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(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)
VITA EST POTENTIA.

Declension in spiritual life is a sad experience—one over which angels might justly mourn. And yet what is more common? Many once warm with love and burning with the most ardent zeal for Christ, become icy cold and stone dead. When their tears were fresh they ran; while their joys were new they sang; so long as the novelty of their experience charmed, their spirits glowed, and their piety ascended to heaven in fragrant clouds of praise and prayer, and shot forth its rays in benevolent endeavour. But from some cause or other, the flash of their first love gradually became dim, and at last quite extinct. And now what a change is manifest! Former clouds of a prayer-laden devotion now distill in tears; the soul is flooded with sorrow, instead of songs of joy; "the spirit of heaviness" has descended into impotence; murmuring parts the lips, and breaks the silence of submission. The soul is the sepulchre of dead affections—a shore on which lie stranded the wreck of christian excellencies.

It is easy to find the cause of this sad and common experience. Grace is a tender plant. It may be crushed by violence, or it may be crumpled by neglect. The heart is a garden, and so in order to fruitfulness, it must be fenced and cultivated. Watchfulness is both a fence and a tower of strength. The want of it has resulted in the ruin of thousands. Many have imagined themselves proof against every unfriendly approach, and confident in their security, they have ceased to watch, and so, like Samson, they have suddenly found themselves shorn of their strength. When they thought themselves far out at sea their bark has been broken by the breakers, and cast a wreck on the shore. A want of watchfulness is one cause of spiritual declension.

Culture, too, is needed. The holy flame of love must be fed day by day, or else it will flicker and fade. It is well to defend the heart against foreign invasion, but it is equally necessary to keep it from crumbling into decay. Then prayer and communion are the appointed means of moral culture. The nearest way to poverty of soul is the neglect of prayer, and the surest way to weakness is to scorn communion.

But the great want of the Church, in order to power and progression, is divine quickening. Life is power. Evidence of this are its almost adoring and convincing. Nature will supply an illustration. What is the secret of those almost daily transformations which we see taking place around us? Why does the tiny seed reproduce itself in the sturdy plant? What is it that paints the flower with its lovely crimson hues? And what is it that develops the clustering fruit? All is owing to the power of life.

And as in nature so in religion. Vitality is the germ of its power and the pledge of its fruitfulness. Take for instance the development of individual character. Not more truly does the pine owe its stately and verdant to its life than does the character its strength and comeliness to the quickening of God. Fidelity in that term called grace, are all the elements of a power that shall transform a world, and stamp its impress on eternity. The history of the Church, which is at once the creation of divine life, and its nursery too, is an earnest of its universal domination. Time was when the mustard-seed—the least of all seeds—was insignificant, but how soon it assumes commanding proportions. At the Pentecost the fire falls and the flame spreads. The Church's life is quickened, and its power is felt. With Jerusalem for its centre, the circle of its influence widens. From Judea it floods Samaria. Soon it encircles Asia Minor like a belt. It sweeps the temples of the gods—the shrines of a hoary superstition, and of a sensual unbridled licentiousness. Onward the torrent rolls in the face of rack and dragon, roareth and death. The tide of life gushes into Italy, until Rome herself, proud and imperial, feels a new vitality, and the echo of its gospel is heard within her walls.

Coming down to later times, what but the power of life could have survived the repeated attacks of a blind bigotry and a sensual superstition? Though simple in itself, and unpromising by rough power, yet in its rise it battled successfully with Roman rule; and in the development it trampled on the pride of science and the tyranny of power.

Then what is the Church without life? Why, a Samson shorn of his strength, a painted fire, pretty but chill; a machine, perfect in its construction, but clogged in its movements. Indeed it is dead—chilled in its affections, lopped in its aspirations, silent in its songs, feeble in its efforts; to man unmeaning, and to God repulsive. There may be all the outward forms of life, such as a stately ministry, weekly prayers, the appointed sacraments, &c., but what then? No souls are converted. The tear of penitence is never seen, the cry for mercy is never heard. Sinners are hardened, crime increases, hell reaps an abundant harvest, and the Saviour, robbed of his right, bleeds and dies in vain!

It is a pity when the Church becomes an enemy to itself. What with a world unfriendly in its spirit, and opposed in its purposes; what with an army of diabolical adversaries, terrible in their strength, and wild in their acts, the Church has quite enough to do without hugging a viper in its bosom, or suffering an enemy in its camp in the form of spiritual lifelessness! Its life is its only hope. Give up this, and you give up the key that shall unlock its treasures to the foe. Its life lost, and nothing is left to charm the sorrow of earth. Better far put out the sun than give up the Church's life, for then you would quench the only light of hope, to founder in darkness, and to die in despair. We have need, therefore, to reiterate the prophet Habakkuk's pious prayer: "O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

S. DUNN.

EXTRACT FROM ENGLISH CONFERENCE PASTORAL ADDRESS.

In endeavouring to indicate the spiritual condition of the societies, we thank God for that universal peace which makes the Communion "a quiet habitation;" we rejoice to know that many of you are standing "fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel." Methodist teaching and influence are diffused over a wide area, embracing an ever increasing number of congregations. Its ministry holds the attention of the people of this country to an extent unknown elsewhere. God has set before us "an open door" of opportunity, if we are wise and bold to speak. He will cause us "to triumph in Christ" and make "manifest the savour of his knowledge to us in every place."

We must ever bear in mind that Methodism is a system that exists for *purely spiritual ends*. We have nothing to do but to save souls. Our chapels are to be "Bethels"—"Houses of God, filled with his presence;" "Betheldams"—"Houses of Mercy, where sin-sick souls are healed;" "Bethelms"—"Houses of Bread, where hungry souls are fed; in houses in which exercised a ministry of power, convincing all who come under it that "God is in us a truth."

Our numerical returns show a decrease of the year; a fact that provokes great searchings of heart. Not in any impatient or vain-glorious spirit would we number the people. No doubt many have been converted whom we have not registered. "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and "when He writeth up the people's records every name." We would remember, too, that the strength of a Church lies not in its numbers, but in its holiness—"The best of all is, God is with us." But while numbers do not necessarily bring life vigorous life, always brings numbers. The living Church grows as surely as the leaven spreads, and any Church that stands at the numerical level, from year to year, must needs look for the cause. The collective force of the Church is the sum-total of its individual life, and if the tone of the members be low, the strength of the body will be small, and Christ will not honour us with power to do those "greater works" which were wrought at Pentecost and in the days of our own fathers. As at the founding of the Church the Lord and Giver of life added to it, daily, multitudes who continued steadfastly in His fellowship, and "the number of the disciples multiplied," so in our own history, a large accession to our societies has ever been one of the immediate results of a quickening of our Church life.

We deeply regret that our material prosperity has not been attended by a corresponding numerical growth. True, we have "heard songs" from "the uttermost part of the earth," and we thank God for the increase vouchsafed in our Foreign Missions; but that good news suggests the painful contrast of our own "leanne-ness" at home. We watch for your souls, and we must deliver our own. "Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers and servants;" "neither as lords over God's heritage," but as pastors of the flock, do you use his pliancy of speech; "and for you it is said" to be put in remembrance of privileges, duties, and dangers, which there are so many temptations to overlook.

Has not an influx of wealth brought with it the spirit of the world, paralysing the energies of the Church? Have not numbers of our people conformed to the world, and become the victims of its social ambitions and the dupes of its vain show? Has not christian strictness in the ordering of our own families been relaxed, in some instances, to the damage of parental authority? Where is the eager longing for the House of God, for social prayer, and for the communion of saints which marked bygone days? "Where is then the blessed-spoke of?"

All labours of love are born of the life of God within. The concern we feel for our own souls is the treasure of our effort for others. In our fathers, zeal for God and love for souls were dominant passions. The motive was not to make a proselyte but to save a soul—"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good;" and the Churches, to their glory and the glory of the Cross, and like her Master said, "I will draw all men unto me." New converts must be "baptized for the dead," or we shall soon cease to exist. We need accessions to cover the figures which reveal the sad total of our lapsed members. Above all we need accessions, not merely to swell our numbers, but that we may win souls for Christ. And for this we must consecrate ourselves afresh to God. A Church of "Believers Working" and "Believers Interceding," we must use our old and well-tried methods in a more aggressive evangelism; "we shall shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us."

Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander was, in many respects, a model christian man and minister. One important secret of his lay in some of his habits. One of these was that of taking, every morning, a verse or passage from the Bible for his meditation during the day, and with the view, he said, of having his entire life filled with its spirit and its influence.—David said to God, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

While the increase in the number of our places of worship extends our responsibility as a Church, involving, as it does, the necessity of a constant accession to our ministerial strength, and of the careful formation of Christian Societies. The times demand a thoroughly-furnished ministry—men who have themselves been soundly converted; men who have graduated in the school of our manifold agency and are in entire sympathy with our work; men who are rich in gifts and culture, "and full of zeal, under whose ministry 'such people' shall be 'added unto the Lord.'" For ourselves we have this Gospel-treasure in "earthen vessels," and before God have nothing to glory of. On the contrary, as preachers and pastors we humbly say, "We are unprofitable servants." But it pleases Him to continue us in "this ministry;" and "as we have received mercy, we faint not."

