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Bible Lands, their Customs and Manners, Narratives of Scripture, by Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep D. D. With maps and wood cuts. Price \$5. 820 pages. This is a standard work on a subject which is always dear to the Christian heart, and of the first importance to Bible Students. Many works have appeared on Bible Lands. Naturally, such books always find a ready sale. But this is the most complete of the kind ever written. The author spent almost a life-time in the East and enjoyed unrivalled opportunities of intercourse with all classes of the people. In the first part we have 12 chapters on physical characteristics of the lands, descriptions of the soil, its cultivation and products, its animals, fishes, birds, insects, &c., with philosophical reflections. In the second part we have customs, mode of life, government, religious houses and men, &c., &c. Colored maps and fine illustrations help admirably to give the student a most comprehensive view of Bible Lands.

Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. Price \$1.75. Motley's United Netherlands. \$2.25. We have so strongly recommended these works that, during the past few years, we have sold hundreds of them. And still we say that no work of history, scarcely excepting Macaulay's, combines so many excellencies. To ourselves it was a fascination years ago, and has so continued at intervals to the present. The volumes were published till recently at large expense. They are now so cheap as to be had at every one's command. This is not only the history of a nation, but of the contest between Protestantism and Romanism. The characters, feats of arms, motives of action, and general results described by Motley are beyond measure interesting.

The Turkish Empire, the Sultans, the Territory and the People, by the Rev. T. Miller, M. A., F. R. S., with coloured maps, price 90 cents. Any one desiring to understand the principles lying at the foundation of the present European war, the Provinces invaded and the men interested, should read this book. This is a new edition, its matter brought down to within a few months back.

Erskine May's Constitutional History of England. 3 vols. Price \$4.50. The period covered is 1760-1860. This is the fourth edition of May's History, showing its great popularity. The work is generally admitted to be a very able, philosophical and accurate record of the momentous epoch on which it treats.

The Thorough Business Man, Memoirs of Walter Powell, Merchant, Melbourne and London. Fifth edition. Price \$1.05. Rev. Benjamin Gregory, the author, has faithfully portrayed, in this book, a remarkably shrewd and devoutly Christian business man. We have admired all through this memoir those fine qualities of head and heart, which brought Mr. Powell widely into notice and accumulated for his family great wealth. To young business men this work would be invaluable. It should be placed in the hand of every young merchant.

Hallam's Constitutional History of England from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II. Price 1.50. Nearly 1000 pages. The London Times, on the appearance of this work, gave deserved prominence to Mr. Hallam's numerous qualifications for his herculean task, while

it lauded his "History" with ardent commendation. It is emphatically a great work, and always safe as a reference.

The Homilist, xii volume. \$1.60 net, The Metropolitan Pulpit, vol. 1. \$1.50 net, and Cook's Lectures, Price 45 cents. There are a few of these still remaining, a large number having been sold. They deserve a good sale.

DISASTROUS FIRE IN PORTLAND ST. JOHN.

LOSS OF LIFE AND INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE - HUNDREDS OF FAMILIES BURNED OUT.

From the Telegraph, Saturday evening. At three o'clock this morning, about the hour of our going to press with our large country edition, several buildings were reported to be on fire in Portland. The fire has proved disastrous in the extreme, involving loss of life, much suffering, privation and want at an unpropitious season of the year, and the destruction of a large amount of property, including some public buildings. The streets or parts of streets mainly devastated are Main, Portland, Acadia, Chapel and High Streets.

About half past two the residents in the block bounded by Main, Chapel, Portland and Acadia streets were startled from their sleep by the roar and crackle of that devouring element, fire, which rendered the peal of the fire bell on Portland street so faint that it could scarcely be heard. A man who lived in a house near where the fire had its origin saw the flames and rushed out to give the alarm, but Hugh Sanders was already there and the alarm was quickly sounded.

In the time which had elapsed the firemen had started from their beds and about ten minutes after the first alarm was struck the new steamer was on the spot and put into working operation on the corner of main and Portland Streets where she was kept constantly at work for about two hours, throwing two large streams of water.

The old Steamer came along a few minutes later, and was got into operation a little further down Main street she too being well handled.

But it was soon evident that there was not enough power to serve the remainder of the block or, indeed, keep the flames confined to one block. So about half-past three the alarm was sounded in the city, and the reserve engine sent to render assistance. She was taken up Main street, but it was found impossible to get past the burning buildings. And the horses were turned about and taken around the Fort Howe road, and finally established on Camden street, where she was well manned by members of the different city companies, Chief Engineer Marter and District Engineer Dunlop being in charge.

But still the fire continued in its onward march, heeding not the puny attempts of the firemen to stop its career. On Portland street a grand and successful attempt was made to stop the element, the Portland company fighting desperately to save the houses on the western side and keep the fire from spreading to the large commercial block on Main and Simons streets, occupied by James Williams and others. Notwithstanding the intense heat to which they were subjected, they persevered in wetting the houses and by this means only was the block saved.

BURNING OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.
When the fire spread across Chapel Street the first place it fastened upon was the Portland Methodist Church, which caught on the cornice and steeple and at first burned slowly, but, fanned by the breeze, the flames soon increased and enveloped the entire roof, presenting a grand but dreadful appear-

ance. The boarding on the outside of the steeple quickly burned off, displaying the frame work which fell shortly after into the street, placing the hose-men who were playing on the building at the time in a very perilous position.

PROGRESS OF THE FIRE.

After the Portland Church, etc., were burnt, the flames were spreading in the other direction, down Chapel street towards the water, taking both sides of that street in its career, notwithstanding the fact that the city reserve engine had got to work on Camden street, where she was doing valuable work in wetting the houses and stopping the fire. At half-past six the fire had so far advanced up Main street as to place the new Portland steamer in an exceedingly dangerous position. And it was only a few minutes after that the house on the corner of Main and Portland streets, falling out, causing them to abandon their position and to take up a new one on Simons street, between High and Camden streets. The fire soon extended down Portland street and crossing over to the corner of High street to Mr. W. A. Moore's house, and rapidly spread to the adjoining building and the Temperance Hall.

On the other side the fire was sweeping with terrible velocity down Acadia and High streets; Portland street also burned rapidly to Camden street, which street the devouring element came up and burned both ways. All the dwellings on Portland street as far down as Rankine's wharf, as well as a part of the wharf being consumed.

The usual number of roughs that always characterize a fire in St. John were of course on the spot and endeavored to make as much of a nuisance of themselves as possible.

At the lower end of Portland street the fire presented a very solemn appearance. The houses which had been deserted by their terrified inhabitants were allowed to burn up without the least attempt being made to save them, except at the further end of the street, where the city company was stationed to stay the progress of the dreaded element and keep it out of the wharves and lumber yard that closely adjoined; and right well they did their work, keeping it so well under control that only a very small quantity of lumber was destroyed.

By half-past six the fire was considerably under control at the end of Simons street, though it was still burning briskly at the lower end of Camden street, and at half-past seven the fury of the conflagration was past, and only black embers were now were once had been comfortable dwellings.

A DAY OF PRAYER AND MINISTRATION FOR THE SUCCESS OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

(Circular from the President of the General Conference to the Ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada.)

MY DEAR BROTHER.—The Central Board of the Missionary Society and the Executive Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, have unitedly and unanimously recommended that the third Sabbath (18th) of November should be set apart as a day on which sermons shall be preached in all our congregations on the subject of missions and special prayer be offered for the blessing of God upon our missionary work. It is also recommended that the first prayer-meeting following that Sabbath should have reference to the same subject.

I have been requested to give notice of this recommendation, (in which I most cordially concur,) to each of our ministers and, through them, to our congregations.

It is not intended that collections should be taken up in connection with these services, except in cases where appointments have been made for the anniversary missionary sermons to be preached the same day. These special services have been recommended to prepare the mind and heart of the Church for the missionary anniversaries and the great work which they are intended to promote.

During the last year there has been some decline in the amount of the Church's contributions to the Missionary Society, while the work on our widespread missions has been prosperous, and new openings for their extension are presented on every side. After the most careful examination of the means at their disposal by the Central Missionary Board, at the late annual meeting, they have been unable to comply with many pressing calls for help, and have been compelled to diminish appropriations, on many parts of the work, already commenced.

Permit me then to solicit your attention to this recommendation of our Executive Committee and Missionary Board, and to express a hope that you will make all needful arrangements to give effect to that recommendation.

