorney declares the case a strong one. The real fight is between the lawful heirs of Stewart and Judge Hilton. As far as Mrs. Stewart is concerned there is no disposition on the part of any one to molest her.—New York Dispatch.

Just that! Not the living widow, but the over confident executor of the deceased millionaire, is the object of attack. This amazing fortune, which men spoke of by the largest financial figures, and which executors found a most imposing burden to handle, is to pass into the law courts, and perhaps there be dissipated more rapidly than it was made. How much good it might have done! and how wisely Mr. Stewart himself might have disposed of it beyond a peradventure. Strange that minds can grasp the doctrine of a providence in the making of money while they do not see the obligation under God for saving this money to providential ends! Stewart's fortune would have made thousands glad with good homes, who are now in poverty, or saved many souls from sin, had he given a few years of his closing life to the righteous disposal of it. It may now go off—much of it at least—in beating back clamorous Irish relations, or regaling them with Irish whiskey. We hope there are no relations in Scotland; the trouble would be precipitated.

A Lunenburg correspondent writes to a city paper that "a magnificent watch-night service was held in the Episcopal church of that town, commencing at 11 and ending 12 o'clock." The Church was decorated handsomely. There was a most enjoyable service and a good sermon.

At three minutes before midnight the Rector invited all present to join him in silent prayer. At midnight the Rector's right hand was raised, and the bell uttered six solemn tolling notes. A slight interval succeeded, and now the clear-toned bell gave forth a joyful peal, accompanied by the hymn—the choir and congregation singing—"There is a Happy Land, far, far away," which finished, the people retired in perfect order.

It is wonderful to Methodists that other Churches are only beginning to enjoy the impressive watch-night service. Not very long ago the midnight

service was condemned, as affording license for evil. Now it is adopted, and in a few instances made the occasion of a little extra display. Welcome, brethren, to this new experience: but do not overdo it. Simplicity adds to the solemnity with intelligent, devout minds.

Immediately following the above came a second letter to the same paper, from Maitland, beginning in this homiletic language:

Man, in this age of progression in pursuit of wealth, honor, and fame, is seemingly a creature of impulse. Goaded on in his mad impetuosity by bright hopes and high aspirations, he surmounts with almost superhuman effort every obstacle that obstructs his path. But is not the closing of the year a fitting time to arrest him in his pursuit and call a halt.

And then proceeding to describe the watch-night service in the Episcopal Church:—

The sighing of the wind without as it moaned around the little Gothic edifice seemed chanting the funeral dirge of the lost opportunities, and every tick of the clock which broke the awful stillness with its striking of twelve proclaimed that '76 was no more, when an appropriate hymn was sung on the ushering in of the new year.

Evidently all this is something new to many, though so old and familiar to us that we have ceased to send special information to the papers, each locality breathing, nevertheless, a holier and purer atmosphere as a result of John Wesley's solemn plan introducing a universal watch-night. There is something beautiful in the thought of an universal Church waiting for the New Year. May we all so await Christ as his coming!

A working man's idea of mission work among the poor is this, and certainly has the merit of being scriptural, practical and possible:—While lying in bed, where many a noble scheme has been cogitated (John Wesley on "Early Rising" to the contrary, notwithstanding) "this poor man cried and the Lord heard him." Meditating upon the godlessness surrounding him among the working classes, he thought of a remedy. His plan he brought to us for publication, and is herewith recommended to all concerned.

"I know from sad experience that hundreds of my neighbours never go to a place of worship. As live the parents, so grow up the children. If once they could be brought under the influence of prayer, its novel and subduing effects would lead them to reflection. If, farther, they could be brought to a place of worship, their condition, spiritually and bodily, would begin to mend. How is this to be brought about? The City Missionary cannot do it alone. Ministers do not see their condition, and if they did, are not in a position to bring about the necessary reform. Let but six Christians from each Church go out, on the Sabbath, to the poor, church-neglecting districts, and enquiring at every door, go in for prayer wherever admission is permitted. Let these six change in turn with other six, keeping up the visitation, and great good will follow." If that be not a real "Home Mission" Scheme, we do not know what is.

Since our last issue we learn that the "Northern Light" reached Georgetown in return, and has since come to Pictou landing, discharging cargo and proceeding again to the Island. By watching openings in the ice in winter, much may be done in obtaining occasional passages doubtless.

The Bench of Nova Scotia has recently suffered by the death of Judge McCully. We are glad to be informed that Mr. James, Queen's Counsel, of Dartmouth, is to succeed him. Mr. James' appointment has been announced as authentic.

A Medical Dispensary in Halifax, maintained chiefly by gratuitous effort, has made a marvelous report of work performed during the year. The doctors are acting most generously.

Newfoundland is reasonably hopeful of having a railway to connect St. John's with the opposite part of the Island, and thus forming part of a highway from Europe to Canada. It is understood that important letters have been received, intimating the willingness of capitalists in England to take hold of this enterprise. May the rumor prove to be correct!

There is profound sorrow in one or two letters which we give this week. Our articles for family reading have been selected with regard to our weeping readers. May they have consolation from God!

METHODIST MATTERS

NOVA SCOTIA.

Barrington has just held a most excellent Sabbath school entertainment. Social tea first, and then recitations, dialogues, readings, &c., which not only were enjoyable to a high degree but added to the funds of the Sabbath school.

From Aylesford we learn that among other desirable results, in connection with the special services at Margareville, 39 have sought admission into the Methodist Church, and the prospect is still encouraging. God is doing great things for the people.

The Sabbath school at Truro presented Miss Leake with a very handsome writing desk the last Sabbath she was with them. Her farewell address to the school was very touching and impressive.

A successful bazaar and tea was held at Petite Riviere, Dec. 27; the proceeds realized over \$400.

The ladies of the congregation and church at Granville Ferry, realized at their Christmas tree, &c., on Saturday evening, 23rd ult., the sum of \$90.

Says the Berwick Star: The tea meeting in aid of the new Methodist church, Middleton, Wilmot, on Thursday last, was a success. About \$280 was realized. This is the best tea of the season, and we congratulate the congregation on their success. The tea was held in the basement of the new church which is partly finished outside.

N. B. AND P. E. ISLAND.

The children of Centenary Sabbath School have rather an advantage over Sabbath School children generally. In addition to the summer's picnic they have also each winter a Sabbath School tea. This winter's was held last Thursday evening, and was first class in every respect. Over 300 pairs of young eyes, beaming with excited joy, looked down upon tables groaning under not only the articles which compose an ordinary Sabbath School tea, but oranges, candies, nuts, everything, indeed, that enters into the child's idea of enjoyment. With such surroundings Capt. Pritchard must have understood the Froerickton Superintendent's feelings under similar circumstances, "the happiest man in the Dominion." May his genial presence and aid be long spared to the church in all her departments of work. It is worthy of note that the gathering dispersed at 9 o'clock, thus setting a good Methodist example for young folks parties generally.

To those who, notwithstanding the storm, attended the Covenant Services, they were means of richest blessing.

The noon meetings of the Week of Prayer in Association's Hall, St. John, and the evening meetings in different churches, are this year well attended, and pervaded by a very gracious influence. Truly when thus Christian hearts give throb for throb in the common love of and life in the Divine Saviour, we can, with overflowing hearts, subscribe to this creed,—"I believe in the communion of saints."

