

The Wesleyan.

Longworth I Esq

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The following Hymn will be No. 436 in the new Hymn Book of the Methodist Church of Canada.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the spirit conflict-iven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

F. R. HAVERGAL.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care.

Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every day toil is every day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there are none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

About the time that Isaac Watts was writing his earliest hymns at Southampton, in southern England, two brothers were born in the little town of Epworth, who were destined to be better known over the world than any other two men whom Britain produced in that half-century. While their godly mother (Susanna) was dying, she said to her weeping household, "My children, as my spirit is released, sing a song of praise to God." Among the group who joined in this song of triumph with halting voices, were John, the founder of Methodism, and Charles, its sweet singer. John was *system*; but Charles was *song*.

Charles Wesley was a born poet. Like Toplady, he was all nerve and fire and enthusiasm. God gave him a musical ear, intense emotions, ardent affections, and a glowing piety that never grew cold. He ate, drank, slept, and dreamed nothing but hymns! He must have been the ready writer of at least four thousand. One day, while on his itinerancy, his pony stumbled and threw him off. The only record he makes of the accident in his diary is this: "My companions thought I had broken my neck; but my leg was only bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns until—next day!" Truly a man must have been possessed with a master passion who could have written a sentence like that.

Wesley found his inspirations "on every hedge." He threw off hymns as Spurgeon throws off sermons. For example, when he was preaching to a crowd of rude stone-cutters and quarrymen at Portland, he turned his apparel into metre, and improvised a hymn in which occur the vigorous lines:

"Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Try power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!"

Standing, once, on the dizzy promontory of Land's End, and looking down into the boiling waves on each side of the cliff, he broke out into these solemn and thrilling words:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.
Secure, insensible!"

For every scene and circumstance of life, for prayer meetings, for watch-nights, for love feasts, for dying hours, and funerals, he had a holy inspired lay. But, like Watts, Cow-

per, and Toplady, he had his *master pieces*. The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is "Rock of Ages," and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way," and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther's "God is our refuge," then it may be said, also, that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song:

"Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!"

Whatever may be said of Wesley's doctrine of perfect holiness, there is not much doubt that he "attained unto perfection" when he wrote this hymn. It is happily married, also, to two exquisite tunes, "Re-fuge" and "Martyr"; both of which are worthy of the alliance. The first of these tunes is a gem.

The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour. The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another line we see a timid, tearful child nestling in its mother's arms, with the word faltering on its tongue:—

"Let me to thy bosom fly!"
"Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Two lines of the hymn have been breathed fervently and often out of bleeding hearts. When we were once in the valley of the death-shade, with one beautiful child in its new-made grave, and the other threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we uttered oftener than this:

"Leave ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

We do not doubt that tens of thousands of other bereaved and wounded hearts have cried this piercing cry, out of the depths:

"Still support and comfort me."

The whole hymn is at once a confession and a prayer. It is a *prayer in metre*. And no man is prepared to sing these words aright unless his soul is filled with the deepest and most earnest longings after the Lord Jesus. What an awful blasphemy it is for a set of mere trifling amateurs in a choir to perform this holy prayer merely as a feat of musical skill. What college boy would dare to commit the Lord's prayer, or one of his pastor's public petitions to memory, and then speak it as a mere piece of declamation on the stage? Yet we do not see any difference between declaiming a prayer, and heartless mockery of performing, for musical effect, such words as:—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is o'er."

Or that self-surrender for the dying hour:—

"O receive my soul at last!"

Words like these are too infinitely solemn for the mummeries of frivolous lips in the concert-room of the organ-loft. When a congregation sing such a hymn as "Jesus, lover of my soul," each one should feel as if he were uttering a fervent personal prayer to the Son of God.

The history of Charles Wesley's incomparable hymn would fill a volume. Millions have sung it, and will be singing it when the millennial morn breaks. A coasting vessel once went on the rocks in a gale in the British Channel. The captain and crew took the boats and were lost. They might have been saved if they had remained on board; for a huge wave carried the vessel up among the rocks, where the ebbing tide left her high and dry. In the captain's cabin a hymn-book was found lying on his table. It was opened at a particular page, and the pencil still lay in it which had marked the favourite lines of the stout sailor, who was just about going into the jaws of death. While the hurricane was howling outside, the captain had drawn his pencil beside these glorious words of cheer:

"Jesus, love of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!"

Blessed death-song! Thousands of God's redeemed ones have shouted it forth as the "haven" of rest opened its celestial glories to their view. If

we could choose the manner of our departure, we would wish to die singing:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!"

REWRITING HISTORY.

It is no doubt true that history, as written down in the books and accepted as correct,—whether military, civil, or ecclesiastical,—is a very imperfect statement of the things pretended to be delivered. The story is told of an old author, who, when it was proposed to read to him from a book of history, protested against it, saying, "Read me fiction; that may be true,—but as to the history, I know that to be false."

Personal knowledge respecting the facts pretended to be set forth in some popular history is apt to enhance one's estimate of either the ability or the fidelity of the author.

Most people are partisans in respect to some one or more living questions, and they require that their partisan views shall be put into the books, or, at least, that nothing opposed to them shall find place; and they who make books for all parties must be careful to offend nobody. And so we have, on the one hand, partisan histories and statements, and one-sided constructions of admitted facts, on almost every subject, prepared by those in interest; and, on the other, non-committal, garbled and eulphemized records, that though not specifically untrue, are as a whole, sadly untruthful. These evils are patent and not to be denied, and to the extent of their influence they pervert the truth and turn it into a lie, but how to correct them is not so obvious.

And yet there is reason to believe that both the leading facts of history and the great principles and the doctrines that they teach are substantially agreeable to the truth.

There is no doubt that the Church of Rome is at this time actively engaged in falsifying its own history, and that of Europe, through all the past career of that Church. The stories of the unblushing correction, both public and private of the Church during the Middle Ages; the bloody records of the Inquisition in Spain; the worse than feudal wholesale murders of St. Bartholomew's day in France, and the relentless persecutions of the Albigenses and Waldenses, the Bohemian reformers, and the Lollards in England, are not what the children of that Church may be allowed to read; and since entire prohibition may not be possible, the whole record must be re-written; and in doing this Catholic authorities, not less than Protestant, if they restate a thing undesirable, must be discredited. And yet the lie will not stay told.—*National Repository for March.*

DRINK.

The drink interests of England will have ere long to be attacked. It has grown to be an enormous power. It degrades everything with which it comes in contact, not even excluding her Majesty's Government. The publicans are utterly selfish in their political action. They make no secret of the fact that they vote for the party which will favour their interests. For some time past they have looked upon the Conservatives as their friends. They are actuated by a true instinct. Some weeks ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer went out of his way to discourse to them on the Scriptural duty of hospitality which they are supposed to fulfil. He made them feel respectable no doubt. They will remember his kindness when the General Election comes. But what we wish to point out is the fact that it is both a danger and a disgrace to have a section of the body politic acting without conviction. It would be just as bad if the publican vote were given to the Liberal party. Such want of principle deserves to be denounced. It ought to be rebuked both parties. It is not enough that these men bring upon us as a people the reproach of drunkenness; they must degrade politics also. The temperance party have brought their influence to bear against this wicked interest for years. Their criticism has been effective, but they are not powerful enough to bring about any great change or improvement. Public opinion against drunkenness is rising no doubt. At

present it is powerful enough to make drink sellers sensitive and reckless. Hence it is a question whether it does not aggravate the evil of drunkenness while it reduces it. The present condition of things ought not to be allowed to continue. We think the time has come when the Liberal party should combine to attack the drink interest. The influence of the churches ought also to be combined against it. The struggle would be a hard one, but it ought to be accepted by all who are interested in the moral welfare of their country. Christian Conservatives ought to hesitate before they escort bloated publicans to the polling booths. Better go with a Home Ruler than a publican.—*London Methodist.*

WHAT SUFFERING MAY DO.

A most devoted and pious mother had two sons, nearing full manhood, who were becoming sceptical in spite of all her teachings and prayers. She unburdened her troubled heart to her minister, asking him what she should do, and besought him to pray for them to do and think differently. A few days afterward she met with an accident, breaking one of her limbs, and for several weeks suffered much, but the grace of God was sufficient. She was patient and uncomplaining during all the weeks of confinement to her bed. People said and her pastor thought, why should this purest and most devoted of all the members of the church, suffer? Why could it not have been one of the boys? But it was God's way of answering her prayer, and of reaching the hearts of her sons. They witnessed her resignation, beheld her patience, and said in their hearts, "Mother has something we have not; there is a reality in her religion"—and they gave up their doubts and sought and found her Saviour. They were saved through her suffering.

The unbelieving require strong evidence.—Christ suffered to show a sinful and unbelieving world how much He loved it. If we bear the hardest lot in the spirit of our Master, may we not prove His power to save and keep?—*E. R. T.*

CONTINUE IN PRAYER.

A tree does not always drop its fruit at the first shake you give it. Shake it again, man; give it another shake! And, sometimes, when the tree is loaded, and is pretty firm in the earth, you have to shake it to and fro, and at last you plant your feet, and get a hold of it, and shake it with might and main, till you strain every muscle and sinew to get the fruit down. And that is the way to pray. Shake the tree of life until the mercy drops into your lap. Christ loves for men to beg hard. You cannot be too importunate. That which might be disagreeable to your fellow-creatures when you beg of them, will be agreeable to Christ. Oh, get ye to your chambers; get ye to your chambers, ye that have not found Christ! To your bed-sides, to your little closets, and "seek the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near! May the Spirit of God constrain you to pray. May he constrain you to continue in prayer. Jesus must hear you. The gate of heaven is open to the sturdy knocker that will not take a denial. The Lord enable you so to plead, that at the last you will say, "Thou hast heard my voice and my supplication; thou hast inclined thine ear unto me; therefore will I call upon thee as long as I live."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

LOVE IN REDEMPTION.

