

# The Wesleyan.

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## FROM THE PAPERS.

The *Catholic World* calls Monsignor Capel, who baptized the Marquis of Bute, the "Apostle to the Gencels."

The Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco was closed on the first Sabbath in April for the first time since its organization. A placard at the door announced, "Closed on account of the Sunday Law."

There are twenty-three vacant Congregational churches in the State of Connecticut looking out for a good minister, and about twice that number of good ministers ready to serve them, the *Congregationalist* says, if an amicable arrangement could be brought about.

In a discussion of woman's work in missions, in a certain mission in China, it was decided, with but one dissenting voice, that it was more important than man's. Christianize the women, and idolatry must cease, was the expression of the feeling.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

Never sneer at what is sometimes called modern culture again. It has paid the daughter of Bayard Taylor to become a thorough German scholar, for she is now using her knowledge to translate Edwin Booth's acting plays into German, receiving, it is said, \$1000 for each play.—*Christian Union*.

The Rev. Dr. Knox, of Belfast, in a paper published in the *Family Treasury*, on "The Non-Church-going," suggests the formation in every congregation of a society of Christian workers to visit within given districts all non-church goers, and the establishment in Sunday-schools of an adult department.

The *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette* notices that the *Record*, in the first number of the new issue, gives fifty-six lines under the heading "Irish Church," and that the fourth of these have reference to the Presbyterian church, leaving the people to conclude that Presbyterians "have an equal right to the title of Irish Church." So they have.

We knew a sweet and saintly Christian lady of advanced age who read the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel every day. She knew it all by heart, but still she found a blessing in the reading of it. A child knows its mother, loves it, but loves to be told of it again and again. The words of love are always sweet to the loving heart.—*Nashville Advertiser*.

Mr. George William Curtis in a recent editorial in *Harper's Weekly* repeats a truth which the younger readers and writers of America cannot near too often. "It is," he says, the felicity of our first great literary epoch, which is ending, and among whose beloved names are Irving and Bryant and Hawthorne and Longfellow and Emerson, that the lives of its masters were irreproachable."

The beer bill of Germany begins to excite comment at home. A member of the German Parliament observed that the "armed peace" from 1872 to 1880 had cost five milliards of marks (\$1,250,000,000), whereupon the *North German Gazette* declared that in the same time 63 milliards worth of beer and nearly a milliard worth of brandy had been consumed—a drink bill of \$1,800,000,000.

The places where we have prayed together, the men and women with whom we have walked to the house of God in company, the teachers from whom we have received religious counsel, the altars where we have partaken of the Christian sacraments, the loving hearts from whom we have caught fresh inspirations of faith in the divine mercy—these places and persons are among the holiest memories of our earthly life.—*Zion's Her.*

Mr. Whittier told the Boston correspondent of *The Providence Press* that one day he was driving with Emerson down one of the Concord roads and talking about theology. "As we drove past a certain house, Mr. Emerson said, turning his head toward it, 'There lives a good Calvinist woman who prays for me every day,' and then with his fine indescribable smile, 'I'm glad of it.'"

The *Christian World* is not frightened over the discussion of fundamentalism now going on. It says: "The great body of intelligent persons have now awakened to the duty of proving all things, and the spirit of earnestness and reverence in which investigation is, on the whole, conducted warrants the hope that, in spite of haste and impatience; the general issue will be not a dissolution of all religious bonds, but a holding fast to that which is good."

Rev. Dr. Schaff says in a recent article in the *Sunday School Times*: "It is very significant that the inscription on the cross was in three languages: in Hebrew, the language of religion; in Greek, the language of culture; and in Latin, the language of empire—thus proclaiming that Jesus of Nazareth died for all nations and all classes of men."

"Many times," writes Mr. Spurgeon in his *Sword and Trowel*, "we meet in American newspapers with our own name adorned or disfigured with a doctor's degree. In a periodical we see month after month an extract from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, D.D. We like the prefix quite as well as the affix—that is to say we detest them equally."

The *London Spectator* says: "There can be no doubt, we imagine, that, as a church, Rome, while not favorable to the separation of Ireland from England, with the consequent rise of an irreligious class to power, and the effacement of English Catholics, is heartily opposed to the land league, to the entire policy of outrage by whomsoever ordered, and to the principle governing the 'no rent manifesto.'"

"You cannot legislate men out of their drinking habit," say anti-prohibitionists. Who proposes that? Nobody. Prohibitionists aim only to abolish open drunkard factories. "Why try to force men to pray, at the muzzle of a revolver?" say those who misrepresent prohibition. Our aim is only, and in the name of public policy, to silence those who professionally manufacture blasphemers.—*N. W. Advertiser*.

When a man is not willing to do anything for the heathen, it is sometimes for a heathenish reason that he is not. To look out for one's self, or one's near friends, and to be careless of what comes to others, is part of the old heathenism, and of all heathenism. When one is in this state of mind, and says there are chances enough to do good near home, he may make a close application of his own words to himself.—*Congregationalist*.

The *Sydney Mail*, in a sketch entitled "Aristocratic Vagrants," renews the oft repeated warning against sending young men of idle habits to the Colonies, in the hope that the atmosphere of Australia will reform the "ne'er-do-wells" of English growth, and imbue them with a desire for work which they never felt at home. The warning cannot be too often repeated, both for the sake of the indolent youth themselves and for the sake of the Colonies.—*The Colonies*.

Do not forget the stranger. If you know of any near you invite them to church; if they come uninvited, extend to them all proper courtesies. Invite them to an eligible seat, supply them with hymn-books and Bibles. At the close of the service extend to them your hand. Invite them to come again and occupy your pew. Be sure to introduce them to the pastor. Never excuse yourself by saying you do not know the parties. That is the very reason you should speak to them at church.—*N. E. Methodist*.

We understand that the subject of a temperance organization for adults is to be brought forward at several of the May District Committees. Approves of temperance work, Dr. Chadwick, speaking of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society in the Synod, stated that they had almost 60,000 members enrolled—making one-tenth of the whole church; and this society has only been in existence four years. Why should Methodism be behind all other churches in this matter?—*Irish Evangelist*.

"Honest Tim" writes a very readable article for the *Baptist Beacon* on seven ministerial mistakes. He names slovenliness in dress, long sermons, long prayers, pulpit apologies, and bragging on one's own sermons as very fatal mistakes. The seventh mistake is: "To think that indulgence in telling vulgar anecdotes will not affect the ministerial character. Indulge thus a little while and your character is honey-combed." Many do this to the ready compromise of themselves as indicated.

No special courses are prepared for lady students of the Harvard Annex. The instructors repeat the courses which they have given in college during the current year. In some cases a college three-hour course is given in the Annex as a two-hour course, the ladies thereby receiving somewhat less instruction. At the examinations, however, they receive the same test as the young men do, and receive it well too. They show a decided preference for the classical branches. They are reported to be enthusiastic over their work, but individually and collectively they do not desire coeducation; indeed, are opposed to it as strongly as are the male students.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

## THE SASKATCHEWAN.

The Rev. John McDougall has been describing a tour in the Saskatchewan country. He writes: Before noon we came to another river, the Vermilion, this we carefully tried and then safely crossed over. This was the spot where, some years ago, my father and I in crossing lost our buckboard, and mother who was along, had to take to the saddle for the rest of the trip. But what did the loss of a vehicle or a horse or two now and then signify? We never made any returns for travelling expenses; and there was no one to grumble but ourselves, and for this we had no time.

On we went, and before dark came to another stream which goes by the not very euphonious name of Sucker Creek, which, at times, is a formidable affair. Here, when father and mother were moving from Victoria to commence at Edmonton, they lost a lot of household stuff, and father was carried, horse, wagon, and all, down the stream, and that for a long distance. Father, who was a powerful swimmer, had on a big pair of riding-boots; and then, to make matters worse, the wet lines got wrapped around his arm and he could not get himself disengaged from the wreck. Every little while the whole thing would strike a projecting tree, and again all would go under. Finally, he succeeded in working off the lines from his arm with his teeth, and then, by a superhuman effort, he made the shore, then running down the bank and across points, he kept pace with the horse and rig. As the current swept them along, now submerged and now coming to the surface, presently he had the satisfaction of seeing them swing into an eddy, and the faithful little horse seemed to take in the situation, and as soon as his feet touched the ground, and with merely his head out of the water, he stood still. Before him was a steep bank which, encumbered as he was, he could not climb; and if he moved any way up or down he would again be thrown into the current and swept on. This eddy was across from where father stood looking at his horse and wagon, and hoping that the horse would stand still until he might in some way reach him, he started back up the river to camp; on his way he met mother who with joy welcomed him back as it were from the dead; and then father hurrying on got back to camp and caught a stout horse he had, and mounting him, gave him some good cuts with the whip and plunged him into the stream. The horse took the ford gallantly, and when the tremendous current took his legs from under him he struck out with all his power for the other shore, and presently father had the satisfaction of galloping down to the rescue of his little friend in the eddy. As soon as father put his head over the brink of the steep bank, opposite to where he had left the horse, he was glad to see him still holding on, and right away the animal looked up and neighed a welcome. Soon, father was down beside him, and getting hold of the bridle he pulled and led him nearer the shore, then securing the wagon with a line he cut the horse loose and got him out. Afterward, when the whole party had crossed, they all came to the spot, and by dint of hard work got the wagon out, and up the bank.

Thinking of the past, and breathing a prayer for strength to emulate those who have gone, we drive on, and some time after dark, the snow still getting deeper, we camped just about opposite where we put ashore for breakfast (you will remember) when we were floating down the stream to Victoria. Here we put in a very cold night, and were glad to start out pretty early and reach Victoria for dinner. Stopping that afternoon and night with Bro. McLachlan and his estimable wife, we continued our journey on Friday for Whitefish Lake.

John Sinclair, the gentleman in charge of the H. B. Post at Victoria, kindly lent me a carriage, and I gladly left wheels for this mode of conveyance, which, when there is snow and cold, is very much easier on both man and beast.

Saturday evening, we reached the Mission House at Whitefish Lake. Bro. Steinhauser and family were well. Bro. S. had but recently returned from Ontario and the east,—his family and people delighted to see him back. The old veteran looks freshened up and recuperated by his visit; bodily and mentally he seems ready for another siege of work. How the old missionary's face would light up with enthusiasm as he told of the missionary spirit he found in the church, and of the great kindness and sympathy he met with during his sojourn in the east.

I was glad to meet my friends and fellow travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Youmans. They seem to have become by their years' sojourn at this mission, thoroughly acclimatized, and have gone into the work in good spirit. My visit to the Sabbath-schools fully convinced me of this. Bro. Youmans is making real progress in the language, and he is also teaching the children in English rapidly. He has acquired a knowledge of the syllabic, which is a great help to him. From what I saw during my visit I am glad to record my opinion that these friends are setting examples of industry, economy, civilization, and Christianity, such as cannot help but be of great benefit to the community in which their lot is cast.

