

There are to be found, in greatest abundance and interest, the memorials to which it points in confirmation of its apostolic lineage; in Rome are concentrated all the reminiscences of its most glorious ages, when its foot was on the neck of kings, and its anathema could loosen the mightiest sceptre, and Art was its handmaid, and to Science it could say, Thus far shalt thou come, and no further—in Rome, capital of a temporal state as well as of a spiritual dominion, the feeling of loyalty to the monarch is naturally blended in many hearts with that of devotion to the Pontiff; and if this is peculiarly the sentiment of the aristocracy, the poor have also on their part an equally efficacious auxiliary to devotion in the remembrance of the immense and indiscriminating largesses with which the Papal Government once might almost support on system—fostered parsimony and idleness amongst its subjects. Thus, in Rome many passions will combine in concentrated force to bind all true Catholics to the faith of their fathers. And this attachment will of necessity have its side of bitter hostility to the Evangelical movement. The movement, penetrating to the very capital of Catholicism, selling its pestilential heresies under the very shadow of St. Peter's, opening its halls for worship within ear-shot of the Holy Father himself, will seem an insult and a defiance, to be encountered with that desperate fury with which every cause defends the seat and stronghold of its power.

And that odious antagonism—the unbelief which is found throughout Italy side by side with superstition—will also, if I do not mistake, exhibit itself in Rome in its hardest and most repellent form. Nowhere have enlightened intellect, liberal sentiment, generous aspiration, been so "cabineted, cribbed, confined," as under this government of the priest; nowhere have those who desired to live unmoored in the country that gave them birth, been compelled to render such galling acts of hypocritical homage to religion and its ministers. The Roman Liberals, for some generations past, may be divided into two classes—Liberals in exile or in prison, that is, men who have refused to compromise with the Government, and have accepted the consequences; Liberals who, with their heads bowed, have sacrificed the sense of truth and dignity to their love of quiet and home, have defied their hats to the priest, cursing him in the meanwhile in their secret souls, and accepted their Passover Communion tickets with the consecrated wafer choking in their throats. It may be readily imagined with what feelings such men have come to regard religion, and how eagerly, now that the hour of deliverance has come, they seek to atone to their long-veiled and humiliated manhood by giving a wide berth to every species of religious observance. To such men, at least in their present mood, it is utterly useless to speak of religion, even of that pure and blessed Gospel which would itself be loudest to condemn the iniquities that have been perpetrated in its name. "What," they exclaim, "have we been all these years groaning under priestly tyranny, and digested by priestly hypocrisy, only to put our necks under another form of priestcraft as soon as we have at length got deliverance from the old one?"

These considerations lead me to the conclusion that Evangelical work in Rome, will be beset by peculiar difficulties, that the sower will "sow in tears," and that it will be long before sower and reaper "will rejoice together." At all events our friends in England will see the end of next prayer and patience. Before the end of next month we shall, I trust have opened a Methodist mission in Rome; but let no extravagant or precipitate expectations be formed. There is yet a hard fight to be fought in the "Eternal City." It is wonderful that we are free to enter there at all—that amidst the ruin of Pagan Rome and the trophies of Pontifical Rome, a Methodist preacher should be able to lift up his voice and testify; that only the yellow Tiber should flow between the Pontiff in his sullen seclusion in the Vatican, and the Evangelist in his preaching-hall; that the colporteur should be free to sell Diot's Bible under the shadow of the very walls behind which the Holy Office "organized" persecution and torture. All this is so passing strange, that we "seem like unto those that dream." And great results will surely follow. God has not struck for nothing so hard a blow at the "mystery of iniquity." But immediately in Rome itself we must look for conversions on a large scale—that is, loudly speaking, for God forbid that I should "limit the Holy One of Israel." Let us, at all events, stand prepared for a period of long, painful, tearful sowing on sterile soil; a sowing in hope notwithstanding, but hope in the saying, "One sower and another reaper."

HENRY J. PUGOTT.
OBSERVER.

NEW PROTESTANT CHURCH IN ROME.

The Rev. James I. Lewis, D. D., first went to Rome in 1864, and Presbyterian services have ever since continued to be maintained, despite the difficulties encountered. From the first the services were held in the minister's house in the most private manner. No public notice was given, and the people were requested to come and to disperse at a time, and not openly carrying their Bibles. Singing was not attempted. But notwithstanding all these precautions, in 1867 Dr. Lewis received an intimation from the British Consul to the effect that the Governor of Rome, unless Mr. Lewis desisted from holding meetings in his house, would subject him to imprisonment or "exile" (banishment) if he would not be signified.) But Mr. Lewis at once secured an upper room in the Locanda dei Tre Re, resolving to make a last stand there to preach the Gospel. The attempt at suppression on the part of the Roman Government of the Presbyterian services providentially coincided with the triumph of the preaching of the Word. The attention of the British and American press being attracted by the event, such publicity was given to the affair that the extraneous services became so numerous attended as to overcrowd the spacious hall at the Tre Re, and the necessity of a larger place of worship being recognized, a collection to build a church was opened. Pecuniary means becoming sufficient, the next question was how to build a church under the eyes of a vigilant police. Heretics could not hold property on Roman soil, and who would risk renting a piece of ground for such a purpose? But even this difficulty was overcome. The landlord of a field behind the English church consented to let a portion of it, and to purchase the building about to be erected upon it when no longer required. During the summer of 1869 the foundations were laid and the work steadily prosecuted throughout the ensuing year. Though every precaution was taken to give the building as little as possible the outward appearance of a church, it was feared by the most sagacious that the intolerance of the priests might not allow it to be used for divine service. The withdrawal of the Italian troops into Rome dispelled all doubts and apprehensions on that score, and on the 8th

of January this first Protestant church ever built on Roman soil was opened, the inauguration being publicly announced by the local press. The Rev. John Macdonald (of Florence), conducted the morning service, taking for his text 2 Corinthians, viii. 9. The Rev. Dr. Lewis, preached in the afternoon on 1 John, iv. 9. Though the number of Roman visitors is unusually small this year, both morning and afternoon services were well attended. The interior of the church is decorated with designs in stucco and marble imitation, in which the Roman painters excel, and the general appearance of the church is nobler than what had been contemplated under the Papal regime and is generally admired.

Christian World.

