



WESLEYAN ALMANAC JANUARY, 1876.

First Quarter, 4th day, 11h. 9m. morning. Full Moon, 11th day, 2h. 9m. morning. Last Quarter, 18th day, 4h. 35m. morning. New Moon, 26th day, 9h. 27m. afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position shows the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwall, Hants, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Faversham.

High water at Falmouth and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Hantsport. At Falmouth, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, 2 1/2 hours EARLIER than at Hantsport. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 9 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

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

THE STORY OF THE YEAR.

It was near the end of January, and a terrible fall of snow was pelting down and whirling through the streets and lanes; the windows were plastered with snow on the outside, snow fell in masses from the roofs. Every one seemed in a hurry; they ran, they flew, fell into each's arms, holding fast for a moment as long as they could stand safely. Coaches and horses looked as if they had been frosted with sugar. The footmen stood with their backs against the carriages, so as to turn their faces from the wind. The foot passengers kept within the shelter of the carriages which could only move slowly out on the deep snow. At last the storm abated, and the narrow path was swept clean in front of the houses; when two persons met in this path they stood still, for neither liked to take the first step on one side into the deep snow or let the other pass him. There they stood silent and motionless, till at last as if by tacit consent, they each sacrificed a leg and buried it in the deep snow. Towards evening the weather became calm. The sky cleared from the snow, looking more lofty and transparent, while the stars shone with new brightness and purity. The frozen snow crackled under foot, and was quite firm enough to bear the sparrows, who hopped upon it in the morning dawn. They searched for food in the path which had been swept, but there was very little for them, and they were terribly cold. "Tweet, tweet" said one and another; "they call this a new year but I think it is worse than the last. We might just as well have kept the old year; I'm quite unhappy, and I have a right to be so."

"Yes you have; and yet the people ran about and fired off guns to usher in the new year," said a little shivering sparrow. "They throw things against the doors, and were quite beside themselves with joy, because the old year had disappeared. I was glad too, for I expected we should have some warm days, but my hopes have come to nothing. It freezes harder than ever; I think mankind have made a mistake in reckoning time."

"That they have," said a third, an old sparrow with a white poll; "they have something they call a calendar; it's an invention of their own, and everything must be arranged according to it, but it won't do. When spring comes, then the year begins. It is the voice of nature, and I reckon by that."

"But when will spring come?" asked the others. "It will come when the stork returns, but he is very uncertain, and here in the town no one knows anything about it. In the country they have more knowledge; shall we fly away there and wait? We shall be nearer to spring than certainly."

"That may be all very well," said another sparrow, who had been hopping about for a long time, chirping, but not saying anything of consequence, "but I have found a few comforts here in town which, I'm afraid, I should miss out in the country. Here in this neighbourhood, there lives a family of people who have been so sensible as to place three or four flower-pots against the wall in the court-yard, so that the openings are all turned inward, and the bottom of each points outward. In the latter a hole has been cut large enough for me to fly in and out. I and my husband have built a nest in one of these pots, and all our young ones, who have now flown away, were brought out here. The people who live there of course are very sensible, and they have a great deal of money."

that they might have the pleasure of seeing us, or they would not have done it. It pleased them also to strew bread crumbs for us, and so we have food, and may consider ourselves provided for. So I think my husband and I will stay where we are; although we are not very happy, but we shall stay."

"And we will fly into the country," said the others, "to see if spring is coming." And away they flew.

In the country it was really winter, a few degrees colder than in the town. The sharp winds blew over the snow-covered fields. The farmer, wrapped in warm clothing, sat in his sleigh, and beat his arms across his chest to keep off the cold. The whip lay on his lap. The horses ran till they smoked. The snow crackled, the sparrows hopped about in the wheel-ruts, and shivered, crying, "Tweet, tweet; when will spring come? It is very long in coming."

"Very long, indeed," sounded over the field, from the nearest snow-covered hill. It might have been the echo which people heard, or perhaps the words of that wonderful old man, who sat high on a heap of snow, regardless of wind or weather. He was all in white; he had on a peasant's coarse white coat of frieze. He had long white hair, a pale face, and large clear blue eyes. "Who is that old man?" asked the sparrows.

"I know who he is," said an old raven, who sat on the fence, and was condescending enough to acknowledge that we are all equal in the sight of Heaven, even as little birds, and therefore he talked with the sparrows, and gave them the information they wanted. "I know who the old man is," he said. "It is Winter, the old man of last year; he is not dead yet, as the calendar says, but acts as guardian to little Prince Spring who is coming. Winter rules here still. Ugh! the cold makes you shiver, little ones, does it not?"

"There! Did I not tell you so?" said the smallest of the sparrows. "The calendar is only an invention of man, and is not arranged according to nature. They should leave these things to us; we are created so much more clever than they are."

One week passed, and then another. The forest looked dark, the hard-frozen lake lay like a sheet of lead. The mountains had disappeared, for over the land hung damp, icy mists. Large black crows flew about in silence; it was as if nature slept. At length a sunbeam glided over the lake, and it shone like burnished silver. But the snow on the fields and hills did not glitter as before. The white form of Winter sat there still, with his unwavering gaze fixed on the south. He did not perceive that the snowy carpet seemed to sink as it were into the earth; that here and there a little green patch of grass appeared, and that these patches were covered with sparrows.

"Tee-wit, tee-wit; is spring coming at last?"

Spring! How the cry resounded over field and meadow, and through the dark-brown woods, where the fresh green moss still gleamed on the trunks of the trees, and from the south came the two first storks flying through the air, and on the back of each sat a lovely little child, a boy and a girl. They greeted the earth with a kiss, and wherever they placed their feet white flowers sprang up from beneath the snow. Hand in hand they approached the old ice-man, Winter, embraced him and clung to his breast; and as they did so, in a moment all three were enveloped in a thick, damp mist, dark and heavy, that closed over them like a veil. The wind arose with mighty rustling tone, and cleared away the mist. Then the sun shone out warmly. Winter had vanished away, and the beautiful children of Spring sat on the throne of the year.

"This is really a new year," cried all the sparrows, "now we shall get our rights, and have some return for what we suffered in winter."

Wherever the two children wandered, green buds burst forth on bush and tree, the grass grew higher, and the corn-fields became lovely in delicate green.

The little maiden strewed flowers in her path. She held her apron before her; it was full of flowers; it was as if they sprung into life there, for the more she scattered around her, the more flowers did her apron contain. Eagerly she showered snowy blossoms over and peach-trees, so that they stood in full beauty before even their green leaves had burst from the bud. Then the boy and the girl clasped their hands and troops of birds came flying by, no one knew from whence, and they all twittered and chirped singing, "Spring has come!" How beautiful everything was! Many an old dame came forth from her door into the sunshine, and shuffled about with great delight, glancing at the golden flowers which glittered everywhere in the fields as they used to do in her young days. The world grew young again to her, as she said, "It is a blessed time out here to-day. The forest already wore its breast of dark green buds. The thyme blossomed in fresh fragrance. Primroses and anemones sprung forth, and violets showed in the grass."

