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A WATCH-NIGHT ADDRESS.

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The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jer. viii. 13.

This is the wall of a besieged city. The nation of Judah had departed from God. Nebuchadnezzar, according to prediction, had laid siege to Jerusalem. False prophets told the people that help was coming. After waiting for nearly a year, Jeremiah represents them as sighing, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." This, or something like it, is, or ought to be, the wall of many a soul to-night. Sad to tell, that many of you sitting in this room hour of the last night of 1870, have to confess that these awful words are applicable to you. The people of Jerusalem could not save themselves from the King of Babylon. You would not have your souls saved from the "Prince of this world." The Egyptians come not, as expected, to save the besieged city. God has often come to your aid this year, and entreated you to be saved. But the year has gone with its golden possibilities and glorious opportunities and you are not saved.

Let us make this text the centre of a few watch-night reflections:

The harvest-work of the past year.
Harvest suggests a seed-time, and a reaping time, according to the quantity and the quality of the seed sown.

The seed-sowing. What a sowing has been going on. Seed of all kinds has been sown; material seed on hill and plain; intellectual and moral seed on immortal soil; seed that must help to curse and impoverish, or bless and enrich humanity. Everywhere seeds have been scattered; not only in field and garden, but on rock and wayside; not only in families and schools, but on play grounds and at street-corners; not only in Church and lecture-hall, but in ball-room and rum-den. All men have been sowing—sowing for either the animal or the spiritual harvest.

The Reaping. See yonder reapers among the yellow wheat. They are all busy; some are gathering, some binding and others building. Fling your mind from the little rustling grain field, to the fields of the great world, and behold all men sweating and mowing at the reaping. Away out on the restless rocking sea—back in the rude rustic hut—down in the humming, heaving city, have had this year, been busy, busy reaping. Warriors on fields of blood and battle have been reaping; wholehearted butchers, that fling into insignificance the red reappings of the Macedonian, of the young Carthagenian, or of the man of Corsica. Reapers on the fields of literature, and art, and science, have been busier than the Grecians in the days when Phidias sculptured, or when Plato taught. Reapers on fields of commerce, have been busier than were even the Tyrians, when they unfurled their sails on almost every sea. Reapers on philanthropic and patriotic fields have been toiling with a purpose, not inferior to that of Howard, Founds, or Florence Nightingale, and with a spirit not surpassed by Leonidas or Tell, Wallace or Washington. Reapers on the fields of religion have been labouring with such zeal, devotion, and joy as he who shook Popedom on her seven hills, tossed the Pope's Bull into the fire, and set the world in a blaze; as he who translated the Bible into sixteen different languages, and laboured and waited in India for seven long years before he saw one Hinduo brought to Jesus; as Judson, who toiled, prayed and wept through nearly eight weary years, before one Burmese professed faith in Christ; and as those in Tahiti and other heathen lands, who labored not seven or eight, but sixteen or seventeen years before day began to dawn.

Mark all this reaping has been according to previous sowing. In proportion to the quantity sown has been the quantity reaped. Proof: In 2 Cor. ix. 6, we read,—"He which sows sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which sows bountifully shall reap also bountifully." More important still is the principle that in accordance with the quality of the seed sown, will be the quality of the harvest. Listen,—"Not be deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows he shall also reap." That, that, that, from Gal. vi. 7, is also the principle of human harvesting. Sowilly seed principle and not by chance. Sow little seed, and you reap little and not by chance. Sow much seed, and you reap much and not by chance. Sow good seed, and you reap good and not by chance. Sow evil seed, and you reap evil and not by chance. Sow selfish and you become, not more spiritual, but more animal. You become, to use an expression of Emerson's, little more than "sacks and stomachs." Live for jewelry, and drapery, and upholstery, and you become, not more earnest and real, but more hollow shams, or pretty dolls, or stunted tops. Live according to Bible principle, and you will rise—in kindness, goodness, nobleness, generosity and love. Don't forget those laws of the material, mental and moral universe of God. Daring the past year all the quality of the seed sown, and the quality of the harvest reaped. Plodding farmers have been reaping in cultured lands, and rich, ripe stores; diligent, diligent merchants in prosperous businesses and well-filled tills; tireless students in developed intellects, and broader, deeper lore; zealous philanthropists in hearts made lighter and homes made brighter; working Christians in graces grown, in truth triumphant and souls saved; humble, believing penitents in sins forgiven and hearts made new; Bible supplicants in prayers answered, that have come down among souls like sun-bursts and dew-falls. Formalists have been reaping in withered lands and frozen narrows; sceptics in ghastly gloom and more mill-dewed beings; sensualists in more ragged constitutions and more worm-eaten souls. Observe here, that there is much of the seed sown the past year and year that has not yet been reaped. As within a grain of wheat there slumbers many a yellow, mellow, harvest, so in every seed-action there slumbers harvest, endless harvests of joy or sorrow. Remember the eternal principle—"He that sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that sows to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

To come closer, have you been doing anything for Jesus during the harvest of the closing year?

He has been thinking of you, and working for you, his good things and kind deeds have been to you, countless as the apple blossoms of the summer orchards, or as the golden ears of autumnal grain fields. He has built your tent by the oasis and the spring, and scattered manna all around. He has hung at the girdle of your year a horn of plenty. He has set upon his brow a coronal of emerald and gold. And for your special benefit, He has thus enriched and beautified the seasons. Have you thought it worth while to do anything for Him in return? If the gardener gives to the garden, of his labor; it returns to him an offering in flowers and fragrance. If the sea, by means of clouds, gives to hills and glens, of its treasures, they freely send it back again in stream and streamlet, rill and river. If you are by any of your fellows befriended, you try in some way to return their kindness. Jesus has, all the year, been giving you of his labor, giving you of His treasure, giving you of His friendship. Have you ever tried by purse or pen, hand or tongue, a head or heart, to make any return? If He gave you one talent, He expected it to increase, and to be consecrated to His service. Have you made the best of it? Has the soil of your being remained barren as Sahara, or has it become fruitful as "the garden of God?"

Have you suffered for Jesus?
Many of you have been afflicted in body. Were you able to say, like the good, old, sick woman, who when asked if she would like to be well again, to work for her Saviour, and "I am suffering for Jesus." The angel of death has been hovering above many of your gardens. Some of your sweet flowers have faded in the cold wind of his flapping wings. They have been laid away amid grave dust. Eyes are now sealed in darkness, where a year ago star-fire burned. There are dear life-roots under the snow drift and the mound to-night that a year ago twined, like willow rootlets around loving hearts. What our sweet flowers laid amid the frozen dust? No. God wanted them for his own garden in the skies. Eyes of loving Christians sealed in night. No. They are now full of the star-light of eternity. Young life roots buried in the earth? No. They are planted in the sun-soil of Paradise. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. At parting were you able to say, with Job,—"The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," or with Eli,—"It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good." The Lord took your lambs in kindness. Where the shepherds among the Alps want their sheep to go up higher, they take the lambs in their arms and carry them away through the rugged gorges and up the haggard rocks, to the green pastures beyond. The sheep follow hard after their lambs. Perhaps God carried yours away to pasture on the hills of heaven, that you might follow them thither. Our homes are emptying, but heaven is filling, and as Gerald Massey puts it,

"Tis something for the poor bereaver,
In such a weary world of care,
To feel that we have friends in heaven."
God has also been shattering some of your sunniest earthly hopes, and wrecking some of your best built, gaily launched, richest freighted schemes, on wild night seas. You have suffered under these bereavements and disappointments. How? In the spirit of resignation or rebellion? Have you seen your Father's hand at the helm, and heard His voice in the storm, saying,—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Have you been able from beneath the dark wing of the night to respond,—"Thy will be done." Then in your experience the night has been starred, the storm hushed, the Marak waters sweetened, and the crosses turned to crowns for the brow of your brightening soul. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

"God knows and we may some day know
These hidden secrets of his love."
Confidence in His dealings will enable us to sing in adversity,—
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
And sweet will be the answer,
"Have you sinned for Jesus?"
A great deal of fashionable singing, praying and preaching, has been done during 1870, but it is well to remember that all these may be performed after a fashion, without any Christian work having been done. Formalism, sentimentalism, conventionalism, and other isms have been passing for the religion of the Nazarene. Vineyard Christianity has been quite unfashionable in many quarters. One would almost think that working for Jesus was degrading to the elite of the church, and that professors in general were never made for work. Many have been religious only by proxy. A few of the more generous have hired the preaching, the praying and the singing to be done respectfully by all. The religion of the majority seems to have ended in the desire to have a fine building and "a good congregation." Religion to be worth much must ever include, loving, doing, giving. Has your religion caused you, for the sake of Jesus, to carry a pitcher of water to the thirsty, a ray of comfort to the sunless home, a bag of meal to the empty barrel, and a crust of bread for the ill-spread table? Has it caused your purse to open wider, your heart to get warmer, and your garment whiter? Has it enabled you to gain one priceless soul for heaven.