Obituary.

Died on the 22nd of March, at Hillsburg, in Digby County, N. S., Mr. Joseph R. Harris, in the 87th year of his age. He was born in Annapolis, but removed when a young man and resided in the neighborhood where he died over sixty years. He was justly regarded as having been one of the early pioneers who assisted in improving the country and in making it what it now is.

Our departed brother was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church 62 years, and by his life and deportment he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. The closing years of life were especially seasons of deep spirituality and religious communion. He died in great peace of mind, in a good measure free from pain; a few hours before, with some slight assistance from a youthful grandson, he was enabled to get out of bed; after returning to bed again he called Lord Jesus, come quickly, and shortly after he was not for God took him home.

On Saturday before he departed each member of the family was called into the room to receive his blessing and he gave them a farewell charge to meet him in heaven. He was the father of eleven children, seven of whom survive him, there are 26 grand-children, 18 great-grand-children; he also leaves one brother and three sisters.

He was buried on Sabbath, March 26th, the funeral service was held in the Methodist Church in Hillsburg, in the presence of a numerous and respectable congregation, to whom a suitable address was given from 2 Cor. v. 1. W. McCARRY.

Christian Messenger will please copy, and Christian Guardian of Toronto.

At Fredericton, March 18, in the 18th year of his age, James, eldest son of Shepard and Eliza Everitt, of Kingsclear. He was attending the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton, and pleased both his teachers and parents by his progress in his studies. He was suddenly and violently seized with inflammation, and after three days severe suffering, died. Deceased was a youth of much promise, and there was hope in his death. His friends sorrow not as those without hope.

R. O. JOHNSON.

I also send herewith a copy of the Manual and Schedules therein referred to. I should feel obliged if you would be so good as to gather the object of this, from a perusal of the circular letter, and a glance at the Manual and Schedules.

I hope and confidently believe, in view of the great public interests involved, that I may count on your cordial co-operation; and I should feel that a public service would be rendered, if you were also to request the assistance of the Clergy connected with our Church, in the manner indicated in the circular letter referred to.

I have the honor to be, Reverend Sir, Your obedient servant,
CHAS. DENKIN,
Minister of Agriculture,
Pres. Wes. M. Con. East. B. A.,
Halifax.

Circuit Intelligence.

KENTVILLE CIRCUIT.

MR. EDITOR.—Kentville Circuit was evidently "born out of due time," still the change effected last Conference is likely to result advantageously. The appointments are partly in Horton and partly in Cornwallis, extending from Greenwich in the East to Woodville in the West. Kentville lies in the centre of this field, and though our largest congregation is not there, there are reasons of economy and efficiency be the residence of the preacher in charge.

The crowded state of the village rendered this impossible at the year's commencement. The consequences were, loss of time, undesirable expenditure of money and much additional travel, all of which necessarily involves the working of the circuit at a disadvantage. Through the sympathy and aid of one or two friends we were enabled to secure a certain property near the village on the Cornwallis side, containing, besides, the shell of a house and a barn, about six acres of land, for a reasonable sum. This as soon as paid for will become a valuable property.

Meanwhile the energies of the circuit will be taxed to the utmost in raising a sum sufficient to put the house in repair and render it habitable. Our friends are rallying to this good and necessary work. The minister once settled in Kentville, the circuit as a whole cannot be so well worked, especially and spiritually. Notwithstanding that Methodism has for many years been planted in Kentville, and wrought by some of her mightiest sons, she has made little progress. One and all have retired from the field saying, "Kentville is hard ground."

The old story of its title deeds being placed in the hands of a stranger, and the immorality. The habits of swearing and drinking we never saw so unblushingly indulged. Still there are signs that seem to indicate the speedy deliverance of Kentville from the hands of the "Usurper." The various churches are putting forth unwearying efforts in order to close every rum shop, every billiard saloon, every den of iniquity. We believe the Methodist Church recognizing pre-eminently the agency of the Holy Spirit has her part to perform in this work. At present she is numerically the smallest and materially the weakest religious body in the village. Our place of worship is certainly a reproach to us and to Christianity, and needs to be reconstructed and improved. In this we shall look for Connexion sympathy and outside aid. It will be gratifying to Bro. Webb and others in your city to know that our Sabbath school here is gradually increasing in numbers and efficiency. We yet yield a hundred fold for the labor and expense bestowed upon it. A popular mode of supplementing the circuit receipts in this country is by Donation visits, conducted on various plans. We have been favoured with two of these, one at Greenwich and one at Kentville which have realized in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars, raised in equal proportion, by the respective friends. This was considered especially gratifying, because of the unfavorable state of the weather. Best of all, Mr. Editor, we have increasing evidences that God is with us and is working in the hearts of the people. We trust by the Divine blessing to harvest many souls.

A. D. M.
March 24th, 1871.
RIVER JOHN CIRCUIT.

We most thankfully observe some indications of progress on this station. Late in the past week we received on trial for Church membership, and on all the congregations, a gracious influence rest while waiting upon the Lord.

The Methodists in this place are few, and financially the means are quite limited. Notwithstanding they are striving to build a church, having succeeded in getting the outside completed, and are now earnestly trying to finish the inside. If those who have "largeness of heart" and means could be worshipped during the past winter—doubtless they would practically say, we shall willingly assist you to finish the new Church. Men of Israel, having been delivered from such painfully chilling worship, you have now the privilege of presenting a thank-offering to the Lord, in behalf of this most useful object. J. S. Nash, Esq., of Halifax, Rev. L. Gaetz, of Pictou, or the Superintendent of this Circuit, will be most happy to receive contributions to the Building Committee, River John.

OBSERVER.

March 31st, 1871.
KINGSLEAR CIRCUIT.

We have observed with pleasure, in the columns of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, the remarkable success as people towards their ministers, in the form of donation visits. With feeling of gratitude, we record similar tokens of affection, voluntary, and generously presented to ourselves. Our friends appointed Thursday 16th inst., to meet at the Temperance Hall, Lower Kingslear, to make us a donation; but the singing and the travelling on the river suddenly breaking up, disappointed many of our friends who expected to be present on the occasion. However a goodly number assembled to partake of the viands bountifully and tastefully provided by the ladies. Those who were absent lost a rare treat. After spending a pleasant evening, prayer was offered by Rev. G. Righty, Baptist minister, who kindly favoured us with his presence.