"Do you wish to see golden fruit?" said the man, "then rejoice," and he lifted his arm. The leaves of the forest put on colours of red and gold, and bright tints covered the woodlands. The rose-bushes gleamed with scarlet and gold, and the berries of the elder-trees hung down with the weight of the full, dark berries. The wild chestnuts fell ripe from their dark, green shells, and in the forests the violets bloomed for the second time. But the queen of the year became more and more silent and pale.

"It blows cold," she said, "and night brings the damp mist; I long for the land of my childhood." Then she saw the storks fly away every one, and she stretched out her hands towards them. She looked at the empty nests; in one of them grew a long-stalked corn-flower, in another the yellow mustard seed, as if the nest had been placed there only for its comfort and protection, and the sparrows were flying round them all.

Who could resist sitting down on such a beautiful carpet? and then the young children of Spring seated themselves, holding each other's hands, and sang, and laughed, and grew. A gentle rain fell upon them from the sky, but they did not notice it, for the rain-drops were their own tears of joy. They kissed each other, and were betrothed; and in the same moment the buds of the trees unfolded, and when the sun rose, the forest was green. Hand in hand the two wandered beneath the fresh pendant canopy of foliage, while the sun's rays gleamed through the opening of the shade, in changing and varied colours. The delicate young leaves filled the air with refreshing odour. Merrily rippled the clear brooks and rivulets between the green, velvety rushes, and over the many-coloured pebbles beneath. All nature spoke of abundance and plenty. The cuckoo sang, and the lark carolled, for it was now beautiful spring. The careful willows had, however, covered their blossoms with woolly gloom; and this carefulness is rather tedious. Days and weeks went by, and the heat increased. Warm air waved the corn as it grew golden in the sun. The white northern lily spread its large green leaves over the glossy mirror of the woodland lake, and the fishes sought the shadows beneath them. In a sheltered part of the wood, the sun shone upon the walls of a farm-house, brightening the blooming roses, and ripening the black juicy berries, which hung on the loaded cherry-trees, with its hot beams. Here sat the lovely wife of Summer, the same whom we have seen as a child and a bride; her eyes were fixed on dark gathering clouds, which in wavy outlines of black and indigo were piling themselves up like mountains higher and higher. They came from every side, always increasing like a rising, rolling sea. Then they swooped towards the forest, where every sound had been silenced as if by magic, every breath hushed, every bird mute. All nature stood still in grave suspense. But in the lanes and highways, passengers on foot or in carriages were hurrying to find a place of shelter. Then came a flash of light, as if the sun had rushed forth from the sky, flaming, burning, all devouring, and darkness returned amid the rolling crash of thunder, the rain poured down in streams,—now there was darkness, then blinding light,—now thrilling silence, then deafening din. The young brown rooks on the moor waved to and fro in feathery billows: the forest boughs were hidden in a watery mist, and still light and darkness followed each other; still came the silence after the roar, while the corn and the blades of grass lay beaten down and swamped, so that it seemed almost impossible they could ever raise themselves again. But after a while the rain began to fall gently, the sun's rays pierced the clouds, and the water-drops glittered like pearls on leaf and stem. The birds sang, the fishes leaped up to the surface of the water, the gnats danced in the sunshine, and yonder, on a rock by the heaving salt sea, sat Summer himself, a strong man with sturdy limbs and long, dripping hair. Strengthened by the cool bath, he sat in the warm sunshine, while all around him renewed nature bloomed strong, luxuriant and beautiful; it was summer, warm, lovely summer. Sweet and pleasant was the fragrance wafted from the clover-field, where the bees swarmed round the ruins of the ramble washed with rain, and the queen bee with her wings and prepared wax and honey. But Summer and his bosom-wife saw it with different eyes, to them the altar table was covered with the offerings of nature. The evening sky shone like gold, no church dome could ever gleam so brightly, and between the golden evening and blushing morning there was moonlight. It was indeed summer. And days and weeks passed, the bright scythes of the reapers glittered in the corn-fields, the branches of the apple-trees bent low, heavy with the red and golden fruit. The hop hanging in clusters, filled the air with sweet fragrance, and beneath the hazel-bushes, where the nuts hung in great bunches, rested a man and a woman—Summer and his grave consort.

"See," she exclaimed, "what wealth, what blessings surround us. Everything is home-like and good, and yet, I know not why, I long for rest and peace; I can scarcely express what I feel. They are already ploughing the fields again; more and more the people wish for gain. See, the storks are flocking together, and following the plough at a short distance. They are the birds from Egypt, who carried us through the air. Do you remember how we came as children to this land of the north; we brought with us flowers and bright sunshine, and green to the forests, but the wind has been rough with them, and they are now become dark and brown, like the trees of the south, but they do not, like them, bear golden fruit."

"Do you wish to see golden fruit?" said the man, "then rejoice," and he lifted his arm. The leaves of the forest put on colours of red and gold, and bright tints covered the woodlands. The rose-bushes gleamed with scarlet and gold, and the berries of the elder-trees hung down with the weight of the full, dark berries. The wild chestnuts fell ripe from their dark, green shells, and in the forests the violets bloomed for the second time. But the queen of the year became more and more silent and pale.

"It blows cold," she said, "and night brings the damp mist; I long for the land of my childhood." Then she saw the storks fly away every one, and she stretched out her hands towards them. She looked at the empty nests; in one of them grew a long-stalked corn-flower, in another the yellow mustard seed, as if the nest had been placed there only for its comfort and protection, and the sparrows were flying round them all.

"Tweet, where has the master of the nest gone?" cried one, "I suppose he could not bear it when the wind blew, and therefore he has left this country. I wish him a pleasant journey."

The forest leaves became more and more yellow, leaf after leaf fell, and the stormy winds of Autumn howled. The year was now far advanced, and upon the fallen, yellow leaves, lay the queen of the year, looking up with mild eyes at a gleaming star, and her husband stood by her. A gust of wind swept through the foliage, and the leaves fell in a shower. The summer queen was gone, but a butterfly, the last of the year flew through the cold air. Damp fogs came, icy winds blew, and the long, dark nights of winter approached. The ruler of the year appeared with hair white as snow, but he knew it not; he thought snow-flakes falling from the sky covered his head, as they decked the green fields with a thin, white covering of snow. And then the church bells rang out for Christmas time.

"The bells are ringing for the new-born year," said the ruler, "soon will a new ruler and his bride be born, and I shall go to rest with my wife in yonder light-giving star."

In the fresh, green fir-wood, where the snow lay all around, stood the angel of Christmas, and consecrated the young trees that were to adorn his feast.

"May there be joy in the rooms, and under the green boughs," said the old ruler of the year. In a few weeks he had become a very old man, with hair as white as snow. "My resting-time draws near; the young pair of the year will soon claim my crown and sceptre."

"But the night is still thine," said the angel of Christmas, "for power, but not for rest. Let the snow lie warmly upon the tender seed. Learn to endure the thought that another is worshipped whilst thou art still lord. Learn to endure being forgotten while yet thou lovest. The hour of thy freedom will come when Spring appears."

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"And when will spring come?" asked Winter. "It will come when the stork returns."