The missionary campaign begins next Sunday, the 14th inst., when Missionary sermons will be preached in the churches below-mentioned. The anniversary meetings will be held in the different churches as follows:—

Germain St., Monday; Exmouth St., Tuesday; Portland, Wednesday; Fairville, Thursday; Carleton, Friday.

Much pleasure is anticipated from the presence, at this anniversary, of Rev. Dr. Reid of New York, widely known as successor of the loved and lamented Dr. Eddy in the Secretariat of the Missionary Society, and in every respect an eminent minister of the M. E. Church of the United States. He is expected to preach next Sabbath, in the morning at Exmouth, in the evening at Germain St., and take a leading part in the meetings of the week. Other distinguished speakers, both from a distance and resident, will take part in the anniversary exercises, and much interest in the society's work will doubtless be evoked. Centenary is not included in present arrangements, it having held its meeting when the Central Missionary Board was convened.

Prof. Foster delivered an extempore lecture last week in Carleton under the auspices of the Methodist Sabbath school on "The Development of Liberty." The lecture was listened to with the best attention, and at its close a vote of thanks was unanimously given him.

Rev. Robert Wilson of Gibson was presented on New Year's day with a very handsome Pung, made of ash, and finished and trimmed in excellent style.

At Lute's Mountain, on the Coverdale Circuit, Rev. E. Bell has closed a successful series of meetings. The society has been increased.

The papers report great prosperity at Fairville. The watch-night service seems to have been, under the pastor, Rev. J. Phinney, a blessed season.

the... tare del... Church... one of... Dead... cited so... over dif... have be... its sele... the felic... The who... society... salient p... es of me... to the gr... succes... To fast... were spo... of all sor... scathing... lecture, r... and with... tion, dese... largest at... Charlott... At St. M... Rev. T. A... with - M... Pattinson... A large tu... ment, wit... Year's nig... Rev. C... generously... and people... falo robe... other gifts... him and hi... proving, an... dences of t... The trial... across Hut... fore, has... 000 for the... posed to re... imperfect... building... A festival... Moncton Met... Year's Day... school. Each... substantial fa... the direction... tendent of the... The tea m... Jackville, last... church, realis... NEV... We are gr... J. Rogerson... lost his excel... ble and be... mother and a... tian. She h... the Methodi... Says the... attended se... ninz 1st... Wesleyan ch... sion Rev. A... informed by... —a collection... of the T... amounting... \$20... There died... through an... away horse, on... benevolent... the day. His... and he was fi... great London... manufacture... He steadily... honors, but he... good works in... lic instruction... cient instituti... tence to him... lers' Orphan S... for Incurables... Incurable, a... male Mission... Little Boy's... Ragged Schoo... years taken p... the private re... was constant... churches and... distress of the... KILLED WIT... in the same pap... accounts of the... Canada, wreck... ardent spiri... grocer of Ott... hard dri... death last we... on Thursday... Sunday a doze... six in the mor... were swallowed... happy... night.

Following is communicated to the *Charlottetown Patriot*:—The Lecture delivered by J. H. Fletcher, Esq., in the Lecture Room of the Methodist Church, on Monday evening last, was one of rare excellence. The subject, "Dead Lions and Living Dogs," excited somewhat of curiosity; but whatever difference of opinion there may have been in regard to the propriety of its selection, there could be none as to the felicity and force of its treatment. The whole circle of life was swept, and society was touched at almost every salient point. There were brief sketches of men of genius who had gone down to the graves of dead lions; and examples of meritorious worth struggling successfully with manifold obstacles. To fast young men words of warning were spoken; and for shams and swells of all sorts and descriptions there was scathing, withering contempt. Such a lecture, replete with wit and wisdom, and with wondrous breadth of illustration, deserved to be listened to by the largest audience of young men that Charlottetown can furnish.

At St. Martin's the watch-night service was a most memorable season. Rev. T. A. Smith, Rev. W. R. Pepper, with Messrs. Chapman, Cassidy and Pattinson, took part in the exercises. A large number attended an entertainment, with musical exercises, on New Year's night.

Rev. C. W. Dutcher has been most generously remembered by his friends and people in Hillsboro'. A fine buffalo robe, a supply of coal, flour and other gifts came at Christmas to cheer him and his family. The circuit is improving, and this is one of the best evidences of the fact.

The trial of the Y. M. C. Association *versus* Hutchinson, referred to by us before, has resulted in a verdict of \$10,000 for the association. This is supposed to represent the damage which imperfect drainage caused to the building.

A festival was given to the children of the Moncton Methodist Sabbath School on New Year's Day by the officers and teachers of the school. Each scholar was the recipient of substantial favors. The meeting was under the direction of R. Luttrell, Esq., Superintendent of the School.

The tea meeting at Union Hall, Upper Macville, last week, for the new Methodist church, realized \$206.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

We are grieved to learn that Hon. J. J. Rogerson, Finance Minister, has just lost his excellent wife—truly an amiable and benevolent lady, a devoted mother and a meek and humble Christian. She had long been a member of the Methodist Church.

Says the *Star*:—The Masonic body attended service on Sunday evening last in the Gower Street Wesleyan church, upon which occasion Rev. M. Harvey occupied the pulpit. After the sermon—as we are informed by our friend of the "Times"—a collection was taken upon in aid of the Tasker Educational Fund, amounting to the handsome sum of £20.

There died in Carlisle, England, through an injury inflicted by a runaway horse, one of the most practically benevolent and public spirited men of the day. His name was George Moore, and he was fifty years a member of a great London firm, engaged in the manufacture of lace and sewn muslin. He steadily declined all municipal honors, but he constantly supported all good works in religion, charity and public instruction. Among the many efficient institutions which owe their existence to him are the Commercial Travellers' Orphan School, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the British Home for Incurables, a special branch of the Female Mission among fallen women, the Little Boy's Home, and the Feld-lane Ragged Schools. He had also for many years taken part in an experiment for the private reformation of thieves, and was constantly occupied in building churches and schools, and relieving the distress of the suffering poor.

KILLED WITH DRINK.—Side by side in the same paper we read the melancholy accounts of the lives of business men in Canada, wrecked by the excessive use of ardent spirits. Mr. J. M. Gilbert, a grocer of Ottawa, who had been long a hard drinker, drank himself literally to death last week. Quantities of whiskey on Thursday, brandy on Friday, and on Sunday a dozen bottles of ale between six in the morning and eight at night, were swallowed to assuage the thirst of the unhappy drundard. He died that night. Wonder he died! The

other case is that of Andrew Ferris, an old resident, an active merchant, and a justice of the peace in Brantford, who from respectability and comfort has come down through the several stages of financial difficulty, domestic unhappiness, and ruined health and reputation, to be committed to gaol for six months in default of a fine of \$50 for being drunk and disorderly. There are terrible warnings, *Monetary Times*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SORROWFUL YET CONFIDENT.

ATHOL, December 29, 1876.

The hand of the Lord has been laid very heavily upon us at Athol, but we do feel that our refuge is close under the shelter of the uplifted arm of our Heavenly Father. Oh, may we have faith and grace sufficient to cling so closely that the shadow of His Almighty presence may ever rest upon us!

On Sabbath, Oct 15th, diphtheria made its appearance here. We were preparing for our anniversary and Sabbath School Concert, which was to take place on the next Sabbath, Oct. 22nd. But oh, what a change has this disease made in our little village. Many who were to sing on that day now sing the songs of the Redeemer in Heaven. Our Sabbath School, which made an average of 65 this year, is now broken up, our class meetings and prayer meetings closed, and the panic is so universal that very few even come up to the house of the Lord at the regular Sabbath day's service. And we, in the bitterness of our anguish, would cry, "Turn us again, oh, Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved."