Our work lies before us. The ominous attitude of indifference to public worship presented by large numbers of the working classes; our manifest national sin; the general prevalence of luxury in living and in thought; the diffusion of a literature written with subtle and fascinating art, and destructive of the religious sympathies of our youth; the revived pretensions of Popery, and the spread of ungodly imitations of that corrupt system; and the vast multitudes of our fellow-countrymen, still unconverted, show with only too overwhelming force, that the mission of Methodism is not over. And while we do not forget that the Gospel is the main instrument in the repression of vice and the spiritual elevation of the people, we rejoice in all philanthropic movements, and warmly do we sympathize with Christian legislation which seeks to remove temptations to drunkenness, to protect the purity of society, and to maintain the sacred privilege of the Lord's day. Scepticism is a life among the public teachers, and the age, generally, is signally deficient in religious conviction. Attempts are made to obliterate the ancient landmarks by a leveling latitudinarianism. The person and work of our Lord, and the personality and divine offices of the Holy Ghost, are the rocks upon which the waves of modern heresy are breaking. God has given us a banner which we will display "because of the truth;" maintaining a public ministry that gives prominence to all the vital doctrines of the Gospel and applies them to the consciences of all classes of our hearers. The "burden of the Lord" in the ministry of our fathers was repentance, faith and holiness. These doctrines must be our "burden." Nor may we suppress the tremendous alternatives which the Gospel sets before impotent, unbelieving, and unrepentant men—"Still it is, and ever must be, Repentance, or perdition; Faith or condemnation;" "The New Birth, or eternal exclusion from the kingdom of God." God hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation, and we would fulfil it with tender affection, beseeching men; but we must refuse the careless, and warn them to "flee from the wrath to come." The Lord will work with us and confirm his word with signs following. Then, as at the beginning, sinners will be "pricked" in their hearts; "Is not My word like a fire?" saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?—Still it is, and its persuasive tenderness would encourage the stricken, trembling, weeping penitents to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

We ourselves, taught of God, will endeavor to command the more powerful exhibition and application of the things of Christ, "by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Feeling that the power of our public ministry cannot rise much above the level of our personal life, we will seek a richer experience of the blessed work in its integrity and in the highest possible state of efficiency; and our successors; it will be dear to them as it has been dear to us, and it shall not "want a man to stand before the Lord for ever."

And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you. We affectionately invite your sympathy and co-operation. With thankful recognition of the presence and work of the Holy Ghost among us, let us earnestly pray for fuller manifestations of his saving power. Let us pray that God will send the high-priestly intercession of Jesus the Son of God, who said, "I will send Him unto you." Baptized again, as in the days of our fathers, let us live old us, Methodism will become a still greater power in the nations and in the earth. As in the olden time, so again; sister Churches will share the blessing of a "plentiful rain" within our borders, and once more our spiritual history will afford a beautiful illustration of that Scripture, "and I will make them and the places round about my holy a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down, and with his season; there shall be showers of blessing."

Signed on behalf and by order of the Conference.
LEKE H. WISEMAN, President.
GEORGE T. PERKS, Secretary.
London, August 16, 1872.

A VALUABLE PRACTICE.—The late excellent Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander was, in many respects, a model christian man and minister. One important secret of his lay in some of his habits. One of these was that of taking, every morning, a verse or passage from the Bible for his meditation during the day, and with the view, he said, of having his entire life filled with its spirit and its influence.—David said to God, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

No revenge is more heroic, than that which tortments envy by doing good.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

From the Christian Advocate.

The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin—a saying of the beloved disciple after at least more than half a century's experience of the capability of the Gospel to meet the want of the human soul—is a truth that must never be overlooked. No other can be substituted for it. As the sacrifice of Christ lies at the foundation of all Christian doctrine, so is its application essential to all Christian purity and life. Nor can it have escaped the notice of the thoughtful reader of the New Testament that these two truths are developed by a constantly increasing clearness and force as he advances in the volume, until at its close the Lord Jesus Christ stands forth, the one prominent figure, as the only Saviour from sin—just as the fulness of the volume seems summed up in the concluding words of benediction, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

The idea of a "blood religion," as it is sometimes termed, is offensive to the free thinking philosophers of our time, as though expiation by blood were a doctrine, not only a system, and least of all of those for which they profess a special reverence. But it is susceptible of the clearest proof that all of the great religions of the world, except two or three rationalistic revolts from the more ancient systems, required sacrifices of blood in atonement for sin. It may be said, therefore, that the general convictions of mankind have pointed to sin as an evil so great and so highly offensive to God, that either in symbol or reality, the most precious thing in man's possession, even life itself, is necessary for its expiation. "The life is in the blood" is a common sentiment, and the shedding of blood in order to remission is a confession that a broken law demands life. These ideas are discoverable in the religions referred to, from such of their sacred books as have come down to our time; but in the Bible they are so repeated, developed, elaborated and applied, that we are at no loss to understand them. The development was slow, indeed, but it was certain. The principle, "if thou dost well, shalt thou not be accepted?" and if thou dost not well, a sin-offering hath at the door," was early announced.

The religion of Genesis is remarkably harmonious with those of the other books referred to; but while their systems became perverted, and believers in them were to fully learn the exceeding sinfulness of sin in some other way, God in the Mosaic system sought through a severe ritual to accomplish the same result. Manifold symbols indicated and illustrated its pollution. The moral law, proclaimed by the divine lips from the top of Sinai, brought home to the understanding, and conscience the great principles of God's holiness and man's responsibility as had never before been done, awakening the sense of guilt. The altar, the victim, the priest were ever before men's eyes, declaring of sin, guilt and redemption. Not only the intentional transgression, but acts of inadvertence, forgetfulness, and even of ignorance, required a sacrifice. Washings of water and sprinklings of blood were constant attestations of the need of purity. The command, "Thou shalt be holy," brought their nature into a vivid contrast with the Divine, revealing the extent of their departure from Him, from the guilt of which their cleansing must be by blood. Even the holy place, that had been contaminated by the uncleanness and transgressions of the people, the tabernacle without, and the altar of sacrifice, must be atoned for by the sprinkled blood. The culminating cry of the tabernacle and temple service was, Blood, Blood, Blood, in expiation of sin! A quickened conscience must surely have discerned through this system the purity of the divine law, the intense evil of sin, and the absolute need of a Saviour.

There are," as Dr. Murphy has well observed, "four parts in the great work of atonement: the righteousness and death of the victim, and the presentation and the acceptance of these, by which they become a propiation. Righteousness can only be rendered, and penal death can only be suffered by a moral agent, and for a man by a man. Hence the true victim can only be a person." The thoughtful and spiritually minded must have discerned this, and looked beyond the symbolic offerings to the man who should come to redeem and save his people.

We would know as well as we may the enormity and malignity of sin. We advance then, beyond the Mosaic system. What does the Christian system teach? First of all, it begins with pointing the way to him as the "Lamb of God," who takes away sin, thus at the outset putting sin and sacrifice in the closest connection. He makes marvellous displays of his power to heal the bodily diseases of men, but deeper disease of which these were only effects, and which it was his mission to remove. He takes the old law, and unfolds its breadth and length, its depth and height, exhibiting its majesty and holiness, exhibiting its spirituality, and applying it to the entire life of men, until his final demand of a moral perfection like that of their heavenly Father starts the most unthinking with a sense of the awful depravity between himself and the nature of the Infinite One. The law is thus made to appear the "transcript of the divine nature, a copy of the eternal mind," the evident corollary being that all want of conformity to it, either in actual conduct or in the soul, is sin. Thus, in a sternness like that of Sinai, though without its sensible terrors, the Gospel would teach the magnitude and evil of sin. The tones of the Lawgiver are more gentle, but his "I lay upon you" is none the less authoritative than when the same voice spoke out from the thick darkness. The sermon on the Mount has no soothing words for the awakened conscience, but rather those which more sharply penetrate the conscience and give a clearer knowledge of sin.

If we further ask, What remedy for this gigantic, wide-spread enormity is taught in the Christian system? The answer is that the only possible one is in the blood shed by Jesus Christ on the cross. But this remedy reflects the clearest light upon the terrific curse which it would remove. The blood shed is the blood of the Son of God—a man dying for man, but a man who is Son of God as well, and having

all the nature of the Eternal One. What is the measure of the guilt which required the death of such a man, so pure, so lofty in dignity, to atone for it? What the punishment that only he could endure and the sinner be allowed to live? What the demerit that only his merit could counterbalance? What the depth and intensity of the pollution that only his blood can wash away? For this sin, this guilt and pollution, this "uncleanneess" and "transgression," the requirement of law and the provision of grace alike is blood, in the dispensation of Christ as well as in the earlier system of Moses. Through all the dispensations of God since sin entered the world the way of salvation is by blood. The greatness of the remedy attests and illustrates the vastness of the evil.

Now, all that we are taught to understand as the import of sin finds its perfect cure in the cleansing blood. Quite likely the attention of penitent sinners usually rests chiefly upon their personal offences against the divine law, producing a sense of guilt and condemnation before God. They think of the sins of their life and the sins cherished in their hearts. For these the sacrifice of the cross is an ample expiation, so that the guiltless may obtain pardon. "But deeper down, and pervading the whole nature, is the depravity with which we are born—the spring of all that is unholiness and defiling in heart and life—the sinfulness which infects the whole man, taints every motion of the soul, and is in itself contrary to the law and nature of God. This too, is sin, its root and essence, and from it the blood of Jesus cleanses the soul. Death, any more than good works cannot remove it. Its washing away is only by blood; and so long as we are not ready to concede the inability of Christ, to find a remedy adequate to the ruin effected by the fall must we proclaim the all-sufficient power of the blood applied by the Holy Spirit, to perfectly purify the soul of him who truly believes, from every stain of sin and every taint of evil. May we all come speedily to prove in our own experience its blessed cleansing power!"

(From the Methodist Recorder.)
LIVINGSTONE—HIS DISCOVERIES AND HIS DISCOVERY.