Yes, it was the love of the Father that prompted his wish to devise the plan of salvation, and engaged his almighty power to carry that gracious purpose into effect. It was love that presented the victim, that paid the price which justice and law required for man's redemption. It is the hand of love that dispenses pardon to every penitent believer in Jesus. Eternal life is the gift of God's eternal love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Then let it be published to the glory of God the Father, let it be circulated through-out earth and skies, and let it be believed, that the God we worship is the God of Love.—*Robert Newton.*

PRAYERS FOR REVIVALS.

So is God's will, that the prayers of his saints should be one great and principal means of carrying on the design of Christ's kingdom in the world. When God has something very great to accomplish for his Church, it is his will that there should precede it the extraordinary prayers of his people.—*Edwards.*

THE PREACHERS RESPONSIBILITY.

Look on that doomed and deathless spirit before you. In it is a capacity for angelic purity, glory, service, blessedness; unequal capacity for a demon's malignity and misery. It can love God and serve him. It can live in the light of his smile forever. It may diffuse light and joy all around it forever. It can also hate God's goodness; rebel against his authority; despise his mercy; wander like a star from the central power into everlasting darkness, and turn all its beauty to deformity, its joy to wretchedness, its hope to despair. It can rush forever through space, a quenched, blackened planet, a darkling, dismal mass of corruption and death. See that soul! It is brought before you, it is on the sliding side of the precipice, but yet within mercy's call and reach. One hand is on the latch of salvation's door; the other holds the door-latch of the eternal prison. Oh, what a position is that of the preacher! His it is to persuade that soul to open the door of life and enter upon the pilgrimage to heaven. What position more sublime, more urgently pressed with responsibility!—*Kirk.*

PREACHERS WIVES.

It takes a very strong man, and one of exceptional gifts, to sustain himself if united to an indiscreet woman. Faithful and devoted ministers have been crippled all their lives through by a mistake of this kind. In making appointments, the sort of wife a preacher has sometimes outrides itself, and must be taken into account. Married or single, and, if married, how? There are three kinds:—Wives that help, those that hinder, and those that do neither. Of the last there are very few, of the first many. One that hinders may be found occasionally.

On the whole, our itinerant women are a mighty force for good. They have largely contributed to the success of our ministry, and in the final day they will share the crowns and divide the start. The good, quiet home-wife may be the strength of her husband, and be felt as a benediction in the church, though so may never lead a prayer-meeting or organize a missionary society. Next to the master himself she is the power behind the throne in many most successful ministries.

DEATH OF ABELARD.

Long before Abelard reached Rome it was too late. At Cluny, where he stopped to rest, news came to him that what he most feared had already occurred, he had been condemned unheard—condemned as a heretic to perpetual silence, his books to be burned, and himself held as a captive in whatever convent would best serve the purposes of a prison.

Broken in heart and in health, this last blow was one from which Abelard could not rally. Peter, the venerable abbe of Cluny, treated him as a distinguished guest, secured, in Abelard's writing, a confession of faith, and the pope's permission to let him remain at Cluny. He tried, moreover, to reconcile him to St. Bernard, and smoothed in every possible way the path down which his prisoner moved swiftly toward the grave.

Already, perhaps, it might be said, the end of his life had come. Not more perfectly does the lava shroud in blackness the flowers on the volcano slopes, or the cloister's sombre robe hide the throbbing heart of Heloise, than did the mantle of silence and submission smother the hopes of Abelard. He was dead to the world in the stillness of Cluny, saying masses, teaching theology (out of which at last he left all "noxious innovations"), fasting and walking in sack-cloth, as he was a few months later when the kind abbe of Cluny sent his dead body home to Heloise.

Very gentle the venerable Peter broke the news to her, writing, among other consoling words, that "the present of Abelard's presence was the richest gift that Providence could have bestowed upon his house." "The man," he adds in the same comforting letter, "who by his singular authority in science is known to all the world, and illustrious wherever known, has learned in the school of Him who said, 'I am lowly of heart,' and it is but right to believe he has returned to him."—*National Repository for March.*

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THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan, hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke, xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told How Peter in the days of old Was sifted, And now, though ages intervene, Sin is the same, while time and scene Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small, As wheat, to sift us, and we all Are tempted; Not one, however rich or great, Is by his station or estate Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is But he, by some device of his, Can enter; No heart hath armor so complete But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow Who hear the warning voice, but go Unheeding, Till thrice and more they have denied The Man of Sorrows, crucified And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face Will make us feel the deep disgrace Of weakness; We shall be sifted till the strength Of self-conceit be changed at length To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache; The reddening scars remain, and make Confession; Lost innocence returns no more; We are not what we were before Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat, Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger, And conscious still of the divine Within them, lie on earth asupine No longer.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW, in Harper's Magazine for March.

ABELARD.

Intent on progress he did not linger long to waste his controversial skill upon the provinces, but before he was twenty years of age sought Paris, where he gave himself to the study of music, astronomy, and such arts and sciences as he had not yet acquired. In mathematics he never excelled, and his despondency on this account is said to have given rise to his surname. His teacher, observing his depression told him that a great scholar like himself could not "bajare lardum," "lick up the fat." These words became a nickname among his fellow students, which was finally corrupted into Abelard. Up to this time his instruction had been provincial, and it was hardly to be expected that his supremacy as a logician would be maintained in a city where his adversaries would be legion. Paris had no university in this day, but episcopal schools under Church supervision drew thousands of students from all over Europe. The pupils were not common people, but largely composed of those destined for the church. Most learned professors, usually high church dignitaries, lectured to the youth, and for students to question ritual doctrine or dogma was the height of presumption, if not a sin. For all the advantages, no school was so renowned and no professor so distinguished as the one chosen by Abelard.

Enrolled as a pupil at Notre Dame, under a dialectician of such long established reputation as William of Champeaux, called from his towering ability the "Column of the Teachers," began the students new career. Up to this time only admiration and deference had met his efforts and victory rewarded all encounters. Now all went smoothly while the new disciples views conformed to those of his master, but when the arrogance of youth, united with undoubted superiority of intellectual force made Abelard an antagonist of the teacher whose fame made Paris to the rest of Europe what Athens had been to Rome, there was lighted a fire of envy and jealousy that never afterward ceased to burn. It was more than a personal conflict of a dialectic skill. Abelard called it a war of ideas; his master called it a conflict between reason which is radical, and faith, which is conservative; and fancied he fought for faith, when he fought to maintain his own supremacy. Neither had learned the great truth that reason and faith at their best clasp hands in friendly alliance.

From the wandering student life in Brittany to Paris, the center of art and learning, from the modest pupil's place at the great professor's feet, to the head of a rival school, attacking his master's doctrines, refuting his reasoning, winning his disciples to swell his own train of admirers, was a long road swiftly traversed. However interesting as an episode in a romantic personal history, it is much more so when we consider it as the beginning of protests of mind against ecclesiastical authority, of the assertion of right of inquiry, of the battle of ideas against creeds, which culminated in the Reformation; when all influence was ecclesiastical, when the monasteries were the treasure

houses of learning as well as the strongholds of power, when to doubt and dispute unsuccessfully was to hasten one's own destruction and disgrace, and to do it successfully was unknown. Braving the danger, the daring Abelard pushed forward with his work. So many became his listeners, that finding his teachings interdicted in Paris, he opened a school in Melun, where surrounded by his pupils, attracted from nearly every other teacher, he established a reputation for erudition and subtle vigor of intellect that left all his rivals behind. From Melun he moved his school still nearer Paris, and from Corbeil continued to harass his old master by the knowledge of his success and by the turn of new controversies and defeats.—National Repository for March.

HELOISE AND ABELARD.

An unacknowledged marriage was destruction and shame to her, was expedient for him. Therefore she chose it and when circumstances forced him to reveal it, she still persistently denied. She preferred to lose the crown and glory of womanhood rather than that one ecclesiastical advantage should be lost to him. Before the marriage occurred she resisted it with arguments and reasoning as subtle as his own, but her logic was saturated with her love. Gladly she fled with Abelard to his mother in Brittany; gladly came back with him to share the wrath of her justly incensed uncle, whose name her flight had disgraced. When the marriage was on every lip, and her uncle's reproaches and abuses, increased as they were by her continued denials, grew insupportable, she took refuge at her husband's suggestion with the kind nuns of Argenteuil, in whose convent she had passed her childish years. Here she remained until Abelard, embittered and irritated at the failure of his ecclesiastical ambitions, and the results of his sins, decided to abandon the world and enter the Monastery of St. Denis. Then at his command she took the veil, that, at nineteen years of age, shut the world and its pleasures forever from her gaze.

The lava tide has swept pitilessly over her life, and has not left his unscathed. Henceforth for her, convent days poisoned with regretful remorse; days in which from matins to vespers she meets her appointed tasks, still cherishing in her secret soul the memory of Abelard. And henceforth for him embittered years, of secret rebellion at the life he had espoused, of slow and partial submission of heart, and of ever-recurring resistance of mind. He bowed his spirit to the behests of the church but chafed continually under the fetters she forged for his thoughts.—National Repository for March.

