

The Wesleyan

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,
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ON THE STORY OF THE YEAR.

The forest leaves became more and more yellow, leaf after leaf fell, and the stormy winds of Autumn howled. The year was now far advanced, and upon the fallen, yellow leaves, lay the queen of the year, looking up with mild eyes at a gleaming star, and her husband stood by her. A gust of wind swept through the foliage, and the leaves fell in a shower. The summer queen was gone, but a butterfly, the last of the year, flew through the cold air. Damp fogs came, icy winds blew, and the long, dark nights of winter approached. The ruler of the year appeared with hair white as snow, but he knew it not; the soft snow-flakes falling from the sky covered his head, as they decked the green fields with a thin, white covering of snow. And then the church bells rang out for Christmas time.

"The bells are ringing for the new-born year," said the ruler, "soon will a new ruler and his bride be born, and I shall go rest with my wife in yonder light-giving star."
In the fresh, green fir-wood, where the angels of Christmas, and consecrated the young trees that were to adorn his feast.

"May there be joy in the rooms, and under the green boughs," said the old ruler of the year. In a few weeks he had become a very old man, with hair as white as snow. "My resting-time draws near; the young pair of the year will soon claim my crown and sceptre."
"But the night is still thine," said the angel of Christmas, "for power, but not for rest. Let the snow lie warmly upon the tender seed. Learn to endure the thought that another is worshipped whilst thou art still lord. Learn to endure being forgotten while yet thou livest. The hour of thy freedom will come when Spring appears."
"And when will Spring come?" asked Winter.

"It will come when the stork returns." And with white locks and snowy beard, cold, bent, and hoary, but strong as the winter storm, and firm as the ice, old Winter sat on the snowdrift-covered hill, looking towards the south, where Winter had sat before, and gazed. The ice glittered, the snow crackled, the skaters skimmed over the polished surface of the lakes; ravens and crows formed a pleasing contrast to the white ground, and not a breath of wind stirred, and in the still air old Winter clefted his fists, and the ice lay fathoms deep between the lands. Then came the sparrows again out of the town, and asked, "Who is that old man?" The raven sat there still, or it might be his son, which is the same thing, and he said to them—
"It is Winter, the old man of the former year; he is not dead, as the calendar says, but he is guardian to the spring, which is coming."
"When will Spring come?" asked the sparrows. "Spring?" Again the echo sounded from the hills on which the snow lay. The sunshine became warmer, the snow melted, and the birds twittered, "Spring is coming!" And high in the air flew the first stork, and the second followed; a lovely child sat on the back of each, and they sank down on the open field, kissed the earth, and kissed the quiet old man; and as the mist from the mountain-top, he vanished away and disappeared. And the story of the year was finished.

BISHOP Bowman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, entertains sound views on church periodicals. We quote an utterance from a recent letter to the Editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, and commend it just now, to all the pastors in our connexion:
"If I were a pastor I would aim to at least double the circulation of the Church papers among my people, believing that this would more than double the Church power in every department. The pastor has no more valuable assistant than the Church papers."

"UNPARALLELED."—An Iowa correspondent to the *Northwestern* writes of an event which he pronounces "unparalleled." Tiffin, Iowa, last year did not pay all the pastor's salary. On the first of the present month he received the deficiency, with ten per cent. interest added. Some Ontario "parallels" to this would bisect the line of many lives in the itinerancy.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.
FIFTH YEAR, 1877. JANUARY.
FIRST QUARTER: STUDIES ABOUT THE KINGDOM OF ISRAEL.

EXPLANATORY.
JEROBOAM. All that is truly known of the previous history of Jeroboam is contained in the eleventh chapter. The announcement of his future royalty by Ahijah was doubtless followed by some overt act of rebellion on his part, hence his flight to Egypt. He was of the tribe of Ephraim, which had since the time of the judges claimed pre-eminence. (See Judges 8, 1; 12, 1.) Came, To Shechem. See verse 1. Shechem was in the tribe of Ephraim, between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerazim, in a natural amphitheatre. Its selection for the coronation was an honor done to Ephraim, possibly intended to pacify the tribal tendency to rebellion. See also Josh 8, 33; 24, 1; Judges 9, 6.