Twenty children from our midst have succumbed to this dire disease, and no language can picture the anguish of our hearts or the desolation in our homes. The last child laid away, to await that glorious re-union, which by faith we can anticipate, was Freddie A. D. Elderkin, youngest son of Cepha and Nancy Elderkin, aged nine years and five months. Little Freddie was a boy of bright promise and most unfinching integrity. Among his boy playmates he was a great favourite, for his bright, cheerful disposition shed its light wherever he went, but he positively refused to play with a boy who would use bad language or swear. Therefore, he exercised a beneficial restraint upon the careless ones with whom he associated. Nothing could prevent him from doing what he believed to be right, and during the last three years he has never once been absent from the Sabbath School when it was in session. For fifteen days Freddie battled with the disease, taking all the medicine prescribed by the doctors, but nature at last gave way, and on Tuesday, the 12th inst., "he was not, for God had taken him."

A few minutes before the close I said,—"Freddie, how are you now?" "Not much better," was his reply; which was characteristic of the many boys who had borne his sufferings without a complaint. To a dear and absent sister he sent this message,—"Tell her to come to me in heaven!" but in Freddie's case no farewell was said, the messenger came so peacefully and so quietly that the flower was plucked, and we saw not the approaches of the hand of Death. But amidst our sorrows we have bright gleams of joy. Many of our children, and especially our Sabbath School children, died rejoicing in God; although their difficulty of breathing was very great yet their minds in most cases seemed as clear, or even more so, than in health.

One boy, only 13 years of age, and whose opportunities in this world were but few, received so much of God's grace and light during his sickness, that he used to call his unconverted father and mother, and all his careless friends, around him, and pray with them, and tell them of the love of Jesus. He had no desire to recover, he feared that the world's influence might blind his richer joys. The other saw the angel throng so bright and glorious that he believed all in the room must see it too. Thus you see we have light amidst our darkness and joy amidst our sorrows.

E. D.

CALEDONIA, N. S.

With its limited membership and three preaching stations, this somewhat retired circuit is not at all indifferent to the spirit of progress. Our new church at Maitland, though not yet finished, is again engaging the energies of a few well-tried friends. Plans for future action are being laid and other active preparations made, so that we hope to see the completion and dedication of the neat little edifice sometime during the coming autumn. It may be remarked that the progress of this build-

ing has been exceedingly tedious, and painfully crippled for want of means. The settlement itself is small, secluded in the woods, and though the people have done their best, it is extremely desirable that some outside help should be had.

Now that a parsonage has been purchased by the circuit, the trustees have lately issued subscription papers—the donations to which are payable at certain specified periods, with the view of liquidating the debt at the earliest possible time. In this matter also the ladies are rendering no unimportant aid. With the strong leverage of sewing circle and tea meeting proceeds, they reduced the burden by a hundred dollars, and a tea meeting for the same purpose held a few days since netted \$45. Several weeks have now passed since the inmates of the parsonage were visited in a very pleasant manner by several parishioners, whose kindly words, and equally agreeable deeds at once warmed the heart and lightened care.

We deeply regret our inability to record any special work of grace in our midst. Still our humble belief is that the seed of life has, in some cases, fallen into prepared soil. The fruit thereof we strive to look for constantly. All our members are not, alas, deeply alive to God, and with them we labour, commingling love, patience, and prayer. Our class meetings at Caledonia are often very precious seasons. If not already in its full experience, several are pressing in pursuit for the "perfect love that casteth out fear."

R. McA.

DIPHThERIA.

MR. EDITOR.—Every week, and nearly every day, we read of new sorrows and repeated bereavements by this dreadful scourge, diphtheria, and we ask, in the name of humanity, and for the sake of our suffering, dying children, can nothing be done to stay the progress of this dire disease, the horrors of which no human language can portray?

I would, in the agony of a mother's heart, torn and bleeding by recent bereavements, call upon the most learned and skillful in the medical profession, to devise some plan whereby a more general and thorough knowledge of this disease may be arrived at. Could not a medical association be held for this special purpose; so organized that advice from its oldest and most learned physicians could be easily obtained by the younger members of the society? Would not consultation develop facts with regard to this disease not yet fully made known? If this disease is as contagious as some would have us believe, the world should know it and it should be treated as such dangerous epidemics are. If it is not thus contagious, but only developed by colds and other circumstances, then let it be known, for in many cases both parents and children, especially in country places, suffer from want of assistance and attention after they are attacked with this malady. Since the 15th of October, 20 children have been taken out of this little settlement. The disease showed itself in three different families nearly at the same time, and we can in no way account for its development. We have watched its progress as carefully as we could, but it has been so strange that we cannot even make up our own minds.

It has made its appearance in several families quite distant from the others, and who have had no connection with the sick in any way; while the parents in some cases have worked with the sick and dying day and night through the whole two months of our affliction, and yet their families of young children have not taken it. In other cases it would seem to be carried in clothes or communicated by a circumstance so obscure and so slight as to be truly startling. We think it only right that something certain should be arrived at by the medical faculty and by them made known to the world. One doctor tells us it is like small pox, spreading from germs. Another contradicts this statement, while all kinds of treatments are prescribed. Meanwhile our children are being gathered to the silent grave on every hand, and in numbers perfectly appalling. This disease is no longer in its infancy, its ravages among the children of our land have broken many hearts and whitened many heads, and we pray that some philanthropic noble hearted medical man, or men, may devise some plan for a more extensive and thorough knowledge of its character and its treatment.

E. D.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NOVA SCOTIA.

On Saturday a little girl named Roche, aged 12 years, broke through the ice at Keys's Pond, Dartmouth, and had a narrow escape from drowning. She was rescued by a younger brother and a lad named Carroll, who were with her. They pushed a sled to her, which she caught hold of, and was dragged out.

A report comes from Tracadie that there are three vessels off Cape St. George, and one of Judique, in the ice. The ice bridge is solid across the Strait.

The effort of the Presbyterians to raise \$200,000 for the proposed new Theological Hall at Halifax is having a very fair start. One gentleman in Halifax has put down his name for \$2,000, and several others in the city and country have given \$1,000. Chalmers' church raised one thousand dollars at a collection on Sunday week, and the amount will probably be increased.

The will of the late Judge McCully has been proved. With the exception of \$500 to the Acadia College Endowment Fund, and \$500 to the Foreign Mission Fund, the bequests are of a private nature, the bulk of his estate, between \$100,000 and \$120,000, being left to his family.

The North Sydney Marine Railway Company has declared a dividend of 7 per cent. on its last year's business. Not a bad result for a dull year.

The failure is announced of Chipman, Stone & Co., of York, and Yokohama, Japan, one of the largest firms in the Japan trade. Liabilities are variously estimated from \$250,000 to \$500,000. The junior partner of the firm was a young Nova Scotian, Mr. Holmes Chipman, of Cornwallis, whose many friends at home will regret to hear that he has sustained a reverse of fortune.

The "Perit," which left Halifax for New York on 1st inst., experienced a terrific gale the next day, in which she lost her smoke-stack and mainsail, and stove two life-boats. She made temporary repairs at Shelburne, and returned to Halifax for a new smoke-stack.