Unsaved friend, what have you been doing with the summer opportunities of the past year?
Physical summer presented opportunities for nature to germinate and bloom, sing and praise. Birds and brooks, gardens and fields and forests accepted the opportunity. Every mayflower became an evening, every blade a little pain-look, and every plant a scripture. The husbandman accepted the long, lovely, sunny days which the summer presented, for special work. But "passing strange" it is, that you accepted not the opportunities which the moral summer presented, and now you have to say, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."
You have neglected the opportunities of the

year for saving your soul. You have accepted the opportunities of the year to gain, not salvation, but the world. Many of you have filled your coffers fuller with gold, while you have neglected that gold which can alone make you being healthy. Some of you have increased your houses while you have neglected that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." You have all increased your wardrobe, while you have neglected "the best robe" which the Father gives to all His returned prodigals. You have multiplied your friends, but you have forgotten the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother." You have extended your knowledge, perhaps of national and men, minerals, moons, soils and suns, but you have neglected the knowledge of "Jesus Christ and him crucified." Oh, don't forget that ruinous work you have been doing, neglecting the world to the neglect of your soul. You have been building barriers across your way to heaven—deepening the darkness of your night—lightening the fetters of your slavery—hanging the world around your neck to drag you down to starless perdition. Ponder well the unanswerable question,—"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? The whole world gained would be a poor recompense for an impoverished, lost soul. Those who have gained most of it, don't seem to have put much value upon its possession. How little and mean it looks to dying men. Alexander commanded his open, empty hands to be left protruding from his shroud that men might see the nothingness of all the world. Severus, the north-Roman said, "I have been everything, and everything is nothing." Philip II of Spain said, "what does all my glory profit, but that I have so much the more torment in my death." John Bacon the English sculptor, said, "what I was as an artist seemed important while I lived, but what I was in Christ is the only thing of importance now." Ah! yes, the world is little to the living, nothing to the dying; while to be in Christ is everything to both the living and the dying. Gain the world if you will, and can; but don't we beseech you, neglect your deathless soul.

You have lost the opportunities of 1870.
The harvest is past, the summer is ended. What if you had been waiting in hell, instead of admitting it amid the shouting moments of a wasted year? Closing in the year, you did not close. There is time yet before the old year dies, for the year of grace to dawn in life and light upon your soul—yet yet for you to leap into the life-boat that is waiting by the wreck—time still to decide for God and heaven. "Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."
The year has gone and you are UNSAVED. "We are not saved." Thank God some of you have been saved this year. You know what it is to "have passed from death unto life." Now shake off the grave clothes and life. Now buckle on the harness and fight. Lay hold of the tools and work. Be not slothful in sleep-heads, dreamers nor triflers. The church needs workers more than large or fast, more than mice or mill, more than sea or soil. Brother, Sister, you are now in the field between the two eternities. While you may, sow golden seed, and reap golden harvests. Many of you "are not saved." Why? You hold no such sceptical notions as those of Frothingham or Coleman. You are not cured with such atheistic ideas as those once held by La Place the astronomer, and Shelley the poet. You believe in God and His Bible, but you have not believed in Jesus, "with the heart unto righteousness." You may not be sentimentalists, but are you any better? Look at the Epicureans who seem to think that the universe is a vast banquet-chamber full of dinner-tables, and conches of luxury—whose song seems to be something like this,—"let us drench our garlands in wine-goblets, and twine them dripping and perfumed round our foreheads." Do you think that you are never heaven than these animal mad beings who spend their lives in wallowing in the sewers of society? You may not be mere fanatics, but are you any better? Look at the pillar-saints or tyrites. Think of Simon of Syria standing on his pillar for thirty-seven long years. See him standing there in darkness and daylight, tempt and calm and dying sixty feet from the wicked world. Do you think that you are nearer heaven than was that fanatic? "You must be born again."

"You are not saved." Why? Are you determined to serve Jesus only with the pained powers of your being—to give him only the lag end of your days, the leavings of the devil? Are you going to live on in sin practically saying, "I'll serve Satan as long as I can. I will never serve Jesus until I can't help it. Surely you have received distinct notions of what religion is. Do you think that it is a soufaced, sad-hearted kind of thing, that takes all the sunshine and the sweetness out of life? You have been deceived. Religion sweetens the cup of pleasure, brightens the wreath of honor, sanctifies all market work and beautifies the noblest work. Sin is a gloom and despair; religion is light and ecstasy. Sin is defeat; religion is victory. Sin is death; religion is life. Sin is hell; religion is heaven.
"You are not saved." Why? Have you taken a lease of life? Surely you have not forgotten that, all unrelieved, death may come. For the purpose of whispering in his ear, "Philip thou art mortal." You have required no such page. The drifting sky—dark the leaves that in dappled showers tumbled down the sighing wind in the dim, dusky twilight of the year, the physical pain, the spectacles and staff, the solemn funeral, the death pang, and the dim dim eyes of dear dying ones—these have all been whispering, "man thou art mortal!" As you stood gazing upon the dying, you have almost felt the icy-winds from the valley freezing your blood, almost smelled the aroma wafted from the Eden shore. If you felt that you too were "passing away," you must have felt that you were unprepared to go. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever." The holiest earth has felt the foot-press of generations, now slumbering beneath mound and stone, that look like sheals and rocks along life's shores—upon which human bargues have flourished—foundered many of them without a moment's warning. What would you do, if

"By Heaven's emerald death ward his elon waded,
And sudden rushed forth to execute his purpose."
"Watch therefore; for you know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."
"Would you like to be saved?" "Yes," you answer. "Would you like to be saved to-night?" "You hesitate. Ah me! It may be with you, now or never. If you ever intend to be saved, why not now? Will your conscience be less assiduous, your passions less fascinating, the devil less wily to-morrow than now? Will there be any elements of help in the future that there are not in the present? Will the Bible ever be made more plain, or contain more earnest entreaties and invitations than it does to-night? Will God ever be kinder, or more bent upon having you saved, than he is at this moment? Jesus speaks,—"Come; for all things are now ready." God the Father speaks,—"Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Friends, friends be warned. Death may at any moment swoop upon you all unprepared as you are. He cares not for bribes, or England's maiden Queen might have bribed him, when she cried, "All my possessions for a moment of time." Moments are precious. They contain heaven or hell. Be warned. How can a prayerless life, lead to a peaceful death? One of the greatest of English statesmen (Pitt) said upon his dying bed,—"I fear I have neglected prayer too much, to make it available upon a death bed." Neglect may be fatal. Tomorrow may be too late for ever. Too late for heaven, but in time for hell. [Too late to launch your immortal barque upon the sunny sea where saints and angels will for ever sail and summer, but in time to fling it out in malapropos upon the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, "where the wreck of those who neglected," "so great salvation" are tossed "forever" amid the fiery tempest, in a region unlighted by a star of hope, unsmiled by a smile of God. Lost as last. Lost in spite of God's warnings, invitations, promises, threatenings and pleadings. Lost in the path of Jesus Christ. Lost after you heard the knockings of the Holy Ghost at your heart. Lost for ever. What a will that be, that is being through "the smoke of their torment."—"the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Thank God, you may be saved to-night. How? By "repentance" toward God, and "faith" toward our Lord Jesus Christ. "God cannot repent for you." Jesus cannot believe for you. You must repent. You must believe. "Except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish." "Whosoever believeth in him shall not be condemned already." Jesus complains, "Ye will not come unto me, though I should come and give life unto those only who do come. His cross is no good to any but those who lay hold of it. You are drowning; here is a rope, but it is no good; except you grasp it. Lay hold on eternal life. You are thirsty; know'st waters, but it is no good; except you drink it. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