The Sabbath and week-day services we engaged in during my stay at this mission were blessed seasons. It was my joy to listen to clear testimonies of God's converting grace. During the last evening of my stay we held a missionary meeting. The Indians made some capital speeches. The subscriptions amounted to about \$50, and we were much encouraged by the marked advance in understanding this matter by the natives.

English Methodism. In an article on the May meetings the *London Echo* says: An impression has recently gone abroad, derived chiefly from the statistics of the last few years of religious depression, that Methodism is a spent force; yet no thoughtful observer could have attributed any of the Wesleyan gatherings within the last few days and still have cherished the delusion that Methodism is an extinct volcano. It is only a week or two ago that the Wesleyans held their annual Educational Meeting in Exeter-hall. From the statements made in the report it appears that they not only have two training colleges for teachers of elementary schools, and some 1,200 certificated teachers now at work, but that they possess 835 day-schools in which more than three-quarters of a million of scholars are educated. It is true that these schools only cost the Wesleyans £22,000 a year, the remainder of their revenues being supplied by Government grants and scholars' payments. Passing to the Sunday schools, we find that the statistics deal in very big figures. There are in all 6,426 schools; an increase of 50 in the year, with 121,493 teachers, an increase of 1,582 in the year, attended by 819,259 scholars, an increase in the year of 23,137. Connected with these schools are nearly 2,000 Bands of Hope, with nearly 200,000 members. It is a significant fact that of late years almost all the great religious bodies have taken up the temperance movement as a part of their work; among Churchmen, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists this is equally true.

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Of course you need not pay anything if you "don't like the minister." Certainly not. The easiest of all ways to get rid of supporting the church and its ordinances is simply to say, "I don't like the minister." Of course you need not go to the

prayer-meeting. Why should a man pray if he "doesn't like the minister?" There are a number of reasons why some "don't like the minister." Some of these reasons are good, no doubt, but many are the reverse. Neither the good nor the bad absolve a hearer from his duty. Perhaps it would be presumption to ask why you "don't like the minister?"—*Exchange*.

## CONVERTED WHAT FOR.

The protracted meetings are over. The work of special evangelists is drawing to a close, the churches have received most of their accessions, the papers have reported and proclaimed the numbers—great numbers in many cases, too; and, now what of it all? What is to be the outcome, what is to be the actual gain in spiritual power, what is to be the future of these children of the kingdom, and what is the Church's responsibility to them? What were they converted for? Was it to swell a church-roll, to advertise an evangelist, to make an Easter show, to "join the Church," to recruit the wretched ranks of worldly, waiting, worthless professors; to step out from their first communion with a paid-up soul-insurance policy in their pocket, and a license to live as the world lives; to go through the sad round of church festivals, and dancing Sunday school picnics, and society parties, and theatrical pleasures, and summer dissipations, and turn up at the next revival service withered and blighted backsliders, or hardened formalists, who have got sufficiently converted to keep them from ever seeking a true conversion, but not enough grace to withdraw one lust or sanctify one sin? There is a question in the Acts of the Apostles which every earnest convert and every faithful church man will ponder: "Unto what, then, were ye baptized?" It is a very solemn charge for the Church of Christ to have these tender babes put in her bosom. She is responsible for their future. Her spirit, example, and nurture will, in great measure, determine their stability and usefulness. Let her first put into their hands the Word of God, as the guide and strength of their life; let her take them by the hand and lead them out into the work of God, as the best discipline and incentive to their new powers; and let her teach them that the world is their field of Christian work, and that the Lord is calling many of them to enter its open doors, and go to its dying millions. One of our most useful evangelists is in the habit of closing his meetings by an address to young converts on foreign missions, and calling upon the youngest disciples to regard themselves from the first as Christ's messengers to a perishing world. It is sure to give them a broader and higher type of piety; and it is surely the true aim of all discipleship, and the loud and solemn message of the Master to His followers, in these last days.

How many missionaries are coming from the ranks of the converts of 1882?—*The Word, The Work, and The World*.

Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God as a great people never did. The scepticism of the last century did not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment.—*Banquet*.

Just in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the religion of theorizing, or system building, and hiring service into the religion of beneficent activities. It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.—*Horace Mann*.

The Rev. Dr. Rigg, of the British Conference, has written the article on Methodism for the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

## DON'T LIKE THE MINISTER.

"I don't like the minister!" That settles the matter. If you don't like the minister you have no duties to perform. Not liking the minister absolves you from all responsibility.

If you are an elder, you may sulk or resign, or "object" or do nothing. The fact that you "don't like the minister" releases you from your ordination vows.

If you are a trustee you need not take any further interest in the financial affairs of the congregation. The fact that the people entrusted you with certain duties, which you engaged to perform, is neither here nor there if you "don't like the minister."

If you are a Sabbath school teacher, you need pay no further attention to your class. A teacher that "doesn't like the minister" is freed from all responsibility.

Of course you needn't pay anything if you "don't like the minister." Certainly not. The easiest of all ways to get rid of supporting the church and its ordinances is simply to say, "I don't like the minister." Of course you need not go to the

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THE PROPRIETORS  
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OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Within my home that empty seemed, I sat And prayed for greater blessings. All That was mine seemed poor and mean and small.

WHO GETS THE MONEY.

"MOST TOO DRESSY, ANYWAY!"

The Reclabite tells a good story of a plain, common-sense merchant of that town, who had voted for license for years.

A year or two ago an incident occurred that opened his eyes. It happened in this wise; he sold a stove for \$18 to a drinking man;

Two weeks before the time in question the drinking man had gone five miles out of town to do a job of work at \$3 per day.

"Hold on, J—, I want to speak to you. You remember the stove? You were to pay \$1 each month;

"I am sorry I can't but I have not got money to do it. I have only enough to pay one little bill, which is a positive necessity, and which I cannot put off."

The merchant was not satisfied. He looked up from his perplexity just in time to see his debtor go into a hotel (one of the necessary (?) places for the prosperity of the village).

His going into that hotel aroused the curiosity of our merchant. He said to himself,

"I will just walk over to the hotel and see what is going on."

He entered the hall, where he could get a good view of the bar, and heard the following;—

"Well, landlord, what is my bill! I can pay you up now."

"You bill may be larger than you think; you have not paid up for some time. Ah? it is a little more than I thought—\$21.50."

"A more as that? It can't be. I don't know what my wife will say. I had promised to buy a new bonnet for her and the girl. Twenty-one fifty? Well, well, I

suppose you have kept it right. You wouldn't wrong a poor man who works hard for his money."

"No, no. I wouldn't do that. It's all right. I never take a poor man's money without an equivalent."

(Oh, no! they never do, these sweet lambs who sell rum.) The landlord added; "Your wife and daughter must not expect to dress as well as those who have a larger income. I think your wife is most too dressy, anyway, Jim. Have another drink."

The merchant saw the man who had only enough to pay one fifth the bill, which was a positive necessity, take out of his pocket the money he had earned, count out the \$21.50 and hand it regretfully to the landlord.

The merchant went out of the hotel a wiser and a sadder man. He forthwith went to his desk, took down a bundle of unpaid accounts, and commenced to figure up the worthless accounts, that had accumulated in the ten years of his business life.

He found the sum total to be \$1,324.78. Of this sum he found that all but \$114.10 was against men who had been ruined by drink. His eyes were opened.

Three months after this came the usual town meeting. The hotel-keeper was busy at the polls working for the election of an ex-exe commissioner who would continue his legal right to sell.

"He approached our merchant, whose eyes had been opened, and offered him a ticket."

"Can't vote that ticket," said the merchant.

"Why? I always supposed you were one of my strong supporters."

"So I was until three months ago, when I was shown very plainly what you were doing. You are no better than a thief."

"What do you mean by this?"

"Do you remember the night Jim paid you \$21.50 for whiskey he had drunk at your bar?"

"Yes, I remember it; and what of it?"

"I will tell you what of it. Nearly two years ago I trusted him for a stove worth \$18. He agreed to pay \$1 per month. I have not received a cent. The night he paid you \$21.50 I asked him for a part payment on the stove. He said he had no money for me. I saw him go to your hotel, and I followed him. I saw him pay you that amount. It was my money. I sold him the stove to keep him and his family warm, to cook their meals, and if it had not been for your bar, I would have got my pay. I find in ten years I have paid your bar more than \$1,200. Men can't pay me, because they throw away all they earn at your bar. Now you ask me to vote to continue you in your business of robbery. Sir, in the future I shall fight your business as strongly as I have defended it in the past."

This conversation at the polls drew a large crowd, who eagerly listened. The merchant went on to explain the matter to them in dead earnest, as he was always known to be about everything; and the result was the almost unanimous election of a no license commissioner.

Of course the hotel-keeper and his friends raved over their defeat. But they afterward were obliged to admit that the argument given by the merchant was irresistible, and as sensible men they yielded to the inevitable; and the bar at that town was from that time abandoned. Our merchant soon after got his money for the stove, together with a note from Jim's wife, stating that they had so much money nowadays that she feared she was getting to be 'most too dressy, anyway!"

WILLIAM DAWSON.

In the summer of 1837 I was staying for a short time in the pretty little town of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. While there I heard that the celebrated "Billy" Dawson was going to preach at a village about four miles away from Ashbourne, on the occasion of the opening of a new chapel. I resolved to go and hear him in the evening. Accordingly I wended my way through one of the most picturesque parts of England to the neat and commodious chapel, which was crowded before the service commenced. It was a week-day evening. On ascending the pulpit, Mr. Dawson gave out the hymns in his usual impressive manner, and prayed with great fervor and power. His text was St. Luke xv. 3-10. Being a farmer he was well acquainted with the habits of sheep. The sermon was perhaps the most powerful that I have ever heard. He

described the lost sheep as wandering away from the fold, into the wilderness plains, bleating, distressed, terrified, fatigued; till as night was coming on, it fell into a ditch and lay helpless on its back. The great "Wolf of hell" was approaching to seize it, when the Good Shepherd appeared, drove back the wolf, took up the sheep, and carried it back to the fold. In his application of the subject, Mr. Dawson described in such moving and pathetic terms the love of Christ for erring ones, and back-liders, that cries of penitence and for mercy arose from every part of the chapel, till the voice of the preacher was drowned. Being unable to finish his sermon, he descended from the pulpit, turned the service into a prayer-meeting, and administered counsel and comfort to those who were seeking mercy. Numbers of souls found peace. I was never, I think, at a meeting in which there was such spiritual power. I left about ten o'clock; the meeting was not then over. That service made such an impression on my mind that it is still as fresh as if it were but yesterday.—London Methodist.

TAKING BOARDERS.

To succeed in taking and entertaining boarders, either on a large or a small scale, requires good house-keeping, and what may be called a gift of economy, which does not mean providing poor things, but getting the most for one's money. An economical housekeeper who understands her business will furnish a good table with a sum which, in the hands of one who thinks only of saving money, would produce the most unsatisfactory results. The manner of cooking and serving food has quite as much to do with its attractiveness as the quality of the purchases made; half-cooked vegetables, and meats scorched without and raw within, can never be inviting, whatever the original cost or quality may have been.