Our friends at Long's Creek and Bristol, determining not to be outdone, assembled in the Hall at Bristol for a similar purpose on the following Tuesday evening, 21st inst., and though the storm rendered it less than comfortable and cheer within. The Hall being tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreen appeared most lovely by lamp-light. Our Baptist and Episcopalian friends nobly and generously favored us by their presence and contributions. Brief and spicy

addresses were given by Capt. Hammond, A. E. Cliff, Esq., and Messrs. Barker, Crewdson, and Tower; after which the exercises of the evening were closed with prayer.

The result of the two donations, including money, furniture, dried apples, butter, &c., &c., amounted to nearly \$80. No doubt a much larger sum would have been realized had the roads and weather been favorable. We are thankful however, not only for the amount received, but for the kindly feelings which prompted the donors. I hope in my next communication, that I shall be able to report something encouraging respecting the spiritual prosperity of the circuit. For some time past my health has not permitted me to preach often than twice on the Sabbath. The result is, that most of our congregations have been preaching only once in three weeks. If any brother who expects to change his field of labor at the next Conference, has a heart fired with true missionary zeal, a body of iron, and lungs of brass, can drive twenty or twenty-five miles and preach three times on the Sabbath, Kingslear Circuit will suit him admirably.

R. O. JOHNSON.
Kingslear, March 28, 1871.

MR. EDITOR.—Whether you hear often or not from this Circuit, you are sure to hear once a year whilst I am laboring here, and that is at missionary meeting time. And as that period has rolled round again we take up our pen to let you know our affairs and how we do.

SHIFFRICK.

We are sorry to begin our letter by having to observe that this has been a very trying year to many of our dear people on this Circuit, God has been pleased to visit us with affliction and death, both at home and abroad. One of our schoolboys, Elizabeth has been taken to her grave in the Nova Scotia coast in that fearful gale last fall when four men found a watery grave. Having been recovered she was brought down and in returning from the herring fishery, she was upset in a line of water drowning two others. Two of the six were married men, and each was left a widow and helpless family to mourn their loss. The other four were young unmarried men in the prime of life. This circumstance has cast quite a gloom over the whole place, and we hope it will be productive of great good to those who are so thoughtless in reference to the things which make for their eternal peace.

TEMPERANCE.

You will be happy to find that the Division of the Sons of Temperance, both in Grand Bank and Fortune are in good working order. It is impossible to overestimate the good work that has been done here. Although contiguous to St. Peter, where intoxicating drinks can be procured cheaply, we have few habitual drunkards in either of these two harbors.

REVIVAL.

I am also happy to inform you that there are signs of a gracious revival in this Circuit. At Fortune, God has been pleased to pour out His Holy Spirit upon the people. Several have sought and found the Saviour. Others are deeply convinced of their sinful nature. One remarkable feature in this work is its continuousness and we hope it will continue and spread until every family is visited with salvation. I hope it will be as wide spread and genuine as that work I witnessed on my last Circuit, Twillingate in 1869.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Our Missionary Meetings were held at Grand Bank on the 8th, and at Fortune on the 9th inst. The chair was taken at Grand Bank by E. Evans, Esq., M. H. A., who in a most able speech set forth the claims of the heathen upon an enlightened christianity. The 1st Resolution was moved by Mr. John Lake of Fortune, and it was seconded by Mr. Ben. Lovell. Both spoke well and seemed to have the cause of missions at heart. Resolution 2nd, was moved by Mr. John Scott, in a neat, unique speech which did one good to listen to. It was seconded by Mr. James Lake, a lover of every good work, and was supported by our young friend and Bro. Mr. J. Snook. Resolution 3rd was moved by Mr. Pelly, who made some sensible remarks in an earnest manner. It was seconded by the resident minister and was supported by the collection. Mr. Jones was the president of the meeting and at intervals led the congregation in singing some very appropriate hymns and pieces. Altogether the meeting was a success, but not so good as last year. On Thursday the ninth, we held the Fortune Missionary Meeting. The chapel was filled. Our chairman was Mr. Elias Mager who has occupied that position for the past twelve or thirteen years. The speakers were the same and in the same order as at Grand Bank, with the exception of Mr. J. Snook who was unwell. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of attending this meeting. It was by far the best of the two. What with the happy remarks of the Chairman, the zeal and ability of the speakers, the very excellent singing, but especially the presence of the Master, there was nothing wanting to make this one of the best Missionary meetings I have attended in this country. One thing I would before closing remark and that is, that whilst the other parts of the mission field were visited and the work commented upon by all the speakers, the spiritual wants of this colony were not forgotten, and the hope was expressed that the day was not far distant when travelling missionaries belonging to the Society would be appointed to visit the Bays, Coves and Harbors of this the oldest of the Wesleyan Missionary Societies operations.

It is not in my power at present to give the result of these meetings in a pecuniary point, nor is it necessary, as all who know anything of this Circuit, know full well that they will not be behind the mark. Last year \$417.00 were given by this people to the noble cause, and I do not doubt but that we shall raise alike sum this year. At present we have raised over \$300.00.

JOHN GOODISON.
March 18, 1871.
BRIGUS CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A few weeks ago, I brooded myself, in the character of a Temperance advocate, into the fields of one or two of my fellow aborigines. It is a universally admitted truth, that there is no single vice, that is productive of such a host of baneful effects, as drunkenness. And this vice, of all in the dark catalogue of vices, seems to be the dominant one, in British and all her colonies. The witness is true, which affirms, "It is the greatest English vice." The drink has been a curse, to many a soul, to many a home, and to many a community in Newfoundland.

With a view to deal a blow or two at the heart of this "greatest curse since Adam fell," I recently stepped over the line described by my own circuit. We held public meetings at Carbonear, and Harbor Grace, Harcourt Content, and Bay Roberts, were our programme; but the weather and other circumstances interfered with our arrangements. The meetings at the two above named places, were numerously attended; and the order, and attention clearly evinced that the people were desirous of hearing something on the question. For the present at least, our motto, must be "agitate without provoking." Without doubt, the altar of this great English Moloch, is doomed. We will now change our theme.