The bank of Nova Scotia intend having a new building in their building, the cost of which, will be in the vicinity of \$5,000.

Two young men were seriously injured at Salmon River, on Friday last, 29th ult., by the explosion of dynamite. Their names are Edward McLeod, (son of Captain McLeod, of Beaver Harbor) and John Hartland. McLeod had three fingers and the thumb of his left hand completely blown off, and received a severe cut on his chin. Young Hartland had his eyes somewhat injured, but not seriously.

Oxford, up to the present time, has had 75 cases of diphtheria, and 14 deaths, the disease appears to have abated, there are two new cases and present ones are progressing favorably.

The schooner "S. T. A. Frost," owned by Messrs. Stoneman & Co., of Yarmouth, loaded with sugar and molasses, is a total wreck at Vineyard Haven. She is insured here for about ten thousand dollars.

The brig Louisa, Sanderson master, was abandoned at sea December 27th. Crew have arrived at New York. No insurance on vessel.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.

Rev. Dr. Hepworth, of the Church of the Disciples, New York, will be in St. John about the last week in January or the beginning of February, and will deliver two lectures. The subjects are, "Pet Superstitions" and "The French Revolution."

In about two weeks there is to be a concert of "ye music of ye olden time" in the German Street Methodist Sabbath school room. The preparations have been going on for a month, and there have been several practices of those who are to take part.

The *Times* has much pleasure in noticing the presentation of a handsome gold watch to Miss Olivia McLean by the members of the congregation of St. John's Church, Moncton, in token of their appreciation of her devotion to the interests of the Sabbath School, choir, etc.

On Thursday John O'Neill, a man of 45 years of age, was found frozen to death in a hut off Black River Road. An inquest was held on Saturday and the jury returned a verdict of "died from cold and hunger."

The cottage of Joseph Winslow, at Fredericton, was totally destroyed by fire Jan. 4th. During the fire a great many persons had their ears and faces frozen.

On Monday morning, 18th ult., Solomon Miner started from his home, in York county, for a lumber camp on Porter's mill-stream, having only some eight miles to go. He took no food and had only two matches. A snow-storm came on and he lit a fire with the matches. For six days he wandered about before reaching the camp, having been without food all the time. His hands, neck and feet are badly frozen, and he will lose his toes. He kept walking all the time, being afraid to lie down for fear of being frozen.

There has lately been a scarcity of pitch pine in St. John, for ship-building purposes, and this is due to various causes, one of which is the prevalence of yellow fever in Southern ports. Mr. Hamilton, of Portland, a week or two ago imported a fine lot of spars.

The waiting rooms at Moncton station are at present undergoing repairs and alterations; consequently travellers now stopping there are put to some little inconvenience. When completed, the accommodation will be much greater than before.

On Wednesday last, at early dawn, a fox was discovered on the marsh opposite the village of Hillsboro'. From morn until eve some 20 or 30 men and boys chased it with guns and sticks to and fro to the amusement of the village inhabitants. Several shots were fired to no purpose, for at sunset the cunning fox dodged the whole party, and made for the forest—he is likely running yet.

The St. Stephen Journal says:—The snow is now three or a half feet deep in the woods, and lumbermen complain that there is too much of it for successful work. The teams on Machias Branch, are coming out of the woods on account of the crust, and deep snow.

Rev. S. H. Hughes, of Butternut Ridge, was presented with \$223.04 on New Year's night.

The Union Freestone Company of Dorchester shipped 3,500 tons last season, an increase of 300 tons over the previous year. This company has now 40 men at work. The markets in United States look more promising next season than for some time past.

A large number of young men from Prince William, some evenings ago, enjoyed a very exciting mouse chase. The animal was fired at several times and wounded, but eluded his pursuers in the darkness.

Constable French, of Portland, seized the carriage of Bishop Sweeney, for taxes due the town, amounting to \$278—for 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1876. But the assessment has been paid without any further trouble.

The Rev. F. H. J. Brigstocke, M. A., rector of Trinity Church, St. John, has been appointed Honorary Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton.

A party of young men from Springfield, on a fishing excursion, came upon a bear's trail. After two days spent in the hunt they captured the animal, completely fatigued, in a snow drift.

The schooner "Aden," which got ashore at St. Martin's some time since, threw overboard her cargo of coal, which was rapidly taken care of by the natives of West Quaco, who were overjoyed at getting their winter's fuel at so reasonable a rate as the bare cost of cartage.

Mr. Wetmore, the contractor for the bell tower at the lighthouse on Quaco Reef, lost a scow valued at \$50 while attempting to bring her ashore after transporting a quantity of material to the reef. The wind was blowing a gale at the time, and the men in charge were compelled to let her go and save themselves in the boat.

UPPER PROVINCES.

Application will be made next session for an Act to lay a telegraph cable from some place in Great Britain to some place in the Dominion.

Snowy owls have appeared in Montreal, and are making havoc with the sparrows. They are supposed to be a sign of approaching bitter weather.

The contract for section 12 of the Canada Pacific Railway has been signed by Sutton & Thompson. The security deposited was a cheque of Senator McDonald for \$60,000.

General Smythe's report on the state of the militia has been submitted to the Government. It is believed that it recommends a more liberal and efficient system of dealing with the volunteers.

Mr. Glass, manager of the Bradshaw Commercial Agent, publishes a card saying that the Lower Provinces ratings of that institution are unreliable.

Mr. Desbarats has severed his connection with the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and will continue on his own account the publication of *L'Opinion Publique*.

Mrs. Kent-Mason Clayton lectured in the Theatre Royal, Montreal last week, to an immense audience, on the subject of temperance.

A man named Dalton, while his wife lay dead, in his house, on Dorchester Street, Montreal came home and acted in such a violent manner that all the inmates fled except a man named Thomas Brown, whom he attacked with an axe, cutting him very severely.

Five thousand one hundred and sixty dollars have already been expended in the city of Montreal for vaccinations.

Judge Mondelet, celebrated for his judgment in the Guibord case and for his connection with the events of 1837 and the subsequent trials, died on Sunday morning, 31st ult., at Montreal.

The list of Bond Bros., brokers, liabilities is published. The largest creditor is for upwards of seventy thousand dollars and lives in Quebec. Many of the creditors were secured by stocks on which they made advances.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The steamer "Ambassador," formerly a tender to the cable steamer "Paraday," foundered recently while on a voyage from Bombay to Calcutta, and 48 lives were lost. The captain (Williamson) was saved, but it is said that others of the officers were lost.

The ship John Nicholson, which cleared at the port of New York for Shanghai, a few days since, took out 2089 packages of domestic cottons, mostly on account of Boston manufacturers.

The declared value of steam engines exported by England during the first eleven months of the past year amounted to £2,000,000, more than double the value of 1865 exports.

A new line of British steamers will shortly commence running between New York, Rio and other ports of Brazil. The first ship of the line is now on her way from the Mediterranean.

The oyster market is just now very short of supplies, owing to the interruption of the Virginia traffic by the ice blockade in Chesapeake Bay.

In the general absence of orders for railroad iron, the rolling mills in the North of England are going into the manufacturer of heavy house and ship-building material.

The large fields of ice coming down the Hudson River have so obstructed navigation in New York Harbor that many of the ferry-boats have been compelled to suspend their regular trips. Boston Harbor remains as free from ice as it was last July.

A drought prevails in California, and unless rain comes soon the next season's crops will be seriously diminished. The prospect is so unpromising that business generally is affected by it.

