

The Wesleyan,

1875

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,
Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXIX

HALIFAX N.S., JUNE 16, 1877.

NO. 24

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METHODIST TABLE-TALK.

The intelligence of the death of the Rev. George T. Perks has caused deep regret to thousands; and will be read through the tears of many saints. This sad event was startlingly sudden, reminding us of the equally unexpected death of his former colleague, Mr. Wiseman. Mr. Perks has held a very honourable position in our ministry through his whole career. He started well as the assistant to the late Rev. John Bowers, at Brunswick, Leeds, more than thirty years ago. Mr. Perks was a diligent student, a hard reader, a sound and excellent preacher, wise in counsel on Connexional affairs, and an acceptable missionary secretary. He was highly esteemed both by ministers and laymen, and his loss will be severely felt.

The seven-and-sixpenny edition of the new Connexional Tune book is now published. It contains many very good tunes. But why does the Book-room send out only one edition at first, and that at so high a price? The great bulk of the people cannot and should not purchase at so great a cost, and arrangements should have been made to publish various editions simultaneously.

It appears that among the candidates for the Wesleyan Ministry this year, are several who have been ministers of other denominations, or other branches of the Methodist family. That is not an unmixed good by any means. Care should be taken not to offend other Churches by too readily receiving their men.

A correspondent writes:—I had the painful experience yesterday of a threat of expulsion from the highly Ritualistic Church near the London Docks (whither I had gone to see the children at morning service) simply because I incautiously used a piece of paper and pencil jotting down notes. Apologizing to the churchwarden on coming out I was further threatened with personal violence by a leading parishioner, thus, "If you come any Hatcham work here it means blood." I am not well up in the Church services, but suppose that the elevation of the host was being performed, for there were three priests close to the altar, and attendants with scarlet girdles and gloves, and about sixty candles alight in the full blaze of day, and amidst the tinkling of a bell and the tolling of another in the belfry, and the cloud of incense, a cup was held over the head of the center figure of those at the altar, who all faced the East and showed conspicuously some yellow embroidery upon their backs. Not far off stands the Wesleyan day and Sunday-schools of Old Gravel-lane, largely supported by the liberality of Mr. Lidgett, and I am told by one of the teachers that "they will soon shut it up," having just laid the foundation of a "Children's Church" within a few paces. As I was an entire stranger I suppose they took me for a reporter, and so their ire was raised; instead of that I am only the secretary of a neighbouring Sunday-school.

In 200 languages of the world the Scriptures were read last Sunday; in 200 languages of the world hymns were sung to the Triune Name; and in 200 languages of the world the Gospel was preached to the poor. Christianity is neither dead, dying nor inactive.

An interesting letter from the Bishop of Lichfield has been published this week. It appears that several clergymen attended a service at the opening of a new Wesleyan chapel at Walsall last Friday, when Dr. Punshon preached; but there was another clergyman resident near the terrible spot, who, like a good boy, would not go near so bad a place on any account; but as some other good little fellows do at school, he hastened to tell the master about those very naughty boys, and to ask "the doctor" if he did not disapprove of what the six wicked ones had done. The good boy was quickly rewarded. The Head Master wrote: "I have no hesitation in saying that I disapprove of the attendance of clergymen of this diocese at the opening of the new Wesleyan chapel"—and the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, favoured the good boy with his autograph and signed himself "G. A. Lichfield." The letter is a new curiosity of literature. The Bishop has now interested Wesleyan observers twice within a short time. It is not many weeks since that attention was directed to the fact that his lordship's ordination list contained two names very familiar to Methodist readers. Now, he does again greatly edify us. If a Brahmin had written in such style about his brother who had broken his caste, one would not have been surprised; the Brahmin is a heathen; but this Englishman is a bishop in a Christian church. What will such men do in heaven? How can they hope to live eternally in the same place with angels, who have not had the advantage of having been members of the Church of England? How can they endure to be in the company of pariahs of Dissenters in the church of the first-born, for probably some of these despised ones may, after all, be admitted? Well, it may be the people of Dr. Selwyn's type, rejoice in the thought that Heaven is a house of many mansions, so that even there they may enjoy separation. But such a letter and such a spirit are simply disgraceful to Englishmen of this day; they make us blush for very shame that our countrymen can so write and feel.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.
Six months after taking his degree he was settled as curate of Eversley, where he began in a thatched cottage the life among the lowly that lifted him during the next three decades into the mightiest personal influence their lives had ever known. Here, in solitude, so far as congenial companionship was concerned, using all the abounding energy of his nature in every possible way for the benefit of the simple people about him, passed the year of waiting before he could claim his bride. Here he brought her at last, after he had been made rector, in 1844, and here their life went on for a quarter of a century. If space would allow, nothing would be more delightful than to linger in this home from those early days when they began, by finding together in the Bible all the texts relating to relative duties of masters and servants, so as to be sure to be guided by God's Word. They made lovely little rules, also, about talking over and regulating all household expenditures and accounts once a week, and never alluding to them at other times. Whether they kept them or not they made a beautiful home life that went on to the day when the two lay each on a bed of sickness, waiting and hoping God would let them go together. Into this life came need of money, and Kingsley tried at different times taking pupils, and his writing was often forced to meet this need. For "Alton Locke" he received only £150 sterling; but "Yeast" brought money from Fraser's, though that magazine declined later works on account of "Yeast's" having injured its circulation. His ten years of outspoken talk and labour in which the energy and fierceness of his aggression in the directions of social reform had created prejudices hard to live down. Yet he began to be better understood, and the honor fairly won on scientific and literary fields began to come to him. He was made Queen's Chaplain in 1859 and appointed to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. He gave private lectures to the Prince of Wales, and continued his varied labours until 1869, when he resigned the professorship and became Canon of Chester. The experience in this quaintest of old English towns was one of the brightest episodes of Kingsley's life. He loved the old cathedral and its service, though in his youth he had called the cathedral "monuments of elegant and soul-crushing austerity." He became a wonderful power among the people, vivifying young and old with his presence and enthusiasm. The boys were wild over his natural history classes, which came to be more and more a delight. He called himself only a "camp-follower on the outskirts of the army of science," but he did what is perhaps as well as to supply knowledge—he made other people desire to know. He made it attractive, and every child who knew him was glad to come with insect or blossom and shell, and many of his students went from his lectures to search best authorities for themselves. From Chester to Westminster Abbey, in 1873, a change that was "all he ever wished, more than he ever dared hope." The death of Norman Macleod had touched him, and that of his master Maurice following so soon seemed to make him realize how fast he was wearing his own life away. So Westminster meant more than honour to himself and opportunity to do much for others. It meant freedom from literary drudgery and time to rest. It meant thorough recovery in the minds of his countrymen from any recollection of the Chartist and the socialist. It came while his aged mother, who had written down his first sermon, could bear her pinafore boy preach to the throng that flocked to the Abbey. It came after his defeat in the Newman controversy, and obliterated some painful recollections. But, pleasant as it was, it came too late. The need of rest had grown imperative. There followed the six months in America, the six months after his return, and then the eternal years.—National Repository for June.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir J. Falsbaw, Bart., and Lady Falsbaw were presented the other day to the Queen. These are not the only presentations of Wesleyans at Court this season. It is well that the loyalty of Methodists should be shown in this as in other ways.

Now that he has laid aside the cares of high office General Grant, ex-President of the United States, has come with part of his family on a visit to England. The General is a Methodist. Sometimes people sneer about "German theology," as though there was overpowering infidelity in Germany. That is a mistake. It is said that out of the thirty universities of that most learned land of the globe, only one is called rationalistic to-day. If poison has come from Germany, Germany has furnished and is now furnishing the most potent antidotes.

The Conference Committee, respecting the pastoral oversight of the young, has been summoned to meet again on Monday, 11th June. Its suggestions will be looked for with interest. There is no more pressing subject for the Church just now than that of the consecration of the young.

In 200 languages of the world the Scriptures were read last Sunday; in 200 languages of the world hymns were sung to the Triune Name; and in 200 languages of the world the Gospel was preached to the poor. Christianity is neither dead, dying nor inactive.

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

PLAN OF PUBLIC SERVICES
During the Conference held in the Methodist Church Fredericton commencing June the 27th, 1877.

PLACE.	DATE.	BY WHOM CONDUCTED.	TIME OF SERVICE
Fredericton.	Wed'y. 27th	Rev. James Duke	8 p.m.
Ditto	Thurs. 28th	Rev. William Penna	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	Friday 29th	Conference Missionary Meeting	7.30 p.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. Benjamin Chapell	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	"	Conference Educational Meeting	7.30 p.m.
Ditto	Saturday 30	Rev. Edward Bell	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	Sun. July 1	Rev. John F. Betts	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	"	President of Conference	11 a.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. Hy. Daniel Conference Love Feast	3 p.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. D. D. Currie	6.30 p.m.
Marysville	"	Rev. John Lathern	11 a.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. Howard Sprague	6.30 p.m.
Gibson	"	Rev. John S. Phinney	11 a.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. S. T. Teed	6.30 p.m.
Robinson	"	Rev. C. H. Hamilton	3 p.m.
Lincoln	"	Rev. William Tweedy	11 a.m.
Kingsclear	"	Rev. F. W. Harrison	10 a.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. R. S. Crisp	6.30 p.m.
Nashwaak	"	Rev. Joseph Seller	11 a.m.
Nashwaaksis	"	Rev. Levi S. Johnson	3 p.m.
Fredericton	Monday 2nd	Rev. W. Maggs	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	"	Ordination Service	7.30 p.m.
Ditto	Tuesday 3rd	Rev. Charles Comben	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	"	Sabbath School Meeting	7.30 p.m.
Ditto	Wednes. 4th	Rev. H. E. Baker	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. W. W. Brewer	8 p.m.
Ditto	Thursday 5th	Rev. A. R. B. Shewsbury	6.30 a.m.
Ditto	"	Rev. E. Evans	8 p.m.

