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Religious Miscellany.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Not here, not here; not where the sparkling waters
Faded into mocking sands as we draw near,
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters;
"I shall be satisfied," but oh! not here.

Not here, where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling,
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

But out of sight, while sorrows still unfold us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is sought more wondrous told us,
Than these few words—"I shall be satisfied."

"I shall be satisfied," the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds.

Shall they be satisfied—the soul's vain longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills;
Oh what desires upon our hearts are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending;
Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide;
Guide me towards home, where all my wanderings
I shall see Thee, and "I shall be satisfied."

Reported for the Methodist.

CHEERFUL TRUST IN GOD.

A LECTURE ROOM, TALK BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I think no one sentiment will so well bear repetition as that of cheerful confidence in God—not in respect alone to great and final provisions for life, but in respect to every day's thoughts and feelings—the power of trust and earnest belief in the presence, sympathy and helpfulness of God's divine care to prevent undue anxiety. I don't know that all the sicknesses in the world, all the pain, anguish and remorse, take them altogether, amount to as much as that which is self-produced by unrest, by irritable nerves—not but that there is a great amount of anguish and remorse that runs through the globe like tornadoes, dark as night, fierce as storms; yet comparatively speaking, it is not as great as that narrow stratum of care—not gloom exactly, but that undetected of spirit that is prevalent in every household—it not with all its members, yet with somebody, and this runs along in life, as constant in its action as friction in machinery.

It is so small, it is resisted like great causes of suffering, but the sum total amounts to more than all the great causes produce.

When I was boy, I suffered more in one hour with the toothache than in having the tooth out. I suffered more than I had been put upon the rack and killed by torture. I have no doubt that the little things which people suffer, trials that go on day by day, cause more suffering than men endure from hanging or from any public execution. The small, mean annoyances that many go through day by day, for weeks and weeks, by them the brow is corrugated, the hope is dimmed, the heart is suffering endured unless it is beyond all calculation—we cannot form any estimate of it. Life for the most part is stale. Take the cork out of any bottle of active drink, if it stands awhile, it throws out all the compressed air; it does not become sour or corrupt by fermentation for some time, but it becomes flat and stale. So a great deal of life is simply stale.

How can we make every day radiant? How can we be active in all our faculties so that it is joy to be alive? How may we live in our social relations so that our days may be tranquil, day by day, the same one after another? How can we do so in our business affairs? How many there are who are conscious that half the day they worry and are uneasy, fretful in temper! Life is no satisfaction to them. They say, "After the day's work is done, I'll go home with a good time with me." They throw hope forward, but the present is carried with a sort of anxiety in the future. The pulsations of this very thing when he forbids us to take thought for the morrow—that is anxious, petty, worrying thought. Persons fret in every conceivable way. Even those who pray they may have faith, that they may live as seeing Him who is invisible, they think they trust their own souls to God, and trust that they may die triumphantly; but will the friends parted from us in this world? Can they trust to-day, to-morrow? Will the child's cough prove to be a croup? Will the doctor come, will he say will the child get well? When the child goes to school, won't he run off by himself and get lost? Can you make this year's ends meet? How can you meet such and such emergency? They have met them ten thousand times, and every time was preceded by sighs and fears. Persons pray and trust the soul to God, but they cannot trust Him for a batch of bread, or a barrel of coal, or in the hundred ordinary incidents of every day life. The pulsations of the true Christian spirit is that which has a belief in the presence of God as a divine, central, living being—a trust for sympathy, pity, power—a trust in the divine interference in our lives so that they go on gratefully, hopefully seeing the bright side, and not the everlasting shadow. This is a constant victory, and not a preparatory training, that shall lead to sublime acts when they come. There is a dash of irony in the question, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? Which of you can add one cubit to his stature? What good will it do you to fret?

If the homely man frets, how much handsomer will it be to him? If the sick man worries, how much better will that make his stomach, his liver, his heart? The short man if he frets will that make him grow six inches? Which of you can grow by fretting? Look back, and ask whether anxiety or cheerful courage has been the best, and whether the clouds, however dangerous, have done you any good.

Dr. Edward Beecher.—In good health, it is easy to be cheerful. Suppose a minister preaches two or three times on Sunday, attends a meeting for inquiry and a Bible-class by Monday, a system in such a state that no more religion can make the world look bright to him. Many persons suffering from depression of mind ought to know there is a physical impossibility in their cases; they have neglected the laws of health; they have neglected sleep or food, and those physical neglects must be recovered from first. In my first ministry in Boston, a young lady was very much interested in the subject of religion. She gave herself to the matter with great intensity of feeling day and night, and at last found illness of her body. But at the end of one day she came to me, her hope all gone—all in the dark. I asked her, "Have you taken any exercise all this time?" "No." "Stop reading the Bible and praying, and take a few walks round Boston Common." In a few days she came back all right again. She might have gone on till she became insane, and have lost her hope. In such cases a physical remedy must be introduced. We must ask ourselves, are we disobeying the laws of health? It is as necessary to obey them as to obey the laws of a spiritual or intellectual nature.

Mr. Beecher.—There is martyrdom in the Church to-day, as well as in its days of persecution. There are persons so sensitive that to the ordinary contact with the world they give a response of pain, and this a hundred-fold greater than others would feel. How can such persons live with such exquisite organizations, with no such bone and muscle as I, when all life seems to hinder them—they can live? They live as a battle as long as they live. If they were bound to the stake, and you kindled the fagots about them, they would not suffer. To such I say, God called you to stand here in this martyrdom—no cross, no crown. If you maintain yourself, and do your best you can, God pities and rewards.

A poor woman sees eighteen hours a day to keep body and soul together—useless, I sometimes think; she lives in a room like a pepper-box; freezes all winter, and roasts all summer, with excessive work and meagre diet. She has resisted temptations, refused to be succored when help would demoralize her; she was maintained the fight for years. She is one of God's elect, and in the world to come the most illustrious is the one who holds fast and endures to the end.

A woman marries too early. She goes on can't get out of it. She is a slender woman, with five, or six, or eight children; they are all children together. They have a poor home, an unworthy husband. She has a brave spirit; day and night the whole care is on her; she has an hourly fight, year by year. She struggles through, buries the husband—what is left of him—and raises the children. All the way through it has been a martyrdom—every nerve suffering every day. Even in such a case it is best to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The type of Christian character is trust and calm endurance. Some must bear the marks of the cross. Do the best you can; but as for all the rest of you, your low-thoughted brows, your anxious cares, your thousand of them about things you need not have—they are vain, proud thoughts that canker you, or they are sin full in nature or desire. Calm trust, hope, and courage are distinctive features of the Christian life. All variations from this are sinful, or else belong to the martyr band of sufferers.

(From the Montreal Witness.)
SANT JAMES STREET WESLEYAN CHURCH.
SERMON BY DR. RIGG.

Yesterday the sermons in connection with the opening of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, were preached in the St. James street church. In the morning Rev. J. H. Rigg, D. D., Principal of the Wesleyan Training College, Westminster, London, England, gave an exposition of the text, Luke v. 8th to 11th inclusive.

"When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." And all that were with him were astonished, and all that were with him at the draught of fishes they had taken. And so was James and John the sons of Zebedee which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, fear not henceforth thou shalt catch men.

And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed him.

He introduced the subject by referring to the common error that this was the first call of these Apostles, as if Jesus had happened suddenly and accidentally and had suddenly summoned them to follow him. He said they had previously been disciples of John the Baptist, and had left him on the Jordan, and had become disciples of Jesus the Christ, and had waited on him at times ever since. But this was the first time he had been called upon to forsake all and follow him; and it was not until after months of instruction, after this, they were sent to fish in the deep waters of the world. Matthew's account of the calling of these disciples does not mention or even suggest the miracle. It appears strange that such an event would not be mentioned by him, but on thinking over the matter an explanation comes. Matthew speaks as an "eye witness," and at this time he was at the seat of customs. He relates everything which occurred before his apostleship cursorily, and never mentions miracles which he did not see; but Luke dug deeper and picked up information from authentic sources which had been missed by the others. Through these accounts are not the same, they fit together as the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the other, both being required to make the record complete. Matthew relates that "Jesus walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fish-