Mr. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, is a man whose name, and, in the interest of national truth and honor, we feel it a duty to protest against the ill-natured and unworthy strictures upon him and his magnificent work, which have been published in this country, principally, however, by a contemporary journal more noted for its sarcasm than for the truth of its representations. That he has succeeded in finding the explorer, and the Search Expedition despatched by the Geographical Society at the beginning of this year for the purpose failed to do so, cannot now be denied; it would be a gross violation of our English love of fair play and sense of honor to betray or sanction any such paltry jealousy as is implied in adducing his nationality for the purpose of diminishing from the splendor of his achievement. We applaud his own independence and scorn of such ignoble tactics in declining at Brighton to be catechised on such a question to the truth and value of his work. In the noble cause of science such petty jealousies awaken both astonishment and indignation, nor can we help noticing his many tones of rebuke of anything so contemptible traceable in the graphic, picturesque, and forceful address which Mr. Stanley, in fulfillment of his promise, delivered to the Geographical Society of the British Association. Mr. Stanley has performed a great feat; he has not merely accomplished a task which seemed well-nigh impossible; he has not merely enjoyed the consciousness that the deed which he has done is in itself a great one, but he can reflect that in its achievement he has placed all competitors at an insurmountable distance from himself. His position was a proud one, which might well have rendered any enthusiasm perfectly justifiable, but the discoverer of Livingstone deserves to be complimented on the fact that in his address he arrogated so little of glory to himself. Nothing could be more manly, more modest, than the words which Mr. Stanley from beginning to end employed when he spoke of his own part in the business. And, undeterred by any of those small feelings which seem to be more at home in the bosom of his detractors, Mr. Stanley did not fail to pay a fervent tribute of admiration to the memories of those gallant Englishmen who have preceded Dr. Livingstone in the great work of African exploration. What he described will be deservedly received by the English public as a kind of first-fruits of the discoveries of Livingstone himself. It is true that till Mr. Stanley brought home Dr. Livingstone's letters the whole southern shore of the Tanganyika was a region utterly unknown. It was indicated by a nameless character of this gigantic wilderness. We know that it has stately rivers, huge mountain ranges, and wide-stretching lakes. We know that spots which we had imagined wholly to consist of desert or rock, are watered by streams; and are intersected by marsh and swamp; and that all this country is peopled by numerous and powerful tribes. We know, too, that the scenery which abounds in the heart of the African continent is infinitely imposing and grand; that purple mountains, towering high into the heavens, are reflected in the gleam of the silver waters below; that there are forests of illimitable depth, and of veritably tropical luxuriance; that there are glens sunk deep in the bosom of Titanic hills; and that in every direction the landscape presents that every variation of feature which is the secret of true natural charm. Mr. Stanley has penetrated regions and sailed over waters whose surface has never been visited by any other white man living save Dr. Livingstone and himself. It was on the 10th of November last that Mr. Stanley, after innumerable adventures and being prostrated by fever twenty-three times, met Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji on the eastern shore of the Lake Tanganyika. He seems to have struck on his trail with the instinct of a Red Indian. The two opened their hearts to each other—Mr. Stanley

relating the deeds of the world, and hearing in return of Livingstone's geographical discoveries. Under the cheering influence of the American society the Doctor's health rapidly improved, and Mr. Stanley parted from him on the 14th of March last in excellent health, mental and bodily. The despatches which he has brought over to this country extend over a period of two years, and bring us down from November, 1870, to several months later than the day on which Stanley's indomitable pluck and perseverance were rewarded with the finding of Livingstone at Ujiji. It seems that the exultation expended on the alleged discovery of the sources of the Nile was premature. The Doctor has now, however, satisfied himself as to the direction in which those sources lie, but the exact spot he has yet to discover. And there is every reason to believe that he will, within the period he anticipates, achieve the object of his search, but he will require for that purpose more "help from home" than he has yet received.

With the zeal of a Francis Xavier, Livingstone has combined the daring of a Sebastian Cabot, and has made for himself a name which, honored though it be in the present age, will only reach its full acme of renown in that far-off time when the regenerated nations of Africa shall be able to appreciate his labours, and realize their noble fruits. The prince of modern discoverers, he has from the beginning of his career acted conscientiously and deliberately on the avowed principle that discovers the most brilliant are nothing except as they tend to help forward the cause and kingdom of Christ. These despatches, too, contain further evidence of the horrors of the Central African slave trade. The soul-merchants are still busy with their diabolical arts. They see that if once the nucleus of legitimate commerce should be established in the lands from which they have been accustomed to draw their supplies of human chattel—that it once those interdicted to grow cotton and engage in lawful trade, their internal traffic with all its hideous gains would be swept away, and they would be compelled to have recourse to that honest industry which above all things they abhor. Still, amid disease and death, and in spite of all difficulties and disappointments, Dr. Livingstone does not abate one jot of heart or hope; but goes steadily on with his work, and does it after his own manly and energetic fashion—exploring the inland lakes and rivers of Africa, and adding new and valuable chapters to the science of geography. When, seven years ago, after a brief visit to his native country, Livingstone returned, we believe for the third time, to Africa, few Englishmen had carried with them more of the intelligent and heartfelt sympathy of all classes of their countrymen. Whether we refer to his high moral qualities, his intrepidity, his perseverance, his resolute and indomitable already made, the philanthropic and religious purposes to which his life was consecrated, his future career could never be a matter of indifference to the British people. Hence his enterprise has been watched with affectionate interest by thousands to whom the prolonged suspense as to his safety has been painful. And if there was wrought into the hearts of the Christians of England the conviction that the enterprise on which he was embarked presented more rational grounds of hope for Africa than any preceding one, we do not hesitate to affirm that that conviction arose from the confidence he had inspired, that his courage, gentleness, tact, and facility in resources, along with his remarkable good sense and sobriety of judgment, would, under God's blessing, surmount all the dangers that have ever proved so formidable to African expeditions. It is not many men of whom we would venture to say this; but the genius of Livingstone bears upon it heaven's own impress of special direction to the task of guiding, superintending, and controlling the labours of Africa. That seems to be his special vocation, and among the many indications of a coming blessing for Africa, this is not the least, that his value has been recognized by those who have the power to give his talents full scope, and that he has found the sphere of labour for which he is most adapted.

The importance, however, of Dr. Livingstone's African explorations must not be estimated merely from the standpoint of the Geographical Society. To that ill-fated country, indeed, we believe he will prove the greatest benefactor, as well as its most successful explorer; but we cannot separate in our own minds those discoveries in Africa and elsewhere from the expectation that now God is coming forth, as it were, out of his place, and that we are on the eve of some great outpouring of moral and spiritual power. Even godless men are struck with the remarkable concurrence of great events of which our generation has been the witness. We refer not to political movements, but to the physical discoveries that have followed each other in rapid succession. The veil has been lifted off within these few years from every portion of the globe, and there is scarcely a corner of it into which civilized man has not pushed his way. And now the great problem of the African Continent, which has so puzzled geographers since the days of Strabo, is being solved at last. Surely it is not without a purpose that the cloud which so long hung over these various lands should have been dispelled now, and that at the same time, which is the fact, our scientific men should have been guided to those very discoveries which enable us to create vastly increased facilities for extending our intercourse with the countries thus made known. We confess that to us the voice seems to be sounding as loud and distinct now as in the days of the Forerunner: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain shall be made low, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken." We share the grateful joy of our readers for the safety of the great traveller; but we rejoice with trembling. For it is painful to reflect how many perils his life is yet exposed to. It is

for us, however, not to anticipate evil, but to unite our supplications for the continued preservation of a life on which, so far as man can see, so much depends. And it becomes us to invoke the coming of the Saviour in the noble language of Milton: "As thou didst dignify our fathers' days with many revelations, so Thou canst vouchsafe to us as large a portion of thy Spirit as thou pleasest, seeing thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times; but thy kingdom is now at hand. Come forth out of thy Royal Chambers, O Prince of the Kings of the earth! put on the visible robes of Thy majesty; for now the voice of thy bride calls Thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed."

A GLORIOUS SUNRISE.

In the volume of lectures by Dr. McCosh, on "Christianity and Positivism," occurs the following elegant and inspiring description of a natural and moral sunrise:

"I do not know whether any of my hearers have ever gone up from Riffelberg to Gamsgrat, in the High Alps, to behold the sunrise. Every mountain catches the light according to the upheaving forces that God set in motion have given it. First the point of Monte Rosa is kissed by the morning beams, blazes for a moment, and forthwith stands clear in the light. Then the Breithorn and the dome of Muschelbad and the Matterhorn, twenty other grand mountains, embracing the distant Jungfrau, receive each in its turn the gladdening rays, bask each for a brief space, and then remain bathed in sunlight. Meanwhile, the valleys between lie down, dark and dismal as death. But light which has risen in the light of morning, and these shadows are even now lessening, and we are sure they will soon altogether vanish. Such is the hopeful view I take of our world. 'Darkness covered the earth, and God's light has broken forth as the morning, and to whom are set in darkness a great light has arisen.' Already I see favored spots illuminated by it. Great Britain and her spreading colonies; and Prussia extending her influence; and the United States with her broad territory and her rapidly increasing population, stand in the light; and I see not twenty, but a hundred points of light striking up in our scattered mission stations, in old continents, and secluded isles, and barren deserts—according as God's grace and man's heaven-kindled love have favored them. And much as I was surprised with that grand Alpine scene, and shouted irresponsibly as I surveyed it, I am still more elevated, and I feel as if I could cry aloud for joy when I hear of the light advancing from point to point, and penetrating deeper and deeper into the darkness which we are sure is to be dispelled, to allow our earth to stand clear in the light of the Sun of Righteousness."

A RELIGIOUS TEST.

The Central Christian Advocate gives an unique test of conversion. The courteous bearing of husbands toward their wives has application as a test among white as well as red men. The Central says: "A missionary to the Indians, in a recent address before a Conference, stated the following as an infallible sign of a red man's conversion: 'Whenever I saw, said he, a squaw riding and her husband converted, I knew that husband was converted. Whenever I saw the squaw relieved of making fires, or any kind of drudgery, by her husband, I knew those husbands were converted.' The reverse of this was a sure indication that the husbands were heathen."

The above reminds the editor of the New York Christian to say in confirmation that a few years ago we occupied the pulpit of a well-known missionary among the Indians. A very large congregation of red men and red women hung upon the lips of the interpreter, who repeated in their own language, sentence by sentence, the gospel message. The sermon, as we were riding with the missionary toward the point designated for our lodging, we passed many of our hearers, most of whom were walking in "single (Indian) file," and lining the way for a long distance. The Indian men were followed severally by their squaws, some of the latter walking at least two rods in the rear, others a less distance, and still less, while only a few cases did the squaw walk by the side of her husband.