H. McKEOWN, Superintendent.

The following arrangements have been made to supply the Evangelical Pulpits of the City on the Conference Sabbath, July 1st, by the request of the several Pastors.

Presbyterian Church	Rev. Joseph Hart	11 a.m.
"	Professor Burwash	6.30 p.m.
C. Baptist	Rev. Samuel Ackman	11 a.m.
"	Rev. John Prince	6.30 a.m.
F. Baptist	Rev. William Dobson	11 a.m.
"	Rev. James Crisp	6.30 p.m.

Travelling Arrangement N.B. and P.E.I. Conferences.

Ministers and Laymen, attending the Conference, will obtain tickets by railway from St. John to Fredericton and return, at one fare. It will be necessary, when purchasing tickets, to show a certificate which may be obtained of me, or at my house, in St. John.

The Standing regulations of the Intercolonial Railway, I believe, pass all ministers both way for one fare.

HOWARD SPRAGUE,
Secy. N.B. and P.E.I. Conf.

St. John, N.B., June 9th, 1877.

N. B. & P. E. I. CONFERENCE.

Homes provided for the Ministers during the Session to be held at Fredericton, June 1877.

Ackman, Samuel R	Joseph G Gill, King Street	Hart, Joseph	F Thompson
Allen, John S	G M Clark, Queen Street	Howie, Isaac	William L emont
Allen, Thomas	Thomas Morris, Brunswick Street	James, Silas	Queen, Street
Baker, A B H R	Joseph C Risteen, Smyth Street	Johnston, Levi S	H G Hoyt, Queen Street
Barrett, G M	E Storey, Queen St.	Jost, J V	M S Hall, George Street
Bell, Edward	Nelson Campbell, York Street	Lathern, John	Judge Wilnot, Regent Street
Berrie, John C	M Colter, Queen St.	Le, Page, A E	Judge Wilnot, Regent Street
Brewer, Waldren W.	William rowler, Regent Street	Lodge, W W	A A Miller, King Street
Burwash, AM Prof.	J S D McPherson, Queen Street	Lucas, Aquila	G A Cliff, King Street
Campbell, G M	Mrs Sampson, King Street	McClarty, William	H Y Hoyt, Queen Street
Chapman Douglas	Henry Chestnut, Queen Street	McKeown, H	Thaddeus Luce, Parsonage
Chappell, AM Benj.	John L Marsh, George Street	Maggs, William	John Edgcombe, York Street
Clarke AM John	Martin Lemont, Regent Street	Marshall, Thomas	S D McPherson, Queen Street
Clarke, Henry J	Alfred Whitehead, George Street	Mills, Edwin	B B Manser, Regent Street
Colpitts, W W	F Coleman, King St	Narroway, J. A. AM	A F Randolph, Regent Street
Comben, Charles	Alfred Whitehead, George Street	Paisley, AM C	T Paisley, Regent Street
Colter, John J	Mr James Hogg, Queen Street	Parker, Isaac N	George Coulthard, Queen Street
Cowperwaite, AMHP	David Hatt, Brunswick Street	Payson, G B	John Edgcombe, York Street
Crisp, Robert S	Mrs C S Lugin, Queen Street	Penna, William	Nelson Campbell, York Street
Crisp, James	B. B. Manser, Regent Street	Percival, W W	C H B Fisher, York Street
Currie, Duncan D	M A Akerley, Carleton Street	Phinney, John S	Dr Atherton, York Street
Daniel, Henry	George A Perley, George Street	Pickard, D D H	George Thompson, York Street
Deinstadt, T J	Mrs. A McCausland, George Street	Pope, D D H	T H Rand L L D, Kings Street
Dobson, William	George Hatts, senr, Queen Street	Prince, John	G F Fisher, York Street
Duke, James A	Henry Clarke, George Street	Sellar, A M Joseph	Robert Willey, Brunswick Street
Duncan, Robert	Parsonage, King St.	Shewsbury, A R B	Richard Carville, Queen Street
Dutcher, C W	A Miller, King St.	Slackford Elias,	William Cruden, Bow Street
Ellis, John	Barker House, Queen Street	Smallwood, F sup	Judge Wilnot, Regent Street
Evans, Edwin	T B Smith, Queen St	Sprague, S W	Thomas Logan, York Street
Fisher, George N	George Hume, King Street	Sprague, AM Howard	A G Blair, York Street
Hamilton, C. W.	P A Logan, St Marys	Teed, S T	David Hatt, Brunswick Street
Harrison, F W	Mr McPherson, Brunswick Street	Turner, Edwin	P A Logan, St. Mary
Harrison, George	Dr Harrison, Queen Street	Tweedy, William	T L Simons, Kings Street
Harrison William	S H L Whittier, George Street	Weddall, Richard	Mrs. R Weddall, Kings Street
		Wilson, Robert	Gibson,

Any young men permitted to attend Conference, by sending their names will be provided with homes.

H. McKEOWN.

REV. THOMAS HARRISON.

A Methodist friend in this city sends us the following:
The accompanying sketch is copied from the *Baltimorean*, which paper was handed to me by a relative of Mr. H.—I was pleased to see the notice, and his likeness which was at the head of it. The reasons are—Mr. Harrison's great grand father was a leader in our church in Halifax. His grand father was a leader here also—and subsequently a leader and Local Preacher in St. John, N. B., where he, and his wife died in the Lord. His mother is a niece of Dr. Richey, his father was a scholar in our Sunday School in this city.

The subject of one of our sketches to-day, the Rev. Thomas Harrison, the youthful evangelist, whose labors in this city has attracted so much attention for some months past, is a native of Boston. In very early life he was awakened upon the subject of religion through the influence of a pious mother, but was not converted till sixteen years of age. He at once united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and manifested such great earnestness in the cause of Christ, was licensed as an exhorter, at the age of seventeen. While engaged in secular pursuits in Boston, he became impressed that God had called him to devote himself entirely to the work of saving souls. He accordingly left his employment, and took a course of study preparatory to entering the ministry. While at the academy engaged in his studies, he received license to preach in his nineteenth year. Continuing his studies in theology, the call soon became so urgent that he left all, and entered upon a mission work in the city of Brooklyn. In this work he met with marvellous success. His meetings there among the young men were characterized by great power.

After remaining in Brooklyn for some length of time, he was led to the work of an evangelist in his own State. Here meetings held by him at Long Plain, South Middleboro', Cambridge and other places, during the fall and winter of '75 and '76, were wonderful in results, great numbers being converted.

Mr. Harrison came to Baltimore last May, during the session of the General Conference, remained for a time, preached occasionally in several of the churches sermons of great power and effectiveness, and this was the opening which led to his great work here during the past six months.

In the latter part of October he returned to Baltimore, and about the middle of November commenced revival services at Franklin Street M. E. Church. Here he labored for nearly six weeks, with continued success. He then went to Caroline Street, where his work was abundantly blessed, but an engagement at St. John's Methodist Independent Church, North Liberty St., compelled him to leave at the end of two weeks.

At St. John's the meetings were wonderful indeed, there being fifty penitents at the altar the last night. In the midst of this great work he was obliged to leave, on account of a previous engagement made for Union Square Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Joseph France pastor, on the 5th of February last. The work at this church has exceeded anything ever witnessed in this city. During the thirteen weeks of its continuance, about eight hundred have been converted. A large proportion of these have been men—some of them the most wicked that could be found in the city—who have been thoroughly reformed, and now give abundant evidence of the fact.

As the interest in these meetings is increasing, and the crowds continue so great, it is thought probable that a "Tabernacle" will be provided, to accommodate the great numbers during the now rapidly approaching warm weather.

The invitations for work in various churches in this and other cities, are so numerous that it is impossible for him to accept them. His engagements extend for many months to come. His services are desired at several of the camp-meetings to be held this summer; among others the great National Camp-meeting at Chester Heights, near Philadelphia, for which he is promised.

As an evangelist, Mr. Harrison has no superior, his labors during the past four months having resulted in the conversion of about fourteen hundred souls, over seven hundred of these in this city. He seldom preaches a sermon during his revival meetings, but presents Bible truths in persuasive exhortation. His familiarity with the Scriptures is remarkable.

Although young, being but little over twenty-four years of age, and of apparently frail constitution, his powers of endurance are truly wonderful. He still retains his energy and strength, notwithstanding his twenty-four weeks of continuous labor, frequently holding two and three services a day, and protracting his evening services until a late hour. He seems to have supernatural strength given him.

So youthful and yet exerting such a marvellous power over the masses he is very naturally attracting great attention, and should his health continue, the probability is that he will be one of the greatest reformers of the day in which he lives.

COMING TO CHRIST.

Coming to Christ is a phrase often used to describe that act of the penitent heart which is performed when self and self-righteousness are renounced as the ground of salvation, and Christ is accepted and trusted as the Saviour of the soul. This language is correct enough, and has an abundance of Scripture sanction. Perhaps no words could describe more correctly the process by which a converted sinner abandons his life of sinful indulgence and gains the mastery over appetite, unbelief, and the opposition which the world presents to a course of obedience, and conformity to the divine purposes. Finding Christ is the imperative demand of the soul, if strength to achieve victory is to be gained, or rest for the troubled spirit is to be found. Christ is the home of the prodigal who longs for his father's house, the home for the ship that has been tossed upon the waves, and has found weariness; the shelter alike for those who have been smitten by the noonday heat, or the northern blast; the Healer of the diseased, who touch but the Hem of His garment.

Coming to Christ supposes a distance between Him and the one coming. And is not this the true condition of all men? It is a distance of spiritual condition, of moral state, and not one of space. No man who reads aright the lessons of his own heart's history, and then compares them with the history of the matches One, can fail to see the broad interval he has to travel before he stands by the side of him who is the pure and spotless. It may seem dark as well as broad, only a faint ray of light streaming over it, coming from a dim object afar, whose outlines can scarcely be made out.