ers;" and then he says, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Did Jesus call from the shore? There must be a great gap here; and if you take Luke's account and put it in the context the whole circumstance will be readily understood. Jesus was walking by the sea and the fishers, and in their boats on the sea were the fishes casting their nets, finding nothing; and at last they turn the prows of their vessels to the shore. In the meantime the people from the neighboring town of Capernaum for various reasons came to the shore, and gathered around Him of whom it was said that "no man spake like this man," and the throng grows so great that, to speak to all, He must obtain a place separate from the multitude; and now the boats come to land, and Christ asks of Simon Peter the privilege to speak from his boat; and the privilege being granted He sits and instructs the larger multitude on the shore, eagerly pressing into the very edge of the boat. Having concluded his discourse He dismisses them and turning to Peter says to him, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." Peter looks up into Christ and says, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing. But at the Master's eye shall I follow Him to the end of the world." Peter with beautiful submission continues, "Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." The net is let down and becomes so full of fish that it is breaking. The assistance of the partners is called in, and between the two boats the net is eased of its load, till both boats are filled to stinking, and they are turned to shore; and it is then that the great draught is made over Peter's mind, and he says, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man O Lord." Here it is that Matthew's account fits in and Christ says, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Then their boats are brought to shore, and they forsake all and follow him, and traveling on a little farther they meet James and John, and they do likewise. What was it in this miracle that affected Peter so much, who had never been so affected by the miracles he had previously seen at Caperna and other places? First, this miracle was done in Simon's sphere; here he was master and supposed he knew all about the sea and its finny tribes, and the miracle was done by one not a fisherman, and one supposed to know nothing of the habits of the fish. He knew the king of the waters must be there to do this thing, and his heart was filled with amazement. Again, he must have known that in that common garb before him was the King of all, and that this thrilled the soul of the sinner as it had never been thrilled before. Also he must have thought, He can see as I can not. He can read the waters, and see the movements of the tribes in its deepest depths, and that man knows too much for me. He must see my heart to all its depths, and that man knows too much for me. He must know all about me; "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He knew Jesus was omniscient, and feeling that, he knew what a sinner he himself was. If sitting in our pews we could comprehend that Christ was beside us, looking into the depths of our heart as inside to Peter's could we resist crying out to him, But the Lord did not depart; he said, "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men, and they forsook all and followed him." Some people speak as if Simon had nothing to leave, but Simon thought it much, for if not a rich man he was not a poor one, and besides he had had not a year to wind up his business and sell out his "right," not a month, week, day or hour. They left their nets on the ground; Simon left his wife and wife's mother; James and John their father Zebedee, and followed Him who "had not where to lay his head." They knew the Lord was able to provide for all of their wants. They left to become "fishers of men" to leave their comparatively near business, and stretching out the wide world, an ocean of eternity, with Deity and currents no man can track or discover, and of depths unbottomed. But their pilot was there, and in sending them forth He promised to be with them in their toil. Afterwards, when toiling far into the night, after noble game, they remembered the night on Galilee. In conclusion, this is a specimen of true Christian faith. Simon against his experience of the Master had a purpose in all his years, knowing that he had set his feet into the waters, and was rewarded. Simon also humbled himself before the Lord, and the Lord humbled those whom He purposes to work for Him with success. All have an opportunity of working for Him, and if our work is well done we will receive the reward during all eternity.

In the evening the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, of London, Eng., preached from 2nd Timothy iii. (7th).

"Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

IT IS BETTER.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimmings, if it be paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own than in a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by a pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than to send home a new extension black-walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet than tremble at the bills sent home from upholsterers for the most elegant parlor-set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintance with a free "don't-owe-you-a-cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner upon a dun.

Better to pay the organ-grinder ten cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon the bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and beef, and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics than to run in debt for new furniture, or clothes, or any thing else, which you are obliged to pay for.

A fit of hysterics properly managed is often of real benefit than any thing you buy.—Exchange.

IS THERE ANY "HIGHER LIFE?"

No, it is by "Higher Life" you mean some new phase of life "higher" than that of Christ and his apostles. Yes, if you refer to the decent, respectable, quiet religion of the day. The Higher Life is not modern invention of some hot headed fanatic. What we want is the good old style which began with the ministry of Jesus. This kind—may God help us—we intend to advocate.

On the Grand Prairie, in Central Illinois, we have watched at night the head-light of the locomotive train more than twenty miles away. For hundreds of miles the country is one dead level. If you should tell a child born on this great prairie about the snowy peaks of California he would think you were dreaming. He has no appreciation of what he has never experienced. The loftiest hills he ever saw were those plowed up by the oxen in his father's corn-field. The idea of mountains thousands of feet high to him is simply absurd.

So, to a large extent, the Church of Christ is content to live upon a plain no higher than the Illinois prairies. Like the farmer's boy, they know nothing and care nothing about the highlands. Let those who doubt this read the history of the Church in the first century. A little band of fishermen and mechanics, their Leader, as the world thought, dead, carried his civilization. Heathen Rome was captured by the Christian, and became the center of Christendom. By and by came great falling away, then the blackness of the dark ages. But night was not to last forever; the morning dawned of the great Reformation. God raised up men of apostolic zeal and fervor, and the Church was to a great extent reformed from its errors. But the reformation touched more the head than the heart; men were left orthodox and literal. The whole Church of to-day is not as strong as a few Galilean fishermen. There is not one man in a hundred who in his lifetime saved the soul of his brother.

What is wanted is a second Reformation. What is wanted is a Higher Life.—Christian at Work.

RANDOM READINGS.

Make it a rule never to utter any unnecessary complaint or murmur, but in patience to possess your souls.—Mrs. Cameron.

If you begin to apologize for what cannot be defended, you will end by defending what cannot be apologized for.

A foot in high station, is like a man on the top of a mountain; everybody appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

No man can go to heaven when he dies who has not sent his heart thither while he lives. Our greatest hopes should be beyond the grave.

If you see anything your duty the sooner you attend to it the better. David says, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments." Follow his example.

If the young would remember that they may be old, and the old would remember that they have been young the world would be happier.

The dearest word in our language is Love. The greatest is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make the first and great duty of man.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world very much as the moon treats it—show it only one side of yourself, seldom show too much of yourself at a time, and be calm, cool and polished; but look at every side of the world.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it, while the other closes itself, and the dew man off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive Him.

General Miscellany.

WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

INAUGURAL MEETING.

Monday night the inaugural meeting of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, was held in the Dorchester Street Wesleyan Church. There were not a great many persons present. On the platform, besides the speaker, were Rev. Dr. Douglas, J. Borland, E. H. Botswell, T. Colling, and others. The meeting was opened by the singing of the 597th hymn, after which Rev. Dr. Rigg led in prayer.

Hon. J. Ferrier, the Chairman, said, two years ago a number of gentlemen connected with the Methodist churches in the city believed the establishment of a Theological College a necessity, and submitted a plan therefor to Dr. Penson, who stated an endowment of \$50,000 was needed before the matter could be thought of. A guarantee that the full amount would be raised was given, and the scheme submitted to the Conference and approved. Already \$42,500 had been subscribed by 23 persons, leaving a balance of \$7,500 to be raised to complete the amount.

Dr. Rigg being called upon said, it appeared to him that the condition of Methodism in Canada was a singularly happy one, and that it was sufficiently advanced to justify the institution of a college to inculcate its doctrines. Doubtless Methodism is especially adapted to a new country. This was shown in England, where it adapted itself to, and takes the lead in new and growing towns; but when these towns have attained anything like antiquity, or when they establish themselves in large consolidated towns, it is found harder to adapt itself to the needs of the community. What is required to meet this want is a well educated and cultured Ministry, and unless their Church meets the demand it will fall behind. The matter is in the hands of the people, and with unstinted liberality and perseverance the Methodist may be made the Church of the Dominion, and one, with the lessons of experience garnered from England and the United States, on the whole purer and better than the Methodism of any other country. People do not seem to have the pulpit, and the Church whose ministers are not cultivated to the standard of its hearers, is

ANOTHER FREED WITNESS.

The following letter, addressed to the Archbishop of Lyons, appears in the *Journal de Geneve* of August 2.

Monsieur: I am a priest of the Diocese of Lyons, and as such have the honor of informing you that I join myself, in mind and heart, to the great Catholic reform so courageously inaugurated in Germany and in Switzerland. The action thus taken, Monsieur, is not the effect of momentary caprice. It is the result of my experience and the trust of my studies. I am, in fact, profoundly convinced that the present Roman Catholic system is, for the people who are subject to it, a principle of demoralization and unbelief, and, in that way, a cause of decadence.

The high and generous lessons of the Gospel are no longer taught or understood, but in their place mean and ridiculous devotions make prey of souls; and, from the lowest round in social life even to the highest, a demoralized superstition, which the man of old would not disavow, asserts itself with boldness.

The clergy groaned in silence under the chains of an ever-growing oppression. It has come to be without influence and without glory, in the midst of a people which has lost faith in its virtue, because the yoke imposed on its mind, its conscience, and its heart condemns it to drag on a life which is one long lie.

The Church of God is the plaything of a host of ambitious and fanatic men, which, to assure itself terrestrial rule, contravenes the most legitimate aspirations of modern society. They have the *Syllabus* for their code; the ignorance of the masses and superstition for their end.

Every one knows that a critical hour has struck for the Church of Rome. She is placed this day in the momentous alternative of either reforming herself, or seeing the nations of the nineteenth century desert her altars.

Rev. A. Sutherland next being called upon, said he felt the honor of Methodism in the city depended on the successful carrying out of his undertaking, and he was confident that not only the full amount, but more, would be subscribed. He referred to the folly of giving children to be instructed by uneducated men, and compared it to the instruction of a congregation by an uneducated minister. The object of the College was to train men in the ministry, not for the ministry. We do not want to train the religion out of a man, but cultivate it so as to bear more fruit. We must first see that he has a brain and heart worth training, and then to proceed.

His Worship the Mayor moved a vote of thanks to the eminent gentlemen from England, which was seconded and carried.

During the evening cards and pencils were sent around for the convenience of those wishing to subscribe amounts for the undertaking.—Mont. D. Witness.

As a citizen of France, I dream of carving for my great and unhappy country, as for all other nations, the two noble positions which insure the peace and the stability of a people—true Christianity and Liberty.

Accept the assurance, etc.

L. ST. ANNE-LIEVRE,
Former Vicar of Geneva, Doctor in Theology of the Roman University, Apostle Missionary.

PIN-FEATHER COLLECTIONS.