As a general thing, there is a sort of airy unconcern about those who take boarders, in regard to all matters not absolutely "down in the bond," which is highly exasperating; and considering all things, the wonder is not that so many fail in this calling, but that any succeed. Were it not that there is always an abundant supply of homeless people in the world, landlords who trouble themselves only about what is barely necessary, and do even that in an inefficient way, would oftener find that "it doesn't pay to take boarders."

How often, for instance, does any one looking for board chance to find a room that has a home look about it? Do not the apartments generally shown look as if some one had just died there, and everything had been dismantled in consequence? Not a bit of drapery to bed or windows, nor a bracket or a table cover, not a cushion or foot-stool. The four walls are there—often with an ugly paper on them—with the orthodox bedstead and bureau and chairs, possibly a hard lounge, but probably none at all. What possibilities of cheerfulness are there in such a room, if the occupants have no furniture of their own with which to brighten it?

"But we can't afford to ornament rooms," say the struggling landlords; "it wouldn't pay. We can scarcely make both ends meet as it is."

This is just where they make a mistake, because it would pay. It would pay to drape the windows with cheap but tasteful curtains—those of white muslin, cretonne, unbleached muslin, Canton flannel, or low priced worsted stuffs being particularly serviceable for winter—to drape the mantle with the same, and to have a table cover that matches or harmonizes. A lounge improvised from a packing-box, with springs and a small husk mattress over them, could be covered to suit the draperies. A few touches of this kind would completely transform a bare, ugly room into something homelike, and the small outlay required would certainly be returnable tenfold.

A lady who desires to receive into her family one additional inmate, as a means of increasing her income, will find no difficulty, if she reside in the city, in obtaining a desirable lady or gentleman boarder willing to pay liberally for home comforts. Many such people detest boarding-houses, and would willingly dispense with a great variety at the table for the sake of having what is put upon it made inviting. Even so simple a thing as the popular breakfast dish of oatmeal is seldom cooked

so as to be fit to eat. Often placed upon the table half raw, because so few cooks seem to understand the immense amount of moderate boiling or simmering that it requires, it quite deserves the name of "chicken feed" facetiously bestowed upon it. It can be made, though, a very delicate and nourishing dish—bearing in mind the fact that cream or good rich milk is its natural congener.

It is not necessary, however, to go into the details of breakfast, dinner, and tea dishes, a passing allusion to the causes of failure on the part of those who attempt to take boarders being sufficient for our purpose. The assertion can easily be proved from facts that more people are looking fruitlessly for home-like quarters than there are people having such quarters to offer. It follows, therefore, that any one who will furnish something more attractive than is usually offered will have no reason to complain of want of success.—Ella Church in Harper's Magazine for June.

THE COMPASS.

Thou art, O God, my East! In thee I dawned;

Thou art, O God, my North! My trembling soul,

Thou art, O God, my West! Thy fervent love

Thou art, O God, my West! Into thy arms,

LIVING FOR GOD.

"It's the happiest life for a man to live—to live for God—even if there were no heaven."

This was the exclamation of a converted laborer on an English railway, one of the hundreds of "navvies" who, under God, ascribe their new life and joy to the instrumentality of a devoted Christian woman—Miss Catherine Marsh. Miss Marsh is dear to many as the author of the Memoir of Huddy Vickers. Reading, lately, a short sketch of her success in working for the Saviour among the rude, ignorant, and often brutal men, for whom no man cared, the thought came freshly, "Why cannot we all do more for our Master than we do? Where is the secret of success, if not in that devotion which lays all we have and are as a sacrifice at the Master's feet."

Like many good things in this world, Miss Marsh's work among the navvies began by an apparent accident. She knocked at the door of a cottage where she expected to find a poor sick man in whom she was interested. The door was opened a little way, and a rough head appeared in the interspace. She asked for Harry.

"But I suppose I shall see him if I wait, shall I not? I will walk in if you will allow me."

"Well, you can if you like, but we are a lot of rough uns."

"O thank you, I do not mind that; you will be very civil to me, I am sure? Would you get me a chair?"

Once seated, Miss Marsh asked if any of them had been to church that day. It was then Sunday evening. No, none of them had even thought of going, and one or two explained that they did not believe in God nor in the Bible. Then, the bright, tearless lady, taking her little Testament from her pocket, began to read and talk to the crowd in the cottage, who gradually gathered closely about her as she unfolded to them the truth that God was their Friend—just but loving—not only able, but willing to save sinners. Then kneeling down, she asked God to bless the men there in his presence, and before she left she found them ready to promise that they would begin to serve Him.

From that hour Miss Marsh found her chosen mission in looking after men like these and their families. When the Crimean war called many of them to the Army Works Corps Miss Marsh accompanied her men to the ships which bore them from England, wrote to them while away, and charged herself with the care of their wages, and the disbursement of part of it regularly to their wives and children. The correspondence she conducted was very great.

When they returned from the Crimea they thronged Beckenham rectory, bringing flowers and grass from the grave of Captain Vickers, doves which they had tamed for their friend, charms, work boxes, and little gifts that they had constructed in camp. Some of them insisted on leaving money with the lady, that she might send Bibles to those who needed them. One man said:

"You have taken great pains with my money, and I cannot recompense you, and you would not receive a recompense; but will you grant me the favor to spend a sovereign for me on the poorest old person in the village?"

In the case of Miss Marsh we see what may be done for the heathen at home by fidelity and gentleness exercised by Christ's followers.

BOOTS AND THE GUILLOTINE.

During the French Revolution, a feuilletoniste named Schlaberndorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer, by heartily espousing the cause of the Girondists in all that emanated from his pen, rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre, and at the dictation of that fierce leader was incarcerated. When the death-cart, one morning, came to the prison for its load of those who were that day to be mercilessly butchered, Schlaberndorf's name was on the list of victims. The jailer informed him that such was the case, and he dressed himself for his last ride very nonchalantly and—he was extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance—with great care. His boots, however, he could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by the jailer, he looked for them to no avail.

"I am quite willing to be executed," said he to the jailer, after their fruitless search, "but really I should feel ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this excursion party," smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred till to-morrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots." "I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined," responded the functionary. "Suppose we call it to-morrow, then?" "All right," and the jailer allowed Schlaberndorf to remain, not unwillingly, as, owing to his universal good humor, he was especially liked by jailer and prisoners.

The following morning, when the cart drew up before the prison door for its "batch" of victims, Schlaberndorf—dressed cap-a-pie—stood waiting the summons of the jailer to take his place therein. But his name was not called that morning, nor the next nor the fourth, nor, indeed ever again. For, of course, it was believed he had perished on the original morning. Till the sway of Robespierre had ended he remained in prison; then he regained his liberty, as did the rest of those, once prisoners, whose heads had not fallen beneath the blood-stained axe.—Youth's Companion.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A grave sweet wonder in thy baby face And look of unguaged dignity and grace, Such as a painter land might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes, That higher than the stained-glass window rise, Into the fair and cloudless Summer skies.

The organ peals; she must not look around, Although with wonderment her pulses bound— The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over and the blessing said, She bows—as "mother" does—her golden head. And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows now that she dwells above the sky, Where holy children enter when they die, And prays God take her there too, by-and-by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway, And bring you to that home for which you pray, Where all shall have their child hearts back one day!

HE MIGHT ASK ABOUT IT.

"Dunno, miss."

"But, Tessie, you must know where you got it."

"Deed, miss, I dunno no more'n de babe. I neber tuk it none."

"Just came! O Tessie, Tessie! are you never going to be good?"

"It is good, miss," said the little colored girl, who could not seem to learn how very wicked it is to take other people's property, and who had never been taught it is wrong to tell an untruth.

some things," I said; "but you are not good when you take things out of my room, as you did last night."

"Deed, miss, I neber tuk it none; it jes comed."

"Tessie," I said solemnly, "what will you do when God asks you about this?"

"I jes' say I dunno nuffin' 'tall 'bout it."

"But you can't tell a lie about it to God, for he saw you take it."

"Reckon ye're out dar, 'cause it were dark as Egypt," said Tessie, grinning at me, and showing a row of white teeth and a pair of large black eyes.

"But Tessie," I said, "that makes no difference; God sees you all the time, and knows what you do in the dark, just as well as what you do when it is light."

The girls' expression changed, and she looked about her stealthily, as though in some dark corner she expected to see some one looking at her. Failing in that, she looked back at me, and said:

"Fain't worth while ter vex 'im."

"No, Tessie," I said, "it's not right to vex any one who has been kind to us; and God does more for us than any earthly friends we have."

"Reckon if I puts it back in de dark again, he'll see it?"

"Yes, Tessie, God will see you, whether you put it back at night or in the day."

"Den it'll be all right?"

"If you make up your mind never to take again what does not belong to you."

"S'posen His head is turned round the wrong way, an' he don't see me?"

"God's head is never turned round, Tessie; it is always toward us."

"That evening I watched Tessie to see the effect of our conversation, and soon after dark I discovered her on her way to my room, with the little thermometer she had taken from it the night before.

After that there seemed to be a decided change in Tessie, which pleased me very much; but I was even more pleased when one day I found her with a bottle of cologne in her hand, and heard what she was saying:

"I reckon it smells kind o' good, an' I reckon I'd like ter hab it, but de good God's a lookin' on an' He might ax, 'give it some day.'"

"My little brother, would it not be well if we could take that as a sort of watchword—" He might ask about it some day? Do we not all do little things quietly, in a kind of slurring way, as if they wouldn't count? And yet we would be ashamed to be asked about them. Remember that everything counts, and that "He might ask about it some day."—Well-Spring.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

A little girl, named Sarah, went home from church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied:

"Is it your mother, or your aunt Sally, that has put you up to that, my little girl?"

"No, father," said the little creature; "the preacher said all good people pray; and those who don't pray cannot be saved. Father, do you pray?" This was more than the father could stand, and, in a rough way, he said;

"Well, you and your mother, and your aunt Sally, may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature, with great simplicity, "what way are you going?" This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

Reader, which way are you going?—Bible Banner.

SELF RESPECT.

One of the greatest virtues boys and girls can have is self-respect. This is the feeling that lifts them above resenting petty affronts, that keeps them proudly aloof from low company, and that preserves them from dealing in flattery and toadyism. It is not very common among the young, but wherever it is found, it is a sign of solidity of character, and an omen of success in life.

"Tick," the clock says, "tick, tick, tick; What you have to do, do quick; Time is going fast away; Let us act and get to day; When your mother speaks, obey; Do not loiter, do not stray; Wait not for another tick; What you have to do, do quick."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

JUNE 4.

THE TRANSGURATION.—Mark 9: 2-18.