The needs of the world, the special needs of those portions of it which Providence has committed to our culture and care, the Divine character of the work itself, the marvellous success of our past labors, the inspired promises of power and blessing under which we act, not to say the command of him whose we are, all impel and encourage us to refuse no sacrifice and to shrink from no labor in following the example of him who went about doing good and gave himself to seek and to save that which was lost; and though our ascended Lord has all power in heaven and on earth, and has only to speak and the idols of the heathen shall be cast to the moles and the bats, the fulness of the Gentiles shall come and the Jews be gathered in, Mahomedanism shall perish and superstition shall be destroyed, the wilderness shall bloom, and the solitary place sing, and the earth be renewed in righteousness; yet as the instrument of this "creating all things new," the Lord Jesus has commissioned the Church, which he has purchased with his own blood, and on which he pours out his Spirit without measure, and to each member of which he says, "For all these things I will be sought unto;" "Pray al ways without ceasing;" "Go work in my vineyard." It is the Church on its knees that has power with God and man, followed by the Church at work in season and out of season; and never will the Church rise to the dignity of its mission, and exercise the power of which it is the depository, until every member of it is filled with the Holy Ghost, and plans, and labors, and accumulates and gives as diligently and liberally, for the work of the Church as he thinks, and toils and expends for himself and household in regard to intellectual and material things.

I remain, my dear brother, your fellow-laborer and servant in the Church.

E. RYERSON,
President of the General Conference.
Toronto, Oct. 17 1877.

METHODIST TABLE-TALK.

It is said there is much need of immediate liberality towards the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, for the account at the bank is considerably overdrawn. Let us hope that circuit and district treasurers will remit promptly, and subscribers pay their subscriptions earlier than usual. Methodism cannot afford to endanger her foreign work for want of means.

I hear there are more missionaries at home from abroad just now than usual, perhaps a judicious use of some of them at meetings may help to increase the interest in the work they do when they are at work on their stations.

Some sarcastic wag says that the conversation among some prominent Methodists recently turned on the subject of "Lazy ministers and how to make

them work." One person suggested that each circuit should provide the preachers with a book to be called "The Circuit Log," in which each shall enter a correct statement of all circuit work done each day, the number of new sermons studied, the time at which he rose from bed, &c.; this log would be read by the circuit steward at every quarterly meeting and considered as first item of business. The wag says that the proposer of this suggestion is almost certain to be elected as a lay representative to Conference and will probably introduce it in Conference. Our correspondent evidently does not like Lay Representation and thinks that his communication contributes a fine illustration in his favor. I can only say that I should like nothing better than to see and hear what would follow from other lay representatives when this to be representative made his proposal. No, no! objectors are too late. Methodist ministers know they have nothing to fear from Methodist laymen.

In a certain chapel the minister was much annoyed by the irreverent behavior of several young men, who were sitting together. Of meek temperament, he endured this till just before announcing his text, and then quietly mentioned the fact that certain persons in the congregation had apparently forgotten that they were in the House of God. Immediately bats were reached and a procession of young men walked down the aisle, while the preacher said—The portion of Scripture chosen for our meditation is found in the Gospel by St. John, chap. viii. v. 9: "And they which heard it being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last." It was not necessary for that preacher to arrange again for a coincidence.

The President of the Conference is expected to hold a convention for conversation in spiritual matters in Sheffield in November. This will doubtless prove a great blessing, and no one can question that Dr. Pope's presence and influence will be very stimulating and instructive. In some places where conventions were held last year and in 1875 they are not to be reported this year. This is well. It is not desirable that they should lose their exceptional and occasional character.

It is said that the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, who is travelling in America, with Mrs. Stephenson and their daughter, is likely to prolong his stay until December.

It is probable a large Wesleyan Sunday-school convention will be held in London early in April. Representatives are expected to be present from various parts of the country.

The Home Missionary Secretaries are now housed in the Centenary Hall, Both Mr. M'Aulay and Mr. Greeves have offices there. This is a convenient arrangement, and as that building was bought not merely for Foreign Mission purposes, but out of general Methodist money for general Methodist use, one cannot see why all Connexional departments should not have quarters in it if they need them.

The Rev. Dr. Milburn (the blind orator), is expected to visit Ireland again in December, having already several preaching and lecturing engagements.

Already people ask "Who will be the next President?" and some even ask as to the next three elections. The names of Dr. Rigg, Mr. Coley, and Mr. Jenkins are freely mentioned. As between the two excellent ministers whose names stand first it is impossible to decide. Certainly Mr. Coley will have far more votes at Bradford than he polled at Bristol.—*London Methodist.*

BY J. E. HANKIN.
I have not an angel's tongue,
Skilled in winning speech or song;
Weighty words at my command,
Pleas fallacious to withstand;
Is there not some little child
I can win from paths defiled?
Weak, unworthy though I be
Here am I, O Lord, send me.

I cannot the sickle wield,
In the noon-day harvest field;
Bear the burden of the day;
Garner loaded wains away—
I can only stoop and glean
Where more stalwart forms have been,
Weak, unworthy though I be,
Here am I, O Lord, send me.

I cannot the sword gird on,
If there's victory to be won—
When has ebb'd the battle shout,
I can seek the wounded out;
Soothe the dying, make the bed
Of the sad and lonely dead,
Weak, unworthy though I be,
Here am I, O Lord, send me.
—Selected.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY REPORT.

First, as to finance, we note that the expenditure exceeds the income by £18,000, chiefly through the decrease in the amount of legacies, an uncertain, and on some grounds, undesirable source of income. We prefer the living presence of our friends to their most generous legacies. As no reference to the deficiency occurs in the body of the Report, we perceive that there is no tremor in Bishopsgate on the subject. Of the home districts, two—Leeds and Liverpool—contribute above £7,000 each, three—Manchester, York, and London 2nd—above £6,000, three—Birmingham, Bolton, and Halifax—above £5,000, three—Hull, Bristol, and Newcastle—above £4,000, six above £3,000, five above £2,000, eight above £1,000, and four small districts far below that amount. Of the foreign contributions India sends not much more than £400, against £15,000 which it costs; South Africa about £3,000, against £20,000 which it receives; the West Indies about £3,400, against £18,000; West Africa £1,700, against £8,600; and Australasia £14,000, against £19,000. The China Mission cost £7,000; Ireland and Continental Europe absorb £20,000, Ireland returning £6,500, and French Methodism, out of other "deep poverty," above £500. It should be noted that larger or smaller sums are expended on local objects which do not figure in the Report. Thus, South Ceylon, which cost £10,000 in addition to contributing £180 to the General Mission Fund, raises above £300 for local purposes. North Ceylon, from a cause not explained, does not appear in the list as a contributor. In the body of the Report we are told of considerable sums raised in North Ceylon for district purposes. We note that the children raised in Christmas offerings £12,400, and in juvenile associations £9,000, or one-third of the whole amount raised at home. The most prosperous juvenile association appears to be that at York, which collected above £600. In the circuit lists the usual number of touching memorials appear. But there seems to be fewer of a woeher class, which might be designated "curiosities of giving." We trust that the "sweepings of a draper's shop" at Sheffield will never be less than £21; a "tailor's clippings" produce £5; "lonely corn critter"—may she (?) live long—subscribes £4 10s.; "hair cutting" is down for 3s. 6d. Apple and pear trees yield a few guineas. Lambs and ewes figure among the subscribers. Christmas singers help the same cause. These are specimens of strange sources which help to swell the annual revenue. The bulk of the Church members on the mission field is to be found in South Africa and the West Indies. South Africa has 16,000 members, 100 missionaries, and 300 other agents. Our late beloved Secretary told with much amusement of the number of babies brought to him for baptism during his visit to South Africa, and all the parents chose their visitor's name for their little ones. In the Graham's Town District we read: "Perkadale section. At Perkadale the attendance is good. In another place the chief said to the

missionary: "Go through my country; preach the Word of God to all my people; build as many chapels as you can; I want more missionaries and teachers among my people." A noble trophy of the Gospel is commemorated in the following epitaph:—"William Kama, Chief of the Amagunukwebi, born 1798, died October 17, 1875—a noble man, a just Governor, a faithful Christian." The great curse of South Africa is drunkenness, introduced too often by the white man. This subject is referred to more than once by the missionaries on the ground. It is a great future which lies before Christianity in those fine regions. West Africa returns 18,000 members, the West Indies 48,000.

