

The Wesleyan.

345

S. F. HUESTIS, Publisher.
T. WATSON SMITH, Editor.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL XXXV.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1883.

No. 44

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

After he came back from his travels a good brother shortened his prayer at the weekly social meeting one-half. He had visited some live churches. Send off some more of them.—*Nashville Ad.*

As it requires no reformation to become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and as members are not expelled for immorality, it is not very strange that it should have numbers.—*Western Ad.*

How much have you paid for missions this year—how much will you pay? We know of men who are worth several thousand dollars who give only one dollar to missions. Brethren, pray for all such—they need much prayer.—*Raleigh Ad.*

"Six children joined, and when they responded to the questions, clearly and distinctly, the hearts of the older Christians were deeply moved." No wonder! The hearts of the angels thrill with joy, and their voices join in the song of triumph, when they look on such scenes.—*Texas Ad.*

Dr. B. W. Richardson, before the Social Science Congress, said: "I do not overestimate the fact when I say that if such a miracle could be performed in England as a general conversion to temperance the vitality of the nation would rise one-third in value." It is just as true with reference to this country.

The preacher who works only where there is good material and pleasant work, and the people who pay only when the preacher's manners are pleasant and his sermons entertaining, are off the same piece of cloth. Usually there would be a mutual, big disgust, if that preacher were sent to preach to that people.—*Holston Meth.*

It is a maxim of the Romish Church: "Where heretics are strong commend them to God, where they are weak to the executioner." The spirit and design of the system is always the same; but its policy and tactics are changed according to circumstances. Hence Romanism wears a somewhat different garb in this country from that assumed on the Continent.—*Methodist.*

"Eighty-one per cent of the police cases of Cincinnati, Ohio, have been traced to liquor-drinking as cause and occasion." A similar statement may be made respecting crime in all the leading cities and towns of the nation. In these few lines there is an unanswerable argument in favor of prohibition. A three hours' speech from the champion of the saloons in the Texas Senate cannot successfully meet the logic of this single fact.—*Texas Ad.*

An elegantly dressed young lady who landed on her return from Europe last week was analyzed in the New York Custom house, and found to be a base mixture, composed of one part girl to three parts lace, velvet, kid gloves, and other dutiable goods. Her trunks were similarly treated, and the whole value of the precipitation was \$5,000. Women are said to be more moral than men but then there are temptations and temptations.—*Ex.*

Horace Greely once said—and there is not a little truth in the remark—"The Methodist Church has grown to her present greatness by her singing." But it is to be feared little of that power exists at present. I, therefore, exhort my brethren to come back to the earnestness and spirituality of the olden time, and by making public worship attractive, solve the vexed problem of "how to reach the masses."—*Dr. Trafton, in Zion's Herald.*

Last Sunday and Monday were days set apart for universal prayer for Sunday-schools. From Europe, America, Asia, the Dark Continent, and the Isles of the Sea has gone up the polyglottal voice of earnest prayer to the Divine Father of our spirits and of all flesh. It is not only the steel rail and the telegraph wire that bring us close to each other. It is the presiding and prevailing Christ that makes us nearer akin.—*Southern Ad.*

The total annual German production of beer averages 2270 gallons for each man, woman and child. The English, last year, consumed 884 gallons per head of population, the Americans (United States) 400 gallons, the Russians but eighty gallons. The world's annual production of beer, including eighteen countries, is estimated to be 3,600,000,000 gallons in Europe, and 400,000,000 in the United States.—*Iowa Methodist.*

What the Irish people have spent in drink and lost through drinking during the past forty years, if now available, would abundantly suffice to buy all the land in Ireland, to replace all the houses in the country with very

necessary roads, railways, and tramways—in fact, to set Ireland well on her feet. Will my Irishmen begin to ask each other, "When shall we be wise?"

The Bishop of British Guiana, having suggested that the sugar planters should contribute a shilling for every bushhead of sugar, for Church purposes, a correspondent of the *Bemara Daily Chronicle* has calculated that each bushhead of sugar raised in the island already pays 2s. 8d. in the form of a State subsidy, for the services of the Church of England clergy; though they are in a decided minority of the ministers in British Guiana. And he asks, "Is it just that a minority Church in a non-Christian community should be subsidised by the State?"—*The Liberator.*

The small and select company of ruffians who wish to see Ireland by blowing up everything and everybody English, have been thrown into the wildest commotion by the five-column letter which James McDermott has made public. They are thirsting for McDermott's gore. Now, if the English Government would send McDermott on a search for the open Polar Sea, and the whole dynamite troop would start in prompt pursuit, both England and America would be content to go without news of either expedition for the next century or two.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Nevertheless, the report of the religious condition of the Universities is cheering. There is at the present time a rising tide of religious zeal amongst the undergraduates. They are doing temperance work. They have started a Social Purity Organization, and in various ways they are trying to do good. 500 of them attended the meetings of Moody and Sankey, and crowds went to hear Canon Liddon last Ash Wednesday. Several Nonconformist undergraduates are in the habit of preaching. It is evident that Nonconformity is beginning to influence the Universities, especially in regard to Christian work.—*Methodist.*

Black and Garfield both belonged to the Christian (Campbellite) Church. Black was immersed by Alexander Campbell. This Church teaches baptismal regeneration and immersion—that the sinner is regenerated whilst in the act of being immersed. A comforting doctrine, if true. But the thief went to Paradise without baptism, and Peter says Cornelius had the outward sign or water baptism. How is that? Simon had been baptized, but Peter said he had not been regenerated. How is that?—*Wilmington Star.*

At the Conference of the North of England Temperance League, it was stated that the leading insurance offices offered inducements to teetotallers to join them by taking them at 20 per cent. less than other persons. In London the Hyde Park Co-operative Cab Company employ only Good Templars as drivers. The company has been in existence a year, and has paid a dividend of 12 per cent. Lord Bective had turned all the wine out of his house, and the Duchess of Sutherland is drawing aristocratic people into the temperance work.

At a temperance meeting in St. Petersburg, Mr. Sydney Buxton appears to have stated that the average age of Englishmen has lately increased by as much as two years. This increase he attributed to the spread of temperance principles, though he added that the progress of medical science might have contributed something. The next generation, he thought, would probably witness a still greater improvement. Mr. Buxton evidently does not agree with the biblical science which makes longevity conditional on honouring one's parents. If we want to live long, he contends, the best thing we must do is not to follow the example of our progenitors.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

It is stated that in twenty-two years Massachusetts has tried 170 persons for murder in the first degree, and hung only 16 of them. In Connecticut, during a period of thirty years, 97 persons were tried for murder in the first degree, and only 13 were convicted, and 7 hanged. In this city, from 1873 to 1877, there were 185 homicides, and four hangings. It is no wonder that a murderer once said, "Hanging is played out." In a few cases the wrong men are put on trial in cases "worked up" by detectives. But there is a dreadful laxity in the pursuit and prosecution of criminals by those who are appointed and salaried to execute the criminal laws. Boneless administration is the trouble all the way up from the police who wink at illegal ramshouses to the attorneys of the States. We want some reforms in the handling of criminals.—*N. Y. Ad.*

THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO.

The Rev. Dr. Butler recently delivered an address before the Methodist Conference in Dublin which has been published in pamphlet form. *The Irish Christian Advocate* says: "There are but few nations whose history could not furnish a terrible indictment against Rome; but the charges laid at its door by Mexico are drawn up with facts taken from contemporary history, showing conclusively that Romanism is the same to-day when she has the power as when in years gone by she martyred the saints in Smithfield, in London. If we would look into the heart and soul of Rome we must go to those places and times, and in which she has ever held supreme sway. In England the Romanist builds the charitable institution and the sombre-looking convent in Ireland, he founds the secret society, but in Mexico, where disguise was no longer necessary, he set up the Romish Inquisition!"

The following is a quotation from the pamphlet: "In Puebla he (Dr. Butler) visited a friendly German Jew and asked him whether he had any property he could sell, likely to be suitable for the carrying on of Methodist Missions. The Jew thought for a moment, and said he had not; but as Dr. Butler was leaving him he called after him and said he had a building on hand—the building of the Inquisition which, when the Church property was secularized, he had purchased from the Government, and which he would be glad to turn over an honest penny upon if he could. That was strange—the Romish Inquisition offered for sale to a Methodist minister by a German Jew! He bought the building. He would not utter the startling thing he was about to say if he had not seen them with his own eyes, and had with him the evidence which the truthful sun writes to prove his words. The Inquisition was built of walls seven feet thick—not because that part of the country was subject to earthquakes, but because they wanted cells to lie within those walls. They were afraid to use the fire in veritable Auto-Cafes, as their predecessors had done in Smithfield and elsewhere. It was too close to the United States in these days for such hellish executions. They found it safer and quieter, and more convenient to build in the wall cells four feet square and six high. They could leave the door open until the cell was wanted, then when the Bible reader, or the lover of civil and religious liberty, was secretly arrested and brought here before Inquisitors and he refused, even under torture, to recant, he was manacled by both ankles and wrists, and was taken—not like men prepared for the grave, but in their daily clothing as they stood, and placed in one of these cells, and the door was built up before the poor victim's face, a coat of plaster and white wash made all uniform, and they thought they had concealed their crime to the end of time!!! When, after the revolution, that Inquisition came, like the old Bastille, under the vengeance of the populace, they broke open those little cells, where they found skeletons and bodies, the latter so recently immured that some could be stood up and photographed. He had some of the photographs in his hand, and they could see them at the close of the service. He looked around the building and fixed upon the Examination Chapel, where Rome had examined these victims, as a suitable place to hold their services. Then he went up there and stood upon the dais, and realized where he was, with that line of dreadful cells under him, and with the place before him where so many when they would not give up the Bible had been carried away to a living death."