With such a vision before him, it is hard for the sinner to believe that that ray of light comes from the Sun, whose brightness is the light of this world, and the glory of the eternal city, where are built the "palaces of Angels and of God;" hard to believe that he who seems so far away is so nigh, that one step is sufficient to span the dreaded gulf; that one moment is long enough to accomplish the deliverance of the soul from its chains and darkness, and to place it beside Him who sets the captive free, and who, when found, is peace and life, and eternal rest.

And yet so it is. One step of faith, and one moment of trust, and side by side are the seeker and the sought. One moment's unflinching trust brings him who has seen so dimly at first out of the mists in which sin and unbelief had wrapped him, and reveals him as the Son of God with power to forgive and save. The eyes are opened, the far off is brought nigh, the absent is made present, and he whom the soul sought is Himself seen to be seeking the lost. Christ is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and thy heart, if thou art seeking Him.—*Pittsburg Advocate*.

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

THE SPEAKING TELEPHONE IN NEW YORK.

Professor A. Graham Bell has recently completed a series of three lectures, in which he introduced his speaking telephone to New York audiences. There can be no question but that the instrument is a wonderful invention. Without the aid of any battery, using only the current induced in the circuit by its permanent magnet, the telephone on the occasion of the last lecture transmitted musical sounds and speech from Yonkers to New York, a distance of 26 miles. With the battery attached, melodies and chords played on a small organ at Yonkers were distinguishable throughout the large hall where the lecture took place. It is a most bewildering sensation to hear a song faintly emitted first from a box on the stage, then from another suspended overhead, and finally from a third across the room, as the operator switches the current from one telephone to another.

Professor Bell prefaced the exhibition of his instrument with a brief account of the principles on which it is based, and gave an interesting statement of the investigations leading to its invention.

A correspondent asks: "Do you think that the telephone will take the place of the telegraph now in use?" As this question is one which a great many are now asking, we would say that we do not. It may perhaps supersede the Morse system to some extent for private lines and the like, and, possibly, may be utilized somewhat in forwarding press reports; but for regular commercial telegraphing, it does not appear to us to possess, as it now stands, any advantages. In the first place messages would require to be taken down in short hand by the receiving operator, and afterwards copied in long hand; and we all know the liability to error, not to speak of the great delay of such a system. Then, again, while "Auld Lang Syne," "Home Sweet Home," or anything with which we are perfectly familiar, could be very easily recognised, it is questionable if regular messages could be "telegraphed without serious errors occurring. It is very much like talking through the little toy "lover's telegraph," or an ordinary speaking tube. If great care is taken to speak slowly and distinctly, and you have an idea of what is coming, you can generally make out enough to understand what a person is talking about. But it would seem to us that nobody would care to trust important messages, sometimes involving life and death, or thousands of dollars, to being sent in this manner. We chronicled, issue before last, a ludicrous mistake made in just this way. A reporter telegraphed over the police wires to the editor of a Brooklyn paper that he was at the lunatic asylum, where he had gone on business and could not get back in time for the afternoon edition. The sergeant told a policeman to step around to the newspaper office and inform the editor that Koselowski (the reporter) was at the lunatic asylum. The policeman misunderstood the message, and reported to the editor that Cardinal McCloskey was insane, and had been removed to the lunatic asylum. It is not too much to expect that just such mistakes would constantly occur were the telephone in use for commercial telegraphy. For the above reasons we do not think that telegraphers need have any fears about the telephone usurping, to any great extent, the place of the system handed down to them by Professor Morse.—*The Operator*.

FLETCHER HARPER.

The last of those remarkable Harper brothers, James, John, Joseph Wesley and Fletcher, passed away in New York last week. Fletcher was born in 1806. Their father was a Long Island farmer. The oldest were apprenticed to printers in New York city when 16 years of age, and afterwards, when out of their time, established themselves in business. Wesley and Fletcher were afterwards apprenticed to their brothers, and admitted to the firm as they became of age. In 1825 the firm assumed the present familiar style, Harper and Bros., and they very soon became the leading publishers of America, and have never lost this freely accorded rank. In 1853 their whole immense establishment was

burned to the ground, entailing the loss of \$1,000,000; but the next day they hired temporary rooms, and went immediately to the work of reproducing their books. Their present establishment is one of the largest, and most complete and convenient in the land, covering an acre and a half of ground, and built absolutely fire proof. To Fletcher belongs the credit of establishing their famous periodicals, now one of the most successful and lucrative portions of their immense business. Fletcher has had the charge of the printing and publishing department. He was thoroughly accomplished in every branch of the business. Withal he was a well educated, widely read, exceedingly courteous, vivacious gentleman, an admirable conversationalist, the life of the social circle, preserving the looks and vivacity of early years long after he had reached the grayer period of life.

His was a very beautiful and attractive old age. Like all his brothers and his parents, he was an active and official member of the M. E. Church. He was hearty and local in his allegiance to her to the last, and was the warm friend and social companion of all our older and most noted ministers of the New York and adjoining Conferences. The death of his brothers deeply affected him, and he has quietly awaited the hour that he knew could not be far distant, of an eternal reunion. The firm now is composed of John and Joseph (two sons of John), Fletcher, jr., Philip (son of James), and Joseph (son of Wesley).—*Zion's Herald*.

MOVEMENTS OF MOODY AND SANKEY.—Messrs. Moody and Sankey's last service in the Boston Tabernacle was held on May 29. There was a social reunion of the choir and the ushers on Saturday evening, May 26, at which Mr. Moody was present. About 2,000 persons attended the re-union. Major Whittle, of Chicago, is to preach in the Tabernacle every Sunday evening during June. Mr. Moody is now staying at Northfield, and Mr. Sankey goes to Cohasset. It is reported that Mr. Moody will probably begin a new series of meetings at Boston in the autumn, afterward going to Baltimore and Cincinnati.

AT WORK AT NINETY-SEVEN.

The venerable Lovick Pierce, D. D., not only still lives, but works at the age of ninety-seven. The editor of the "Southern Christian Advocate," speaking of an interview with him a couple of weeks ago, writes: "He was homeward bound from a preaching tour, which had embraced a district conference, at which he had delivered three sermons. Besides travelling several hundred miles, including one all-night ride, he had within nine days preached six times, his sermons varying in length from an hour to an hour and thirty minutes; and yet he looked as vigorous, and was as sprightly in conversation, as the day he left home."

WE WILL SEE JESUS.—The glory of heaven will be in seeing Jesus. "A little while and ye shall not see me, because I go unto my Father." "Where I am, ye shall be also." When we return home after a long absence, it is not the house or the furniture, or fireside that awakens our joy. It is meeting the loved ones. If they have gone, every forsaken room or empty chair is an agony. So in our Father's house it will not be the pearly gates or the streets of gold that will make us happy. But Oh! how transcendently glad will we be when we see our Lord. If we ever weep in heaven it will be tears of joy at meeting Jesus. Perhaps in that "upper room" also he may show unto us his hands and his side, and we may cry out with happy Thomas: "My Lord and my God."—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

LOOKING AT CHRIST.

Try it, friends. And a word in your ear—march up to Truth frankly and nobly, with a clear brow and open hand. Don't eye it askance. Don't fancy that you are called on to play the part of a detective who has been warned to look out for a rogue, and that here you shall probably find the culprit. Or, instead of vaguely saying Truth, let me say—Christ. Once, indeed, they did come out against him with lanterns and torches, and a body of police armed with swords and staves, to haul him away to an unjust judge; but you, O my friends! will not treat him so. Go, gaze on that wondrous face, and remembering how many of earth's noblest have seen, they say, "the glory of God in the face of Christ," gaze at least with some reverence, some readiness to see what of truth and goodness and holiness and God there is there. Listen to him in docile spirit. Suppose him

to be, after all, the very Christ of God who can reveal the father to you. What a fearful loss you incur by looking at him as Caiaphas looked, at Annas, and numbers of the Saducee and Pharisees of his own day. About his character, at least, no one need be in any perplexity at all; and character is the portico to so much beside. If you have never tried what thorough discipleship will do to banish perplexity, try it, only let it be out and out discipleship.—*Rev. H. H. Dobney*.

OBITUARY.

HENRY COPP.

April 28th died at English Settlement, North Esk, Northumberland Co., in the 92nd year of his age, Henry Copp. He came to this country from England many years ago, and was the first to settle in the woods, some 17 miles from Newcastle on the N. W. Miramichi river, and being followed the next year by five or six other English families, the place took the name it now bears. During the great fire of 1825 Mr. Copp's losses were very heavy, but he succeeded in subsequent years, in retrieving them considerably. Some 37 years ago the place was visited by Methodist preachers for the first time, Rev. Dr. Pickard being the first minister who preached in the settlement. The meetings were held, in the summer time in a log building belonging to Mr. Copp, and during the winter in his large kitchen; a few years after, the little church which still stands was erected, principally by Mr. Copp and Mr. Shaddick, since which time English Settlement has been a regular Methodist preaching place. Methodism in that place owes a great deal to Mr. Copp, who was over the warm friend of the preachers, showing always a particular partiality for Englishmen.

The last years of his life—throughout which, his welfare was tenderly cared for by one of the most devoted and affectionate of daughters, Miss Elizabeth Copp—were much clouded; not by any particular bodily ailment, but by the infirmities of age, and what was very like a species of mental aberration; but still to the very last, though unable to read, or to hear distinctly, he was much engaged in prayer, and his thoughts appeared to be occupied with the cheering idea of God as his reconciled Father. Henry Copp is dead and buried, but not lost—only gone before.