The least fruitful numerically are the Eastern fields. There are 2,000 members in Ceylon, 1,000 in India, 300 in China. The Indian Mission has suffered from the famine. We are glad to see that in China our brethren are turning wistful looks to the interior populations. The Wuchang missionary reports the baptism of several persons of a higher grade—one an ex-magistrate, another a doctor. The Hankow report says well:—"What is wanted is not the multiplication of foreign agents paid from foreign funds, but the development of a spirit of Christian activity on the part of these Chinese Christians." Our brethren laboring in these vast empires need and deserve all sympathy and help.

The report from France is not a cheerful one, but at least it is honest. The summary is:—"Hard work, many disappointments, painful pecuniary straits, relieved by progress here and there, and especially by some gracious revivals." The narratives of the different stations bear out this testimony. It would be hard to decide whether lifeless, rationalistic Protestantism, or bigoted Popery, presents the worst obstacle to the truth. Both are at their height in France. In one place we read of "a great proportion of Protestants who have long been noted for unbelief and ungodliness. Several horse fairs are held here annually, and always on the Sabbath." Both in France and Germany Methodism serves as a witness, and perhaps does more good in its direct influence upon other bodies than at present in visible conversions.

A pleasing proof of the development of a native ministry is seen in the portraits which for some time have illuminated the covers of the monthly notices. If not always models of physical beauty, they have been eloquent with the beauty of intelligence and goodness. Perhaps this would have been set in more striking relief if companion heathen portraits could have been given. In this matter Ceylon stands well. The north and south districts are running a health race of self-help and independence. The Polynesian mission also boasts a noble native pastorate. There are 74 native ministers and assistants, 885 catechists, 143 head teachers, 2,087 local preachers, 3,740 class leaders—all the creation of half a century. The number of foreign missionaries is but 18. The 617 day schools will ensure the intelligent character of the next generation.—London Meth.

PULPITS.

Pulpits have much to answer for in having made men awkward. What horrible inventions they are! If we could once abolish them we might say concerning them as Joshua did concerning Jericho, "Cursed be he that buildeth this Jericho," for the old-fashioned pulpit has been a greater curse to the churches than is at first sight evident. No barrister would ever enter a pulpit to plead a case at the bar. How could he hope to succeed while buried alive almost up to his shoulders? The client would be ruined if the advocate were thus imprisoned. How manly, how commanding is the attitude in which Chrysostom is usually represented! Forgetting his robes for the moment, one cannot but feel that such a natural posture is far more worthy of sublime truth than that of a person crouching over a sheet of paper, looking up very occasionally, and then revealing no more than his head and shoulders.

The late Thomas Binney was unable to endure a platform, and was known to fetch gowns and other materials to hang over the rails of an open rostrum, if he found himself placed in one; this

must have arisen solely from the force of habit, for there can be no real advantage in being enclosed in a wooden pen. This feeling will no doubt retain the close pulpit in its place for a while longer, but in ages to come men will find an argument for the divinity of our holy faith in the fact that it survived pulpits.

Ministers cannot be blamed for ungainly postures and attitudes when only a very small part of their bodies can be seen during a discourse. If it was the custom to preach as Paul did at Athens public speakers would become models of propriety, but when the usual method is pursued, we cannot marvel if the ungainly and the grotesque abound. By the way, it is interesting to note that Raphael in his representation of Paul at Athens evidently had in his mind the apostle's utterance, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is he worshipped with man's hands," hence he delineates him as lifting his hands.

Remarkable are the forms which pulpits have assumed according to the freaks of human fancy and folly. Twenty years ago they had probably reached their very worst. What could have been their design and intent it would be hard to conjecture. A deep wooden pulpit of the old sort might remind a minister of his mortality, for it is nothing but a coffin set on end; but on what rational ground do we bury our pastors alive? Many of these erections resemble barrels, others are of the fashion of egg-cups and wine-glasses; a third class were evidently modelled after corn-bins upon four legs; and yet a fourth variety can only be likened to swallows' nests stuck upon the walls. Some of them are so high as to turn the heads of the occupants when they dare to peer into the awful depths below them, and they give those who look up to the elevated preacher for any length of time a crick in the neck. I have felt like a man at a mast-head while perched aloft in these "towers of the flock." These abominations are in themselves evils, and create evils.

No one knows the discomfort of pulpits except the man who has been in very many, and found each worse than the last. They are generally so deep that a short person like myself can scarcely see over the top of them, and when I ask for something to stand upon they bring me a hassock. Think of a minister of the gospel poisoning himself upon a hassock while he is preaching; a Boanerges and a Blondin in one person. It is too much to expect us to keep the balance of our minds and the equilibrium of our bodies at the same time. The tappings up and overturnings of stools and hassocks which I have had to suffer while preaching rush on my memory now, and revive the most painful sensations. Surely we ought to be saved such petty annoyances, for their evil is by no means limited by our discomfort; if it were so, it would be of no consequence; but alas! these little things often throw the mind out of gear, disconnect our thoughts, and trouble our spirit. We ought to rise superior to such trifles, but though the spirit truly is willing the flesh is weak.

But I must return to my subject, and I do so by repeating the belief that boxed-up pulpits are largely accountable for the ungainly postures which some of our preachers assume when they get out of their cages and are loose upon a platform. They do not know what to do with their legs and arms, and feel awkward and exposed, and hence drop into ridiculous attitudes. When a man has been accustomed to regard himself as an "animated bust," he feels as if he had become too long when he is made to appear at full length.—C. H. Sprague

Religion, thou art happiness! the joys which thou pourest into the heart be set within the reach of any weapon that that hand of man can form. The calm which thou settlest on the soul the wing of no earthly blast can disturb. The light by which thy children walk is the candle of the Lord, which can never be quenched. Thou plantest a torch for them in the gloom of death's darkness, and supportest their goings on the rod and staff of the Almighty. Thou conductest their spirits to the feast of immortality, and layest their bodies down to sleep till the morning of the resurrection. Woe unto him that seeketh his happiness apart from Thee. He shall be miserably disappointed.—Pollock.

"DIVERS BAPTISMS."

Under the old Covenant there were purifications of Levites, of lepers, of persons who had been in contact with dead bodies, therefore ceremonially and legally unclean; and in all cases the mode of purification was divinely determined: "Sprinkling the unclean sanctified to the purifying of the flesh." The inspired writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews was intimately acquainted with appointed rites of the ancient Church. He comprehended unquestionably the nature and design of Christian baptism. He was an accomplished scholar, Master of Greek language and literature; and yet those purifications he collectively speaks of as: *diaphorosis baptisimois*—divers baptisms—in the English text: "divers washings."

Turning back to the requirement of the Law, for the purification of Levites, we find that the language was specific. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Take the Levites from among the children of Israel, and cleanse them: Sprinkle water of purifying upon them, and let them shave their flesh, and let them wash their clothes, and so make themselves clean." In the law for the purification of lepers we have the same requirement: "And he shall sprinkle water upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, etc." And so in regard to ceremonial impurity from contact with dead bodies: "Whosoever toucheth the dead body of any man that is dead, and purifieth not himself, defileth the tabernacle of the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from Israel; because the water of separation was not sprinkled upon him, he shall be unclean; his uncleanness is yet upon him." Through all ancient legislation in the Old Testament Church, in which water was to be used as a means of purification, whenever mode was specified in the command, whenever an administrator was indicated, the application was to be that of sprinkling. There were in such cases, in addition to the legal official administration, the sprinkling which sanctified, as the apostle tells us, to the purifying of the unclean,—washings and bathings and shavings; but these were personal matters—purely of cleanliness. In such case no mode was ever specified. Yet so stringent was the law of purification that unless the water of separation was sprinkled that soul was cut off from Israel.

Here then we have not simply supposition. We have something more than inference. We have positive authority. In every application of water that sanctified, the mode was sprinkling; and the several purifications of which we have most minute explanation are specifically designated baptisms.—Rev. J. L., in "Baptisma."

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

What interest is excited in the Missionary's family, far from home, by the arrival of gifts from early friends. We clip this vivid description of such a scene from the "Messenger." The letter seems to be from India.