And with white locks and snowy beard, cold, bent, and hoary, but strong as the wintry storm, and as firm as the ice, old Winter sat on the snowdrift covered hill, looking towards the south, where winter had sat before and gazed. The ice glittered, the snow crackled, the skaters skinned over the polished surface of the lakes; ravens and crows formed a pleasing contrast to the white ground, and not a breath of wind stirred, and in the still air old Winter clenched his fists, and the ice lay fathom deep between the lands. Then came the sparrows again out of the town, and asked, "who is that old man?" The raven sat there still, or it might be his son, which is the same thing, and he said to them,—

"It is Winter, the old man of the former year; he is not dead, as the calendar says, but he is guardian to the spring, which is coming."

"When will Spring come?" asked the sparrows, "for we shall have better times then, and a better rule. The old times are worth nothing."

And in quiet thought old Winter looked at the leafless forest, where the graceful form and bend of each tree and branch could be seen; and while winter slept, icy mists came from the clouds, and the ruler-dreamt of his youthful days and of his manhood, and in the morning dawn the whole forest glittered with hoar frost, which the sun shook from the branches, and this was the summer dream of Winter.

"When will Spring come?" asked the sparrows. "Spring!" Again the echo sounded from the hills on which the snow lay. The sunshine became warmer, the snow melted, and the birds twittered, "Spring is coming!" And high in the air flew the first stork, and the second followed; a lovely child sat on the back of each, and they sank down on the open field, kissed the earth, and kissed the quiet old man; and, as the mist from the mountain-top, he vanished away and disappeared. And the story of the year was finished.

"This is all very fine, no doubt," said the sparrows, "and it is very beautiful; but it is not according to the calendar, therefore it must be all wrong."

"Do you wish to see golden fruit?" said the man, "then rejoice," and he lifted his arm. The leaves of the forest put on colours of red and gold, and bright tints covered the woodlands. The rose-bushes gleamed with scarlet and gold, and the berries of the elder-trees hung down with the weight of the full, dark berries. The wild chestnuts fell ripe from their dark, green shells, and in the forests the violets bloomed for the second time. But the queen of the year became more and more silent and pale.

THE DEAD DOLL. You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead! There's no use saying she isn't with a crack like that in her head. It's just like you said it would n't hurt much to have my tooth out that day. And then, when the man n't pulled my head off, you had n't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue; As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you? You might have her look all mended—but what do I care for looks? Why glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack! It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack! Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf. Now, Nurse, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head! What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead! And to think I had n't quite finished her elegant new Spring hat! And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegard!" And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegard saw me do it! But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do. That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too. Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit! For I've hit over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course; We will take my little waggon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse; And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this you see— This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird; And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word! I shall say: "Here lies Hildegard, a beautiful doll, who is dead; She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

—St. Nicholas.

GROTESQUE INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE.

The Sunday Magazine says:—Amid all the benefits likely to arise from the increasing study of the Bible and conversation on its contents in connection with the present revival of religion, there are some risks against which it is of small importance to be on our guard. One of these is that of a strained and unwarranted use of particular expressions of the English translation. Another is that of the sensational and grotesque interpretations—a fanciful spiritualizing of historical statements. We have an instance of both in an extraordinary view, given as the recent Brighton Conference, of certain verses in our English translation of Isaiah xxxviii. 14. The words are part of Hezekiah's prayer, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." The commentary ran thus:—

"May the Lord lead us then to commit ourselves to Him entirely as to the way in which he shall show us the things that we need to know, leaving Him to do it for us—leaving ourselves in His hands as dead. An expression occurred to me lately as suited, perhaps to teaching the same lesson. Hezekiah said, 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, undertake for me.' Be thou my divine undertaker; keep me out of sight; put a covering on me; keep me under ground; let me so decrease, and let the new creature in Christ Jesus live in Thy sight."

It is difficult to conceive that the excellent gentleman had the faintest recollection that Hezekiah's prayer was uttered in thankfulness for the restoration of his life, and that it contained expressions denoting the shrinking horror with which he viewed death. But it is still more difficult to believe that he could have bestowed one moment's thought on the real meaning of prayer. English readers who instruct others should make sure of the original before founding anything on what may be only a casual English word. It is important to remember that the first step in the direction of German rationalism was a reaction from the fantastic spiritual interruptions of Scripture by the Pietist school, and a falling back upon the principle that the grammatical structure alone determines the meaning of scripture. Overstraining in any direction is sure to be followed by reaction towards the opposite; and the opposite of ultra-spiritualism is dry rationalism. Besides, anything in worse taste than the comparison of God to an undertaker cannot be conceived. Revivalists are too prone to disregard the God-given faculty of good taste.

Two Dollars a Year is less than four cents a week; paid for a good religious Paper it is a good investment. News of the Churches from far off lands and from our own Provinces; reading for the children, for wives, husbands, and daughters, will be furnished in the "Wesleyan" as usual. See that your Paper is continued.

Now once more Amalekites had slain four hundred of God's people on 8-16, and David came for their bones. All their possessions the minister of Jehu cut his mission in again he failed, might have a king in his people with

JANUARY 1, 1876. THE tenderest one was... "Arise." He... woe and... Steals through... "My harp... from a lo... The smoke... and bligh... "Fly down... on its so... Let Love... Pity, tea... Two faces... in their g... Four white... the dark... The way was... at last th... Where swan... red-wing... There Pity... with faith... Took heart... smiled a... And lo! that... flame who... And with th... came with... Two unveiled... ward to th... Four white... Him who... And deeper... soft than... Amidst the h... Voice Ete... "Welcome, my... a hoier jo... Henceforth it... song of sin... BE... Jan. 2.] LES... (B. C. 107... He... MONDAY—... TUESDAY—... WEDNESDAY—... THURSDAY—... FRIDAY—... SATURDAY—... SUNDAY—... TOPIC: Bless... of Man... GOLDEN TEXT... inherited the... Heb. 12. 17... TOPIC... 1. Sorrow over... 2. Concealment... 3. Reproof for... 4. Rejection for... Where in this... 1. That God d... 2. That sin c... 3. That sin w... DOCTRINE: Th... 7. 13; 1 John... GENE... THE INTRODU... on in The Her... ly connects it... the Old Testam... sider Saul Reje... GOLDEN TEXT... Saul: "When h... blessing, he wa... lowing the lea... here illustrated... the Sin of Man... illustrated in th... all classes of sin... set forth as fo... 1. Sorrow over... 2. Reproof for... 3. Sin. At this op... every teacher on... to memory of SE... other important p... ample, as well a... this... By D. A... SAUL had at... the lesson been... teen years. Who... human king. Go... their plan, claim... tion: He was to... tative and servan... in obedience to... Early in his reign... Samuel predicted... where he would m... see, and at the... instructions. See... ened by the Philis... of his people, took... hands, and offer... Samuel's arrival... See chap. 13. 8-14... alty was the endi... himself... Now once more... Amalekites had... dim four hundred... God's plans for... 8-16, and Davi... come for their... all their possess... the minister of J... cute his mission... again he failed, ... might have a king... in his people with



THE WESLEYAN

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All Wesleyan Ministers are Agents.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1876.

1875.

A year of mercies has just closed upon us... The year 1875 has been throughout one of masterly refutation of expressions made in worldly wisdom.

And the year has been one of blessed reaction following the agitation previously produced by vaunting scientists. Some bold and specious arguments, with Tyndall's celebrated challenge as to the efficacy of prayer, caused no little apprehension among a class of Christians who are always dreading the consequences of seductive philosophies.