Miss Copp asked me to write, for the *WESLEYAN* a few lines about her father, knowing that she would thus have the sympathy of many of our ministers, whose hearts would be stirred by the recollections of by-gone years.

A. R. B. SHREWSBURY.

Derby, Miramichi, June 1, 1877.

St. John, N. B., June 7, 1877.

DEAR BRO. NICOLSON.—You will no doubt regard the subjoined communication worthy of a place in the columns of the *WESLEYAN*, it is copied from the *Methodist Recorder*, received by last English mail. W. MCCARTY.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Monday, April 9th, passed away the Rev. MICHAEL PICKLES, of New Brunswick, Canada, at the ripe age of 80. Mr. Pickles was born at Oxenhope, near Keighley (Yorkshire), and for many years was a local preacher in the Keighley circuit. In the year 1827 he was sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society to Eastern British America, where he remained as a travelling and supernumerary minister up to June of last year. Not having visited his native land during his long ministry, he desired to spend a few months with his relatives and friends, and reached England, July 7, 1876, accompanied by Mrs. Pickles. For the most part they have resided with their son at Wyke, near Bradford. Towards the end of March of this year he went to see a relative at Halifax, and purposed going forward to see the Rev. Samuel Joll in Lincolnshire, but was taken ill, and after a brief illness died. During his sickness all he said and did seemed to indicate that he was both ready and willing to depart. On April 14, he was interred at the Park Cemetery, Halifax. Several ministers of the Wesleyan Church were present at the funeral, and Rev. B. Wood, (Baptist) of Bradford, and the Rev. A. Craven, (Independent) of Wyke near Bradford. The Rev. J. Brasb, of Halifax conducted the service. The Rev. B. Wood delivered an earnest and touching address, and Rev. J. Fletcher conducted the service at the grave. The deceased was a faithful man and "feared God above many." He put his whole heart into his pulpit ministrations, and illustrated what he had taught by the quiet and unassuming consistency of his holy life. There are left to mourn his loss his beloved wife and seven children, three of whom are engaged in the work of the ministry. One of his sons is head master of the Westfield Independent day school, Wyke.

Christ of God, father to you, incur by look as looked, and the Seducer day. About one need be and character ch beside. If what thorough anish perplex- out and out dis- Dobney.

RY. ish Settlement, and Co., in the enry Copp. He England many st to settle in from Newcastle river, and being five or six other took the name the great fire of ere very heavy, quent years, in bly. Some 37 ted by Metho- time, Rev. Dr. minister who . The meetings time in a log Copp, and dur- kitchen; a few arch which still capally by Mr. ince which time been a regular ce. Methodism at deal to Mr. warm friend of ways a particu- en. life-throughout nderly cared for and affection- Elizabeth Copp— by any particu- the infirmities of ke a species of still to the very d, or to hear dis- gaged in prayer, d to be occupied God as his recon- pp is dead and y gone before, o write, for the out her father, f thus have the ministers, whose by the recolle-

SHREWSBURY. e 1, 1877. June 7, 1877. —You will no ed communica- the columns of copied from the ed by last Eng- W. McCARTY. AM. passed away the of New Brunsw- age of 80. Mr. Oxenhope, near d for many years e Keighley cir- was sent out to Society to East- ere he remained umerary minis- ear. Not having during his long end a few months ends, and reached accompanied by most part they on at Wyke, near end of March of relative at Hal- ing forward to see Lincolnshire, but a brief illness ss all he said and at he was both rt. On April 13, Park Cemetery, ters of the Wes- ant at the funeral, (Independent) of the Rev. J. Braah, the service. The an earnest and Rev. J. Fletcher the grave. The man and "feared e put his whole ministrations, and d taught by the consistency of \$, left to mourn his d seven children, ged in the work of his sons is head Independent day

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

FIFTH YEAR, 1877. JUNE.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW. June 24.

HOME READINGS.

Monday—The oil increased. 2 Kings 4. 1-7. Tuesday—The Shunammite's son. 2 Kings 4. 25-37. Wednesday—Naaman and Gehazi. 2 Kings 5. 1-27. Thursday—Elisha at Dothan. 2 Kings 6. 8-18. Friday—Jonah at Nineveh. Jonah 3. 1-10. Saturday—The death of Elisha. 2 Kings 13. 14-21. Sunday—The promise of revival. Hos. 14. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is slow to anger and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked. Nahum 1, 3. At opening of school, read responsively Nahum 1, 1-13.

ORDER OF REVIEW.

1. Recite the Titles and Topics of the lessons for the quarter. 2. Recite the Golden Texts. 1. And God— 2. O, woman— 3. Wash me— 4. He that is— 5. Fear not— 6. The things— 7. But Jehu— 8. The men of— 9. He being— 10. If thou— 11. O, Israel— 12. Because they— 3. Recite the Outlines of the various lessons.

4. Explain how each doctrine is taught in the lesson, as follows:— How does Lesson 1 show God's provident care? How does Lesson 2 show God's omnipotence? How does Lesson 3 show God's authority? How does Lesson 4 show God's wrath against sin? How does Lesson 5 show God's protecting providence? How does Lesson 6 show God's truth? How does Lesson 7 show God's sovereignty? How does Lesson 8 show God's mercy? How does Lesson 9 show God's foreknowledge? How does Lesson 10 show God's righteousness? How does Lesson 11 show God's loving kindness? How does Lesson 12 show God's justice?

5. The persons referred to in the quarter's lessons. 1. Tell of the following prophets who each was, and what is related of him:— A prophet who wrought miracles—name some of them. A prophet who foretold a great city's destruction—what city? 2. Of the following kings, each one's name (if mentioned) his kingdom; what is related concerning him. A king who sent a letter. By whom? To whom? A king whose plans were reported to his enemies. A king whose capital city was supplied with food during a famine. In what way? A king who destroyed idols, but failed to serve God. A king who put on sackcloth. A king who wept over a dying man. A king who carried a nation into captivity. What nation? 3. Of the following noblemen:— A nobleman was healed of what disease? By whom? how? A nobleman who died hungry in the midst of plenty. 4. Of the following women: A widow. A mother. A captive. What incident is related of each one? 5. Of the following servants:— Servants who gave good advice to their master. Who was their master? What was the advice? An unfaithful servant. His name; his act; his punishment. An anxious servant; the cause of his fears; how were they allayed? 6. The places mentioned in the lessons. Give the location of each, and name an event from the lessons connected with it. 1. Countries—Israel, Judah, Syria, Assyria, Moab. 2. Rivers—Jordan, Abana, Pharpar, Habor. 3. Cities—Samaria, Damascus, Dothan, Bethel, Dan, Nineveh, Aphen.

7. Concerning the following miracles, relate the circumstances:— A miraculous supply. A miraculous restoration to life. A miraculous cure of disease. A miraculous infliction of disease. A miraculous opening of one man's eyes. A miraculous blindness upon many. A miraculous raising of a dead man to life. 8. Concerning the following prophecies, relate the prophet's name, the circumstances and fulfillment:— A promise of good fulfilled. A prophecy of destruction to a city averted by repentance. A prophecy of victory over enemies. 9. The Teachings. Where do we learn— That God helps those that help themselves? That God hears the prayer of his servant? That God's work of healing is done with simplicity? That greed of gain brings trouble? That God's angels protect his servants? That God's promises are sure, even when they seem impossible of fulfillment? That men may do God's work, yet fail to serve God? That sorrow for sin, and prayer to God, will avert threatened punishment? That the righteous exert an influence even when dead? That those who seek God will find mercy? That sinners may return to God?

That disobeying God brings destruction to nations? 10. In what lessons do we find the following Examples? Faith in God. Prayer to God. Obedience to God. Repentance from sin. 11. From what lessons may we draw warnings— Against pride and self-will? Covetousness? Distrust of God's word? Sins of omission? Worship of idols?

SPRINKLING BEDDING PLANTS.

"We believe," says an exchange, "that the sprinkling of bedding plants during dry weather not only does no good but is injurious. When from using the watering pot, it seems as if the earth were wet we shall find that it has penetrated scarcely half an inch. This can have little effect upon the roots, while evaporation carries it away at once upon receiving the first rays of the sun. The surface earth is made by artificial sprinkling hard and close, thus excluding the air—forming a readier conductor of heat, and offering a barrier to the ready absorption of moisture and rain when showers come—as they sometimes do—to mitigate the killing effects of droughts long continued. If we would preserve the freshness of our flower beds and are willing to take the time and pains, they should be watered after sundown until the water is about to run off. Then wait for this to soak in the water again and again. Finally spread freshly cut grass over the entire surface an inch thick. This does not mar as one would suppose, the appearance of the bed after a few hours, as the color of dried grass is nearly that of earth, and consisting of short and fine blades as it will be cut with the lawn mower, it very soon resembles the earth itself. A covering like this suppresses weeds, and the drought must be severe indeed to seriously affect plants thus treated. We recommend the same for fruit and ornamental trees recently transplanted."

DICKENS ON POPEY.—An Irish contemporary quotes the following from the writings of Charles Dickens, contrasting the Protestant and Roman Catholic cantons in Switzerland: "Where this canton ends and a Catholic canton begins, you might separate two perfectly distinct and different conditions of humanity by drawing a line with a stick in the dust of the ground. On the Protestant side neatness, cheerfulness, industry, continued aspiration, at least after better things; on the Catholic side, dirt, disease, ignorance, squalor and misery. I have so constantly observed the like of this since I came abroad that I have had a sad misgiving that the religion of Ireland lies deep at the root of all its sorrows."