Under date of Dec. 28th, a Baltimore dispatch says, this port is completely ice-bound. No vessels have cleared from here for one week. Thirty vessels are now ready to leave and are waiting for the ice to break up. Tugs are charging \$500 to take vessels out; the usual price is \$25.

James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, was publicly whipped by Fred. May, brother of his betrothed, on Fifth Avenue, New York, Jan 3rd. It is stated that the marriage was to have taken place that morning and Bennett did not appear.

A Providence, Rhode Island, company is manufacturing 170,000 rifles of improved pattern for Turkey. Seventy thousand will be shipped this week.

A despatch from Copenhagen says nine laborers were killed and thirty injured by a railroad train running off the track. There were 100 laborers on the train. This is the first fatal railroad accident in Denmark.

Russian officers are reconnoitering the lower Danube to find crossing places, and ships are being contracted for to aid the crossing.

The largest sugar refinery in Nantes, France, stopped work for want of raw material, and many other houses have discharged their workmen.

Camodore Cornelius Vanderbilt died at New York, at 10 o'clock, on 4th inst., after an illness of several months. The property in his possession was estimated at a hundred million dollars. A full disposition of his interest in numerous railroad and navigation companies was made before his death, and stocks were consequently not materially affected.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

BY MARY BASKIN.

Author of "Wild Violets," "Only a Life," "Autumn Blossoms," &c., &c.

"A little child shall lead them." These words have been singing themselves into my heart all through the live-long day; sometimes sweetly, and in a low, minor key; again, in grand triumphal song—"A little child shall lead them."

Visions have come with the notes, for women are ever dreamers—some more, some less, but none quite free from the sweet floating life which we call dream-land—so to-day my apathy has landed me upon that quiet shore—quiet now because my passion of suffering has been lulled to sleep in the arms of love.

A "little child." Oh, my wee, dainty darling! My little one, with her childish graces and merry laughter! My own ewe lamb of bewitching, coaxing ways and tiny petulances; my sunbeam, who eased my passionate, aching heart! I sit here alone to-day, and hear the world, afar off in its din, speaking my name as a household word, with tenderness and affection; yet I yearn over my heart that was once so empty, so hungry!

Yes, "hungry!" See! What is fame to a woman? A crown of thorns to pierce her bleeding brow. What is love? An amulet which she can wear about her heart as a shield against the bitterness of life, and the intoxicating, bewildering sweetness of the entrance to its resting-place which we call death—albeit God calleth it by a better name, for His, beloved only "fall on sleep."

"A little child shall lead them." Be quiet, heart! Where? Into the green pastures, starred with ever-living aspens: into the garden where groweth the Tree of Life; where curls the rippling of the waters which wash their golden sands near the great white throne of the Father—the glad river which shimmers in the light of a land of greetings instead of partings. Ah! there is the sting of this life—the partings!

My baby, what would I give for one kiss from your rose-bud mouth; one "nice mamma" from your little warbling voice! Oh, my birdie, when the angels sang you to sleep in their arms did they know a mother's heart was left empty of her child?

Such an emptiness! One too great for tears. Too dark for aught but passionate outcries, or a wringing of cold hands in sorrow; while the heart still empty and void, beats on, and will not cease from its strife of grief and pain.

"Such a hungry little heart," he used to say, while his eyes grew luminous with a great and unquenchable love, and I nestled to his to appease the desire of my own.

As I appeal to you, my sisters, even you, who have called me "still and proud," is not this craving for love which grows in the heart of a woman only the continuance of the old serial story which was read in the palace of the great king, when the Christ of this world left the regal courts for the satisfaction of hearts which hungered, yet had no living bread?

Women must weep, and good-bye to the world and its moaning. are words fitted for application in other homes than those of the brave fisherman's wives who watch by the corpses laid out on the strand. There are corpses of hopes more pitiful than those of men! But I must on to my story. What has this to do with "a little child?"

Gay, giddy, thoughtless and young, I married early. My girlhood had not blossomed into womanhood, ere I knew the joys of a wife and mother. Oh, twofold glory, the truest, fairest crown of Heaven's own bestowal! Even after the lapse of all these dreary years I cannot write fully of the time when my heart first awoke at the touch of love. It was as if I had been slumbering in some sweet enchanted bower where the realities of life had never planted a foot, until I answered to the magic touch, and the sleep fled beyond recall. Do I regret the awakening? That question I would fain evade, for with my love, I have also won sorrow's crown of sorrow; the remembrance of happier things!

Ah me! I found my love too great for my life, so I made it an idol, exalted, then worshipped hourly at its shrine—a shrine of my own erecting. Idolatry of the basest sort, for I never once owned the hand which had held the gift for my acceptance.

Then its object was withdrawn, while in the bitterness of my heart I cursed God as women can curse even while they keep lip-silence. My unspoken moan was "God has robbed me."

Sweet Heaven, as if He had done ought but claim His own! Darkness followed. Insensibility drew her veil over so pitiful a scene; then a

comforter nestled in my bosom, and I grew calmer. Only, at times, a vague unrest would steal over me, while I murmured, with quickening breath, "If God should rob me again!"

The years passed, and I grew confident. Again I learnt to laugh; my tears grew fewer, my smiles more abundant, for the innocent baby prattle was like the trilling of an Aeolian harp, so sweet, so dear, so ravishing.

My April flower! Mothers, with dimpled darlings upon your knees, do you know what it was to me to feel my baby's arms "hugging" me in the infantine delight of a child who knows nothing of any other life but a mother's love?

"Nice mamma," and the little bundle of tumbled curls would play bo-peep in and out of my lap a hundred times a day. Yet I, who had only one, was destined to be written childless.

Only for a little while, though. My fairy's wings are growing in a land where there can be no climbing higher, and therefore no bereavement used as an incentive to make our tired souls climb and strain after the summit which towers so high above our weary eyes.

One sweet June day, my baby sitting in the strawberry-bed—with two sunburnt little fists rubbing out two sleepy eyes, and making delicious cooing music to the soft humming of the bees—I watching her as we women all watch things that we love—my heart sang a "Magnificat" of its own, but not unto the Lord. Did I not love Him a little in return for His gift? I do not know. I am inclined to the thought that my actions were pure because I was so quietly happy; and whatever philosophers may say respecting trials bringing purity and peace, I only, in my weak humanity, knew that it was so easy to be good when I had no sorrow but a lulled one, and no cause for a present grief.

Little did I think how vividly I should ever after remember the picture in consequence of the day becoming a red-letter one in my history.

With the sunlight dancing as of old, the birds singing as though no nests of theirs were robbed, I opened a letter which had been brought to me, and read—"May I come to you, dear? When your husband died I marvelled at the force of your grief. Now every throbe of agony you endure finds its echo in my heart. But I try to say, 'Why will he do?' My boys are at home, my comfort and my care. I want them to see again their father's home and his old church. I want more, dear: I think if I could lay my head upon your heart, tears would come to ease the aching of my own. Shall I be welcome?"

As if such a question needed to be asked! Was she not the only woman whose hand had touched my grief with healing fingers? Memory flew back. I saw the manly yet rugged face of her husband, as he preached in the dear old kirk those truths which afterward smoothed his own dying bed, so I wrote—"Come, come, and come quickly."