On calling the attention of the missionary to the situation he responded: "O, I can explain all this! Those Indians yonder whose squaws walk the furthest behind them are pagans; those whose squaws are less distant are somewhat removed from paganism, and so on until you come to those whose squaws are near them—they are almost Christians; and those who have their wives by their side are real Christians." "Do you really mean this?" "I do," was the answer; "I know them all; I have noted the fact many a time." Here then, we said, "is another significant illustration of the influence of Christianity upon social life."

OUR FATHER.

A good woman, searching for the children of a want one cold day last winter, tried to open the door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say, "Pull the string up high! Pull the string up high!" She looked up, and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a hatch; and she opened the door upon two little, half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked. "Do you take care of yourselves, little ones, asked the good woman. "God takes care of us," said the oldest. "Are you not very cold? No fire on the day like this?" "O, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me, and we get warm,' said the little girl.

And what have you to eat, pray?" "When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows, and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father." "Tears came into the good woman's eyes. She had a misty-eyed perch herself; but these two little "sparrows," perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1872.

REPORT OF THE FINANCIAL ECONOMY COMMITTEE.

The report of the Committee appointed to suggest improvements in the working of our financial economy, which was adopted at our last Conference, has, we hope, obtained general and favorable consideration from leading laymen throughout our Conference territory.

It must be admitted by all familiar with the subject, that our financial economy in some of its aspects greatly needed improvement.

There were, alas! many Circuits in which distressing large deficiencies constituted a regular item in the balancing of the Circuit account. On a number of those Circuits, a spirited execution of a well-devised system of finance would have left no room for such an item in the Circuit Ledger, and on many Circuits the vigorous operation of such a system would have greatly curtailed the usual dimensions of that unsightly item.

On most Circuits a disproportionately large burden was imposed on comparatively few shoulders, which, though accustomed to burden-bearing, yet occasionally felt restive beneath the monotonous pressure. This fact, of course, signified that many of the friends and adherents of our Church on the respective Circuits, for one reason or another, failed to perform their just part in the work of ministerial maintenance.

In very many instances serious inconveniences were experienced because of the lateness of the period in the Conference year at which the chief portion of the amount raised for the support of gospel ordinances was collected. Ministers were compelled to live for the most part on credit for a large part of the year, to their discomfort and disadvantage; and their supporters were called upon to make their principal effort to replenish the Circuit coffers at an unseasonable time, when many other demands were being pressed upon them.

Then, in various localities the working of the Class and Ticket Money system was not favorable to the growth of the good cause. Unscrupulous opponents of our Church often took occasion from that system to misrepresent the object of the Class Meeting institution, and to prevent well-informed persons, deriving spiritual advantage from the ministrations of our Church, from entering its communion. Poor people and persons in quite moderate circumstances with large families many of whose members had embraced the offers of religion, found difficulty in complying with Class and Ticket Money usage. Unable to do as others were doing, they were unwilling to confess their poverty by doing what the paucity of their means would alone allow them to do. The difficulty was solved oftentimes by abstention from Class Meeting privileges. This was much to be lamented.

Besides it may be admitted that, although this system seems to work upon the whole well in England, ministers among us would generally prefer to have the Class Meeting dissociated as far as possible from all questions of mere finance.

It seemed extremely desirable that to the largest extent practicable a sufficient amount should be raised on all Circuits to cover the proper ministerial allowances, that this amount or as much of it as could be obtained, should be secured by a common effort, according to the ability of the friends co-operating, that it should be raised in numerous instalments collected at regular intervals in a way facile for the payers and opportune for the constantly recurring necessities of ministers, and that the method of collection employed should harmonize well with the efforts made to advance the spiritual prosperity of the Church.

The committee appointed to consider this matter suggested that at the commencement of each Conference year the respective Quarterly Boards should estimate the sum needed for the ensuing twelve months, that it should be ascertained as nearly as practicable what the respective members of the Society and congregation would be willing to contribute toward making up the required amount, that the deficiency, if any, left unprovided for, should be apportioned among those willing to bear their share of it, and that the whole amount thus agreed upon should be collected weekly or monthly by envelope or otherwise. The Conference commends this plan to the adoption of the members and adherents of our Church generally. It is learned regarded favorably in many localities. When largely tested, experience may indicate that it may be improved in several respects, and operated in different ways in different circuits with profit. If in its main features it shall be commonly accepted, it will without doubt work most beneficially. In behalf of the common interest we earnestly solicit for it a cordial acceptance, and a faithful trial.

It is no longer doubtful whether General Grant will, if spared, be continued at the Republican helm. The result of the State elections held last week in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana has made it sure as anything future can well be, that General Grant will triumph by a large majority in November contest. We know no reason why British Methodists should regret this fact. Gen. Grant's course toward Britain has altogether been as friendly as could be expected; and his friendship and love for Methodism have been evinced in a remarkably straightforward and thorough going manner.

J. R. N.

It has been estimated that the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a whole, requires eight hundred new recruits annually, to fill up the itinerant ranks, and very likely this estimate is not wide of the mark.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

MR. EDITOR.—Numerous duties, with the fact, that Mr. Milligan had communicated through the Wesleyan, in reference to my arrival in St. John's, Newfoundland; and some of the circumstances connected with my mission; is, my apology, for not writing under an earlier date.

My visit to St. John's, Carbonear, Harbor Grace, and Briggs, were seasons of great interest to myself, and I have reason to believe pleasure to my brethren. Thus, after some thirty years absence, my sympathies were severely taxed, in mingling with the families of our departed friends; for the greater part of those who had attained the meridian of life when I left the island had passed away. But they had gone home to God, and many of their beloved children, who related to me the triumphant, or peaceful departure of their venerated parents, are following them to the home of the blest. While in the occupancy of the several pulpits, I was led to exclaim, "our fathers where are they?" The answers were, "in the presence of their Father, as instead of the fathers we have the children." Methodism has a firm hold of the affections of our people on the island; and very few instances, if any occur, in which the children of our people turn their backs upon Methodism. Too strongly do they revere that Christianity which has proved such a blessing to their parents, to allow any of the allurements of this fleeting world, to turn them from their safe and ample fold.

In St. John's, while many in our communion are becoming rich in this world, they retain, and love, the simplicity of Methodism, and continue to devise liberal things. In addition to their present large and substantial new church, they are now in course of erecting another equally capacious, and another part of that growing town, while their loyalty to Methodism leads them to largely enter upon our church schemes to extend our missions and schools, along the desolate shores of the island. The same spirit of sanctified philanthropy, characterizes the several communities that had the pleasure of visiting, and I have reason to believe, that throughout the whole field we now occupy, the anxious desire of all our people is, to extend the Gospel to regions yet beyond.

I found our excellent brethren in the ministry at the post of duty, zealously prosecuting the Master's work, in all the circuits I visited; and I believe, in no section of our Conference, can be found a more arduous and self-denying set of men, than our missionary staff in Newfoundland.

If we had had twenty more in God, full of zeal for the salvation of souls, they could probably employ them in supplying the destitute, in the numerous harbors and settlements, who call upon us for the Bread of Life. Were I a young man, and to have the choice of a field for ministerial work, I should prefer Newfoundland.

While in Newfoundland urgent application was made to me, to send a missionary to the French Island of St. Pierre with a guarantee of support. In addition to a large staff connected with the Atlantic cable, there are many both French and English Protestants, who are entirely destitute of Protestant ministry. We are making efforts to send them a brother who in French as well as English, can tell them of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In all the towns I visited, I was favored both as a student as well as the Representative of the Conference, with the most respectful attentions; and all the religious services I was permitted to engage in, were attended by large congregations. There was one commission assigned me in which I was not successful, as was desirable. I allude to our Sackville Educational Endowment Fund. My want of success in this work I attribute to the following circumstances:—

1st. Several of our most wealthy friends had gone to England.

2nd. The news from the fisheries was of a most gloomy character.

3rd. And in the next place, I fear the Conventional principle in reference to our educational establishments in Sackville, had not been fully thought on as it truly it will be. And when our friends had contemplated the matter, and note what their own noblesse ministers have done, notwithstanding the paucity of their means; and also see the powerful Conventional effort our people throughout the Conference are making, to raise this noble monument of Wesleyan's Conventional loyalty, that our noble-minded friends in Newfoundland will be found, on the list of donors, with subscriptions in keeping with their proverbial readiness to every good work.

I left our subscription list with Brother Crawford, who will I am sure gratefully receive such offerings as our friends may further present for the much needed work. I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of the continued kindness shown me by numerous friends during my sojourn on the island, and the love of God of all grace may abundantly bless them.

JAMES G. HENNINGAR.
Hantsport, Oct. 1872.

SACKVILLE CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—For the last two or three days the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition has been in progress at Sackville. The Hon. the Governor of this Province was to have formally opened it on Tuesday, the 8th inst.; but as His Excellency was unavoidably detained till Wednesday, formal opening was dispensed with. The exhibition was of a highly respectable character and of the people of the same type. The cattle were pronounced fine by those qualified to judge. There was but a limited display of agriculture and horticultural produce. What there was, however, was very good, the more so when the shortcomings of the past seasons are taken into consideration. The assortment of home-made manufactures of articles from the provincial loom was large and excellent. Other branches of manufactures were but poorly represented. Our Institutions have carried off over a dozen prizes, mainly of course, for garden produce.