The box looked so fresh and well cared for, not even the paper cards defaced on it, that we were immensely reassured about the state of the things inside. You know how firmly it was nailed up, but it yielded to more or less gentle persuasion and showed us first such a pile of rags and pieces! First I pulled out the tin box which was either cheese or stereoscope, we could not guess which—then a paper of blueberries in capital order. Then the apples, and the beans, and the hams. So good they looked—in perfect condition, just as if they had been put up but yesterday. No sign of hurt or damage anywhere. The cotton was quite uninjured by its near neighbors, and everything was deliciously satisfactory outside of the tin. Now for the inside; a tin-opener soon brought to light the hidden treasures that many dear hands have been busied in preparing. We laughed, we rejoiced, were almost too happy as parcel after parcel came to light, here a word, there a note, and here only the handwriting of a friend, but all covering substantial proofs of the "one family" in which we "dwell in Him," however widely separated materially. Then the pictures, this one, all right, and this, and so on with every one and what a number there were there! Not one glass injured with the exception of a crack across one for Mrs. Churchill, which had not broken at all however, so that the picture was covered as well as ever.

LETTER FROM AN OLD READER.

Mr. Editor,—Communications in the Herald often wake up lost incidents. One of your articles referred to old Bennett Street, Boston. I was at the "Hub" when Dr. Trafton was stationed in the old Bennett Street here. I was young then, and was invited to take the pulpit in the morning. The afternoon found me at Father Taylor's Bethel. I had never heard the old "commodore" preach, so I got in and thought no one would know me; but I had hardly got seated ere I was hailed by one of those old Penobscot sea captains and asked to take a seat with the old "commodore." I begged off.

Soon a Jack Tar came in whistling a lively jig, half seas over, and was invited by the usher to take a seat right in front of the pulpit. Father T. looked down on the poor sailor, and said, "A poor lamb fell among wolves!" He soon fell asleep, and all was right. I had heard down here in Maine that Father T. had slid into Unitarian ideas; so I was all ear to detect his defection, if it existed. The old hero of so many battles opened his theme gloriously—"Christ—Divinity, Deity." Oh, he piled up the glory of our my, Christ!

As soon as he was done, I sprang to my feet and told them what I had heard about his Unitarianism, and gave vent to my unspeakable joy at what I had just heard. Somehow Mark Trafton and T. Hill were invited to take dinner with Father T. on Monday. Mark, true as steel, broke silence in the midst of halibut, puddings, pies, and good cheer, saying, "Capt. Taylor, how came you to allow this Down-easter to exhort in your meeting yesterday?"

"If it hadn't been about right, I should have sung out, 'Belay!' that is in plain English, 'Take your seat, sir!'"

We took a boat and went on board a U. S. frigate in the harbor; and to see Capt. Taylor cut and shear over that deck, examining machinery and guns, was rare sport. We are strong friends to-day. I have the old hero's face hung up in my sleeping room, and look at him morning and evening as he appeared on the first Sabbath I heard him.

—Zion's Her. T. HILL.

The error is great in supposing that the mind is making no progress and acquiring no knowledge when it is not conversing with books; and it is one of the errors of bookish men. There are pauses amid study, and even pauses of seeming idleness, in which a process goes on which may be likened to the digestion of food. In those seasons of repose the powers are gathering their strength for new efforts, as land which lies fallow and recovers itself for tillage.—Alexander.

My dear son, sit thee down beside me, and I will deliver thee three instructions. I feel that my hour is coming, my countenance is wan. My days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a father and a lord to my people. Be thou a father to the children and a friend to the widow. Comfort thou the poor, shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. Govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all shall be thy reward. Call upon him to advise thee in all thy need, and He shall help thee in all thou undertakest.—King Alfred's dying words to his son.

On the rocks by the seashore I have seen marine creatures living when the tide went out, not in the briny pools it leaves, but on the dry and naked rock—in the withering air—in the burning, broiling sun. They lived, because, when twice each day the foaming tide came in, and, rising, covered the rocky shelf they clung to, they opened their shut and shelly mouths to drink enough to last them when the tide went out, and till the next tide came in. Even so, twice a day also at the least, are we to replenish our thirsty souls—fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows full and free in Christ, to the least of saints and chief of sinners. In him dwelleth all the Godhead bodily.—Guthrie.

It is one of the happiest privileges of high intellectual life that it can elevate us—at least, in the intervals of relief from complete prostration or acute pain—to regions of disinterested thought, where all personal anxieties are forgotten. To feel that he is able, even in the days of physical weakness and decline, to add something to the world's inheritance of knowledge, or to bequeath to it some new and noble thought in the pearl of complete expression, is a profound satisfaction to the active mind that is lodged in the parishing body.—Hamerton.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

THIRD QUARTER: STUDIES IN EARLY CHURCH HISTORY. A. D. 60. LESSON V. PAUL BEFORE FELIX; or, Convicted by the Truth. Acts 24, 10-25. November 4.

EXPLANATORY.

THE GOVERNOR. Antonia Felix "procurator of Judaea, a freedman of the Emperor Claudius, appointed about A. D. 52. Answered. For the accusation read the preceding verses. Paul proceeds to answer these by a calm, dignified denial. No flattery, no circumlocution, no invective, but only sound argument and an honest statement of fact. Many years. Six to eight. In that time Felix had become acquainted with the peculiarities of the Jews, and could the more readily understand the defence of Paul. But twelve days. Seven spent in purification, (chap. 21, 27.) and five since his arrest. Ver. 1. Went up...to worship. Not to incite tumult, not to overthrow the worship of the Jews, but to worship in the temple. He challenges them to prove that at any time in that twelve days he had committed any of the acts of which he was accused. Accusation is not proof, yet how many judge even good and true men on mere report. "Judge not lest ye be judged."

BUT. Paul is ready to confess Christ even before his enemies. Are we? The way which they call heresy. They accused him of being a "ringleader of the sect of Nazarenes," the only time this term is used to designate Christians. The words "heresy" and "sect" are the same in the original. There were three other "sects" among the Jews, Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. Is it, therefore, a great crime to belong to another sect? God of my fathers. No schism, no new religion, but a fuller and more perfect development of the old covenant. Believing all things. The old Scriptures are not to be ignored; they are the real basis of the Gospel. No one who can thus say with Paul, need fear the name "sectarian" or "heretic." Hope. Another point wherein he is not a schismatic. His hope is the same which they wait for, (a better translation than allow,) but with him it is a living and directing power—with them it was mere patient waiting. Resurrection of the dead. The foundation of the Christian hope—it may be said to be the hope, for "if Christ be not raised then your faith is vain. 1 Cor. 15, 17. Both just and unjust. "For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." Rom. 14, 10.

HEREIN. In this hope, and because of this hope. The Christian's trust in the grace of God, and in the efficacy of the blood of Jesus, does not lead him into laxity of life. Compare the similar expressions of the other apostles, Peter and John. 2 Pet. 3, 14; 1 John 3, 8. Exercise myself. Note the energy in this word. The athlete must go through a careful training both continuous and untiring if he would succeed. There is little hope for the Christian who does not "strive to enter in." Luke 13, 24. We are to give "all diligence," (2 Pet. 1, 5) "press toward the mark," (Phil. 3, 14), "be careful to maintain good works," (Titus 3, 8), and "fight the good fight of faith." (1 Tim. 6, 12).

MANY. "Several."—Lange. "Not so strong as many."—Con and Howson. It was five years. Chap. 18, 21, 22. Alms-offerings. Two objects of the visit, both inconsistent with that of which he was accused. The alms were probably those spoken of in Rom. 15, 25, 26; the offerings, those of the pentecost, and purification. Chap. 20, 16, and 21, 26. Certain Jews from Asia. Not the officers of the temple, nor those here to accuse him. Those who were commanded to appear (chap. 23, 30) were not these, so Paul challenges those who had come to testify to any evil which they had found in him other than his avowed belief in the resurrection. Voice. Saying.

MORE PERFECT KNOWLEDGE. Felix in his six or eight years must have learned about the Christians. Indeed, there were Christian soldiers in his own city, and probably among his own guards. Chap. 10. He, therefore, knew more perfectly than was developed in the trial the belief of Paul, and the hatred of the Jews. That way. Used in the Acts to designate the Christian religion. Chap. 9, 2; 19, 9, 23. He deferred them, that is, he adjourned the court, and deferred the case. He had power to defer it as long as he liked, and his reason was, doubtless, only an excuse to avoid offending the Jews. Vers. 26, 27. Commanded. He kept Paul still a prisoner, under the charge of a soldier, though with large liberty. But, alas! he was mainly selfish in his motive, hoping Paul or his friends would purchase his liberty. Verse 26.