I am happy to say, Mr. Editor, that so far as temporal things are concerned, the Brigus circuit at present, is in good health. I am bound to speak well of the Christian liberality of a considerable majority in my different congregations. As the Lord prospers them, so they give. The circuit would occupy the noble position of independence, if the spirit of one, whom I could name, inspired the whole. To my mind no fact illustrates more clearly, and forcibly, the genuine principles of a man, than the way in which he supports God's cause. The man who gives nothing—or whose giving is not in harmony with his circumstances, neither loves God very much, nor values his privileges very highly—whatever he may profess. A man's actions will always be trusted rather than his words, when the two do not agree. But without further touching upon the sphere of the evangelist, I again say, that so far as temporalities are concerned, the Brigus circuit stands well.

In my last communication, I ventured to state, that through the indefatigable industry, and the persuasive pleading of two ladies of our congregation, we had furnished our Brigus choir with a \$160 organ, a beautiful instrument. I have now to state that the organ has already greatly improved the character of our singing. And further, that the small debt remaining on the instrument, when I last wrote, is now extinguished—and something over. We are under great obligations to the ladies.

Our work in connection with the Cupids branch of the circuit, is in some elements of the first importance, in a progressive state. Our people are united; our services are well attended; and financial matters are decidedly improving. In fact all things considered Cupids in the last named element, stands foremost on the circuit. We have not so many blanks there as in Brigus. The people all appear to take an interest in church affairs. In our Cupids list of subscribers for the current year, are the names of several young females, who earned their wages in connection with the fisheries on the Labrador. At present we have under contemplation the enlargement of our place of worship. The house has become too strait for the congregation.

There are one or two things that are very much needed on this circuit, to render Methodism efficient in performing its great work.

1. In Brigus proper, I have all along felt the necessity of a building separate from our church, in which to conduct our Sunday School, hold our week night services, &c. And with well nigh three years experience at my back, I feel the necessity of it more than ever. Our church machinery will always be defective, and unsatisfactory until we have such a building.

2. Our great want is a baptism, similar to that with which the church was favored on the day of Pentecost. Prosperous finances; scientific improvements; and large, orderly congregations, are all as elements of success in the work of the church. We may have all these, and still, from the want of the Spirit that quickeneth, be tending downward, toward the condition of utter wreck, and eternal destruction. The block of marble, under the hand of an artist, may in due time, assume the exact form and attitude of a *Wieling* or a *Peckham*; but the chief of the art, cannot communicate life to the statue. Temporal things may be well ordered, and to the eyes of the Circuit Steward appear to great advantage; but if the delivered message falls on listless ears, and is a "savour of death unto death," then the good work is at an end. In order to give our temporal prosperity its true value, we need an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. A rich baptism from above, filling the souls of our people with divine life, would make this circuit one of the most pleasant and desirable fields of labor, within the bounds of the E. B. A. Conference.

Yours, &c.
JOHN WATERHOUSE.
Brigus, March 29, 1871.

PORT AU BASQUE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Again in the order of God's providence we have been permitted to hold Foreign Missionary meetings on this circuit.

Owing to our isolated position we cannot have the pleasantness of our ministerial brethren company and assistance at such times. It would be rather a long trip through either horses or steamboats for brother Goodison at Grand Bank or brother Jost at Sydney—our next door neighbours,—each about a hundred miles distant—to come and see us.

Not to speak of head-winds, waiting for passages and so on, the invariable accompaniments of our missionary operations, brother Willey and your servant commenced at Channel on Tuesday 14th February and finished at Western Point on Thursday 23rd.

The meeting at Channel was not so numerously attended as in past years, various circumstances preventing. Some families were missed, and these we shall not see again till the sea shall give up its dead. But as usual we had a good time. In our speeches we endeavoured to show that in connection with this great work of God's, we have reason to

praise Him for all that is past and to put forth in the future earnest efforts for God to bless.

At Petites we had as cold and gloomy a meeting as ever poor Methodist preachers held. There was no fire—only half the lamps were lighted, and these burned dimly—the night was intensely cold—and only about two dozen persons present—in a church that will seat three hundred. As we had expected nothing else, but that everything would be in first-rate order, we were taken all back. However we got through it.

At Garis and Western Point the congregations were all that could be desired; and the meetings were pleasant and profitable; a deep interest was manifested by young and old, and we were deavoured to declare the conversion of the Gentiles.

Concerning our collections, it is rather to be feared, that as times are not so good this year as last, they will not be so large. Commercial failures—vessels and crews lost, in addition to a poor fishery may have a depressing effect although when the two mission lists Home and Foreign are put together, it will be found that we still advance.

J. REAY.
Petites, March 7, 1871.

MAGAZINES, &c. RECEIVED.

The following notices should have appeared a fortnight since, but were then crowded out—

1. LADIES' REPOSITORY for March. Contents: Steel Engravings—White Cove, a New Brunswick scene, by W. Hart, an exquisite sea side picture; Portrait of Hortense, mother of the last Napoleon. Articles—The Man and the Artist—French of Pere Felix, Mrs. C. A. Lacroix; The Minister's Story, Part I, Miss Janvier; On the Little Things of Life, W. T. V.; Religious Sweetmeats, Mrs. J. M. Willing; Culture of our Emotive Nature, Rev. Joseph Alden, D.D.; The Kingdom of God; Sinai, Illustration, Rev. S. J. Stone; Little Jane, J. H. A.; The Christening, Mrs. Emily J. Bugbee; A Tyrolean Mountain Guide, Illustration, Rev. J. F. Hurst, D.D.; Queen Zenobia, Dublin University Magazine; The Wonders of the Sea, III, Three Illustrations; Hortense, Mrs. Sarah A. Myers; Hoar Frost Lilies, Adelaide Stout; Queens, Ellen Mack Sterling; Christ at Nazareth, Illustration, Rev. G. W. Chadwick; The First Native Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, Two Illustrations, Rev. Wm. Butler, D.D.; Resurgam, Illustrated, after the German of Krummacker; Egypt's Testimony to the Bible, Rev. John Moore; Talks About the Woman Question, H. Meta Land; Jesse Lee's First Visit to Boston, Hon. Mark Trafton; The Religion of the Family, III; Osmose, Mrs. Augusta Hubbard Blakeley; A Present Saviour, John G. Whittier; Children's Repository; Gatherings of the World; Contemporary Literature; Editor's Table.