WHEREFORE, O my soul, are the glorious things of God, and the important concerns of futurity, no greater in thy view? Because the remains of original corruption still keep thee at some distance from thy Maker; and hinder thee from seeing eternal realities, in the momentous light they deserve. Why do the perishing interests of time appear so great? Because we are immediately conversant with them; and they have, naturally, too deep a place in our vile affections. Milton represents the seraph Uriel as dwelling in the sun. Was this, in a spiritual sense, our case; were our hearts right with God, and could we constantly walk in the near uninterrupted light of his blessed countenance, how would the world dwindle in our esteem. What a speck, what a comparative nothing would it appear!—Toplady (Meditations.)

THE MOST VALUABLE GIFT—RESTORATION OF THE HEALTH.

During the past ten years the proprietor of the Great Shoshonee Remedy has faithfully redeemed every promise and guarantee made to the public over his signature. Alarming and apparently hopeless cases of Lung Diseases, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Afflictions of the Kidney and Chronic Complaints of every description, including Scrofula and Skin Diseases of life-long duration, have been permanently removed and eradicated. Those who volunteered their testimony to the efficacy of the Remedy are not bogus people in unhealed localities of foreign states, but respectable citizens of this Dominion, was of access and open to question, upon whose verbal recommendations we are willing to rest the reputation of the Great Shoshonee Remedy. If you are afflicted do not delay until medicine may be powerless to aid you. No injurious effects can possibly follow the use of these Indian Remedies, as they contain no minerals, by which the faith of the invalid is so often reared under the form of some temporary sedative or stimulant. These Indian Remedies are widely known and still possess the public confidence after the lapse of sufficient time to test their efficacy. The Shoshonee Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills have won for themselves the most favorable reputation of any pill before the public. Their efficacy has been fully proved as a remedy for Biliousness, Sick Headache, and inactivities of the stomach. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles \$1; Pills 25 cts. a box. 2m. Ap15.

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Victoria Steam Confectionery Works, WATERLOO STREET, We call the attention of WHOLESALE DEALERS and others to our STOCK OF PURE CONFECTIONS Some of which will be found entirely new to the trade. We invite their inspection and solicit a share of their Patronage. WHOLESALE ONLY, J. R. WOODBURN & CO., Victoria Steam Confectionery Works, Waterloo St., St. John N.B., (dec. 15) H. P. KRRE.

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R. S. FITCH & Co. Wholesale and Retail GROCERS, No. 139 ARGYLE STREET, OPPOSITE COLONIAL MARKET HALIFAX, N.S. N.B.—Family orders solicited. Goods packed with care. Consignment of Butter, Cheese, Pork, &c., will receive prompt attention. march17—ly CORNER GRANVILLE AND SACKVILLE STREETS. NOVA SCOTIA Steam Machine Paper Bag Manufactory THE CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET. SEND FOR PRICE LIST. ALSO BOOK BINDING. In all its Branches. G. & T. PHILLIPS

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HAIR VEGETABLE SICIALIAN HAIR RENEWER This standard article is compounded with the greatest care. Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever. It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color. It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean. By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong. As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes." Price, One Dollar.

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GATES ACADIAN LINIMENT Joyful News for the Afflicted. Hampton, Granville February 2nd, 1877. Messrs. GATES & Co.

Gentlemen—This is to certify that my wife was taken sick in Feb'y, 1875 with Liver complaint and what the Doctors call General Debility her stomach had become so weak that she could not retain any food on it but would be in awful distress and would throw it all up. I had three Doctors to see her she was under the treatment of two of them for about six months and did not seem to be much better and one of them told me not to flatter myself for she could not stand it long and that they had done all they could for her. We heard of your medicine and she wanted to try it. I saw the Doctor and told him that she wanted to try Gates' Medicine and he told me by all means to get it for her, he said it did her no good it would do her no hurt, I got 2 bottles one of No. 1 Bitters and one of No. 2 Syrup she had not taken it but a few times when she stopped vomiting and began to get better she continued when the medicine and in three or four weeks was up and about the house and is now able to attend to her household affairs. You can use this as you please for the benefit of the suffering. Yours very respectfully, HARRIS M. FOSTER, J.P.

THE WESLEYAN.
 The only Methodist Paper published in the Maritime Provinces.
\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE POSTAGE PREPAID.
 Having a large and increasing circulation in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Bermuda,
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 Rev. S. ROSE, Methodist Book Room Toronto is Agent for this paper.

All Wesleyan Ministers are Agents.
 SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Science has nowhere accomplished more for mankind than in the facilities of land and water transit. Twenty years ago we hailed with delight a monthly mail from Europe and the Upper Provinces to Newfoundland. There were times when tardy letters missed connection, lay over a second month at the starting-point, and after groping northward, through icebergs and fog, came to the owner in little less than ninety days from date. Those were weary, anxious days betimes—days when solitary thinkers in Newfoundland outposts were thrown back upon their brains and their books. Now there are often-weekly mails, excepting during three stern months of dead winter, for navigation to this Island occasionally bids men beware of taking too many liberties. However, from the old "Merlin," staggering under an encumbrance of lumber and a short head of steam—ramming now against an iceberg, and anon grating over a reef (we saw and felt all this personally)—to an Allan Liner, symmetrical, swift, luxurious—this is a delightful change, surely. One lingering recollection only comes in unfavourable contrast between the conveyances of the past and the present. Twenty years ago there was but little wine-bibbing at the cabin tables; there was rarely any card-playing or other gambling among the passengers, none at all on the part of the ship's officers. It is different now—so different that it gives us pain to think of the decline of morality in the same connection with the rapid onward strides of science.

Forty-seven hours—really less, inasmuch as we gain nearly an hour on time by a change of longitude—was the extent of our trip from Halifax to St. John's. It was the season of District Meetings and Conferences, so that several of the ministers met us on landing. We were soon deep in such conversation as very naturally follows an enquiry which brings up a review of missionary work in a land which has few equals for the romance of travel and the excitement of heroic Christian enterprise. Seventeen years had made great changes. In 1860 we bade adieu to Newfoundland, a colony then so promising in all relations of ministerial energy that, had health permitted, we would gladly have linked to it our own destiny for active life. There remain to-day, of the twenty-one men whom we left in the ministry, only two in regular circuit work, and only five or six at all among the living population. In round numbers—ministers, supernumeraries and probationers—the ranks now count forty-six. The limits of our cause twenty years ago were Grand Bank to the West, and Twillingate to the North, thus covering, by regular ministerial supply, two sides of the triangle forming the Newfoundland coast, at least holding our relations by links of lesser or greater extent over that area, with here and there a break in the chain. A Methodistic map of the Island now would show such progress in our evangelistic work—such pushing out of the ecclesiastical pickets in every direction—that a belt of missions will soon, to all appearance, be clasped about Newfoundland, the results of toil and energy and self-denial among the sons of John Wesley. The coast-line, however, is but a bare, scant representation of life and enterprise in this interesting colony. Indented everywhere by bays, sounds, arms of the sea, the island has, perhaps, ten times the actual coast-line which crudely appears upon a common map. Some of those sounds are amazingly tortuous, carrying the voyager in-

land to many points of the compass, and finally bringing him back to the open sea, after having well nigh swept the circle. In such retreats, moreover, there are timber, soil, shelter, making them ever tempting to fishermen who have grown weary on the jutting headlands, and who have raked the country of its scant growth of firewood. Hence, here is perpetual migration—a fitting of parishioners almost equal to our dense city populations in the dreaded May-day. With houses inland have come agriculture, lumbering, and other occupations of mechanism, followed, of course, by commerce, open-handed yet wary and stern in all its conditions. Of quite another nature is the mining industry, which has opened upon this unsuspecting people, enriching some of them, employing many, and introducing, with increased privileges of accommodation for travel, not a little new wickedness and craft. To preserve their contiguous parishioners from corruption, to beat back the invasion of immorality, to make religion keep pace with the growth of numbers, industries and ambitions, is work worthy of a noble body of men; and we feel confident they are, by the grace of God, fully equal to the occasion.

Looking about us in the St. John District—the larger, though, perhaps, not more important of the two Districts into which Newfoundland is divided—we were impressed with several features of the group. They are all youthful—their Chairman and the Superintendent of Education being but still in the prime of life. How so many young men as compose the strength of the two Districts could have been brought together chiefly from England, with so much adaptation to the habits of a new and, in some respects, difficult country; how so few have yielded to the temptations of ease, followed the whispering siren of proselytism, or even failed actually to meet such stern conditions as those missions necessitate—these are among the mysteries which sceptics would find difficult to explain, and good men can only trace directly to providence. Be it remembered, young men here are shut out from brotherly counsel, often for most of the year—some of them, indeed, not favoured with hearing any ministerial voice but their own during the interval of Conferences. Among people, in some instances, who are more difficult to control in a sweeping revival of religion than before they have ever experienced its power, inasmuch as their honest hearts scarcely place any limits to the Spirit's operations, and so incline them to extravagances,—even mature minds might be pardoned for occasional errors of judgment; but, as far as we can understand, trouble from this source is very seldom reported. The most seductive errors on the other hand, perpetually surround those young men;—Ritualism is strong, by reason of a desperate purpose and a full exchequer; it has an insinuating and plausible word for the wary, and an imperious voice for the credulous and superstitious; so that an undisciplined brain may be pardoned for looking upon that system with awe and apprehension. Romanism is less meddlesome, but far more imperious; never bating a jot of its claims to supremacy, it throws its deep, wide shadow over all the land where it continues to hold sway.

But the relative proportions and influence of the religious systems in Newfoundland, we must leave to another article.

A CIRCULAR sent to the ministers recently, announcing a resolution adopted by the General Book Committee seems to have been the subject of some misapprehension. The Book Steward did not originate the movement, though he fully understands its importance. In sending out a copy of the resolution he was but filling the intentions of the Book Committee, as there was no other way of communicating the information, or carrying out his instructions, excepting in open Conference, which he was quite unwilling to do.