1876 has dawned upon us, with hope and joy beaming upon its countenance. Yet what it may have in reserve—who can tell? Bright eyes, looking this moment with happy glances upon the figures which head this paragraph, will, before its twelve months have fled, lose their lustre.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. The following by an esteemed correspondent, who sees constantly in her labours of mercy the evils of which she writes, is a reply to a few questions recently printed in the WESLEYAN.

THE EASTERN BOOK AND PUBLISHING CONCERN.

THE BOOK ROOM has again been favored with generous patronage during the autumn and Christmas trade. Last year's business was justly considered as having taken its complexion from the activity of commerce and the flushness of the money market.

THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT, now in existence three months, has also begun to claim public attention and patronage. With extra hands employed most of the time, every energy has been taxed to meet the demands of regular and job work.

IN CIRCULATION THE PAPER makes a steady, if not a rapid increase. Like all other periodicals, it has its fluctuations; the drawbacks, however, are regularly more than repaired by new subscribers.

Taken altogether, we cannot but feel that this Eastern "Concern" grows rapidly; that it has a mission of usefulness before it; that it is to become a very serious tax upon the bodies and brains of its managers; and finally, that it is under the favor not only of an approving ministerial and public constituency, but also under the guardianship of a kind and faithful Providence.

The Rev. W. Sommerville, a veteran minister of the Presbyterian (Reformed) body, and a skilled controversialist, has sought our columns for the completion of a series of letters begun some time ago in the Pres. Witness. We are quite sure the termination of this discussion will be pursued in a right spirit.

THE BEREAN LESSON SYSTEM.—Sabbath school work is now thoroughly systematized. No religious workman is more thoroughly equipped to-day than the intelligent Sabbath school teacher.

Two items of moment reach us, by special telegram, to the daily papers. One shows that the Presbyterian Union is not complete. At London, Ont., yesterday, the Presbyterian Church was marked by another exciting scene.

BANNER CIRCUITS.

An interesting and characteristic letter from Rev. F. Smallwood, appears in this issue. Our readers would regard our foot-note to his previous communication as an allusion to ourselves and one or two other boastful writers, rather than to our venerable brother Smallwood.

It will be seen as one result of the correspondence called out by references to Circuits prolific of Ministers, that it is of very great importance to have all available information upon our colonial, religious history, before a certain class of men shall have passed to their reward in heaven.

THE INVITATION TO CHARLOTTETOWN was mentioned by us recently as one of the current rumors of the day. We see no reason why what affects our Church as common in conversation among men, may not with propriety be published—providing it be true, and not calculated to injure any interests.

We are happy now to have definite knowledge to the effect that Rev. J. Lathern of Halifax, is to be the pastor in Charlottetown, during the next three years, all being well.

PROF. HIND has accused Rev. G. M. Grant, through the St. John papers, of having "plagiarized" his (the Professor's) woodcuts in writing for Good Words on the subject of the north west. Mr. Grant makes a reply which is, or ought to be considered quite sufficient, for any gentleman. It is questionable, however, whether Prof. Hind will be satisfied, as he seems to have been in a humor anything but amiable in starting this controversy.

Two items of moment reach us, by special telegram, to the daily papers. One shows that the Presbyterian Union is not complete. At London, Ont., yesterday, the Presbyterian Church was marked by another exciting scene.

The other item is a special to the Morning Chronicle and explains itself. "La Minerve" this morning accuses the English (Canadian) press of bigotry in their dealings with the Roman Catholics, adding that, were they sufficiently strong, they would doubtless treat them in the same high-handed manner in which they have treated Catholics in other parts of the Dominion.

authorities of the Seminary. The Seminary, by their charter, are bound to provide for the education, religious service and temporal wants of the poor, yet how little they carry out their duty, even in Montreal, is evidenced by the fact that when to day a deputation waited on them for assistance to the West End Relief Association Fund the munificent sum offered them was \$25. The deputation consisted mainly of Catholics, one of whom loudly protested his indignation, saying that the least they should have offered them was \$2,500. As to the charity now being dispensed, almost all of it is being contributed by Protestants. As to the applicants for charity, about 98 per cent. are French, 14 per cent. Irish, and the remaining 1 per cent. Scotch and English.

"DEFICIENCY" CORRESPONDENCE has accumulated upon our hands again to an extent that is perfectly appalling. We were at a loss whether to start a Magazine or Review with this material and call it the Deficiency Monthly or Quarterly; but a wise layman came counsellor to our sanctum, helping us to this decision.—"Stay this discussion. Laymen, too, have their difficulties this year of depression. Do we fly to the newspapers? We expect Ministers to show us how trials can be endured; but this rasping literature helps us none at all."

"HIDE ME FROM MY PAPA," is said by a city missionary, to have been the cry of a child whom he met at the door of a house he was visiting. Think of it! This child two years of age—so tender as to need a father's strong arm, and so affectionate as to appreciate a father's warmest love—begs to be hidden away from his presence. Why? The father was a drunkard. We have seldom heard of anything more affecting than this incident.

JOHN SUNDAY has gone to his eternal rest. He was one of the first and a most brilliant trophy of missionary toil among the Ojibways. His extraordinary eloquence—extraordinary in a man redeemed from the lowest depths of paganism and ignorance—astonished multitudes in years gone by. He died peacefully after much suffering, and was followed to the grave by a respectful company.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

The Methodist Church of this Province (as it is called since the union with the New Connexion body) has had a wonderful career of progress and prosperity. Its methods were eminently adapted to take hold of a new country. Its active itinerant preachers transported themselves and their saddle-bags from place to place, careless of hardship, heedless of danger.

It was impossible that the saddle-bag era could last forever. The claims of culture are now being heard and attended to. The Methodist Church has its colleges and ladies' seminaries. It has developed a number of young men of conspicuous ability and literary cultivation. Its weekly paper, the "Christian Guardian," brilliantly edited by the Rev. E. H. Dewart, with the able assistance of the Rev. David Savage, (recently conductor of the "Evangelical Witness") is the strongest religious newspaper printed in the Province.

These are the only brethren on the Wallace list, of whose previous history I know anything, and if the claim of that Circuit to these is so faulty, then there may be others also yet to be challenged; though I am not in a position to speak upon that point—and for the reason before given—but what is the inference?

Now as to the Bridgetown lists, Peter Sleep was an Englishman, he came to New Brunswick as a christian young man, where he labored as a local preacher, and then passed to the Aylesford Circuit, to assist an aged minister in that field of labor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CALLINGS AND CRITICISMS.

MR. EDITOR.—I received by post this morning, a note, bearing the names of several of our ministers belonging to the New Brunswick and N. E. Island conference, which reads as follows:—As you are probably acquainted with those parts of the work, which the WESLEYAN of recent dates affirms to have been wonderfully profitable of men, for our Ministerial ranks, will you please to remark on this list, as such remarks may be of use to the future historian of Methodism in these Lower Provinces.