But the most interesting feature of the week's incidents to us of the Institutions was a visit from Governor Wilnot. On Thursday morning he passed through the College, and took a brief glance at the educational operations in progress. This done, all the students of both sexes assembled in the drawing-room of the Ladies' Academy, and there had the pleasure—and it was a great pleasure—of listening to an address delivered by His Excellency. It was earnest, eloquent, and to the point, and the effect was heightened by the peculiarly fine elocutionary powers possessed by the speaker. His Excellency dwelt with great force and beauty on the religious aspects of education, and insisted strongly on the importance of clinging to the Bible in preference to scientific statements and theories that conflict with revealed truth. He pointed out that during his life he had seen theory after theory reared in opposition to the Word of God by men of science,

only to crumble to pieces and pass into oblivion. He spoke too, of the importance of having its truths as a stay during the closing scenes of life, when earthly knowledge is fast fading into nothingness, and mere scientific truth can be of no avail. And with regard to intellectual culture, his Excellency earnestly pressed the importance and benefit of a manly grappling with difficulties and a self-reliant overcoming of them. He showed how much better it was to make a good, honest mistake, than to merely get over difficulties by prompting from one's classmates—better morally and better intellectually. But this meagre digest does not faint justice to so admirable an address, enriched as it was, moreover, by anecdotes and facts which we have not space here to reproduce.

The address was preceded by a fine rendering of the *Sonambula* of Bellini, from the skilled fingers of Professor D'Anna, and followed by *God save the Queen*. As His Excellency passed out of the building, he was saluted by the students with three hearty cheers, succeeded by three for the Queen, and three for the day which Her Majesty has the honor to belong. This concluded the performances of a morning which most agreeably broke up the monotony of our academic life.

Sackville, N. B., Oct. 11th, 1872.

Circuit Intelligence.

CALEDONIA, OCTOBER 9, 1872.

DEAR SIR.—On the 6th of the present month, very interesting services were held in connection with the opening of the new Church at South Brookfield, on the River. The presence of the day were the Rev. E. B. Moore, S. Sykes, and W. Jones. The experience of those present was that of the Apostle Peter at the Transfiguration, when he said: "Master, it is good for us to be here." On the day following, the papers were sold, and realized the sum of \$1650.

There was also a sale of Fancy Articles and refreshments by the Ladies, to whom we are very much indebted for their kindness and liberality.

The proceeds of the day defray the whole cost of the Church. The church is a neat, well-finished building, and is just what the neighborhood has needed for a long time. All that now seems necessary is the "Master's Promise" to fill it with his glory. It is our earnest prayer that as the "Word of Life" is proclaimed from its pulpit, it will be accompanied with the Spirit's power.

"And if the great deceiver say,
When God the nations shall appear,
May I before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here."

CALEB PARKER.

Miscellaneous.

(From the Weekly Review.)

THE THORN IN OUR SIDE.

It was generally hoped that the policy of Mr. Gladstone would succeed, and that Ireland would become a loyal, contented, and prosperous country. We confess that we were not sanguine, and we are sorry that late events prove our incredulity was well founded. The state of Ireland is no better now than it was before Mr. Gladstone proclaimed his policy of condonation and concession. In fact, we are now in our side. The Keogh affair ought to have convinced the most sanguine that their hopes and expectations were vain. The revelations at the trial of the Galway petition were bad enough. What could be more distressing than to find the priests of the Church of the majority of the people, were employing spiritual influence and spiritual terrors for political purposes? Those shameful and wicked practices were denounced by the Judge, himself a Roman Catholic. It might have been supposed that for decency's sake the Roman Catholic hierarchy would have endorsed the indignant censures of the Judge. Instead of that the Judge was insulted and threatened, so that he had to go circuit guarded by policemen and soldiers. In our opinion, when a Judge is in such a dangerous position that he has to be protected by soldiery, the state of the country is the reverse of promising. But Her Majesty's Ministers thought proper to treat the matter lightly, and to take a cheerful view of Irish prospects. On the 10th inst., they put the Judge into the Queen's gaol; "I am able to speak favourably both of the tranquility and of the growing prosperity of Ireland." We confess we read the paragraph with amazement. So far as we know the policy of conciliation had failed. Instead of the Queen's speech, a demand for Home Rule, which means the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. We could not understand how a Government could rejoice in the tranquility of a country in which a Judge could not go circuit without the protection of a guard of soldiers. But we tried to silence our reasonable scepticism, and to believe that the Government had information that justified the gratifying statement. A week later, and there is too abundant and painful evidence that Ireland is not a contented and prosperous country. The causes of the Belfast rioting we need not enter, but we shall not conceal our opinion that both parties are to blame. The only chance for Ireland is in the Imperial Government adopting justly rigorous policy to maintain order and enforce the law, and to see that the Government bears the sword in vain. Moreover, transgressors of the law, whether their creed or their excuse, should be punished. No provocation justifies private retaliation. This is not a new principle, but was practised by the Romans. If a man is wronged, whether he be Roman Catholic or Protestant, or a publican or a Good Templar, and instead of appealing to the law he avenges his wrong on the wrongdoer, let him be punished. To compel men to be obedient to the law is the only remedy for the present lamentable condition of Ireland.

We are aware how inimical Romanism is to good government, but we must do in Ireland as we did in England before the Reformation, and force the Roman Catholic priesthood to submit to the laws of the country.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND PROTESTANT PATRONS.

(From the Christian Intelligencer.)

The Roman Church thoroughly understands the importance of early education. She has a ritual and a faith exactly adapted to strike the impressive and imaginative mind of a child. Incense and priestly robes, high altars and images, a titled hierarchy, culminating in a distant and venerated Holy Father; and, over these, the shining array of interceding saints, with the tender Virgin at their head—all

these appeal very strongly to the vague, religious fancy of a child, and he accepts with ardor what pleases him so well. Orders of monks and nuns, too numerous even to be mentioned, are as devoted and successful as the Jesuits themselves in every form of scholastic instruction, from the college to the infant-school. The well-known academies of Mount St. Vincent, near York, and at Manhattanville, illustrate the attention given to the education of young women. Similar seminaries are scattered all over the continent. This seal, of course, becomes them. So long as it is directed to the instruction of Catholic youth, we regret, indeed, the perpetuation of a system, but we can only applaud the devoted men and women who, believing it to be true, are bent upon training the Church's children in the Church's faith.

But this system of Romish education is meant to do more than that. It aims to build up such a reputation for thoroughness of oversight and instruction, that even Protestant parents shall feel special security in entrusting their children to the care of Catholic instruction. The effort has had large success already. Easy-going fathers have reasoned: "The school certainly is a good one; there is not much danger that our child will ever turn Catholic, and if she does—there are very good Catholics; she will be a true one, and will be marked by the trial of course, fastens the child. No other teachers on earth are so trained in all the arts of conciliating the young as the celibate orders of the Romish Church. Their office is to be manipulators of the show of articles in the half an hour, love, with its carols and solaces, withdraws them from this function. All their affectionateness, all their ambition, all their tact and discipline in devotion turn to this single aim—of moulding their pupils to the Church. No wonder that the young hearts entrusted to their care are won, first to the teacher, and then to his faith. Illustration of this process could easily be given, with names and details; but the history is too common to need such proof.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY EXCURSION.

THE FIRST TRAIN FROM HALIFAX TO AMHERST.

Accepting the invitation of the Commissioners of the Intercolonial Railway, and Mr. Geo. Taylor, Superintendent of the Government Railway in Nova Scotia, a representative of the *Chronicle* hied away to Richmond Depot at 9 o'clock on Monday morning, to take passage in the first train from Halifax to Amherst, or, it might be, to St. John.—It having been announced that if the Folly River bridge could be completed in time, the train would proceed through to the commercial capital of New Brunswick. Arrived at the Depot we found that the party from Halifax was to consist of the Chief Justice, Sir William Young, on his way to Amherst to the Supreme Court; Hon. Joseph Howe and lady, on their return to Ottawa, Mr. Taylor, Railway Superintendent, ten newspaper men, and a few others. The train consisted of locomotive, tender, baggage car and one first class car—the latter a magnificent new carriage, manufactured at the car works at Richmond. The bright and pleasant autumn morning led some of the party with good memories to recall former railway openings in Nova Scotia, and in fact, the first passenger train ever unfavourable weather, and they naturally regarded the fine weather on this occasion as a good omen.

Leaving Halifax at 11:15 we sped rapidly along until Elmadaid was reached. Here we stopped for the half an hour, waiting for the freight train from Truro for Halifax which was appointed to pass the special at that station and was behind time. Truro was reached at 12:20. The run from Halifax—61 miles—having occupied three hours and five minutes. Here a number of persons joined the train among them Senator McLaughlin, one of the Railway Commissioners, Mr. H. Blanchard, M. P. P., Sheriff Blanchard, of Colechester, and Mr. H. A. Gray, the Engineer in charge of the section from Truro to Folly River. The last named gentleman was a valuable addition to the party, especially to the journalists, who had occasion to call upon him frequently for information regarding the road, which he cheerfully gave. At Truro an opportunity was afforded the party to inspect the new station house, a commodious and appropriately well adapted building, erected in eight weeks by Mr. J. G. Grant, under the superintendence of Mr. Gray. An engine house is in course of erection. We left Truro at 12:53, and commenced our ride over the new portion of the Intercolonial, all doubtless pleased to think that they were in the first passenger train over it. The road near Truro is well finished, and the cars ran with remarkable smoothness. The first noteworthy work after leaving Truro is the Salmon River Bridge, 300 feet long. This bridge, like all the others on the line, is of iron, manufactured by the Railway Company of England, and put up under the direction of men sent over from England for the purpose. A little further on we came to Bible Hill, where we stopped to see a steam shovel at work—a powerful machine, which every few seconds gathered a quantity of gravel—probably half a ton—from the bank and deposited it on the train of flat cars alongside, to be conveyed to another part of the road for ballasting. The inspection of this being completed, a new and, to the hungry ones, important feature of the day's programme was developed. George Nichols, of the Acadia Hotel, Halifax, and Baker and Saunders, all well known caterers, emerged from the baggage car bearing solid and liquid, to which all present did full justice. There was some delay about this time caused by the operations of working trains, but the time was so pleasantly occupied that the detention was little noticed.