THE EDITOR returned on Monday last from Newfoundland, after an absence of two weeks. His absence at District Meeting and Annual Conferences for weeks ensuing, will explain any apparent lack of editorial matter,

though we hope to be furnished with full particulars of all the Maritime Annual Conferences. The editor reports the Newfoundland brethren as all well, and their cause in all departments as prosperous to an extraordinary degree. In this issue we commence a series of articles on Newfoundland, which we hope to carry through several numbers. It will be our aim to do some justice to the interests of that colony—one of great importance from a religious stand-point.

The catalogue of the Mount Allison Institution for 1877 will be issued about the 1st of July. Henceforth the Academic year will consist of two terms, instead of three as formerly. The first term will open on August 23rd, and close a few days before Christmas. The second, opening after the Christmas vacation of a fortnight, will end early in June. The change will involve no increase of expense to the patrons of the Institutions, and will it is believed, render the labors of Professors and students more effective. Further improvements are in progress, and we are glad to learn that indications point to a full attendance for the next year.

THE pulpits of some of our churches were occupied by distinguished strangers on Sabbath. Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax, preached at the Congregational Chapel in the morning, and at the Gower St. Methodist Church to a crowded congregation in the evening. The Methodist Church pulpits were occupied by Rev. A. W. Nicolson, ex-President of the Nova Scotia Conference, in the Gower Street, Church in the morning, and in the George Street Church in the evening. Rev. Mr. Smith, from Windsor, preached at the George Street Church in the morning.—*St. John's, Nfld., Ledger.*

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The third annual session of the United Presbyterian Churches of the Dominion, as intimated in our last issue, began its session for this year in this city on Wednesday evening last. It is a representative Assembly, composed of one-fourth of the number of ministers of the several Presbyteries, and an equal number of Elders.

The membership should be about 340. Rev. Dr. Topp of Toronto preached on Wednesday evening in St. Matthew's church. The meetings of the Assembly are open to the public. Prayer meetings in St. Andrew's church, Tobin street, and St. John's church, Brunswick street every morning from seven to eight o'clock. The public will be welcomed to these services also.

BERMUDA.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARIES.

The missions of the Methodist Church of Canada are arranged in the following order—Indian Missions.—These cover a widely extended area, embracing British Columbia, the Great Saskatchewan, the Hudson's Bay Territory, and the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. There are in the field 42 stations; 32 missionaries, with 6 assistants, and a membership of 8,944, with three times as many adherents.

Missions to Japan.—This Mission has been taken up by the church within the last few years, and in no foreign field of Christian work are the tokens of success and encouragement more abundant than this one. There are here 4 missionaries and a few native assistants with a membership of 60 persons.

Missions to the German Immigrants.—Here there are six stations, 5 missionaries and a membership of 308.

French Missions.—In this field there are 8 missions, 7 missionaries, and 140 members.

Missionary Districts.—These are to the settlers and half-breeds in British Columbia, Red River, and Algoma Districts.

Domestic Missions.—These have 339 stations with 388 missionaries, with a membership of 36,472. Total number of stations 422, missionaries 458, members 41,145. This membership simply means the communicants of the churches.

There are, in addition to the above, 30 day schools and 30 teachers; 21 interpreters and 6 ministers; supplying small bands of Indians—making a paid

agency of the church in its missionary work of 515.

The outlay for the past year in round numbers was \$185,000, and the income for the same period was \$162,000, leaving a debt of \$23,000.

Of the gross amount the Methodist Church in Bermuda raised last year \$800.

Anniversary services of the missions were held in the Hamilton and the Somerset circuits during the past week and on Monday evening at the Dockyard. These services were, with one exception, remarkably well attended. The first of the series was held at Warwick on Monday evening, May the 6th, Sergeant Wilson occupied the chair. The meeting was a very successful one. The addresses, singing and collection were good.

Hamilton on Tuesday evening. The church was very tastefully decorated. Revs. Junor, Layton, Brown and Tyler were the speakers. A. M. Oudney in the chair. We may say of the speeches that they were all very practical, impressive and good. The choir on this occasion did exceedingly well. Our next service was at Somerset. This was a most excellent meeting; all were pleased and edified. George Siggins presided. Friday evening we were at Port Royal. Here the church was crowded, and we had a very enthusiastic meeting. The chair was gracefully filled by Mr. Brown.

On Monday evening, the 14th, we closed the series of meetings at the Dockyard. This was a very good service. Mr. Carruthers very efficiently presided at this meeting. Thus closed one of the most interesting series of Missionary Meetings which we have ever attended and we think the interest in Missions, so far as Bermuda is concerned, does not wane. May the God of Missions continue to prosper his own work.—*Com. to the Bermudian.*

DEATH OF J. BENSON STEED.

On Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at 1 o'clock, a. m., J. Benson Steed died at his late residence, Hamilton, aged 41 years and 5 months—after a short but painful illness: the deceased was one of the most prominent men of the Island and a prince in his profession; for the past 25 years he was mail contractor for carrying H. M. mails from and to Hamilton and the Dock Yard, at Ireland Island, and without complaint. He was respected by all who knew him; which embraces the high, the low, the rich and the poor of these Islands. The army and navy that have been and are stationed here, and the strangers who have made a sojourn in these Islands all knew "Captain Benny Steed," and his yacht "Union," and loved and honored him; he was a prompt and faithful public servant, a cool and watchful boatman, a man of strict integrity, a kind son, a true brother, a loving husband, a tender father and a sterling subject. He leaves a mother, brother, two sisters, a wife and five children. His remains were taken from his late residence on Thursday afternoon to the Wesleyan chapel where the Rev. Mr. Wasson pronounced a beautiful eulogy on the life and character of the deceased, and brought to the memory of those present the many honorable traits of character which he was so noted for. The Revs. Mr. Junor, Presbyterian minister, and Mr. Ryan of the U. S. took part in the services. His remains were accompanied to the grave by members of both branches of the Legislature, the Mechanic's Institute, and a large number of all classes of the community. His end was peace.—*Bermudian.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Layman's Communication reflecting on the Moral Character of young Ministers, received. We cannot deviate from the established rule which requires the real name of the writer in Confidence to ensure publication.

Our Springfield Correspondent will please note that there are two Springfields in N.B.; one in Ontario and one in N.S. We will reply if he will say in which he lives.

N. B. AND P. E. ISLAND CONFERENCE.

MR. EDITOR,—I desire to remind Superintendants in the above Conference that two lists of the names of subscribers to the Missionary Society, are required, one containing the names of all subscribers of One dollar and upwards, and the other the names of subscribers of Five dollars and upwards.

May I further ask that the Chairmen, Districts, will before taking charge of these lists, see that they are in agreement both with each other, and with the schedules in the District Minutes. has been found that after the District meetings the lists cannot be corrected.

JOSEPH HART,
 Secretary of Missionary Society,
 St. John, May 6, 1877.

CONFERENCE TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS.

EDITOR WESLEYAN
 The W. and A. R. Company will grant no other consideration to "Conference Goers" than the ordinary "Return Ticket," which is good for ONE WEEK. The cost of this Ticket is somewhat in advance of the "one and one-third" fare of previous years.

J. S. COFFIN,
 If we mistake not the Return Ticket is good for all time.
 Ed. W.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

RITUALISTS IN TROUBLE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The celebrated Folkestone Ritual case has at length been decided. It will take rank among the great ecclesiastical trials of the past fifty years, the result has been waited for with intense anxiety, and the consequences will be most momentous in the future history of the English Church. It is not only Mr. Ridsdale and his flock that are concerned, but the decision effects every Parish church and all Episcopal places of worship throughout the Kingdom. The authority in this case is not that of the recently constituted Court, presided over by Lord Penance, who was removed from the Divorce Court, to take charge of matters Ecclesiastical. The Ritualists have heaped all manner of scorn upon this tribunal, and Mr. Ridsdale appealed from it to the Privy Council, the highest Court in the realm. It is in fact

THE QUEEN AND HER COUNCIL.

The Lords, Lay and Spiritual, including of course Archbishops and Bishops who have agreed to condemn some of the vagaries of ritualism as opposed to the law of the Church and of the Realm.

The offences were indeed numerous. Lighted candles were placed on the altar in day time. Water was mixed with the sacramental wine. The priest stood with his back to the people. He knelt during the prayer, where he is directed to stand. The "Agnus Dei" was sung. Processions with banners and crucifixes were introduced. A sculptured image of the Saviour on the cross was set up, and other things all foreign to our Protestant worship, were again and again forced upon the people. The appeal has gone decidedly against the Rev. gentleman, and all others of similar proclivities. For want of positive evidence the decision of the Lower Court in regard to the position of the priest at the altar and the use of water bread, was not confirmed. They were pronounced decidedly illegal, but in this case they were "not proven." The appeal has failed, judgment is confirmed averse to the High Church party, and from this time all their practices and innovations are under

THE BAN OF THE LAW.

and another step is taken in the putting down of ritualism. If we may judge from what took place on the very next Sabbath morning after the delivery of this famous judgment, the Law has but small terror for some of the Clergy. The Rev. Arthur Tooth and his friends broke into the church at Hatcham from which he had been driven by his Bishop, and celebrated an early communion in the forbidden dresses, and with nearly all the objectionable practices just condemned by highest authority. We do not hear that any notice has been taken of this act of defiance, or that there has been any marked abatement of the excesses which characterized ritualistic services.

DISTINGUISHED HONORS.

have lately fallen upon two of our Methodist brethren. They are well-earned and eminently fitting the men thus designated. Mr. Pope, Theological Tutor at Didsbury, has received from the University of Edinburgh, the title of D.D. The distinction has been conferred in a manner most flattering to Mr. Pope, fitly recognizing the important post he fills and his valuable contributions to the standard Theological literature of the times. The University of Cambridge has conferred its degree of M. A., upon the Rev. Dr. Moulton, of the Leys School, Cambridge—one of the Revisers of the New Testament, a Greek scholar of high standing, and a Methodist Preacher greatly beloved and esteemed by our people.