THE REV. D. HICKEY'S LECTURE.

The Rev. Mr. Hickey lectured in Caledonia Hall last evening under the auspices of the North Sydney Division, on "Battle Fields and Battle Scenes." Before the hour of opening the lecture the Hall was compactly filled. Mr. D. Lawlor, who occupied the chair, introduced the lecturer with a few appropriate remarks.

The Rev. lecturer began by saying that the battles he intended to describe were not the battles of cannon, of smoke, of armies; with the shouts of the victor or the cries of the dying; but that the human heart was the battle field, and our lives, our acts, our passions, and our emotions were the battle scenes; and yet those battle fields and scenes were none the less terrific or grand, tragic or real.

He then launched into his subject, and for over an hour held the close attention of his audience, and was frequently greeted with applause. Any report of this brilliant lecture would mar it and do it injustice; as nothing but the hearing of it, given with such eloquence and vigor would give our readers any idea of its excellence.

It would be difficult to select any distinctive beauties from a discourse which was throughout so admirably sustained; but if we must eliminate something for special notice it would be the lecturer's picture of bravery—moral bravery; it was grand. A bravery that meets disappointment, trial, affliction, failure, misfortune, and all the various ills of life, with a determined and vigorous composure and a stern and a trained self-reliance which enables the possessor to pursue his even course undismayed, and add to, rather than detract from, his strength. Such a bravery was a lofty moral heroism as great as that which bared the patriot's stalwart arms, and nerved the martyr's heart. This is the proudest and sublimest of human victories: It dares to be true to duty though the heaven's come down: true when the world knows it not; true in the calm resolve of the midnight hour, when no eyes but God's look into the soul; true when the world would applaud for being false; and every worldly interest should seem to offer a price for cowardice. The bravery that under these circumstances is the same calm, undismayed, unshaken, unflinching, and determined of soul, is worthy of the name, and is a god-like grandeur of moral

greatness worthy of a place in the calendar of sublimest heroism.

He sacrificed in a few brilliant and telling sentences, the snob and do-nothings in the world. This part of the lecture was really a feast of fun, a luncheon of laughter, and a wassail of wit. The lecturer's great power lies in what we call word pictures—power of dramatic description; and these pictures are something more than intangibilities, under his management they almost become living, moving actualities. He has the power of marshalling together the choicest words in our mother tongue as if they came in willing muster to his call; and picking them red-hot into the heart of his subject. His speech is a perfect widow's crase—forever bubbling up and refusing to be exhausted until all the vessels in the neighborhood of his voice are saturated and more than saturated with the endless, unwearied irrigation of his superfluous richness.

JOHN KNOX, THE SCOTTISH REFORMER.

On Thursday evening last Rev. J. S. Coffin of Sydney, lectured in the Methodist Church in this town on the above subject. The lecture had been well advertised. Mr. Coffin's ability as a speaker is pretty generally known, the evening was fine, nevertheless the audience was not large. It is safe to say however, that a more highly interested and appreciative audience has rarely assembled in our town. Notwithstanding the sanctity of the place. Mr. Coffin was more than once the recipient of unmistakable evidence of approval from his auditors. After graphically sketching the life of this hero, the lecturer proceeded to draw deviations and conclusions from his theme; speaking more especially of them bearing upon the age in which we live. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the position assumed by Mr. Coffin, there can be but one voice as to the ability with which he presented them. The lecture was a powerful presentation of truth as understood by the lecturer who by the way has evidently the courage of his convictions. Some of his periods were very fine and his impassioned denunciations, of what he considered wrong, gave evidence of speaking ability of a very high order. The lecture was delivered from manuscript, and occupied something over an hour in delivery.

It is safe to say, that should Mr. Coffin again favor the people of North Sydney during his stay among us, he will be greeted by a larger audience than that which went away so highly pleased on Thursday night.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—Cuyler

SIN.

In terms of unusual definiteness and precision the Apostle John tells us what sin is. He does not say that it consists in overt acts of wrong, nor of wrong determinations of the volition, nor of evil desires and inclinations of the soul. These are, indeed, all of them sinful in their characters and they are also the outworkings of that which lies back of them in the fallen soul. And of that unseen but ever potentially present property of depraved man he is speaking when he declares not that sin in action transgresses the law, but that in itself, its essential being, *sin is the transgression of the law.* The active sense of our English word "transgression" is not here to be accepted, for the original will not allow it, but it simply indicates a spirit of anarchy and of opposition to the rectoral holiness of the divine law. Essentially, sin is a condition of the soul, a regnant spirit of opposition to the divine holiness, and, therefore, it is spoken of in the singular number and is contemplated simply as a form of spiritual being. Formerly and phenomenally it is multifarious, and we designate it by terms of plurality. We speak of *sins* when we mean only sinful acts or practices. But in God's eyes this distinction between the actual and the essential is often not recognized, and especially so when the sin of the soul is spoken of, for the distinction is only apparent while the reality of sin

of the soul. Another of St. John's concise statements of this subject is his declaration, *All unrighteousness is sin,* where the nonactive form of sin is seen in the term employed to designate it. Sin is not, indeed, a mere negation of *righteousness*, it is its spiritual opposite, so that in all moral natures in which righteousness does not predominate there sin abounds and dominates the soul. And just along this line of thought comes in the declaration of St. Paul that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men." And this revelation of wrath is itself the expression of the divine estimate of the evil deserts of unrighteousness, that is, the guilt of indwelling and abounding sin in the soul; and the measure of the guilt of sin must be learned from the nature of the law of which it is the transgression.—National Repository for February.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

What a glorious fact it is that there is one life that can be held up before the eyes of humanity as a pattern! There were lips that never spake unkindness, never uttered an untruth; there were eyes that never looked aught but love purity and bliss; there were arms that never closed against wretchedness or penitence; there was a bosom which never throbbed with sin, nor ever was excited by an unholy impulse; there was a man free from all selfishness and whose life was spent in going about doing good. There was One who loved all mankind, and loved them more than Himself, and who gave himself to die that they might live; there was One who went into the gates of death, that the gates of death might never hold us in; there was One who laid in the grave to take its damp, its coldness, its chill, its horror, and taught humanity how it might ascend above the grave; there was One who, though He walked on earth, had His conversation in heaven, and took away the curtain that hid immortality from view and presented us the Father God in all his love. Such a One is the standard held up in the Church of Christ; it is a Church that rallies around the cross, and that gathers around Jesus; and it is because He is attractive and lovely and glorious that they are coming from the ends of the earth to see the salvation of God.—Bishop Simpson.

OBITUARY.

EMERSON A. ODELL.

Died on the 20th of January, at Smith's Cove, Digby Co., Irene A. Odell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Odell. About one year since she embraced the salvation that is in Christ our Saviour, and from that auspicious hour till the close of her life she endeavored to live a life of faith and of consistent deportment.

Consumption claimed her in early days. Last autumn her health began to decline. The disease was as usual unrelenting. Gradually but surely the sapping of the vital forces went forward. No earthly power could stay this work, and our good and loving God, in whose perfect goodness and infinite wisdom our dear departed sister reposed most unwavering trust, did not see it for the best to interfere.

She bore her sickness with sweet and beautiful submission to the loving will of our Father in Heaven. She was most exemplary in her perfect trust. She looked forward to her decease with rapturous delight. When conduced with that so soon her young life was to close on earth, she repined or complained in the least, my Heavenly Father knows which is best for me. I would not wish to have anything changed in any way—his loving will is supremely good—I am Christ's and he is mine, all is well." Thus fully, sweetly, and perfectly reposing in God, she passed away from earth with all its joys and sorrows to the peace, rest and felicity of heaven, in her 20th year. Her funeral was attended by a large number of friends and words of hope and good cheer were spoken to them by the writer. The bereaved parents and friends have the sympathy of the entire community.

R. WASSON.

Digby, Feb 25, 1880.

WINTER IN NEW YORK, 1780.

Mr. Eugene Lawrence' in a recent pleasant paper, retouched the New York of a century ago. It was the cold winter. Both rivers were frozen, and the bay was solidly closed, so that men and teams, and even cannon, passed over the ice from the city to Staten Island, and the British were in constant fear that the daring Yankees would steal over from Paulus Hook (now Jersey city) and attempt the capture of the city. Lord Sterling, the American general, with two thousand men, did cross the Kills, or strait, between New Jersey and Staten Island, but the island Tories were on the alert, and the Americans were baffled. Judge Jones, in his Tory history of New York, says that "no man living ever before saw this bay frozen up," and adds that two hundred sleighs, laden with provisions, with two horses to each, escorted by two hundred light-horse, passed upon the ice from New York to Staten Island. Rivington's "Gazette," of the 29th of January, 1780, says that "this day several persons came over on the ice from Staten Island," and on February 1st a four-horse sleigh crossed over. Snow fell upon the 10th of November, and lay almost continuously until the middle of the next March. In the woods it was four feet upon a level. New York was then a city of thirty

thousand inhabitants, and the "hard winter," as it was afterwards called, was not only one of intense cold, but of famine and of fire. But the city, of which Hanover Square was the literary centre, in whose bookshop, as Mr. Lawrence narrates, Miss Burney's "Evelina," and Dr. Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," and the works of "the great Dr. Goldsmith," were advertised, was a compact community with a distinctive character and spirit. It was, in fact, an English colonial town, with a certain popular independence which was still evident, however suppressed in expression. Many of the inhabitants took the oath of allegiance, but their hearts were with the blue and buff while the scarlet made merry around them. For the town in which Sir Henry Clinton held his mimic court was gay with the careless revelry of a military society. Amid the cold and starvation and immense suffering of the city, the officers' cry was "On with the dance! let joy be unconfined." The soldier must not think, and the festivity at headquarters would, perhaps, strike the patriot as a reflection from the brilliancy of the British prospects.