RARE PIETY AND SENSE.
The London Spectator is semi-skeptical, but prints the following, and remarks that it contains a wonderful spiritual fact:
A certain Mrs. V. living in Brighton, has devoted herself for some years past, to the work of reclaiming fallen women. She has always found, as indeed one would expect, a special difficulty with the base creatures who make their living out of the shame of these women. On one such Mrs. V. had tried all her persuasion, it seemed, in vain. At last, the woman sought her. She would abandon, she said, her evil trade, but there was a difficulty in the lease of her house. "I can't be better while I live in that house," were her words; and the lease had still several years to run, nor had she any hope that the landlord would release her. The next day Mrs. V. went to him; he was a respectable butcher. She told him the whole story. "Would he cancel the lease? The man would not hear of such a thing. The woman always paid her rent. It was no matter of his for what she used the house? Would he like to see his own daughters in the house? Was Mrs. V.'s next question? It moved him, but without changing his purpose, in which, we are told, his wife acquiesced. At last she asked the two to kneel down with her and pray that God would guide them to do what was best to be done. To that they had no objection. So she knelt down and uttered an earnest cry that God would do what her words had no power to do, and then took her leave, full sorely discouraged. Late that same evening the butcher came to her. He could not forget what she had said about his daughters. In short, he would cancel the lease. So the woman was set free to earn an honest livelihood. And a great change passed, too," we are told, "over the butcher." He shut his shop on Sunday and went regularly to church with his family—matters which, whatever their intrinsic importance, were, any how recognition of a spiritual life, in the reality of which the man probably believed for the first time when he saw Mrs. V. go down on her knees.
The Spectator in commenting on the matter says:
"Most of us, if we had ever found our way into the man's parlor, would have lost our temper, called him, and not very unjustly, every evener preacher that we could think of, and in all probability, left him much sadder, and more self-loathing, and generally all the worse for our meddling." Shyness, the horror of what seems bad taste, the shrinking from all display of religious feeling, would be insurmountable obstacles to our taking the one effective way. So, at least, we account for it to ourselves. But the real obstacle, after all, is the want of faith. It is impossible to conceive that a man who actually believed that God could be spoken to, would listen if he were spoken to, should feel, or consider for a moment whether what he was saying was in good taste or no, or what other people would think of his saying it. It was exactly this simple, downright conviction of one who heard her quite as really as the butcher heard her that Mrs. V. possessed, and that removed mountains for her. We say the conviction, the faith removed them, so inveter-

ate is the habit of attributing such results to secondary causes. But why should we not simply say that God moved them? If he exists at all, it is far easier to believe that such a power should dwell in him, and be exercised by him, than that it should belong to some particular condition of this or that human mind. And in this case, as it happens, we get free from some of the speculative difficulties that beset the subject of prayer. If we are ever to pray at all, it must be that God may move our own wills or the wills of those about us to good.

HINTS TO YOUNG MINISTERS.
In examining the great work of the ministry due regard should be had to the sacrifice which should be made, in order to be a good minister of Jesus Christ. The man who is about to build a tower, first siteth down and counteth the cost, lest, after he has begun to build, and is not able to finish, those who pass by begin to mock him, saying, "This man began to build and was not able to finish." You are not to rush into the ministry flustered with the idea that thereby honor, wealth and worldly ease are to be procured. The true servants of God have always been compelled to make sacrifices, more or less, of some or all of these things. The man who would enter the ministry for the purpose of acquiring any of these worldly objects, or who would not enter it if he knew he should sustain a worldly loss may safely conclude that God has not called him to the work, and need never fear the consequence of refraining from preaching. A man may be a preacher and get rich by it; he may be honored of men and live in ease; but these can be the objects of a man of God; and the plain truth of God, faithfully dispensed, is not likely to be so well relished by the worldly-minded as to induce them to heap worldly glory on the humble preacher.—No man is fit to preach who would keep back an important truth, through fear of censure, or through love of gain. No man is to be counted a servant of God, who to secure his neighbor's encomiums, or his purse, would cover or palliate sins of which he knows him to be guilty.—Therefore, to be a minister of Christ, requires a sacrifice of wealth, honor, and ease. We look upon it and see men grow rich by labor, speculation and trade. Very well, so let it be; but the Lord's servant has other work and other objects. His eye must ever be fixed on posts of honor, extensive fields, sound buildings, shining coats, or seats of sumptuous ease.—These, all these, he must willingly resign and sacrifice for the more exalted work of preaching Christ, converting sinners, feeding and leading the flock of God; that by his glorious and self-denying labor he may save souls. True, it may be required of a minister to be hunted, hunted, and persecuted, as were the ancient; but he should be ready to say, "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear to myself, that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."
Young men, remember that the fathers in the ministry laid the foundation by suffering and sacrifice. Be not ungrateful, claim not for yourselves the lap of ease, while Zion bleeds for want of faithful laborers. Venture forth as Christ's soldiers, and lay down your life for the cause, rather than desert it. Amen.

METHOD.
No feature of early Methodism is more seriously neglected than the systematic employment of the inherent forces of the Church. Mr. Wesley's sagacity seemed to discover adaptation in every available man to some want of the people. There was less latent force in his than any other organization of the kind in the world. By working his people he made them self-developed, which did away with the necessity of so much pastoral oversight. The active man in the Church needed no special care from the pastor, for he felt alike solicitude for the success of the general work which the pastor had. This in two respects conduced to the prosperity of the Church.—The pastor could give himself more wholly to evangelical labors, and devote himself to those who were strangers to grace, and his followers became each a smaller center of a similar work, while there was committed to them, also, the visiting of the sick and the poor for spiritual comfort and exhortation. This proved a great means of grace to the larger portion of the Church, and gave to each a conscious individuality and made him independent. Doubtless in those days there was very little complaint among such persons, that "our preacher don't visit us." They had no need of being visited. They would rather excuse their minister for a more necessary work. They felt themselves with their pastor co-laborers with Christ; he as the ostensible leader and they sharing similar responsibility. The enterprising class-leader and steward are never heard to complain, because they have not been distinguished by much cultivation from the husbandman, for they do not live in it. It was the tree in the garden, on which the Lord came seeking fruit, and found none, to which the keeper said he would give special culture. The live local preacher and exhorter do not languish for want of pastoral visiting; for they have a work to do, and that work keeps them alive.
The lesson from this is apparent. It behooves every preacher to supply each one with something to do. Let this be one of his most diligent studies: How can I employ this man and that man? If a pastor possesses a great amount of originality, he can produce many inventions which will distribute the onerous labor of his charge, and not only economize his own strength, and bring into exercise and development the forces of his society.
The local ministry of the Church is less efficient now than it should be, growing out of its idleness. This condition gives less acceptability to the people, and makes its services less beneficial. To this, in a large measure, may be attributed the distance between the regular and the lay, or local ministry, and it leads the former to employ less this element of the Church. The sure remedy for this growing evil is for the pastor to recognize his local preachers and afford them a systematic plan of

work, and require a faithful discharge of their allotted duties. Very few have any method in calling forth this element, and little effective work can be done without it, yet an inestimable one can be done by it.
What the whole Church wants is a system, a persistent employment of its withering forces, and a more hearty co-operation of the lay talent. When this is done there will be fewer sickly complainers, and more thirty, sturdy, spiritual life in the Gospel ranks.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.
The prospects of the missionary enterprise on the opening of the new year are as diversified as the fields of labor in which it is carried on. In almost every part of Europe the devastating war which still rages with awful fury affects more or less the efforts put forth by the agent of the respective missionary societies for the evangelization of the public. From Germany we hear of homes desolated, congregations scattered, and of ministers and members of Christian Churches busily engaged in attending the sick, the wounded, and the dying, both on the field of battle and in the numerous hospitals which are, alas! crowded with their suffering fellow-country men. The missionaries in France make touching appeals to the liberality of British Christians for assistance to carry on the good work in which they are engaged, their pecuniary resources having been sadly crippled by the war in which the country is still involved. Nor is the influence of the deadly struggle less damaging to the spiritual interests of the work; for whilst many numbers of Methodist congregations are pressed into active service in the field of battle, those who remain at home are not in a favorable condition to profit by the ministrations of their zealous pastors.
In Spain the agent of the Wesleyan Missionary Society has returned to his work at Barcelona with his wonted earnestness, some interruption occasioned by the fatal pestilence which for some time desolated the land, but which has now happily subsided. The newly-elected King is now ascending his throne, and it will soon be seen what measures will be adopted under the new regime with reference to religious liberty, and other important matters. Knowing, as we do, by experience, the animus of Protestant Christianity in the Peninsula in the present state of Italy. Nor are we so elated as some appear to be with the course of events in Italy, in a missionary point of view. Rome has become the capital of the country, it is true, and there has been a rush of the representatives of the different Protestant Churches to the eternal city, but as yet nothing has been done in the way of evangelistic work beyond the holding of a few religious meetings in private houses, at which the Government authorities have thought proper to wink for the present. Further progress will be a work of time, and nothing less than persevering labor, faith, and prayer, accompanied by the Almighty power of the Holy Spirit will conquer the "Man of Sin," and prepare the way of the Lord in Popish countries.