REHOBAM. Son of Solomon by an Ammonitess. [Chap. 14, 31.] He is said to have been forty-one years old at this time [chap. 10, 21.], but as Solomon married strange wives only in his later years, (chap. 11, 1.) and as verse 8 speaks of young men (boys) who were brought up with him, it is thought he could have been but twenty-one, an error easily made in copying. [See *Lange, Spk. Com.*] This agrees with 2 Chron. 13, 7.

APPOINTED. In answer to their complaint and demand for lighter burdens, he had shrewdly asked three days for consideration, ver. 4-8.
ROUGHLY. Heb., *hardly*, that is, in an imperious, tyrannical, despotic manner. How different from the way of David! See Psa. 101. He that would gain men must use the bait of love. Forsook the old men's counsel. That is, the "elders that stood before Solomon," ver. 6. See chap. 4, 2-6. When the young forsake the advice of men of age and experience they are in a dangerous path, but when they forsake the counsel of God they are in the way of death. It is safe to follow the rule given in James 1, 5, as did Solomon. 2 Chron. 1, 10.

COUNSEL OF THE YOUNG MEN. The term in the original means a child at any age, from birth to youth. The *Septuagint* has "boys." Their rash, headstrong advice just suited his harsh, proud and selfish character. Your yoke is easy. Their complaint. Solomon's reign, on the contrary, was one of peculiar peace and happiness to his subjects. See chap. 4, 20, 25; 5, 13, 14; 9, 21, 22.

WHIPS. SCORPIONS. Meaning, If my father treated you as servants, I will treat you as slaves and criminals.
CAUSE WAS FROM THE LORD. Rehoboam's passion, pride and foolishness worked out the accomplishment of the divine designs. Not that Rehoboam was forced unwillingly to speak so, but in the same sense in which it is said of Pharaoh and of Judas. That he might prosper. Without interfering with man's own free-will. God guides the course of events, and accomplishes his purposes. Ahijah the Shilonite. A prophet living in Shiloh. In chap. 14 he prophesies Jeroboam's downfall and the Babylonian Captivity. In 2 Chron. 9, 21, reference is made to a record of Solomon's reign made by him.

ALL ISRAEL. The ten tribes. The distinction between "Israel" and "Judah" began early. See 1 Sam. 18, 16; 2 Sam. 3, 10; 5, 5. From this time onward it is rarely used in its proper sense. What portion have we? Tribal jealousy, dis-

like and anger, led them to disclaim all share in the glory of the recent monarchy. Son of Jesse. A tautology, as "carpenter's son." (Matt. 13, 55.) To your tents, O Israel. A proverbial call originating in the wilderness. Thine own house. The tribe of Judah.

CHILDREN OF ISRAEL. Members of the ten tribes who happened to be settled within the land of Judah. We read in 2 Chron. 11, 16, that many others came over to Rehoboam and strengthened his kingdom, because they could there worship the Lord. The heart truly loyal to God is ever ready to give up home and friends if need be to secure freedom of worship.

ADORAM. As he was over the tribute, which was the thing complained of. Rehoboam probably thought he could arrange matters satisfactorily, but in their blind rage they rose as a mob and stoned him with stones. Rehoboam, fearing the same treatment, made speed to flee to Jerusalem, his capital, about thirty-five miles nearly south. Note the failure of this first grand gathering of the children of Israel in which there was no acknowledgment of God as their ruler. It was but the "beginning of the end." The subsequent history of Israel is a continual departure from God, until he "removed them out of his sight."