We are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Matlock, recently of New Orleans, for the following good story: In 1869 a series of missionary meetings were projected among the colored Methodist Episcopal Churches of that city. At one of these it was arranged that an eccentric veteran, named Scott Chinn, should make the last speech and take the collection. The brother who preceded him greatly tried the old man's patience by the length of his address—a thing never done by a white man. "He'll spile de meetin'," said Brother Chinn to the doctor who presided among the colored people. "He's a white man, but he's a good one." "He's patient enough," said he, "but de people's gettin' tired, and den dey won't give de money," said the old philosopher. At length the long speech closed with an eloquent reference to the angel of the Apocalypse flying through the heavens, having the everlasting Gospel to preach.

Scott Chinn was on his feet in a moment, "he be afeared some ob dese broder would talk too long, and dat angel g'it clear out ob sight. Dat angel, broder, is de missionary angel. He takes de everlasting Gospel wid him wher hee be goin' to ebery nation kindred, tongue, people." "Mighty angel," shouted some in the congregation. "Mighty, mighty!" repeated others as the excitement rose. Inspired with his conception and the enthusiasm of his congregation, his patriarchal brow rose to full height, and stretching out his hand toward the angel whom he seemed to see before him, he exclaimed, "O, do angel ob de mighty wing, tarry wid us a leetle while in dis missionary meeting. We's de people your Lord sent you to find. Fold your wings and rest awhile here. You's been flying so long, and you has many a long, and weary travel before you. Blessed angel, ain't you berry tired? Den rest, for dis is de Lord's house, and de Lord's house, and de Lord's people." Turning to the congregation, now up to the white heat of excitement, he continued: "Children, you may tank your stars and de good Lord dat dis angel come dis way to-day, and he's gwine to stay awhile now. He is foldin' his wings and lookin' right at you now. He wants to see how we's gwine to do to send dis everlasting Gospel round de world. I tell you what'll do, broder: de angel's wing's broken a little wid de big wind from de four corners ob de world. See! he needs some more fadders in de wing. He fly better wid dis everlasting gospel troc' de midst ob de heavens to de ends ob de earth. Up, now, and bring on de fadders for de angel's wings." In an instant the people were on their feet, filing into the aisles and marching in time to the swell of the psalm, to the table in the altar, on which they placed their offerings of pennies and postal currency. Suddenly the preacher called out: "Stop dat—stop dat single!" The order was promptly obeyed, and all waited to see what was wrong. "What dis ob de table?" he continued, pointing to the pennies and postage stamps. "What you call dese? Fadders for de angel's wings? He can't fly round de world wid dese! Dese ain't nothin' but pin-fadders! Bring on your long quilts for de angel's wings!" The song and the marching were resumed, the offering greatly enlarged, and the series of meetings among these poor colored people netted over, 1,000 dollars.

FRIGHTENED.

Clergymen who talk plainly to people often offend them; but a case of genuine fright like the following, is not so common. It is a capital story, told by the *Memphis Presbyterian*. "Traveling in his buggy alone, not long ago, in going to one of his appointments, one of God's brethren in the Presbytery of Memphis overtook a tramp with his carpet bag in his hand. The roads were muddy, and he was just at the time about entering a sorry bottom. With the politeness for which he is admired the beggar if he would not take a seat in the buggy until, at least, they had crossed the mud and mire. The invitation was readily accepted, and the conversation for a time was free and easy about things ordinary and general. Presently, however, the good brother, with a view to make the conversation profitable, asked the stranger if he was ready to die.

"Not knowing the character of the person who had invited him to a seat with him, and misapprehending his meaning, and suspecting foul play, he waded not to reply, but sprang from the buggy immediately, and ran for life through slush and water. The clerical brother wishing to assure the stranger that he meant no harm, called to him at the top of his voice to stop. But this only hastened his speed, and like a scared hare he ran till beyond hearing and sight. In his hasty flight he left his carpet bag, which our brother now has in his possession, being the richer for his faithfulness by the addition of a coarse shirt, a pair of threadbare trousers, and a little 'baccer'."

HOW YOUNG MEN FAIL.

"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family, to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard, after all his father has done to fit him for business and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. It is surprising he has turned out so poorly. He is a steady young man, no bad habits, so far as I know; he has a good education, and was always considered smart, but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a number of different kinds of business, and sunk money every time. What can be the trouble with Alfred, I should like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn."

"Alfred is smart enough," said the other, "and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar of money, and there is no other way for a young man to make his fortune. He must dig, if he would get gold. All the men who have succeeded, honestly or dishonestly, in making money, have had to work for it, the sharpers excepted, who see his train in motion and let it take care of itself. No wonder it soon ran off the track and a smash-up was the result. Teach your boy, friend Archer, to work with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him healthy and happy, but let him learn early that work is the business of life. Patient, self-denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away not capital only, but the man's nerve-power. Present your identification texts to put off duty until to-morrow or next week. It is getting to be a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in a half-score of years what their fathers were a lifetime in accumulating. I wish I could ring it in the ears of every aspiring young man that work, hard work of abed and hands, is the price of success."—Country Gentleman.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.

Pay no attention to slanders or gossip-mongers. Keep straight ahead in your course, and let the backbitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights, brooding over the remark of some false friend that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set off to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character. These things cannot possibly injure you, unless you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false let it go for what it will fetch. If by some stings you would go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to retaliate on the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by our own action and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumnies may usually be trusted to die and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

OUR DEBT TO POSTERITY.

The question, What do we owe to posterity? was thus eloquently answered by John Stuart Mill while in the British House of Commons: "I beg very strongly indeed to press upon the House the duty of taking these things into serious consideration in the name of that dutiful concern for posterity which has been strong in every nation which ever did anything great, and which has never left the minds of any such nation until, as in the case of the Romans under the Empire, it was already falling into decrepitude, and ceasing to be a nation. There are many persons in the world, and there may be possibly some in this House though I should be sorry to think so—who are not unwilling to ask themselves, in the words of the old text, 'Why should we sacrifice anything for posterity? What has posterity done for us?' They think that posterity has done nothing for them. That is a great mistake. Whatever has been done for mankind by the idea of posterity, whatever has been done for mankind by philanthropic concern or posterity, by a conscientious sense of

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Various small notices and advertisements on the left margin, including names like "H. T. Hill", "J. H. Rigg", and "Wesleyan".

Provincial Telegraph.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1873.

A HOME FOR THE SAILOR.

There is no such place in Halifax. Not for the sailor's Captain, nor yet a Bethel for those of Ocean. Our earliest recollections of the Sabbath have the old Bethel flag among those objects which left their impression, and some of our first convictions of sin were formed under the direct appeals of the Seaman's religious meeting, whether we often went in preference to places of much greater pretension. In that novel, homely means of grace we have often seen weather-beaten faces covered with tears. In England and Scotland the benevolent enterprises which command the most of Christian sympathy and support are often those affecting the well-being of sailors. Reading-rooms, coffee-rooms, bath-rooms, even smoking-rooms, are provided for them at a nominal cost. No more impressive representation of enjoyment is to be found anywhere, than in the Home which thus gives shelter and food during the week, and provides means of grace on the Lord's day. Thousands have been saved from sin and converted to God by those agencies.

We have no Father Taylor in Halifax. On the Sabbath, poor Jack wanders from place to place, often weary, sometimes drunk, always neglected. Some large-hearted Christian, having a passion for souls and strong faith in God, ought to be here the work of erecting a Seaman's Home and Chapel. It need not be very costly. The means could be obtained, doubtless, in abundant measure. For, are not our Merchants, who make great gain from the Fisheries and from the general commerce of the sea, under obligation to God and to the Sailor.

Montreal has recently given liberally to this object. Boston, New York, Baltimore, in short all great cities on this continent, have Seamen's Homes and Chapels very conspicuous among their public charities. Why should Halifax be delinquent? The outlet of the Dominion's commerce by the sea, it is destined to become, at no distant day either, the Liverpool of America. A Liverpool without a Sailor's Home or a Sailor's Chapel,—who could imagine such a thing? Some one should move in this matter: is there God's messenger to the sailor?

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—We had almost despaired of hearing from New York this week, and consequently placed in the hands of the printers extracts from other papers relating to the proceedings of the great Protestant gathering. Reports had reached us that the occasion was proving one of absorbing interest and the feeling was every day increasing. It is most credible to our excellent correspondent that he has not allowed himself to yield to the entrancing influence of the Alliance so far as to forget the readers of the *Wesleyan*. As it is, we shall now place ourselves entirely under his guidance, believing that his reports will be more complete than any we could gather from other sources.

Correspondence.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

The whole weather of the summer season has been of the most agreeable character in this western province. While the harvest has been one of plenty, it only wants improved methods of Agriculture to make the average of the wheat-farming countries in the world. But as yet many of our farmers keep to their old fogy notions, and depend upon the native fertility of the soil rather than upon improved methods of agriculture. The consequence is, that the average of the wheat-farming countries in the world is gradually being made up of us. Generally, improved systems will be forced upon them, and those who will not adopt them must go under, while the intelligent and enterprising will step into their places. There is one danger which begins to manifest itself in some parts, and resulting from our very prosperity, viz: of the land getting into the hands of a few men of wealth. I know several instances of farmers who counted themselves rich with one hundred acres a few years ago, who now count three, four, six or even eight hundred acres. The result is that the comfortable farm house with its beautiful surroundings of orchard and garden, on several one hundred acre farms become unoccupied, or only tenanted by a hired man or a tenant for the year, and gradually drop into decay, while fewer children through their way to school, and fewer families are found to sustain the church. The evil however cannot be perpetuated. With the death of the proprietor usually comes a redistribution of the lands, and then will follow a rebuilding of the houses, &c.