In Africa the work of evangelization proceeds as well as could be expected. On the western coast many difficulties have to be encountered, both from the unhealthy character of the climate and the superstitions of the people. Nothing more has been heard of the proposed cession of the River Gambia Settlement to the French—an arrangement which, if carried out, could scarcely fail to be very injurious to the interests of the colonists and the progress of the Wesleyan Mission. At British Akrah a gloom has been cast over the station by the sudden death by fever of the son of the Rev. Henry Wharton, who has just returned from England to reoccupy a sphere of labor in which he had been usefully engaged for some thirty years. From the Cape of Good Hope we have received the intelligence of a gracious revival of religion which has been going on for some time in Cape Town and on the neighboring stations. At the date of our last communications a considerable number of young people had been gathered into the fold of Christ, and the good work was still going on, concerning which we shall, no doubt, have full particulars through official channels. In the eastern province of the Cape Colony the principal missionary event of the last few months was the opening of the Jubilee Chapel at Heald Town on which occasion a large concourse of people were assembled, and when twenty-five children and fifty-eight adults were publicly baptized in connection with the interesting services which were held.
The gathering clouds which for some time threatened to interrupt the peace of the country and the progress of missions in China, appear to be dispersing; and we trust the agents of the respective societies will be permitted to prosecute their work without molestation. We have good news from Continental India and Ceylon. In the place last mentioned the gracious revival of religion, commenced some time ago, still goes on, and there has been a considerable accession to the native churches of hopeful converts.
From the southern world, with its numerous islands dotting the vast Pacific ocean, the latest missionary intelligence is of a pleasing character. The progress of the work is steady and sure; and there is good reason to hope that it will be as the best, but much more abundant.
Nor are the missions in the Dominion of Canada and in other parts of the Continent of America less prosperous and promising. From all parts we hear of progress and the unceasing advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom. The enemies of the cross are numerous and powerful; but we have the assurance of God's Holy Word that they shall all be ultimately vanquished. To the "King of kings and Lord of lords" every knee shall bow; to Him every tongue shall confess; and He, whose right it is to reign, shall sway his sceptre over a subjugated world. To this end of the work must be vigorously sustained by earnest Christian benevolence, by hearty, ungrudging advocacy, by genuine sympathy, by fervent, persevering prayer in the closet, in the family, and in the missionary prayer-meeting. Let professing Christians faithfully discharge their duty in this matter, and God, even our own God, will give us his blessing.—London Watchman.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—Num. xiv. 21.

ENCOURAGING.—Never did the foreign missionary work of the Church appear so encouraging and hopeful as at the commencement of 1871. Everywhere the field is widening, and the cause is prospering. Pressing calls for help come from every point—the people are inquiring for the Word of life.
The work is progressing in China, notwithstanding the recent massacre. The missionaries are in good heart, and are cheered by the success of their labors. The work in India is yielding a rich harvest, but the laborers are few. The Sandwich Islands are stricken from the list of Mission churches. They have become self-supporting churches, and are sending the Gospel to the distant islands of the sea. Cheering news reach us from Madagascar, that the work never was more prosperous there. Paganism is everywhere waning, dying. So of Mohammedanism. In Syria, Turkey and Bulgaria the gospel is achieving glorious successes.

In Catholic countries, there are extraordinary movements, which are opening the way for the spread of pure Christianity. An extraordinary change has taken place in Mexico. The people are calling for the Gospel as preached by the Protestant Church. Already nearly fifty Protestant congregations are gathered in that country. Italy has thrown her arms open for the Gospel, and even Rome is receiving the Word of God from five faithful laborers there. Spain is waking up from the sleep of ages, and says, "Give us the pure Word of life." Her people are calling for the Gospel everywhere. Let the Church rejoice—her triumphs are great and glorious. The world is ready for the Gospel, and should be taken for Christ.

THE TELUGOO MISSION.—One of the most remarkable revivals in modern times is now in the Telugoo mission, India. The Rev. Mr. Clough, writing to the *Missionary Magazine*, says:—"Our work still moves on like a noble river. Every month I hear of whole villages that are casting away their idols, and turning to Jesus for salvation. One hundred and eighty-three have united with us since Jan. 1st. Our native preacher, Kandiak, who labors northwest of Cumbum, stated that he thought that at least 300 in his field are ready for baptism."
DIVINE PROMISES.—Dr. Dean, of the Chinese mission of Bankok, speaks of the wonderful triumphs of the Gospel among the Telugoo, through the *Macedonian*, as follows:—"What glorious tidings from the Telugoo. 'The loins strait' that was threatened by an annual consultation for years, with being obscured by the dark cloud of abandonment, has become the brightest of the constellation. What a cheering to our faith, what a cheering to our work! And still, were the whole constellation of glittering mission stations blotted out, our chief inspiration and the main encouragement of our work would remain, in the power of the Gospel and the promises of the Bible."

A DIFFICULT CLASS OF HEATHEN.—In Southern India is a caste of people known as the robber-caste. They regard it as their birth-right to plunder the people belonging to other castes. They are exceedingly difficult of access to the Christian missionary, but several of them have been led to embrace Christianity, and the power of the Gospel is felt among them. The Christian religion will achieve great triumphs even among the most difficult class of all the heathen. None in heathen or Christian lands are so difficult to reach but they may be reached by the Gospel.

Letter from Bishop Morris.
METHODISM—ITS PROGRESS AND ITS WANTS.
As far as my knowledge goes, Methodism is progressing encouragingly in several aspects of its history; namely, numerically, financially, in the erection of elegant houses of worship, and in general influence. But to insure complete and final success, it seems to me there are several things needed; and,
1. Preaching—not reading compositions, however elaborate or elegant; but preaching. To preach is publicly to explain the will of God as contained in the Holy Scriptures; it is to speak the holy truth of Christ from the heart to the heart, as did our fathers fifty years ago, when the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation to all who believed. Our fathers in the Gospel were not encumbered with any manuscripts or notes in the pulpit, but regarded them as worse than useless.
2. We need a stricter moral discipline. Let it be understood that no immoral man, however wealthy or liberal, can be allowed to remain in our Church without repentance and reformation. I never knew any evil to result from a faithful, judicious administration of our moral discipline, but much evil may result to all concerned from neglecting it.
3. We need a better attendance at class-meeting and prayer-meeting. These meetings are numbered among the means of grace, and every pastor is required to enforce the rule against all who willfully neglect them, under a penalty of being censured by his own Conference. The notion of some, that the rule requiring attendance at class-meeting as a term of membership is abolished, is a mistake, and reflects upon their want of intelligence. See Discipline, page 86. There are two classes of Methodists who like class-meetings, namely, those who enjoy experimental religion, and those who earnestly desire and seek it; but such as have no religion, enjoy none, and want none, make light of the matter. T. A. MORRIS.
Salubria, Jan. 2, 1871.

MORE AND MORE IT SPREADS AND GROWS.
A writer to *The Congregationalist*, "a respected and venerable brother," it says, thus gives a few indices of the increasing growth in the number of the believers in the Higher Life. It will be noticed that they comprise almost every Christian body. Prof. Upham and wife are Congregationalists, Dr. Palmer and wife are Methodists, Pearl Smith a Friend, Dr. Cullis an Episcopalian. We might have added, Rev. Messrs. Broadman and

Earle, Baptists, among the most ardent of the preachers and enjoyers of this experience.

"Names, and sects, and parties fall, Only Christ is all in all."

"If you want to see living epistles of Christ on this subject, that are known and read of all men, go to Prof. Upham, of Brunswick, Me., Mrs. Upham, and the circle of friends that meet with them every week; go to Pres. Finney, of Oberlin, and the hundreds, if not thousands, that have attended to this higher life there; go to Philadelphia and see R. Peckham Smith, a Quaker, who has some 400 men in his establishment, who has lived the higher life for many years, and who has been the means of bringing many others to enjoy it; go to the multitude who attend four different weekly meetings held on that subject in that city; go to New York and see the two large parliours of Dr. Palmer crowded every week by persons from every part of the country, who are living witnesses on this subject, a meeting which has been in progress for more than twenty years; go to friends in Boston, to Dr. Cullis, and the friends who meet weekly at his house in Ashburton Place; go to the wife of one of the Deacons of Park Street Church (whose name I have for the moment forgotten) and the large circle she will introduce you to; go to Mother Munroe, a saint of the first water, connected with the Bromfield Street M. E. Church, who has lived this life for more than forty years, and if you do not find most, if not all of these persons living the lower as well as the higher life, I will give up, and say I have seen an end, not only of absolute perfection, but of Christian perfection.—Zion's Herald.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRU 5, 1871.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR:

ITS PLACE IN HISTORY, AND THE PURPOSE OF PROVIDENCE INDICATED THEREBY.