But the routs and the revelry were no more agreeable to loyalists growers like Judge Jones than to the patriots. He spent that winter in New York, and complains that for wood which cost nothing to the barrick-masters, for which could be bought by them for sixteen shillings a cord for oak, and twenty-eight shillings for hickory, he was forced to pay £4 and £5 10s; and the indignant old Tory exclaims that it was well known that "the little riches and favorite Dulcinea of Clinton, Robertson, and Birch were all supplied with large quantities of wood by their orders out of the wood-yards in New York, and were regaling themselves in routs, dinners, little concerts and small parties over good, warm, comfortable fires, and enjoying all the ease and luxury in life, while the poor soldiers, for whom the wood was provided, were with their wives and children perishing in the barracks in the severity of winter."

When the fashionable promenade was "the Mall" in front of Trinity Church, and when John Street was up town, when the journey to Philadelphia and to Boston was counted by days, and when Europe was weeks away over the ocean, New York was shut up within itself, and had a "local flavor" which is long since gone. Every gentleman in town then knew of the "fine Roman puri" that could be drunk at the King's Head tavern and London Chop-house on Brownjuba's Wharf, and the story of the little town, now grown into the vast and various metropolis, in which civic pride and ambition are, judging from the City Hall, extinct, is as quaint and entertaining as that of "Our Village," or of Cranford.—EDITOR'S EAST CHAIR, in Harpers Magazine for March.

A cable dispatch last week stated that Arthur Wagner, the English ritualist, has been received into the Church of Rome, and that "Mr Wagner's conversion marks the beginning of a long impending and carefully prepared movement which may ere long bring most of the ritualistic Anglican clergy over to Roman Catholicism" under the following plan:

1. Converts who are already married are to be ordained (*sub tacita conditione*) 2. Such converts will be allowed to assist in ministering in Catholic churches in mass, benediction, preaching and catechism, but will not be admitted to parochial functions, especially to confessions. The English and Irish laity would never confess to married priests. 3. The males and females in Anglican religious orders are to pass through the novitiate under experienced superiors, appointed by Rome, and at the end of their novitiate are to be professed with simple vows, and will continue the philanthropic work under Vatican jurisdiction; 4. A special metropolitan, perhaps Cardinal Manning, is to be consecrated by the Pope himself for the government of the reconciled, reordained Anglican clergy; 5. For the present the parts of service outside the canon of the mass are to be allowed in the vernacular, the Congregation of Rites deciding which parts of the old Salisbury rite are to be incorporated with the liturgy; 6. The younger clergy are to take the usual vows of celibacy when ordained sub-deacons. The converts will be allowed and encouraged if they prefer, to adopt the usual mass of Latin.

The invention of that Superior and Complete Sewing Machine (The Family Sewing Machine), marks one of the most important eras in the history of machinery, and when we consider its great usefulness and extremely low price of (25) it is very difficult to conceive of any invention for domestic use of more or equal importance to families. It has great capacity for work; beautiful, smooth and quiet movement, rapid execution certainty and delightful ease of operation, that commends it above all others. The working parts are all steel, strength and durable, and will last a life time, the bobbin hold 100 yards of thread; the stitch is the finest of all the stitches made, neat and regular, and can be regulated in a moment to sew stitches from an inch in length on coarse material down to the finest, so infinitesimal as to be hardly discernible with the naked eye, and with a rapidity rendering it impossible to count them it has more attachments than any other, and it does to perfection all kinds of heavy, coarse, plain, fine or fancy needle-work with ease, and far less labor than required on other machines. It needs no commendation, the rapid sales, increasing demand, and voluntary encomiums from the press, and the thousands of families who use them, amply testify to their undoubted worth as a standard and reliable household necessity, extending its popularity each day. This popular machine can be examined at the office of the company. AGENTS WANTED by the FAMILY SEWING MACHINE CO., 75 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mr. Editor print off-handers, which are blunt way? If it does not hash, then, never expect to cultivated and I have no doubt precise—but we country preach take less polish

The business New Brunswick ago trade lay supreme—now ed and passed; commerce beats in city and fore No thanks to the industry," so of Minister. Lun are going up, our experienced in lumber has many of the bre our circuits and less benefited b

Our Relief pect shows, a Meetings, with ton, Marysville, man to be held erally the opinio and donings at t trial Board" will very little good mind, the assu dent disposition mend itself with either to immita ren in this Con dent to the prof missionary recol loyal to the est men can be; an militly, whether brethren be tang they show a slen rather than by with a strong in Yet, we will do fully, honestly, h may be again as years, pay the ex assist us at ou own pockets.

You will reje that this large which is known to judge, in a way Frederickton the old-time prosperi ministration's work of our belo in the capital is h may be congratul representative m and Daniel. Gi rank with our to and commerce the E. M. R. K charge. A han church, to be bu spring, will sup add so material Methodism, thei pire to "independ Marysville, " th home of New Br is enjoying grea The recently crea be equal to any the Dominion. country round at tent parts of the grain, and, from v ing, obtain flour a purchase. The pe joining counties a of A. Gibson, Esq desire to see the the lumbering, state.

Bro. W. W. B the kindness of hi of great good, as t vices to be comm Bro. L. Johnson soul for God and weak. In addition work, he goes fa and preches Ch lumber-men enga work in this dir mated. May God great success.

The heart of o Rev. H. J. Clark, because of the H of his work in the souls. The Chri water Christians zeal of Bro. Cla that a Methodist C "omnibus" meeti sult. Bro. James Crisp his work on the K subscription of the the Relief Fund, is their love for the their King. She would, I think, h tead the term of se number of years, s retain their presen pastor. It is said t of Jacksonville, will in Sh-field. The preaching of Bro. J fruit on the Gaget many have given th Woodstock, Bro. himself golden opin ism many adheren now in progress the crease to our membe is beloved by his mark of the esteem resident at Benton, was recently chose their choice, and the would give their sup in a fever state of Williams working a notwithstanding the

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOTTINGS FROM FREDERICTON.

FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

MR. EDITOR.—Does the WESLEYAN print off-hand, disjointed, rambling letters, which speak right out in a plain, blunt way? Then, will it print this one? If it does not offer to its readers such harsh, then, alas, the writer hereof may never expect to address the WESLEYAN's cultivated audience. Your subscribers—I have no doubt—prefer the orderly, the precise—but when they lend an ear to a country preacher, they must consent to take less polish, and more pith.

The business outlook in this part of New Brunswick is improving. A year ago trade lay prostrate—depression sat supreme—now it seems the crisis is reached and passed; to-day the pulse of our commerce beats with freshened blood, and in city and forest there is great rejoicing. No thanks to the N. P., but to the "dead industry," so called by our able Finance Minister. Lumber is booming—prices are going up, and will still go up, so say our experienced operators. This advance in lumber has brightened the prospects of many of the brethren in this district, all our circuits and missions will be more or less benefited by it.

Our Relief Fund Meetings were, as report shows, a success. The Missionary Meetings, with the exception of Fredericton, Marysville, and Woodstock, yet remain to be held. By the way, it is generally the opinion here that the discussions and doings at the meeting of the "Central Board" will do our missionary cause very little good. The one controlling mind, the assumed superiority, the evident disposition to censure, did not commend itself with unusual acceptability, either to ministers or laymen. Our brethren in this Conference, from the President to the probationer, are as careful of missionary receipts and expense, and as loyal to the cause of missions, as any men can be; and we suggest, in all humility, whether it is not better that our brethren be taught their duty, if in duty they show a slackness, by kind reminders rather than by censoriousness, infused with a strong tincture of iron and caustic. Yet, we will do our work this year faithfully, honestly, loyally, as in the past, and may be again, as we have done in other years, pay the expenses of brethren who assist us at our meetings, out of our own pockets.

You will rejoice to learn, Mr. Editor, that this large District, every foot of which is known to you, is, as far as I can judge, in a very prosperous state. In Fredericton there are foregleams of the old-time prosperity. Under the able pulpit ministrations and continual pastorate work of our beloved Chairman, Methodism in the capital is looking up. Fredericton may be congratulated on having two such representative men as brethren Evans and Daniel. Gibson bids fair soon to rank with our towns in point of population and commerce. Our post-preacher, the Rev. M. E. Knight, is the minister in charge. A handsome and commodious church, to be built during the coming spring, will supply a long-felt need, and add so materially to the influence of Methodism, that Gibson will probably aspire to "independency."

Marysville, "the city of cottages," and home of New Brunswick's lumber king, is enjoying great temporal prosperity. The recently erected grist mill is said to be equal to any thing of the kind in the Dominion. Farmers from all the country round about, and even from distant parts of the Province, come with grain, and from wheat of their own growing, obtain flour as good as any they can purchase. The people of this and the adjoining counties are loud in their praise of A. Gibson, Esq., for this proof of his desire to see the agricultural, as well as the lumbering, interest in a thriving state.