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light house sounds no drum, it beats no gong; yet far over the waters its friendly light is seen by the mariner.—*Springton.*

A PIECE OF HISTORY.

That dear Baptist brother, whose history is given in the *Independent* of Sept. 27th, was a special friend of mine. We studied in the same Pædobaptist college and seminary. We were not classmates, and, indeed, had no personal acquaintance till we left the seminary. Our attachment commenced in a western town, where we were both preaching, he to the Baptist church and I to the Congregational. We exchanged pulpits. We worked together in the same revival meetings. In spirit and doctrine, with the exception of baptism and communion, we were one. I was never invited to commune with his church, and he never dared commune with mine. He was present at one of our communion seasons, and at the close of the sermon led in prayer, and most earnestly besought the Lord to meet with us and bless us at his table; and he undertook to explain to the Lord the apparent inconsistency of asking his blessing upon a religious rite in which he could not conscientiously participate. The explanation may have been satisfactory to the Lord, but it did not seem lucid to me, and I was impressed that it was embarrassing to him. Why should he fear to join in a feast of love, where he believed Jesus would preside? But he was good; and I loved all him the better for his fervent prayer, even at the expense of consistency.

From this point our paths lay asunder for several years. But when we met our souls soon melted together as never before. My church occupied the upper story of the same building as the lower story of which he was conducting an academy. As there was no Baptist church in that town he continued his connection with the church where he last labored, but worshipped mainly with our church, and was a valued help in the common work. For many weeks we labored as one in a precious revival, and a large number of his pupils were converted. He sat with me in the pulpit when they united with the church. With tears of joy and gratitude he addressed them, and with melting heart commended them to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. At the table of the Lord he was not a partaker, but was a deeply interested spectator.

On Monday evening, as was our custom, we took a long walk and talk together. He said he longed to unite with those dear pupils in commemorating the death of the blessed Saviour, but he could not conscientiously do it. He believed baptism should precede communion, and they had not been baptized as he understood it.

"But," I asked, "have they not been baptized as they understood it?"

"Yes," said he. "Undoubtedly they have."

"Were they not under obligation to follow their own convictions, as much as you to follow yours?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Have they not then obeyed God in the matter of baptism the same as you have?"

"They have undoubtedly intended to do their whole duty. They are perfectly honest, and God accepts them, I have no doubt."

"Was it your duty to rebuke them, by refusing to commune with them?"

There was silence for fifteen minutes.

"Then said he: 'I cannot answer now, I must take time to think.'"

The day before the next communion he said to his pupils: "I asked God to be with you and bless you at the last communion, and I believe he did. I feel that he will be with you to-morrow, and I cannot rebuke you by refusing to go to the Lord's table with you."

In a few months, though still adhering to immersion, he joined the Pædobaptist Church.

In future years he often expressed astonishment that he ever should have thought it necessary to exclude from

the Church and from communion those whom he acknowledged as Christians in every other possible way; in other words, that he should have treated as heathen and publicans, by excommunication, those whom he believed to be accepted of God and faithful workers in his vineyard.—*Prof. Fairchild, in N. Y. Independent.*

JESUS ON TRIAL.

It was an autumnal evening; the quarterly love-feast had called together a large audience. After the usual expressions of Christian fellowship and the singing of the familiar hymn, "I've reached the land of corn and wine," an opportunity was given for religious testimony. Immediately there arose an experienced Christian, who spoke in substance as follows: "Jesus is on trial to-day. His person and work are being questioned, and that, too, in high places. Many are doubting that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin; others, over-awed by the pretensions of sceptical minds, are gradually forsaking the old landmarks; while a vast number of professing Christians are living as though there was nothing more in religion than a mere outward name. But I wish to be a firm witness to-night at that bar of public criticism, where my Saviour is summoned for ignominious and unjust trial. I wish to avow my allegiance to him; to declare before all that he is a faithful Redeemer, and that he is able to save unto the uttermost. How many there are who meet disappointment, sickness, and death without the conscious rest of soul that Christ has promised to give unto all those who truly come to him!"

These were thrilling words. Such testimony—indicating clearness of judgment, depth of conviction, and consistency of life—is the one way by which our Lord can be rescued from the armed foes of earth. As he stands—arraigned before the profane tribunal of the wicked—one definite, decided recital of what he has accomplished in the believing soul will usually put his enemies to flight. If this does not, what can? Will cold Church conventionalities? Will flaming, rhetorical speech? Will acute human scholarship? Will confirmatory evidence brought forward by mere science? No; never, never! Experience, made known in the presence of Christ's enemies, narrated under those circumstances which are favorable to serious contemplation, wrought in the soul by the indwelling Holy Spirit—this is the Church's weapon, both for defensive and aggressive warfare, which will always prove "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

O, while our blessed Lord is on trial shall we shrink back, or sit in dumb silence in the presence of his adversaries, as though the charges against him were already established? Never let us thus participate in his continued crucifixion; never let us forget that if we are not "for him" we are "against him."—*N. Y. Ad.*

A CONTRAST.

In contrasting the liberality which permitted Charles Darwin to be laid beside Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey, with the "liberality" of Freethinkers, Dr. Deems writes in the *Richmond Advocate*: "In the city of Philadelphia there is a college amply built and endowed by a man who is claimed by the 'Freethinkers.' The founder, Stephen Girard, provided in his will for the perpetuation of the endowment on the express terms that no clergyman of any denomination, Catholic or Protestant, should be admitted to the grounds or permitted to enter the College. The President of that College, William H. Allen, Ph. D. died. He was a man of extraordinary culture as well as of remarkable ability. He was a Christian scientist, and had been honored by the highest recognition American citizens can be-

to the presidency of the American Bible Society. As a scientific man, he would have honored membership in any philosophical or scientific association. He was one of the Vice Presidents of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

Upon assuming the presidency of Girard College he felt himself shut in from intercourse with his Christian brethren who were ecclesiastics. When he was Professor of Natural Science in one of our colleges, he had a pupil whom he impressed powerfully, and by the fascination of his methods of teaching drew the youth to scientific pursuits which he never since wholly abandoned. By an accident in the laboratory, which Professor Allen always charged to himself, although the pupil never did, the young man was so seriously injured that at one time his life was despaired of. But he recovered, and afterward became professor in a university. Between the two men there grew a more strong friendship. The younger professor became a clergyman, and on a visit to Philadelphia, called to see President Allen at Girard College. He was refused admittance. When Dr. Allen learned who was in the porter's lodge, he rushed to meet his former pupil, his face all aglow with excitement, and exclaimed:

"Does it not seem a shame that I live in a house which you cannot enter?"

If this young man had been a liar a thief, an adulterer, or a murderer, he might have had free access; but he was a clergyman.

The President of Girard College, if taken suddenly so ill within the precincts that he could not have been removed, might have lingered there and died without being able to look into the face of his father, his brother, or his son, if those gentlemen had been living and had been in orders in a Christian Church. He could neither have received nor given parting benedictions. He would have been cut off from intercourse with his spiritual adviser. As it was, the remains of this great man had to be carried out of the College to receive the decencies of a Christian funeral at the hands of the ministers of the religion he professed.

And this is the "liberality" of the Freethinkers!

An ungodly lawyer, who went out shooting ducks, asked an old colored man, who had referred to his conflicts and tribulations: "How is it that you Christian people have so much trouble with the devil, when I, a sinner, have no such conflicts?" Sambo replied: "Well, boss, don't you know how you ran after the crippled duck, and did not bother the dead one, 'cause the dead duck was a sure thing. So it is with the devil; he knows you are a dead duck, and he gives his attention to the crippled ones, like me and all others that are trying to fly from him."—*Religious Herald.*

The secret of Mr. Wm. E. Dodge's power lay in the first hour of every morning. That hour he gave to God with his Bible and on his knees, and if he came down among business men with his face shining with cheerfulness and loving kindness, it was because he had been up in the mount of communion with his Master.—*Cuyler.*

A paralyzing paragraph in the *Christian Liquor drinker* is this sentence from one of the sermons of Queen Victoria's late chaplain, the celebrated Dr. Thomas Guthrie: "Whisky is the devil's way to man and man's way to the devil."

The best things are nearest; light in your eyes, lowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life. stow upon a layman in being elected

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OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender, As my lady's fair, Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender.

And curls of sunny hair, A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty— Yet with each rising sun Begins his round of a solemn duty That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house and tower, With wondrous art and skill; Or labors with the hammer by the hour With strong determined will. anon, with loaded little cart he's plying A brick and driving trade; Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow, is trying Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden, He drags himself along; And now his lady's little voice is heard in a hoisterous shout and song— Another hour is spent in busy toiling With hoop and top and ball— And with a patience that is never failing, He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover, And on his mother's breast, Joys through the day's hard labor over, He sinks to quiet rest; And as I fond him to my bosom, sleeping, I think 'mid gayer tears, Of what the distant future may be keeping As work for manhood's year.

Must he with toil his daily bread be earning, In the world's busy mart, Life's little lessons every day be learning, With patient, struggling heart? Or shall my little activities be building Some monument of fame, On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding, The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation, But shined with sweet content; Perhaps a life in later, prouder station, In selfish pleasure spent; Perhaps these little acts may cross the portal Of learning's lofty fame, His life work to scatter truths immortal Among the sons of men! —The Presbyterian.