After six days.—About an eight days after these? Luke 9: 28. The one computation is inclusive, the other not; or perhaps, from the "about" being inserted, the one is precise the other roughly stated. The time of the transfiguration was probably night. St. Luke informs us that the Lord had gone up to the mountain to pray which he usually did at night. The apostles were asleep and are described (Luke 9: 32) as "having kept awake through it." They did not descend till the next day. (Luke 9: 37.) which would be almost inexplicable had the event happened by day. Jesus taketh—These three, the flower and crown of the apostolic band—the same three who should hereafter be witnesses of his humiliation in the agony of the garden, and who, therefore, were specially selected by what they now beheld against what they should then behold. An high mountain—the towering peaks of Hermon, almost the only mountain which deserves the name in Palestine. High up on its southern slopes must be many a point where the sacred scene could be taken apart by themselves. Was transfiguration—We may conclude from what follows, by being lighted with radiance both from without and from within. Before then—as they stood lost in wonder at the phenomenon. The assurance between the three evangelists is exact, and the four alludes, not obscurely, to the event, which it was not part of his purpose to relate. Another of the three spectators distinctly makes mention of the facts here related. (2 Pet. 1: 16-18)

Elms with Moses—The two who appeared to them were the representatives of the law and prophets; both had been removed from this world in a mysterious manner—the one without death, the other by death, indeed, but so that his body followed not the lot of the bodies of all; both, like the greater one with whom they spoke, had endured that supernatural last of forty days and nights; both had been on the holy mount in the vision of God. And now they came, endowed with glorified bodies before the rest of the dead to hold converse with the Lord on that sublime event, which had been the great central subject of all their teaching, and solemnly to consign into his hands, once and for all, in a symbolic and glorious representation, their delegated and expiring power.

Good for us to be here—It is too brief a converse, too transient a glimpse and foretaste of the heavenly glory. "It is good for us to be here." Better, as no doubt he felt, than to be rejected of the Jews; better than to suffer many torments of the elders and chief priests and elders and scribes, and be killed. Three tabernacles—The primary essential meaning was no doubt that of shelter and accommodation. Peter uses not any names, although he was a native of Galilee, when he speaks of such residences. But the rugged and woody sides of snowy Hermon afforded no impediments for the building of such structures, and he peeped into tabernacles. They were goodly—A goodly tent; for, otherwise, Peter would not have wished to stay there.

A cloud... overshadowed—It has been suggested that this cloud was emblematic of the Third Person of the ever-blessed Trinity. "A bright cloud" Matt. 17: 5. "A sign from heaven" granted to the apostles, though refused to the Jewish leaders. A voice... out of the cloud—the voice, namely, of God, the Father Almighty. This seems to show that the cloud was the shekinah, or divine presence. It was the same, perhaps, which filled the temple at the dedication by Solomon. It dwelt in the ancient tabernacle and the tabernacle. That the apostles did not enter the cloud is shown by the verses being heard out of the cloud. They saw no man—According to Mark's narrative, while the bright cloud overshadowed that whole party, dazzling and blinding the disciples' eyes and making their ears tingle with those solemn words, Moses and Elijah silently withdrew. Jesus only—Here is set forth the central theme of Christianity—Jesus only.

They came down—We must come down from the holy mountain, where we have communion with God and communion in that communion, and of which we are saying, It is good to be here; even though we have no continuing city. They should tell no man—It was not until they had beheld all the wonders of his death and resurrection, and been empowered by the Spirit from on high that they were permitted to preach the Messiahship of Jesus. And discipline was their present duty. Had they preached the Messiahship now they would hardly have held them forth as a dying Redeemer. And had they preached him as a glorious Messiah, superior to Moses and Elias, as set forth in his transfiguration, the Jewish authorities would have held them guilty of treason. Till the Son of man were revealed—This injunction would also serve to impress the occurrence on their minds; it involved new light concerning the state of the dead which could not be received until the resurrection of Christ; the necessity for repentance then ceased. Should mean—Will he literally die?

or is it a figure of speech?—If figurative, what does it mean? If real, why should it take place, and why will become of us? Will he truly rise again? What if he should not? What then would become of his past miracles and teaching? And how are we to explain this dazzling transfiguration?

Why say the scribes—The occasion of this inquiry was that they had just seen Elias withdrawn from their eyes, and were enjoined not to tell the vision. How then should this be? If this was not the coming of Elias, was he yet to come? If it was, how was it so secret and so short?

PRUNING IN JUNE.

We have tried pruning in almost all months of the year, and on the whole prefer June. This being about the busiest month of the year, there is usually little time for pruning, and so the favorite time is early in spring, and many of our old orchards, in their rotting limbs and decayed trunks, bear testimony to the mischief wrought by the ill-timed use of the saw and axe. Small limbs, an inch in diameter or less, can be taken off at any time with comparative safety. But the thorough pruning called for in a long neglected orchard is best done in the early summer. The sap is absorbed by the rapid formation of wood and leaves; the wood laid bare in pruning large limbs soon becomes scathed, the healing process around the edges of the wound begins immediately, and in a few years the wound will be completely covered with new wood and bark. There is no chance for decay as when large limbs are removed in the early spring. There is far too little pruning done in the farm orchard. A dead limb should not be suffered upon the fruit tree. Good pruning leaves no stubs, but cuts close to the trunk or branch bearing the excised limb.—American Agriculturist for June.

USEFUL HINTS.

A correspondent of the N. E. Farmer suggests that employers who have the best welfare of their children at heart will see that no hired man is engaged who uses profane or vulgar language.

It is the opinion of many that a fowl fattened quickly will make a far more juicy and toothsome meal than a chick. One thing is certain, a three year old fowl will make much better broth for an invalid than a six months chicken.

There is no feed more economical for a hardworking team than a light mess of whole oats, say three quarts per horse, at morning and noon, and about two quarts of corn meal at night, together with all the good hay they will eat clean.

A rough towel or flesh brush should never be used by a person in health; the best friction is the soft, warm hand, as it adds in removing the dead scales of the skin, and keeps the wool of surface of the body in the natural condition of an infant.

Mr. E. P. Roe says in the Christian Union that if he were limited to one strawberry, he would choose the Ches Downing. It succeeds everywhere, is very productive, even under rough and careless culture, and the quality of the fruit is excellent. He does not know a variety with the flavor of the Downing that will produce as much fruit with the same culture.

Plaster should always be kept on hand in the barn. It will promote the growth of nearly all plants, affords partial protection against drought, and will furnish soluble lime to plants that need it. Of all the fertilizers known plaster is the cheapest, and most remunerative. Two bushels only are needed to a good application. It is a special fertilizer for clover, beans, peas and potatoes.

It is time that unpunctual people have their consciences aroused, and that they be brought to feel that they cannot be considered wholly moral if they are careless as to the engagements. Ten minutes delay of a telegram, a minute too late for the mail, may cause widespread distress. It may even cause death. In such a case is the careless dealing of the slow less guilty than he who, through mere carelessness fails to pull a neighbor from the point of danger.—Deems' Birth Day Book.

INFORMATION.

FOR EVERY PERSON.—Every one suffering from painful corns will be glad to learn that there is a new and painless remedy discovered by which the very worst class of corns may be removed entirely in a short time and without pain. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR has already been used by thousands, and each person who has given it a trial becomes anxious to recommend it to others. It is the only sure, prompt and painless cure for corns known. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is sold everywhere.

Instantly is none too quick to relieve croup. Many children have died while a fire was making. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment gives instant relief and in a sure cure. Half a teaspoonful on sugar. Every family should keep it in the house.

ADAM WALKER, of Tavistock, Ontario writes, in Feb., 1868, that after trying many Cough and Lung remedies for a severe cold which he had suffered for three years, he procured ALLER'S LUNG-BALSAM and was being much benefited by it. In a letter still later he said his night sweats were all gone and he was rapidly recovering—his appetite was much better and he felt like a new man.

Remember This. If you are sick, GOLDEN ELIXIR will surely aid Nature in making you well again. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. If you are comparatively well, but feel the need of a grand tonic and stimulant, never rest easy till you are made a new being by the use of GOLDEN ELIXIR. If you are COSTIVE or DYSPEPTIC, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain so, for GOLDEN ELIXIR is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints. If you are wasting away with any form of KIDNEY or URINARY disease, STOP! STOP! STOP! IN THIS MOMENT, and turn for a cure to GOLDEN ELIXIR. If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of GOLDEN ELIXIR. If you are a frequenter of a residence of a malarial or miasmatic district, or are suffering from the source of an malarial fever—ague, biliousness, indigestion, yellow fever, and all malarial fevers—by the use of GOLDEN ELIXIR. If you have rough, pimply, or scaly skin, bad breath, pains and aches, or if you are generally unwell, GOLDEN ELIXIR will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, health and comfort. In short, it cures ALL diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, etc., and you will be paid for a cure that is worth any amount of suffering or injurious to the brain.

PERSONS OF SEDENTARY HABITS are frequently troubled with excessive languor, (especially in the mornings) want of appetite, dimness of vision, confused mind, and imperfect memory. A few doses of HANINGTON'S Quinine-Wine and Iron, and Tonic Dinner Pill, speedily remove these manifestations of a debilitated stomach. Beware of imitations. See that you get "Hanington's," the original and genuine. For sale in all druggists and general dealers in Canada.

AFTER AN ATTACK OF FEVER, MEASLES, Diphtheria, or any wasting disease, Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron is the best medicine to take. It gives lasting strength. WEAK AND SICKLY CHILDREN, with their pinched features and emaciated forms appeal strongly to the best sympathies of everyone. Yet, our sympathies are of but little benefit unless they take a practical form, and the sufferings from both Mental and Physical Debility be relieved by administering some such strengthening medicinal and nutritive Blood and Brain food as Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime. It aids the processes of digestion and assimilation, revitalizes the blood, and supplying material for bone and muscle structure, furnishes the foundation for strong and healthy constitutions.

Prepared solely by Harrington Bros., Pharmaceutical Chemists, St. John, N. B., and for sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1 per bottle; six bottles for \$5. may 5 1m

Mrs. S. M. SESSION, writing from Colorado Springs, Colorado, says: "I have been completely cured of Asthma by using Graham's Pain Extractor while living in Canada. Since coming here, I recommended it to my niece, living in this town, who was afflicted with Scrofula, that settled in her ankle, she became unable to walk, but the use of that valuable preparation cured her completely. Several others have used it with the best results and it is highly prized here."

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.—Brown's Household Panacea has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heat, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. feb107

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, get at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle. feb107

NEVER GIVE UP THE SHIP.—"Twenty one years ago I was dying with the CONSUMPTION. There was no escaping that terrible death—at least so all the doctors told me—when a friend advised me to send to 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, and get CANNABIS INDICA, which finely and fully cured me."

O. S. BISLEY, De Kalb, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. "Send another \$12 box of CANNABIS INDICA for a friend. Your medicine has cured me of CONSUMPTION. I am as sound and well as ever I was."

SALLIE D. BENTON, Keyville, Crawford Co., Mo., January 2nd, 1882. "N.B.—This remedy speaks for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. We know that it positively cures Consumption, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. \$2.50 per bottle, or three bottles for \$6.50. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia. Send stamp for book of testimonials of cures from prominent persons. jan 13.—161a.

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SALLIE D. BENTON, Keyville, Crawford Co., Mo., January 2nd, 1882. "N.B.—This remedy speaks for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. We know that it positively cures Consumption, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. \$2.50 per bottle, or three bottles for \$6.50. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia. Send stamp for book of testimonials of cures from prominent persons. jan 13.—161a.