Bro. W. W. Brewer speaks highly of the kindness of his people, and is hopeful of great good, as the result of special services to be commenced next week.

Bro. L. Johnson is working with all his soul for God and Methodism on the Nashwaak. In addition to his regular circuit work, he goes far away into the forests, and preaches Christ to the hundreds of lumber-men engaged in labour there; his work in this direction cannot be estimated. May God crown his labours with great success.

The heart of our singing preacher, the Rev. H. J. Clark, is full of praise to God because of the Holy Spirit's endorsement of his work in the salvation of precious souls. The Christian conduct of certain water Christians at Lincoln, so moved the zeal of Bro. Clark and his good people, that a Methodist Church, instead of the "omnibus" meeting-house, will be the result.

Bro. James Crisp entered heartily into his work on the Keswick. The handsome subscription of the Boston Mission to the Relief Fund, is at once an evidence of their love for the cause, and loyalty to their King. Sheffield Quarterly Board would, I think, had they the power, extend the term of service from three to any number of years, could they by so doing retain their present talented and popular pastor. It is said that Bro. Robert Crisp, of Jacksonville, will succeed Bro. Hobson in Sheffield. The earnest and faithful preaching of Bro. James Duke is bearing fruit on the Gagetown circuit; at Burton many have given themselves to God. In Woodstock, Bro. Colpitts has won for himself golden opinions, and for Methodism many adherents. Special services now in progress there, promise a large increase to our membership. Bro. Turner is beloved by his own people, and as a mark of the esteem of all denominations, resident at Benton, I may state that he was recently chosen as the minister of their choice, and the one to whom they would give their support. Canterbury is in a fever state of prosperity, and Bro. Williams working successfully for God, notwithstanding the anger of a newly-

adged successor of the Apostles, and his intense desire to quench, by the aid of fervent school-trustees, or the Provincial Government, or the devil—or any means the extension of "Methodism." Bro. Wm. Harrison has made Richmond a desirable station. Bro. Mills, kind, genial, and active, is advancing our interests at Florioville. Andover is hopeful of better days. Bro. Fenna, at Upper Kent, is abundant in labours. Bro. Opie, in his contributions to the Carleton Sentinel, shows that he is fully alive to the responsibility of his position, in the new and fast-settling country in which he is stationed. Of Stanley, I cannot write hopefully. I am loth to believe, Mr. Editor, although some soils are assuredly more difficult, and require more patient cultivation and humouring than others, that there is any soil in which Methodism cannot thrive. I do not for a moment blame the brother labouring there, but there must be shortcomings somewhere.

What Stanley needs—what all our circuits need—is an old-fashioned Methodist revival. May the revival we need be graciously granted—a revival of that godly discipline, too much in disuse, of that practical holiness that will lead to self-denial and purity in all the round of life—a revival, in short, that will make our cities centres of spiritual power, and our churches everywhere as lights set upon a hill. It is the recognition of the want of this spiritual power that culminates in the importation of revivalists, and the mechanical working up of religion into sensational fury. There is at present labouring in Fredericton, under the auspices of three of the churches, a Mr. Chubbuck, an evangelist from the United States, who is strenuously labouring to bring about such a revival. I have attended two or three of his meetings, and am more than ever of the opinion that such men are not of service to the church. I would not willingly underestimate the fruits of any revival season, but this appears to me—too much a thing of order—a machine process, to result in permanent good. Mr. Chubbuck is evidently an imitation of Moody—he has all the faults and none of the strong points of that evangelist. It is ungrammatical, illogical, and at times coarse and unscriptural. Mr. Chubbuck certainly has the ability to draw the crowd. But crowds are easily collected in these degenerate days—in the church or in the street. Numbers are no index to the moral worth of such gatherings. There is very little of the life and power of the Gospel in such efforts. There is the fary of sensationalism, and the hot fires of forced zeal, but that is not hope, any more than the electricity with which scientific triflers sometimes make a corpse thrill into the transient semblance of living beings, is real blood vitality. Then, I think, such means teach questionable views of the Spirit of God, making appear Holy Ghost. Holy injury is also done the cause of God, by the unrighteous haste with which half-converted converts are rushed into the water, and at once recognized as members of Christ's Church. Your readers will not, I trust, misunderstand me. As far as this revival has developed a saving religion in one, two, or a dozen souls, it is so far a triumph and a success. Yet, I claim, Methodism, at least, does not need such help, or methods of work.

I am yours truly,
YORK COUNTY.
PROSELYTISING BOASTS.

The Churchman after a column of enumeration of the names of twenty-six proselytes in the year 1879, from various Protestant Churches, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist, Congregationalist and Second Advent, concludes:—"Here is our hand, ready for any others like them who may follow in their train. With a noble sense of self appreciation it remarks:—"It is evident beyond a question, we think that our church is attracting more and more the attention of those who stand around her and that as her position, character, and claims are getting to be understood she is exercising a growing attractive power upon them." O, this language the Presbyterian remarks:—"But the Presbyterian Church received fifty-eight ministers from other denominations in the year 1879, and made no ado about it. Yet why may we not solace ourselves as The Churchman does, &c."

We freely advertise the above invitation of The Churchman to all unsettled spirits, but feel bound at the same time to present the warning contained in the last number of the Western Church of the state of affairs in the Protestant Episcopal Church as given by a correspondent of that paper. He writes in his communication:—"We are in our membership—putting the Prayer Book reverently out of all question—neither Protestant nor Catholic a huge monstrosity, like the ancient minster, half man, half beast. We refuse most bluntly to recognize the most worthy ministers of other denominations, and yet our people have no knowledge of any important tenet, obligatory *de fide*, which ought to separate us from these bodies, any tenet which makes salvation on the average more probable inside than outside the Catholic fold. And our people are so ignorant, because a great part of our teachers are as ignorant as themselves. Our communicant rolls are a bodge podge of Unitarians, Nestorians, Quakers and the like; well meaning enough but largely without the very rudiments of religious instruction, hurried through, at a few days' notice, a ceremony which in the opinion of half of them, is entirely unscriptural and simply a decent form. A sectarian from his cradle gets tired of his minister, takes a fancy to the rector of St. Demas's, has a good moral character—perhaps he is a man of influence too—visits said rector, says he would like to be confirmed, is asked if he means to do right says "yes," has an interview Tuesday, is presented to Bishop on Thursday, admitted to receive the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday, and henceforth is in possession of full privileges. There are droves of such so-called converts in our midst today, &c."

In order to meet this state of things the

writer proceeds to say that it is necessary "to come out with the truth, for our people are perilously near to apostasy, such apostasy as is mortal sin where it cannot be atoned by inevitable ignorance." Our advice to all insatiable brethren contemplating a change in this direction is to look well before you jump. The above statement is from one who is behind the scenes, and is candid enough to acknowledge his impressions concerning his own "Household of Faith." We wish well to the twenty-six, but from a long personal experience we fear some will be disappointed. THE APPEAL.

THE GREATNESS AND SPIRITUAL CHARACTER OF REGENERATION.

Being born of God implies the greatness of the work which is wrought in the soul. It is God's production, and it is mighty. It is not merely a creation of something out of nothing; as when He said, "Let there be light, and there was light." It is the creating a clean thing out of an unclean. Light out of darkness, order out of confusion, beauty out of deformity, good out of evil. God's image of righteousness is true politeness, and knowledge in the soul which had borne in a lesser or greater degree, the dark, sinful soul, and wretched image of Satan. The subjects of this spiritual birth, were of their father the devil; doing his works of hatred to God, opposition to purity and goodness, truth and righteousness; and to everything in harmony with man's duty and interest. They are now the sons of God, doing his will. "Following after righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call upon the Lord, out of a pure heart." Living to God like God, bearing his image and rejoicing in the dignity and privileges of his children, pledged to promote the family interest, jealous for the family honour, glorifying Him "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." We might infer the greatness of the work, from the exceeding greatness of his power, which is invoked to add to the work for its progress and completeness; in order to its consummation in eternal life in heaven. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory; to be strengthened with might, by his Spirit in the inner man. That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," &c. How truly spiritual in its character is this God wrought work. As in our natural birth we become inhabitants of the physical world, with bodily organs suited thereto, by which we behold the light, breathe the atmosphere; are sustained by food, and the processes of nutrition, so that by food and exercise, and sleep, animal life is sustained, is progressive, and becomes stronger and stronger until the full vigor of manhood is attained. So in our spiritual birth. We enter into light; we are called children of the light. Light is spiritual—light being the emblem of knowledge, joy and purity. We breathe and live in a spiritual atmosphere, prayer and praise the breath of the spiritual man. Communion with God. Fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. We are sustained in the spiritual life, by such food and exercises as nourish and strengthen the spiritual nature. God's word devoutly read, carefully and prayerfully studied; its exposition and application listened to, and appropriated, as seasons and circumstances render it necessary and fitting to suit one's case. The use of Divine ordinances, where rest and refreshing for the soul is given, and the exercises of the graces by which we wax stronger and stronger, until from like children, we become strong and stalwart Christians, fit for hard service and endurance. Mellowing and maturing into the ripened wisdom and experience of fathers in Christ or mothers in Israel. E. B.

LANE BACK. WEAK BACK. BENSON'S CAPSICUM PODOBIC PLASTER. Overwhelming evidence of their superiority over other plasters. It is everywhere recommended by Physicians, Druggists and the Press. The manufacturers received a special award and medal given for purity of quality at the Centennial Exposition, 1876, at Philadelphia, 1876. It is the only plaster in the world that relieves pain at once. Every one suffering from Rheumatism, Lame Back, or Weak Back, should use this plaster. It is sold by all Druggists.