DRUSILLA. Daughter of Herod Agrippa I., married to Azizus, prince of Emesa,

and seduced from him by Felix, through a Cyprian sorcerer named Simon. While thus living in adultery with Felix she bore him a son, Agrippa, and perished with him in the eruption of Vesuvius. As her aunt, Herodius, under quite similar circumstances, heard John the Baptist, so she desired to hear Paul concerning the faith in Christ. How many, while living in sin, listen to the Gospel, possibly hoping to hear some word to ease their conscience, but with no thought of forsaking their sins.

REASONED. Paul sought not his own safety through the favour of the judge, but took this opportunity to preach him a sermon which would, by the aid of the Spirit, reach his conscience. Righteousness. The state of right living, justice to God and man. Just what Felix was not doing. Temperance. Not merely abstinence from strong drink, but a curbing of all appetites and passions...another home thrust—though we have no reason to suppose that Paul made any personal application. A wise teacher will avoid giving personal offence. Judgment to come. As the Holy Spirit brought these truths home to the conscience of Felix, and he realized that he must give an account for his actions to a Judge who could not be bribed, no wonder he trembled. He became alarmed, but, alas! to quiet his fears he dismissed not his sins but the preacher. A convenient season. A mere excuse; he did not desire to hear more on this subject. But, alas! many still deceive themselves by the same excuse—not now but some more convenient time, when they are tired of an perhaps, or death is a little nearer—then they will call. But God is calling now, and it may be with others as it was with Felix, the more convenient time will never come.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled. Acts 24, 25. DOCTRINE.—Conviction of sin. Acts 27; John 16, 9. The next lesson is Acts 26, 6-20.

A QUAKER, having married for his wife a member of the Church of England, was asked after the ceremony by the clergyman for his fee, which he said was a crown. The Quaker, astounded at the demand, said if he could be shown any text in Scripture which proved the fee was a crown, he would give it. Upon which the clergyman directly turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, verse 4, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion; Solomon was a wise man. Here is thy money which thou hast well and truly earned."

FOR SEVERE COUGHS AND LUNG COMPLAINTS.—CANTON, Pa., Nov. 29, 1873.—Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston: Gentlemen.—About ten years ago, after having a severe attack of measles, I was troubled with a severe cough and was threatened with consumption. My father having died at the age of thirty-one with consumption of the lungs, and my aunt having been carried off with the same complaint, it seems to be hereditary in our family. At the time alluded to, I was induced to buy a bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry and can say conscientiously, I believe it saved my life. I was blacksmithing at the time, and often felt pains in my chest and lung, which the Balsam relieved. I cheerfully give this statement, and hope you may have success with so beneficial a preparation. Yours truly, A. J. MERRITT.

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May 1, 1877

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Agency for New York Fashions April 1, 1876

Special offer of the Wesleyan!!

The WESLEYAN will be sent from the 1st of October, till the 31st Dec., 1877 for one subscription—Two Dollars. This takes in the General Conference Year, during which much connexional interest is sure to be awakened.

CHRISTIAN MIRRORS.

Does it ever occur to Christians that their spirit, their dispositions, are reflected in many ways and at sundry times, from week to week? They may not behold themselves as in a glass;

"A scandalous maintenance," says Matthew Henry, "makes a scandalous ministry." That is one mirror. When we find a people content to hear the gospel, to receive baptism, to sit down at the Lord's Supper, to ask respectable burial for their dead, and yet allow their minister to toil on a contracted salary, perhaps paid only in part, we say at once—Here are pinched, mean features reflected—like people, like priest."

Here, on the other hand, is a Presbyterian Church in Halifax, issuing its annual report, and modestly stating that its collections are at the rate of \$81.43 per Sabbath. Yet they "have no pew rents or subscription papers in this church"—all is done by spontaneous, loving liberality—a people educated to give.

By request Bro. Harris made a statement concerning his change of views. It appears that he has come to believe in the absolute "final perseverance of the saints," and in "particular election," &c. After hearing him he was voted a letter of dismissal according to his request.

Our church and parsonage are among the ruins. The energetic pastor, who had lent all his enthusiasm to the work of collecting for his brethren in St. John, is now himself homeless and his people smitten by the blast. This says all that it is needful to say.

This man probably worshipped over the Sabbath occasionally in retired districts, for great thinkers love solitude. He saw with pain the country curate rising in his place to engage in holy work, while the wandering eye, the unsteady thread of thought, betrayed that something was astray.

The speaker was chained, depressed, disheartened. Ordinary observers would have condemned the man; this philosophic commentator traced all the failure to the pantry and the store-room. Poverty, which made a poor larder, also produced a miserable sermon. Associations do blend their lights and shadows with men's thoughts and ambitions.

It is proverbial that church edifices reflect their owner's religious disposition. In no object or enterprise will a people's real character so rapidly show itself as in the house they rear for worship. Commercial agents turn away instinctively from a community whose churches are falling into decay.

NEW BRUNSWICK FREE BAPTIST CONVENTION.—Several good practical conclusions were reached at this gathering recently held in Sussex. The Free Baptists of New Brunswick seem to be making rapid strides in favour of an educated ministry.

It is impossible to do them justice in a brief report. They did not urge necessity of education, that is granted by every body, but they urged that the denomination do something without delay to provide for the thorough training of the young men who are to enter the ministry.

There has been no little honest prejudice among the senior members of the body on this subject; we hail equally with the "Intelligencer" this dawning of a better day.

One minister resigned. His reasons are thus stated:—By request Bro. Harris made a statement concerning his change of views. It appears that he has come to believe in the absolute "final perseverance of the saints," and in "particular election," &c.

It is generally supposed that the Free Baptists differ from Baptists proper only on the subject of close communion. They also differ in doctrine, as will be observed, by the fact that Mr. Harris has gone from Armenianism to Calvinism.

The Convention was very firm and positive as it always is on the temperance question. Its resolutions are worth repeating:—

Pro. Foster, from the Committee on Temperance submitted the following report:—Your Committee on Temperance beg leave to present the following report:—

1. We re-affirm all the previous strong resolutions passed by this Conference deprecating the use of and traffic in intoxicating liquors, and sympathizing with the prominent means now in use for lessening the evil's resulting therefrom.

3. We recommend that our Sabbath schools be interested as much as possible in the matter of temperance; that Temperance Pledges and Rolls of Honour be kept in stock by the Secretary of Conference for the use of Sabbath schools, and that S. S. Superintendents be requested to introduce these into their schools.

4. That the churches be requested to, as far as possible use their collective influence in favour of the Temperance Reformation, and by sermons, prayer-meetings and public Gospel temperance exercises throw open and pronounced influence on the side of right.

A resolution to secure affiliation with the N. Brunswick University failed by a narrow majority; but the signs are hopeful. The "Intelligencer" says on this subject:—

The following resolution was moved:—Resolved,—1st. That this Conference do approve of the plan, as proposed last year for the endowment of a Free Baptist Theological chair, in connection with the University of New Brunswick.

2nd. And does hereby hand this plan over to the Free Baptist Education Society, recommending it to endeavour to work up the proposed endowment.

The resolution gave rise to such a discussion as we never before listened to in Conference,—a discussion highly creditable to all who had part in it. We wish we could report the speeches made during the nearly seven hours occupied in the consideration of the resolution. The vote being taken there were,—yeas, 28; nays 32. It was not thought by the friends of the proposed scheme that it would carry, so the result was not by any means disappointing.

A SECOND FIRE-SCOURGE IN ST. JOHN.

Public sympathy for the 20,000 persons who were rendered homeless by fire in the chief city of New Brunswick had scarcely subsided, when intelligence is flashed over the wires that Portland—distinct as a corporation, but essentially a part of St. John city—has been swept by the same fierce element.

A careful estimate places the number of houses burned, including about an equal number of stores, at 175; and in the spring, when the assessors books were made up, the burnt district contained 320 families. The great fire of June last, however, doubled the population of that particular district of Portland, and persons not given to exaggerate put the number of families burnt out at 450.

Hard indeed is the lot of those who, having been burnt out in the great fire in the city, and losing all their household goods by that untoward event, have again been turned into the street by the flames in Portland, where they had their little remnant of property destroyed.

THE NOVA SCOTIA EDUCATIONAL OFFICE is now vacant. It is rumoured that there are already several applicants for the position. We submit that this is an office which ought to seek an occupant—a thorough competent man, wherever he may be obtained.

jected to so much wicked design. Who are the parties, and what are their motives, thus aiming at the destruction of our homes and happiness?