Letters from our brethren visiting Europe, or stationed in our New Province of Manitoba, or visiting our distant stations in the Saskatchewan Valley, or returning to their distant fields of labor in British Columbia, or passing through Utah and California, on their way to Japan and on their arrival there have made the columns of our *Christian Guardian* to possess a very deep interest since our last Conference. The reception accorded to our united representation to the British Conference, and the cordiality with which that venerable body acceded to the requests of our Conferences, and entered into sympathy with our aims, has increased the respect and attachment which we have ever felt towards it. There were rumours of some of our highly esteemed ministers, who informally visited the British Conference, that they had suffered severely in the late gale, which wrought such destruction upon the eastern side of the Island, and by it our people are dreadfully crippled pecuniarily. The inhabitants in the harbor of Gabarus have lost about \$100,000; and this to a community that depends upon daily exertion for maintenance, is very heavy. And the worst feature of the ruin is, that they have not the appliances to follow their vocation. There is not one but suffered, and some of them were far worse off to-day than they were twenty years ago commencing life for themselves. The damages sustained are, 60 large boats, 40 small ones, 5 houses, 12 barns; all their wharves, stores, sheds, flakes, and a large portion of their fish, pushboats, barrels, and oil.

The morning after the storm these things

personally acquainted Mr. Editor with your brother of the quill in Toronto? He is one of the expected class of the Clergy, with marked features, about forty-five years of age, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. He owes his position among his brethren entirely to his own innate talent and indomitable perseverance. He distinguishes himself as a student in the Normal School, Toronto, while a youth, and though struggling against many adverse circumstances, gave earnest promise of making his mark in after life.

He entered our ministry twenty-two years ago, and soon won for himself a name as a Conference debater at the last Hamilton Conference when the subject of division was discussed in 1857, and became a sort of leader to the party who were at that time opposed to the scheme, and greatly owing to the impressive speech he then delivered, was the rejection of the measure at that time. A year after he became known to us as a polemic, in a very useful and conclusive tractate against Plymouthism, which was then making a great noise in our Province, and disturbing many of our churches. Perhaps, mainly owing to this, and the firm stand other books took in the matter, Plymouthism among us is almost invisible and inaudible. He was raised to the editorial chair by the Conference of 1869, in which office he has certainly as eminently distinguished himself as he had previously in other capacities. Laboring cordially with our Book Steward, Rev. Samuel Rose, the *Guardian* never stood so high in the estimation of both ministers and people, as it does at present. It is one-third larger in size, it has been raised in price, and yet I suppose no doubt is in circulation since he accepted the chair. His election to be the leading member of the deputation to the parent body, to adjust the exceedingly delicate matter of procuring the independence of Canadian Methodism, was a tribute paid by his brethren both in his ability and especially as due to him for the very earnest advocacy which he had given to the subject of union with the other bodies of Methodism. We hail his return among us, and shall look to the editorial columns of his paper, expecting that they will be much enriched, and perhaps transported somewhat by what he has seen and heard in Europe.

Our Missionary Secretary, Dr. Lauchlin Taylor has not yet returned from his semi-Episcopal sort of visitation to our far off missions in Manitoba and the Hudson's Bay Territory, nor does he expect to be back in time for the meeting of Missionary Conference in Belleville. He writes from Fort Ellis, July 26, and tells of travelling in an open boat for nearly a thousand miles, and in a small bark canoe for 200 miles more, and no exercise; for when we want about ten or twelve millions of the worst musquitos on earth were ready to devour us, from which there was no respite and no rest. The system became disordered, and we suffered positive pain and much uneasiness. Here we are in this great lone house for the last 185 miles, since we left the famous McKenzie farm on Bro. Favett's mission. It is truly a marvellous country. During almost the entire route, fertile and matchless land as far as the eye can reach, and when we got on a knoll could see 50 or 60 miles of the country covered with tall grass, rank weeds, and innumerable beautiful flowers of every hue, and of every form and color so that we could do nothing but express our admiration, and on more than one occasion said, "No artist could paint or brush or post in the highest flight of his imagination could do justice to the landscape." Mosquitoes, however, morning and evening are 'awful.' Up at four o'clock, travel two or three hours before breakfast, and keep on, seated on the back board and driving my own horse till sundown, halt amid a cloud of mosquitoes, make two or three fires rapidly, all helping and willing to fight the foe, and after a hearty supper, pray, and retire to rest. Would be a pity after travelling at least 1400 miles on a back board to return without enjoying our work, in what, though now in its infancy will yet be one of the greatest if not the chiefest of all the colonies of the glorious British Empire. Nothing but population is wanted as far as I have seen the country to make it one of the finest agricultural and grazing countries in the civilized world." Truly the office of Missionary Secretary among us, if such laborers as these are required of them is no sinecure. His visit to the lonely mission stations cannot fail to be of the greatest comfort and advantage to the missionaries and their families, and be very fruitful in its results to the Society which sends them forth.

I believe that there is no mission field in connection with Methodism where the missionaries are called upon to endure greater sufferings and privations; an item in our letters of Bro. Egerton R. Young, illustrates this. He speaks of having to camp out at night when the thermometer was 40 degrees below zero—of having to make his bed in the open air by scraping away the snow and lying down in his blanket, being struck by the dews, while fewer children through their way to school, and fewer families are found to sustain the church. The evil however cannot be perpetuated. With the death of the proprietor usually comes a redistribution of the lands, and then will follow a rebuilding of the houses, &c.

Yours truly,
H. R. R. S.

GABARUS, C. B.

Mr. Editor.—We entered upon the work of this circuit with many doubts about the results, having followed a brother who had been blessed with an extensive revival. You know the responsible position it places a minister in, following a large reported increase, financially and spiritually. We feel responsible to our predecessor, to the circuit, to Conference, and especially to God. And yet with all this resting upon us, decisions will follow, which are lamentable. Yet we labor and pray that He that can give success will bless our efforts for good to this people.

There is one thing which will make against us very much financially, namely, the last storm that destroyed so much property upon the Island and which has almost ruined the people. This circuit did suffer severely in the late gale, which wrought such destruction upon the eastern side of the Island, and by it our people are dreadfully crippled pecuniarily. The inhabitants in the harbor of Gabarus have lost about \$100,000; and this to a community that depends upon daily exertion for maintenance, is very heavy. And the worst feature of the ruin is, that they have not the appliances to follow their vocation. There is not one but suffered, and some of them were far worse off to-day than they were twenty years ago commencing life for themselves. The damages sustained are, 60 large boats, 40 small ones, 5 houses, 12 barns; all their wharves, stores, sheds, flakes, and a large portion of their fish, pushboats, barrels, and oil.

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INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF WESLEY.

DEAR BROTHER.—In your issue of the 15th inst., I read with peculiar interest an incident which happened during one of Mr. Wesley's visits to Ireland, under the following heading, "Wesley and his persecutors." It very powerfully reminded me of what I have been thinking of for some time past, which occurred in Cornwall, England:—As many of your readers are aware, the venerable Wesley in his visits to the above named county, sometimes preached at the natural amphitheatre, Gwennap. Another place, which was almost finished, was entirely destroyed so that it cannot be repaired, and very little of the material can be used in building another. It is difficult for us to see how we will meet all the claims of this circuit; our people having suffered heavy pecuniary losses, no boats with which to follow their calling this fall; a hard winter before us; church destroyed. We hope that He who guides the affairs of men will look favorably upon this people and bless and prosper their efforts in some way to meet the difficulties that surround them. Some of our brethren have recommended one course of action, others have advised differently; but we think that the loss of this circuit appeals to the whole connection. G. H. D.
Oct. 1st, 1873.

ALBERTON CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Our tea meeting, which was held on Wednesday, the 1st inst., in the new Wesleyan church, was a grand success. The day was beautifully fine, and the affair was patronized beyond our most hopeful expectations, by all our clergy and denominations from the surrounding country. The R. C. priest, the Episcopal clerk, and the Presbyterian minister took tea at the same table, while their people respectively kindly tendered us their presence and aid. The financial result, clear of expenses, is \$215.00, which is considered a very creditable amount. We hope to have the building finished this fall, at all possible, as the Temperance Hall we had hitherto occupied, is now used for another purpose, and it is only through the kindness of the Free Mission Society that we have a suitable place at all in which to preach. Our new church, when finished, will be commodious, comfortable, and we think somewhat handsome. It is 30 feet wide, 51 feet long, and 18 feet post; with end gallery, tower and spire. As we are a poor lot of sinners up here, our financial resources will be fully tested, yet, with God's blessing, we will not be disappointed. L. S. J.
Alberton, P. E. I., Oct. 4, 1873.