At the hour of writing, it seems reasonable to believe that the Franco-German War is a thing of the past. It was a tragedy to be fittingly closed by the fall of Paris. That fall was a denouement in some respects utterly unprecedented in the history of human affairs. After such a catastrophe, one cannot suppose that the French will find the heart to renew the unequal strife, even to avoid compliance with the somewhat hard terms insisted on as the price of peace by the triumphant Germans. There is, indeed, a possibility that, at the close of the armistice, now happily established between the belligerent parties, the struggle will begin afresh. For the acts of madness perpetrated in connection with the war by those having for the time control of the destinies of France, may be imitated by their successors appointed by the French National Convention. But at present it cannot be believed that the possibility in this case will be transformed into an actuality. We may therefore, we trust, hold that the Franco-German War is altogether over.

Presuming this belief to be well-founded, one naturally enquires what place in history will the Franco-German War occupy? Measured by the magnitude and perfection of its operations, it will be adjudged worthy to stand at the very head of military achievements. No campaign known to military annals can boast such a succession of events as the capture at Sedan, the surrender at Metz and the capitulation of Paris. Never before was there a great war waged between two not unequally matched belligerents, in which from beginning to end success so persistently declared for one side only. The German Army that has triumphed France in the dust is by far the most tremendous warlike machine that ever took the field. There is a completeness about it terrible to contemplate. Its organization is immensely superior to any other known to the military world. Its system of recruitment; the management of its food-supply department; the care with which its officers have been trained both in the science and the art of war; the surprising excellence of every arm of the service, infantry, cavalry and artillery; the genius and far-seeing sagacity framing its plan of operations; the remarkable ability of its generals in the field; and the soldierly qualities of the men,—their high discipline, their surprising marching power, their headlong dash in the assault, their British like solidity and steadiness in defence—all together form a combination of military excellence that justifies one in asserting that the German Army of to-day never in all things has had an equal. It is absolutely the best the world ever saw, and its achievements have been commensurate with its excellence.

This great German army has carried desolation and woe throughout a large portion of France. It has caused an amount of misery to the French people not to be estimated, or described. Wounds and famines and pestilence and death have attended its march. It has slain its tens of thousands, and widowed and orphaned its hundreds of thousands. Nor have its victories been cheaply purchased. It has poured out its own blood like water on almost a hundred battle fields from Belfort to Dieppe, and from Sedan to Le Mans. And though its self-sacrifices, Germany weeps over as perhaps many newly made widows and orphans as humiliated France. Very dreadful indeed has been the slaughter on both sides during this shocking war, and unespeakable the agony and despair resulting to millions who survive.

Why was this dreadful tragedy permitted to be enacted? Was there in the serene heavens, far up above the region where float the storm-clouds of human passion, no eye to pity the suffering millions trembling in the war agony below? Was there no arm that could stay the torrent of evil, that it had to sweep on along its devastating course until there should be scarce any thing left for it to overthrow? Why then, was the dreadful war permitted to rage till it fairly did its worst to the unhappy vanquished, and wrought deadly injury even to the victor? What was the purpose of Providence in its policy of non-intervention to arrest the progress of the war? Was it

that a rotten empire might be swept out of the way to make place for a healthier republican regime, under whose auspices a political millennium might be ushered in among the expectant nations of Europe? Or was it that it had become necessary to lay the proud and stately head of pleasure-loving Paris beneath the conqueror's foot, and trail her fair but dishonoured tresses in the dust? Was French infidelity so much more dangerous and wicked than German scepticism that Germany was made in some sense the scourge of God to whip back France from unbelief to faith. That is, we think, a feeble philosophy that would thus fully account for the occurrence of the Franco-German war.

The purposes of the Almighty are far-reaching, and some of them past-finding. Long years hence, however, Christian thinkers may be able clearly to unfold the philosophy of the Franco-German war. At present the wisest will speak hesitatingly and guardedly on the subject. It is to be hoped that the terrible ordeal through which the gallant French nation has passed, and is still passing will be productive of great ultimate good to the French people. But that which is already certain concerning the results accruing from the Franco-German war, is that the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope is clean gone, that the Unity of Italy is effected, that an Italian Prince of liberal sympathies sits upon the Spanish throne, that France, previously the Champion of the Papacy, and its chief supporter of its missionary operations, is displaced from the military supremacy of Europe, that German unity is assured around Protestant Prussia as its nucleus, that there has sprung up along the weakest flank of the Russian Empire the strongest military power in the world, able without striking a blow to put a period for many a long day to further Russian aggrandisement, and that that power is United Germany whose heart, head and hand is Protestant Prussia. It is impossible not to see in what direction these facts point, and equally impossible not to believe they were contemplated by Providence while permitting the Franco-German War to work out its natural issue.

J. R. N.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

"The severity of the weather—The King of Spain—Death of Marshal Prim—The Montebello—Cavalry days for Italy—Temperance progress—The course of the War—A departed Friend."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We are in the midst of a real winter. Snow upon the ground for three weeks, and how much longer we cannot tell. The rivers, lakes and canals are frozen over, and the pumps are frozen up. It is said to be the coldest winter since 1860, and it is by far the coldest which your correspondent has known since his return from Eastern British America.

It is not so much the severity of the cold as our unpreparedness for it. It is difficult to keep the best houses warm with such stoves as are used, and in the absence of sleighs, furs, and buffalo skins, we suffer more in travelling during a severe winter than you with all your American equipments. The ice has been strong and in consequence the accidents have been comparatively few. It has been on the Railway that human life has been so fearfully imperilled. Ten accidents were reported as having occurred in the space of twenty-four hours. The slippery rails, the iron wheels, made more rigid and unyielding by the severe frost, and the complicated points; have all conspired to swell the chapter of accidents and deaths on the rail.

Spain has at length an enthroned King. The newly elected sovereign has made his triumphant entry into his capital, and retained solemn oaths in the presence of the authorities, and thus a new chapter begins in the history of the people. The young King is the son of the King of Italy, the new sovereign ruler of Rome, who is under the law of ex-communication and is written down in certain quarters as one of the wickedest of men, and the most rebellious son of the Pope.

Truly it is a dark day for the Republic. His friend, "the eldest son of the Church," a prisoner in Germany, the devoted Empress a refugee in Protestant England, the Italian masters in Rome, and now upon the throne of the most dutiful Isabella of Spain, sits the son of the man whom most the Pope hates.

A very dark cloud rested upon Spain in the very hour of its joy. The faithful and devoted Marshal Prim, who had been at the helm of affairs for the past two years, and had conducted the destinies of the nation with much success had fallen by the bullets of foul assassins just as he was about to set out to meet his new Sovereign.

The first visit made by the King was to the widow of the murdered noble, and all Europe mourns over the untimely death of a true son of his country, and one to whom that country was deeply indebted.

rewarded with a fair degree of success. Our own Temperance Magazine enters upon its fourth year with an increased circulation and a firmer hold upon the hearts of the Methodist people. We trust on the whole that the great work of the Temperance reform is making good and satisfactory progress.

The War in France continues. In the midst of snow and ice, and while some perished in the fierce cold, the deadly strife raged on. The bombardment of the city of Paris has fairly begun and so far the advantage is on the side of the Germans. Unless it comes it is generally concluded that Paris will speedily capitulate, to save itself from the horrors of famine more than from the storm of shot and shell. Yet even this will not conclude the fierce conflict. It is claimed that millions of indignant Frenchmen are arming and preparing for further campaign against the enemy, even if Paris should fall.

It is beyond the power of mortals to foresee the end. It is mournfully to think or write about the terrific conflict and the ever deepening tide of human misery and woe.

We have sorrowed with you dear Mr. Editor, and with the side of the death of the Hon. John H. Anderson, our firm and true friend for many years. A living and good man has passed away from your midst to the rewards of the blessed. Deeply indebted to our departed friend and to his estimable family during all the years of his Christian baptism at the Communion rail. Others are to be received, and the promise of a shower is given to us. May the entire land be redeemed to God and the Lamb.