MR. STEPHENSON'S BAZAAR.

in aid of the funds of his Orphanage and its Building fund, was held in the first week of the month and in the midst of the great anniversary meetings. In response to the circular contributions of valuable goods came in from all parts of the kingdom. The

WESLEYAN ALMANAC
JUNE, 1877.

Last Quarter, 4 day, 0h, 57m, Morning.
New Moon, 11 day, 10h, 18m, Morning.
First Quarter, 18 day, 2h, 18m, Morning.
Full Moon, 25 day, 0h, 39 Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises Souths Sets, H, S, M. Rows for days of the week.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Souths gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.
High water at Pictou see Cape Tormentine, 3 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 29 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 3 hours 20 minutes LATER.
FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 15 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.
FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the sea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe his early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.
A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues, and saved a life beside.
A dreamer dropped a random thought, 'twas old and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon-ray, a monitory flame;
The thought was small; its issue great; a watchfire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.
A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty At the last!

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

On January 1st, 1864, Mr. Ashworth was the guest of Mrs. Sturge (widow of the late Joseph Sturge) Birmingham, where he spent several days in useful labour, visiting the Boy's Reformatory, Female Penitentiary, and addressing various meetings.

In this congenial family he met with many members of the Society of "Friends," to which they belong; a body of Christians he much admired, and for whom he always had the greatest respect,—so much so, that a lady one day jokingly told him "that he was half a Quaker and half a Methodist." He certainly loved the consistent unworldly lives of the "Friends," but it needed the warmth of Methodism to satisfy the emotional part of his nature.

Mr. Ashworth was also much impressed with the comfort of their homes, as well as the purity, piety, and benevolence of their lives, of which the reader may judge by the following sketch:

"The Society of Friends, though not very numerous, has, in many respects, always been powerful for good. Its members having the most profound regard for the Bible, as a revelation from Heaven, and teaching the doctrine of a conscious salvation by faith in Jesus; the witness of the Spirit testifying to the reality of that salvation, and

also a sure and divine guidance in the life; believing the precepts of the Scriptures to be imperative, and their practice the best evidence of a true obedience to Christ, showing their love to Him by keeping His commandments, they have calmly but firmly resolved to walk by these precepts, obey God rather than man, and peacefully take all consequences. They believe that Christ taught a universal brotherhood, and universal peace. They therefore condemn all slavery and all war; they contend that evil never destroyed evil, but that it must be overcome with good. They also believe that in matters of conscience we are responsible to God only, and that nothing—priest or power—ought to intermeddle. Their vows have often subjected them to imprisonment, persecution, and the spoiling of their goods; but they have patiently endured all. No power could ever coerce them to a compliance contrary to their own convictions of duty: ritualism, ecclesiastical dignities, priestly assumption and pretension they quietly pass by; preferring in their simple worship to walk by faith and not by sight, and regarding the power of godliness as far more important than mere form. They teach and practice temperance, sobriety, honesty, industry, and commercial integrity. They are anxious to avoid worldly conformity; theatres, balls, cards, concerts, races, or other fashionable and questionable amusements they avoid; thinking it more their duty, and productive of far more true pleasure and happiness to encourage schools, attend to benevolent objects, conduct mother's meetings, and visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. The females refuse to be drawn into the interminable labyrinths of restless, frivolous, foolish fashion, or deck themselves in mantles, wimples, crimping-pins, gold, pearls, or useless and costly array; but adorn themselves in sensible, modest apparel. Some have recently deviated from this rule, and have entered the labyrinth, but without adding grace to the person or peace to the mind.

They are well and carefully trained in domestic duties, and make good wives and mothers. They have excellent schools for giving all their children, rich and poor, a good education; the wealthy in all matters helping those that are less able, none of them are ever left to the mercy of the parish, or to die in the union workhouse. They are loyal subjects, worthy citizens, good neighbours, intelligent, respectable, and as philanthropists, conspicuous to the whole earth. Many of them are very rich, most of them are in comfortable circumstances. Their average life is twenty years more than the rest of the community; they are the meek that inherit the earth. I never saw one of them drunk, or with a black eye, a cork arm, or a wooden leg. It was very strange and suggestive of a painful fact, that a people so anxious to walk by Christian rule should be considered singular in a professed Christian country, but so it is. That they have had amongst them some who have not been consistent they well know and deplore, but, as a rule, they have adorned their profession. Glory to God and good will to man has been a marked feature in their character. Some of their own rules have crippled their expansion, and they have perhaps not been sufficiently aggressive, but they have made their mark in England, and especially in America.

(To be Continued.)

THE ECHO-BOY.

A little boy once went home to his mother, and said, "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said the mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out, 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he said, 'Who are you?' So I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself.' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back, and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head;' and he said 'I will punch your head.'

So his mother said, "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said, "Now, Johnny, when you go and get to be a man, whatever you will say to others they will by and by say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scriptures, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again."—Selected.

CHARITY.

I ask you to think quietly and sincerely—Have you no opportunities which you have often neglected for mutual kindness, mutual forbearance, mutual charity here among your neighbors? Can you not here stoop to one another?—take less than your due?—each in honor preferring one another, each in humility thinking another better than himself, each in generosity making allowance for one another's infirmities, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. It seems so easy; alas! why is it so hard? Why do men instead of this despise one another, and hurt one another, and wish to raise themselves above another? Why is there bitterness, and wrath, and clamor, and evil-speaking? Oh, let us remember that our citizenship is in heaven! In that best city of our God there are no wars and fightings, no jealousies or whispers. There health is not eaten out by care, or happiness interrupted by envy. There it is to no man of any consequence what this man is famed for or for what the other is preferred. There are no selfish jostlings in the unmannerly press, no calumny in the darkness, no anger in the noonday. There abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three, and the greatest of these is charity. And why the greatest? The greatest because it is the flower and outcome of the other two; the greatest, because faith is for ourselves, and hope is for ourselves, but charity is for others; the greatest, because faith may fail, and hope may fail, but if charity fail not we need not fear. Is not the spirit of a pure love to all the children in the great family of God—is it not its own happiness? does it not light up, even in the saddest heart, a little heaven of radiant peace? "I dare to say," writes a living author, "that because, all my life, I have desired good and not evil, because I have been kind to many, have wished to be kind to all, have fully wronged none, and because I have loved my fellow men much, and not selfishly, therefore the light of heaven is visible to me on yonder hills." Aye, and so it ever will be! He among you who—at whatever age, in whatever situation—tries humbly by silent service, by perfect self-surrender, by patient trust, to walk with God, he whose first desire it is to make the lives of all about him purer, sweeter, happier, he who is willing to mark the annals of his days on earth not by joys or sorrows, not by failures or successes, but just by duties done—that man is as happy and as noble as it is given man to be. With perfect trust may he face his last hour, and when the archangel's trumpet shall startle his mortal body from that long sleep under the grassy sod, he—though all the earth be smitten with that lightning-flash of judgment into indistinguishable ruin—he, forgiven much because he has loved much—he may rise without one pang of terror, humble and calm, and strong, to stand, in his Saviour's merits, accepted before the judgment seat of God.—F. W. Farrar.

SLEEP.

Sleep, Dr. W. A. Hammond says, may be defined as general repose. Almost all the organs rest during sleep. The heart, popularly supposed to be in perpetual motion, is at rest 6 hours out of the 24, the respiratory organs 8, and the other organs more or less. The brain alone is constantly employed during wakefulness, and for it sleep was formed and made needful to its preservation. It is true that sleep does not give the brain a total recess from labor; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, and unconscious cerebration likewise takes place

but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been torn down during wakefulness is to a certain extent rebuilt. Sleep is a most wonderful power—often stronger than the will, as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain, as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labor need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people because construction is more active than decay in their brains.—Scientific American.

CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT.

I do not reject any proposition merely because it is ancient, or in the mouths of majorities. But I do not respect propositions that have seen honest and protracted battle, but not defeat. The test of the soundness of scholarship is that it should contend with scholarship, not once or twice, but century after century, and come out crowned. But the intellectual supremacy of Christianity in the nineteenth century is not a novelty. There are other battle-fields worth visiting by those who walk and meditate, on which Christian trophies stand, more important, as marks of the world's agonies and advances, than any that ever Greek erected for victory at Salamis or Marathon. I lean on church history. I go to its battle-fields and lie down on them. They are places of spiritual rest. Gazing on their horizon, I see no narrow prospect, but a breadth of nineteen hundred victorious years. Looking into the sky, as I lie there, I hear sometimes the anthem:—"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." I obtain glimpses of a heaven opened; and behold a white horse, and he that sits on him is called the Word of God, King of kings, and Lord of lords. He is clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; but his eyes are as a flame of fire, and on his head are many crowns."—Rev. Joseph Cook.

The revival which we need is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth and sticks to its promises; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which lives in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes, and chasten our press and commerce from roguery and rottenness, would be a boon from heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible knowledge, but a Bible conscience to all, is what the land is dying for. The world's sorest want, to-day, is more Christ-like men and women. The preaching it needs is—more sermons in shoes.—Cuyler.

No pastor that has long been blessed with a powerful revival season can fail to have noticed the singular adaptation of his simplest, most instructive and direct discourses to the demands of the hour. Sermons that he could not have preached at ordinary times, that would have been considered trite and unimpressive, assume suddenly an amazing value and power. A revival has a marvellous effect upon sermons as well as upon hearers. When men are full of the Holy Ghost the plainest words have an extraordinary power.—Zion's Herald.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

We have our English heroes in high and humble life, whom we are never weary of holding up as examples to our children, and so it is with other nations. The following anecdote, told to many a little round-eyed German boy, preserves the remembrance of one such hero of the battle-field.