UNTO THIS DAY. Shows that the writer of the book of Kings, who must have lived during the captivity, about 560 B. C., [See 2 Kings 25, 27.] and consequently long after the rebellion of Israel had come to an end, must have copied from a manuscript written much earlier.
WHEN ALL ISRAEL HEARD. By the return of their representatives from Shechem, when Jeroboam had shown himself to their homes, it became known to "all Israel" that the great Rehoboam had come back. His return, however, he acted at Shechem, his friendly relations to the king of Egypt, his Ephraimite descent, his known energy and hostility to Solomon, all pointed him out as the right man for king over the revolted tribes; so they called him unto the congregation and made him king. Judah only. This includes the tribe of Benjamin, [see ver 21.] and probably a portion of Simeon.

ADVICE TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN IN HIS TROUBLE OVER A METHODIST TOMBSTONE.

CONTAINING REASONS WHY THE WESLEYANS CANNOT ACCEPT THE INVITATION TO RETURN TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY THE REV. JOHN BREWSTER, WESLEYAN MINISTER, SLEAFORD.

To the Right Reverend Father in God,
The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

MY LORD,—I have had the honor to receive a Pastoral from your Lordship, inviting me to return to the Communion of the Church of England. The Pastoral, in some respects, is worthy of my most serious and prayerful consideration. Although their are statements in it of a most objectionable character, yet the motive which prompted you to write, the frankness of your confessions on things which alienate us, and the devout spirit it breathes command at once my reverence and respect. I reciprocate your Lordship's expressions of love for our zeal, and your admiration of our economy. (Page 18.) I deeply sympathise with you in your sincere regret that "the Bishops and clergy of England" did not "take council together, how to guide the great religious movement set in motion by John Wesley." (Page 14.) I frankly accept your Lordship's invitation to "pray to God for the outpouring of his Spirit upon us, that He will give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions." (Page 14.) I am agreeably surprised at the honest confessions your Lordship makes on pages 5 and 15, of the dark and demoralised state of the Lincoln diocese in the days of Wesley, and that our position and mission are due to a great extent to the dereliction of duty on the part of the clergy of that generation.

It is exceedingly gratifying to hear you apply the wholesome remedy, "Physician heal thyself;" and to see your endeavors to "pull out the beam from your own eye." (Page 6.) In fact my Lord, the Pastoral is a "sign of the times." The present is an age of activity, and some unseen but potent element has roused your Lordship to address the Wesleyans. You have taken a step in advance of your predecessors. While synods and Councils have been discussing us, your Lordship has spoken to us on the most momentous question of union. And although "I am least in my father's house," yet I will humbly venture to answer for my brethren in the ministry that we cannot for a moment entertain your proposal nor listen with satisfaction to your details. (Pages 14 and 15.)

It appears from your Lordship's Pastoral that in a church-yard in some of part of your Lordship's Diocese, a grave-stone had been erected, to commemorate the worth of "A Happy Labourer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church." (Page 1.) This stone became to the incumbent "a stone of offence." Indeed, he took such umbrage against it that he applied to your Lordship for advice how to proceed against the dead. Should he deface the beautiful Memorial or should he remove the offensive grave-stone? My Lord! If that clergyman was troubled with a dead Methodist, what would be his embarrassment with the living! If a grave-stone gave him offence, what would "the living stones" do? Your Lordship frankly informs us in the opening page, that "to remove a gravestone once placed in a churchyard, in the presence of the sexton, would require a faculty, and might lead to a legal process of which it is not easy to foresee the issue." Did it not strike you, at the time you penned these words, that if it required "a faculty," according to law, to remove the grave-stone of an offensive Wesleyan epithet, it would require a much mightier "faculty" to remove the many flourishing societies of Methodism? If you are powerless with the dead, would you not be as impotent, over the living. The moment I read the opening page of the Pastoral, the thought flashed through my mind,—"If the Methodist listen to this Prelate's advice, and return to his Church, he will prove their Sexton, and not their Bishop."