2. GOLDEN HOURS—March. The frontispiece is the Argonaut. There are thirteen other illustrations. The contents are: Breaking the Rules—Chapters V and VI; William's Return—Part III; The Ostrich; Little Mother Elsie; The Argonaut; Rosa's Temptation; Lost in the Woods; How do I Hear? Ben Gordon's Resolution; About Snow, Ice, and Hail; Hunting the Leopard; Music; Editor's Portfolio.

3. "OLD AND NEW" for March has the following table of contents:— Old and New. The United States of Europe. A Country Girl at the Opera. Miss Anna D. Lendall. Compensation. L. B. Moore. The Growth and Power of a Plant. Robert Dale Owen. Pink and White Tyranny. (Chaps. XVII and XVIII.) Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Watching. Mary N. Prescott. The "Egyprian" Legacy. Charles W. American Fathers' Society. William Barry. Her Answer. Lulu Gray Noble. Porter—Humphreys—Hardin. (Chap. II.) John A. Bolles. A Valentine. Zerub Troop's Experiment. Part I.) Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Hecla and Ulsest. From Euripides. The Church of England. The Problem Solved. Mary C. Peckham. THE EXAMINER.

American Unitarian Association... Kesbub Chandler, Sen... Historic Americans... Southern View of the War... Jean Ingelow... Opium... Arthur Helps... Robert Knox.

FINE ARTS.

Art Matters in New York... Mr. Fechter's "Hamlet"... The Centennial of Beethoven. RECORD OF PROGRESS.

Women in Massachusetts... Holy Tree Inn... Our Washington Letter.

4. Seventeenth Annual Report of the Committee of the Halifax Young Men's Christian Association.—This Report presents very gratifying evidence of the life and successful activity of this excellent Association, during the past year. Any person wishing to aid in the cause of Christianization and plus for advancing the cause of Christ, may be gratified by calling upon the Secretary, at the Rooms of the Association, at 188 Hollis street. And any person wishing to aid in furthering any of its schemes, will find its Treasurer, S. H. Black, Esq., ready to receive their money and instructions as to its appropriation.

5. We have received, through the kind attention of some unknown friend, a copy of the REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF MINES, for the Province of Nova Scotia for the year 1870. From it we learn that the total amount of receipts from this source of Provincial Income, for the year 1870, was \$71,507.63, being an increase over that of the previous year of \$2,966.09; that the expenditures were \$13,286.96, being \$1,620.67 less, so that the net revenue exceeds that of the previous year by the sum of \$4,616.76. The increase of royalty on coal was \$10,456.74; and on gold \$1,183.40, which it is claimed shows a much more healthy state of the mining interest than in 1869.

6. ON SCRIPTURAL CONVERSION; THE MODERN STYLE OF PREACHING AND THE STATE OF THE CHURCHES. We have received a pamphlet with the above title from its author, Judge Marshall. It is a discourse purporting to be founded upon the three texts—Isaiah iv. 7; Acts xiv. 19; and Matt. v. 13. It contains some clear, orthodox, scriptural statements respecting repentance and conversion, and the fruits or effects of these which should be shown in the lives of professing Christians. We are very sorry, for the sake of his own comfort and happiness, that the venerable Judge is led in his old age to take so very discouraging a view, as we infer from many passages in his discourse he is doing, of the result of his own earnest, conscientious, Christian exertions, and of the exertions of all his contemporary toilers for Christ to make the world wiser and better, during the last two or three scores of years. The Church, in his view, seems to have now become—in its industry and in its membership, in its experience and in its life,—utterly defective and degenerate, if not hopelessly apostate. He says— "In the present day nearly all who address the unconverted," do it "in a style which has no scriptural authority," "which is unscriptural and consequently unsafe and improper." "It does indeed frequently have the effect of making additions to Church memberships; but very often they are either self-deceivers or worse."

"As a proof of that general indiscriminate method as to public preaching and of failure to enforce repentance, and expose plainly, prevailing evils, and exhort to their removal, the writer of this discourse can truly say, that he has not for ten or a dozen years or more, heard a sermon on repentance, although regularly attending on public religious services in different countries and various denominations."

"The offence against Christian principle and duty of investing monies in shares or securities on opera or theatrical buildings or halls, or other places in which vain, profane and dissipated scenes are performed, is a grave, is committed by some members of evangelical churches, who com-

the gains, or use of day, vast...
And in the part signed by the Principal, it is said after special naming of New Brunswick and P. E. Island.

tion already established to their hand, rather than incur the expense of founding and maintaining a new one in New Brunswick for themselves.

GERMAIN ST. WESLEYAN SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—On Tuesday evening a very interesting meeting was held in the Germain Street Wesleyan Church, it being the anniversary of the Sabbath School Missionary Society in connection with that Church.

General Intelligence.
DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—St. John, N. B., April 1.—A destructive fire occurred in this city this forenoon. The following are the particulars as far as yet ascertained.

NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE.
It was expected that the business of the session would be brought to a close at the latest on Monday, but it was not found practicable to accomplish this.

RECEIPTS FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.
To the 4th April, 1871.
From Rev. A. E. Le...
From Rev. W. H. Houston, 2 00
From Rev. J. W. Campbell, 2 00

EDITOR'S NOTES, &c.
1. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—The Department of the Post Office has been notified in the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion entirely to the satisfaction of the public.

DEATHS.
Died at Torquay, England, on the 4th inst., Charles H. Wood, A. B., aged 34 years, younger son of Marine Wood, Esq., of Sackville, N. B.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE FIRM OF
KNOX & JORDAN,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
ARE REQUESTED TO PAY THEIR ACCOUNTS IMMEDIATELY AT THE
BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL,
To S. C. JORDAN surviving partner, in order to settle up the estate of the late
G. A. KNOX.

From this date the stock will be sold for cash and charges, in order to make a speedy clearance. Such a chance seldom occurs to the public, and especially to country merchants, as the stock is large and well assorted, the greater part being of this fall purchase—all new and fashionable.

C. W. WETMORE,
ESTATE,
Insurance and Money Broker.
102 Prince Wm St. St. John, N. B.
And Phoenix Square,
Fredericton.

ESTATES
Settled on Liberal Terms.
PUBLIC SECURITIES AND STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
Investments made on Mortgage and other Securities.