Four months before I had received the news of her husband's death, and had mourned for the ambassador of Christ who had died amidst the populace of a large city, his eyes growing dim and tender with joy at the sight of the green fields stretching far away in the distance, where no inhabitant can say, "I am sick."

So they came. A pale, faded woman, with a sweet, hushed look upon her face, as if the misery of suffering had stilled her heart into an abiding quietude. Two sturdy, handsome lads, who made my house a very bye-word for noise and mirth, yet loved my child—my Beatrice—as sisterless lads oft-times love girls younger and more helpless than themselves, while she—ah! she almost made me jealous of her love for them.

Do they play now, as Luther's dream-children played, in the gardens of God? Do they laugh the same ringing tones and jubilantly shout over new treasures as they did here? Oh, my heart! and I not there to hear them!

The weeks flew by, grew into months, passed into a year, and still they stayed with me, for would not my home have been very lone if they had left at? I had no relations to gainsay my decision, so it became a tacitly understood, though unspoken, thing between us, that we should all live together.

I want to dwell on that time—it was so fresh, so fair, so glad! As all earthly things that are "fresh, fair and glad" fade, so it faded, for the lights of it went out in obscure darkness.

The eldest boy came in one day flushed and heated, declaring he could "not play out of doors any longer, 'twas so hot."

So the three sat in the cool shadiness of the nursery, while my friend and I worked or talked away the hours, with never a thought of the dark shadow that had entered with the children, to grow and expand until it shook its gloom over

the whole house, causing it to rain tears and lamentations.

My friend had been reading some of those noble, womanly, yet enthusiastic outbursts of Mrs. Browning's. Well do I remember the tenderness with which she dwelt upon the lines—

"God gives patience, love learns strength. And faith remembers promise; And hope itself can smile at length On other hopes gone from us."

I answered her pathos with a strange quivering, which I could not restrain, "Love only learns strength, Nellie, when it has other hopes behind the one which has fled."

If she had seen the face of her dead husband smiling down upon her, she could not have looked more lovely as she responded, "Love learns strength to live so that we may again meet the hopes which have gone from us, for I believe that we shall yet stand face to face with the living abiding beauty of each thing which we have called dead. Surely if our bodies rise again, our hopes also shall have resurrection."

"Yet I could not smile if God took all, God grant He never may!" I cried.

"Amen!" she breathed, with a pure solemnity which comforted my strange forebodings of evil.

Could I have foreseen what was to follow? "While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept" have a strange significance for me. Who could fast or sleep when Death has looked into the dear eyes we love? Tears will not come.

"No use sending them away now, my dear madam, the mischief is done," was the doctor's verdict when Charlie's heat and weariness grew into fever. The "them" referred to Archie and my baby Trixie, or as I always called her now "my own little girl!"

"I see not our're baby now, mamma, I co're 'ild," she would lip, and I would gather her into my arms with soft kisses and murmured blessings for I loved her fiercely and passionately, often thinking of my husband's words, "poor hungry heart."

If I had eaten of the bread of life my cravings might have been appeased, but I wanted to satisfy them in my own way. God would not have it so, yet he came in the pain. Archie sickened the next day, and Trixie also, but "childish ailments," I whispered to my perplexed heart, "She cannot, cannot die!"

Then the blinds were drawn, for the voice of Charlie's angel was heard calling to him, and another night of woe dawned for the mother. Again an angel broke the stillness of the house and Archie's bird-like voice made one more in heaven's choir, while I—God forgive me—forgot their mother's pain in my own; watching until I grew desperate in my forebodings, daring God to take my child. Do you know the stillness of a darkened house where the children are not! Do you comprehend the aching when no voice comes to ease the mourner's pain; if so, pity their mother, for I spoke no word of sympathy; my heart was bound up in that of my child, and she—was dying.

I refused to believe it at first, calling the doctor a madman, then grew cold as a stone while I resumed my watch at the child's couch. Dying! and only six days ago she had been filling her hand with sweet roses, herself the sweetest among them all! I think I shall never forget my injustice and wickedness of the miserable days that followed. "Why did you bring your boys here," I cried, "They have killed my darling!" then with the insanity of uncontrolled sorrow bursting into a moan, I kept up my cry, "shall not die." Oh impotency of mortals! with all my love she burst aside its chord and left me. I was glad to see the body still once more, its feeble fluttering quite over, for she suffered so. "Oh my darling, my darling!"

"Trixie doing to Archie, mamma tum too," she said, as if she knew that Archie's body was lying lifeless in the other room.

"Stay with me my darling, my love, my own precious, precious Trixie," I cried in despairing, heart-broken sorrow.

"Me want Archie."

"Not mamma! See how mamma wants her bird."

"Mamma's bird fly, Mamma tum too."

"Tum too!" the little lips framed once more, and then the wings had grown for an angel's soaring and the bird had flown indeed.

I am coming, my baby, when God so freely, so coming to you.

My pretty pale darling nestled a little white rose among the fairest ones our garden grew, and then—a child's hand reached through the gloom and led me even unto God.

After she died I wrote my thoughts to comfort other tired hearts; yet while the world sings its praises of the words I write it comments freely upon the "still cold woman" who pens such burning thoughts.

My earthly passions are stilled, and I am cold, outwardly so, because I cannot care even a child without stirring emo-

tions which I fain would stifle. Thank God, with all this, my heart is not hungry now, I know that He has only taken my treasure.—

As a mother will try Too costly, though given by herself, Till the room shall be stiller from noise, And the children more fit for such joys. Kept o'er their heads on the shelf.

He has crowned us with the christen of His own love. If any heart-beats are stiller and more passionless they are yet truer and purer. My friend? She still sits by the same fireside, under the old roof. She asked me a question long ago—"Is it well with the child?" and I answered "It is well."

Sometimes I fancy that as I climb heaven's golden stair, a child's face will flash its love-light into mine, while my baby's hand will lead me to the One who lent to me my treasures.

I am mortal, I moan; yet being also spiritual, I rejoice, Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory of immortality!

Again I hear the old notes, sweet and pure as the voice of angels hymning, "A little child shall lead them."

THE BIBLE ON TENTER-HOOKS.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, in the preface to his "Illustrated Ramble in Bible Lands," relates the following anecdote:

In a village in Yorkshire, England, lived two men who were cloth manufacturers. One was named Walsh, the other Stetson. Walsh was an unbeliever. It was a favorite opinion of his that the Bible was "all made up."

He could never believe that it was written where it professed to be, and by the men said to have written it. But Stetson was an earnest Christian.

Walsh was part owner of a factory, and one year he had set his heart on making a very large and fine piece of cloth. He took great pains with the carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving and finishing of it. In the process of manufacture it was one day stretched on the tenter-hooks to dry. It made a fine show, and he felt very proud of it.

The next morning he arose early to work at it, and to his amazement it was gone. Some one had stolen it during the night.

After weeks of anxiety and expense, a piece of cloth answering the description was stopped at Manchester awaiting the owner and proof. Away to Manchester went Walsh, as fast as the express train could carry him. There he found many rolls of cloth which had been stolen. They were very much alike. He selected one which he felt satisfied was his. But how could he prove it? In doubt and perplexity, he called on his neighbor Stetson.

"Friend Stetson," said he, "I have found a piece of cloth which I am sure is the one which was stolen from me. But how to prove it, is the question. Can you tell me how?"

"You don't want it unless it is really yours?"

"Certainly not."

"And you want proof that is plain, simple and such as will satisfy yourself and everybody?"

"Precisely so."