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SEE WHAT PHYSICIANS AND THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT. Messrs. Scott & Bowne: 66 West Thirty-sixth street, New York, Sept. 2, 1876.

GENTS—I have frequently prescribed SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES during the past year, and regard it as a valuable preparation in scrofulous and consumptive cases, plethoric and effluviated. C. C. LOCKWOOD, M.D.

MESSES. SCOTT & BOWNE—Gentlemen—Within the last year I have in my own family, and in my private practice prescribed very extensively SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES and found it a most valuable preparation, especially in diseases of children. It is agreeable to the most delicate stomach; which renders it a very reliable agent as a nutritive remedy October 12, 1879. Yours respectfully, A. H. SEXTON, M.D. Baltimore.

MESSES. SCOTT & BOWNE—Gentlemen—Within the last two months I have fairly tried SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES, and I candidly declare that it is the finest preparation of the kind that has ever been brought to my notice; in affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we consider it our most reliable agent, in a perfectly elegant and agreeable form. December 10th, 1878. Very truly J. SIMONAUD, M.D. New Orleans, La.

MESSES. SCOTT & BOWNE—Gentlemen—In September 1877, my health began to fail and my physician pronounced it spinal trouble; under his care I got some relief from pain, but my general health did not improve, and early in the winter I began to raise blood and rapidly grow worse. In May last I was taken with a violent bleeding, which brought me to my bed and my life was despaired of for many weeks; violent symptoms appeared, night and morning coughs, night sweats, short breath, and a return of the spinal trouble. My physician stopped the bleeding and then ordered Cod Liver Oil and Lime; and I used various preparations, but they did me no good. I lost all hope of life, and was an object of pity to all my friends. Last September I purchased a bottle of your Emulsion, before it was all taken I was better. I then bought a dozen bottles and have taken all with the following results: Cough subsiding, night sweats stopped, appetite returned, pains in spine disappeared, strength returning, and my weight increased from 118 to 140 pounds in sixteen weeks. I have taken no other medicine since commencing with your Emulsion and shall continue its use until I am perfectly well. I frequently meet some friend on the street who asks, what cured you and I answer SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, &c. I have a friend who has not spoken aloud for 15 months and he is getting better. I gave him a bottle, and he bought two more, then got a dozen and says that it is food and medicine for him. He was given up to die a year ago; but he is improving now wonderfully. My recovery is exciting the surprise of many people, and I shall do all I can to make known your valuable medicine. Very truly yours, H. F. SLOCUM, Lowell, Mass.

About the 25th of last April I got a bottle of your EMULSION, and at that time I was so prostrated that no one who saw me thought I could live but a few days at most. I could retain nothing on my stomach and was literally starving. I commenced the use of the EMULSION in small doses; it was the first thing that would stay on my stomach; I continued its use, gradually increasing the dose; and from that hour I commenced mending, and now am able to ride and walk and am gaining flesh and strength rapidly. I have advised other parties to try it, and some two or three have already tried it. I am sure I shall entirely recover. I am yours R. W. HAMILTON, M.D. For Sale by all Druggists at \$1 per bottle.

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A STRUGGLING HEART.

"But I am poor and sorrowful: let thy salvation O God set me up on high."—Psalm lxxii. 29. Your needs, O Psalmist, all are mine, My base estate feels regal woe, The steps down from your august throne, Lead to my level far below. I cannot trust my best resolves; They part like wax in sin's fierce flame; My heart deceives me—when I call No voice within its name God's name. Sometimes I fain would rise and mount, Where light is, and the land of rest; Then false paths lure me till I tire And sink content to be unblest, And wildly reacting out hot hands, Fill them straightway with noxious flow- ers.

YEDDIE'S FIRST AND LAST SACRAMENT.

A poor idiot, who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, and passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the high and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that if he once rode over the hills to kirk in a donkey-cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cotters, and replied always in the same words:—

"Na, na; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart: so I will a gang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lords house, and be talking to himsel' as I gang."

Once when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked:

"What ghost of goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?"

"Neither the one nor the tither, lad die," he replied. "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yersel' nor I can see and yet wi' Him that sees baith o' us!"

The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wic-ones laughingly said, "He is talking to himself."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hobnailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said:

"Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus."

The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came half-yearly in that thinly settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together, when the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the service in the open air. He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded:

"Oo, minister, if ye but kened how I love Him, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!"

This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent," and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully, and whisper:

"But I dinna see Him."

At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and looking in the minister's face, he nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and, with a smiling face lighted with joy and yet un-asked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply until pressed by some boys. Then he said:

"Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face of the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fra' His eye and a word fra' His tongue; and he's afa'el to speak lest he lose memory o't; for it's but a bad memory he has at best. Ah, lads! lads! I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes yon lovely Man! Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie in His company."

The boys looked on in wonder, and

one whispered to another, "sure he's noe langer daft. The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treading" untasted; and after smiling and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones.

"Ay, Lord, it's just poor me that's been sae lang seeking Ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more. Oh, ay! but this is a bonny loit, all goold and precious stones! The hall o' the castle is a poor place for my loit this bonny night!" And this voice grew softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance.

"And besides all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keep- ing. More than that he often ate his own portion and mine too, and then cried for more—such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Noe meat for me granny; I ha' had a feast which I feel within me while I live. I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up to the loit, and sleep wi' Him.'"

"Noo, Molly," replied granny's guest, "doesna that remind ye o' our Lord Himsel, when he tel'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye not of?' Who'll dare to say that the blessed Hand that fed the multitude when they were set upon the grass, hasna' been this day feeding the hungry soul o' poor Yeddie as he sat at His table? Ah, Molly, we little know what humble work He will stoop to do for His ain puir ones who cry day and night to Him! We canna tell noo but this daft laddie will be greater in the kingdom of heaven than the Earl himsel'—puir body—that looks very little noo as if he'd be able to crowd in at the pearly gate!"

"And oh, Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face of yon puir lad as he came into the cot! It just shone like the light, and at first—even afore he spoke a word—I thoct he was carrying a candle in his hand! I believe in my soul, good neebour, that Yeddie was in great company to-day, and that the same shining was on him as was on Moses and Elias when they talked with Jesus on the Mount. I e'en hope he brocht the blessing home wi' him to bide on the widow that was too auld and feeble to walk to the Table, but who has borne with him and toiled patiently for him, because he was one of the Lord's little and feeble ones."

"Oo, ay, doubtless he did bring hame the blessing and that ye'll get the reward o' these many cups o' cold water ye've given him; for what's the few pence or shillings the parish grants ye, compared wi' the mother's care ye gave him?" said Janet.

"Aweel, aweel," replied granny, "if I get the reward, it will not be because I wrought for that; I seemed ne'er to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphaned lad, that I was minding and feeding and clothing one o' these little ones, and I ken it better to-night than ever. I ha' strange new feeling mysel' too, neebour, and I am minded o' the hour when our blessed Master come and stood among his faithful ones, the door being shut, and said, 'Peace be unto you.' Surely this strange, heavenly calm canna be o' earth; who shall say that Himsel' is not here beside us twa—come to this place more for the daft lad's sake than our ain?"

And thus these lowly women talked of Him whom their souls loved, their hearts burning within them as they talked.

When the morrow's sun rose, granny, unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his hum- ble tasks. She brought peat from the stack and water from the spring. She spread her humble table and made her "porritch;" and then remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound above the wind whirling through the openings in the thatch. She had not gone up the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half-stuffed half-kneeling, with his head, resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed, which faded no away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As

he had supped, so he had slept—with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the poor lad was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community instead of the parish relieved of a burden. Poor "granny" was not left alone in her cot; for He who had come hither after that last supper with Yeddie was with her to the end.

ST. JOHN AND HIS KITTEN.

AN OLD CHURCH LEGEND.

By Mrs. H. C. CONANT.

St. John had travelled through many lands, and had converted multitudes to the Gospel. And everywhere he went he taught love to God, and pity and compassion for all his creatures. Once as he was passing through a heathen country, he saw a cruel sight. A crowd of blind heathen were amusing themselves with the torments of a poor kitten, which they had fastened to a tree, as a mark for their arrows. St. John hastened into the midst of them, crying, "Stop this wicked sport! Know that all creatures have their share in nature as well as man. They came from God; and each in its way, reveals to us his face; and all shall one day return to their eternal source. Your own wise men have so taught, as well as we, who are the followers of Christ."

When they saw that he spoke reverently of their wise men, they gathered round him, and listened willingly to his words. He cast a joyful look to heaven, and gives free course to his speech. He tells them of the Word foretold by Plato, who has reconciled man to God; who, by his holy crimson blood, has quenched the flames of wrath; and to whom a second divine world has sprung from the Virgin's womb. The heathen gazing on the countenance of John, behold it beaming with the pure light of heaven; and falling on their faces the whole great multitude receive baptism at his hands.

One only remains unbelieving. "Why dost thou not work a miracle?" he asks. "Let me see thee like a prophet awaken the dead; then shall I know that thou art a true messenger of God." The apostle stretches out his hand toward the poor animal which lies dead against the tree, pierced by a hundred arrows, and with a touch restores its life and heals its wounds. Then the scoffer becomes a Christian and cleaves to John as his disciple.