In a matter like this, the question to be first considered and settled is: when does a Circuit really surrender one of its promising young men to the ministry among us? I take it, that if one of the class supposed, is won to Christ in one place, and begins to preach in another at a distance from it, that it is the Church of his salvation—or the Circuit on which he was converted to God, that may thoughtfully call him its Son in the Gospel—for it is general admitted I think that every Christian young man of our day, is called to labor for Christ to the top of his bent, and that if he can do more to spread the truth in the work of the ministry, than in any other way then that is his proper sphere. So that the New Birth, when accompanied with intense religiousness, and love for souls, is the motive power—the other is the circumstance which indicates his peculiar field of labor.—This being premised, I must remind your readers, that the lists of men said to have been sent out into the ministry from the Wallace and Bridgetown Circuits, were published in the WESLEYAN of Nov. 27th and Dec. the 11th, and now, in complying with the request of some of my brethren in this Conference to remark on said lists, I may admit that I know nothing of Wallace, as a place, and but little of the antecedents of the brethren who made up the list from that Circuit—though I am not so much at fault in relation to Bridgetown, nor to the "radius of twenty miles"—all of which, from the way the thing is put in the WESLEYAN of the 27th ult., a stranger might suppose was occupied by the minister on that charge; whereas there are four or five other Circuits besides Bridgetown, within the limits of the given radius.

I now take the first name, on the first of the two lists, and ask is the Chairman of the St. Stephen District a son of the Methodist Church of the place on which he is affiliated—the answer is No? he is neither a Nova Scotian by birth or Church relationship, but a New Brunswicker, in both sources, and therefore must be dropped from the Wallace list. Reverse the rule, if you will—previously laid down to judge in this matter—and Wallace gains nothing, for Jotham Fulton though a Wallace man by birth, was passed through the Amherst Quarterly meeting—and which horn of this dilemma are you pleased to accept? for the two men you cannot claim, by either one of the two supposed rules—I leave the latter brother upon your list but the other is out of Court. I next take the first name from those of the young men, said to be now studying for the ministry from the same Circuit, and allow me to say, that I always understood that if a youth left a place of his birth without religion, and afterwards gets converted by Methodist agencies, on another Circuit—a hundred and fifty miles away from the Natal spot—and then passed into the ministry, that it was the Church in which he was brought to God that claimed him as its son, rather than the place in which his mother happened to live, at the time of his birth. I therefore challenge the name of G. A. Huestis, and claim that he obtained the grace of salvation, in Windsor at the time the Editor of the WESLEYAN was in charge of that Circuit.

These are the only brethren on the Wallace list, of whose previous history I know anything, and if the claim of that Circuit to these is so faulty, then there may be others also yet to be challenged; though I am not in a position to speak upon that point—and for the reason before given—but what is the inference?

Now as to the Bridgetown lists, Peter Sleep was an Englishman, he came to New Brunswick as a christian young man, where he labored as a local preacher, and then passed to the Aylesford Circuit, to assist an aged minister in that field of labor.

James I did not live around B... There at the name of the man one came work here not Circuit claimed by Parker but There is one of the Circuit, by England, vices, but in his own Wm. H. H. local preacher before the for the next these several question, I can either Circuit. But young men as the Circ included larger than there are o ded to the the WESL they are st of the two Conference mer Circuit vices but There is I would like the signifc joke, put in the 18th in because I p that of the might have years ago— blowing a when com note. I may trumpet, with ence organ- form, which own tastes a appear at fir fore the W present Edit That foot circumstance one of our Country. Francis Hea was upon a broad water long green calculate you some big cit travelled a large place was the biggest populous of the sho do tell" Buffalo. But as you Banner, I have pure honor and that bro continue to Charlottetown CH Mr. Ed from the ecor an epistolary far as the ou about a forti surprised to writing over say things th eons, and ale less, it is not correct. On paper receiv "It is stated of Hamilton cepted a call statement of Charlotte to the sun." I this circuit, I item now que is not correct December, THE CHAIR DEAR BROTH for Brother S many of the b given in the Charlottetown number less- Metin and SL in England.

James Buckley was born in Cornwallis, did not live within the radius inscribed around Bridgetown, and therefore that Circuit must abandon its claim to him also.

There are two brethren on those lists of the name of Parker, and there are two of the name in the work at present, but one came from England, to enter the work here, and the other is from the Wilmot Circuit, but when is the other Parker claimed by Bridgetown? I give up I. N. Parker but know nothing of the other one.

There is a Mr. Holland likewise named on one of the lists, and there was a brother of the name once on the Aylesford Circuit, but he came from Manchester, England, to enter the work in these Provinces, but afterward went back and died in his own country.—And there was a Wm. Holland who died at Nictaux as a local preacher, certainly he never came before the N. B. District as a candidate for the ministry, and therefore I challenge these seven or eight names on the lists in question, for with my present information I cannot discover any right which either Circuit has to any one of the number. But I do find that the number of young men from Charlottetown—that is as the Circuit stood a few years ago, when it included some of the country work—is larger than I had at first supposed and there are other names which might be added to the thirty-four already given in the WESLEYAN of the 18th inst., but as they are sufficient to out number those of the two Circuit of the N. S. Conference, I claim that this is the Banner Circuit not only of the Lower Provinces but likely of the whole Dominion.

There is just one other point on which I would like to remark, for I fail to see the significance of Anthony Trollope's joke, put in as a foot note to my letter of the 18th inst.—If I am a Colonist it is because I preferred the Foreign work to that of the English Circuits, in which I might have found a place thirty-eight years ago—and as to my being "A child blowing a trumpet for the first time" when compared with the writer of that note, I may say that I was blowing the trumpet, when he was likely in his mother's cradle;—it is true that I have not appeared in the WESLEYAN, as often as some of my brothers and don't for a moment put myself in comparison, in that regard, with the Editor of our Conference organ—having other duties to perform, which accord more fully with my own tastes and feelings, but my name did appear at times in other publications, before the WESLEYAN was started or its present Editor became a Colonist.

That foot note reminds me of a little circumstance which once took place on one of our Lakes in the upper part of our Country. Anthony Trollope, or Sir Francis Head—forget which, just now—was upon a steam boat, sailing up the broad waters, when he was addressed by a long green Yankee: Well Governor I calculate you have travelled some, and seen some big cities—Yes, was the reply I have travelled a good deal, and also seen some large places—Well said the Yankee, which was the biggest city you ever see'd? The reply was—London is the largest and most populous city I ever saw—Oh, indeed, was the shout of our American cousin "do tell" for I guess you never see'd Buffalo.

But as you Mr. Editor have lowered your Banner, I have only to hope, that in future honor will be given where it is due, and that brotherly love—if it exists—will continue to the end.

Your's truly,  
FRED. SMALLWOOD.  
Charlottetown, Dec. 24, 1875.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

MR. EDITOR.—We received a mail from the continent a few days ago, after an epistolary and newspaper famine so far as the outside world is concerned of about a fortnight. We are sometimes surprised to find that correspondents writing over fictitious signatures often say things that we know to be erroneous and absurd; and which, nevertheless, it is not worth while to attempt to correct. One of the numbers of your paper received by the last mail, says: "It is stated that Rev. W. Stephenson, of Hamilton, Ont., has received and accepted a call to Charlottetown." This statement is certainly, at least to us in Charlottetown, something "new under the sun." In behalf of the interests of this circuit, I now write to say that the item now quoted from the WESLEYAN, is not correct.  
D. D. CURRIE.  
December, 1875.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.