Leaving Bible Hill at 2:14—and carrying away pleasant recollections of the place—we rapidly over the smooth road until we reached Ladysmith in the afternoon. Former times were quite large, but it is now only a small sluggish stream. We were inclined to wonder why such a large bridge was erected to cross such a small stream; but the knowing ones explained that in the winter the river swells to a considerable size and renders long and heavy bridge a necessity. At 4:10 we reached Folly bridge, and found quite a party of ladies and gentlemen gathered to see the train pass over. The bridge was not completed, and the rails having yet to be laid. Half an hour however was enough to lay the rails and put the bridge in a condition to warrant the train passing over. The bridge is 600 feet long, about 75 feet high, and is the heaviest work of the kind on the Nova Scotia portion of the road. At 4:55 the train passed over the bridge, amid the cheers of the spectators. A short run brought us to Folly Mountain, where we encountered a difficulty on which neither the excursionists nor the Commissioners had calculated. The track came to an end, and we were informed that we would have to walk or drive (a carriage being in waiting for the ladies and old gentlemen) some distance to meet a train in waiting on the other side. "It's only about a mile," said Mr. McLaughlin blandly, as the party started off. It proved to be a mile and a bit—and that, as a friend remarked, was considerably longer than the mile. For a party of the way the sleepers and rails were loosely laid in their positions ready to be secured, and in some parts neither rails nor sleepers were to be seen. After a muddly tramp the party arrived at the beginning of Folly Lake, where a car and horses were ready to convey them to Amherst. The idea of visiting St. John was now abandoned by common consent as impracticable in the limited time at the disposal of the excursionists, and the visit being regarded as undesirable since we could not boast of having come through from Halifax by rail. At 6:58 the train left the Lake for Amherst. Darkness having closed around us there was no opportunity of inspecting the work over which we were passing. After a somewhat tedious run—the unimproved state of the road necessitating slow travel—we reached Amherst at 10:15. It being "court week" Amherst had as visitors a numerous company of lawyers, jurors, suitors, &c., and the hotels were so crowded that only those of our party who took the precaution of telegraphing on their way could secure good accommodations. The reporters, with several others, promenade the streets for nearly an hour, interviewing all the hotel proprietors, who inevitably said, "Sorry, gentlemen, but we are crowded." Ultimately the proprietor of Hamilton's Hotel telegraphed on their way to make an effort to accommodate the wanderers if they would put up with the inconveniences of floor beds, crowding, &c. As the alternative was a night on the street, the excursionists did not require many minutes to signify their acceptance of the offer.

AMHERST, AS ALL our readers doubtless know, is almost on the dividing line between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and only nine miles from the flourishing

town of Sackville, N. B., with which it is connected by rail, that section of the Intercolonial having been opened some time ago. As the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition was to open at Sackville on Tuesday, the excursionists from Halifax decided to visit it, and see a part of New Brunswick, though they could not, as they had hoped, attend their visit to St. John. At 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning we left Amherst by special train for Sackville. The "big wigs" were not with us, the Chief Justice having to open his Court at Amherst, and Mr. Howe, who had been worn out by his previous day's travel, having determined to rest on Tuesday, preparatory to resuming his journey to Ottawa. Twenty minutes ride—during which the famous Tantramar Marsh was crossed—brought us to the Exhibition grounds, about three quarters of a mile from the Sackville station. A platform had been erected on the railway line, in front of the Exhibition building, to enable visitors by rail to get off there instead of at the station in the village. On leaving the cars the party were received by the Mayor, and escorted to the Exhibition building and grounds. The building is a modest one, 75 x 12 feet, with a large table in the centre, and one against each wall, all running the whole length of the edifice. In the rear, and connected with the main building, is a dining saloon for the visitors. The grounds are extensive, enclosed by board fences, and well adapted for the exhibition of horses, cattle, &c. One notable feature of them is a circular race-course, on which several horse races were appointed to take place on Thursday. The race-course is a fine one, and the building interesting and pleasing, and including many superior articles, was not as extensive or as good as might have been expected in a Provincial Exhibition. It is just, however, to our sister Province that we should say that the Exhibition could not be seen to advantage on the first day, as many articles had yet to arrive, and the interest in the affair would hardly commence before the formal opening by Governor Wilnot on Wednesday. The exhibitors of cattle, &c., evidently regarded the first day as unimportant, as of the 100 entries in that department scarcely a dozen animals were in the pens. The committee of management deserve much credit for the perfection of their arrangements. There seemed to be a place for everything, with everything in its place, and an official wearing a badge of office attended to every want of the exhibitor or visitor.

Outside the Exhibition building our party were fortunate in meeting with Mr. W. C. Milner, editor of the "Chignecto Post," who conducted us to the institution of Sackville, the Mount Allison College and Academy, and introduced us to Professors Allison and Inch, who kindly showed us through the buildings. The ladies' academy was first visited and inspected, from the basement to the cupola. The classes being in session at the time, the visitors had an excellent opportunity of seeing the institution in operation, and certainly all must bear testimony to the excellence of all the arrangements, the comfort and elegance of the rooms, and the happy countenances of the young ladies whose studies were intruded upon by such an unusually large party of visitors. The cupola, the building commanded a fine view of the beautiful village and surrounding country, and the Professors and Mr. Milner took pleasure in pointing out the public buildings, churches, factories and the many natural and artificial attractions of the locality. While the party were in the drawing room and about to take their leave the Professor of Music (a young Italian) and one of the ladies of the establishment entertained them with music.

The inspection of the ladies' academy having been finished, some of the young gentlemen of the party, who had before professed a deep interest in the cause of education generally, suddenly became lukewarm and were not intensely anxious to visit the other branch of the institution; but as there were amongst the visitors several ladies whose interest in the cause had not abated, the young men's college was also inspected, as well as Lingley Hall, a neat and spacious building, where the lectures and public exhibitions in connection with the college take place.

Time prevented the party extending their visit to the other attractions of Sackville, and taking a farewell look into the exhibition building, we took our seats again in the car and returned to Amherst.—Morning Chronicle.

TURNING OF THE FIRST SOD OF THE ALBERT CO. RAILWAY.

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Everything in readiness, the crowd stepped back, formed a circle, and His Excellency made the inaugural speech. He apologized for the disappointment he had caused them by missing the train, said he was 68 years of age, and had never before in public life, and had never before either always endeavored to keep both his political and social promises. He referred to the time in 1856, when he was first sent as a representative to England. England had only one short line of 36 miles of Railway, and when there were only 2 short position with the present time.

Now, in order to keep up with the times, Albert County had become a necessity, and Railways had not come up to the mark, she would have been considered very slow for the present age. He spoke very

General Intelligence.

WESLEYAN UNION.—The basis of a union between the Wesleyan Conferences of the Upper and Lower Canada, and the Wesleyan Union, and it only remains to arrange the terms of a constitution. There is to be a meeting of a joint committee on this subject at Montreal on the 17th inst. Some of the delegates charged with this matter are now in the city en route to Montreal. The Maritime Province has also been invited to send delegates to the meeting. The Wesleyan Union is nearly a century old, and will be held every seven years, and there will be four in the Upper and three in the Lower Canada, and this, it is expected, will give an impetus to its missionary, educational and general work at home and abroad.—Telegraph.

THROUGH-BRED STOCK.—The thorough-bred horses, horned cattle and sheep, purchased by the Committee of Central Board of Agriculture have arrived in Halifax. The committee have we think displayed good judgment in their selection. The animals are very fine specimens of their kind. The horned cattle are especially worthy of mention. Lord York's short horned Durham bull imported from England to Ontario two years ago is one of the finest quality of that celebrated breed. "General Grant" is nearly a year old, and fine animal. The young cattle bear unmistakable marks of good blood. They look lively and healthy after their long drive. Of the sheep there are two of the improved Leicester breed, raised by Mr. Wylie, a well known stock raiser in Yorkshire, England. The stock is under the care of Mr. Beattie, cattle breeder, formerly of Scotland and now of Ontario. The animals have been removed from the hands of Mr. Parker, of New York, where they will be kept until sold by auction. Stock raisers in this Province should take an early opportunity of seeing them. The sale will take place about the 1st of November.—Citizen.

NEW BRUNSWICK COTTON FACTORY.—We invite the attention of the dry goods trade and the public generally to the advertisement of Messrs. William Parks and Co., of St. John, N. B., manufacturers of cotton goods. The work from their works has been long and favorably known in our markets, which is chiefly supplied by them. Their demand for their colored warp is so large that recently they have been compelled to double their facilities for dyeing. The English colored wools have always been of inferior quality, as the dyeing served to conceal defects in the material. Messrs. Parks only spin one quality of yarn and consequently their colored wools are equally as good as the best. Preparations are now being made at the factory to manufacture grey cotton. The proprietors are confident that in this branch, as in the various other branches, they will be able to compete successfully with the English manufacturers, and drive the imported article almost entirely from the market. The article is a commendable one, and is given and encouraged by the people of the colonies. We heartily endorse the above which we clip from the Halifax Chronicle. A sample of their warp may be seen at this office.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER OF "OLD NEWS" opens with a discussion by the editor on co-operation and churches. This is followed by a political article, after which a belletrist's article follows. The latter is given in full. The title of the last, of that brilliant young author's works; the third of Mr. Martineau's powerful and thoughtful papers is given. The "Humans" is continued. There is a curious speculation by J. W. DeForest, of the "know nothings," on "Nash's Flood," which bears a striking resemblance to the "know nothings" of a flood of men,—"an invasion" of

AMHERST, AS ALL our readers doubtless know, is almost on the dividing line between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and only nine miles from the flourishing

town of Sackville, N. B., with which it is connected by rail, that section of the Intercolonial having been opened some time ago. As the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition was to open at Sackville on Tuesday, the excursionists from Halifax decided to visit it, and see a part of New Brunswick, though they could not, as they had hoped, attend their visit to St. John. At 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning we left Amherst by special train for Sackville. The "big wigs" were not with us, the Chief Justice having to open his Court at Amherst, and Mr. Howe, who had been worn out by his previous day's travel, having determined to rest on Tuesday, preparatory to resuming his journey to Ottawa. Twenty minutes ride—during which the famous Tantramar Marsh was crossed—brought us to the Exhibition grounds, about three quarters of a mile from the Sackville station. A platform had been erected on the railway line, in front of the Exhibition building, to enable visitors by rail to get off there instead of at the station in the village. On leaving the cars the party were received by the Mayor, and escorted to the Exhibition building and grounds. The building is a modest one, 75 x 12 feet, with a large table in the centre, and one against each wall, all running the whole length of the edifice. In the rear, and connected with the main building, is a dining saloon for the visitors. The grounds are extensive, enclosed by board fences, and well adapted for the exhibition of horses, cattle, &c. One notable feature of them is a circular race-course, on which several horse races were appointed to take place on Thursday. The race-course is a fine one, and the building interesting and pleasing, and including many superior articles, was not as extensive or as good as might have been expected in a Provincial Exhibition. It is just, however, to our sister Province that we should say that the Exhibition could not be seen to advantage on the first day, as many articles had yet to arrive, and the interest in the affair would hardly commence before the formal opening by Governor Wilnot on Wednesday. The exhibitors of cattle, &c., evidently regarded the first day as unimportant, as of the 100 entries in that department scarcely a dozen animals were in the pens. The committee of management deserve much credit for the perfection of their arrangements. There seemed to be a place for everything, with everything in its place, and an official wearing a badge of office attended to every want of the exhibitor or visitor.