As to the misfortune itself, there can be but one response on the part of those who have the means. Portland must have help—must have it generously and right speedily—for winter in North America hears no pleadings, does not relent at the uplifted hands, nor delay at the voice of entreaty.

We quote from Thursday's "Telegraph":—

The congregation of the Portland Methodist church met for worship in Zion Church at three o'clock p. m. yesterday. The number present was very large under the circumstances. Rev. Mr. Teed conducted the service. He said that for twenty-one years last July he had been preaching, but had never stood before an audience with such feelings as he did then, and that he had never experienced such feelings in his life before.

Who is JOSEPH COOK? The great lecturer would not feel wonderfully complimented by an incident which occurred a few days ago in a Halifax printing office. An editor down stairs had been reading proof of an article headed—"Who is Joseph Cook?"

THE NOVA SCOTIA EDUCATIONAL OFFICE is now vacant. It is rumoured that there are already several applicants for the position. We submit that this is an office which ought to seek an occupant—a thorough competent man, wherever he may be obtained.

THE WEEK.

The following letter appeared in all the English Methodist papers which reached us by last mail. It explains itself. The subscriptions across the ocean make steady if but slow progress. Portland will now add to the necessity for help:—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE METHODIST.

My dear Sirs,—As I am leaving for home during this week, I beg to request that all cheques, &c., sent to the Mission House for the St. John Fund be made payable to Dr. Punsbun, who has kindly consented to receive them, and also that for the convenience of the Mission House, these remittances be not included with sums for other purposes in the same cheques.

Our fund has now reached the sum of \$1,528 18s. 9d., about one-fourth of the amount we hoped to obtain in England. If however, all the circuits, acting on the kind suggestion of the President, and following the example so nobly set by some already, will do for us the best they can, by collections or otherwise, and if gentlemen who sympathize with fellow-Christians in suffering, will send contributions, our fund will yet reach fair proportions.

On the part of those whom I represent I beg to tender sincere thanks for the help cannot forbear to mention the names of Dr. Punsbun, Rev. J. W. Greaves, and Rev. T. M. Albrighton, to whom I am under obligation for acts of personal courtesy and kindness, as well as for much assistance in my work. Yours sincerely, HOWARD SPRAGUE.

Private information has reached London, England, (says a telegram to the Liverpool Courier) from a person of the highest rank in Rome, that a new Pope has definitely been elected. The new Pope is said to be Cardinal Panabianco, and he was elected in pectore at a secret conclave of cardinals, summoned last week in consequence of the dangerous condition of the aged Pontiff's health.

We regret to see by P. E. Island papers that a son of Rev. F. W. Moore, of Charlottetown has met with severe injuries by falling from a tree.

PRAYER FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Oct. 28th and 29th—Sabbath and Monday—are set apart by the Honorary Secretaries of the Sunday School Union, for prayer in behalf of Sabbath schools. We regret that their circular is crowded out this week.

OBITUARY.—We regret to learn that Rev. A. S. Hunt, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, died last Tuesday evening. He had been ill a short time. We sympathize with his family and friends in their severe loss.

The death of Mr. Edward Jost, Senior, reported in our obituary column this week, will be missed in Halifax. He was an active temperance man, a generous contributor to the funds of the Methodist Church, as well as to various benevolent objects. He built the Mission Church on Brunswick Street, now used by the Y. M. C. A. for Sabbath afternoon services.

By an explosion in a colliery, near Glasgow, Scotland, 400 men were overtaken, and those cut off from escape who were not immediately killed. Exploring parties worked, amid intense excitement, till it was found that no living human being remained in the mines. 20 bodies only had been recovered up to latest news. Dreadful burial this!

The designs for the handsome new Methodist church just opened at Middleton, N. S., was prepared by Messrs. Smith and Dunn of St. John, a young firm of very clever architects. The church is one of the most handsome and conveniently arranged in all Nova Scotia.

OUR OUTLOOK is very encouraging for the coming year. New subscribers come in generously from different quarters. We are looking for a very large increase of our subscription list, and will strive to meet all expectations in making the WESLEYAN what it ought to be. Will our brethren help?

ABROAD.—London, if not all England, was excited for a day, or two over a rumor that Paris was threatened with a coup d'etat—which means barricades, fury and destruction by the mob. This shows that France is considered anything but in a safe condition.

There has been a strike on one of the principal railways interfering for some time with the running of the mails. But they make short work with such disturbances across the water.

Russia has been gaining in the war, by latest accounts. One or two heavy engagements left considerable advantage with the troops of the Czar, who have thus taken courage to attempt heavier operations. There will be stirring scenes before the war is over.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC OCTOBER, 1877.

New Moon, 6 day, 5h, 44m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 13 day, 11h, 28m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 22 day, 5h, 17m, Morning. Last Quarter, 29 day, 10h, 7m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data for the month of October 1877.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 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, 1 and 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlestown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 39 minutes LATER.

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

ON FEEDING HORSES NEW HAY AND OATS.

The question whether horses are injured by being fed on new hay and fresh oats has been made a subject of investigation by a French military commission, who have been experimenting upon cavalry regiments. The "Kamerad" reports that the results of the experiments prove that the health of the horses was not essentially injured by new hay if they received the ordinary regulation ration along with other fodder. Some animals were at first rather less active and more quiet, they sweated more freely, and the excrements were somewhat softened; but in a short time this ceased. In general, the horses ate the new hay more willingly than the old. They retained the same strength and corpulence as before. The hair kept bright the health perfect. Of 150 horses from 4 to 13 years old, with which the experiments were instituted, 37 gained in fatness, and 18 in strength and endurance. Only 18 lost flesh, and 8 lost strength, while 79 remained unchanged. A second series of experiments upon 150 horses gave the same results. On the other hand, another series of experiments were less successful, where 74 horses, from four to thirteen years old, were fed exclusively with new hay, the quantity being increased until it equalled the regulation ration of old hay, straw, and oats together. On this feed there was no real sickness, but a general weakness, frequent sweat, loss of appetite, digestion, relaxation of the muscles, weariness, etc.

The decision of the commission was that new hay can replace old hay in the regular rations without injury, and perhaps with advantage, but that to feed them exclusively on new hay is injurious to the horses. Experiments were made upon 1,800 horses by feeding them on new oats, and were attended with favorable results, inasmuch as the animals nearly all increased in bulk and strength, from which the commission concluded that new oats can be substituted for old ones with advantage, and hence it is useless to wait two months after the harvest before permitting of the use of new oats. These experiments refute most positively the prejudice that still prevails in many places that feeding on new hay and oats is injurious to horses. On the other hand it cannot be denied that horses, to which new hay is given, are frequently exposed to colic. The danger is only present, then, when the horses receive no definite rations, but have put before them as much as they can eat. In this case they not only eat much more new hay, but they eat much more eagerly and greedily, which can be so much more injurious, as experience proves that those very horses which are most inclined to the colic eat most greedily.—Industrie Blätter.

"You wonder why we wear a blue riband" said a temperance speaker from New Jersey the other night. "Well, we have Scripture authority for all that we do. The Lord told the Israelites to make fringes on their garments, and to put upon the fringe of the borders a riband of blue. And it shall be unto you for a fringe that ye may look upon it and remember all the commandments of the Lord and do them."

He or she who is a tiger in the family is generally a sheep to the rest of the world.

We find this announcement in an American paper:—

Mr. Frothingham, the apostle of "Advanced Thought" has renounced the title of Reverend, and his congregation that of Christian. This will be noted as a sign of improvement in the direction of honesty, and put to the credit side of these degenerate times. Both he and they seem to have worn a mask that they thought decency required them to drop at last. There are some others that ought to follow their example.

Mr. Frothingham is perhaps the ablest Essayist in the "Free Religion" ranks. We wonder what flag this pastor and people will now carry at their mast-head. They have renounced Christianity; they claim to be farther in advance of Christianity than Christianity is of Paganism. They are the flying squadron; all the other religions are lumbering along in the back ground. Charitable faith that.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—It appears that the column going by this name has really nothing more to do with Cleopatra than it has with a darning-needle or any other variety of those little utensils. It was erected at Heliopolis by an Egyptian monarch, supposed by many to be identical with the Scriptural Pharaoh, about 1500 B. C. It was removed to Alexandria—a distance of about 800 miles—probably during the reign of the Caesars at Rome. It now comes to England by a novel method of transport—that is, it is inclosed in an iron cylinder, air tight, wedge shaped at both ends, and is to be towed behind a steamer. The cylinder draws from eight to ten feet of water, and has wings, or rather fins, on each side to keep it from rolling over. The "Needle" is 69 feet long and 8 feet square—not uniformly but at the base. It weighs about 220 tons. There appears to be but little doubt felt as to the means of transit to England, and the attention of the Londoners is almost wholly engrossed by the question where the obelisk can be set up to the best advantage. What their proverbial caution about these matters, they have gone so far as to put up temporary models in one or two places in order to judge the effect on beholders of the 3400 year old relic when it gets along.