A WEEK OF PRACTICE.

BY RISE T. COOK.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hill, and the people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and to do it with all his might, but he did, sometimes, feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic heresies abroad and at home; while, perhaps, he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillsides and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity. The minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give you any notice to that effect, that this is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once, a week of practice instead. Perhaps you will find work that you know not of, lying in your midst. And let us all, on Saturday evening, meet here again, and choose some brother to relate his experience of the week. You, who are willing to try this method, please to rise.

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him importunately. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a piece of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-book for the purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them, "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for it," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I can't get the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell you."

"Well, brethren," he said, "I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and may be I shall profit by what I have found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it came, Monday, I looked about me to begin with, I am amiss! food of coffee, and it ain't good for me, the doctor says it ain't; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I had scared after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast with-

out it. I feel to pity a man who loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure that they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm going to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor, he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eating pie. I have the dyspepsia like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and unreliable as a weather-cock. And Dr. Drake, he says there won't be nothing help me but a diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning, while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I came across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em, if they can be, and see that they're kept clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsia. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't eat, so ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music for me considerable, and I said then, I wouldn't sneer at a drinkin' man no more, when he slipped up. I'd feel for him an' help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. Well 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all, but I found one real sick; been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt ashamed. Then another man's old mother says to me, before he came in from the shed, 'he's been a sayin' that if folks practice what they preach, you'd ha' come around to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down upon mill-hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethren, so was I. I tell you, that day's work did me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now, I tell you, but I learnt more about the Lord's wisdom than a mouth o' Sundays ever showed me.

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailing; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towards everybody; but I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twasn't easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philury says, says she, 'Squire Tucker's bull is into the orchard, a tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been breakin' into my lots ever since we got in the aftermarth, and it's Squire Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong, as he ought, and that orchard was a young one, just comin' bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin' with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much a teller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house, and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says he, 'Fellowship meetin'-day, ain't it, deacon? I'd rather he'd ha' slapped my ace. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see petty distinct what sort o' life I'd been livin' all the time I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!'

"Brethren," interrupted a slow, hoarse voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons came round like a man an' a Christian, right here. He asked me to forgive him, and not to think it was the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothin' else. I was the one that wouldn't say that I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas overlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I'd b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it haun't worked, and I leave it behind to day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seeing one honest Christian man fetched me round to't.

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands. "Bless the Lord!" said the quivering tones of a still older man, from a far corner of the house, and many a glittering eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when the next day come, I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's.

I opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day o' prayer for the family relations. I thought I would say nothing. I jest fetched in the kindlin myself, and when the fire burnt up good, I called my wife.

"Dear me!" says she, "I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit. I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was just a goin' to say so, when I remembered the text 'bout not being bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give such a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for and waited on me for twenty o'd years, 'most scart because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she always drewed herself, and then milked the cow. When I came in, Philury was up fryin' the potatoes and the tears a shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little madder'n I did the day before, but 'twasn't nothing to my condition when I was goin' toward night, down the sular stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emily 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk!' Well, I do; he's so overlastin' pleasant an' good-natured, I can't but think he's struck by death.

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sular stairs and cried. I did, really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me just as he did at Peter. Why there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right an' reason to expect I'd do my part as well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons' shortcomings than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little clutterin', but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas getting easy to practice after five days, when in comes Judge Herrick's wife after some curtin' calico. I had a han'som piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin', every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on 't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come across me. Why I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me feel all of a tremble. There was I a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye brethren, I was all of a sweat.

"Mis' Herrick," says I, "I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods; ain't thorough wove," says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times before I'd done such mean, unreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd rather, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as it 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. Thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's." So I put a Testament in my pocket, and knocked at her door. Says I, "Good-mornin', ma'am, and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallowed a little, and, fin'ly, I said, says I, "We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder."

"No you don't!" says she as quick as a wink. "I stay at home and mind my business."

"Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye

good," says I, sort of conciliatin'. "Look a here, deacon!" she snapped, "I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we a'n't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim, he drinks and swears, and Malviny don't know her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now what are you comin' here to-day I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? I'll go or come jest as I please, for all you. Now get out of this!" Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There was no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough, there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little to convert 'em, and had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat and bowed his head; and many others bent too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hill; not a year of excitement and enthusiasm, but one when they heard the Lord saying, as to Israel of old, "Go forward," and I obeyed his voice. The Sunday-school flourished, the church-services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent.

THEN I'LL DO IT.

Going down the aisle one evening my attention was attracted by a man whose appearance indicated great poverty and upon whose face was the unmistakable stamp of a life of sin. Breathing a prayer for guidance and help, I approached him and asked him to give his heart to the Saviour. He looked at me and then said, "It's no use, I'm too bad." I told him the blessed Jesus died for just such wicked people, and He would save him—yes, had promised to make just such "whiter than snow." Looking earnestly for my answer, he asked, "If I gave my heart to the Lord do you believe He would forgive me? Remember I have been very wicked." I replied, "I believe and know He will, because He has so promised."

"Then," said he, reaching for his hat, "I'll do it," and rising, he walked up to the altar of prayer. Somehow the simplicity impressed me very deeply. I thought of the contrast—this poor sinner who perhaps did not know much of the Gospel, just settling it by the "Tuen I'll do it," then of the one who professes to be God's child, who, on hearing of greater depths, heights and lengths in religion, and knowing it to be God's will that he should taste of these, hesitates and reasons and circumvents all that is said about it and every effort made to help into this better way.

Suppose that every one who enjoys justification should, when they find it to be their privilege to be cleansed from sin, and that this cleansing is received after an entire surrender of self through faith in the Son of God, say, "Then I will do God's will," what glorious results would follow.

Suppose every one of these would go in the strength of God to live and work for souls, what revivals would follow. There would be one continuous revival.

Just suppose, dear readers, each of us would, upon finding God's will towards us, say, "Tuen I'll do it," what a change would be wrought. There would then be no lack of funds for the spread of God's work; there would be no lack of persons ready to go to missionary fields; there would be no lack of workers at home. Sin-

ner, it is God's design that you should be saved. If you give your heart to Him He will save you now. Will you do it? Brother, sister, it is God's will that you should abide in Him, being cleansed from inbred sin. He asks an entire surrender of all to Him, and an implicit trust in His word. Will you do it now?

God help us all when we read His requirements to meet them, and when we read His promises to receive them implicitly.—Christian Standard.

THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

We must not doubt, or fear, or dread that love for life is only given, And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven; Oh, love were poor and vain indeed, Based on so harsh and stern a creed!

True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light, With all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night; For in that radiant home can shine Alone the immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth and power— Slow growths that through long ages came, or fruit of some convulsive hour, whose very memory must decay, Heaven is too pure for such as they.

These are complete: their work is done. So let them sleep in endless rest! Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be fully blest; I have no room to spread its wings Amid this crowd of meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below, The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe, Crown'd and completed through its pain, We know that it shall rise again. —Adelaide Anne Proctor.

ALWAYS NEW.

"How many years has I stood in this place," asked Mr. Spurgeon, "and preached to congregations just like this Sabbath after Sabbath, morning and evening? Now suppose I had preached on some scientific subject, I should have been spun out a long while ago. If I had any other doctrine to preach than Christ crucified, I should have scattered my congregation to the winds of heaven long ago."

But the gospel is always new. The name of Jesus, the music of his silver bell, rings out o'er hill and dale as when on the first Christmas night the angels sang glory to God in the highest. There is a matchless charm about it that never dies out, and never will while the world stands. The force which Christ wielded is love. The only crime which could be laid to his charge was his immensity of love, or as the poet puts it, "Found guilty of excess of love." There is a great attraction about Christ when we see the change he works in men. There is no true conversion except through the cross.

"What," asks Mr. Spurgeon, "made us a Protestant nation for so many years? I don't say we are one now. The stakes of Smithfield did it. Martyrdom burnt a place in the very heart of England for Christ to dwell in." Jesus Christ is the great attractive magnet, and when he gets hold of any of us he turns us into magnets, and we turn somebody else, and they in like manner turn others, and more and more and more the kingdom grows. Christ is still the working power, but he works through those who have received him. If men are in Christ, it matters little how or when they were converted.—Christian World.

Many turn to God in the day of trial with prayers and lamentations who never think to pray in their times of prosperity. They treat God as some treat his children here—running to them in their distresses, but passing them without recognition in the day of prosperity.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CAP'N SAM'S SERMON.

Cap'n Sam was in no mood for jokes or banter and being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterwards called "a perfect brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two year to straighten out furrows, and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise toward the captain's neatly kept place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on: "When I was a lad, and what they called a 'hard case,' that is, not

exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild.

"Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray and punish—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life.

"I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old. After a while, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea; and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and liked journeying from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something better than empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence! At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of a son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

"So, when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair, and the deep furrows on her brow; and I knew I had helped blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And these are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful, and the expression contented as possible, but the furrows were still there; I hadn't straightened them out—and—I never—shall I never!

"When they lay my mother, my fair old sweetheart, in her casket, there will be furrows on her brow, and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddy Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddy, my boy," said the quavery voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies; remember that!"

"Guess I'll chop some wood mother spoke of, I'd most forgotten," said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off in a thoughtful, soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterwards that Billy was really getting to be a comfort instead of a pest; guessed he was a-copying the captain, trying to be good to his ma—"Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked that Jimmy always meant to be a good boy, but he was actually being one now a days. "Guess your stories they liked so much have morals to them now and then," added the gratified mother with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Captain Sam, with folded arms and bent head, said softly to himself:

Well, I shall be thankful enough if any word of mine will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their mother's brow; for once there, it is a difficult task straightening out the furrows! —Illustrated Christian Weekly.