The advice your Lordship gave the Clergyman, how to proceed with the dead Methodist, will give unpardonable offence to the living church. You say "Liberate your conscience. Disabuse your people of erroneous notions. Imitate the Apostle Paul, who saw a heathen altar, at Athens and took a text from it, and preached a sermon upon it. Use that inscription in your Church-yard as a subject for one or more sermons to your people on the present relation of Wesleyanism to the church, and on the sin and unhappiness of schism." &c., &c. (Page 4.) If this be your theory of Church-yard Government, your Lordship's Episcopate has fallen on evil times! A notorious predecessor of your Lordship, in the See of Lincoln, Richard Fleming, receiving his orders from Rome, dug up the holy dust of the great and good John Wyckliffe, and scattered it over the water of river and sea. My Lord! a man's character is formed of principles within, and by circumstances without. Had your Lordship's lot been cast in the days of Bishop Fleming, with your present principles that kindly disposition, which all who know you love, those brilliant talents, which those who have read your works admire, and that excellency of mortal character which all who know you in private life esteem, would have been turned into the bitterness of gall, and

become the tools of Popish tyranny. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing," asked Hazael of Elisha. Circumstances develop men. Circumstances are the moral atmosphere, the climate in which men grow. Happy for us and your Lordship that the darkness of Fleming's days is passed, and the light and glory of Wyckliffe surround us. Still it is unfortunate that your Lordship has stumbled in the light. Your principles have cast you down in mid-day. In hastening to embrace us, your "Brethren, beloved in the Lord," (Page 6) you have tripped over a grave-stone, and the accident will not add to your dignity, nor enlarge our sympathy.

My Lord it is unfortunate that your Pastoral should have been conceived in a grave-yard, and meditated over a tomb-stone! It smells of the dead. The dust of dead theories lies thick upon it. Its wail is for the departed age. Its grief is for the living present. It sounds like a funeral dirge over days never to return. It convinces me of my propriety in advocating by press and on platform the necessity of your Church being established by law. I have had the pleasure of standing by the side of your Lordship's Clergy in this Diocese, to defend the Establishment against brethren, whom I highly esteem, in the Dissenting Churches. For this cause I have sacrificed the friendship of good men and devout Ministers, at whose feet, on theology and morals, I would humbly sit. But, I regret to say, that so far from being shaken in my judgment, in the benefits conferred upon this great nation by the Establishment, your Lordship's Pastoral has furnished me with a new and forcible argument for the necessity of Establishment—viz: A Defence of Church Yard Sanctity against the tyranny of Bishops.

The counsel of your Lordship, over the grave-stone to the Incumbent, was insulting to us, whom you style on page 6 "Brethren, beloved in the Lord." "The Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites, so dreadfully denounced by our Lord, Matt, xxiii, 29, for building the tombs of the prophets, "whom their father slew and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous," whom their fathers persecuted, were moderate and gracious compared with this of your Lordship. You will not even "garnish the sepulchre of a righteous man." That which we esteem as an appropriate memorial to our Brother departed in the Lord, you have seized and shaped into a tool to dig up the dead to denounce the living. And standing in the grave, with uplifted hands, defiled by the touch, you call to us, "Come back, brethren beloved in the Lord." What! Exchange the green pastures of Methodism for a grave-yard!

Recall the advice, my Lord, you have given to that clergyman over the dead Methodist. It is as unscriptural as it is unrighteous. "You wish an Incumbent of your Parish to take his stand over the Wesleyan grave-stone, as Paul stood on Mars Hill? You advise him to take his text from the stone commemorating departed worth, as Paul chose his from a heathen altar! While the happy Wesleyan labourer's soul is mingling with the redeemed before the throne in glory, and reaping his eternal reward in the beatific vision of his Lord, does Dr. Wordsworth advise his Clergyman, so to wrest the word of God from its divinely legitimate meaning? Then my Lord, be assured, your people will take you at your word! They also will wrest the Word of God; and while your Incumbent is carrying out your advice, and uttering his diatribes against Wesleyanism, they will take the place of the Athenians, and ask, "What will this babbler say?"

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'WESLEYAN' ALMANAC, DECEMBER, 1876.

Full Moon, 1 day, 6h, 40m, Morning. Last Quarter, 7 day, 10h, m, Afternoon. New Moon, 15 day, 2h, 30m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 23 day, 7h, 7m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 30 day, 5h, 4m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and various astronomical data points.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern declination is the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwall, Horton, Hanseport, Windsor, Newport and ...