The Rev. Dr. Jobson is about to take a little recreation in Ireland. His intention having become known, he has been requested to preach in Belfast on Sunday next. He has kindly consented to do so, and in the morning will officiate in the Carlisle Memorial Church (the Methodist Cathedral), and in the evening in Donegall-square Church. The Doctor made many friends at the Belfast Conference of 1871. His effective discourses are well remembered, and his expected visit excites a kindly interest in all Methodist circles.—London Methodist.

A BRAVE ENGINEER.

A little railroad accident recently occurred at the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Station, which might have been serious but for the prompt action of engineer Whalen. The theatre train was standing in the station nearly full of passengers, and the engine, detached, standing some distance in front of it, when a freight train was, by some blunder, backed down at a rapid rate directly toward the passenger train. Fortunately, Billy Whalen, the engineer in charge of the engine, saw the situation, and understanding the danger, sprang at once into the engine, which was yet detached from the passenger train, and, turning on full steam, sent her ahead into the rear of the coming freight train. The shock was a terrible one. The trucks of the rear car of the freight train climbed up the front of the engine; the head-light of Whalen's locomotive was smashed and considerable other damage incurred. The bold Billy was badly shocked, but the force of the freight train was checked, and though it struck the passenger train, driving it back to the rear of the depot and shaking up the passengers at a pretty lively rate, none of them were seriously injured, for all of which they may thank the quick witted and brave Billy Whalen. Such an action requires more true heroism than is embodied in a thousand strikes.—Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer.

SOMEbody said to Robert Hall, "How many discourses do you think, Mr. Hall, may a minister get up each week?"—Answered Hall: "If he is a deep thinker and a great condenser, he may get up one; if he is an ordinary man, two; but if he is an ass, sir, he will produce half a dozen."

A popular author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and the great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

A MOSQUITO FIGHT.

By F. E. Hamilton.

Some twenty years ago, while living in Vermont, I started to make the journey from Burlington to Canaan, a town in the north east corner of the State. Leaving the railroad at St. Albans, I proceeded on foot from that point with rod and gun, fishing the brooks as I advanced, and occasionally spending an afternoon in hunting, until I had crossed the first range of mountains, the valley of Lake Memphremagog, and had reached the little village of Morgan, which lies at the foot of the second range. Thus far I had enjoyed myself immensely. The weather had been cool, it was September, the fish hungry, and I had shot several foxes, a large number of squirrels and one fine buck. From this point I decided to advance without further delay to Canaan, complete my business there and then renew my fishing and hunting upon my return trip from Morgan. With this idea I left my gun and fishing rod in charge of the old innkeeper at the little tavern where I had been staying, to be kept until I called for them, and one crisp, sunny morning began my climb over the mountains toward my journey's end. The distance between Morgan and Canaan was about twenty miles, and I intended to accomplish it in one day.

"Nothing of importance occurred to me in crossing the mountains, nor did I meet with a single person until I was far down the valley upon the other side. "Just as the sun disappeared behind the mountains, which now lay to the westward, I reached a little hill commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, and something less than three miles ahead, close to the shining Connecticut river, I saw gleaming through the twilight the white houses of Canaan.

"'Tis not so far as I thought," said I to myself, as my eye followed the winding road that lay before me; "but there are some woods that I must pass before dark and I'll hurry on," and with that I began the descent of the hill.

About half way between my point of observation and the village lay a body of woods, apparently a kind of half swamp, through which I must pass; and I desired to reach the open country beyond before the night had fairly set in. To this end I walked rapidly along the road, which was already growing duskish. I had almost reached the timber when I heard the noise of an approaching wagon, and just at the very edge of the timber I met a man leading a horse to which was attached a light lumber wagon.

"Good evening, sir," I remarked, as he came near. He stared at me but made no reply. "How far do you call it to Canaan?"

"Are you going through the woods to Canaan?"

"I am sir. Is not this the nearest way?" I returned.

"The man laughed a sort of desperate laugh. 'You'll never reach the town this way,' he replied, 'You'll never pass these woods alive!'

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "What do you mean? Are there murderers here?"

"Millions of them! Millions!" he answered, with earnestness. "Listen!" he added seizing my arm "do you not hear them?"

"The night, or evening, was still, and the chirp of the crickets and the far off barking of the farm dogs sounded clear and distinct through the air; but I could hear nothing more frightful and I said so.

"Don't you hear them? don't you? Try again; they're singing while they wait for you," the man continued. "Listen!"

"From the depths of the swamps a faint but growing sound now fell upon my ear. It was like the song of a million bees, only the note was more sharper and shrill, and filled the air until it trembled with the quick vibrations. A sudden thought came to me,

"Musquitoes!" I cried.

"My informant grinned. 'I thought you'd hear them. Don't try to pass the woods to-night. Come back with me.'

"What! Do you think I am afraid of them?" I exclaimed half angrily, turning away; "I shall be in Canaan in half an hour. Good night," and without further delay I broke from the

grasp of my would-befriend and entered the dim shadows of the woods. But even as I disappeared from his I heard him call after me with a grim humor, 'Good night, an' if you will go, goodbye.'

"I hurried on. I had passed, perhaps, one third of the distance when I became aware that a cloud of the troublesome insects was following me. I increased my speed, they flew the faster and began to sting me. I struck here and there, killing them upon my face and hands by dozens. Hundreds immediately took their place. The song which the countryman spoke of sounded clear and clearer each moment in my ears, and the numbers of my assailants increased every instant. It was beginning to say the least unpleasant.

"Turning aside for a moment I cut a leafy branch and with it thought to drive the insects from the air about my head. I might as well have tried to drive the air itself away. They settled upon me in swarms, each individual biting as though it was his first and last and chance for a meal. I threw aside my branch and ran. My pursuers sang but the louder and darkened all the road before me. The sound of their humming drowned the noise of my own footsteps, they filled my eyes, my ears, my mouth and my hands, were covered with my own blood!

"My retreat became a rout. I ran with all the speed that I was capable of. I felt myself growing weak, an indescribable horror took possession of me, I shrieked, beating the air with red and dripping hands; and my feet flew along the narrow road. Should I never reach the clearing?"

"The last five minutes of that fearful race I cannot remember. I never remembered them. All grew dark and I lost myself, to regain self-possession only when I stumbled against the fence of one of the outlying houses in the town of Canaan. Then partial consciousness returned, and blind, half dead, and moaning with agony I staggered up the village street and dragged myself into the village inn. A dozen men sat around the bar room, but as I entered every one sprang to his feet, and a single cry went up from all, 'He's come through the mosquito swamp!'

"I thought that I had.

"It was three days before I could leave my bed, nearly a week before I could leave my room, and for fully two months I retained the scars of my terrible battle. Since then I have added a certain amount of fear to my hatred for the mosquito, knowing that there are times when even the smallest adversaries are dangerous.—Christian Union.

CHILDREN'S CORNER. IN THE CORN-FIELDS.

(Nashville Advocate.)

The following beautiful article is from the facile pen of Marianne Farnington, in the London "Christian World," of Sept. 14. Our young readers will get from it some idea of "the Corn-fields" in England. A preacher to whom we spoke of the Hunter's moon, which shone brightly in September, said he had never heard of that or of the Harvest-moon! Let him read the following:

One morning a merry voice was heard singing a well-known song—

Come out, 'tis now September, The hunter's moon's begun, And through the wheat stubble Is heard the frequent gun. The leaves are paling yellow, Or kindling into red, And the ripe and kindling barley Is hanging down its head.

The others took up the chorus, and sung it heartily.

All among the barley Who would not be blithe, When the free and happy barley Is hanging on the scythe?

"It is a capital song," said Edith; "but I do not quite agree with the sentiments of it."

"Indeed!" said Tom. "I suppose you do not like

"The spring she is a young maid That does not know her mind."

"I do not care for that, but I do not like

"The summer is a tyrant Of most unrighteous kind."

And why should barley be the 'monarch of them all?' "I do not know," said Joe; "but I

propose that we should leave off criticising the song, and go into the field where the men are at work."