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BRASS GOODS AND THE HEAVIER CLASSES OF BRASS AND COPPER WORK ALSO VESSELS' FASTENINGS AND FITTINGS. Public Buildings, Residences & Factories supplied with Warming Apparatus and Plumbing Fixtures, With all the Modern Improvements, fitted by Engineers thoroughly acquainted with our climate.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SALE AND APPLICATION OF WARREN'S FELT ROOFING And Roofing Materials in and for the Province of Nova Scotia. Nos. 162 to 172 also 306 Barrington St., Halifax.

25 DUKE STREET SMITH BROTHERS ANNOUNCE THE COMPLETION OF THEIR Spring Purchases!

EVERY DEPARTMENT THOROUGHLY ASSORTED. Their STOCK this SEASON is the LARGEST and most ATTRACTIVE THEY HAVE EVER SHOWN!

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS. PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Saskatchewan Land and Homestead Company (Limited). Authorized Capital \$500,000.00 (IN 5000 SHARES OF \$100 EACH) Provisional Directors.

EDWARD GURNEY, JR., Chairman, Toronto; J. E. ROSE, Q.C., Toronto; R. A. SUTHERLAND, Toronto; DENNIS MOORE, Hamilton; RICHARD BROWN, Toronto; SHERIFF GLASS, London; Rev. W. BRIGGS, Toronto; H. E. CLARKE, Toronto; JAMES McLEAN, Toronto; J. E. H. DWYER, P.O., Toronto; JOHN F. MOORE, Toronto; JOHN S. WITHEROW, Toronto; Rev. S. J. HUNTER, Toronto; CHARLES D. WARDEN, Toronto; J. L. DONALD GAETZ, London.

Trustees, EDWARD GURNEY, JR. and REV. A. SUTHERLAND. Solicitors, ROSE, MACDONALD, MERRITT and COATS-WORTH, Toronto.

THIS ORGANIZATION has for its object the acquisition of desirable locations in the North-West Territories with a view to speedy colonization in accordance with Government requirements; and the exercise of other functions incidental to the end, and promotive of the general interests of its Colonies.

THE STOCK LIST consists of numerous and widely-distributed, desirable subscriptions to the Capital of the Company, liable locally, at reasonable intervals, in the discretion of the Directors. The project being the spontaneous outcome of a large class, no advantage is allowed to one shareholder over another, but all stand upon an equal footing.

THE OPERATIONS of the Company will be conducted upon a basis of prompt liberality, that will strongly invite all classes of settlers from the most arduous to the well-to-do farmer, ardent manufacturer, and all the same time afford a fair compensation for the capital invested.

HOME-STEADS and Pre-emption will be offered in these settlements upon the same conditions as those of the Dominion Government. SUBSTANTIAL AID will be given in the erection of places of worship and the Company will encourage public improvements of all kinds, such as the construction of railways, the formation of Commercial centres, early and direct trade communication, etc., etc.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made with the Government, pending which, reference to locations would be premature. It may be seen that the utmost care and consideration have been exercised in making the present details as far as possible. This announcement is made that those interested may advise themselves accordingly.

PROSPECTUSES containing full information as to locations, lands, prices, conditions, etc., will be prepared as soon as possible, and will be forwarded to any person on application to the Secretary. Address communications to JOHN T. MOORE, Secretary, Drawer 2717, Toronto.

REMOVED TO 120 HOLLIS ST. (2 DOORS NORTH OF SACKVILLE ST.) M. A. DAVIDSON CUSTOM TAILOR.

Has removed to 120 HOLLIS STREET, and is showing a full assortment of goods suitable for the season. The Clothing is executed by Mr. A. BURNAY, former partner of M. Macdowell & Co., who is a guarantee of a good fit and entire satisfaction. sept. 23-1y

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NOTE!!

The WESLEYAN will be sent to any address during the remaining months of the year upon receipt at this office of One Dollar. Show this to your neighbor, or take advantage of the offer in behalf of some friend.

THE WESLEYAN FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1882.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

It has at length been decided that a General Election of representatives to the Dominion House of Commons is to take place this season. Apart from reasons of state, of which we profess to know little, this is scarcely a matter to be regretted. Since elections for the Local House in two of the three Lower Provinces must come off at an early day, one may be glad that the excitement and strife attendant upon such occasions should be crowded into a single year rather than extended over a longer period.

With all the wise provisions of recent legislation, the election of representatives to our Legislatures must yet be regarded from a Christian standpoint as a necessary evil. The immediate effect of political strife upon the Churches of our country has never been salutary in influence. However leaders in the conflict may have laughed in their sleeve at the impetuous zeal of many of their canvassers, it cannot be denied that many of the latter, belonging to the ranks of church-membership, have been betrayed in the heat of strife into words and deeds which tripped them in their Christian career, if they did not leave them prostrate. "What is the state of your mind, brother?" called out a seeming old reprobate one day in a crowded court-house, as he addressed a question often used by certain fossilized class-leaders to a church member whose heels had apparently taken the place of his head during the excitement of a Provincial election. The same or a similar question has no doubt often been about to go forth from lips happily governed by a wiser judgment than that of the poor old backslider.

The brief period into which the elections of the present season are to be crowded will lead to a vast expenditure of effort. The pastor who will watch a wide-awake candidate and his agents need never be at a loss hereafter to repel any charge of enthusiasm which may be levelled at him in his Master's work. It will be well for him if his own service shall have been so earnest that he will not be reminded of Sheridan's remark to a minister, "We speak what is fiction as if it were fact; you too often utter fact as if it were fiction." Under such pressure cards must be taken lest morals and manliness—which are inseparable—do not suffer in a time of political strife. Will the day ever come that the best men only will be selected to represent their fellows among law-makers, and be expected to do nothing more than make a public statement of their views and intentions. That day has certainly not yet dawned upon us. Too often the candidate is proffered help which can scarcely be accepted without making him, in Indian phrase, "all one brother," with men whose career is not worthy of his own, and very often he is obliged to accept from his party such help as a Christian can scarcely use with unblinking brow. Sometimes, to carry out the views of those whose nominee he is, he must act in a manner repugnant to his own feelings. The story of the candidate who found his way into the farmyard, where he offered his assistance, and learned that the opposing candidate had just milked another cow, may be quite overdrawn, but it probably has its revised editions. It is through such training that men may gradually move toward the point where they can adopt the political formula of a former representative of a Provincial constituency, as given to a colleague: "Hang—we substitute a weak word for a naughty one—"Hang—and stick to your party," or the scarcely less unfortunate conclusion—subversive of all good government and public justice—"to the victors belong the spoils."

Do we then say that no Christian man shall take his place among our lawgivers? No, a thousand times, no. If any Christian man, with no personal purpose to serve, offer first-class abilities as well as time and strength to the service of his country, we bid him "god-speed. In Bible classes we

have looked to such a possible future as one of the highest order for young men, and have sought to stiffen their backbone for the honor and temptations of such a sphere. May heaven hasten the day when the noblest and holiest shall feel that they serve God and man to blessed purpose in our Legislative halls.

Equally far be it from us to advise our readers as to any political course now to be adopted. In such matters the Methodist ministry has never presumed to dictate to the people, though they have not been slow to warn them when any moral or religious principle has been at stake. On a point of universal interest, affecting the welfare of the whole Dominion to a larger extent than any mere question of governmental policy, we suggest some close questioning of the candidates. Few will propose to add a Prohibition party to the parties already in existence; but the purpose to be gained by every lover of his race and country—the abolition of the traffic in drink; its more complete degradation, if that were possible—should not be forgotten by our citizens. Nor should they be indifferent to the way in which our legislators treat the Sabbath. It was said the other day that one finds more complete obedience to the law of God in newly Christianized countries than in Christian Britain. In such a comparison we too should suffer. Fijian chiefs, once cannibals, would set our rulers, in some cases, singular examples of regard for divine authority rather than for the exigencies of mere business.

Men that sell their citizen's birthright for a mess of pottage—larger or smaller—do not read religious papers. Neither do those whose wrong is much greater—the men who offer to purchase that birthright. Strange things have reached our ears in the past. Paltry disguises are used to hide the offensive sound of what old-fashioned folks call "bribery." But since this does not apply, as we sincerely hope it cannot, to any of our readers, we can only ask them to pass the hint along. Doubtless it will be needed somewhere. Meanwhile let all good citizens calmly do their duty, use to the best of their judgment the right of citizenship, and remember that in the proper exercise of this they also "serve the Lord Christ."

HOW A GIFT GROWS.

On Thanksgiving day, last November, some unknown friend in Truro placed on the collection plate an envelope containing five dollars towards the purchase of a mission boat for British Columbia. Mr. Dunn forwarded the amount to Mr. Huestis, and Mr. Huestis, who had not heard any such project mentioned, sent the money to Dr. Sutherland. To this day it is a mystery where the idea originated. This contribution started others, which have now reached the sum of \$1000.—\$3,000 more being needed. Last year Mr. Crosby travelled four thousand miles, sometimes 600 miles on a trip, in an open boat hewn out of a single log, the trunk of some immense British Columbia pine. From ten to fourteen Indians were required to paddle this boat. Mr. Crosby, who used to run an engine in Canada before going out on his own account as a missionary to the Indians, believes that with a large sailboat, fitted with a steam engine and screw to be used in case of head winds, he could travel with the aid of but two men, and thus in the saving of wages and the conveyance of stores and building materials, very expensive in that region, save the Missionary Society some expense, to say nothing of the greater amount of work to be performed. If our friends will get and read Pleasant Hours, the paper "for our young folk" published at our Book Room in Toronto, they will learn more about this and other topics connected with our work. By the way, Pleasant Hours, 100 copies of which were ordered the other day to be sent to New South Wales, ought to be found in every Methodist Sunday-school in the Maritime Provinces.

The statements from Dr. Pickard's pen in relation to the circuit contributions towards the Supernumerary Ministers and Ministers' Widows' Fund, as found in another column, establish the fact that our people are not giving as much for this important object as the Methodists of the Upper Provinces, nor are they maintaining their own standard of former years. There is here a subject for thought and inquiry.

Expression has occasionally been given to a fear lest the operations of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society should conflict with those of the "General" Missionary Society of the Church. That such apprehensions can have no foundation may be inferred from the history of a similar movement at the South. A correspondent of a Northern Methodist paper, writing from the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, in session at Nashville, reports:

The Woman's Missionary Society, authorized by the General Conference four years ago, and bearing a close relation to the regular Mission work in foreign lands, has, beyond the expectations of all, not only not caused a falling off in the general collections, but has rather stimulated the Church to more persistent effort in the cause. The Society has already missionaries and teachers in all our foreign fields, and is proposing to establish schools along our Mexican borders, as well as in other destitute places. As you have no doubt seen, the Bishops, in their address, gave this Society a hearty Godspeed. Over \$60,000 was raised by the ladies, besides an increase during the quadrennium of over \$110,000 for Foreign Missions by the regular collections.