NEW PARSONAGE. When the present incumbent reached this charge, two years ago, the need of a suitable house in which to reside was more deeply felt than ever. A canvas was soon begun. Officials were summoned for counsel. These afforded but little to stimulate. A heavy Church debt, depressed times, an empty exchequer,—each and all were urged in vain. One individual of conscience, "Miserable comforters are ye all." However, a subscription paper was circulated, the ladies rallied to our aid, signs of life and power soon showed themselves, and the tide of liberality and effort turned favourably for us. Efforts were made outside the Circuit. Friends in St. John, Yarmouth, and Halifax helped us with their work. They have our deepest gratitude.

We now thank the good Lord for enabling us to see the work completed, and for permitting us to occupy the house this winter.

Perhaps a few words descriptive of the same may not be out of place. It has a front 38 ft., with a bay window porch extending up into roof, giving rather a fine appearance; the main building runs 28 ft. back, to which is attached kitchen, pantries, and wood-house, etc. It is a story and a half in height. On the first floor there are four rooms—height of ceiling in the clear 9 feet. On the second floor there are the same number of rooms, the height of ceiling one foot less than below. The hall is 7 ft. 9 in. wide, runs through the centre of the house, and is well lighted with obscure glass in vestibule door. There is a good comfortable collar.

The study is one of the front rooms down stairs, and has a neat desk, glass front, capacious enough to hold 500 vols. or more. Each room can be conveniently warmed.

I would mention a cook stove, hall stove, and register grate—the latter mostly a gift of a friend in Yarmouth, and the former the gift of friends in St. John.

There is in front of the house a neat lawn, and a garden, and a member of the congregation, and presented to the trustees.

The entrance to the house from gate in front is by two granite steps to lawn, and from the latter to porch three steps, of the same material.

BARRINGTON CIRCUIT.

DEAR EDITOR,—Your columns of Church news is most interesting to many of your readers. It brings good cheer to many hearts, and it seems most desirable that this very holy place in the WESLEYAN should be filled with choicest gems. And if you deem this suitable, give it the humblest place, at the foot of the column.

GATHERING SHEAVES. The heavenly seed has been scattered—ardent watchings, with hopeful tears, have followed. The reaper has soon come upon the sower, and both have rejoiced together. The Holy and Faithful One has given fruit unto life eternal. Two Sabbaths since, fourteen persons were added to the Church, five in turn, one in the month of the Communion rail. Others are to be received, and the promise of a shower is given to us. May the entire land be redeemed to God and the Lamb.

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The entire cost will be covered by \$1,550, and I am happy to say there will be no debt remaining on the entire premises.

The house commands a fine view of the harbor, and from the upper hall one can look far out to sea, when king gull does not obscure the vision.

POLITICS AND THE PAPACY.

Archbishop Manning, in one of his characteristic concise and clever utterances, said: "It is a lament and an illusion to distinguish between politics and religion; politics are a part of morals, and they cannot be separated; morals are a part of religion, and they are indissoluble." Here, in a certain sense, is an obvious general truth; but the expression has peculiar relevance to the religious system, essentially intensely political, of which that dignity is one of the ablest champions. Palmy were those days of the Papacy when the people, blinded by superstition, were virtually without political existence; the brave old times of feudalism, when the divine right of kings was accepted without demur, and the divine right of priests, its correlative, was a doctrine even more sacredly revered. The Popedom then was in the zenith of its grandeur and arrogance. For if kings presumed to assert their divine right in opposition to that of the priests, the people, whose superstitious fears threw them into the hands of the priests, were so played off against their civil rulers, that to avoid the consequences of the Vatican thunders, even emperors were obliged to stoop to the most abject submission.

The Reformation inaugurated a new era. The Papacy, from its essentially political character, was all-powerful while it could control political forces, but for the same reason, the instant it ceases to direct them, it is doomed to suffer reverses, and eventually to be wrecked by their energy. The Reformation generated free thought, and developed individual rights of conscience and of opinion. In the outset the fondly cherished figment of the divine right of kings was called in question, and Romish priests were encouraged by this new popular sentiment to shake off the ecclesiastical tyranny by which for ages they had been fettered. Accordingly we see Henry VIII. of England, in arbitrary style, correcting the scandals of the clergy and confiscating the rich lands and treasures of the monasteries. The doom to which the course of events was thus leading the Papacy was delayed by its votaries artfully whispering in the ear of royalty the famous doctrine of "No bishop, no king," for a season reconciled the monarch and the priest, and those of the people who recognized the rising spirit of their age were in consequence made the victims of a fiery persecution.

The principles of freedom, however, could not be crushed out, and the reaction against the new complications inaugurated by the Reformation, as it is called, and the intolerance of the clergy led to the calling in question of the divine right of kings, and in the following age the oppressions imposed by monarchs led to the questioning of the divine right of kings. The English Revolution was the first-fruits of this sentiment, which was a glorious triumph for the people, and the first step towards the development of the same idea; and this in its turn prepared the way for the French Revolution of 1789.

Revolutionary sympathies to this occurred in various Continental nations; and since that political earthquakes have succeeded each other in such rapidity, in France, Italy, Germany, Greece, Spain, Rome, as to characterize this era in the annals of history. In all these commonions the Papacy, unable to ride upon the storm, has suffered from its violence, and is evidently destined to suffer even yet more severely.

The doctrine of divine right with respect to popes and kings is now effete, but seems likely to be revived in a form perhaps intrinsically not less pernicious—viz., with respect to peoples. Kings have already paid homage to this rising giant in their support of the papal throne, as it is called; and with respect to foreign nations, even the Pope has recognized it, though he stoutly refuses to acknowledge its operation in respect to the patrimony of Saint Peter.

Archbishop Manning may denounce the recent act of the Romanus as "an act of rebellion against the throne of God," and a majority in Rome had no right to dispose of that in which Catholics everywhere participated. But, true or false, just or unjust, there is the ugly fact; and Catholics may assemble and pass resolutions to the effect that the circumstances of the case would justify the intervention of all Christian Governments in favor of the restoration of his Holiness to his sovereign rights, but alas! the day is too far advanced. What then must be the issue? According to the Earl of Denbigh, "if anything goes wrong with the seapower of the great Christian watch," as he styles the Pope, "the whole machinery of the world will be certainly in the hands of the temporalities which have gone grievously wrong with him of late."

"A free Church in a free State" is not only beautiful in theory, but practicable—viz., where the constitution of the Church is not political, and its relations are therefore simply religious and its simplicity. In doing this it is necessary to touch upon the wonderful operations of the Franco-German War. He regarded the battles of Sedan, Metz and Paris as unique in military annals, and the generals who gained them as among the greatest that any age had produced. It had been said that this war was intended as a punishment for Napoleon's pride, for French infidelity, for Parisian vice. But if the nations were to be punished with war for these things, other monarchs, nations and cities could hardly escape. The great fact established by the result of the war is regarded to be the triumph of Protestantism, showing that by the great Protestant nations—England, United States and Germany—God intended to Christianize the world. He traced the downfall of the Papacy and the opening up of Italy to Christian teachers from the first victories of Prussia. Then, had not the Franco-Prussian War been declared, and the Prince of Hohenzollern had declined the candidature of the Spanish Throne, it was most probable the Prince of Asturias, the son of Isabella, would have ascended the throne, and a reaction would have set in opposed to the progress of civil and religious liberty; whereas now the second son of the King of Italy reigns there, and the two countries must go on hand in hand in the track of progress. Thus was shown the great end to be accomplished by a contest which otherwise was to be deprecated and deplored, namely, the breaking up of the Papal power of Europe and the triumph of Christianity by the great Protestant nations.

The resolution was adopted and Haber's Mission Hymn sung.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor was then called on. He said it was thirty-one years since he spoke upon the Missionary platform in that Church, and he blessed God that a Missionary spirit had ever been infused into his heart. He referred to the sixty Protestant Missionary Societies in existence, all labouring to diffuse the Truth as it is in Jesus. But among the list of Societies would not be found an organization of the Universalists, for they would have to say to the Fiji Islander "all men will

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY MEETING.

CENTENARY CHURCH, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Last evening the Annual Meeting of the Centenary Wesleyan Church was held at 7 o'clock. The proceedings opened by singing a hymn, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Daniel.

Thomas Temple, Esq., son of a venerable Wesleyan Minister, the Rev. William Temple, was then called to the chair, and after briefly announcing the object of the meeting, called upon the Rev. Mr. Lathern to read the annual report. It appears from the statement read that the Centenary Circuit contributed \$427.70, of which Miss Minnie Prichard collected \$43.50, Miss Lizzie Bartlett \$46, and Mrs. Ennis \$126.20.