"I agree," said Tom. "I understand that the farmer whose fruit we helped to gather intends to invite us to the harvest-home supper; so perhaps we had better assist in the work first."

"Does he?" cried Will, throwing up his cap with delight; "I have never been to a harvest-home in my life, so that will be capital."

"What will they do?" inquired Edith.

"O, they will eat and drink, chiefly roast beef and coffee, I believe, and then there will be some singing and speaking. Of course we shall go."

Edith was not sure of that; but she was quite ready to go into the harvest-field with her brothers and sisters.

"Our out-of-door pleasures will soon be over now," said Annie, in regretful tones.

"Never mind," said cheery little Nellie; "we will have happy times at home then; and I like the fireside in winter as much as the sea-side and the country in the summer."

"But the summer is not over yet," said Edith. "I am hoping to have some merry days at blackberrying, nutting, and apple gathering; and then, what do you think? I heard something about a short visit to Kent, and a day in the hop-garden."

"Hurra!" shouted Fred. "We will make the summer last as long as we can. Now he away to the corn-field."

"Tom, why do you call it a corn-field, when wheat grows in it?" inquired Nellie.

"Because wheat is corn," said Tom. "Corn is taken from the German korn, and originally meant any small, round, hard body, like a seed. But it is generally used for the grain which furnishes the breadstuff of the people."

"And that is wheat," remarked Annie; "that is wheat in England; but in Scotland it is oats, and in America maize."

"I suppose our harvest is nearly over," said Nellie.

"Yes," replied Tom; "it would have been quite all carried, but for the heavy rains we have had. In some parts of the country the fields were cleared several weeks ago."

"Is it a good harvest?"

"I think it is, though the barley here has been spoiled by the rain."

"See! there are the wagons, and the men are heaping the sheaves upon them," cried Joe.

"And look at the women who are waiting for permission to glean," said Edith.

Presently there was a shout of joy, and then the last sheaf was placed on the laden wagon, which was drawn slowly through the gate. At once the women and children began to work heartily. There was a crowd of them, and all were anxious to do the best they could. The children had loose bags fastened to their waists, and the women carried the bundles which they gleaned in their hands, and then laid them in aprons on the ground.

"See," said Edith, who was watching the scene with interest, "that poor old woman is not well. She can scarcely stoop."

"It is not much wheat that she will get," said Willie. "I say, Edith, do you think it would be lawful for me to get some for the chickens?"

"No," said Edith; "I can give you a better plan than that. Let us offer our services to the poor woman."

"Agreed." Tom reached her first. "You are too old to glean," he said.

"You had better sit down in the sun, and rest."

"That is very well," she said; "but I want the wheat. I am very poor, and do not always have bread enough; and this wheat will make beautiful puddings."

"We will help you," said Tom. "See how many there are of us! Be sure that we will do our best, and get you a good harvest."

The woman looked at the bright, kindly faces of the children, and blessed them.

"If you will," she said, "I shall do well."

The children set to work; but they had not been long doing so, when some of the women came up and spoke rather angrily to them.

27, 1877.
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"It is a shame that you should come and take away the corn which we poor people want," said one. "I call it stealing, and you ought to know better than to do it."
Edith answered her very mildly. "You would have a right to complain if we wanted the corn for ourselves," she said; "but we do not. We are gleaning for that poor old woman yonder."
"Who? Old Mrs. Smith? Well, poor creature, it is doing her a kindness," said the woman, considerably mollified; and after that no one interrupted the children.
"It is much harder work than one would think," remarked Willie; and Tom, who is rather tall, agreed with him.
"It makes my back ache," said Tom. "It would, perhaps, ache less, if it were not so long," said Nellie.
The sun was warm, but the air was pleasant; and the children succeeded so well in their endeavors that, when the field had been gleaned, no one had so fine a heap of wheat as Mrs. Smith.
"It is quite a young stalk," said Fred; "and we must carry it home for her."
So they did; and the poor old woman blessed them again, this time with happy tears in her eyes.
They went to the supper, which they enjoyed; but even that was not so pleasant to Edith's mind as the thanksgiving service which was held next day. The church was beautifully decorated with all sorts of flowers and fruit, miniature sheaves of wheat occupying prominent positions. All the children liked the hymn that was sung, and joined heartily in it—
The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen Thou art there—
Giver of all.
For peaceful hours and beautiful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise—
Giver of all.
They went home afterward very happy; for they realized the fact that God, the great Father of all, thought of and loved every one of them.
A PLEASANT PLAY FOR PLEASANT LITTLE FOLKS.
BY ANNIE H. JEROME.
Unwonted quiet reigned in the sun-bright play-room of the little Missins. Kate, the eldest, sat with uplifted finger, the "Hush! hush!" which had silenced her companions still parting her cherry red lips. She sat thus for a moment only: the next she started to her feet crying joyously, "It is! it is!"
"Aunt Dee! Aunt Dee! Blessed Aunt Dee!" broke in a chorus of delighted voices.
And with one accord books were dropped, puzzles forsaken, dolls flung aside, and a rush made for the door. But before they could reach it, it was hastily opened by a lady who laughed brightly.
"Yes, 'Aunt Dee, blessed Aunt Dee' at last! and with a kiss and a hug for the whole six. No! no! spare me!" she cried merrily the next minute, "not all at once! One at a time, you young Liliputians, you'll choke me!"
Vain protest! The hugging and kissing was done Missin fashion and no other; but, like most things, it came to an end, and little black-eyed, curly-headed Lute's voice rose vivaciously above the rest.
"Say, Auntie, say, what is the nice play you wrote to Kate about? Is it real nice? And did you play it when you were a little girl?"
"Three questions in a breath!" laughed Aunt Dee. "Well, in answer to the first I'll state that the play is called 'Kitchen Furniture.' Do you know anything about it?"
"Not a thing!" eagerly cried the little group.
"Very good," said Aunt Dee, "and now as to its being real nice I can only say I thought so when I was little."
"So you did play it when you were little?" cried Lute.
"Indeed I did! and a glorious time the first time was, I can tell you! The beginning of it was a splendid sleigh-ride, from the village to a farmhouse, with a lot of little folks as happy as myself, and then followed a long afternoon, full of pleasure, the same closing with a royal supper, after which came up-

rorious fun with 'Kitchen Furniture,' the whole topped off with refreshments and the grand sleighride home. Was not that pleasure enough for one day?"
"I guess we would so," laughed Katie. "Why, Aunt Dee, it was as nice again as our fussy city parties."
"But we could play 'Kitchen Furniture' in the city, couldn't we, Auntie?" Lute interrogated anxiously.
"Certainly," smiled Aunt Dee.
"How? how, Auntie?" cried Lute.
"In the first place you provide enough chairs for the whole company except one. Then all but that one seat themselves in two long close rows, face to face, but wide enough apart to leave plenty of room for the crier, who has no chair, to walk up and down between the lines.
"After you are all seated, each chooses a name—the name of any article of kitchen furniture or kitchen use. The long names, such as bake-iron, gridiron, pieboard, jug of molasses, and so on, occasion most fun as they are not easily slipped off the tongue in a hurry.
"When the naming is done to your satisfaction, the crier, (who is also named) calls out, as she stands between the two rows:
"My lady wants a gridiron, gridiron, gridiron!"
"And now let the gridiron look out. Let her start to her feet and answer as quick as she can,
"Gridiron!"
"If she does not say it before the crier calls it the third time she forfeits her seat and takes the crier's place. The crier must be quick of speech and keen-witted, too, or she will never get a chair by crying her lady's wants.
"It's a good plan for her to look out for inattentive ones, and also to deceive by walking towards the skillet or plate.
"The play can be varied as often as you like by the crier calling out once, 'My lady wants a whole set of kitchen furniture!'
When that call comes you must all jump up and change seats as quickly as possible, and the slow puss or the unfortunate puss who gets none has to be true crier."
"Oh, but," cried Lute, "nobody'd get my seat! I'd just change with the one next to me."
"No! no! you could not all do that," laughed Aunt Dee, merrily. "That would spoil the fun. You don't want to be slipping from one chair to another like cowards. The right way is to start up with the rest of the company and make a fair and courageous dash for a seat. And now that's all I can tell you about 'Kitchen Furniture.'"
"And to-night we'll try it!" cried Lute in irrefragable glee.
And they did; and if my young readers want to know if there was fun that night let them try it too.—*Christian Weekly.*
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