General satisfaction is expressed at the notice of the *Paragon* and her vast living freight. Fears respecting the supply of food have been groundless. The Messrs. Allan deserve credit for having so well provided for the wants of their passengers in case of accident. A commissariat department, where nearly a thousand persons are wholly cut off from communication with the shore, is no small affair. A gentleman who came out to this city a few weeks ago in one of the steamers of the same line states that a plum pudding provided one day for the steerage passengers and crew required two barrels of flour and a good sized cask of raisins. Of the judgment of the Messrs. Allan in sending their steamers into the ice of the north when our harbor, accessible at all seasons, is before them, less can be said. But they, we presume, like other mortals can learn by experience. They have had a lesson. Let us thank Providence that it has not been a more serious one to the thousand souls on board.

Descendants of the Loyalists everywhere should be interested in the preparations being made in St. John, N. B., for the proper celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists at that place. A proposition to erect a Memorial Hall has been brought before the citizens. The Mayor and a large number of prominent residents were present at a gathering held last week to consider the desirability of such a memorial. Addresses were given by Senator Boyd, Rev. D. D. Currie, W. Elder, M. E. P., Judge Weldon, Isaac Burpee, M. E. P., and Mayor Jones; and a number of resolutions in support of the scheme were passed. Senator Boyd recommended that the compliment paid to the British flag by the Americans at the Yorktown celebration should be returned in a similar way at the proposed Loyalist celebration in 1883. J. W. Lawrence, Esq., who is doing all in his power to make the Centennial a success, should receive all possible support.

No more heroic character appears in Methodist history than Francis Asbury. Even Wesley's superhuman exertions sometimes pale before the labors of his colleague in the care of that vast parish—the world. The *New York Advocate*, in reply to the question, "Was Francis Asbury a married man?" says: "He was not. He left a curious letter stating that he had not remained single out of any disrespect to the female sex, but he had had his father and mother in England to support for many years, and had had but very little to do it with; and, further-more, he said, as he had to be away nine tenths of the time, he considered it would be an injustice to marry a woman and leave her alone. Bishop Asbury had many offers of marriage—one from a wealthy widow, to whom he replied in a most respectful manner, declining her proposal; but when she addressed him a second letter, he is said to have laconically responded, "Good woman, let me alone."

An American paper very truly remarks, and its remarks are borne out by observation: "A non-missionary Church nullifies the plain command of Christ, renounces its function as a Church, and has no right to live. All such Churches are dead or dying."

The Horton circuit leads off in circuit Centennial services: Strike a high key-note, brethren! The Rev. Thomas Rogers writes:

According to Smith's History of Methodism in these Lower Provinces, the first Methodist sermon was preached at Horton by Rev. William Black on May 30th, 1782. The friends here have resolved to commemorate that event. There will be special references made to the past history of the circuit on Sunday morning, May 28th, at Lower Horton and in the evening of the same day at Wolfville. On Tuesday evening May 30th, a social will be held in the basement of the church at Lower Horton. Addresses are expected from ministers and laymen from the surrounding circuits.

The land purchased for the first Methodist church in Horton was deeded on Sept 18th, 1789. The trustees were Jeremiah Calkin, Elisha Fuller, Joseph Johnson, James Noble Shannon and Benjamin Hilton. The original building is still standing. On the half acre thus deeded lie buried many of the earliest residents of Kings County.

Here is a thought worthy of the notice of young converts who are deeply anxious to serve the Master: "We sometimes hear people reprove because they have not the opportunity to do some great thing for God and humanity. They wonder why their lot is not cast in some of the high places, and because they do not attain to these they remain in ignoble inaction. Such have failed to learn the great lesson that, in order to promotion, one must fill well and worthily the place he is in, while waiting for the call to come higher."

We rejoice with our English brethren over their recent enthusiastic anniversary, and the removal of the debt of £40,000 by which they had been so sorely hampered. Of the severity of the pressure upon their funds some idea may be formed from the statement in the *Watchman* that, "unfortunately retrenchment had to be applied, and during the year a sum of £6000 has been 'saved' by being withheld from stations where it was sorely needed."

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Secretary of the Sabbath School Board of the Methodist Church of Canada forwards for publication the following report for the year ending October, 1881, which ought to engage the attention of our whole membership. The delay in the publication of the report has been caused by the time and trouble taken in the preparation of the Descriptive Catalogue of Wilmow Books. Copies of this catalogue will, if possible, be forwarded to each Conference, and placed in the hands of the ministers:

It is with much gratitude to Almighty God that we find, on an examination of the reports from the Annual Conferences, that there is a decided advancement in our Church in Canada, in every important item of Sabbath-school information.

1.—CONVERSIONS.

There are 6,824 cases reported, being an increase of 20 per cent. over last year; and the increase in attendance at class is 2,396 greater.

2.—CATECHISMS.

Attention has again been directed to the urgency of this study in all the Conferences. This is being felt in the schools, and an advance of 10 per cent. is noted. There is now nearly one-fifth of all the scholars studying the Catechisms, which is decidedly the best return ever presented. In Newfoundland nearly one-half of the scholars are so employed, which is our highest average, and shows what may be done.

3.—CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

As provided by the Discipline, are strongly recommended by the Toronto and Nova Scotia Conferences. In the latter many children are gathered into Catechumen classes.

4.—COLLECTIONS.

For the General Sabbath-school Fund are larger than any previous year (for full financial statement see Treasurer's report below.) Still, some circuits give nothing, which is neither according to Discipline, nor fair to others who do give. From the funds placed in our hands we have been enabled thus far to make grants to every school that has applied. The balance reported has, since the year closed, been all appropriated.

5.—OUR PUBLICATIONS.

The periodicals from our Book-Room have given increased satisfaction. Owing to the change of name from *Sunday-School Guardian* to *Pleasant Hours*, and having our blank forms for statistics printed beforehand, we cannot give the number of *Pleasant Hours* and *Subscribers* taken by our own schools; but the total increase in all papers taken is 20 per cent. over last year.

6.—WIMBOW BOOKS.

Our selected lists have been enlarged,

and the Descriptive Catalogue now published will enable our Sabbath-school Committees to see something of the nature of the books before ordering them. These books have been selected, read, and reported with great care, by ministers of our own Church—East and West—not one of whom has any personal interest in their sale. The books recommended by the Board are all under the title of "Wimbow Books." This is our trade-mark. Other books may be excellent, but must stand on their own merits.

7.—TEMPERANCE.

The Toronto and London Conferences call attention to the necessity of temperance effort in the Sunday-schools, and recommend that a pledge book be kept and used in all our schools.

8.—SCHEDULES.

Again our superintendents and ministers are respectfully urged to greater care in filling up the returns, especially in adding up the columns, showing the total number of teachers and scholars.

9.—SCHOOLS.

It is greatly regretted that we have 1,721 congregations which report no Sabbath-school. This is nearly half the entire number of our congregations.

In every Conference there was held the usual Sabbath-school anniversary meeting, and man, Districts have held Conventions and Institutes, at which the prospects and needs of our Sabbath-schools have been discussed. Many of these gatherings have been seasons of great interest and profit.

Again we commit our work to God, and earnestly beseech our friends everywhere to pray and labor for our children, that they may be built up in Him, for they are the hope of the world and of the Church.

On behalf of the Board,  
ALFRED ANDREWS,  
Secretary.

Kincardine, Jan. 26, 1882.

Table with columns: NAME OF CONFERENCE, No. of Schools, Officers & Teachers, Scholars, No. of Conversions during year, Meeting in Class, Learning Catechisms, Money Raised for Missions, For School purposes, No. of Schools using Uniform Les., Do having regular Teachers meeting for study of Lesson, No. of schools open whole year.

THE SOUTH—LETTER FROM REV. H. SPRAGUE, A. M.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

DEAR BROTHER, Having just returned from a visit to Nashville, Tennessee, where I have been in fulfillment of a duty assigned me by our General Conference, it may not be amiss if I send you a few notes. The journey to the South was pleasantly broken by a short halt in New York and Washington. During a very brief stay in these two cities, I was able to see what was most worth seeing, in the shortest time and to the greatest advantage, through the good fortune of having for "guide, philosopher and friend," my genial neighbor, the Rev. C. G. McCully, of Calais, Maine.

Among the many pleasant incidents of those three days was a visit to the Capitol, Congress being in session. We were very fortunate in the time of our entering the gallery of the Senate Chamber; for soon after a lively debate began, which called out some of the strong men on both sides of the House. The subject of discussion was a proposition, made on a former day, to repeal a certain section of a Disabilities Bill which excludes Confederate soldiers and sailors, who had been in the Federal service before the war, from being again appointed to the army or navy of the United States. Several generals who had served in the war took part in the debate.—Hawley of Connecticut, and Butler and Hampton of South Carolina. Beside these, the chief speakers were Senators Ingalls of Kansas and Voorhees of Indiana, the latter said to be the orator of the House. Twenty years after the war these statesmen and soldiers were trying the question, "What the war was about and what issues it decided." They fought the war over again with something of the fury and fire, if not the fatality, of the field.

In the evening of the same day I attended the regular prayer meeting in the Metropolitan Methodist Church. Comparing it with things at home, I found that the attendance was relatively not so large, and that the difficulty of getting volunteers to participate was quite as great. Of the three persons who, beside the pastor, "said

a few words," I judged two to be ministers, for both looked like it, and one was called Doctor, and the other, Professor. The Sabbath School lesson for the next Sunday was read, and spoken upon by all who said anything. Christian experience formed no element of the service.

Parting with my friend next morning, I started on a thirty-four hours ride to Nashville, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. After the crossing of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, where John Brown's fort still stands, the ride through the winding valley, and then up the Cumberland Mountains, the northern extremities of the Alleghenies, was grand indeed. Traveling much of the way along the side of the mountains, with a deep valley on one side of the train, and the towering heights upon the other, the view continually changing, and a bright sun making striking contrast of light and shadow, it was a day long panorama to be forever remembered. But what made the glory of the day made the discomfort of the night. Being behind time we rattled down the western slopes of the Alleghenies at what seemed to be a tremendous pace. The constant succession of sharp curves, the violent swaying of the car, the knowledge that on one side of the several hundred feet, made sleep impossible. A minister—the reader may feel like suggesting—should have trusted Providence and not slept in peace. I thought of that, but at once remembered that Providence had permitted many an accident by rail and flood, when better men were aboard. Next morning I found that the experience of my fellow-passengers had been like my own. At last we touched land on the banks of the Ohio, and thenceforward it was a constant ride further and further into summer, until Nashville was reached at eight o'clock in the evening. Before these lines appear in print, if the weather is favorable, hay-making will have begun in the neighborhood of Nashville. The barley and wheat were already in full head on the tenth of May, and the grain harvest will be over by the middle of June.