SINS BLOTTED OUT.—A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?" "I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?" "Why, they are nowhere; they are all gone," said Charlie.

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—remembered no more.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."—Phil. Meth.

1. A con- reign had of our pre- interval h- wisely- mined to s- would sho- ed to act a- which the- lish- or- the way w- some prev- sent to re- ceived his- was bound- After this- in the Lord- the Amale- of Jeho- ages beto- ed over the- dim. The- ents (Deut- 10), the h- (Num. xiv- and had n- 48 of the- the five hu- ed since th- Being of t- as plunder- particular- This co- ready to o- like disp- with all p- sult was, s- vah, that- rious; the- ed through- country, er, and a- cepting su- warriors e- stroved th- realities w- ers of a D- blood thro- ncent an- the carry- ed agas- guilty of i- and His e- existin- had prov- their fore- slay the w- it seems h- judged b- standards- viously gi- of the C- this partic- suffer wit- and little- pestilence- lies. Th- to us, but- 2. Sau- mand; but- own purp- positive a- spared the- presly co- had tided- and child- some excu- to impuls- spared the- the grate- ple, and t- the most- His motiv- was w- the risk a- dition and- glorifyin- non in re- tive king- ion in th- But what- when Sa- gunt. I- real son- the blam- tend that- for sacril- real me- would st- that whi- knew w- ed, was- tive cou- decree. ly than S- peared S- stood co- uel. Si- one of t- which is- disposing- doing u- 3. Fro- ed from- which s- justice- striking- over-who- pelled to- is no ev- repent- row for- arose for- We sh- between- leads to- worse a- We n- reason- was not- in the c- led to t- the exp- "The m- x, 26, a- the peo- that he- viceroy- advocated- ed to be- liked. who w- gent, of kin- orable p- curse i- to our- youth-

THE WESLEYAN
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1883.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS FOR 1884.

A LIBERAL OFFER.
New subscribers to the WESLEYAN for 1884 will receive the paper free from the time at which their order, with remittance enclosed, is received at this office. All persons who take immediate advantage of this offer will thus receive the paper for nearly fourteen months for the price of one year's subscription, namely, \$2.00.

PREMIUM BOOKS.

Subscribers, old and new, for the sum of \$2.30 can have their choice of two books,—Prayer and Its Remarkable Answers, by Rev. Dr. Patton; and Matthew Mellowdale, or, A Story with More Heroes than One, by Rev. J. Jackson Wray. The first of these books has about 400 pages; the second about 375 pages; and both are usually sold for \$1.00, but each subscriber may obtain one of them, postage paid, for thirty cents when forwarded with the \$2.00 for the paper. Our rule is strict—Books cannot be charged to agents!

All Methodists should be interested in the expected events of 1884. The coming year will be a historic one. About June next the hitherto divided forces of Canadian Methodism will become one Church—the largest in the Dominion. During later months our American brethren will celebrate the Centennial of the formal organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church on this Continent. All along the line we hope for an advance movement. The WESLEYAN will aim, as far as may be possible, to keep its readers posted on these and other topics of interest.

There are officials of our Church who do not get our paper! There are many, many hundreds of Methodist families that are posted on all secular topics, but who know nothing of the work of the Church whose name they bear! Will not our pastors aid us in putting a copy of the WESLEYAN in each Methodist home in the Lower Provinces? Please remember that such will get the paper free for several weeks.

S. F. HURSTIS,
Publisher.

In accordance with an arrangement made by the Book Committee, the services of Mr. Roland Mellish have been engaged by the Book Steward. Mr. Mellish will receive subscriptions for the WESLEYAN, and will carry samples of our Books, Sunday school publications, etc. We bespeak for him a cordial reception wherever he may be able to go. His first visit will be to Prince Edward Island.

A Pennsylvania paper tells of a man whose two daughters had saved \$800 from their earnings of some years in a mill, and, having determined to buy a house, sent their father to the bank to draw the money. Late that evening he was found helplessly drunk in a bar-room, with only \$65 of the \$800. He could not tell whether he had lost the money or been robbed. Can any temperance lecture better illustrate the results of the liquor traffic, or can any words used to express it be too strong?

It will be remembered that Thursday next has been appointed a day of Thanksgiving. The publication of our next paper a day earlier than usual will enable us to give our patrons the usual reading on that pleasant subject, but we take the liberty of reminding them that their joy on that day will be increased or lessened by their efforts in advance to make others enjoy it. If business engagements will not permit any one to distribute according to his ability, kind hearted agents can no doubt be found for that work. Certainly we have much cause to be grateful, and to give our gratitude a practical expression. With a slight change Coleridge's well-known words may be here appropriately quoted:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

The New Hebrides, where our Presbyterian brethren have reaped such a rich harvest is thus described: They are less than five hundred miles west of the better known Fiji Islands. The group is of some extent, its length southeast to north west being about three hundred miles. The people inhabiting these islands, who number according to Rev. S. Inglis, from 70,000 to 1,000,000, are Papuans, of the same race as the population of New Guinea. Seeing, however, that twenty languages are spoken by the native of New Hebrides (most of them as distinct from one another as Latin is from Greek), the probability is that the race is mixed. Before the introduction of Christianity, the islands were the habitation of all the cruelties and abominations of heathenism.

A former pupil at our French Institute, Montreal, is offering for sale in this city the Rev. L. N. Beaudry's "Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic." We can scarcely say more in commendation of this excellent book than has already been said. Protestant papers everywhere have spoken of it in the highest terms. It will help to put our young people upon their guard against a most seductive form of danger. It is worthy of note that the Rev. William Butler, D.D., of the M. E. Church has chosen the book out of the mass of literature on this subject to be translated and published in Spanish, as a standard work for the permanent use of the missions of which he is Superintendent in Mexico. This fact alone speaks volumes.

For some years the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world have observed the second Sunday in November with the week following as a Day and Week of Prayer for young men and for the success of Christian effort on their behalf. Active preparations are now in progress for meetings to be held simultaneously during the week beginning Sunday, November 11th. A list of topics for the several days will be given next week. The growth of the Y. M. C. A. has been marvellous. The number of Associations in various countries is over 2400. The International Committee of the United States and the Dominion of Canada reports statistics for 1883 of 737 Associations, of which 679 have an aggregate membership of 52,376.

Last week the Missionary Board of the Nova Scotia Conference met in this city. The total grant to the Conference, including sums for rents and removals, was \$8,442. After the most careful scrutiny of the figures in the District schedules it was found that the average deficiency on missions occupied by married men, placing their salaries at \$750, would be \$320.26. In connection with this we wish to emphasize the fact that there is no possible way to meet these deficiencies except by the earnest efforts of the people of the charges where the ministers are stationed. If the people make no extra effort they can know the result at a glance. The deficiency is larger than last year because of an error in the appropriations then made by the Central Board, which each Chairman can explain to the circuits within his District. Let us only add that the expected Union can in no way possible affect this year's distribution of grants.

The missionary anniversary at Charles St. Church last week was one of the best of the series. A. M. Bell, Esq. presided, and Revs. Dr. Cochran, Dr. Stewart and W. H. Hartz addressed the meeting. Those who heard Dr. Cochran on that and on previous occasions will be glad to know that he will be in the city to-day, and this evening will give an address in the Joint Mission Chapel, at which a further collection in aid of missions will be taken. Dr. Cochran's graphic descriptions of Japanese life and religious tenets, given in a very pleasing style, have been highly appreciated by our congregations, and will awaken a new interest in our mission work in Japan. Through his addresses, and those of the Rev. W. H. Hartz, who is always welcomed in Halifax, and that of Dr. Burns, of Fort Massey Presbyterian Church, and of Dr. Stewart, of Sackville, the meetings in the city have been of very deep interest. If space had permitted we should gladly have given outlines of the various speeches.

Prohibition triumphed in Iowa by a large majority. In Ohio, though the Prohibition amendment did not carry, it received the approval of 320,000 votes.

FUNERAL OF DR. RICHEY.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 26th ult., the mortal remains of this venerable minister were carried to the grave. The meeting of the Missionary Committee of the Nova Scotia Conference had brought into the city a number of ministers, all of whom, with those stationed here, numbering in all not less than thirty—were present on this occasion.

At Government House, where Dr. Richey had resided with his son, the Lieut. Governor, services were conducted by the Revs. B. C. Borden, Dr. McMurray and R. Alder Temple. At the close of prayer by the latter, the procession moved slowly toward the Grafton St. Church. With the Methodist ministers who walked at its head were several Presbyterian ministers and one Episcopal minister. In addition to these were the Revs. W. H. Hartz, President of the N. S. Conference, J. J. Teasdale and B. C. Borden, city pastors, and the attendant physician, Dr. R. S. Black. Beside the hearse, as pall-bearers, were Revs. Dr. McMurray, Dr. Stewart, R. A. Temple, James Taylor, John Lathern, S. F. Huestis, W. C. Brown, and T. W. Smith. Immediately after followed his Honor the Governor, with Messrs. M. H. Richey, Jr., Jas. Morrow and other grand-children of the deceased.