DORCHESTER CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The Home Missionary Meetings for this Circuit were held last week. They were four in number. Proceeds quite in advance of last year. The weather was very favorable. Divine Providence favoured us with beautiful weather, clear moonlight nights, and good roads. The able deputation were all up to their appointments. We had the assistance of the President of the Conference, the Rev. Messrs. Comben and Deinsaid, assisted us at Dover. Amount raised \$70, against \$25 last year. Our friends at Dover held a very enjoyable tea meeting last Saturday. They obtained over \$35, which is to be expended in repairing the church. All the arrangements were most creditable to those who furnished the tables. It was well patronized by visitors from Dorchester, Rockland, Moulton, Hillsburgh, and Coverdale. The best of order and quietness was maintained. All returned home early pleased with their entertainment. W. McCARTY.

Why should we not double our Home Missionary income this year to bring it up to \$20,000? The increase of additional labourers will shortly demand it.

W. McCARTY.

A LAYMAN'S CONTEMPORARY OF THE GREAT REVIVAL.

MR. EDITOR.—It may interest some of the large family of Methodists, in this, and other countries—many of whom are readers of your welcome journal, to know that there is now living a man who has seen and heard Mr. Wesley face to face. His name is THOMAS OTTOMAN, of Cornwall, England; who now resides in New Cornwall, County of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

His father was a Custom House Officer, known as "Locker-up of the King's stores," and "the King's man." He was born in 1755, his second son, left England early in life, in the service of the "British Navy," and after several years of sea-faring life, settled in Lunenburg, N. S. Mr. Hallamore says he was one hundred and one years of age the fifth day of last September. His mind is amazingly clear and strong. His voice is apparently as firm and unflinching as in the prime of life. He is of medium size, and as the saying is "as straight as a rush." He has a cane in his hand, and his step is short, quick and firm. He often walks of five miles in the morning to visit his daughter, and home again to his son's the same day. Among the many thrilling incidents of his eventful life, he assured the writer the other day that he enjoyed (more by accident than otherwise) a lengthy interview with Lord Nelson, on board the *Foxy*, shortly before his Lordship's death. The circumstances of which interview he tells with most cheerful zest. But to some of us the most striking fact he relates, are his clear and vivid recollections of the *person, character and persecutions* of Mr. Wesley. He says Mr. Wesley often stopped at his father's house. That he remembers Mr. Wesley preaching on a platform in the open air, and of being often interrupted, and variously insulted by the mob. Says that Mr. Wesley was very fond of children, that he often held him on his knee, and taught him to sing Mr. Wesley's favorite hymn, "Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne," &c.

and says Mr. Wesley's likeness in the hymn-book is good enough, all but the nose, which Mr. Hallamore declares was a very prominent feature of the good man's face. It has been my privilege of late to spend a few hours in the company of this venerable and time-honored man, and to see and read several letters written to him by his brother and nephew, between the years of 1830 and 1842, giving accounts of family affairs, of the Methodist Church in Palestine, and of the death of our aged friend's father, at the advanced age of ninety-three years, in 1842. The dates and allusions referred to in these letters confirm beyond a doubt the age and statements of the venerable and honored Mr. Thomas Cotton Hallamore.

Yours affectionately,
RICHARD SMITH.

Lunenburg, Oct. 8, 1873.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

We can only glean items of information on this deeply interesting subject, according to space at our command. The Montreal *Daily Witness* gives a good resume of the business and addresses of each session from its columns we extract the following (taking the liberty of detaching the paragraphs as may seem most suitable for our readers:—

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR VISITORS.

The members of the American Alliance having charge of the arrangements for the coming convention, have secured accommodations for the visitors in the private houses of members residing in New York City. Hon. William E. Dodge is President of the American Alliance, and the Executive Committee contains the following among their well-known names: Rev. Dr. S. T. Prime, Rev. Dr. McCosh, Rev. Dr. Noah Hunt Schuck, Rev. G. W. Samson, L.L.D., Chancellor Howard Crosby, Rev. Wm. J. Sedgwick, Rev. Dr. Wm. Adams, Rev. Dr. Thos. D. Anderson, and Rev. Henry D. Giles. The number of actual delegates is 336, but there will be many visitors and friends, so that the accommodations for the Convention will be taxed to the utmost.

SUMMARY OF THE MEMBERS.

Of the representatives who will take part in the proceedings, 101 are from various portions of the United States, 44 of whom will read important papers. From the British Provinces of North America there will be 52 delegates; from England, Ireland and Scotland, 98, and from other foreign countries, 111. From France, and several from Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, &c. All the delegates with but very few exceptions, have arrived in the city, and are enjoying the hospitality of New York members of the Alliance, seeing the noteworthy of these and neighboring localities. There being nothing sectarian about this great Protestant association, no official record is kept of the extent to which the various denominations are represented in the membership and among the delegations, but from an account of the members in the representative from this country, the Presbyterians predominate; among the English, Irish, and Scotch, the Dissenters; among the Germans, members of the United Church of Prussia; among the French, the Protestants; among the Swiss, the members of the Reformed Free Church. The Episcopalians who favor the Alliance are of the kind known as the Low and the Broad Church—the High Church Episcopalians, for the most part, having thus far kept aloof. One of the Lutherans in Germany, who calls himself the High Church also remains outside.

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED DELEGATES.

Among the delegates are many remarkable men, and among these may be mentioned Rev. John Long who has been an English Episcopalian missionary in India for over thirty years. He is also a native of East India who comes as a delegate from Bombay. His name is Narayan Sheeshari; he is very dark, and still wears the costume of his country. He speaks English, and is a zealous missionary. Very Rev. R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, has been in this country for some time, and while waiting for the commencement of the Conference, has been making a tour of this country and of Canada. Among the others who also came early were Professor C. Prouder, D. D., of Geneva; Professor J. S. Astin, of London; Dr. E. Bore, of Newcastle; M. Cohen Stewart of Rotterdam, Secretary of the Netherlands branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and several other very eminent clergymen and scholars.

PRINCIPLES OF THE ALLIANCE.

The common platform upon which members of the Alliance is briefly expressed in the following summary:—

1. The divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.
2. The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.
3. The unity of the Godhead and the Trinity of the persons therein.
4. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall.
5. The incarnation of the Son of God, His work of atonement for the sins of mankind, and His mediatorial intercession and reign.
6. The justification of the sinner by faith alone.
7. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.
8. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous and the eternal punishment of the wicked.
9. The divine institution of the Christian ministry and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

It being, however, distinctly declared that this brief summary is not to be regarded in any formal or ecclesiastical sense as a creed or confession, nor the adoption of it as involving an assumption of the right authoritatively to define the limits of Christian brotherhood, but simply as an indication of the class of persons whom it is desirable to embrace within the alliance.

The sessions will begin at ten o'clock each morning, and will continue until 1 o'clock, when an adjournment for luncheon will take place. Refreshments to be served in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association. The attendance of the Convention will begin at 2 and close at 5 o'clock. The public will be admitted free, but a number of reserved seats may be furnished. Tickets admitting the bearers to all the exercises of the Convention may be had for \$10 each, the money being appropriated toward helping to defray some of the expenses of the gathering, which will be about \$50,000, to be borne by the American branch.

of a theologian, as an administrator, his faithful services were called into requisition by the Church which he adored, and whose members cherished an ever glowing confidence in his integrity and fidelity. Twice he was elected President of the Conference. The first occasion, that of the Centenary year, will be ever memorable in the history of Methodism. In the year of his second Presidency the expulsion of three ministers took place, an event which was followed by serious agitations and losses during several subsequent years. All these important affairs were directed by Mr. Jackson in his own clear and manly style, and from his own point of view; nor will we be without the edge of curiosity by inserting lengthy extracts, but will at once recommend the volume to the immediate attention of our readers. It is a book of surpassing interest. No biography of equal satisfaction has been issued from the Methodist press during the present century.

OPENING SESSION ON FRIDAY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—The delegates who are to attend the sixth annual session of the Evangelical Alliance were received this evening at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. On the platform of the large hall in which the reception place every seat was occupied by the foreign delegates and many prominent men of the city, and in other portions of the building not even standing room could be found. The interior decorations were graceful and elaborate. The flags of all nations, symbolical of the cosmopolitan character of the conference, were intertwined, while over the platform were placed in large gilt letters the names of such prominent reformers as Calvin, Wycliffe, Bunyan, Edward's and Knox.

THE EVENING MEETING.

In the evening session of the Evangelical Alliance, Rev. Mr. Davis Secretary of the British Alliance, furnished a long report of the origin and progress of the Alliance, and then delivered a short address recounting the good effected by the Alliance in different countries. This Conference is not held for the exaltation of any man, priest or Pope, but to diffuse the Gospel of Christ. The motto of the Alliance was: "In Essentials Unity; in Non-Essentials Liberty; in all things Charity." The power for good of the Alliance was in its unity, and it is a power which will be mighty against superstition and infidelity.

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY SAID WHILE HE DIFFERED IN SMALL THINGS, WE WOULD SHOW THE WORLD WE ARE AGREED ON ESSENTIALS.

Rev. J. S. Russell, of the British Alliance, said he hoped that something would be done at this Conference to do away with the division. It had been the magnet which drew them to this country. It was time to be sick of the word "denomination"—a word not found in Scripture; his motto was *E Pluribus Unum*.

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OUR EXCHANGES.

The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* thus alludes to the home work of English Methodists:—

A GOOD MOVE.—The English Wesleyans seem never to have lost the aggressive spirit of their illustrious founder. They have, perhaps, founded and supported more missions than any other people on earth whose numbers and wealth were no greater, and still they go on. One of their latest projects is to extend their work and influence to the hitherto neglected villages and hamlets of the kingdom. So the motto which calls itself the High Church also remains outside.