PROVINCIAL
Land and Building Society
AND—
SAVINGS FUND.
Established under special Act of Assembly, 10th Dec. 1853.

A. J. RICKARDS & CO.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
CALF LEATHERS, Black, Tan, and other colors, with boots, shoes, and harnesses.

THE SONG GARDEN.
Annual Sale 40,000 Copies!
A series of Music Books adapted to Schools of all grades. Each book complete in itself.

FRUIT RECORDER
AND—
COTTAGE GARDENER.
Enlarged, 1871 to 16 pages at \$1 a year. All we ask is for you to send a copy of the paper, which we will send to you free of charge.

The Family.

A LOVING HEART.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness; Nimble feet forget their lightness; Pearls teeth may grow decayed; Raven tresses turn to gray; Cheeks be pale and eyes be dim; Faint the voice and weak the limb; But though youth and strength depart, Fidelity is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain flower, Peeping forth in wint'ry hour; When the summer's breath is dead, And the gaudier flowers are dead; So when outward charms are gone, Brighter still doth blossom on, Despite Time's destroying dart, The gentle, kindly loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old— Ye who bow the knee to gold, Doth this earth as lovely seem As it did in life's young dream, 'Er the world has crusted o'er, Feelings good and pure before— Ere ye sold at mammon's mart The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer— Whether life of ease or care Be the one to me assigned, That each coming year may find Loving thoughts and gentle words Twined with my bosom's chords, And that age may but impart Riper freshness to my heart.

LITTLE TEACHERS.

"A bottle of ginger beer, please." "We have none; we've lemonade." "How much is it?" "Sixpence."

"Oh!" exclaimed the first speaker, a thin, delicate-looking little boy, "I've only got a penny; can I have a glass of water, please miss?"

"No, indeed, you can't, we don't sell water— besides the train will be off, and I shall never see the glass back again."

"What is it, sir?" and the girl in charge of the refreshment-room at R— station turned from her stool to be a small customer, to a gentleman who stood near; but before he had time to answer, the child said pleadingly,

"Oh, please, miss, it's for my sister, and she's so thirsty, she's very ill, and—"

"Well, bring her here then," said the girl sharply, but she seemed a little ashamed when the gentleman said,

"Two glasses of lemonade—and sherry, and give the child one, quick."

"Oh, if you know him, sir; but we do lose so many glasses that—"

"I don't know him, but I'll pay for it," said the reply, and the girl handed him the first glass; at that moment he was in the act of giving it to the boy, when the latter said earnestly,

"Oh, thank you, Miss, it's so thirsty—but the lemonade alone, please."

"Nonsense, child, the wine will do her more good than harm."

"But we are teetotalers, and Missie would not drink it."

"Then I'm afraid she'll have to go without," the boy turned away sadly, with tears in his eyes, but before he had reached the door, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the stranger said kindly,

"All right, my boy, I only wanted to try you— it isn't often people act on principle," he added, a little bitterly, "Come along, here's the lemonade. Never mind, I'll bring it to your sister, where is she?"

The boy led the way to the door of a third-class carriage, in the corner of which sat a sickly girl of fourteen, whom the boy addressed as Missie, and who drank the lemonade with the eager, craving thirst of an invalid.

"Oh, that was nice," she said, as she gave her brother the glass; "was that only a penny, Ben?"

"No! it was sixpence, but I didn't pay for it—this gentleman did."

"Oh, sir, how kind of you,—thank you very much."

The girl's words and tone were strangely at variance with the evident poverty of the children, and interested in spite of himself, the gentleman said,

"You look far too ill to travel alone; have you no one to take care of you?"

"Yes, sir, Ben," answered the girl with a smile, and a loving glance at her brother.

"Only Ben!—Why Ben looks as if he wants some one to take care of him,—you'd lose him in a crowd," at which assertion, Ben drew himself up and almost succeeded in making himself half an inch taller, whilst his sister replied,

"Ah! but he's very handy, are you not, Ben? Mother says he's almost as good as a girl, and he's so little that people make way for him."

"Well, they would not have much trouble to do that was the laughing reply. "Where are you going?"

"To Lisbon, sir; I'm going to stay with an aunt until I get strong."

"And is Ben going to stay there, too?"

opened it first, smiling a little over the contents— "Sir,—My sister and me reached here quite safely, just now, and I write to you directly to tell you of it, as you were kind enough to ask me to do, and also to thank you for giving me half a sovereign. Missie says it is a great deal of money, but I will try to spend it right."

"Yours, very respectfully, BENJAMIN HOLDERS."

"Poor Ben! that letter cost him a good deal of trouble, I am afraid, and I expect it was not done without Missie being called upon to help. Poor little fellow! he would not feel so weighed down by gratitude if he knew what a good turn he had done me. It was worth a deal more than half a sovereign to me. How strangely little things work together for good! Sometimes I wonder if any one ever did another a good turn without its being paid back to them sooner or later in one way or another; and smiling a little, pleasant smile to himself, Mr. Owen replaced Ben's letter in its envelope, and as he did so the door opened, and his mother entered the room.

"You are early this morning, Edward," she said; as he rose to kiss her; "have you any particular business? I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"Oh, no, mother dear, you are punctual as usual; I came in from my walk rather earlier than I do generally, that is all. Shall I butter your some toast?"

"Please, dear, Oh, Edward, I wish you would tell me what time I can catch a train: I want to go to London to-day."

"Won't you try yourself, mother? Cannot I go for you?"

"Yes," returned his mother, laughing, "you may if you think you can match the wools for my fancy work—that is my principal object in going. I cannot get the rights shades here. Will you go?"

"No, I think not, mother dear; that task would be rather too difficult. I have not told you of a little adventure I had yesterday."