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

To the charge of schism against the Wesleyans, I plead "NOT GUILTY!" and I put my case into your Lordship's hands as the ablest counsellor I know. What you say in your own defence against Rome, will suit me well. It is admirable. You say "Brethren, let me tell you, the Church of Rome not merely teaches many great and grievous errors at variance with Holy Scripture, and with the doctrines of the ancient Catholic Church, but she endeavours to impose those errors upon all men; and she will not hold communion with any one who will not communicate with her in those unscriptural and anti-scriptural errors. She makes communion in her errors to be essential to communion with herself. She excommunicates all who will not accept her errors; and thus she is guilty of the sin of schism against the Church of England and herself. Wilful schism is always a deadly sin. But the guilt lies with those who commit the sin, and who cause the separation, not with those who suffer from its commission." My Lord, I thank you for this argument. It furnishes me with all I need in self-defence. Your relation to Rome is precisely that of Wesleyanism to you. You admit most frankly on several pages of the Pastoral, there were just causes for Wesleyanism. You give us facts which justify your Lordship in affirming that "in such a state of things it is not surprising that Wesleyanism should have arisen." "The non-residence of the clergy, the plurality of livings, and the negligence of the few clergy who ministered in the days of Wesley" compel you to be honest, and even to propose to "pull the beam out of your own eye." But the beam has been so long in your Lordship's eye that it prevents you from seeing the drift of your own argument. Allow me to take out the beam, and give your Lordship to see how perfectly you justify the Wesleyans from your own charge of schism. Your Lordship affirms that "the Church of Rome teaches many great and grievous errors." If the judgments on the Ritualists and Rationalists, which have alarmed the country, be true, the Church of England teaches all kinds of errors, from the most palpable negations to the most positive popery! Baptismal regeneration; auricular confession; priestly absolution; apostolical succession, and sacramental efficacy, are heresies of Rome; and lift themselves up with unblushing front in the Church of England. By teaching and enforcing these "grievous errors," even beyond the church-door, to the grave-yard itself; your Lordship commends the very sin which you charge against Rome, thus clearing us of all guilt in separating from you. Again, you say, "the Church of Rome makes communion with her errors to be essential to communion with herself." My Lord, this is your own portrait of the Church of England, as painted by yourself. Again, you affirm