But now, wherever St. John goes, the kitten follows him. Night and day she stays close by his side, rubs herself fondly against him, leaps into his lap, and mews coaxingly for notice. The saint well pleased, returns her caresses strokes her arched back, and smiles to hear her contented purr. To him, embracing all things in his love, the love of no creature is worthless. Thus many a leisure moment is spent away with his dumb companion. This greatly afflicts the new disciple, and he chides the apostle ironically. "Master," he says, "the people count thee a saint, and yet thy mind cleaves to such childish things. It passes my thoughts how such a wise, thinking man, to whom is given the vision of heavenly glory, can stoop to befriend himself with a stupid cat."

"My son," replies John, "what hast thou there in thy hand?"

"It is my bow," said the youth, "wherewith I slay the beasts of the forest in the chase, and the whizz of its string calls down the birds of the air."

"String thy bow," says John.

Quickly was the bow strung; but when the youth had gazed round, far and near, and perceived no beast or bird, he again slipped off the string.

"Wherefore do you that?" said St. John.

"Because, master it is necessary to success in the chase. The string soon grows weak when stretched, and the bow itself loses its spring. Should the hunter carry his bow always strung, it would fall him in time of need."

"Look you now, my son," says John, "the spirit of man is like the bow and string. Nature limits us on every side. Without sleep can nothing living live; without rest no soul can raise itself to heaven. All things subsist by the alternation of day and night, of light and darkness. The flowers which charn thee by day, at evening bend their heads to the earth. Yea, the sun which in the morning climbs the sky like a giant in his strength, sinks downward to the earth at night. So is it with the human spirit. The divine spark cannot be ever glowing; for whatever weds itself to the earthly, must be weakened in heavenly splendor. Therefore has God imaged his glory to us in a thousand forms, that we may rejoice in his works, and in love to his creatures, and then turn from them strengthened to the holy mystery of worship. He would not that in the Master we should forget the Master's works; since it is through his works we learn to know the Master. And he who learns them rightly, beholds his power in the kitten not less than in behemoth; he who seeks him only in the stars of heaven, shall never see the glory of his face."

A Story for our Young People.

TRUST AND WAIT.

"Why was I ever brought here?" cried a wild-rose stock, as it stood bare and leafless among a dozen or more beautiful trees of the same species, whose flowers, of every size and hue, breathed fragrance on the air of the bright summer morning. "Why was I ever taken from my native hedge-row, where the bees sipped honey from my blossoms, and the butterflies sunned themselves among my branches?"

"And who are you?" said a beautiful white rose, as she bent gracefully forward. "I am now a dried-up, useless stick," replied the stock; "I was the beauty and pride of a country lane, my flower, the delight of the village children, and many a tired traveler as he passed by was refreshed by my soft fragrance. Those happy days are over forever; my leaves, my flowers, my branches, all are torn from me; and to aggravate my troubles, I am placed here to be reminded by your life and beauty of what I was and what I am."

After the stock ceased speaking, there was a sorrowful pause among her hearers; then the white rose said:

"Do not be cast down my poor friend; you are not the only one thus afflicted. Look at me; I was once as you are; I am what you may be."

The stock only answered, sadly:

"It is impossible that your sorrows can have been as great as mine; I cannot think that my troubles make me any better, but worse."

"Then trust," said the companion; "trust and wait."

"Trust and wait!" echoed they all, and richer perfume seemed breathed from their many-colored flowers; and the breeze caught up the sound, and bore it over hill and dale to a lovely wood, where a nightingale sat silent; and so beautiful seemed the words to the bird, that, springing upward to the oft-kept bough of a stately elm, he turned them into music, and the sounds floated back again to the garden, and were echoed in the songs of the thrush, and the linnet, till "Trust and wait!" seemed whispered and warbled all round the stock.

"Do they all say so?" thought she; "then I will try to do it."

By and by a tiny craft was inserted by the gardener into her stem; but she scarcely noticed it.

"It makes little difference what they do with me now," she thought; "the old days can never return. Still, I will trust and wait."

And so she did, till summer faded into autumn, and winter laid his icy hand upon the garden. The flowers hung their heads when they felt his cold breath, and the leaves fell sadly from the trees as the autumn wind warned them of his approach. The thrush and the nightingale were heard no more; but from the bare branches where they used to sing, the same words of hope came to the rose stock in the shrill tones of the robin; for "Trust and wait!" was the burden of its song also.

At last winter's icy reign was over; from the hard ground the snowdrop raised its modest head, and the pale, sweet faces of the primroses smiled among their broad leaves. To the stock, too, a change came; leaves decided her once bare stem, and new life seemed to thrill through every fibre.

"But my sweet blossoms are gone for ever!" she thought.

Still the returning swallows brought the same message as the nightingale and robin had before, for they twittered "Trust and wait!" as they sported in the sunshine above her. All her companions sprang into flower at the musical call of June, but no bud appeared among her leaves; yet the stock was content, for she had almost learnt her lesson; and once more summer was succeeded by autumn, and autumn by winter. Winter fled at the approach of spring, and again all things were: awaking into life. The rose-stock was covered with large beautiful leaves, and among them, unknown to any but the dew-drops and the sunbeams, a tiny bud was growing. Each day it became larger and stronger, and yet so gradual was its growth, that the stock hardly knew of its existence. But one morning, when the sun was taking his first peep through the parted curtains of the east, she woke, and there, among her leaves, rested a lovely flower of deepest crimson, bathed in dew-drops, which the morning sunbeams were turning into a cluster of gems. For some minutes the tree (a wild-rose stock no longer) gazed in wondering delight at her beautiful offspring; then she turned towards her friend, the white rose, and whispered softly:

"Look at the end of all my waiting, the reward of all my trust!"—Early Days.

The observant "small boy" went to church and heard the minister repeatedly say in his prayer, "Grant us, O Lord." He reported at home that the minister had "come out strung for Grant."

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA. No 18.

55 LETTERS.

- My 4, 54, 12, 36, 43, A Jew, father of sev- eral sons.
My 8, 19, 38, 33, 48, is a small plant.
My 45, 13, 19, 1, 34, a measure.
My 27, 11, 40, 11, a prophet.
My 37, 55, 2, 10, 19, a city where the ark of God was sent.
My 44, 17, 43, 18, 30, 10, 26, what Judas was.
My 15, 50, 54, 23, 31, 22, 12, 27, is veget- able.
My 16, 53, 39, a tree mentioned in Scrip- tures.
My 14, 30, 9, 21, 3, 49, 29, a city of Had- crezer the king.
My 51, 6, 24, 32, 35, 47, a faith spoken of by Paul.
My 25, 46, 5, 23, 4, a book in the Bible.
My 41, 39, 6, 42, 1, 28, 18, 28, 40, are musi- cal wind instruments.

The whole is a verse in the New Testa- ment. D. C. P.

We will hereafter give two weeks, in- stead of one week, for receipt of answers to Enigmas. The answers to former enigmas will not, therefore, appear until next week.

HUMAN LUCIFER-MATCH.

Lighting gas with the finger is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person, in his slippers, walk briskly over a woolen carpet, scuffing his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair, with its legs up on four tumbler to insulate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff, by a second individual, and he will light his gas by simply placing his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precau- tion not to touch anything, or be touch- ed by anybody, during the trial of ex- periment. The shock of electricity acquired by the process we have de- scribed is discharged by contact with another object. One person must turn on the gas while the other fires it.— Baptist Weekly.

A college romance is told by The Atlanta Constitution. Many years ago a young fellow went to Yale College. The father was very rich and the young- ster lived in grand style at the univer- sity. Suddenly the old gentleman failed and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and deter- mined to have one anyhow. He, therefore, went to work and learned a trade as a machinist. While he was at his work his old associates cut him and re- fused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies which whom he had been a great favorite failed to recognize him when they met him. One day while going from his work he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his tin dinner-bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as all the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as "Tom," and insisted that he should call and see her as he had always done. She said: "There is no change in you, as far as I am concerned." The years rolled on. The young workboy became wealthy, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from the rich man and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. The capitalist sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for her husband's in- debtedness; and now the son of the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young workboy at Col- lege.

DEAFNESS IN CHILDREN.

The ear is subject to affections that impair its functions at the earliest period of life; indeed, it is frequently found to be defective at birth. Children are exposed to influences from which they seldom entirely escape with- out more or less aural disease. Such are the consequences of colds, which, when of long continuance, are produc- tive of enlarged tonsils, chronic catarrh of the mouth, throat, and nose, the resulting sympathetic deafness in some instances being so great that instruction is impossible, and the child is unable to learn to talk. It is then a deaf-mute.

The fact should not be lost sight of that at this early period of existence the function of hearing is crude, and re- quires gradual cultivation for its de- velopment, and that any deafness should be promptly met. Thus the hearing of children ought to be often tested, and although accurate results may be difficult of obtainment, the knowledge gained is advantageous.