"Well, to make you understand it altogether, I must go back to Monday. You know I went to spend the evening at Mr. Donald's, and as it often the case, the conversation turned on my teetotal principles. I defended them, of course, but somehow I had the worst of the argument, or it appeared to me I had; and at last, to make a long story short—a story I am ashamed to tell, you, mother—I determined to give up total abstinence, and so, yesterday, at the railway station, I asked for a glass of wine. But before I had time to drink it, a boy, a poor, sickly, diminutive-looking mortal, that looked as if one might almost blow him away, taught me a lesson I do not think I shall forget in a hurry; he was talking his sister (I almost laughed at the idea of such a mite doing anything) into the country, and he wanted some water for her but she steadily refused the lemonade—and she sherry I offered him, though the lemonade and sherry she shied at, as he thought of his sister remaining thirsty. He was a brave little fellow, said Mr. Owen, thoughtfully,

"Whatever he was, I owe him my thanks for having warned you. Edward, you do not drink that wine?" asked Mrs. Owen, anxiously.

"Oh, no, mother, I left it on the counter, where it is now, for aught I know."

"And what became of your little acquaintance?"

"Oh, I took his sister some lemonade, gave him half a sovereign, and sent them on their way rejoicing."

"You extravagant boy!" said Mrs. Owen, "half-sovereign; would not said-crown have done?" and she smiled, but the smile showed she was pleased.

"The half-crown would have done," returned Mr. Owen, "and I expect Ben would have been pleased enough with that, but I thought the good turn he had done me deserved a higher reward, and somehow, I was interested in the children—they seemed to have been well, even carefully brought up; and yet they were evidently very poor. You can see that I was interested, mother, for I asked Ben to write to me, and tell me whether they arrived safely."

"And has he done so?"

"Yes, here is his letter."

Mrs. Owen took Ben's letter and read it through, pausing at last with a puzzled look on her face, and repeating slowly, "Holders,—Benjamin Holders—surely I must have heard that name before."

"Just the idea I had, mother; but the name is so ugly, that one ought to remember it directly."

Mrs. Owen made no answer, she was evidently trying to recall something to her memory, and at last succeeded, for she exclaimed,

"Why, I know now, Edward—how silly of me not to think of it before! Don't you remember Missie Waters, who was with me during that long illness I had before your father died?"

"Not very distinctly, mother; you see I was rather a small boy then, but I have an indistinct recollection of a tall, rather pale girl, who used to read to you a great deal but I never heard what became of her."

"Nor I, though I could imagine what her life would be. She was engaged to a man named Holders; I did all I could to persuade her to give him up, but in vain, and at last one morning a note was found on her table, in which she wished us all good bye, and said she was going to be married. I have never seen or heard anything of her since then, though I made every inquiry I could about her."

"And you think these may be her children?"

"I think it is very possible. It is rather an uncommon name. If I am right in my conjecture, Edward, I should like to find Ben's mother."

"Well, that you can do very easily. Ben told me he was going home this morning, and the only train that leaves Lisbon calls here; suppose you were to go to London with him—you would know them."

"And so it was settled. Mr. Owen went to the station with his mother, and as he half expected, Ben's little pale, pinched face was seen at the window of one of the third-class carriages directly the train stopped, and his face flushed with pleasure as he caught sight of Mr. Owen, who approached him saying,

"Well, Ben, so you left your sister all right?"

"Oh! yes, sir, and she thought she felt a little better already this morning, and we are so much obliged to you, sir, and—"

"Never mind that, Ben; you see that lady—that one in the brown dress who is speaking to the station-master?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is my mother; mind you look out for her when you get to the station at London; she wants to speak to you; she thinks she knew your mother a long time ago. You will be sure to remember her?"

"Oh, yes, sir," and then Mr. Owen nodded kindly to the boy, and went to see that his mother was comfortably seated, leaving Ben to wonder how he should ever summon up enough courage to go up and speak to a lady like Mr.

Owen's mother, and before he had quite settled what was to say, or how he was to say it, the train reached London, and in a minute or two afterwards Mrs. Owen came towards him, saying in a voice so like her son's, that it quickly put all Ben's fears to flight— "I fancy I knew your mother once, my boy, and I should like to find out if I am right. Do you live far from here?"

"No, ma'am, it's only down that street, the second turning to the left, and then the first to the right."

"Well, I think you had better show me the way, and then I shall be sure to be right. Are you tired?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; and so Ben went on wondering what his mother would think when she saw him come in with such a grand lady as Mrs. Owen. After about five minutes' walking Ben stopped, and said rather timidly— "This is where we live; will you come up stairs, ma'am?"

"Yes, you go first and I will follow you," and in obedience to this request Ben went up until Mrs. Owen began to feel tired; but just as she was going to ask him to stop a minute, she was paused at the door till Mrs. Owen reached his side, and a then entered it, saying as he took the first step into the room— "Mother, I have come home all right, and here is a lady come to see you."

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Owen and Ben's mother looked at each other; and then the latter, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, while Ben stood by, frightened that he had done something wrong in bringing the stranger lady home with him; but he felt somewhat reassured when Mrs. Owen went to his mother's side, and resting her hand on her bowed head, said very kindly,

"You see, Missie, we have not forgotten you, and I am very glad to have the opportunity of seeing you again. Why did you not let me know where you were, and how you were situated?"

"Oh, I could not bear to tell you; I paid so much attention to your advice, so what right had I to come to you in my trouble?"

"I should have been glad had you done so; are you all alone; is your husband?"

"Dead; he died in prison."

"Missie!" exclaimed Mrs. Owen, too much shocked at the moment to attempt to comfort her.

"Oh, it's quite true," was the bitter answer. He drank himself almost to death, and then he got mixed up in some street quarrel, and was put into prison, and he never came out again."

"How long ago was that?"

"A year and a half."

"And how have you lived since then?"

"I am sure I hardly know," was the moody answer. "I've done needle-work, clearing anything that came in my way, and Missie helped me until she fell ill, and Ben has earned a few pence sometimes, by running errands; it does not take much to keep us, does it, Ben?"

And his mother tried to smile at his little sorrowful face as she spoke, but it was such a poor attempt that tears came into Mrs. Owen's eyes as she noticed it, and said quietly,

"You are not strong enough for this sort of work, Missie. You must come home with me. I shall easily be able to find you some sort of work to do, and I should never be happy again if I left you and the children in this place. You are ruining your own health and theirs. Why Ben's face is scarcely half the size it ought to be."

"No; my children suffer for my fault, and my suffering is increased by knowing that they do so," was the quiet answer.

"But that need not have been so, Missie, if you had only come to me."

"I could not whilst my husband lived; help would have been useless then. It was drunk, drink, drink, from morning till night, and money, or money's worth, all went to get it."