of Rome that "she excommunicates all who will not accept her errors." Verily, your Lordship has sat to the feet of Rome to some purpose! For you are quite an adept at consigning the Wesleyans, your "beloved in the Lord," to the damnation of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Your Lordship must have felt that the force of your own argument was proving England guilty of schism against Rome, for on page 13 you commence an apology for the English Church. You say to us, "It will not be enough for you to show that the Church of England connives at errors in doctrine, discipline, and worship." If it was "enough" for your Lordship against Rome, it is quiet "enough" to justify us against you. Your clearance of England's guilt of schism fully absolves Wesleyanism of guilt against you. Again, according to your own arguments on the nature of schism. (Page 6), you prove us perfectly innocent. You speak there of those who cause "division" in the church; My Lord, do one of two things: either cease to ask us to come back to the church, or say nothing about schism! We are so thoroughly distinct from yourself, as the exponent of Rome, in doctrine, in practice, and in outward development, that to charge us with making divisions in the church, is a palpable contradiction of yourself. If we be guilty of schism, turn us out, my Lord. Do your duty, as a faithful steward of your Master's household. But instead of turning us out, you are asking us to come in! Again, on page 6, you speak of the schismatics as those "that separate themselves, sensual, having not the spirit." My Lord, again I demand one of two things: either withdraw your charge of schism against the Wesleyans, or put your pen across that wonderful compliment you pay the "people of Lincolnshire," on page 6. There you describe the desolation of the Lincoln diocese. You declare, among many facts, derogatory to your own argument, that Lincolnshire was "in a state of spiritual starvation. The church did not supply them with religious food, and they wished to provide it for themselves. Is it surprising that in such a state of things Wesleyanism should have arisen?" It is not surprising. But, I will tell you what is surprising: It is to hear a Bishop, after having stated that his own people were "in a state of spiritual starvation," condemn as schismatics those who brought them food! I am glad to find from the Pastoral, that your Lordship is a great admirer of John Wesley. You came to us in his name, and you quote his word. You naturally imagine that he is an authority to which we shall all bow. Herein you are right. To us it is the most interesting part of the Pastoral. Encouraging yourself with Wesley's authority, arming yourself with his panoply, and brandishing his sword in our face, your Lordship felt confident of victory. But you will find Wesley's sword two-edged and for every cut you may give us, it will twice wound yourself! Your Lordship's admiration of Wesley does not display very profound comprehension of him. John Wesley was a great man; and his greatness is of a divine character. It partakes of the nature of the immortal. It grows by centuries. John Wesley will be a greater man a hundred years hence than now. He was a tree of the right hand planting of the Lord. What your Lordship appears to know of him, is the stake to which the young sapling was planted, and the bandages which bound him, until his roots had struck downwards and his branches had grown up to heaven. We know John Wesley, my Lord. His mind is embodied in modern Methodism. From our stand point we are able to comprehend him. We have his religious experiences of the deep things of God. The experimental knowledge of justification by faith; the direct testimony of the Holy Spirit to our spirit that we are the sons of God; the regeneration of the heart by the Holy Ghost; the growth of the newborn soul amid all the conflicts of the flesh until we came to mature holiness, by Him who is able to sanctify us wholly; is the key of knowledge which

alone can unlock John Wesley's mind and works. A prelate of apostolical succession authority, and baptismal regeneration, cannot possibly understand John Wesley' "The well is deep," and you "have nothing to draw with!" Your Lordship quotes largely, on page 11, Wesley's well-known words about schisms, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and the presumption of those who seek the priesthood also. My Lord, have you not seen the oak tree retain some of the last year's leaves, amid the budding foliage of the spring? Those dead leaves are signs of life more vigorous than in ordinary trees; but the element of expansion within, ultimately triumphs over the force of tenacity, and the tree yields itself to nature. You fully prove to us, without going into the voluminous words of Wesley for quotations, that Wesley outlived those prelatical errors, and ordained men for the work of God. (Page 19). It takes time, and divine facts in Providence with the Divine instruction of Him who is present at all times with his own people, to outgrow the errors of birth and education. The apostles did not cling more tenaciously to Judaism, nor the reformers to Popery, than did John Wesley to Episcopacy. And it required as much Divine power and patience to beat Prelatical errors out of John Wesley, as Judaism out of Peter, and Popery out of Luther. However, I see in your Lordship the proof of the adage 'Like to like! Nature to nature.' You are attracted by a few dead leaves of Wesley, and by representing them as the tree which is now casting out its branches to the ends of the earth, you fail to command our attention, or to convince us of our error. To be Continued.

IF I BE IN CHRIST—WHAT THEN.

I am safe, whatever this present year may bring: nay, my night is far spent, my day is at hand. The wilderness is nearly traversed; Canaan and Jerusalem are almost within my view; the summit of the everlasting hills are already appearing. What manner of person, then ought I to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God? I must press forward; and so much the more as I see the day approaching, I must be consistent and heavenly-minded, so walking worth of my calling, and setting my affections on things above. For what have I, who have a crown in prospect, a kingdom in reversion, to do with the vanities or pleasures of this poor passing world? My eye is above; my treasure is in heaven; shall not my heart be there also? If I am in Christ, I must seek to be like Him, and to follow Him more and more closely, as the night is hastening to an end, and the day about to break. If I am in sorrow I shall call to mind that weeping endureth but for a night, joy cometh in the morning. If I am in comfort, I must see that this prosperity which God has given me is making me a holier man, and a more self-denying worker for him who loved me and washed me from my sins in His own blood. If I am poor I shall rejoice that my day of health is just at hand. If I am rich I shall take this gold which my Lord has given me and lay it all at His beloved feet. Mine must be no half discipleship—no divided heart. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What remains of this brief life of mine must be given wholly to the Lord.—H. Bonar, D. D.