Our English General Elliott, when governor of Gibraltar, and during the siege of that fortress, was himself making a tour of inspection, to see that all under his control was in order, when he suddenly came upon a German soldier, standing at his post silent and still, but he neither held his musket nor presented arms when the general approached.

Struck with the neglect, and unable to account for it, the general exclaimed: "Do you know me, sentinel, or why

do you neglect your duty?" The soldier answered respectfully: "I know you well, general, and my duty also; but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why do you not go and have them bound up then?" "Because," answered the soldier, "in Germany, a man is forbidden to quit his post until he be relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted from his horse.

"Now, friend," he said, "give me your musket and I will relieve you; go and get your wound attended to."

The soldier obeyed; but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he told how the general stood at his post, and not till then did he go and get his bleeding hand dressed.

The injury completely unfitted him for active service; but the news of it having reached England, whither the wounded man had been sent, King George III. expressed a wish to see him, and for his bravery he made him an officer.—English Magazine.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

A mother sat stitching and stitching away, It rained and her boys were indoors at play, When one of them came and leaned on her chair, And said with a touchingly wearied-out air, "We've played every play in the world that we know;
Now, what shall we do?"
Before poor mamma had a chance to reply, The rest of the little ones gathered closely by, And the sum of their troubles all seemed the same; We wish that we knew some wonderful game, We've been sailors and soldiers, and fought battles too;
Now, what shall we do?"

Mamma thought for a moment, then gayly replied, "Build a palace of blocks with a portico wide, And play that the owner had money to spend, And wanted to decorate rooms without end, And ordered some pictures painted by you,
That's what you can do."
"Now each take a pencil and paper, and draw
The most wonderful things that ever you saw;
A lily, a sunset, a shore, or a sea,
A gorgeous winged butterfly chasing a bee;
Or—three little boys that are saying like you,
'Now, what shall we do!'"

The brightened-up children took pencils in hand, (As amateur artists, you'll all understand) And worked at their pictures until it was plain The funny gray clouds had forgotten to rain; And mamma had a rest (not a long one, it's true),
From, "what shall we do?"

O! sweet patient mothers! in this earnest way You are doing life's work, while your little ones play; You are fashioning souls that hereafter shall rise, God's beautiful angels, winged, to the skies; And Heaven makes reply to your "what shall we do?"
Since Love teaches you,
—Mrs. L. C. Whitton, in June Wide Awake.

"WOULD'NT."

She would n't have on her naughty bib;
She would n't get into her naughty crib;
She would n't do this, and she would n't do that;
And she would put her foot in her Sunday hat.
She would n't look over her picture-book;
She would n't run out and help the cook;
She would n't be petted, or coaxed, or teased,
And she would do exactly whatever she pleased!
She would n't have naughty rice to eat;
She would n't be gentle, and good, and sweet;
She would n't give me one single kiss—
Pray, what could we do with a girl like this?

TOMMY'S COUSINS.

Tommy had been cross all day. He had pulled Robbie's hair, and taken his peanuts from him. He had sat down on Susie's lovely doll and flattened her nose, and he had put the kitten on top of the book-case. He had even been saucy and hateful to his dear mamma, when she asked if her little boy felt quite well, or if his long visit to the aquarium yesterday had tired him, instead of answering pleasantly, Tommy had hunched up his shoulders, shoved out his elbows, and snapped out fiercely, "No; I aint tired, and I aint cross either."

Every one was glad when bed-time came, and Master Tommy was taken upstairs.
"I do declare, Master Tommy, you'll turn into a nasty, snappy turtle, or a crab, some of these nights, when you're so cross," said nurse.
"Pooh!" said Tommy, "I wont."
"Well, something will happen; you'll

respectfully... and my duty... few minutes... my right hand... I am unable to... and have them... the soldier... forbidden to... relieved by an... dismounted... said, "give me... relieve you; go... ended to."... went first to... where he told... his post, and... and get his... unfitted him... the news of it... whither the... sent, King... wish to see... he made him... mine.

CORNER.
DO?"... itching away... indoors at play... and leaned on her... reared-out air... in the world that... re do?"... chance to reply... there closely by... all seemed the... wonderful game... tions, and fought... re do?"... ent, then gayly re... th a portico wide... money to spend... without end, ... painted by you, ... can do.

and paper, and... that ever you saw;... a sea, ... chasing a bee;... saying like you, ... re do?"... took pencils in... all understand... until it was plain... forgotten to rain;... a long one, it's... we do?"... this earnest way... while your little... hereafter shall... ed, to the skies;... to your "what... re you... re Wide Awake... T."... naughty bib;... naughty crib;... she would n't... ot in her Sun-... her picture-... help the cook;... or coaxed, or... whatever she... rice to eat;... and good, and... single kiss-... with a girl like... SINS... all day. He... and taken his... had sat down... flattened her... kitten on top... had even been... dear mamma, ... little boy felt... visit to the... tured him, in-... antly, Tommy... ed out fiercely... I aint cross... when bed-time... was taken up-... Tommy, you'll... y turtle, or a... s, when you're... "I wont."... happen; you'll

if it doesn't. I've read of just such... coming to boys in books," said... as she tucked him into his bed... Nurse thought he had become very... quiet all at once, and as she bade him... "Good-night," she wondered if he was... up to more mischief. But he was al-... ready snoring as she reached the door... As soon as she had gone down-stairs... Tommy got out of bed, and felt under... the bureau for the piece of mince-pie... he had hidden there. He had taken it... from the pantry shelf, that evening—a... good big quarter of a pie. It was... rather dusty, but tasted good, and... Tommy sat up in bed, and ate it all in... ten bites. Then he curled down among... the blankets, and wished he was a crab... "I'd crawl right down and bite nurse... now," he thought. "I wonder how it... would feel to be a turtle, or a crab, or a... "

"A very fine specimen indeed," said... a gruff, strange voice... Tommy looked around. Where was... he? Where was his bed, and his room... with blue paper on the walls?
"Oh, my! what is the matter?" cried... Tommy. He was sitting upon a bit of... sea-weed, in a great glass case full of... water, and a red-nosed man in specta-... cles was looking at him.
"A fine specimen of fresh-water ur-... chin," said the red-nosed man.
"I aint a urchin," cried Tommy, in-... dignantly.
"See him open his mouth! How ugly... he is!" exclaimed a small boy beside the... red-nosed man.
Tommy looked around for something... to throw at him, but right at his elbow... sat a huge hermit crab, who stretched... out four claws, and said:
"Shake hands, cousin! Glad to see... you!"
"I'm not your cousin," said Tommy, ... drawing himself up.
"Oh! He says he is not my cousin!"... squeaked the hermit crab, so loudly... that all the skates came to see what... was the matter.
"You're a horrid ugly thing!"... screamed Tommy. "I saw you yester-... day pinching a poor little crab, and... poking your old claws into his shell... I'm not your cousin."
"Now, just hear that!" said the her-... mit crab, with a wicked smile. "Here... is an urchin who pinches his little... brother, pulls his hair, and takes his... peanuts away, and yet he declares he is... not my cousin! Nonsense! Of course... you are. Come along."
He was just stretching out his claws... to drag Tommy off the bit of sea-weed... when two little sea urchins came rolling... along, and said:
"Why, here's cousin Tommy!"
"Go 'way!" exclaimed Tommy. "I... never was such an ugly, prickly thing... like a chestnut burr."
"Ugly, prickly thing, indeed!" cried... the sea-urchins. "Did n't you pain... your poor mamma with your naughty, ... prickly temper,—you ugly little fresh-... water urchin!" And both the sea-... urchins gave him great pokes with their... sharp spiny sides, and then rolled away... laughing at his pain.
They had no sooner gone, then up... came a whole family of thin little ali-... gators, and with them a whole family... of fat little seals, giggling, bouncing up... and down, and eating mince-pie.
"Tommy, how d' ye do? How d' ye... do, Tommy?" said they all.
They looked so mischievous, and so... big, that Tommy began to cry.
"Cry, baby,—cry! Haven't any pie!"... sang all the fat little seals and thin... little alligators, jumping at him and... trying to bite his toes, till Tommy was... frightened half to death.
Just as he made sure they were going... to eat him, something wonderful hap-... pened. A beautiful sea-horse, with a... silver bridle, came floating down, led... by the loveliest little mermaid that... ever was seen. And as she came close... to Tommy, she said:
"Poor Tommy! Come with me... Mount my little friend here, and we... will take you away from these tormen-... tors."
So Tommy got upon the sea-horse's... back,—and he just fitted there nicely;... which surprised him, till he remember-... ed that since he had become a fresh-... water urchin, he had grown very small... They pranced away from the seals... and alligators, and all the skates smil-... ed pleasantly as they passed. Soon... they came to the mermaid's house,—a

large pink conch-shell, with sea-weed... climbing over it, and a long avenue... marked by rows of pink sea-anemones... leading up to it. The sea-anemones... bowed, and waved their fringes to the... mermaid, and welcomed her home.
"I have a poor little urchin who has... been naughty, and has been punished;... but now he will be good and happy,"... said the mermaid.
Then they went into the conch-shell... and around and around, and up the... spiral stairs, that were pinked at every... step, till at last the mermaid put Tom-... my into a bed like a rosy pink sunset... and kissed him good-night.
"You won't want to get up and look... for pie again, will you?" said she.
"I just guess not!" answered Tom-... my; and then he fell asleep, while she... sang to him songs about the sea.
When he woke up, the sunshine was... streaming over him.
I did think of giving him some pare-... goric, ma'am," nurse was saying. "But... after a little while he stopped crying... so I did not get up."
"Why! I must have dreamed it!"... said Tommy to himself. Just then he... looked down and saw some pie-crust... crumbs in his bed. "I don't know... though," he thought. "May be it was... true. May be I really was—a urchin..."—St. Nicholas for June.

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