"Well, then, take Bible proof."

"Bible proof! Pray, what is that?"

"Take your cloth to the tenter-hooks on which it was stretched, and if it be yours every hood will just fit the hole, through which it passed before being taken down. These and the holes just come together tight, no other proof will be wanted that the cloth is yours."

"True. Why didn't I think of this before?"

Away he went, and sure enough—every hook came to its little hole, and the cloth was proved to be his. The tenter-hooks were the very best evidence that could be had.

Some days after this Walsh met his friend again.

"I say, Stetson," said he, "what did you mean, the other day, by calling the tenter-hooks 'Bible proof?' I am sure if I had as good evidence for the Bible as I had for my cloth, I never should doubt it again."

"You have the same, only better, for the Bible."

"How so?"

"Put it on the tenter-hooks. Take the Bible and travel with it go to the place in which it was made. There you will find the Red Sea, the Jordan, the Lake of Galilee, Mount Lebanon, Hermon, Carmel, Tabor and Gerizim; there

you will find the cities of Damascus, Hebron, Tyre, Sidon and Jerusalem. Every mountain, every river, every sheet of water mentioned in the Bible is there, just as the Bible speaks of it. Sinai and the Desert and the Dead sea are there. The holes and the books come together exactly. The best guide book through the country is the Bible. It must have been written on the spot, just as your cloth must have been made and stretched on your tenter-hooks. That land is the mould in which the Bible is cast, and when you bring the land and the book together, they fit to perfection."

Walsh felt the force of this argument, and he gave up his infidelity, and began to read the Bible with an interest he never had felt in it before.

HYMN FOR HEAVEN.

"And they sung a new song." Rev. 5, 9. One of the ministers of Leicester, England, in relating some pleasing incidents in connection with his pastoral work, gives the following:

On visiting one of the courts of the town, I was requested by one of the poor people to call on an old woman who had been bedridden for some years, and who lived in the neighborhood. On reaching the cottage, and finding no response to my knocking at the door, I walked in, and went to the foot of the stairs, when I soon heard a faint voice requesting whoever it was to come up. In a small room at the top there lay an aged but cheerful invalid. I told her that I had been requested to call, and that I was a minister of the gospel. She replied, "Well, then, you are just the visitor I want, and you are come at the right time."

And taking up her hymn-book, which lay upon the bed, said, "Now, I have been searching for a long time to see if I can find a hymn that will do to sing in heaven, and I cannot. Now, can you?" I took the book, and found

"Their is a land of pure delight"

"Surely that will do." "Well go on," she said; "read the hymn 'orough.'" Presently I came to

"Death like a narrow sea divides."

"Ah," she said, "that woud do." I then mentioned.

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

"Go on," she said. I read the last verse—

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave."

"That woud do," she said, smilingly: "mine sha'n't be a poor, lisping, stammering tongue there." I found others, but all to no purpose. "No, no, dear sir, shut the book; their will have to be a new one made." "And they sung a new song."

THE WIDOW VAN COTT AS A PREACHER.

The widow Van Cott gave a descriptive and pantomimic illustration of Moody and Sankey's hymn, "Ninety and Nine," in the West Thirtieth street Methodist meeting house last evening. She looked over the preacher's desk at an imaginary flock of sheep, and personating a shepherd and pointing with her finger, began to count, "One, two, three," etc. Said she, "There are only ninety-nine sheep. There ought to be a hundred. One is missing. Where is it?" The widow looked here and there behind her, in front and to the right and left. Her face expressed and her manner betokened the utmost anxiety. Suddenly she assumed a listening attitude, and said: "I hear the bleating of a sheep far off on the mountain side. It is the last one out of the fold, in the cold and stormy weather. I must go and get it before it perishes with hunger and cold." Then Mrs. Van Cott took a few quick steps as though going after the lost sheep. She stopped and made believe lift the imaginary sheep. Throwing the animal over her shoulder, she marched back across the platform rejoicing that the lost had been found. She said, "So the Lord rejoices over one sinner saved." Curiosity was again excited by the lady preacher putting her hand in her pocket and withdrawing it with some imaginary silver coins in her palm. She counted them. There were only nine, when there should have been ten. Then in pantomime she feigned holding a lighted candle and searching on the floor for the lost coin. She mimicked a woman sweeping with a broom. At last the missing piece was found, and the widow's face was radiant with joy. Mrs. Van Cott made the same application to this story that she did to the "Ninety and Nine."—N. Y. Sun.

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ENGINEER'S STORY OF A BANK NOTE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"When the first day of March came, I went as I had been instructed, to head-quarters, for my orders, only to find that the 'old man' had forgotten all about me, and had promoted a fireman to the identical situation that had been promised to me. I shouldn't like to say in mother's presence that I was mad, for she would repeat that little verse about letting the 'angry passions rise,' but I did feel a righteous indignation, and gave that man a piece of my mind. But it didn't make the least impression upon him. He was about starting on a trip, on the line of the Union Pacific, with a party on a hunting expedition, and couldn't be troubled with my small affairs; would pay no heed to the matter of expense I had been subjected to while waiting for his orders; wouldn't give me a pass to Chicago, nor lend me a dollar, although I asked him for that more to bother him than for any other reason, he was so disagreeable. Happily there are but few such railroad officials.

"Well, I went back to my hotel as down-hearted and homesick a boy as you could care to see. It was eight o'clock Monday morning. I paid my bill, and had five cents left. I had not been so, taking my travelling bag, I left for the station: On my way there I bought two apples with my five cents, and put them in my pocket with a queer consciousness that they were all that stood between me and starvation. "I took the first train for Chicago via Peoria, Illinois. There was no trouble about my fare, for I had my papers proving me to be a railroad man.

"Arriving at Peoria, I inquired for a former chum of mine who had been a telegraph operator there the last I knew of him.

"He left for the east a month ago," said the station agent. I turned on my heel, too disappointed to speak a word, and jumped aboard a train which stood waiting. It two minutes I was steaming toward Chicago by the way of Joliet.

"I felt pretty blue I can tell you. I wasn't brought up to beg, and there wasn't much of a show to borrow, and, under the circumstances, borrowing would look very much like begging.

"On and on we went, all day and all night. You may well believe that I thought of this old New England town and the little cottage at home, its pantry, and mother and the girls, and of little Tommy here—how full his stomach probably was of bread and milk. "As it grew toward morning, I said with prayerful uncton, and with a pervading sense of the real meaning of the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' for I hadn't had a mouthful to eat, excepting those apples, since Sunday night."

John paused a moment to recover his voice, which he had, somehow, lost just here. Aunt Mary took of her glasses and wiped them on the corner of her black silk apron, while little Tom left his place at the table, and softly coming round, leaned on his brother's shoulder. John went on:—"We drew up in the Chicago depot in the gray March morning, and I picked up my carpet-bag and stumbled out of the car, faint and heavy-hearted, not acquainted with a soul in the city, and without any definite aim, or any idea of what was to become of me.

"I happened to glance down on the depot platform as I jumped from the car steps, my eye falling upon what I supposed to be a wad of refuse paper. I impulsively stooped and picked it up, and, going along under a gas-jet that was still left burning in the early morning, I soon found that the muddy little ball, which many feet had stepped upon, was a green bank! There was no use in looking for any owner in that rushing, crowding mass of people, and somehow I felt as if the money had come straight from heaven in answer to my prayer. I had never had a doubt since, and never shall have again, that God cares momentarily for even the smallest of His creatures.