Should an infant escape all other causes of aural disease, it encounters at the seventh month a physiological process in development; that is frequently the source of great irritation in the mouth, and of sympathetic irritation in the ears. I refer to the cutting of teeth, which usually begins at this age. That this period is fraught with special danger to the organ of hearing is well recognized by both mothers and nurses who have long considered teething as in some way connected with the ear- ache. Every one of the first twenty teeth in perforating the gum is liable

to be thus heral- for is the infant second year, the dentition is con- experienced and These first te- ject to premature natural absorp- the sixth year, cond dentition cause sympathe arises, and treat the second teeth

About the six- second of per- make their app- tenth year they the exception. These second e- even more distu- the first; the e- are persistent, t- eral more grave- phed, there is irritation, altho- changes from th- time on indicat-

The foregoing draw attention in youth to fr- lack of curat- leaves the con- worse condition- invasions, in- d- parable injury, when comparat- respects pain, e- be too early ob- they are neglect- to treatment the

Certain disea- frequently affect scarlet fever, me- bro-spinal men- and mumps. I- these diseases, a- sence has been etra-ach may be- amittuous of th- in order that, i- ceive early atten- erally an early e- aff-ctions; but, c- instances very e- of the drum ca- mechanism exist- ble impairment o-

It is believed c- centage of the ad- normal hearing, p- ends on the neg- which allusion ha- DR. SAMUEL SEX- azine for March.

DIPHTHERIA.

The following BOARD OF HMA SQUARE,

The following the purpose of n- the knowledge o- facts concerning minding all per- should be exer- spread of this d-

Diphtheria is a- jous, and may b- either directly o- son to person,

It may be con- act of kissing, co- ing; or indirect- used, as towels, e- etc.

The person eli- to rooms, house- and clothing, a- disease even after

Diphtheria att- ages and at all s- preference it att- who are debilita- filth, dampness, ever source.

When a case o- any family, the s- placed in a room- inates of the h- nured, as far as- only.

The sick cham- warmed, exposed aired; its furnit- will permit of clea- and all extra arti- and table drapery- bolstered furnit- should be re-mov- the sickness.

The physician- should be the on- the room.

Visitors to the- be warned of the- ous disease therei- ally should not b-

All clothing rou- or bed should be s- ing water or in a- fluid, (8 oz. sulph- acid, and 3 gallon- before being carri- or handled by any- may be soaked in- and then placed- boiling.

It is better not- for cleansing the- the patient, but r- should be imm- burned.

All vessels for s- of the patient sh- tain some of the d-

Book Steward's Department

The Rev. H. PICKARD, D.D., Book Steward. The Rev. T. W. SMITH, Assistant Book Steward.

All letters relating to the business of either the Book Room or the Wesleyan Newspaper Office, and all remittances of money for the Wesleyan as well as for the Book Room should be addressed to the Book Steward and not to the Editor.

But all Books to be noticed, and all communications and advertisements designed for insertion in the Wesleyan, should be addressed to the Editor and not to the Book Steward.

INSTRUCTIONS AS TO REMITTANCES:

- 1.—When sending money for subscribers, say whether on or new, and if new, write out their Post Office address plainly. 2.—See that your remittances are duly acknowledged. A copy of one or two weeks may be sent by the Editor to the office. After that inquire if they do not appear. 3.—Post Office orders are always safe, and not very costly. Next to these is the security of registering letters. Money sent otherwise is at the risk of the sender.

RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN"

Table with columns for Name, Amount, and Date. Includes entries for Rev. J. Gates for Wm. Graves and William Magee, Rev. F. H. W. Pickles for David Rockwell, etc.

In the list of Receipts in WESLEYAN of Feb. 20th the names John Reynolds and Thomas Swain should be set Reynolds and Heman Swain.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF METHODISM AND SUBSCRIPTION BIBLES.

A fresh supply of these has been received this week, so that we have been at length able to fill several orders which much to our discomfort and the inconvenience of our agents have had to wait a long time. We have remaining now a small surplus stock, and we advise all our agents to send in their orders at once, before a rise in the prices which seems inevitable.

JUST RECEIVED

- Kurtz's Church History, (2 vols. in one) 3 25 Lives of our Leaders of the Church Universal pp. 873 3 00 Invaluable to any who wish to become acquainted with men who have moved in the front ranks of the several sections of the Church. ALSO Green's Short History of the English People 2 70 Gekie's Life of Christ Cloth 0 70

Works by Rev. W. Taylor.

- Christian Adventures in South Africa, gt. ed. 2 00 The Model Preacher, gilt edges 1 25 Our South American Cousins. 1 00 Gekie's Life of Christ, cheap edition 0 75 Bound Vols. of Sunday at Home, Leisure Hour, Day of Rest, Quiver, and Good Words for 1879, each 2 25

NEW BOOKS.

- Blackburn's History of the Christian Church, 3 00 Rev. J. M. Reid's Missions and Missionary Society of the M.E. Church 2 vols. 3 00 Green's History of the English People, 3 vols., 7 50 Green's Short History of the English People, 1 vol., 2 00 Macaulay's History of England, 5 vols. in case, 4 50 Bishop Wiley's China and Japan, 1 50 Bishop Merrill's Second Coming of Christ, 1 00 Bishop Foster's Beyond the Grave, 1 25

PRAYER AND FASTING.—If we are not to expect that the devil should go out of a particular person, that is under a bodily possession, without extraordinary prayer, or prayer and fasting; how much less should we expect to have him cast out of the land and the world without it.—Edwards.

THE VALUE OF PRAYER.—There is no way that Christians in a private capacity can do so much to promote the work of God, and advance the kingdom of Christ, as by prayer. In this way they may have power with him who is infinite in power.—Edwards.

CHRIST'S POOR.—Christ is yet poor in his members; and he that gives to them lends to the Lord; and Christ tells us that he will look on what is done to them as to him.—Edwards.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

The Church of Christ was designed to represent him on earth, and to minister to all the moral needs of the human race. Her work, then, is not done when she sets up churches at home, and mission stations abroad. She must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken stair-case, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer. She must go down into the pit with the miner, into the fore-castle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the field with the farmer, into the counting room with the merchant. Like the air, the church must press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on taints foul and low, as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned, and equipped for the moral renovation of the world.—Bishop Simpson.

PREACHERS' PLAN HALIFAX

Table with columns for Time, Location, and Preacher. Includes entries for 11 a.m. Brunswick St., 7 p.m. Rev. S. B. Dunn, 11 a.m. Grafton St., 7 p.m. Rev. S. F. Huestis, etc.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

Table with columns for Sun, Moon, High Water, Clock. Includes dates for 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th March 1880.

MARRIED

By Rev. James Tweedy, on the 11th inst., Haliburton Dismon to Susan Johnson, all of Guysboro. At the residence of the brides father, Bedque, P. E. L., on the 25th ult., by Rev. W. W. Percival, Mr. David W. Enman, of Summerside, to Miss Jennie Spence, of Bedque.

DIED

On Saturday, the 21st, Mrs. Crane, relict of the Rev. R. H. Crane. Among her last words were, "all is well. There is a brighter prospect before me. Death is swallowed up in victory." At 66 Queen street, Halifax, on the 20th ult., at 8:15 p.m., of congestion of the heart, Frederick W. Fishwick, in the 49th year of his age. At Carletonville, Feby. 15th, Mr. Edward Sharp, in the 67th year of his age. At Dorchester, Feby. 26th, George Baird, only child of Rev. Thos. and Annie E. Marshall, aged 1 year and 3 weeks.

E. BOREHAM, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, &c., &c.

Notwithstanding the Great Advance in Prices of Leather and Shoe Findings generally we will still sell our large and well selected Stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, (With very few exceptions) AT THE OLD PRICES. Country Dealers are requested to examine our Stock and Prices. Orders accompanied by cash or good references filled as near as possible according to order.

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CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Monday, the 23rd of February instant for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock: 1. First-class Cars. 2. Postal and Baggage Cars. 3. Box Cars. 4. Platform Cars.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B. The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Peninsula branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of May next.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Dept. Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

BEATTY'S TOUR IN EUROPE

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock. TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following viz:— 20 Locomotive Engines 16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers) 20 Second-class Cars do do 3 Express and Baggage Cars 3 Postal and Smoking Cars 240 Box Freight Cars 100 Flat Cars 2 Wing Ploughs 2 Snow Ploughs 2 Flangers 40 Hand Cars.

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba. Drawings and specifications and other information may be obtained at the office at the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day July next.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Dept. Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th Feb. 1879.

72 DOLLARS A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TARR & CO., Augusta, Maine. May 7

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Feb. 6

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Rev. H. E. Rev. DUN VOL X THE A list of cision at the of the Ger published, tinized. O lection," th which gath sociations, reasons, hav ing back ov it is diffic of the Com be-reversed "Wood has been urged. By laid to the not been m one living. A few excre —nothing u ted "Let the b has less ada gregational it is accompa ly embody th hymn of tha verse that fe "No longer w Nor envy the The Crucif next in order conservative Revision in H alness, and d suited for poe latter part, h hymn, there i geration of ac "Help me to c Help me to s Then follows "Give me o One dro The inappro lines would al vindication of the Committee. "My inmost The yearn The same kino urged as a rea 27th hymn,— "Break this st Pour, mine Feel, my soul Catch, my The 48th hymn from the Wesl though the jock tee has been tee any proprie been done, ask "With solemn The corpse. In love with And longin The 53rd hyn Widow," "The her mate," in has also been tion of grater u on the other s occasional com Reviser's benefi hymns." But book of devoi properly thes might be assigni valid reasons fo of congregatio three judgment capable of misc replaced by othe ject: equally im haps, more acc pression. The Charles Wesley ter in Isaiah— death, of no spe viated form—ca "The Rise and E The Alpha at Who could, like Or who the Foolish is all th To invade the 'Tis mine the w To call the fu has been omitted more useful hymn ion, hymn 64, the limity; but all of exceptional styl gregational work out in other hyn Two others, 94 an selves; and there