Mr. Lathern said no resolution of thanks to the lady collectors would be moved, but that they would continue to act, and that the people would show their appreciation of their efforts by contributing largely and freely towards the Missionary cause. He said a letter had been received from Rev. Mr. Duncan Currie stating his inability to attend, but His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor was present, and he trusted he would take a seat upon the platform, and although not able to speak much on account of sore throat, would say a few words during the evening.

The Rev. Mr. Daniel then moved the first resolution.

He said the Wesleyan Missionary Society had much to be grateful for in the great work that had been accomplished, and the large contributions that had been made to carry it on with still more vigor. Some years ago it was thought that when the foundation was \$200,000, starting the operations of the Society would be complete, but it had reached \$1,000,000, and there is still much work to be done. He referred to the prosperity that had attended those who had contributed largely to religious enterprises, and trusted that the prosperous men of St. John would show their gratitude for the mercies received by giving largely to carry the truth to those who are as yet ignorant and in darkness. He believed the Kingdom of Christ would yet be established over the whole earth, and to aid in bringing about such a glorious result was the aim of the Society.

It was cause for gratitude that the funds were so large, that the branches and other aids had increased, and that other Missionary organizations engaged in the same work had prospered.

The resolution was seconded by Rev. Mr. Lathern, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Popa, in a few brief remarks, urging the desirability of consecrating worldly means to carry on good and benevolent enterprises.

The choir then sang an anthem, "I have sent watchmen upon Thy walls."

The Rev. Mr. Sprague then moved the second resolution, and said:

Christian Missions in heathen lands had most largely occupied the attention of the religious world, but there was in the missionary work to be done in nominally Christian lands an interest not found in that carried on in heathen climes. It was the same Truth that had to be preached, but the character of the minds to be impressed was very different. He then referred to Spain, a country become of late so interesting on account of the bloodless revolution by which religious bigotry and oppression were forever put down, and the way opened for England to take steps for the evangelization of her people. For this purpose it is intended by the Wesleyan Missionary Society to raise a fund of £20,000 to carry on the work there. They have at present but one missionary in Spain, and he has long been stationed at Gibraltar. There is an agent at Barcelona, who occasionally visits Oporto. There are only 18 Wesleyan Church members in Spain, and 218 Sunday school scholars, chiefly the children of Roman Catholic parents.

In Italy no trace now remains of the power of the old papal tyrants, but the gospel can be fully and freely preached at the doors of the Vatican and in front of the oldest Christian temple in the world. There is one Missionary in Padua, 11 Italian preachers and 8 local ministers. There is a Book Concern that is engaged in supplying copies of the Bible, Testaments and religious tracts.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE HALIFAX INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—1871.

The anniversary of the above excellent institution was held, as announced, on Friday evening, 3rd inst., in the handsome and spacious building recently erected on the grounds near the North West Arm, known as the Forester property. On arriving at the institution visitors were shown first through the adjoining building, which is fitted up for the several employments at which the boys were engaged. The carpenters and kindling wood "operatives" were very busily at work on the ground floor.

On the second story are several rooms for stock and storing, &c. One of these, a very large apartment, intended for a warehouse for cabinet-makers' work and other wooden articles, is at present used as a play room for the boys on rainy days and leisure time.

The upper story contains the Tailors' and Shoemakers' workshops. Returning to the main building the numerous friends went through the different rooms, from the basement, wherein are the immense bathing vats in which the juvenile unwashed exercise themselves at tub night, speaking and night and morning as well, the spacious hall fitted up with all the usual conveniences. The kitchen, cellars and store-rooms are also here. On the principal floor are the Superintendent's apartments, the Dining-room, and the School, which is a very large one, and arranged with all the necessary desks, benches, blackboards, &c. The next floor above contains a large spare room yet to be appropriated. Clothes Room, Hospital, Mr. Ayer's Room. The whole Attic is used for a dormitory where 75 boys can sleep comfortably and well.

Refreshments in the shape of tea, coffee, and cake were served, and the evening well spent in social converse. The boys were boundedly set forth for the good of all. At 8 o'clock the boys marched from the work shop, headed by their band in full dress, into the School Room, which was literally crammed by ladies and gentlemen, and the surplus had to occupy the large Hall opposite into it.

E. P. Hill, Esq., M. P., occupied the chair, and after briefly stating the order of proceedings, called on the Rev. Dr. Pirkard to offer prayer for the Divine blessing upon the institution and the meeting. The boys now sang very heartily the song, "Come cheerful companions;" and then the Rev. G. M. Grant read a very graphic and interesting report of the history and successful progress of the institution in the past, more especially for the past year. The report shows that all the expenditure, up to the present date, has been paid, with the exception of only \$1,100, which the committee are quite sure an appropriate person will speedily contribute. Hon. A. Keith, with a few happy remarks, moved the adoption of the report.

The boys sang "Dare to do right." Rev. Mr. Rogers seconded the resolution. Before putting the resolution the Chairman referred very feelingly to the decease of the late Rev. G. M. Grant, Esq., who was one of the Committee, and stated that he had bequeathed \$20,000 for the purposes of the Institution, the cheque for which has been handed to the Treasurer.

The Chairman called upon Miller (one of the boys), to address the audience, which he did in a very manly and practical style, interspersed with considerable humor, which created much mirth.

Song, "Chide mildly the erring!" Mr. Grierson the Superintendent, gave some very satisfactory statistics, relative to the boys and their work.

Song, "Hark! Hark! Hark!" J. T. Wylie, Esq., moved the appointment of the following gentlemen, as the managing Committee for the ensuing year: P. C. Hill, J. S. Maclean, Rev. G. M. Grant, H. N. Paint, S. A. White, C. H. M. Black, Rev. Geo. Hill, Rev. Mr. Clark, Rev. Mr. Simpson, R. Tremain, S. Brookfield, W. S. Stirling, Treasurer, J. S. Belcher, Secy. Seconded by T. A. Brown, Esq., and passed unanimously.

The Chairman offered a few remarks commendatory of the staunch friends of the School. The boys sang "Make your Mark," and the Rev. G. M. Grant delivered the closing prayer.

The proceedings were closed by the boys singing and playing the National Anthem. The audience as they passed out put their contributions into the hands of little Dan, the only invalid in the Home.—Colonist.

General Intelligence.

LEGISLATIVE SESSION.

The session of the Legislature was opened with the usual ceremony on Thursday at 2 o'clock. Mr. Troup was elected speaker, after which the Members of the Assembly marched into the Council Chamber and listened to the following speech from His Honor Sir Hastings Doyle:

My Family.

A BIT OF A SERMON.

What's'er you find to do, Do it, boys, with all your might; Never be a little true Or a little in the right.

Help the weak if you are strong, Love the old if you are young; When a fault if you are wrong, If you're angry hold your tongue.

Love with all your heart and soul, Love with eye and ear and touch; That's the moral of the whole, You can never love too much!

What's'er you find to do, Do it then with all your might; Let your prayers be strong and true— Pray in all things.

When Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase was a little boy, eight or ten years old, he was told by his father's hired man, that he could catch birds by putting salt on their tails. It was in the autumn when birds were gathering in flocks before taking a flight to a warmer climate.

STOPPING TO THINK.

Reducing these to round hundreds, except the two higher ones, the merit of the applicants runs a sort of gamut that can best be seen by giving the numbers in a line as follows, viz: 1, 5, 17, 35, 48, 84, 149, 91, 80, 64, 48.

Why did he not think of that before? The hired man was jesting. Perhaps he did not think that Salmon would be so silly as to chase the birds with salt; but he did as we have seen; and all because he did not stop to think.

A teacher wanted to see some of her scholars one day, and so she asked, "If you fill a tub level full of water, and drop into it a stone as large as your head, will the water rise over the tub?" At first, not one boy or girl stopped to think; they took it for granted that the water would not overflow the tub.

Why does the rain fall in drops? Why does it always descend in that form? Why does it rain more on one season of the year than at another? When it begins to rain, why does it stop? When it stops raining, why does it begin again?

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How wonderful it is! It looks almost as if the great God caused the water to freeze in winter on purpose for skating—that boys and girls may spend happy hours in the pastime. Why does not the sheet of ice that forms on the surface of a pond sink to the bottom? Is not ice heavier than water?

HOME COURTESIES.

Now, you young fellow at the table reading the evening paper, and nodding in a surly way to your mother and sister, take a test. If your clothes breathed a delicious fragrance—say of heliotrope or roses—but would do so only when you are at home, or only when you went abroad which would you choose? Would you smell sweet at home, or when you went away from home? Would you have a perpetual climate of rare odors in your own house, or elsewhere? Of course you would have it at home for your own comfort and enjoyment, you would grow used to it for nothing else.