THE ST. LOUIS ADVOCATE NOTES:—

ANOTHER MOVE.—Some of the ladies of Des Moines, Iowa, have formed an association for the purpose of effecting a reform in woman's dress. They have a platform, a part of which is as follows: "Moderately short walking dress for the street, longer and wider costumes, warmly clothed, and as clean as possible, the discarding of superfluous finery in church costume, and skirts suspended from the shoulder."

AND ALSO ITS OPINION IN THESE SIGNIFICANT WORDS:

What is the remedy? Not, as we think, in associations with broad platitudes for a platform, but in the cultivation and improvement of the public taste—the teaching, learning and practicing the principles of common sense.

While writing of dress, there is another point to which we would allude. Why do Protestant men and women so frequently, say, so generally, wear crosses? Do they wear them as objects of veneration, adoration, and to assist them in their devotion? If so, we have in this connection, nothing to say.

But do they wear them merely as ornaments, trinkets for adornment? If so, will they permit us to ask how it is possible they can allow themselves to make trinkets—playthings, mere ornaments of the symbol—the sign of the most awful, the most solemn, the most stupendous scene the world ever did or will witness—the scene of the crucifixion of Christ! a scene that darkened the sun, opened the graves of the dead, and shook the earth to its very centre!

THE MONTEAL DAILY WITNESS NOTES.

constant waiting for his coming, or listening to the music of his little son. Oh, blessed Saviour is our lamb in Thy bosom! Has he moved to the pastorage above which Thou hast prepared for us? We will believe it. We rest in hope that soon the great Bishop will say to us, "It is enough. You may now go home. Your circuit shall be along by the river of life, and the passage I have furnished, all ready for your coming. Your little ones shall greet you at the door with songs which could not sing below." We are trusting in His word.

THE MONTEAL DAILY WITNESS NOTES.

Another long-called-for movement in favor of temperance appears in the call for a temperance organization among themselves, Gentlemen of this profession send beyond the principles in the Western Provinces:—

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THE IRISH CONFERENCE OF THE NASHVILLE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, SAID:—

There has just been a correspondence in the London Times between the Rev. Dr. Rigg and the Rev. H. W. Holland, as to the accuracy of the report of the Wesleyan Conference, which appeared in the London Times, on Tuesday, appended the following note to one of the letters: "If the Wesleyan Conference would admit reporters, we should be answerable for any error they might commit; but, instead of this, the Conference excludes reporters, and we are thus driven to accept reports from members of the Conference, for whose accuracy we must not be held accountable: It is surprising that Methodists and other Non-conformist bodies should so persistently adhere to a system which is only suited for the days of the stone brought from Scotland, they understand this matter far better, where most of the denominations follow the example which has been so long set by the Presbyterians, of throwing open, as a rule, their meetings to the public, and making special arrangements for the attendance of the press. Dr. Punshon would, we should think, in America, be Wesleyan brethren that in America even provision is made in the churches for the presence of reporters; and he might do something to ward introducing such a reform as that suggested by the Times." The dispute about accuracy still continuing, the Times of Wednesday added to another letter the decisive note: "We shall report no more Conference proceedings until one of our own reporters is admitted." This decision will expedite the opening of the Conference to the public and the press.

THE SAME WRITER GIVES AN INTERESTING PARAGRAPH ON THE ELECTION OF CHAIRMAN IN THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE:—

The largest number of votes recorded for a Chairman of a District was 344 for Thomas Gifford, of the Chairmanship of the Cornwall District. There was a close contest between Mr. Osborn and Dr. Punshon for the Second London District. Osborn received 119 and Punshon 182 votes. There was a closer contest still for the Chairmanship of the Manchester District between John Bedford and Rev. William Gifford. Bedford received only four of a majority. Frederic Greaves was elected by 211 and unanimously to the Chairmanship of the Oxford District. He is the youngest of the District Chairmen, except Thos. H. Harell, Chairman of the Zealand District. George Gifford, D.D., is chairman of the Edinburgh and Aberdeen District. He is only four of a majority. Frederic Greaves was elected by 211 and unanimously to the Chairmanship of the Oxford District. He is the youngest of the District Chairmen, except Thos. H. Harell, Chairman of the Zealand District. 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THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. OPENING SERVICE. NEW YORK, OCT. 4, 1873.

On reaching St. John, N. B., we found ourselves in company with a number of delegates from the New Brunswick branch of the Alliance. Through the kindness and prompt efforts of Mr. MacMillan, the President, arrangements were made which greatly added to our comfort and convenience in the city.

The sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance commenced its sessions in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, by a most magnificent reception service. The assembly was imposing. There were distinguished persons from every part of the Christian world. There were princes of pulpits eloquent, authors whose books the world will not willingly die, masters in the several schools of theology, University professors, and missionaries from distant lands.

On the second day of the Conference the crowd was so great at the doors of the Association Hall, that a second meeting was improvised in Dr. Crosby's church, and several of the speakers on the programme were deputed to that place. Since then the programme has been divided into sections, and two, in some cases three, meetings, all crowded have been held at the same time.

Words of welcome were spoken by the Rev. Dr. Adams of Madison Square Presbyterian Church. Dr. Adams is venerable in appearance, a chaste and vigorous speaker. The noble address of welcome was worthy of the great occasion.

complishment of his purpose: That they may all be one. The whole audience also joined in the recitation of the Apostolic Creed, led by the Rev. Dr. Payne Smith, the Dean of Canterbury; and though familiar to me in public worship in my earlier days, I do not recall any occasion in which the weighty words of apostolic doctrine seemed so to unite the several branches of the Christian Church, represented by the vast concourse, almost every nation, and people and kindred and tongue, in the bond of unity, constituting the Holy Catholic Church.

The ready perception on the part of the audience of the fine point, delicate allusion, and quiet irony of the speech, at the opening Lesson, would have led any stranger to reach the conclusion that the mass-meeting was not a mob or a curiosity-seeking crowd, but a gathering of earnest, intelligent Christian people. Very refreshing was the enthusiastic applause which greeted such an expression as that of President Woolsey: 'The Church is praying yet, as if one cord, of one heart and one mind, notwithstanding the inefficiency of prayer has been actually manifested in the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury read by the Dean of Canterbury.

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DR. BROWN'S TESTIMONY.

PITTSFIELD, ME., March 1872. MR. JAS. I. FELLOWS. DEAR SIR: During the past two years I have given your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites a fair though somewhat severe trial in my practice, and am able to speak with confidence of its effects. In restoring persons suffering from emaciation and the debility following diphtheria, it has done wonders. I constantly recommend its use in all affections of the bowels, and in several cases considered hopeless it has given relief, and the patients are fast recovering. Among these are consumptive and old bronchial subjects, whose diseases have resisted the other modes of treatment. For impaired indigestion, and in fact for debility from any cause, I know of nothing equal to it. Its direct effect in strengthening the nervous system renders it suitable for the majority of diseases.

Many valuable horses die from the effects of colic. The best thing to do in a case of this kind is to pour a bottle of Dr. Brown's Liniment into a long-necked ink bottle, add half pint of molasses and water, then pour the whole down the horse's throat. In ten minutes the horse will begin to eat.

MARKET PRICES. Reported by Watson Eaton, Proprietor of the Right Market, Halifax, N. S. MARKET OF SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

ST. JOHN, N. B. MARKET PRICES. Reported by Jos. W. Potts, Produce Commission Merchant, 3 Market St., St. John, N. B. Market on Saturday, October 11, 1873.

1873 AUTUMN & WINTER 1873 Hats, Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, South Sea Jacket, Astrachan Sacks, &c.

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX. Sunday, October 19, 1873. Brunswick St., 11 a.m.—Rev. J. Strohbach. 7 p.m.—Rev. A. W. Nicholson.

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK from no other cause than having worms in the stomach. COMBATS will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

Wholesale and Retail. All are invited to give them a Trial! ALSO—A Choice Lot of various kinds of Superior Coffees.

Mount Allison Educational Institutions. The Second Term of the current year will open on Thursday, November 13th.

FIRST SPRING IMPORTATION OF ROOM PAPER.

NINETY THOUSAND ROLLS! 90,000!! IN EVERY VARIETY AND PRICE. Hall, Dining, and Drawing Room Papers.

Wholesale and Retail, AT R. T. MUIR & CO'S 139 Granville Street.

NEW BOOKS! RECEIVED LAST WEEK. Wholesaler's Commentary, 3 vols., each, \$1.75. Clarke's Bible, 2 vols., sup. binding, \$2.00.

SKIMMING WHARF, UPPER WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. Plevelling, Anderson & Co. COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at my office...

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FALL ANNOUNCEMENT.

LARGE ARRIVALS OF SEASONABLE GOODS COLONIAL STORE, 218 & 222 ARGYLE STREET. JORDAN & CO.

A Splendid Assortment of DRESS GOODS. Dress Tweeds and Aberdon Wincies, SHAWLS, SCARFS, MANTLES.

A Capital Stock of House-Furnishing Goods. Blankets, Flannels, Serges, Fustians and Osmabergs, Table Oil Cloths, Floor Oil Cloths, Wool Carpets, Hemp Druggets, Star Linens, Horse Rugs, Railway Wrappers.