At the church the Rev. W. H. Hartz read a hymn, Rev. J. Lathern led the audience in prayer, and the Scripture lesson was read by the Rev. S. F. Huestis. The Rev. Dr. Stewart then delivered an address, the substance of which we gladly give:

We meet to-day in circumstances of humiliation and sorrow. The thoughts of the Patriarch, which have been echoed and re-echoed in all the languages of earth, are now the burden of our hearts—"Man dieth and wasteth away, yea man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Why should the beautiful fade and wither, the strong become weak, the busy and the useful become inactive, and every one around us, and each of us in turn, be carried to the tomb? Why should man die? It is heaven's decree, for "it is appointed unto men once to die." But this is no arbitrary enactment. We know the reason. Death is from sin, for "by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." Here there is a reminder of human transgression, and of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. The unchangeableness of the Divine truth and justice is made manifest. The law as law knows no mercy. Its sentence is irresistibly and universally executed, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

But if the dark cloud is over us, the bow of hope spans the cloud. Though man dies, he does not thereby cease to be. Bearing still the marks of the image of God, he is the heir of immortality, and for his eternal life is prepared. Even these sad emblems of mortality might teach us as much. Human dissolution is both like and unlike that of the lower orders of creation. We, with them, pass away and sink into corruption. But whether animate or inanimate they may reach the end of their being, the very perfection of their existence, before death comes. We do not. Our physical nature may either be "worn by slowly rolling years," or "broke by sickness in a day," but we ourselves are conscious of no impairment of our real being. There are capabilities and aspirations within us which defy death. At the end of the longest, the busiest and the most useful life, we feel that we are but beginning to live, and we naturally long for something better—a higher, wider, more enduring sphere of existence. With these data before us, it might be said that human and personal immortality is established. And yet we must be careful here. If there is any strength in the argument we believe that it arises more from the light which the Christian revelation has thrown upon it, than by its own intrinsic excellence. Job and those of his time had all the data which we possess, and yet their cry was half despairing, "If a man die shall he live again?"

We joyfully turn therefore to the volume of divine inspiration. "All flesh is grass, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." Blessed be God, it does not fail us in the days of darkness and sorrow, and death! And in this is one of the grand proofs of its heavenly origin. In the day of boisterous hilarity, or of ambitious effort it may be despised or even derided, but in the day of distress, when our loved ones pass away, or when we feel the cold hand of death pressing upon our own vitals, how naturally do we turn to these sacred pages and rejoice to hear that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." When in such circumstances, does not feel the force of the Psalmist's exclamation, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," or of the Apostle's declaration that Jesus Christ hath "abolished death, and brought life and incorruption to light through the gospel." Yet these truths are the blessed heritage of God's people, and this is His word upon which He hath caused them to hope.

But there is even more than the book to assure us of the blessed future, and of the final triumph over death and the grave. The incarnate Redeemer died once, but rose again, and death has now no dominion over Him. Of this we have the strongest evidence. The resurrection of our Lord is the Keystone of His Church. For eighteen hundred years that Church, living down the most varied and obstinate opposition, and with its members continually passing away, has borne witness to the life and power of its conquering Lord. Because He lives, it lives also. And not only so, but its dying members exult in hope. "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in them," "He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also" their "mortal bodies through His Spirit that dwelleth in them." And moreover, when He shall come again, according to His word of promise, "them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," "and so shall they 'ever be with the Lord.'" These very signs of mourning around us to-day are transformed into signs of the coming triumph of the Conqueror. Already may we hear Him say on behalf of Himself and his servants, "O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

These reflections are called forth by the removal of him whose remains lie before us on their way to the grave. Deeply sensible as I have been of my own inadequacy to the task of suitably improving this event, yet the voice of my brethren around me, and the promptings of my own affection, left me no alternative but to comply, and to add a few words respecting our honored father, who has so recently been called away.

The great natural abilities of the Rev. Doctor Richey were developed in early life, and were early devoted to the service of Christ. It was my privilege to hear from his own lips, over thirty years ago, a statement respecting his conversion to God. A stranger to the Methodists, he was induced to attend a prayer-meeting among them, and what arrested his attention and most deeply impressed his heart was the fervor and childlike confidence of a humble man who led the devotions of his neighbors. It was something so entirely new, and so attractive to him, that he was led to repeat his visits; and shortly after, by the perusal, I believe, of Fletcher's Checks, he experienced a deliverance from the notions of a limited efficacy of the Redeemer's atonement, in which he could only compare to the dissolving and dropping from his limbs of fetters with which he had been bound.

Among a people who gave such prominence to the philanthropy of God our Saviour he soon found peace in believing, and experienced the gospel to be the power of God unto salvation. Thenceforth his course was taken, and he never afterward swerved from his loyalty to the church of his early choice. Before he was out of his teens he began to preach, and from the first his ministry was eminently attractive and influential. The secret of his remarkable power in the pulpit was not merely a natural eloquence. This he had in a remarkable degree. But he was a most painstaking expositor, and patiently did he prepare for those discourses which seemed to flow so spontaneously from his lips. He was an early riser, and long before the merchant thought of going to his business, or the artisan to his toil, he was up and in his study making preparation for those sermons which were so greatly prized by the intelligent, the burden of sin or of care.

Following in the course of the pioneers of Methodism in this Dominion he may be said to have belonged to the middle age of our Methodist history, and during the strength of his days he took a prominent part in all the movements of our denomination, both in these provinces and in those of Western Canada. Then came the days of affliction and of darkness, but again "at evening time it was light." It was my comfort to visit him in the month of May last, and though a long time had passed since I had seen him before, and he was in many respects much changed, yet I found him with an intellect as strong and clear as the light of one of our summer days when there is not a cloud to come between us and the glorious sunshine. He was deeply interested in the crisis then impending in our church relations, and in reply to a question regarding his opinion of the union said, "I cannot see that Providence has anything else for us, and I think it will be a great blessing."

On suggesting that it must be cause of great gratification to him in his loneliness that God had enabled him so long to proclaim and testify the gospel of His grace, he replied in his own unassuming manner, "My services were a very poor affair." Yet he did not depreciate the Gospel itself. He said, I have just been reading Dr. Sprague's lecture on St. Paul's doctrine of the atonement, and have enjoyed it very much; I have read it twice, and it treats of the theme that is most precious to me. God seems to feed me with passages of His own word, and verses of our hymns, which bear upon His marvellous love in Christ Jesus our Lord.

And so we have no doubt he passed away leaning on the strong for strength, and being satisfied when he awoke in the Divine likeness. This also may be our joy. There is nothing like putting ourselves in the hands of Christ, as His property, absolutely; and we become united to him, and whether living or dying are the Lord's. For myself and for my brethren around me, and for each one now present I can but pray that the close of that wonderful chapter on the resurrection to which we have just listened may have its due influence upon us. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

At the close of this address, which was heard with deep interest by a highly representative audience, the pastor of the church, Rev. J. J. Teasdale, closed the service, and the procession formed again for the Cemetery. There the Rev. W. Hartz read the solemn burial service, a few visitors lingered near the mourners thinking of the many changes in the earthly career of the departed minister, and soon amid gathering shadows all took their leave of a grave over which there seemed to shine, after the mingled lights and shadows of earthly life, precious rays of light at the evening-time.

In our city pulpits and in many of our circuits touching reference was made on Sunday to Dr. Richey's death. At Windsor, with which circuit his name stood connected on the Conference Minutes, a paper was read by Rev. J. Lathern on Sunday evening, and a very deep spiritual influence pervaded the meeting.

NEW CHURCH AT LUNenburg.

To the Editor of the WESLEYAN.
After numerous unavailing efforts to secure the services of some of the representative men of our Church for the laying of the corner-stone, we resolved that it should be a success regardless of outside help. Notwithstanding, we felt that a circuit whose Methodist growth under God has been simply a marvel, and whose numerical standing, financial history, and loyalty to all departments of Methodism make it one of the important circuits of our Conference, might fairly have hoped to be so favored.

The day, Oct. 17th, was all that could be desired. Shortly after one o'clock the friends from all denominations, in evident sympathy with the movement, were to be seen devoutly tending to the place where, as yet, no palm had sounded, and no heart had formulated its need in earnest prayer; until several hundreds anxiously awaited the opening of the service. At half-past two o'clock the pastor requested the attention of the audience to the form for laying the corner-stone as contained in the Discipline, after the reading of which the Rev. J. M. Fisher announced the 672 hymn, which was well rendered by the choir, aided by Mr. J. H. Wilson's organ, kindly loaned for the occasion. The form of prayer was then read by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Tyler, of Petite Riviere, read the lessons appointed, and Rev. Mr. Oxden, of Bridgewater, gave out the 669th hymn.

The Rev. C. Lockhart, of Mahone Bay, delivered an exceedingly practical and appropriate discourse from the words, "The house of my God."