SUCCESSFUL OPENING OF THE PORTLAND METHODIST CHURCH BAZAAR.

The bazaar in the basement of the Portland Methodist Church was opened last night, when, notwithstanding the stormy weather, there was a large attendance of spectators. The apartment was beautifully decorated, which reflects much credit upon Superintendent Porter and the energetic committee who had charge of the work. At the western end of the room hangs the banner purchased by the Shipbuilder's Union at the time of the turning of the first sod of the I. C. R. It is now in charge of Mr. Walter Brown and still looks beautiful. All kinds of flags hung from the walls, and over these

are lots of mottoes, including "Be Gentle Unto All," "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," "God Bless Our Home," "Stand Up for Jesus," "God Bless Our School," "Walk in Love as Christ Hath Loved Us," "Feed Our Lambs." The banners of Portland and Rechar Divisions are also exhibited, and near the fancy table "A Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year to All" greet the visitors. In point of original attractions this bazaar stands unrivalled in St. John or vicinity. In one end of the room is an "Indian's Camp," which feature was introduced by Miss Carrie Johnson, acting President of the Committee. It is in charge of Miss M. Day, and she personates "Sister Katchawau." She is ably assisted by Miss Alice Brown and Master Fred Short as papooses, Fred being known to most in the room as "Pudgy." They were all attired in Indian costume. The camp contained all kinds of goods from an axe-handle to a beautifully worked basket. The camp is made of poles, and branches of spruce trees entwine in and around the poles. "Sister Katchawau" sat near the door of the camp, and I was arrayed in all the glory of beads, feathers and short skirts, with the ever memorable handkerchief about her head. A token of Indian superstition is in the camp—a horse-shoe hanging above the door. "Sister" and her assistants did a good business last evening, and to-night, when it is expected that she will entertain her patrons with anecdotes told in the Indian language, and it is probable that her sales will be much larger. "The Post Office" is in charge of Miss Green and Miss Myles. An idea of their ability to write love-letters is shown in the following to the Daily News reporter, who was required to pay only 10 cents upon it: O DEAR —, How I love you. Hoping to meet you to-night at the Magic Lake, I remain your loving admirer, LILLY

The "Magic Lake fairies" are Miss Amy Day, Miss Rose Day, Miss Fanny Haslewood and Miss Ada Myles. The "Christmas Tree" is in charge of Miss Lizzie Ritchie, Miss May Aubrey, Miss Neva Watters, and Miss Lillie Whitman. The Floras of the bazaar are Miss Alice Woods and Miss Julia Murphy; Miss Flora Edwards and Miss Edith Gamble are the Little Red Riding Hoods; Miss Boyd and Miss Armstrong attend to the "Match Making" games; and Miss Eliza Kimball, Miss Alcorn, Miss Holder, Miss Jessie Stackhouse and Miss Wilson in turn represent the old woman in the shoe. The refreshment table is in charge of Miss Jordan, Mrs. Wm. Young, Mrs. Andrew Myles and Miss Woodworth; Mr. Green has charge of the boys' table. He is assisted by James Kerr, Chas. McLean, Robt. Anderson, and D. E. Vincent. The fancy goods tables, containing fine displays, are in charge of Mrs. Teed, Miss Pratt, Mrs. Bustin, Miss Scott, Miss Mealy, Miss Kerr, Miss Forbes, Miss Peatman, Miss Henderson and Miss Leiper.—St. John News.

OBITUARY.

AGGIE TAYLOR.