MAcDONALD & CO. BRASS-FOUNDERS AND COPPER-SMITHS, PLUMBERS AND STEAM-FITTERS, Nos 166 to 172 Barrington Street, Halifax.

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WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM. ASBOTE STREET. UPPER WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. Plevelling, Anderson & Co. COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

The Family. (For the Provincial Wesleyan.) AUTUMN. Autumn comes but slowly from us. Gentle summer hues away. Grateful feelings now become us. Summer's treasures with us stay. Passed away the ornamental. Flora's tribute to our globe; Yet the seed is essential. Will survive 'neath winter's robe. Welcomes and adorns commingling. Joys and sorrows come not single. Clusters everywhere appear. Better far than Flora's bowers. Heaven's abundant needful stores. Gathered for the wintry day. What though morning vegetation. In her sombre garb appears? Soon will come the new creation. Smiles again will chase the tears. Mercy see in Autumn's coolness. In the winter care of heaven; Earth with all its wondrous gifts. God to man in love hath given. Winter's forces soon will rally. Gushing streams in rivers bind. Hide the beauties of the valley. Fierce winds teach the world's word. Nature, subject to the Master. Forms of truth in love assume. Winter's trial is no disaster. Blessings thus to mortals come. G. O. H. Cornwall, Sept. 25, 1873.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. BY S. ANNIE FROST. THE VISIT TO AUNT CARRIE'S. When the New-York train stopped at the station near the village of Elmgate, two little girls stepped off the way car and looked anxiously up the road. Two neat trunks were put off by the baggage-master, and the train puffed off again on its way. Both little girls were twelve years old; both wore pretty gray travelling dresses and hats, comfortable water-proof cloaks, and carried little hand-satchels; both were pretty, with brown eyes and brown curls; but while the face of one, Bessie Hart, was full of glad expectation and eager delight, the other one, Laura Moore, was sour and discontented. They were first cousins, living at Elmgate, and had been spending a winter in New-York with a rich, childless aunt. "I don't see the reason, Laura," said Bessie. "We shall have to walk home. It is not far, and it will be pleasant on the lovely day." "Pleasant!" said Laura, fretfully. "I don't see anything very pleasant in walking two miles after being nearly jolted to death in those horrid cars." "Hogged!" said Bessie. "I think the ride was splendid! But here comes the wagon." "Oh, fough, hateful thing!" said Laura. "So different from Aunt Carrie's splendid carriage!" "Oh! there's papa and Uncle John!" cried Bessie; and in another moment she was running down the steps and up the road, her curls flying and her face all aglow with pleasure. Laura followed more leisurely, but by the time the wagon was drawn up by the roadside, both little girls were waiting for kisses and welcome. But while Bessie swung around her father's neck, as if she could never be done embracing him, Laura contented herself with one kiss, and then led her father to the platform where the trunks were standing. "You do not seem so glad to get back as Bessie does, my daughter," said Mr. Moore. "I am so tired!" Laura replied, blushing a little. "Nothing ever seems to tire Bessie's papa." Certainly, Bessie's tongue was not tired. All the way home she was asking questions about the long winter, and telling the sights and pleasures of her journey, often repeating, "I have had a delightful visit, but oh! how glad I am to be at home again!" Laura said but little, and that little was in a weary, dissatisfied tone, as if coming home gave her no pleasure. And yet it never had been hard to say which of the two pleasant farms where the cousins lived was the happiest. In each one there was a loving, tender mother, a kind father, younger brothers and sisters, a baby to pet, with plenty and comfort; and when Aunt Carrie had been at the farms, a year previous, Bessie and Laura seemed equally happy. With the kind wish to give her niece a winter of instruction and pleasure, their aunt had invited them to New-York, put them into their leisure hours; only parting with them in May, and promising to spend one of the summer months again at Elmgate. The little girls did not guess their aunt's intention, but she wished to take one of them for a companion in her own life, and was hesitating in her choice. Laura, in some respects seemed best fitted for the city life. She was a good scholar, fond of music and drawing, and possessed talents that could not well be cultivated in her country home, and with her father's limited means and large family prevented the expense of a city school for one child. Aunt Carrie was quite sure she would be very fond of Laura after she had educated her. But the rich, childless aunt, watching the children carefully, noted that while Laura's face was often moody and fretful, Bessie seemed to carry a perpetual sunshine in her brown eyes. Without any marked talent, Bessie was a patient scholar, and improved all the opportunities for study within her reach. Two months had passed since the children's return home, when Aunt Carrie arrived at Elmgate and made her first visit to Mrs. Hart's. A bright, glad face greeted her at the station, and Bessie gave her cordial welcome. "I am going to drive you home in the buggy," said the little girl, "and John will need for the baggage with the wagon. You need not be afraid our horse will run away; he is too old and too slow, and papa keeps him because he is not afraid to trust mamma and me alone with him. Dear Aunt Carrie, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you!" Chattering pleasantly, they drove slowly along the shady road till they reached the pleasant farm-house nestled among the trees, where Mrs. Hart waited to welcome her sister and lead her to the room. Bessie drove to the barn, and her mother, after making Aunt Carrie comfortable, said: "I want you to admire your room, Carrie, for Bessie has put most loving labor into it. She arranged the hanging-baskets to look like those in your conservatory, she covered the mirror with those folds of muslin to look like the one she saw at your house, and she filled the vases and saucers with flowers for you. "It is very pretty. She is a dear, good girl."

"She is a dear, good girl," said her mother, cordially; "and we must all thank you for her visit, Carrie. You have no idea how we have all been benefited by it. Even her father and I had rather hear her descriptions of the city than read the papers. She has brought Lulu for me from her French, and Georgie says she makes all his studies easier for him. She has taught us all the way to make a variety of pretty things she saw, so that we look quite fine in the parlor. I never saw a child so happy as she is when she is giving us some of the pleasure she enjoyed herself while at your house." "Do you think she would enjoy another winter there?" "Yes, indeed; but she does not expect such a treat again. I was afraid at first she would miss the luxuries she had enjoyed, but I was quite mistaken. Her chickens, her daily doings, her garden, are all as charming to her as before, and she tries to keep up her studies as much as possible to lose the benefit of her winter in New-York School." "The next morning, Aunt Carrie went to Mrs. Moore's, to see her brother's wife, and her words Laura met her at the door. After a few words of welcome, she led her to a cool, pleasant sitting-room. "Take this chair, Aunt Carrie," she said, in a subdued voice; "I wish I had an easy one in the house to offer you. I am sure this room must see like a barn after your elegant parlors. Here comes mamma." "Go find your father, Laura," said her mother, and the little girl obeyed, muttering that "he was away down in the hayfield, and the sun was fairly scorching." "We can do nothing with Laura," Mrs. Moore said, when she was alone with her sister-in-law; "and though I fully appreciate your great kindness to her, I can never consent to her leaving home again. She frets hourly over the hard fate that gives her none of the luxuries of the city life; she will not study because she cannot have the instruction she had during the winter; she is cross to her sisters, and calls her brothers little clodhoppers, while it is really absurd to see her acting fine-lady airs." A month at Elmgate gave Aunt Carrie an opportunity to study well the characters of her two little nieces at home; and when asked for a little girl to adopt and take to live with her, it was Bessie who thus gained the advantages of city education, though a promise was cheerfully given that the little girl should spend the summer months in her own beloved home. "I could not leave you altogether," she said, when parting from mother, father, brothers, and sisters. "But by going to Aunt Carrie's, I may be able to bring home for you all in the summer what I learn and enjoy in the winter."

A MOTHER'S BOY. "Is there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as with a glowing check he stood before the manager. "There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you could obtain a situation here?" "You recommended me, sir," he answered, smiling. "I only thought I would see." There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?" "The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overcast way of sadness as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends; then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking him why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world." "I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys." "Then you have a place already," said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?" "I have not left," answered the boy quickly. "But you wish to leave it; what is the matter?" "For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother!" "Brave words! talkman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with quivering voice, "My boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy that occurs in the bank. It meantime you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?" "Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to care for her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I much obliged to you." So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been brought a glance of sunshine into that boy world he was so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by a desire to help his mother will always find friends.—Morsean.

A CAREFUL WIFE'S ORDERS. The following is the order said to have been written by an indulgent husband from his affectionate wife as he was leaving for town: Get a pound of tea. And don't forget to go to Brown's drug store and get eight pounds of copperas and a pint of carbolic acid. Get a dollar's worth of loaf sugar. Bring a dozen lemons. If you have a chance you had better bring a bushel of lime. We ought to have a pound of ground mustard and some ginger. Get a gallon of coal oil and a demijohn of whisky. Be particular and don't get them mixed; have the coal oil put into the can, and the whisky in the demijohn. If you see a nice piece of calico you might get me enough for a wrapper. Go to Orynski's and get a bottle of his black-berry syrup. The flour is out. Be careful and don't drink any well water while in town. Be sure and get a bottle of Hamlin's cholera cure. We ought to have a dozen knives and forks for the kitchen. Go to McCleery's and get a bottle of Dr. McCleery's blackberry brandy. Don't bring any green thing home to make the children sick. Don't forget the coal oil and the demijohn, and be sure and keep them separate. Go to Cheever's and get a bottle of syrup of blackberry and ginger. Get a pint of cognac brandy.