Outside the Exhibition building our party were fortunate in meeting with Mr. W. C. Milner, editor of the "Chignecto Post," who conducted us to the institution of Sackville, the Mount Allison College and Academy, and introduced us to Professors Allison and Inch, who kindly showed us through the buildings. The ladies' academy was first visited and inspected, from the basement to the cupola. The classes being in session at the time, the visitors had an excellent opportunity of seeing the institution in operation, and certainly all must bear testimony to the excellence of all the arrangements, the comfort and elegance of the rooms, and the happy countenances of the young ladies whose studies were intruded upon by such an unusually large party of visitors. The cupola, the building commanded a fine view of the beautiful village and surrounding country, and the Professors and Mr. Milner took pleasure in pointing out the public buildings, churches, factories and the many natural and artificial attractions of the locality. While the party were in the drawing room and about to take their leave the Professor of Music (a young Italian) and one of the ladies of the establishment entertained them with music.

The inspection of the ladies' academy having been finished, some of the young gentlemen of the party, who had before professed a deep interest in the cause of education generally, suddenly became lukewarm and were not intensely anxious to visit the other branch of the institution; but as there were amongst the visitors several ladies whose interest in the cause had not abated, the young men's college was also inspected, as well as Lingley Hall, a neat and spacious building, where the lectures and public exhibitions in connection with the college take place.

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The Family
For the Provincial Wesleyan.
HOME.
Delightful thoughts, how many and how sweet,
Are couched beneath this precious little word;
What happy seasons, when we meet and greet,
Our friends, all gathered round the family board.
Home is the place where general comfort reigns;
'Tis there we shun the turmoils of the world;
'Tis there we ease our body of its pains,
And sit in calm, like ship with sails all furled.
Home is a shelter from this earth's vain cares;
'Tis that revives us when we are depressed;
'Tis that which wipes away our bitter tears,
And, when worn down with trouble gives us rest.
Whose heart doth not at once catch up the word?
With pleasing recollections hovering round,
And feel within their finest feelings stirred,
While ruminating on the blissful sound.
Home, 'tis the word that cheers us when away,
And battling with the world, on sea or land;
'Tis home that turns our darkness into day,
And gives us strength our hardships to withstand.
The sailor, tempest-tossed out on the deep,
With surging billows foaming all around;
The traveller, or the desert bare and bleak,
Alike, in that sweet word, know strength is found.
But home, that blessed home beyond the sky,
Is to the heaven-bound pilgrim still more dear;
'Tis that which raises all our comforts high,
And banishes our most distressing fear.
'Tis that which helps us bear the ills of life,
With patience, fortitude and trust in God;
Assured that when we end this mortal strife,
That home shall be our evening abode.
ROBERT FITZMAUR.

WHAT THE PAIN COULD BE
Early Saturday evening, at a desk in the snug room of her newly painted grocery, sat Mrs. Webster, figuring up some columns in her ledger, and holding herself ready to meet any caller who might wish to settle their accounts. Since her husband died she had taken hold of the business herself with earnestness and energy, showing that sometimes a woman can do better than a man, even on his own ground. She had shown good sense and judgment, not only in the purchase and sale of her goods, but also in the good order and neatness that reigned everywhere in the store.
Presently in came Philip Phillips, a mechanic and a customer. His bill now amounted to upwards of twenty dollars, a large amount for him, for of late Mrs. Webster, considering his temperate habits, had seldom allowed him credit to any great extent.
"I can pay you twelve dollars to-night, Mrs. Webster; sorry it's no more," said Philip, shuffling up to the desk.
"I'm sorry too, Philip. It's not what I like to say for your wife and children's sake, I regret to say it—but we will have to let the balance of this account still next pay day, and not let it grow any. I'll sell right cheap for cash, you understand; and for to-night, I'll give you a receipt for ten dollars."
Philip took a long breath. Half sitting and half leaning on the bench at the side of the desk, he looked around while Mrs. Webster was writing the receipt. To change the subject, for he felt uncomfortable under the implied refusal to trust him till the balance of his account was paid—he began to praise the looks of the store in its new dress of paint, and with new fixtures.
"It looks very nice in here since you painted up. It takes a woman to get ahead in the world. It must have cost a big sum to paint up after this fashion."
"It has not cost so very much, Mr. Phillips. I hope you'll take kindly, if I speak candidly; it's a fact that it hasn't cost you more to paint up my store than it has cost you to paint your nose."
Phillips started back, looking confused and angry, his cheeks almost as red as his face. But remembering that it was a lady in whose presence he stood, he checked himself, and said, "That's considerable of a liberty, Mrs. Webster; that's right down personal."
"Now, Philip, you must bear with my plainness. You know as plain as I can tell you that that wife of yours, and children too, you might be in as prosperous a condition as I am. You are getting good wages, but at the rate you are going on nobody knows how long it will last. To make a calculation how much it costs to keep you in drink—or, what is the same thing, to paint your nose—you must add to what you pay the bar-tender for your little losses and drawbacks which the habit of tipping always occasions. You know that things go wrong at home on account of it. For instance, you being a customer of the dram shop is the reason why your wife cannot afford to keep a girl, and being at times quite over-worked, she has an occasional attack of sickness, and then you have a doctor's bill to pay. In many ways your habit is seen to be expensive. Your loss of credit is no doubt a disadvantage, and some—mind I say it for your benefit—some have lost their position through their temperate habits, and have gone down hill from that time. Perhaps you've heard the funny remark, that when a man begins to go down hill, he finds everything greased for the occasion. The paint on one's nose costs more and more—and at last it may cost the man's life, and that is infinitely of more importance. It is likely to cost him his soul too. If you would save all that, make it a settled point never to go inside of the drinking saloon."
With his face very red, Phillips made an awkward bow, and thanking Mrs. Webster for her advice, he went out.
It was his intention to go to Van Lennep's saloon, where he had a bill to pay—for Philip's imagining himself an honest man, thought that he tried as well as he knew how, to pay his way in the world. One thing he had known for a long time—had nothing to lay by at the end of the week, and now he was going behind hand.
Outside he met a youngster, the son of a man who was once a neighbor, but now, having risen in the world, he lived in another street.
"Mr. Phillips, said the boy, 'I was just going over to your house to see if Mrs. Phillips don't know of any woman who'll come and wash for us on Monday morning—or maybe she'll come herself—mother told me to ask.'"
"Well, that's queer in your mother to tell you so. My wife don't go out a washing."
"I suppose that's all so, Mr. Phillips. But mother said that Mrs. Phillips had been over there, and said she didn't know but she would

have to go out a little in that way—wash, or iron, or something of that kind—to get money to buy clothes for herself, such as she would like to have. You men's blame me, or mother, for asking her about it."
"Enough said," muttered Phillips. "My wife don't go out a washing or ironing either. Tell your folks that for me."
As the boy went his way, Phillips stood irresolute, gloomily pondering what he heard.
"She go out and do washing? Never; not even for a friend. But then, if we're going down hill, who knows but that she'll have to come to it?"
Phillips finally concluded that he would not go to Van Lennep's that evening, but would let him wait till the end of the next month for his pay. He had two reasons for going there; he felt the need of a dram, along with the attractions of jolly associates, and he wanted to pay his score. But now he resolved to take them home.
He took a seat in the room where he and his children were, and they had little to say at first, for he felt gruff and gloomy, and a little tender withal. The talk of Mrs. Webster about painting his nose, stung him to the quick. He used to think himself a handsome man; perhaps his coarse habits had changed all that. His little daughter Mary, not yet nine years old, came and climbed on his knee, and then remembering, she said, "Papa, I'll run and get a bouquet I made for you this morning out of some flowers in the garden," and she ran and brought the flowers, a bunch of morning glories, now all faded and drooping.
"They're the only flowers I could get in the garden," she said, "and they're all spoiled," she added complacently; and she held back, as if doubting whether to present them or throw them away.
"Hand them to me, Mary. You did the best you could, I s'pose," said her father, trying by a blunt manner to hide his real feelings.
"Let's see—morning glories. Bright things in the morning, and pretty enough, but they don't hold out. They're like people, aren't they, Mary?"
His wife emboldened by this little bit of moralizing, ventured to put in a word. "They're very much like ourselves, Philip. When we were first married all was bright.
"But it faded away like the morning glories," continued Philip. "Well, now, if there's any flower that keeps its color all the year round, let me know, and I'll buy it."
As Philip said this, his face colored for some reason he thought ludicrously, and yet plainly struck him that his own nose was a flower of that description—red all the year round; and it seemed to him that his wife, and little Mary too, were divining his thoughts.
He rose, and as he did so, he caught a glimpse of his face in the glass. "There's the nose with the red paint on it," he reflected.
"That's the paint that costs us all so much. Opening his pocket-book, he handed his wife ten dollars.
"Take this, Janie, and I'll double it next month; you'll need it to get you something new."
"And you'll buy me a little photograph album, won't you, papa?" said little Mary.
"Yes, my little one, if it don't cost too much; but what kind of an album do you want me to get you?"
"I want a little one with twelve places in it for pictures. I want your picture, papa and mamma's; all the girls put their father's and mother's in first."
"Suppose we'll, Mamma, till I'm better looking. Maybe I'll come to my good looks in a few weeks."
"O you're good looking enough—only the nose is red."
"Well, Mamma, said Philip, feebly, as he drew the little girl to his bosom, for his mind was fully made up, and he acted as if the best way to be a man again was to be candid and tender. "I shall pay no more money for nose-paint, it costs too much." And then turning to his wife who was an astonished listener to his new way of talking, he said, "That's just so, Janie; I'm done throving money away on Van Lennep and all his tribe; we'll be happy yet, for I mean to save as I go along; and maybe, if I waste no more money on the paint Mrs. Webster told about, the old morning glories will come back again, and stay for a lifetime."—*Young Folks' News.*