In an eloquent allusion to Israel's sweet singer, he said, an impassioned outburst of consecrated loyalty to the house and service of God was to be found in the exclamation, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Under his treatment the text gave promise of hope, cheering mortals while they die, and on triumphant pinions bearing the happy spirit back to its giver God; but a mere outline of this admirable discourse is beyond our ability. At the close of the sermon the Sabbath-school scholars, under the direction of their enthusiastic song-leader, Mr. J. Selig, gave, "Sing, children, sing," during which the collection was taken. Rev. J. M. Fisher, of Mill Village, was then introduced and held the audience willing captives to the charm of eloquence for nearly half an hour. He looked upon this as an old ceremony, dating back to the time when Jehovah laid earth's corner-stone, while "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." In speaking of the purpose of the intended edifice he contended that as Methodists they had their origin in the conversion of a soul and were organized against nothing but sin. He urged co-operation, while in life, with all who love the Lord Jesus. But as well attempt to impoverish the rolling prairie of its myriad bloom, when for every flower gathered a thousand burst into life, as to try a synopsis of this address. Then followed a song by the Sabbath-school entitled "In happy song," after which Rev. E. D. Millar, Presbyterian, although he stated that he did not intend making a speech, for the space of fifteen minutes or more gave an address not soon to be forgotten. He said, that after years of observation and study, his conviction was that the corner-stone in the great spiritual structure was broad enough for all hearty co-operation of all enlisted in the cause of Christ and humanity. It has seldom been our privilege to listen to a more stirring appeal on the ground that within themselves were the possibilities of a glorious temple and that it was alike their privilege and duty to attain "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

After the singing by the choir accompanied by the Sabbath-school the

audience moved to Cumberland Street and eagerly pressed to the main point of interest, viz., the stone, which rested above the place prepared for its reception and bore the neatly chiseled inscription "Oct. 1883." After reading the list of articles contained in the box to be deposited in the stone, Mrs. A. E. Brown, wife of the pastor, assisted by Messrs. Brown and Rafuse, builders, laid the stone according to the formula of the Discipline of the Methodist Church. The congregation then joined in singing the Doxology, after which the Rev. D. Scott, of Richey's Cove, pronounced the benediction. All seemed pleased with the proceedings and none more than the trustees, who found themselves a hundred dollars better off as a result of the collection.

The frame, 56x106, is now up. We expect to board the outside and shingle the roof this fall. The church when completed will seat in the neighborhood of twelve thousand dollars. Our people are not wealthy but willing, and the church is a necessity to meet the wants and facilitate the growth of a cause existing to destroy sin and honor Christ. Any contributions addressed to Wm. Brown, pastor, or J. H. Wilson, treasurer, will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged. W. B.

W. F. M. S.
To the Editor of the WESLEYAN.

A Union meeting of the North and South Auxiliaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Brunswick St. Church on the 24th inst., Rev. B. C. Borden in the chair. At the opening Dr. Stewart led in a brief and earnest prayer.

There was a good attendance and much interest shown. Encouraging reports were read from both societies, and a stirring address given by the Rev. Dr. Cochran, late missionary to Japan. He spoke very highly of the work our missionary, Miss Cartmell, has done in Japan and said, if the whole land had been searched a more suitable lady could not have been found. This in itself is encouraging, and already the stamp of the divine approval rests on her work. The prayers of all the members of our societies are earnestly requested that this work may grow and prosper.

Dr. Cochran put strongly before the meeting, the number of women—"our sisters"—who are in gross darkness. Three hundred millions in Buddhist and Mohammedan lands who have no hope for the future, because they are women! In India alone there are twenty one million widows. How little even the very utmost we as Christian lands can do, to ameliorate the condition of this vast number sitting in ignorance. Our Societies desire to go forward this year with renewed vigor, and by God's grace, to accomplish more than ever before, and trust their number will be augmented by new members, both in town and country, for truly "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few."

A good collection was taken up and the meeting closed with singing and prayer. We were favoured by the attendance of a large number of ministers, who left their committee work to listen to Dr. Cochran. We "thank God, and take courage."
S. J. S.
Halifax, Oct. 29th, 1883.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

To the Editor of the WESLEYAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to appeal through your columns to our beloved brethren on behalf of the Halifax Infants' Home. Let us have the whole or at least a part of the collection in the churches on Thanksgiving Day. I know whereof I affirm when I say that it is one of the most deserving of charities. It saves little babes from death, and from cruelties worse than death. Nearly a hundred little ones we have sent to Christian homes in different parts of the country. A fair proportion of these rescued ones are growing up in the bosom of Methodist families. The work is expensive and very laborious, and we humbly and most earnestly ask for your prayers and your Thanksgiving Day offering. We ask in the name and for the sake of Him whose example we are trying to follow in saving and blessing little children.

Yours faithfully,
A. NORDBECK,
Treasurer Infants' Home.
Halifax, N. S.

CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

At the meeting of the Conference Special Committee recently held in Halifax, it was advised that the canvass for the Centennial Fund be as speedily as possible completed, that the amounts subscribed be collected, and that an intimation to this effect be published in the WESLEYAN.

The names of the brethren appointed by Conference to act with the ministers of the circuits are Revs. Dr. McMurray, S. F. Huestis, and J. Lathern for the Halifax District; T. Rogers and R. Brecken for Truro; A. D. Morton and R. Brecken for Cumberland; Chairman, W. Purvis and C. W. Swallow for Guysboro and Cape Breton District; James Taylor and A. W. Nicolson for Annapolis District; C. Lockhart and J. M. Fisher for Liverpool District; the President, J. A. Rogers and J. L. Dawson for the Yarmouth District.

J. LATHERN,
Secretary of Centennial Fund.

SPECIAL.

At the meeting of the Special Conference last week on Murray, second—the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

That the Scotch Conference have heard of the death of a long and prominent member of the Conference. In consequence of advanced age, the life of the minister has been a long and a noble one. But we get that for a ministry of almost unbroken continuity, an extensive eloquence of the front rank in the great ones of Great Britain, to be a deputation of Colonial Ministers, to be a willing and able coadjutor in the duties of his church with a loyal and to his worth, we give tribute of our gratitude.

That a copy of the expression of the family be his Honor

REV. A.

A correspondent World describes Hughes, a minister whose record has given within the last The occasion occupied the Joseph Parker in the London appears," say in a rare dramatic speaker with purpose. He made more use of his hair, but there are weakness. "I must be great, to be fully equipped upon it. He decided, with complete

Mr. The emphases some differences to-day and the ago. The stage more formal gowns and pretensions, as all were collected are conspicuous this representative type. He is incapable of impatience of From the first has a purpose intent upon it of his remarks well directed sharply down mischief like a geon's knife."

BEGGING.

To the Editor: Sir: He certain death ling through ly collecting stix Daf and permission, the state, for the and the public no connection tution, and ar to act in its bstitution en "agents," an senting them impostors, who to the nearest I would ear lent public to whatever to going around peddling, beglar pret-xt. Ssly collecting on their usual path of the b liberality fro charity to ne practice, grow become a se the mutes th to prefer a w dustry at the them to tempt dipation will to resist. M really a prem rancy, or imp as of the casu tion, which is friends of the unite in stru whole system. I am, y

Halifax, N. S.

Oct. 30th, 1883.

The friends of Tyndal have just favorably voted

valids and trav

SPECIAL RESOLUTIONS.

At the meeting of the N. S. Conference Special Committee in the city last week, on motion of the Rev. Dr. Murray, seconded by Rev. J. Lathern...

REV. H. P. HUGHES.

A correspondent of the Christian World describes the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, A. M., the Wesleyan minister whose remarkable success at Oxford has given him great prominence...

BEGGING DEAFMUTES—CAUTION.

To the Editor of the WESLEYAN. SIR: Having been informed that certain deafmutes have been travelling through the Provinces...

PERSONAL.

The new Governor General is 38 years old—the age at which the Marquis of Lorne retires from office. The death of the Rev. Thos. Gale, the earnest temperance worker, has been heard with pain by thousands...

METHODIST NOTES.

A small, neat church has been erected at Broadview, N. W. T. Rev. Joseph Hale on the 21st inst. received four persons into membership at New Glasgow. The new college building at Sackville will be ready for occupation in the spring of 1884...

LITERARY, &c.

It will be well for literary aspirants to remember that one fourth of the books printed in the United States involve a positive loss; one-half barely pay expenses of publication; and the profits have to be made on the other fourth.

unnoticed—a clear portrait of the thought of old-time English people. Their ways of thinking are brought in contrast with "modern" ideas, and the dissimilarity is at once striking, curious and complete. Price 25 cents.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The Southern Methodist Board of Church Extension has built between 50 and 75 churches the first year of its existence. Four young Indian maidens—two Choctaws and two Cherokees—have matriculated in the Wesleyan Female College, Ga. They come from New Hope Academy. Southern Adv.

ABROAD.

The first class in connection with Primitive Methodism was formed in 1810. The connexion has to-day 196,480 members.

Rev. Dr. Happer, of Canton, writes that the reports at the late meeting of the Synod of China, at Shanghai, showed an increase of members of the Presbyterian churches of nearly one hundred per cent. in the last five years.

GLEANINGS, Etc.

Two thousand barrels of oysters were recently taken by steamers from P. E. Island. The Kent Northern Railway will be formally opened for traffic on the 7th of next month.

ABROAD.

The steel industry of the North of England is suffering keenly from German competition. Thousands of employes have been discharged.

Our chief magistracy has cost us a million and a half since Confederation. The Governor-General costs us somewhere between two cents and three cents per head every year. Even for ornamental purposes he ought to be worth that much.—Herald.

ABROAD.

A despatch to the N. Y. World says that the Marquis of Lansdowne's friends continue to be very apprehensive for his personal safety by his new position as Governor-General of Canada, as the Fenians have made explicit threats against his life.

ABROAD.

Canada Pacific Railway officials say they have simply stopped work for the winter as last year. They will go on next summer and build through the Kicking Horse Pass. The track is now laid to Bowy Forks, within a few miles of the summit.

There have been 210 applications received for admission to the Fredericton Normal school for the next term, which opens on the 6th inst. Of the 184 teachers licensed last term, all have been appointed to schools and there is still a large demand on the part of the inspectors for more.

ABROAD.

Cumberland County has adopted the Scott Act by a very large majority. At Amherst 208 voted for the measure, and 9 against. The vote at Parrsboro' was 202 in favor, against 22 in opposition.

ABROAD.