THE FARM. HOW TO INTEREST FARMER'S BOYS. At a late meeting of the Farmer's Club, New York, a paper was read by Dr. J. V. C. Smith, offering an earnest plea for farmer's boys and urging farmers generally to provide more means and facilities and encouragement for self-improvement. Some kind of a workshop should be appended to every farming establishment. It may be in a loft; in the end of a wood-shed; the corner of a barn; at least, somewhere. To generally such places are provided with only a rafter or two, a hammer and a nail, a rusty saw, and such kind of instruments, wholly unfit for mending broken bars, dislocated cart-frames, and that catalogue of farming apparatus which happen to need repairing. If the workshop is furnished with good tools, and sharp ones, and made comfortable in the cold, stormy days of winter, it offers an irresistible charm for the boys. They will neither come to the farm, nor will they stay there, if they have no such workshop. If they have such a workshop, if they have mechanical appliances for gratifying an innate propensity which most young men have for mechanical contrivances—that is, a place, a pleasant workshop, where the industrious farmer resorts for economizing time. With his own hands he makes and mends. He saves the time he would require to go to a mill or to a mechanic's shop; and he saves the money, too, which any such repairs would cost. He has real employment in such pursuits in the exercise of his genius in art, humble and rude as it may be to those who make their light in regions of imagination. Farmers' boys should have good tools and enough of them. It would be money well invested, since it invariably gratifies an inborn propensity to make something. Occupation insures rectitude of conduct, domestic habits, and mental progress. There is an undefined pleasure in the creation of sheds, wagons, kites, and wooden jacks, peculiar to one period of boyhood, not readily expressed in language. If a lad manifestly a decided aptitude for mechanical invention—and these observations have reference exclusively to those identified with rural pursuits—he should have convenient tools for the exercise of his ingenuity. Otherwise he will lounge about the house, sleep away his time in a hay mow, and consequently waste away many hours, that constitute days in the aggregate, while waiting for fair weather. Without being either particularly ingenious or inventive in the creation of sheds, wagons, kites, and wooden jacks, a boy of good condition for use when they are wanted. A philosophical instrument manufacturer of Boston remarked to me that boys had wanted in the line of inventions as ingenious as that of Watt or Fulton. Were they indulged at their periods of mechanical inspiration with the chisel, coils of wire, the blowpipe, a turning lathe, or other adjuncts of handicraft, extraordinary results might happen in the progress of events. "Sir," said he, "if my father had given me a workshop when I required that sum to purchase materials for carrying out designs that I entertained, it would have saved me a hundred dollars or more. I have been in business. The drift of this argument is apparent. It is a sign of effort and thrift combined when a farmer has a convenient, comfortable, well-lighted shop for all work, to resort to when nothing can be done on the land. Remember, then, to give boys employment for filling up the otherwise lost periods of rainy days in an agreeable manner. A boy of means more of the demands of young boys by a Latin grammar, hunting for eggs, or strolling abroad with mischievous associates, or with his arms or farm boys take delight in tools. If one prefers a musical instrument in spare time, he should have the best to be had, if it is clear he has music in his soul; instead of it being considered a nuisance, a source of annoyance, and the boys compelled to practice by stealth in a remote garret. This treatment makes them insincere, deceitful, and impatient of parental control.—N. Y. Independent.

SEEDING DOWN LAND. The point in seeding down is, to get a start—not only footing, but a growth at the outset. First, whether there is to be a crop of grain with it, or if sown without grain—the better way where the land is poor—is there will be a crop the same season of increased amount. But it is necessary to make a good start, so as to have all or enough of the seed to form a good stand. Now, poor, light soil will not do this unaided by manure; hence the loss of much seed, and the straggling condition of still more, never affording sufficient to pay expenses. Set a close crop, and the very agency thus used will carry it forward, at least with the aid of plaster when the crop is green. Once well set and advanced, drouth, the great enemy to grass, will have but little effect, as the ground is occupied by the cool plant shading it, and retaining much of the moisture which it draws from the land. But how shall we secure a thick set and a good start? It is easily done, and may be made a certainty. If the land is quite poor or run down, several things are to be considered. First, whether there is to be a crop of grain grown with it. If so, the grain must be put in early, early as possible, so that the seeding may get the moisture usual at that time of year. Next, there must be manure applied, or the grain must be dispensed with. Even if the grain is dispensed with it were better to apply the manure; this would make it safe. You are sure to get a catch, and a thick one, where plenty of good manure is used, not less than a peck of clover (timothy per acre), ten or twelve quarts a bushel. If you have a mellow, rich compost, and spread this evenly over the land after it plowed, and harrowed, and rolled, and then your seed—evenly of course—followed by a fine harrow,—or the roller alone may do,—it is done early in the season (the ground having been prepared in the fall), there can be no mistake about the seed taking, and taking nearly or quite all which will make a stand that it will do one good to look at.—N. Y. Observer.

TO PREVENT CATTLE JUMPING. A correspondent of the Vermont Farmer thus describes an improved poke or jumping stick. First put a piece across the horns. Then have a piece of hardwood board, one half or three-fourths of an inch thick, and about three feet long. Have a hole inserted in the bar across the horns in such a way that when this hardwood strip is inserted in it, running out over the back, as the animal naturally carries its head, the rear end will be just free of the board. Drive three or four single nails, ground sharp into the end, letting them come through three-fourths of an inch, so that as soon as the animal makes an effort to raise his head to jump the fence, the nails will prick his back, and he will be apt to skid his tail and start for some food that is easier to be obtained. For cheapness and durability this arrangement is unequalled. It weighs less than three pounds; it is not in the way when traveling around, and when the animal lies down it is on one side, as it is natural for the animal to throw its head opposite to the side it lies on. When they are feeding, it is upright in the air. It will keep the animal to which it is applied where it belongs, sure.

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AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED. I am not sure whether I did right or not. I am sure that I meant right. It was on this wise. Believing implicitly that the bending of little human twigs should be accomplished during the early stages of their life, I concluded to commence on Viewe. Accordingly I filled a box with cheunuts, and placed it within her reach, saying: "Now, Viewe dear, you must not touch them without my permission." "Well, den, I dess I'll not," was the reply, while the brown eyed three year old gazed wistfully toward the sweet temptation. I gave her six or eight. "I went to my work, and labored with all the cheerfulness of an inventor who is pretty sure his machine will be a success. During the afternoon it occurred to my mind that those eight nuts were lasting a remarkable time. Assuming my blandest tone for the occasion, I asked: "Viewe have you eaten all your cheunuts?" "No, I fink not." "Come here, darling, where do you get your nuts?" "Oh! I dets 'em out of my pout." "Well, but here are more than I gave you at first," I said, as I examined the dainty receptacle. "Oh Viewe! have you been disobeying me, and getting more out of the box?" "I vpects p'aps I have." "But are you sure?" "Yes, I're s'ry sure." "Oh dear Viewe!" I cried, with the feeling of one who discovers his invention to be a failure, "this makes poor mamma feel so sad. I do not like to punish you, but what must I do? I must have my little girl to obey me. Oh! what shall I do?" The small sinner looked reflectively. "Well, mamma," she presently said in a solemn tone, "I dess 'em had better pray." Believing her suggestion to be a wise one, embodying about all the wisdom of the entire affair, I acted upon it. Returning to my occupation after our session had adjourned the first thing that caught my attention was a scrap of old newspaper, containing the sentence: "He who through intention or neglect thows before another a temptation is, he is, however, equally guilty." I put away the box of cheunuts, and am now waiting for further light.—Misses Mayfield.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS. "Tick, tick, tick," said the clock, "tick, tick, tick; What you have to do, do quick; Time is gliding fast away. Let us act, and act to-day. "If your lesson you would get, Do it now, and do not fret; That alone is hearty fun Which comes after duty done. "When your mother calls, obey— Do not loiter, do not stay; Wait not for another tick; What you have to do, do quick."

MODESTY. Rev. W. B. Sprague, in some advice to his daughter, has the following paragraphs which will not injure young ladies to read and treasure up: "There is one point, my daughter, which is too important to be omitted. I refer to the deportment which it becomes you to maintain towards the other sex. The importance of this, both as it respects yourself and others, you can hardly estimate too highly. On one hand it has much to do with forming your own character; and I need not say that any lack of prudence in this respect, even for a single hour may expose you to evils which no subsequent caution could possibly effectually repair. On the other hand the conduct of every female who is of any consideration may be expected to exert an influence on the character of every gentleman with whom she associates, and that influence will be for good or evil, as the exhibits or fails to exhibit a deportment which becomes her. So commanding is this influence that it is safe to calculate upon the character of every community from knowing the prevailing standard of female character, and that can hardly be regarded as an exaggerated maxim which declares that 'woman rules the world.' "Let me counsel you, then, never to utter an expression or do an act which even looks like soliciting a gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility to be of any value must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your part, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favourite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it."

COLD WATER. To withhold water from children in time of illness is downright cruelty. It is doubtful if there is a disease in which the patient should not have cold water. O how babies often suffer for cold water! A nursing baby is given, no matter how dry and cracked, and the little lips are parched it can scarcely nurse, and yet this has nothing but milk to assuage its craving thirst. Try it yourself mother, when you have a fever, and we are sure that even after, when your darling is dying with thirst, the tea-spoon and tumbler of cold water will be in constant use. Deny it milk and give it plenty of cold water, and it has a chance of a speedy recovery.

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