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.
As is well known, he began his travelling experiences as a missionary. It was in the glow of love which Christianity inspires, that he felt he was resolved to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery. His first idea was, that he could do most good as a medical missionary in China, but, in consequence of the opium war, he turned his attention to Southern Africa, where the labors of Rev. Robert Moffat, whose daughter he afterwards married, were accomplishing favorable results among the natives. A thorough theological training prepared him for the missionary work, which, for sixteen years he prosecuted with untiring zeal, often in the heat of the African sun, his constant intercourse with savage races, had made him so unfamiliar with his mother tongue, that on his return to England he found difficulty in expressing himself with fluency at the public meetings held in his honor.
It was during these pioneer efforts that Livingstone turned to good account the services of his simple Scottish home. In early life, while working in a cotton factory, he used to place his book on the spinning jenny, so that close attention enabled him to master its contents in spite of the roar of the machinery. To this part of his education he attributed his power of completely abstracting his mind from surrounding noises so as to read and write with perfect comfort, near the dancing and songs of savages.
How the brave missionary clung to his chosen work, undeterred either by the hostility of the natives or the miseries of the swamps, bearing a charmed life in the midst of appalling dangers, is known to all the readers of his travels. His wife proved a worthy helpmeet in his trials and privations. She accompanied him on both of his journeys across the entire continent from the shores of the Indian Ocean to Atlantic. Her womanly influence kept him from venturing beyond the bounds of a reasonable prudence, and restrained him from yielding to the temptation to stray upon a lover of natural freedom, of falling into the ways of savage life. Her unexpected death, on the 17th of April, 1862, while she was planning to take part in the Gambia expedition, was an irreparable loss to the great explorer.
"Mr. Phillips, said the boy, 'I was just going over to your house to see if Mrs. Phillips don't know of any woman who'll come and wash for us on Monday morning—or maybe she'll come herself—mother told me to ask.'"
"Well, that's queer in your mother to tell you so. My wife don't go out a washing."
"I suppose that's all so, Mr. Phillips. But mother said that Mrs. Phillips had been over there, and said she didn't know but she would

never lost faith in his existence despite the rumors of his having succumbed to them. Almost the last words of Sir Roderick Murchison, as he lay dying in London, last October, were, "Livingstone will come back." As the servant did not, however, dream of the discovery of the discoverer, and merely anticipated his return for the means of prosecuting his researches, it is by no means certain that his prediction will be fulfilled.—*Alexander Young, in Golden Age.*

TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS.
First, Miss McGinty came over to know if a pallet of coal she could borrow. Her husband had ordered a ton from the yard; she'd return it to-morrow.
Then came Mrs. Martin from over the way. Who said she'd stepped over to see if I would oblige her till that afternoon. With only a drawing of tea.
Next came Mrs. Johnson, who'd like very much I'd lend her, an hour or two.
A couple of iron, as she had on hand. Some work she was hurried to do.
Then came Mrs. Thomson, a neighbor next door.
A troublesome, cranky old dame.—Who wanted to borrow for that afternoon. The loan of my large quilting frame.
Scarce had she gone when old widow Jones, who said she was going to scrub, I'd lend her the use of my tub.
When Mrs. Wilson came over in haste.—In her hand a pitcher she bore, Her molasses fell short, she hadn't enough. And would like to borrow some more.
Next came Mrs. Hernandez, who wanted to know if the paper I had read through, And would feel much obliged to me if I would But loan it an hour or two.
And even at night, when going to bed, There came to my door, Mrs. Doyle, Who had to sit up,—her daughter was sick.—And wanted some kerosine oil.
With patience exhausted, I'm forced to declare that in future I'll lessen my labors. By refusing to lend everything I possess To improvident, troublesome neighbors.

QUEEN VICTORIA.
William IV. expired about midnight at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed," with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle and made his way with all speed to Kingston Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess—already, by the law of succession, Queen—Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attended herself and met her venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the death of William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. "The sovereign of the most powerful nation at the feet of a girl of eighteen." She was de jure Queen of the Anglo Saxon, in fact or history, on which the "sun never sets." She was deeply agitated at the formidable words, so fraught with blessing or calamity, and the first words she was able to utter were these: "I ask your prayers in my behalf."
They knelt together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young king of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the high priest, who ruled in the kingdom of sheen, an understanding heart to judge of good and evil, who could not be negligent or contented for multitudes.
The sequel of her reign has been worthy of such a beginning. Every throne in Europe has tolerated since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned. That of England was never so firmly seated in the loyalty and love of the people as at this hour. Queen Victoria enjoys personal influence too, the heart-felt homage paid her as a Christian woman—incomparably wider and greater than that of any monarch now reigning.

A GOOD WORD FOR CHURCH PAPERS.
The New York Tribune says you might nearly as well forget your churches, academies and school-houses as to forget your Church papers. It speaks to ten times the audience that your local minister does, and if it has any ability at all, it is read eagerly each week from beginning to end. It reaches you all, and if it has a lower spirit and less wisdom than a sermon, it has a thousand times better chance at you. Lying as it does, open on every table, in almost every house, it is your support and exact from it, as able, high-toned a character as you do from any educator in your midst. It is in no sense beneath your notice and care—unless yourselves are beneath notice and care—for it is your representative. Indeed, in its character it is the summation of the importance, interest, and welfare of you all. It is the aggregate of your consequence, and you cannot ignore it without miserably deprecating yourselves.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.
How sweet it were, if without leetle fright, Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight, An angel came to us, and we could hear To see him issue from the silent air! At evening in our room, and bend on ours His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers News of dear friends and children who have never met.
Be dead indeed—as we shall know forever. Alas! we think not what we daily see About our hearth—angels that are to be Or maybe, if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air; A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings In union with ours, breeding its future wings.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

There are not a few young people who find both employment and profit in keeping a scrap-book. One difficulty with which they have to contend is in getting a paste which will neither mold nor stain the paper. For the benefit of those, we pass along the statement, that the best paste for scrap-books is made out of corn-starch. Dissolve a small quantity in cold water, then cook it thoroughly, taking care not to have it too thick. It should be this enough when cold to apply with a brush. This is the kind used by daguerotypists on "gem" pictures.

Life of Man BITTERS!
FROM THE
Roots and Plants of Nova Scotia CURS
Dropsy in its worst form; Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Swelling of the Limbs and Face, Anemia of various kinds, Suppurative Discharges, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Sick Headache, Diseases of the Blood, Female Diseases, Running Sores, Rheumatism, Erysipelas.
These BITTERS taken in connection with our
Invigorating Syrup,
WHICH REGULATES THE BOWELS AND PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
The following certificates describe a few of the astonishing cures which have been made by the use of these remedies—
CALEB GATES & Co.,
Gentlemen,—I take this opportunity of testifying to the value of your Invigorating Syrup. My daughter, a child of twelve years of age, was afflicted during the past winter with loss of appetite followed by general debility and weakness of the stomach, to the extent that she could not retain food upon the stomach, the consequence of which was that she became a quiescent of blood, and was fast wasting away while the Doctors could do nothing for her. Mr. John N. Coleman happened to call at my house and seeing the pitiful condition of the child recommended the Syrup. We gladly took it, and in a few days she procured a bottle which gave great relief, and a second one made an entire cure.
WALTER WHITE.
Personally appeared before me the subscriber Walter White and made oath to the above certificate.
I. N. COLEMAN, J. P.
Lakerville, Kings Co., N. S., June 14th, 1871

W. J. NELSON & CO.,
BRIDGEWATER, N.S.
Sole and all Dispensaries and respectable dealers in the Dominion.

COLLINS' CHESTNUT
FOR
CONSUMPTION COUGHS
CROUP
COLDS CATARRH
All who buy Collins' Chestnut who need to try any medicine for Consumption, as it is beyond all others, the most effective and the most pleasant medicine to take. If you cannot get it in your own country, you can get it in large doses; Croup, after an emetic, yields to it; Catarrh disappears before it; and Bronchitis cannot remain in its hold.
This most excellent medicine for all diseases of the Chest and Throat is guaranteed to be purely vegetable; no noxious minerals enter into its composition; and myriads have blessed the day when they were induced to try the Lung medicine with eight C's.
Prepared and sold by
W. J. NELSON & CO.,
BRIDGEWATER, N.S.
Sole and all Dispensaries and respectable dealers in the Dominion. Price 8c.

OLD EYES MADE NEW
All diseases of the Eye successfully treated by
Bell's New Patent Ivory Eye Cups.
Read for yourself and restore your sight. Spectacles and Surgical operations rendered useless. The inestimable Blessings of Sight is made perpetual by the use of the new
Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups.
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