How many of us brethren and sisters, make home the rag-bag of ill-humours and caprices, and wretched moods of every kind, while we carefully hide them from the stranger! When the guest arrives we slide a chair over the rent in the carpet, and slip a tidy over the worn edge of the sofa-cushion, and lay a prettily bound book over the ink stain upon the parlor table-cloth; and so at his coming the flying hair is smoothed, and the sullen look is gilded with a smile, and the sour tone is suddenly wonderfully sweet.

It was Daniel Webster, we believe, that inquired if there was room for him in the legal profession. "Plenty of room in the upper stories," All the places that require a mediocrity of talent, industry, or trustworthiness, are crowded; thousands of about equal ability are jostling each other for about every vacancy in professional, mechanical, or mercantile life, while all such posts are crying piteously for first-class men and women. The census bureau, which has just done its work, furnishes probably a fair sample of the general state of society.

Being a page from the Private Dairy of Miss Monday—Went with Jenny to Stewart's to choose a new rep for the autumn. Couldn't decide upon one, and so got Jenny to buy gloves for herself, and came away.

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But to the ordeal of the household who can come too well prepared? and what parent, what man being who has learned by experience, but what would gladly equip every child with the most perfect equipment? No, Do not think of the youth, crumpled at home, who will presently come sweetly smiling, it is not the flowing hair, and the graceful dress, and the bloom upon the cheek, and the soft lustre of the eye, that will make him happy. No, nor is it his horse and plate, and the luxury and ease he promises. If he is harsh and short and crabbed, what if he has fifty thousand a year? If you are careless and ignorant and helpless, the victim instead of ruler of your house, what if your eyes are black and your cheeks a dim carnation? And you, dear Sir and Madam, who permit that boor to sit surlily at the table, and to growl monotonously at home, you who suffer that fair faced girl to grow up utterly unequal to the duties to which she will be called you are responsible.—Editor, Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for February.

PARENTAL FOLLY.

We have another instance given by a correspondent of the Chicago Journal which shows the utter folly of Protestants sending their daughters to Roman Catholic schools:— Mr. Linters is one of the leading citizens of Clinton, worth considerable property, and highly respected. Four years ago he sent his daughter to the convent at Bloomington. He entered into a contract with the Sisters that his daughter's religious faith then Protestant should not be molested by means of Catholic instruction. Since then he has had repeated assurance from the Sisters that his daughter was free from Catholic influences, and still a Protestant. The time came for her to graduate —but the fourth year of her attendance at the convent closed, and she was not graduated. Why was she not?

PARENTAL FOLLY.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Linters found that his daughter had been a member of the Catholic Church nearly two years, and that she had been known in Bloomington, for many months, as one of the Sisters of Charity. He also learned that the teachers and mothers of the Church were making every effort to get her back another year, they holding the inducement out to the father to do so, that she could then graduate with all the honors of the school. But the real plan was to make her a nun, and get her to take the veil, whereby, it was supposed, her share of the father's property would go to the church.

Such news was overwhelming to the family, and Mr. L. wrote to the Sisters and the officers of that daughter could never return and beg that of them never to cross his path as he should be avenged for the trouble brought upon his family.

They may be more blame attached to the officers of the convent than they should receive. The fact is, it would hardly be possible for a young lady like Miss Linters, religiously inclined, religiously obedient, modest, and every way a lady, to stay four years in a convent without falling in love with the prevailing religious notions. The fact is, all such schools are for the purpose of making good Catholic pupils and establishing the Catholic doctrine. Why is not this right? Who can blame them?

In conclusion, I have only to say that if Protestants do not want their children to become Catholics, they must not send them to Catholic schools, however good they may be, or however strong may be their pledge.—Northern Advocate.

HOW BRUNO SPENT SUNDAY.

Forty years ago, Oxford county, in Maine was almost a wilderness, and both wolves and bears, were often killed, prowling about the scattered farms. One where a small flock of sheep was kept, had suffered especially; and, when, one morning, two of the finest lambs were declared missing, the neighbors came together, bent upon a hunt which should put an end to every bear within twenty miles.

most, drew the slip which entitled him to the prize, and carried it home, rather dubiously, not knowing that that order would be to shoot it as a dog.

Instead of this, however, the old cat proved to be its only enemy, for nobody could resist Bruno's cunning ways, and he quickly claimed the warmest place by the fire, and all the goodies anybody would give. The dogs evidently considered him a new kind of puppy; and he grew up in perfect harmony, making common cause with them against the old cat, the only creature at which Bruno ever growled.

So a year or two went by. Bruno had grown into a medium-sized bear, shaggy as all his brethren, and, like them, with a wonderful sweet tooth, eating all the sugar he could get, climbing trees for apples, plums, stealing sweet corn and melons; but, for all his thieving ways, still holding his place in the general good-will of all who knew him.

One Sunday morning, the family drove off to church, as usual, leaving Bruno in the kitchen, but forgetting to close every door before leaving. Tired of napping, he by-and-by began a voyage of discovery. The cellar door was unlocked and ajar. Here he had never been. He nevertheless remembered that pies and dough-nuts had come from that quarter, and at once backed down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs was a barrel of Guadalupe molasses, brought to Portland by one of the sailor cousins. Molasses was Bruno's delight, and he pawed the barrel over and over, licking about the tightly-closed bung and growling in disgust that no more was to be had. When he was on the point of leaving it in despair, he spied the spigot firmly locked, and at once went to work at it with his strong teeth. Spigot and molasses came out together, and Bruno grunted with delight as he sucked the thick stream, stopping now and then for a long breath.

At last he was full. Even a bear's stomach could hold no more. And yet he did not feel quite satisfied. So he squatted on his haunches, watched the great pool on the floor, and growled to see such a supply when he could eat no longer. One thing could still be done, and, diving into it, he rolled over and over a hundred times, till his shaggy coat was covered from nose to tail with dirt, molasses and gravel stones.

All at once came a new sensation. Bruno was sick at his stomach, and grew sicker. New thoughts of his friends came, and every misdeed he had committed flashed before him, like the crawling upstair for comfort from his master or mistress. He did not want to work at it with his old customs, crept into bed, and pulled the snow-white sheets over him.

There he lay, the sickest bear ever seen, and not stirring when the sound of wheels was heard in the yard. The girls hurried in, not noticing the sticky tracks across the floor, but seeing them as they started up stairs. Surely some mischief had been going on. They ran up, and in a minute, a series of screams showed the family below, that something quite out of the common way was taking place. Thump, thump, down the stairs came Bruno, too hard best to think of backing down, as was his custom, and into the kitchen he rolled, the sheets sticking to his back.

For a moment he looked about for sympathy, then, seeing the poker lying against him, fled through the open door to the hay mow, the sheets trailing after him like a dog of truce. Here he remained a week or more, till the family indignation had gone down a little; and by the remainder of his life no coaxing could make him touch molasses, though his love for other sweets continued the same.—Helen C. Weeks, in Youths' Companion.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK.

Monday—Went with Jenny to Stewart's to choose a new rep for the autumn. Couldn't decide upon one, and so got Jenny to buy gloves for herself, and came away.

Tuesday—Went again to Stewart's. Chose the rep. Wednesday—The rep came home. Heard from John, who sent some of his hair, but no lockets to put it in!

Thursday—Began cutting out the rep. Went out to tea at Mrs. Stann's and didn't enjoy myself at all.

Friday—Went on at rep. Shall I "gorge" it in a good deal, or only a little? Thought to do both. Waited, or only a little? Thought to do both. Waited, or only a little? Thought to do both.

Saturday—Wrote to Lizzie. Began at skirt. Wonder what Lizzie will say! Made the sweetest thing in pannaire. Wrote to John, and sent him some of my new "plait"; it's a butter color than my own, and he will not know the difference; also hinted about a locket.

Sunday—Went to church at St. Albans. Saw such a pretty bonnet on such a plain head. Wondered about the rep—should I have a barque and pond? Long given me. Wonder whether mamma would give me a new bonnet before Thanksgiving.

Sunday evening—Went to church again. Long sermon. Thought about John, and whether he would send a locket. Thought about the dress—should I have it open, square or oval, or as to wear it in as well as out doors. Mem.—If I do, must have a chemise of the same stuff to put under.

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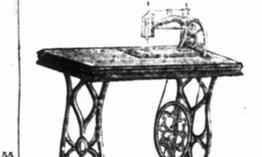
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