"But your children are teetotalers?"

"Yes, I was frightened into making them so—perhaps I needed harsh teaching, for I paid no attention to you. It was only the horror of seeing the wrong that taught me the right. I love my children; they are all that is left to me; but I would rather see them in their graves than know they were not teetotalers."

"You are right, Missie; but I think Ben will be a comfort to you—will you not Ben?"

"I will try, ma'am," said the child simply, and then Mrs. Owen continued— "You will let me help you, Missie?"

"Yes, for my children sake. I feel as if I did not deserve it."

And Mrs. Owen and her son did help the widowed mother, wisely and kindly, and last summer, when they went down to R—, there was no prettier or happier home than the cottage in which Mrs. Holders lived. Ben was at school, working very hard, with the hope of some day repaying, in a measure, Mrs. Owen's kindness, whilst Missie was at home, helping her mother, and looking the picture of a dutiful Ben had "taken care of," and looking up, as she and her brother do, to Mr. Owen, they often wonder why he persists in calling them the "little teachers"; but when once she ventured rather timidly to ask Mrs. Owen the reason, the latter only smiled and said blandly that "little people, as well as great ones, can set a good example to those around them."—Temperance Record.

NO TIME.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING

Time and thinking are the Christian worker's stock in trade. Most of us are crowded by the eat, and drink, and wear business, are nearly bankrupt. Explain to a Sabbath-school teacher the importance of thorough preparation, the folly of attempting to carry God's truth into a child's mind without studying methods of teaching, lines of thought, modes of getting attention. "That is all, as you say, I'd be glad to do as you suggest; but I have no time." Do you visit your scholars, kneeling with them in prayer, bending over their sick beds, getting influence with them, that you may help your Christian? "I know I ought to; but really I haven't time." Do you carry each one to God in importunate supplication, resting not till each is in the Saviour's fold—growing up into him? Failure again for lack of "time."

You teach in the Sunday-school to pacify your conscience. You fail of nine-tenths of your possible success, because you never take time to draw out and answer the shy questions, to lumbe for the key of each child's inner sanctuary. In a spasm of earnestness you may break into the strophoid; but little good will it do. The soul will stand scared and dumb before you, hiding the germs of its religious feeling away in the depths of its crude thought. You go off thinking: "Strange that he don't understand me. I was so earnest, and put the thing so plainly." You know that you can do no more for him with your good lessons upon the inner life of a child than you can upon that of your grander neighbor? You must have the Holy Spirit's guidance as certainly in the one place as in the other.

A Sabbath-school teacher must take time for his work. He must "make time," as we say. The apostle speaks of "redeeming the time." A man can easily live to the limit of his salary, and not feel that he is extravagant. But let him go in debt for a home, and he finds he can save money in dozens of ways he never thought of before. So one can use all his time and get his heart fully aroused for a good work, and he can find time for it. I notice Christian women find ample time for the ornamentation of person and house—sticking, ruffling and crocheting. Their little people are tricked out in all sorts of fanciful finery. Can it be they make the outer pretty and attractive, while the inner is marred and ugly and hateful for want of care? A Christian man takes time to look after a blood clot. There is money in him. It pays to see that he is well fed, groomed and exercised, and not allowed to learn bad tricks. The same man has no time to bother with teaching children. Time to get dollars; no time to win souls.

A story is told of a man on a burning steamer. When the fire was discovered the boat was headed for a near shore. The man was just getting home from California. He was buckling about his body a belt filled with gold of hard, heavy years. He was preparing for a plunge into the waves. "Please, sir," said a little, pitiful voice, "can't you swim?" "Yes," "Then won't you save me?" He hesitated a moment, and hated himself for it the next. He could not save both the money and the child. Flung away the belt, "Yes, God helping me, I'll save you." Stopping toward the little one he said: "Put your arms round my neck and hold on good. I think I can make the shore." The surf was almost too much for him. His gold would have carried him under; but the pressure of the little arms clinging about his neck lent force to every stroke. The thought of the precious little life for which he fought the breakers, tripped his strength, and both were saved. Can it be that men and women, named for Christ, get money at the risk of their children's salvation?

Success in Christian effort is according to the principles that govern business success, in exact ratio with the capital invested. If we would do heavy work for the Master, we must give time and thought, prayer and faith, and as sure as law, we cannot but succeed.—N. Y. Independent.

STOP MY PAPER.

I don't want to know what is going on in the Christian world—stop my paper.

I am interested in the things that are seen and temporal, and not in the things which are unseen and eternal—stop my paper.

I don't want to hear of any more revivals of religion—stop my paper.

I am tired of hearing about education; and missionary operations, about theological seminaries and colleges—stop my paper.

I don't want to read the obituary notices of ministers and other Christians, telling how they lived and died. I don't trouble myself about dying—stop my paper.

I am tired of being urged to attend prayer-meetings, and have family worship, and support preachers, and grow in grace, and train my children in the fear and nurture of the Lord—stop my paper.

I am disgusted with so much ado about Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness, and lotteries, and card playing, and profane swearing—stop my paper.

I take no interest in columns filled with opposition to Mormonism, and Popery, and Infidelity, and prog-selling, and Sunday-traveling, and dog-eating, and—stop my paper.

I prefer to give my whole attention and the whole attention of my family to the question: "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink; and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"—stop my paper.

I would like to accommodate my wife. She thinks the paper very interesting, and likes to read it to the children; but I haven't seen much in it that I cared about, except the market article—stop my paper.

I wouldn't mind pleasing our minister. He says a religious paper is next to the Bible in a family; that without it children are raised in ignorance, and that it is just as important for grown folks—I don't see it—stop my paper.

I am a little worried about the matter. One of our leaders came to me to get me to send money for the paper for another year, and when I told him I intended to stop it, he heaved a sigh, and said that every church was made of two classes—the one growing, faithful, punctual and intelligent persons; and the other irregular, negligent and stationary members, and that it was easy to tell to which class any one belongs, if you only know whether he reads a religious paper. What an insult! Such talk don't move me—stop my paper.—Exchange.

TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin their work for their mothers' edification. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your home with all that will give it comfort. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step farther, and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing and absence of all comforts and refinements of social life and return to your own joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your young housekeepers. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your home with all that will give it comfort. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. 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