Entering the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the evening after my arrival, I found the house in tears, while Dr. Kelley, whom members of our last General Conference will remember, was describing a death-bed from which he had just come. Dr. T. O. Summers—a name well known throughout the Methodist world and beyond—was elected Secretary of the Conference on Wednesday; was at his post on Thursday; was that day carried from the church to his carriage; and on Saturday morning was dead. He had been in feeble health for some time, but his death came upon the Conference as a terrible blow. He was one of the greatest men in Southern Methodism. Of great intellect, wide attainments, fitness for many kinds of work, and astonishing power of application and endurance, he will be greatly missed in the councils of the Church and in the Faculty of Vanderbilt University.

For four days I had the pleasure of going in and out among the Southern brethren in their daily session, and from all I saw and heard, have brought home a very high idea of their work and very warm love toward them. A nobler company of men, in the indications of physical and intellectual vigor, it has never been my privilege to see: They are doing a great work throughout the Southern States, and are thoroughly earnest in it. If any one thinks that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is not the friend of the colored race, let him go South and he will know better. Their own congregations are almost entirely white. But they have organized a church for the colored people, and their own leaders recognize as the wisest thing that could have been done; and they are now proposing to appoint one of their own chief ministers as "Commissioner of Education for the Colored People," whose chief duty shall be to aid them in devising ways and means for the education of their own ministry.

The evening of Wednesday, May 10th, was appointed for the reception of fraternal representatives. Only Dr. Ridgway, of the M. E. Church, and myself had arrived. There was a great gathering in the beautiful McKendree church, spirited music, and a most cordial reception of the visitors. The address of Dr. Ridgway was one of the grandest and most telling I ever heard.

But if I go on to speak of everything, your space and patience will fail, and I must close. During the first half of my stay in Nashville I was the guest of Dr. N. T. Lupton on the beautiful campus of Vanderbilt University, outside the city; and afterward of T. F. Fite, Esq., in his princely residence near McKendree church. Here for fellow guests, were the venerable Bishop Payne, now trembling under the weight of four score years, but in his day "the noblest Roman of them all," Dr. Evans of Georgia, and Lt. Governor Shands of Mississippi. To all the friends here named, and also to Dr. Kelley and Dr. R. A. Young, I am under great obligation for the kindness shown a stranger, and I can never cease to think of them with love, or to feel the warmest sympathy with the great Church which they all serve and all adorn.

Yours sincerely,  
HOWARD SPRAGUE,  
St. Stephen, N. B., May 17, 1882.

The heavy debt against the Metropolitan Church, Washington, has been extinguished. It amounted to more than \$40,000.



COMMUNICATED.

(For the Wesleyan.)

THE SUPERNUMERARY MINISTERS AND WIDOWS' FUND.

The circular sent by the Secretary of the General Committee of this Fund to all the preachers of the three Eastern Conferences, last autumn, was published in the Wesleyan of the 18th of November last.

The apparent design of this circular was to stir up the pure minds of the brethren by way of remembrance, of their duty to the Fund, as shown in the 5th, 6th and 7th articles of its constitution. It was accomplished, and all the brethren have faithfully discharged their duty as set forth in these articles. It may be confidently expected that at the ensuing Conference it will be found that the dangers of a "current income" insufficient to meet the claims of the supernumeraries and widows for the year has been happily averted. This danger was at the time of the annual meeting of the General Committee feared because the proper "current income" of the previous year had barely sufficed to pay the claims of that year; and the claimants had been increased by the addition of six to the list of supernumeraries at the last Conference, the aggregate of whose claims would be \$1100.

It was evident from the fact that the average of the maximum claims of the supernumeraries on the fund was less than \$215, and of the widows less than \$85, that they ought not to be subjected to any reduction. It also appeared that the threatening danger of insufficiency in the "current income" arose entirely from an increasing deficiency in that part of the income which is made up of the collections on the circuits, and not at all from any deficiency in income from the "capital stock."

In the year 1873-4 the circuits, with a total membership of 18,165, gave \$1625.25, or an average of very nearly nine cents per member; but in 1880-1 the circuits, with a membership of 25,516, gave only \$1510.11, or an average of very little more than five cents. In 1873-4 the "capital stock" \$55,713.66, yielded an income of \$3200.76, or a little less than 5 1/2 per cent; in 1880-1 the "capital stock" \$67,283.30, yielded an income of \$4247.68, or very nearly 6 1/2 per cent. Thus it appears that while there had been some gratifying improvement in the income from that part of the fund business for the management of which the officers have been responsible, there was a distressing deterioration in that part of the business for the management of which the preachers generally have been responsible.

If the income from the circuits in the three Conferences is this year brought up to the average of ten cents per member—which is the minimum sum for which the circuits are considered responsible, (see the 4th article of the constitution of the Fund), or even only to the average of 8 1/2-100 cents which it had reached eight years ago; the claims will be met in full and there will be, as there ought to be, a small surplus for addition to the "capital stock."

The time for the efforts prescribed in the 5th and 6th articles of the constitution is already past for the current Conference year; but if the result of those efforts on any circuit has not grown to about double the amount raised the previous year, greater urgency may well be used in pressing the "applications" for special "subscriptions" and "donations" as contemplated by the 7th article; and if such applications are earnestly made, which is lacking in any circuit will, it may be hoped, be supplied.

I notice that the average contributions from the circuits to the Supernumerated Fund of the Western Conferences was, last year, between five and sixteen cents per member, or three times as much as the average from the circuits for our fund.

H. PICKARD. Sackville, N. B. May 16, 1882.

N. B. AND P. E. I. CONFERENCE.

CHILDREN'S FUND.

EDITOR OF THE WESLEYAN.—Your correspondent, G. W. F., has written upon a subject of vast importance to many ministers stationed on dependent circuits. Early in the year the Secretary pleaded that the matter might not be discussed and begged for "peace." Many of the brethren are just as anxious for peace as he is. But they do not look for it as the result of a wave of the hand. It is written that the "work of righteousness shall be peace." Let us have something a great deal nearer equality in the mode of assessing the circuits and then we may expect peace. But so long as the fund is practically a great injustice to the majority of ministers for whom it was originated there will be uneasiness and that uneasiness is more likely to spread than otherwise. I say, that the Fund is practically an injustice; for what it is theoretically I have nothing to do with. Neither do I attempt to understand the explanation given by "The Secretary" to A. B. C. I am aware that in making this admission of my ignorance I am laying myself open to a severe castigation; but I am not without companions; for a very in-

telligent brother who is a member of the Children's Fund Committee for several years acknowledged himself to be in the same mental darkness. Several brethren are of opinion that if a more equitable mode of assessment can be devised it would be better at once to abolish the Fund. And it is somewhat strange that those ministers whom the Fund was intended to help are the least conscious of the help that they receive from it. Any one going carefully through the Minutes will see that there are very few ministers on dependent circuits that receive more from the Fund than they are assessed for it, while several ministers on independent circuits receive a considerable help, in addition to their full allowance. It presents a clear case of carrying coals to Newcastle.

G. W. F.'s request for an intelligent and equitable mode of assessment is not before time and is perfectly reasonable. His proposed method if adopted would certainly have the merit of being perfectly intelligible and I think it would tend in the direction of making us feel that the boast that "we are brethren" is not altogether an idle one.

There is another mode of assessment which might commend itself to some: that is of making an equal charge upon all the circuits according to the amount they return under the head of circuit receipts. On dependent circuits the grants would be added to what was raised on the circuits, thus making the total income. Now it can easily be seen how this method would work. Last year the total receipts were \$43,900 and the amount assessed for Fund 7,200, being equal to a charge of about 16 1/2 per cent. Under this mode of assessment a circuit raising \$500 would be assessed for a little over \$80. Brethren with salaries ranging from \$450 to \$600 would be willing to give up from \$60 to \$100 if that amount went to ministers receiving less salaries than themselves. Because, as ex-President Evans truly remarked, "Methodist ministers are brethren." But by far the greater part of what is taken from brethren with small salaries does not go to others receiving still smaller amounts, but to brethren receiving their full allowance or even more than that. Now if brethren on salaries below the minimum allowance should be required to make such a sacrifice why should not brethren receiving their full salaries be asked to give a helping hand? G. W. F.'s method points in the direction of equalizing the burden. I cannot see that a calm, dispassionate discussion of this matter can be productive of anything but good. The illustrious Goethe when dying cried for "more light." We need it on this subject.

Yours truly, GEORGE STEEL.

FROM THE WEST.

[CONCLUDED.]

I lodged in all the different kinds of dwellings mentioned, except those made of sods. I preached, however, in a sod school house, and there are some sod churches in this country, but I did not see any of them. One night I slept in a two story house—a family from Washington city, very intelligent and pious lived there; the next night my lodging place was in the ground. My sleep in the "dug out," a place dug in the side of a bluff, was as sweet and as good as in the nice dwelling belonging to the M.D. from Washington, and I am sure I was equally as welcome. This little place in the side of the bluff was, considering circumstances, clean and snug inside. I went home from church one night with a person who led me directly into a sand rock, where we found his good wife, arranging to get us some supper. I ate and slept there and was quite happy with this good hearted and pious, but unlettered couple. After retiring for the night, without any wish to listen, I heard this man tell his wife that he thought the new preacher a good one. The principal reason given for the opinion was; "he was not too proud to kneel on the floor without spreading out his pocket handkerchief. Next morning I jumped on my pony, which my good friend led out of another part of the same rock in which I lodged, and rode away, not without promising to call again if I ever returned that way.

But you call perhaps for a little explanation. This man had dug into the side of a great soft solid rock and made a place large enough to live; he cut out a fireplace and chimney in the rock; dug out to daylight at the top; threw a cotton wood pole across the top, and put on brush and sticks till it was covered in fairly, and then completed the roof with dirt. Were it not that this region is so very dry, such a roof would be likely to leak. This "dug out" was well plastered on the inside walls and floor with gypsum. You cannot always measure people on the Western frontier by their surroundings. If you undertake to judge them by what you see around them, you may make a great mistake. You would be astonished at the intelligence often to be found under ground on these prairies. You will find in these "dug outs" graduates from eastern colleges, cow boys with A.B. to their name. I found good and pious people scattered over this country; not a few of them had seen days of good church privileges. I found them hungry for the "bread of life." They knew good bread and an old dry crust too and yet they were not dis-

posed to be critics by any means. I found people, delighting in preaching to this people, organizing them into classes and doing them good. As I worked away and did something toward gathering the sheep scattered over this new region of country, "they ministered unto me of their substance." Such things as they had to give they gave with all their heart.

We went out into an unorganized country, held a protracted meeting and organized a class. In this class was a great mixture of nationalities, denominations and different kinds of individuals, but we coaxed them together as best we could, appointed a leader and steward, and soon had to leave them for another work to which Conference appointed us. The man we appointed steward had been charged with harboring horse thieves three years before this, and a good brother told me that a gang or mob at one time was going to hang him and he saved his life. This poor man made a profession of religion at a camp meeting one year before we took him into this class and to all appearances was doing well. Suspicious eyes, however, were on the lookout for him.

My three months here were up and I hurried away to Conference and got a new and better field.