DEAR BROTHERS.—Would it not be well for Brother Smallwood to mention how many of the brethren whose names he has given in the WESLEYAN were born in Charlottetown?—I think he will find his number less. For instance, brethren Martin and Shackford I think, were born in England.  
Yours sincerely,  
J. N. P.

A CHECK TO TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

From the 16th verse of the 10th chapter of first Corinthians, and other portions of Scripture of like import, the Roman Catholic Church attempts to prove her doctrine of transubstantiation.

The verse mentioned reads thus: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ. The bread which we bless is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

Now to show the absurdity of believing the real body and blood of Christ were or are present in the consecrated elements, let us compare the verse just quoted with another in the same chapter. The Apostle in showing how the sacraments of the Jews typified those of the new dispensation, speaks thus, in the fourth verse.—"And did all drink the same spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ?"

No one will be foolish enough to contend that the Israelites when drinking of that ghostly stream, partook of the real blood of Christ, for the Son did not for thousands of years after the striking of this typical Rock, take upon himself human nature—flesh and blood—and make His great atonement.

If we allow that the first quoted verse has reference to the real presence of our Saviour in the Sacramental wine, then must we also allow that the real blood of Christ flowed from the Rock struck by Moses in the wilderness. But we cannot believe such an absurdity. Our view is that endorsed by all Biblical students, viz.—that the striking of the Rock pointed to a suffering Saviour, whose side smitten by a Roman spear was to shed forth water and blood, and as dying of thirst the Israelite was revived by that running water, so Christ was to open a fountain for sin and uncleanness, and give his people a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Allowing this to be correct, then it follows, logically, that the sacrament instituted by our Lord was only meant to be an antitype or remembrance of His broken body and spilt blood. D. D. M.

ERRATA.—In the hurry of preparing last week's issue our esteemed correspondent, "A Fellow Sufferer," was injured by those who would have befriended him. Referring to increased Missionary receipts, he said "Unfortunately increased receipts in this line does not mean decreased deficiency." The word "decreased" was omitted. Instead of an estimated deficiency of \$330 in his own salary, as intimated in the postscript, it should have been \$230.

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.

DONATION PARTY.—About twenty adherents of the Methodist Church at Newcastle formed themselves into a donation party, and on Friday evening last paid a visit to the Rev. R. Crisp and his lady at the Parsonage, Chatham. The object of the visit was to supply the Parsonage with a number of articles for household use, and it being altogether a voluntary affair, was, to the Superintendent and his lady, a matter both of surprise and pleasure. A small sum of money was also donated by the party. The two hours spent in the parsonage were made to pass most pleasantly, the Rev. gentleman proving as genial in his home as he is fervent in the pulpit, his lately acquired "better half" adding largely to her list of friends by her graceful and winning deportment. During the evening the contents of several well filled baskets came in for a share of attention, this part of the evening's programme being by no means the least important. About ten o'clock the party returned to Newcastle.

We are requested by the Rev. Mr. Crisp and lady to convey to the persons who composed the party, their sincere thanks for the gratifying expression of the good will and esteem of the Newcastle congregation.—Unit. Advocate.

ACADIA MENES, LONDONDERRY.—Rev. J. Sharp writes: "We held our Quarterly meeting on Christmas day, which was happy and harmonious. Mr. Huestis (Steward) reported (after paying all expenses including \$25 to Onslow for Mr. Smith's services previous to my coming,) a balance in hand. I could not make an exact statement of membership, but I may say that that class you attend-d—is now become three, with a fourth about to start, being a division of the one at Martin's Brook."

KENTVILLE.—It may be interesting to some of the brethren who have travelled this Circuit to know that God's grace has been poured on our church at Canaan during the past three weeks; sinners have been pardoned and wanderers brought home. To God be all praise.  
A. H. CLAYTON.

CHURCH DEDICATION.—A correspondent writes to the St. John "News." Last Sabbath was a gala day at Lower St. Mary's, York Co. As the day was fine and the sleighing excellent, many availed themselves of the opportunity of mingling amusement with instruction by attending the dedication of the new Methodist church in that place. Rev. Mr. Duncan of St. John, who was announced to preach the dedicatory sermon, was unable to attend through severe illness, and the Rev. Mr. McKeown had to fill the gap. This he did very efficiently, discoursing from the

words, "The Lord is in Holy temple." Rev. R. Wilson, of Marysville, preached in the afternoon on "The glory of Judaism and the greater glory of Christianity," as represented by the two temples. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. McKeown reproduced in his own interesting style, "The old, old Story," taking for his text, "Ye know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." The preachers appeared to work easily in harness and the people were evidently interested in what they said. The attendance was large, the attention all that could be desired, and the collection good \$150-\$100 of which was given by Mr. Gibson. The Marysville choir discoursed sweet music in their wonted efficient style, Miss Gibson presiding at the organ, and contributed very largely to the interest of the occasion.

The church is a comfortable and pretty little building of 44 feet in length by 38 in breadth, and capable of seating some 250 persons. Its cost is something like \$1500, and the remaining debt is only about \$150. Mr. Thomas Robinson has been the moving spirit in the matter, and as a compliment to his pluck and perseverance some one suggests as the place is yet without a name, that it be called "Robinson." We second the motion, and will so address our next letter.

ITEMS FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Commodore Vanderbilt, with characteristic unostentation, has given another 100,000 to the Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, thus making the aggregate of his gift to that institution \$700,000. The admirable old gentleman never sells "University" short. We may add that the university now has 200 students in its medical department, 150 in the literary department, 30 in the theological and 20 in the law department.

LAY evangelists are multiplying, and are received, when well known as goodmen, with labor: the pro. is Mr. E. P. Hammond is having great success in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, as is also Mr. Earle in Troy, New York. Messrs. Whittle and Bliss are still labouring in the Northwest. Another evangelist of less note is holding crowded meetings in Springfield, Ohio; and the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia go on with unabated interest.

The fondness for theological debate which was characteristic of our West in the days of the early settlers has not altogether yet died out. A tournament of this kind recently held at Carrollton, Missouri, lasted fourteen days. Ministers were present from all parts of Missouri and Arkansas, and the debaters went learnedly into the niceties of Greek and Hebrew usage. An enthusiastic correspondent writes to a Chicago paper that "among the grand results which have followed such debates are the planting of churches, the stay of heretical sentiments, and the founding of institutions of learning." It is suggested, therefore, that the friends of a certain university known to be in need of funds should indulge in a theological debate.

A London critic laughs at the way in which announcement is made of the birth of a prince or princess, and suggests that it is to become a general custom, it will be proper to announce: "On the 5th inst, the wife of Rumboldt Umber, Esq., of a painter." "Yesterday morning, at 3 A.M., the Rev. Mrs. Manvolem, of a curate." "On the 26th ult, the wife of Doric Peasley, Esq., of an architect." "On Friday evening last, Mrs. White Lynde, of a laundress." "On the 9th inst, the wife of Mr. John Bull, Jun., of a butcher." And finally, in the case of twins, "On Saturday last, the wife of Professor Loftino Acrobati, of two bouncing brothers."