At the convention of the Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union a number of resolutions were adopted; among them one urging the introduction of temperance text books into schools, one urging the necessity of banishing intoxicating wine from the Communion; and one pledging the members of the Union to abstain from patronizing groceries where liquor is sold.

LINES BY A LADY.

Room for my Saviour here!
Heart's open wide thy door!
Hence unbelief and doubt and fear,
Hence, and return no more.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

MRS. HENRY DANIEL.
Honor Branwell, wife of the Rev. Henry Daniel, of St. John, N. B., was born at Trewarkey, Cornwall, England, May 8th, 1803, and died May 24th, 1883.

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drawn out in frequent pleading with God, so that as the outward perished the inward life was renewed day by day. The sudden death of a much loved daughter left upon her health a depressing effect from which she never rallied. Day by day her strength failed. Those near her felt that the mother and daughter who in life were so closely attached would not in death be long divided. A cold resulting in congestion brought on complete prostration from which she never rallied. It was a Divine messenger sent to liberate the soul from its clay tabernacle. Her sickness was short—not exceeding a week—and her death painless. Though in her death there was no ecstatic triumph, yet her closing hours were disturbed by no sickening fear and her faith shone in the steady light of "a hope that maketh not ashamed." The remains were taken to Centenary Church, St. John, where an impressive service was held, participated in by Revs. J. B. Narraway, Dr. Pope, Dr. McRae of St. Stephen Presbyterian church, and the pastor of the church, Rev. D. D. Currie. The large congregation present on the occasion evidenced the friendship and sympathy of the many who had known the deceased. The remains were interred in the Rural Cemetery where they await the resurrection morn.

The members of the family cannot but feel how irreparable is the loss they have sustained. The beloved wife, the affectionate mother is no longer with them here. But God doeth all things well, and out of this bereavement we pray that he may bring spiritual comfort. The cup prepared by God's own hand— Though bitter to the taste it be, Powerful to wound and to heal! He has said, "My peace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

R. A. O.
London Watchman please copy.

APOHAQUI CIRCUIT.

Since the last Conference this circuit has been in charge of a new minister—Rev. Wm. Maggs, previously of Margate, P. E. I. Rev. Silas James, the preceding beloved and faithful worker, was sent to Gagetown, N. B.

Mr. Maggs has already made a good impression upon the people, as a man and a minister of the gospel. He is an able advocate for the cause of Christ. He preached his first sermon in the Lower Springfield church on the 29th July, from Acts, xvi: 14; "Whoso heareth the Lord openeth." His appointment at this church is every fortnight. There are six churches on this circuit, viz: Apohaqui, Berwick, Carnosville, Snyder Mountain, Upper Springfield, Lower Springfield. All are very fine churches. Some are new. In addition to these, he preaches at Millstream, Belleisle, &c.

On October 7th Mr. Maggs preached to the Sabbath-school children from II Kings v: 1-3. He dealt very plainly with them illustrating his sermon by the good deeds done by little children, showing to them the need of knowledge, a loving heart—that in fact, they should try to do right at all times. On the 21st Oct. he preached to an attentive congregation from Matthew, xxii: 11, 12, 13; and on the afternoon of that day in the Hall at Belleisle. His text on this occasion was Ephesians, II, 18.

A Sabbath-school has been held in the various churches throughout the summer. Mr. Northrup was superintendent of the school in Lower Springfield. The school at Belleisle is held in the Hall at that place. Mr. J. Reid is supt. This school has lately purchased a new organ. It is to give a concert on Saturday evening, 3rd. prox. The schools close on the 28th inst. As much good is done through Sabbath-school work, it would be well not to neglect a Sabbath Bible-class, or to hold a continued school through the winter months.

A Missionary meeting was held in Lower Springfield on Monday, 15th Oct. Quite a large congregation was in attendance. It was announced that Revs. W. W. Brewer and W. W. Lodge were to be present. Mr. Lodge was unable to attend owing to the illness of his mother. Mr. Brewer delivered an able and stirring address, as did, also, Mr. Maggs. Both spoke warmly on missionary work. About \$15 was subscribed toward missionary work.

On Saturday, 13th Oct, the people of Springfield were made sad by the sudden death of Mrs. Northrup, wife of Mr. Samuel Northrup, S. S. superintendent. Mr. Northrup was in the United States at the time. Two daughters were also there. He had left his wife in perfect health on Thursday of the same week. The sudden news was a great shock to him. Mrs. Northrup had taken dinner with those of the family who were at home, and had gone about her work after her meal. Her daughter, who was working with her, had to leave the room for a few minutes. Upon returning she found her mother dead, upon the floor, having expired without a farewell word to any. Mrs. Northrup, whose maiden name was

Gibbey, departed this life in the 67th year of her age, leaving a kind and loving husband, seven children, two grand children, and a number of friends to mourn their loss. She was a member of the Lower Springfield Church. A large number of relatives and friends gathered at the funeral. Service was held in the Lower Springfield church on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 16th. The Rev. Wm. Maggs improved the solemn occasion from Numbers, xxiii: 10; "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" The occasion was certainly a solemn one, and was truly improved. Her sudden demise was caused by the bursting of a blood-vessel.

They are talking of repairing the Lower Springfield church. A new Episcopal church has been erected near it, and will soon be dedicated for divine worship. The new Methodist church at Apohaqui is completed and opened. The members are rapidly liquidating the small debt upon it. On Wednesday a sermon was given by the ladies. Mr. T. Potts lectured in the evening. About \$100 was raised toward the reduction of the debt, which is now about \$200. Mr. Brewer preaches to full houses in Sussex. He is a very eloquent speaker. C. E. BLACK. Springfield, K.C., N.B. Oct. 23rd.

KENTVILLE, N. S.

Kentville, a pretty little town in the famed garden of Nova Scotia, as almost every provincial knows has been stigmatized "the devil's half-acre," a sobriquet seemingly appropriate, especially after reading an article going the rounds of the press anent ruffianism in this place, yet we feel inclined to dispute the fitness of the entire fable. There are many who have not yet "bowed the knee to Baal." We find the "half-acre" a hard one to plow. There is much "stony ground," not a few "brambles and weeds," but withal some patches of "good ground," where the seed sown by the indefatigable efforts of my predecessors, and quickened by the Spirit, is bearing fruit, thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.

Methodism is not very strong in Kentville, yet even here we have a loyal few. At Prospect, one of our outposts, our cause is good. We have not been without encouragement since we came to this circuit. Our congregations at all the appointments have been fairly good. It is a favorite opinion of some that, had we a larger and more modern church edifice in Kentville, our congregations here would greatly increase.

No doubt this would help us, but we do not feel able to undertake such a work this year. We think a step in the direction of building or purchasing a parsonage would be more in keeping with the necessities of the circuit, and thus stop a leak in the mission fund, from which we have for years been drawing a large sum for house rent. Recently the ladies of the Kentville congregation kindly made some additions to our parsonage equipment, which gives to our home an air of comfort throughout, and we would like to record our thanks in this way.

We hope the brethren will remember us in prayer, as in the morning we sow the seed and at evening withhold not our hand; so that here many precious sheaves may yet be garnered for heaven. W. H. L. Oct. 24, 1883.

WOMAN IN INDIA.

The demand in India for medical women for the treatment of Indian women and children is growing rapidly. About two years ago the Maharajah of Parannah, who was treated by an English woman doctor, wrote to Queen Victoria on the subject, and Sir Salar Jung represented that medical women would be a great blessing in India. Independent of what may have been done in this direction in connection with zenana missionary work, there have been attempts to supply women doctors from medical schools in India. Nearly ten years ago women were admitted to the Madras Medical College, with this end in view, and now the Calcutta Medical College has been opened to them and a scheme to found a woman's hospital in Bombay has been adopted, of which Miss Peetchy, M. D., is to be in charge, and women who wish to enter medical service will be educated for it. Native opinion is warmly in favor of this movement. One native paper says: "To the best of our recollection we have not heard of any movement which has so successfully appealed to the native community as this." Another remarks: "There is hardly an Indian of any respectability who does not feel the want of trained medical women in India."

DANGEROUS WORK.

About 120 women and girls are daily employed in Washington in counting currency. They work at it from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., and are very expert. But it is stated that the arsenic in the paper soon affects their health, and after a few

years arsenic sores appear on the hands and face. Is it not possible to dispense with the arsenic? It would seem that invention, if properly stimulated, could find a good substitute. In many manufactures the use of poisonous substances has grown to be a considerable evil, impairing the health of workmen in subtle, but certain, ways. It is not necessarily true that poisons must be used to obtain the result. There is a good opening for the philanthropic inventor. The saving of thousands of lives annually should be worth painstaking effort to find innoxious substitutes, or to neutralize the effects of the poisons.—N. Y. Adv.

BREVITIES.

A man never knows what a weak, feeble and uncertain master he is in himself until he is at liberty to govern his own life and do as he pleases.

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odour is freshest; and of all the modifications of matter, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

It is related of the famous Spanish banker, Don Jose de Salamanca, who died recently, that in 1858 he gave a single dinner that cost \$90,000.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order. Bacon.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

Little Arthur had been to church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister. "Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good, and so was the end; but—it had too much middle."

In speaking of hats and what they cover, we are reminded of a German anecdote. "There goes Fritz," said a soldier to another, as the King went by. "What hat has he on?" "The King's!" "Yes," replied the other man, "but what a fine head he has under it!"

Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy.—Arthur Helps.

A Danbury man resolved recently that he would conquer himself in all things for one whole day. He gave up about three o'clock in the afternoon. "He says he did not know that there was so much of himself, and when he again aspires to conquer anybody he will not take a man his own size."