M. ATKINSON. Grey Eagle, Minn., March 1882.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

H. H. POETEL.

Hezzie Harvey, Porter, aged eleven years, son of John and Frances Porter, died at Selmah on the 10th inst. Hezzie was known as a quiet and thoughtful boy, studious and ready with an intelligent answer in school. His appreciation of Sabbath service and a conversation with his parents on religious subjects, showed how early in life he was learning of the revelations of God. A year's sickness, with much suffering from weakness and from confinement to certain positions, gave him ample opportunity to exhibit patience and submission. With childlike faith, but with apparent intelligent appreciation of the mercies of God in Christ, he asked for the forgiveness of sins and eternal salvation through the Redeemer of man. His last words were particularly happy; his last words expressed kindness of heart and tender thoughtfulness for those around him. As he stepped into the valley heaven opened to his mind. "I see," said he, "heaven, I see the throne, O, so many little children on the beautiful streets. I see Jesus. I see my crown. Jesus is very near me now." And so closing his eyes he passed away with an expectation of an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." THOS. D. HART. Selmah, May 16, 1882.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

By the death of Capt. Ramecker a member of the Belgian exploring expedition in South Africa, the B. B. G. army has lost one of its most promising officers. A touching illustration of the affection in which his person and character inspired was furnished soon after his return from a previous expedition. He was staying with his father in Belgium, when a young negro clad in a wide Arabious, made his appearance at the house. This was his servant Bambou, whom he had left at Tripoli. The poor fellow's heart yearned after his master, and he determined to join him in Belgium, and had come all the way with no other direction than "Capt. Ramecker, Ramecker, Ramecker." He embarked at Tripoli as a sailor on board a ship bound for Marseilles. Then he came a jacker at all trades, and put by his fare son till he had enough to pay his fare to Paris. There he again sought employment, and at the end of a few months arrived at Brussels, and he sought Capt. Ramecker to take him back as his servant. "I cannot live without you, master, and I have come to join you." The faithful fellow accompanied him on his second expedition, and it was probably in his arms that Capt. Ramecker breathed his last.

LONGFELLOW.—An interesting incident in the life of Longfellow was related by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, at his chapel in South-place, Fitzburg, on Sunday. Mr. Conway was told by the poet in 1859 that many years before, when he visited London, he being then without any personal friends in the metropolis, he experienced that sense of solitude which a stranger in London is apt especially to feel upon a London Sunday. He happened to walk into South-place Chapel, where Mr. W. J. Fox was then pastor. As he entered the congregation were singing the poet's "Psalm of Life." The cheering effect upon Longfellow—the "hail of joy" which he felt—was ever with him a cherished reminiscence of that visit to London. He had never before heard his poem sung. After being told the story the congregation were asked to sing the "Psalm of Life," and this was done with fervor. All the music at South-place on Sunday was sung to the words of Longfellow, and "Longfellow" was the subject of Mr. Conway's discourse.

You can always gauge a man's character by noting the kind of jokes which make him laugh most heartily.

BREVITIES.

Surmises are not facts. Suspicious which may be unjust need not be stated.—Abraham Lincoln.

An innocent person asked an editor the difference between prose and poetry, and the editor replied that "prose was read."

"Some people," says Alphonse Karr, "are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for having put roses on thorns."

The world is a sort of hook and ladder company—all are climbing, and spilling cold water upon those who attempt to follow.—Illinois State Register.

A little boy who has been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and old clothes, recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

The meanest man on record sent through a post-office presided over by a woman a postal-card on which was written: "Dear Jack: Here's the details of that scandal." And then the rest was in Greek.

The sexton of a Baptist church in New Jersey fell into the baptistry while preparing it for an immersion, not long ago, but was rescued by some early comers before serious consequences ensued.

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement in this age.

An Englishman once called upon Mr. Longfellow without letters and introduced himself in this fashion: "Is this Mr. Longfellow? Well, sir, as you have no ruins in your country I thought I would call and see you."

A noted physician says many persons, simply by deep and rapid inhalations of pure air, can become as intoxicated on oxygen as if they had taken a draught of alcoholic stimulants. Here is a point for the man who has been walking rapidly home from the club in the night air.—Lowell Citizen.

After all, Jay Gould only gets his victuals and clothes for taking care of all of it. Millions of men in humble homes sleep sweeter and sounder than the great financier. As the little boot-black once said to his chum when passing A. T. Stewart: "Bill, I'll bet the old duffer would give a clean thousand for my appetite."

It is related that when Patti demanded \$5,000 for each concert from Manager J. H. Mavery, he remarked that it would be equivalent to \$50,000 a month, and added, sotto voce: "The President of the United States works a year for that amount."

"Well," responded the diva, promptly, "get the President to sing for you."

It is said that Mr. Whittier is kept so busy answering requests for autographs that he hasn't time to attend to his friends' letters. We commended to the Quaker poet John Pagan's method of disposing of autograph-hunting boreas. If John was written to for his autograph he would send on his name to the applicant with this memorandum: "You can rely on this autograph, as it was written by one of my most intimate friends."

Respecting the young, the seed and the hope of the future, Gladstone said, in a recent address to the Harrow School boys: "There is no user who ever drew the most extravagant profits from his boards, whose profits can be compared for one moment to the wisdom and the grace now, in the time of boyhood and of youth, to extract from your hours, and your days, and your years, the fruit that they are capable of yielding."

It is said by the Boston Post that Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, Longfellow's second wife, at first rejected Longfellow as a lover, whereupon he wrote "Hyperion," which really tells the story of his love under the name of Paul Fleming, the heroic Mary Ashburton being Miss Appleton. In this romance occurs the song "I know a maiden fair to see." The Post says: "The professor followed the lady to her summer home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and no lady that has read 'Hyperion' and 'Kavanaugh' will blame the heroine that she then yielded to so passionate a lover."

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MINISTERS ACCOUNTS.

We have mailed to all the Ministers statements of their accounts to March 31st. These accounts are usually paid at Conference. If however any of the brethren can send the amounts due by them on or before the first of July, it will be a special accommodation to the Book Steward.

BOOK ROOM BONDS.

All persons holding Book Room Bonds are requested to communicate with the Book Steward previous to the meeting of the Conference. May 17th, 1882.

MARRIED

On the 17th inst., by Rev. Ralph Brecken, Ruben C. Lockhart to Isabella Kate, youngest daughter of John Bennett Strong, all of this city.

At Lamouth Street parsonage, on Wednesday, 17th inst., by Rev. J. McKewen, Alex. (fax) to Matilda Vener, both of St. Martins.

On the 20th inst., by Rev. W. H. Evans, James A. Pearce to Elsie Hewitt, all of Halifax.

On the 27th ult., at the parsonage, St. John's, N.F., by Rev. W. W. Percival, John Kilkup, of Windsor, N.S., to Mary Russell, Bay Roberts.

DIED

At Avondale, Hants Co., May 14th, Elizabeth Harris, aged 73 years.

Suddenly, at Five Islands, Colchester Co., on the 16th May, Annie H., wife of Rev. Robert Johnson, leaving a sorrowing husband and seven children to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and mother; deceased was 41 years of age.

On the 19th inst., Fannie Jane, second daughter of W. J. Coleman, and on the 23rd inst., Edward L. Coleman, aged 40 years.

At Yarmouth, 15th inst., Francis Campbell, wife of A. Lawson, proprietor of the Yarmouth Herald, in the 65th year of her age.

On the 21st inst., Alice Maude, youngest child of George W. and Rebecca Higgins, aged 18 months.

DISTRICT MEETINGS.

SAINT JOHN.

The Annual Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church at Sussex, N.B., commencing Tuesday, June 13th, at 2 o'clock, p. m. The Lay Members of the District Meeting are requested to attend, on Wednesday 14th June, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

D. D. CURRIE, Chairman.

St. John, N. B., May 25, 1882.

HALIFAX

The Annual Meeting will be held at Avondale, Newport, on Tuesday, June 13th, commencing at 2 p. m. The Lay representatives elected by the Quarterly Official Meetings will please attend on Wednesday 14th, as soon after the arrival of the Halifax morning train at Windsor as possible.

S. F. HUESTIS, Chairman.

May 22, 1882.

SACKVILLE.

The Annual Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Point de Bute, on Tuesday, 13th of June, at 3 p. m. The Lay members, elected by the Quarterly Official Meetings, are requested to be present on Wednesday 14th, at 3 p. m.

ROBERT DUNCAN, Chairman.

Moncton, N. B., May 20, 1882

LIVERPOOL.

The Annual Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church in Mill Village, Queens Co., commencing on Tuesday, June 13th, at 2 p. m. Lay members of the meeting will please be in attendance at 9 a. m. on Wednesday, the 14th.

N. B.—Public Meetings will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at 7.30, of which due notice will be given from the pulpit. Preaching on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

CRANSWICK JOST, Chairman.

ANNAPOLIS.

The Annual Meeting will take place (D.V.) Tuesday, June 13th, at 9 o'clock a. m., in the Methodist Church, Berwick. The Recording Stewards and Lay representatives are requested to be present at 3 p. m. on Tuesday.

J. GAETZ, Fin. Secretary.

Aylesford, May 20th, 1882.

CUMBERLAND.

The Annual Meeting will be held (D.V.) in Southampton, on Wednesday, June 14th, at 9 o'clock, a. m. Lay Representatives will please be in attendance on Wednesday at 3 p. m.

J. A. ROGERS, Chairman.

GUYSBORO' AND C. B. DISTRICT.

The Annual Meeting of the Gaysboro' and Caperton District will be held (D.V.) in Bayfield, in the Manchester Circuit, beginning on Wednesday, June 14th, at 9 o'clock a. m.

The Financial Business will be entered upon on Thursday morning.

JOS. S. COFFIN, Chairman.

Sydney, C. B., May 9, 1882.

TRURO.

The Annual Meeting will be held in the Selmah Church, Mattland Circuit, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., Tuesday, 13th June. The general business commencing 8 o'clock, p. m., Tuesday, when Recording Stewards and other Lay representatives will all be expected to be present.

By order of the Chairman, THOS. D. HART, Fin. Secretary.

Selmah, May 16th, 1882.

YARMOUTH.

The annual meeting will (D.V.) begin in Providence Church, Yarmouth, on Friday, 19th June, at 9 a. m.

Lay Delegates will please be in attendance at 3 p. m. Friday.

By order of the President, W. H. HEARZ, Fin. Secretary.

PREACHER'S PLAN, HALIFAX & DARTMOUTH.

SUNDAY, MAY 28th, 1882. 11 a. m. BRUNSWICK ST. 7 p. m. Rev. H. P. Deane Rev. E. Brecken 11 a. m. GRAYTON ST. 7 p. m. Rev. W. H. Evans Rev. J. J. Teasdale 11 a. m. KAYE ST. 7 p. m. Rev. H. Brecken Rev. J. L. Sponagle 11 a. m. CHARLES ST. 7 p. m. Rev. J. J. Teasdale Rev. S. F. Huestis 11 a. m. COBBOURG ROAD 7 p. m. Mr. Abner Hart Rev. J. E. Donkin 11 a. m. DARTMOUTH 7 p. m. Rev. J. E. Donkin Rev. H. P. Deane 11 a. m. BEECH ST. 7 p. m. Rev. W. H. Evans

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