The Emperor of Brazil has sent official notice to the Director-General of the Centennial Exposition of his intention to be present thereat. It is also said that the splendid mansion formerly occupied by Mr. Moorhead, one of Jay Cooke's partners, has been taken for the Emperor's use at the figure of \$50,000. He is one of the most unassuming monarchs living. He is tall, erect, and of rather large frame, with a handsome head, well set on a pair of broad shoulders. His face is large, but not too full, and the lower part of it is covered by a thick gray beard. His eyes are intelligent and sympathetic, and there is in the general expression of his face a certain unassuming kindness which at once impresses itself upon

one's memory and affections. In a few words, he may be said to look like what he is—a simple, pleasant gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, and with a large fund of common-sense. His wife is also said to be of a kindly nature, and her influence is always exerted for good.

ACCORDING to the 21st annual report of the Board of Education of Chicago, there were 49,121 pupils enrolled in the Public Schools of that city during the past year. The teachers numbered 709, and the school buildings 52—six new ones have been erected during the year. The cost for text books is over \$70,000 per annum, which sum the Board hope to reduce by requiring publishers to furnish school books at wholesale prices. The average cost of tuition per pupil is \$15.79. The schoolroom accommodations are so inadequate that 10,000 pupils can be given half day sessions only. The evening schools have an attendance of 2,396.—Lb.

WHEN so much is being said among ourselves about the evils of the liquor traffic and the necessity for its being totally suppressed, it is worth while to note that Minnesota has started a State Inebriate Asylum, and has determined that the liquor sellers of the State shall be called upon to foot the bill by a special tax imposed on these gentlemen for that purpose. Not only so, the Supreme Court has declared that such a tax is perfectly constitutional, and can therefore be collected. The Governor accordingly has appointed a Board of Directors for this asylum, and the work will commence in the spring. A fund of \$10,000 is already in hand, and before the 1st of July it is calculated that the liquor sellers of Minnesota will have contributed \$30,000 to the very praiseworthy object.—Tor. Globe

TIMES are hard at present, it is said in Canada, but they are the same and worse in places often represented as far different and better. A mechanic writes to the N. Y. Witness that, induced by the representations given of Florida, he left Montreal, expecting plenty of employment when he got to that land of promise. Never was a greater disappointment. He found the place overrun with labor of all kinds, and many unable to say where or how they could get a meal. Those who have work, and they are the minority, get from \$2 to \$2.75 a day, and from \$6 to \$7 for board. Many are willing to work for their board and can't get any one to take them on those terms; very few in employment have more than three days work in the week. If mechanics are badly off, clerks, it is said, are still worse. The only thing they can think of is to try to work themselves back again to the North. In short, there is considerable distress in Canada at present, and a good many may have considerable difficulty in weathering through the winter, but other places are equally bad and some a great deal worse.—Lb.

THE Annual Convention of the Educational Association of Nova Scotia was held in Halifax, Dec. 29th and 30th, 1875. Wednesday, Dec. 29th. 10 a. m. Opening address by Rev. A. S. Hunt, M. A., Superintendent of Education. Motions and notices of motions. Appointment of Committees. 3 p. m. Local Reports of Educational progress. Paper by A. M. N. Patterson, A. M. "Looking the education question fair in the face." 7.30 a. m. Lecture by Rev. R. F. Burns, D. D., "A Plea for the study of the Classics."

Thursday, Dec. 30. 10 a. m. Reports of Committees. Paper by a lady teacher. Conversation on methods. 3 p. m. Lecture by Rev. D. Honeyman, D. C. L., &c. General business. Election of officers. 7.30 p. m. Lecture by Rev. J. Dart, M. A., President of King's College, "A People's Poet."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NOVA SCOTIA.

There is a law-suit threatened between two Halifax newspapers. The Nova Scotia Legislature is to meet on February 10th. The fall cod fishery at Cape North, C. B., is reported very successful. Halifax had another sudden death last week. Mr. C. D. Fillmore's steam mill at Oxford, Cumberland, was destroyed by fire recently.

A Spanish schooner went ashore near Shelburne on Christmas night and became a total wreck. Crew all saved.

The Britannia Company's store at Sydney Mines was entered the other night and a cash box containing \$800 stolen.

A negro attempted to burglarize the store of Mr. Hatfield, of Tusket, but was discovered in the attempt and captured.

One of the Artillerymen stationed at Fort Clarence, near Halifax, was found dead in his bed the other morning, the cause of his death was excessive drinking.

Several very serious accidents happened in Halifax during Christmas Day and the day following, owing to the slippery state of the streets.

David Sutherland, a liquor seller at New Glasgow, has been convicted of selling liquor to Indians, and has received the most righteous sentence of a fine of \$400 or 15 months imprisonment.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND

C. DesBrisay, Esq., fell dead in the pulpit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Charlottetown, on the 19th December.

There are two murders reported in P. E. Island lately, both of them rising from quarrels.

A snow-plough got off the track near Bathurst last week, but fortunately no one was injured.

On Sunday morning last a man died at St. John from the effects of a beating he received at the hands of two others on Christmas Day.

The creditors of the Jewett estate are to receive twenty cents cash on the dollar, and ten cents on the dollar secured in two and three years. The firm is to resume operations.

Carney, who was arrested in St. John lately on the charge of murdering a fish near Boston has been discharged from custody, the magistrate deciding that as the crime was one of manslaughter it was not covered by the extradition treaty.

UPPER PROVINCES.

Four ringleaders in the City Hall riot at Montreal have been tried and punished. There were fourteen deaths from small pox in Montreal last week.

The barracks on St. Helen's Island were destroyed by fire last week. No insurance. Cause, matches gnawed by rats.

One hundred and forty cattle, many of them belonging to the mounted police, perished in a heavy snow storm at Winnipeg.

A serious disturbance has occurred at St. James' Church, London, caused by the divided feeling of the congregation on the question of union.

While a man was coupling cars at the Point St. Charles carriage shed, Montreal, on Monday, he fell between two of them and was killed instantly.

There is a rumour afloat that the Dominion Parliament will dissolve at the opening session, and that the government will go to the country on the question of abandoning the Pacific Railway policy.

The boundary line in the far North West is being marked by cast iron pillars eight feet high set in the ground four feet at a distance of a mile from each other. The English and American Governments set the posts alternately.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Ferry, of Michigan, has been appointed President of the U. S. Senate.

By an explosion in a Belgian mine, 110 colliers lost their lives.

A town of Porto Rico has been almost destroyed by an earthquake.

Mount Vesuvius is again in an eruptive condition.

Egypt is to withdraw her forces from Zanzibar.

France has applied for extra space at the Centennial.

The Paris budget for this year amounts to forty million dollars.

The death of Lange the German commentator is announced.

It is rumoured that Pere Hyacinthe is to receive a call to a church in Boston.

Wainwright was hanged twenty days after his conviction for the murder of Harriet Lane.

It is expected that the American Congress will make a grant of \$1,500,000 towards the expenses of the Centennial.

Bowen has gained his suit in the action for defamation of character instituted by him against the Brooklyn "Eagle."

They are having such heavy snow-storms in the neighbourhood of Vienna that the trains have ceased running.

The Prince of Wales has arrived at Calcutta and has received a most brilliant ovation.