The first white child born in North America was Virginia, daughter of Grand and Eleanor Dare, and granddaughter of Governor John White. She was born on the 18th of August, 1587, in Roanoke, North Carolina. Her parents were of the expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in that year. There is no record of her history, save that of her birth.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joy on the other side. The greatest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly if he visits Sweden at the time of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. This is the mountain at the foot of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise again.

Dumpey went hunting the other day and took Johnny with him. They saw a rabbit, and Dumpey drew up and shot. The cap exploded and there was a long splutter, and finally just as Dumpey took the gun down, the charge went off. When they got home the folks asked Johnny what luck they had had. "Oh," said Johnny, "papa saw a rabbit, but his gun stammered so he couldn't hit it."

Jack Robinson, a trapper of forty years experience, in relating the history of his hair-breadth escapes, remarked: "But the most singular thing I ever did was to make a hundred and fifty Black-foot Indians run." "How was that?" "It was one year when the red demons were very hostile, and lifted the hair of every white man they could catch. Riding a swift horse, I suddenly came upon a party of them. I turned and ran and they all ran after me; but they didn't catch me."

The Richmond Advocate lets drop this little bit of early experience: "Plodding once in a deep snow, and under a chilling sky, the writer found one man in the building, and no fire. He began to get ready to expound. The wise old steward rose, and said: 'Brother I came here to invite you home with me, and not to hear a sermon. Let's go. I will be better off in a warm corner by my fire place reading one of Wesley's sermons than freezing here while you try to preach.' The meeting broke."

"The great literary names of the country," says the Detroit Free Press, "stand for domestic purity and home virtues. Irving did not marry; but after Miss Hoffman's death he lived like a true knight, carrying his heart for an invisible bride. Longfellow's home was sweet and beautiful as any poem he ever wrote. Nothing could exceed the genial

pleasantness of the home life of Bryant; of the Danas, father and son; of Hawthorne, whose gifted wife gave him so much cheer and aid in his work; of Bayard Taylor, and of Dr. Holland. Emerson's home at Concord was an idyl, and hard-hearted people who visited him did not wonder that he talked so loftily and sweetly, and believed that all human beings have an angel side. How could he help being everything noble, or believing everything good who lives in paradise?"

The attempt to introduce barmaids into Italy meets with difficulty from the fact that Italians do not seem able to comprehend that women so engaged can yet be respectable.

Do NOT BE DUPED.—A recently advertised and highly puffed remedy for deafness has lately been exposed as an unmitigated fraud. Not so with Haggard's Yellow Oil; none name it but to praise. John Clark, of Millbridge, testifies that it cured him of deafness.

The last observations indicate that we are distant from the sun 92,700,000 miles. These are the figures obtained as near as may be from the observations of the last Venus transit.

For Cramps, Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaints or Chills, use Perry Davis's Pain Killer. See adv. in another column.

It is a rather singular fact that in New York the names of those who are to-day millionaires were not mentioned 37 years ago among its notably wealthy men.

For toothache, burns, cuts, rheumatism, use Perry Davis's Pain Killer. See adv.

Trials prove that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, and unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

Mr. Evans eloquently calls attention to the alleged fact that rich clients, though fleeced by the lawyers, are "certainly not flayed, and may congratulate themselves that the fleece will grow again."

A REWARD of \$10 is offered in good faith for a hard case of corns that have stubbornly refused to be relieved by the use of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, the great corn extractor. Thousands in England, Canada and the States testify to the efficiency of this corn cure, and the proprietors are anxious to hear if there is a single case of failure. Address N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston. Use PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, sure, safe and painless.

Newspapers are not sold in France by newsboys, but by elderly women who are established on the principal streets in fanciful sentry boxes.

Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color. As a stimulant and tonic, preventing and curing baldness, and cleansing and soothing the scalp, its use cannot be too strongly recommended.

The average Englishman is 5ft. 7in. in height, weighs 10st. 10lb., and measures 36in. round the chest.

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The deepest sea sounding ever taken was made in the Pacific Ocean near the entrance to Behring's Straits. Bottom was struck at 4,655 fathoms. The line was thrown out from the United States schooner Tuscarora.

CARD.—Being in possession of a valuable remedy for asthma, hay fever, phthisis, Bronchitis, and all difficulty in breathing, I have consented, after numerous solicitations, to make it known. Any individuals so suffering can get valuable information by addressing Rev. G. ERIC DAY, Musquodoboit Harb., N.S. may 4-ly

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NOTICE.

To the Ministers as Agents of the "Wesleyan"...

In August last we sent out from this office to all our ministers who act as Agents for the "Wesleyan," lists of subscribers on their respective circuits...

By referring to those lists it will be seen that a large number of our subscribers have not yet paid the subscription for 1883...

In the revision of our lists at the beginning of the New Year, we shall be compelled to strike off the names of all subscribers who are more than one year in arrears...

We are sorry to lose a single subscriber, but if our brethren will only help us, we need lose but very few.

We therefore strongly but respectfully urge upon all our Ministers the duty of at once attending to the collection of all unpaid subscriptions.

We are endeavoring to make arrangements for the wider circulation of the Wesleyan, but in order to complete such arrangements we must collect from all who are in arrears.

To our Subscribers:

Please read the above notice to our Ministers, and if you have not paid your subscription within twelve months, do not wait to be called upon...

S. F. HUESTIS, Book Steward. Oct. 16th, 1883.

BIRTH.

At Kentville, on the 18th ult., the wife of H. W. Lydall, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Black Point, Oct. 10th, by the Rev. J. E. Dinkin, Mr. Richard Swain, of Black Point, to Mrs. Jane S. Perry, of Clyde River.

At the Parsonage, Oct. 20th, by the same, Mr. Thomas W. Bigg, of Shelburne, to Mrs. Ellen Winsor, of Roseway.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 22nd ult., by the Rev. J. Seller, Esq., Frank J. Apollon, Esq., Attorney-at-law, Ontario, to Miss Agnes, second daughter of J. O. Stackhouse, Esq., of Clinton, N. B.

On the 17th ult., at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. W. H. Langille, Mr. Allan Campbell to Miss Emma Burdge, both of Kentville, N. S.

On the 13rd ult., at Cape Bear, by the Rev. E. Bell, Mr. John McKay to Miss Jane Chapman, of Murray Harbor North.

At Toronto, on the 16th October, at the residence of Mr. T. McCoy, brother-in-law of the bride, by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M. A., B. D., Mr. William F. L. Bennett, of Toronto, to Miss Sabra M. Williams, late of Montreal.

At the Parsonage, Portland, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. Robert S. Crisp, M. A., Philip C. Graham, of Nepesic, Queen's Co., N. P., to Miss Margaret H. Graham, of the same place.

At the Parsonage, Lunenburg, Oct. 6th, by the Rev. W. Low, Benjamin Silver, of 1st Portland, to Miss Annie, of 2nd Portland.

At the same place, and by the same, Oct. 11th, Samuel Coulton to Jeanette Lawson, all of Lunenburg.

At the same place, and by the same, Oct. 27th, Wesley Greek, of Blue Rocks, to Emma Walker, of Run Point.

At the Tidewater Hotel, Bridgewater, N. S., Oct. 27th, by the Rev. J. C. O'zard, Mr. William Hain to Miss Cordelia Vogler, both of Vogler's Cove, Lunenburg Co., N. S.

By the Rev. Isaac N. Parker, on the 17th ult., Mr. Thomas Edmunds to Miss Hannah MacCallen, all of Taboulat, Northumberland Co., N. B.

Sept. 24th, by the Rev. D. H. Lodge, at the Parsonage, Mount Stewart, James A. M. Ewing, of Morrill, to Mary, daughter of Charles Station master, Lot 70.

By the same, Oct. 27th, at the residence of John F. Besto, Kisha Bit to Maria F. Beaton.

By the same, at the bride's father's, John T. Purshoe to Maggie Smellwood.

DIED.

At North East Harbor, Oct. 21st, Sarah Lillie Mand, aged 16 months, child of A. P. us and Susan Perry.

On the 11th ult., at Cheville, in great peace of mind and glorious expectation of entering to the rest of God's people, Sarah Jane, aged 25 years, beloved wife of Charles H. Malcom, and only daughter of Capt. H. H. and Sarah Greenough.

At Williamstown, Caleton Co., N. B., on the 20th September, Marga et, beloved wife of Henry Emery, aged 71 yrs. She has left a sorrowing husband, three sons and three daughters to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife and a worthy mother.

Sister Emery became a member of the Methodist Church at fifteen years of age, and was a worthy member of the religion she professed. Within her home the ministrations of Christ were well known. She lived a consistent life and died trusting in the blood and righteousness of the Redeemer.

Oct. 29th, at Ashcroft, after a lingering illness, Mr. George Black, aged 73 years.

At Kingsport, on the 19th Sept., after a lingering illness, Margaret, aged 66 years, wife of Benjamin Kilburn.

At Gibson, on the 16th Oct., suddenly of apoplexy, Mrs. Mary Hagar, aged 78 years.

At Lower St. Mary's, on the 23rd October, Dorothy S., wife of Thomas Robinson, aged 48 years.

In Bon ton, Mass., on the 25th October, Mrs. Nellie Hills, aged 23 years, after a lingering illness of consumption.

At Dunstaffnage, P. E. Island, October 24th, Mrs. Ann Lane, in the 80th year of her age.

THIRD IN TORONTO. — Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, reports the removal of eight feet of tape worm by the use of one bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup.

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VOL XX

NOTES

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