"I shut my hand tight upon the bank note, and made a rush for the nearest eating-house, where, very hurriedly, and, no doubt, in rather an im-

perious manner, I ordered the waiter to bring me ham and eggs, brown bread and coffee.

"After the waiter brought the meal to my table, and I began to eat, I felt there was one truly thankful heart in that restaurant that morning.

"I hadn't looked at the note long enough to ascertain its denomination until I walked up to the check-counter to pay for my breakfast, when, carelessly taking it from my fob pocket where I had tucked it, and smoothing it out, I found it to be a twenty-dollar green-back, as true as I sit here! Wasn't I rich?" and John brushed the tears from his eyes with the rest of us, and choked up, and swallowed two or three times before he proceeded.

"As I went out upon the street again with my carpet-bag still in my hand, I met some men whom I took to be railroad hands, entering the eating-house, talking quite loudly about an engineer whose name caught my ear, it being familiar to me.

"A good-hearted but reckless sort of chap," said one, 'who takes pride in getting the officers of the road into his cab when the train is behind time, and scaring them with his fast running.'

"Where is Jim Mathews now?" I asked, stepping up to the man as he paused a moment in his story.

"Up in Wisconsin," he replied very pleasantly; 'he drives the fast express from Madison to La Crosse.'

"I ran back to the depot again, and, as luck would have it, a train for Madison would start in fifteen minutes. I got aboard, and was soon on my way.

"I had no difficulty in finding my old acquaintance—Jim Mathews—in Madison. There was no vacancy on the road where he was at work, but he sent me to Winona, Minnesota, where I found a job, and went to work March fourth."

As we were all exclaiming over the mysterious ways of Providence, other neighbors came in, enlarging the circle around our cheery fire. The general conversation turned, after a while, upon travelling, losing baggage, small articles, etc.

"The only time that I ever lost anything, when travelling," said Mrs. Hutchings, "was a year ago last spring when I came home from Chicago. I started east on the early morning train, and just before I stepped from the depot platform, where we had been standing a moment hurriedly exchanging our final messages to our friends, to my car, my brother William handed me a bank note.

"I don't want it," I said, 'I have money enough for my journey, and that is as much as I care to have about me.'

"But he insisted that I might need it; so I took the note and tucked it in my glove, as I supposed, between the glove and my hand, as I have a trick of doing with my change when I am shopping. I frequently come home with my glove so stuffed out with scrip that my hand looks deformed.

"I didn't think of the note again until the train was miles away, when, having finished reading the morning paper, and being about to settle myself into a comfortable

poeket-book, "I owe you twenty dollars with interest from that time to the present."

Although he retold that part of his story relating to the finding of the bank note to Mrs. Hutchings, she would not take his money.

They finally compromised by agreeing that the money should be given to a needy young man in the neighborhood, who was an invalid. "I will make it twenty-five," said John, as he handed the roll of bills over to father to be given next morning to poor, patient Chester Sheldon. And so our pleasant party for that evening broke up, all of us, even down to little Tom and Mame, being greatly impressed by this touching incident, which brought the truth freshly home to all our hearts. "Your Father knows what things ye have need of."

British Shoe Store. NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.

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MARRIED.—On 1st Jan., by Rev. J. A. Dickson, Mr. James Thers, of Richibucto, to Miss Mary Ann Carru... On 25th, Mr. Thompson, at Tenny Cape, on Dec 25th, the same, at Selmah, on the 28th Dec., by Rev. J. A. Dickson, Mr. James Thers, of Richibucto, to Miss Mary Ann Carru... At Summerfield, on the 25th Dec., by the Rev. J. J. Colter, Mr. Robert Green, of Summerfield, to Miss Mary Helen Dunn, of the same place. At the residence of the bride's father, Jan. 2nd, by the Rev. E. Slackford, Mr. George D. Howland, of Lincoln, to Miss Mary E. Lawson, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Lawson, of Sheffield. On the 20th of Dec., at the Methodist Parsonage, Mill Village, by the Rev. John S. Addy, Mr. David Freeman of Milton, Queen's County, N. S., to Mrs. Priscilla Tupper, of Brookfield Queen's County, N. S. January 1st 1876, at the residence of the bride's mother, Jolicure, by the Rev. Edwin Mills, Miss Julia A. Richardson, to Mr. Charles F. Bowser, of Point de Bute, all of Westmorland Co. N. B. On the 27th of Dec., at the residence of the grand parents of the bride, by the Rev. L. E. Thurlow, Mr. Albert Balcom, of Lawrenceville, to Hattie A. Harris, of New Minas. At the same time and place by the same, M James W. Tomlinson, of Lawrenceville, to Faan E. Harris, of New Minas. At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. C. W. Hamilton, on the 27th ult., Mr. Wm. Gamble, to Miss Jane Ives, all of lot 17, P. E. L. On the 4th inst., by the Rev. L. S. Johnson, Mr. John Wilson, of Petersville, to Miss Elizabeth Kerro, of Summer Hill, Hamstead. At Methodist Parsonage, Hillsboro', by the Rev. C. W. Datcher, Mr. Frank Goff, of Harvey, to Miss Phylinda Bishop, of Hill-boro', Annapolis Co. In the Methodist Church, Aylesford, West, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. A. S. Tuttle, Mr. Albert Brown, to Rebecca, daughter of the late Francis Cassidy, all of Aylesford. At the residence of the bride's father, A. herst, on 2nd Jan., by the Rev. R. A. Temple, president of the N. S. Conf. since, Mr. Robert Hutchinson, Merchant, and Miss Emma White, eldest daughter of John White, Esq.

DIED.—At Pictou, on the 6th inst., after a very protracted and painful illness, which he bore in great resignation to the Divine will, Mr. Roderic Fraser, County Treasurer. At Crossed Tava, Nov. 21th, William Elwin Sperry, aged 37 years. Universally esteemed, he died in great peace of mind, and passed away safe to the arms of Jesus. At South Brookfield, Queen's N. S., on the 2nd of January, Annie, second and beloved daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Hume, aged 18 years. Having loved Jesus in life, she loved Him unto the end. At Bear Island, on the 25th ult., Mrs. Temperance Wheaton, widow of the late J. B. Wheaton, who was lost in the ill fated "Katie," of Port Mulgrave, and daughter of Mr. Edson, People of Bear Island, Co. H. S. of Canada, aged 34 years. "Cape Ann Advertiser" please copy. Fell asleep in Jesus, on the morning of Dec. 5th, at Annapolis, in the 32nd year of her age, Susan Elizabeth, beloved wife of C. E. Turnbull, of Derby, and daughter of George & Susan Hardnick of the former place. At Halifax, on the morning of the 8th inst., Harriet, widow of the late W. J. Starr, of St. John's, aged 61 years.

PREACHER'S PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH, SUNDAY, JANUARY 14th.

- 11 a.m. Rev. G. Chose, Rev. R. Brocken. 7 p.m. Rev. W. Parvis, Rev. W. H. Heart. 11 a.m. Rev. A. W. Nicolson, Rev. E. R. Brunyate. 11 a.m. Rev. F. B. Brunyate, Rev. D. W. Johnson. BEECH STREET, 3.30 p.m. Mr. Morrow. 11 a.m. Rev. W. H. Heart, Rev. W. Parvis. 11 a.m. Rev. D. W. Johnson, Rev. D. Shore.

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