For the first time in its history Boston has elected a coloured man as a member of its Common Council.

The mutinous crew of the "Lennie" are to be taken from France to England under a body of police.

The business portion of Avon, N. Y., was destroyed by fire last Saturday. Loss \$80,000.

It is now stated that the number of persons killed and wounded by the Bremer-haven explosion amounts to 128 and 58 respectively.

A heavy explosion of gas occurred in Boston last week, by which a street was torn up and a large number of people were killed.

A Jewess was found murdered in a corn-field in East New York on the 17th December, and a Polish Jew has been arrested on suspicion.

While the children of a school at Bernes, Switzerland, were enjoying their Christmas festivities, the flooring gave way, and about 30 persons were killed and 50 injured.

MRS. COOPER'S FIRST BABY.

"Whir-r-r," said Mrs. Cooper in a loud and angry tone to her infant of three months old, who was crying, and evidently very restless and fretful. "Whir-r-r, then, when will you be quiet?"

Mrs. Clarke; "it tires the child, and makes it restless." Mrs. Cooper looked surprised, afraid to speak, however, for fear of waking the child, who got to sleep at last, as it seemed to her by magic. She proceeded to shut the window.

Mrs. Cooper ran up stairs, and in very quick time got her bed room in nice order; for she was a strong, active young woman; she then came down to look at the child. It was still sleeping, but its little face looked worn and thin.

He had calls in various directions—to preach, to edit, to teach, to go as a foreign missionary. Finally he went to Groton, Mass., then a small, but rich, farming town, now an important railroad center, thirty miles north-west of Boston.

him into intimate intercourse with men of science and culture. These he often entertained at his house. Seated in a remote corner of the room, where he felt himself unobserved, little Blaise would listen with earnest attention to the discussions and conversation which were held between his father and his guests.

JANUARY 1, 1876. To the Editor. DEAR SIR. P. Witness to various letters. arguments not wishes to close discussion at will oblige columns to the "For the BAPTISTS. Mr. Edw. Saunders, in gins with a dorned with I. "I want list of Nova ment as a R all. I have a not." If I had having read opinion, one-viction—that ed to look up possessed of plicity and gressibly pa breathing at to the matu he is capable niation so ev so deceptive. of evanescent been educate school of Ut The editor dored so ex himself so f dication of hi to confess hi putation and ity however, these days, and make br of argument. S. volunteers a diversion i leisure to rec in his distan what he can; sistance he n The unscriptur ist system trown in my on the right lly by an ad fixed on my o and of cand never are ta questions of ism as dist tactics are too This argumen as possible, to Baptists selde had access, th it. They mu the trenchant To know the them, and the are sustained inquiry. Th Mr. S. wo upon the min have given a trine of Bapty assigned to th have sought i definite decla Nova Scotia d as a Bala of P declaration is expect, in the little we do n fied with a t their Doctrin "The holy Sc New Testame in which he h of Faith and that the Bapty of the Old T the place they is inspired or Let the word on clause of out, and mark "The holy Sc New Testame which he has of Faith and Testament, as tie, occupies New, and eve dist, or Cong fully accept th "ix" be retain to deny that rule"; and ever elsewhere; tionalist denie the word of G word of God his reason will the ore. Bap Scripture to be all Scripture i practice, but Here, then, by little word "i thousand woul ample of the righteousness. The compilers did not want to know the d they relegate th letter is com third Article, w to contract n



A WORD TO THE WISE.—Christian women, do not begin the new year by putting an occasion to stumble in a brother's way.

THE number and ingenuity of the begging letters, humble, admonitory, and threatening, sent to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is almost incredible.

THE total annual income of the Prince of Wales from all sources it about \$575,000. The Princess receives, besides, \$50,000.

THE Bishop White Prayer Book Society is an organization which occupies itself with the distribution of the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

An invitation is about to be issued to the Lutheran ministers of the United States of all Synods, to attend a "General Congress" in one of our central cities.

THE persecution of Protestants at Acapulco, in which the life of Rev. M. N. Hutchinson was greatly endangered, has had an effect not contemplated by the persecutors.

THE persecution of Protestants at Acapulco, in which the life of Rev. M. N. Hutchinson was greatly endangered, has had an effect not contemplated by the persecutors.

On the 22nd inst., at the residence of the bride's father, in an island, Charlotte Co., by Rev. Wm. Harris, M.C., Richard F. Dixon, to Miss Catherine C. Chaffey, both of Indian Island.

At the residence of the bride, Dec. 7, by Rev. C. W. Dudgeon, Everitt C. Fifield, Esq., of Bangor, Me., to Miss Ella Adolena, daughter of A. L. Spencer, Esq., of Sussex, N. B.

At Oldham Gold Mines, Halifax Co., June 15th, 1875, aged 21 years, John, son of Isaac and Sabara Doveil, of the above named place.

At Gazetown, Queens Co., N. B., on the 20th inst., Isaac N. Parker, aged one year, youngest son of South Dingle, Esq.

Receipts for "WESLEYAN" for week ending December 31st, 1875.

Table with columns for names and amounts, listing subscribers like Mrs. H. A. Hood, Mrs. John R. Coffin, Robt. Harrison, etc.

Table with columns for names and amounts, listing subscribers like Mrs. M. Bruce, Mrs. A. Mosher, Mrs. Harrison, etc.

Table with columns for names and amounts, listing subscribers like Miss A. Locke, Mrs. A. Mosher, Mrs. Harrison, etc.

Table with columns for names and amounts, listing subscribers like John Myers, A. Whidden, H. Bigney, etc.

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX. SUNDAY, JANUARY 2nd. 11 a.m. Brunswick St. 7 p.m. Rev. John Lathern. Rev. A. W. Nicholson.

MARKET PRICES. Reported weekly by J. W. Potts, Commission Merchant, St. John, N.B., and WATSON EATON, Halifax, N.S.

Table of market prices for various goods like Butter, Eggs, Lard, etc., with columns for Halifax and St. John prices.

If your Subscription expires at the end of the year, it will be well to renew at once. Send the amount to the Minister or Mail direct.

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THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has been the foremost of all industrial publications for the past Thirty Years. It is the oldest, largest, cheapest, and best weekly illustrated paper devoted to Engineering, Mechanics, Chemistry, New Inventions, Science and Industrial Progress.

PATENTS. In connection with the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, Messrs. Munn & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, and have the largest establishment in the world.

DIARIES 1876. THE METHODIST AND GENERAL DESK DIARY.—Ruled for seven Days on a page and interleaved with blotting paper.

THE METHODIST CALENDAR and daily remembrance, full of statistics of Methodism and other denominations. Paper Covers 25 cents. Cloth, 35 cents.

SMITH BROTHERS, 150 GRANVILLE STREET. 150

Fall Stock Complete, WHOLESALE. In this department our Stock embraces VERY CHEAP GOODS ALL COUNTRY BUYERS INVITED RETAIL.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL. St. Georges St., Annapolis Royal. M. PORTER - PROPRIETOR. THE above Hotel is pleasantly situated, one door East of St. Luke's Church and five minutes walk from Steamboat Wharf.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. AUTHORIZED Discount on American Invoices, until further notice, 12 per cent.

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