Missed on earth; welcomed in heaven. Who that were acquainted with "the preacher's family," when her parents occupied "the parsonage" on the Newport, Aylesford, Charlottetown, Milltown and Woodstock circuits, did not know "little Aggie?" and who of all those did not love her? Many besides her playmates will call to mind her pleasant countenance, wavy hair, in ringlets flowing; her elastic step and graceful manner. Her sincerity, unselfishness and general sweetness of disposition endeared her to teachers and scholars in Sabbath and week-day schools. She was a favorite with all—and we, who watched her, knew her spirit and speech, in the family circle from infancy to departure, have none other than pleasant recollections of her—aye, we thank God on every remembrance of thee Aggie. She born in Kentville. There the father found "the little nameless stranger" on his return from the memorable Sackville Conference—at which the saintly THORNTON presided. At once he said we will call her Agnes Thornton. Cherishing views concerning the relation of children to Christ and the Church corresponding to those recently published severally by Sutherland and Jost, and warranted in our doing by the words and acts of the Great Teacher, we early dedicated her to the Triune God in the Scriptural and beautifully impressive ordinance of bap-

tism. This rite was performed by the Rev. H. Daniel, at a missionary service in the church at Digby, where some of her infant days were spent. Did Aggie by transgression break the covenant bond and forfeit the "free gift" title to the heavenly kingdom—it was soon renewed and the gift regained—with grateful heart she could sing—expressive of the sweet experience—"He restoreth my soul." Early one morning she placed a piece of paper in her mother's hand and withdrew from the room; unfolding it with glad emotion the happy mother read these written words: "I think I have found the Lord, I feel he has taken away all my sins— And I love Him in my heart." From Aggie. She was ten years and six months of age. Never forward, but modestly retiring, but now, constrained by redeeming love, desiring that her school-mates should seek the Saviour, she told them the secret of her new found joy; and accompanying some of them to their homes knelt with them and prayed to God in their behalf. A day or two before her conversion she had written a note to little Louise Alley; afterward she added but a simple record of the fact—advising her young Charlottetown friend to seek peace in Jesus. An aged man who had shown affection for her was also the object of her solicitude. Thus she ingeniously reported the result of her interview—the reception of her testimony—"and when I told Mr.— what the Lord had done for me, he put his arms around me and kissed me." In our prayer meetings her gentle voice occasionally gave utterance to the Redeemer's praise. It was not long before a severe cold brought on lung fever—from the effects of which she never fully recovered. She would walk out occasionally, and promising symptoms of restoration led us to indulge the hope that she might live to labor for God. But consumption does not give up so lovely a mortal. Her delight in the house of God and the Sabbath-school led her to fill her place in pew and class for weeks or months after the effort was too great a tax upon her failing strength. The last ten weeks she kept her bed or easy chair—wasting, still waiting away, until her fair form was brought to complete prostration and to death. From the day of her knowledge of salvation her Christian life was beautifully consistent—and uniformly progressive. The grace of patient acquiescence during months of weakness and suffering, displayed the triumph of her faith and elevation of her hope. The closing scene of her short earthly career was beautifully serene. On Monday, 4th of Dec, her father was relieved from his watch at 2 p. m., by her mother. About two hours after she said she was going home, and would like to see him. When he entered her room her little arms were extended upward to their full length, she said "Pa"; stooping over her she embraced and kissed him saying—"Pa, I am going to Jesus"—and, with an earnest upwarded look and smiling joy—"He says you must come to Me now—I love you so." Misunderstanding our words she thought, we did not intend calling the children, and said: "I would like to go just now—but I guess he will let me stay till morning—to see all the children—but I am so tired, and other whispered words we did not distinctly hear. The children being called up, gathered around her. One by one she threw her arms about them and kissing them, said to each—"I am going to Jesus"—to the younger "Aggie is going to Jesus"—with touching words of advice. The baby was not present. Pointing to the room where the little sleeper was, she said, "baby." She was quickly brought, held over her bed—lovingly embraced and kissed [more than once]—"baby, Aggie is going to Jesus." Then quickly—"silver cup." It was brought—"Baby"—she put it into baby's hands. Exhausted by these efforts she whispered: I want to go home right away now—"gazing upward as if she saw a form we could not see, she said—"Come! come! Then "I am going—to—Jesus"—one gasp. We looked, amid the silence of death, upon her lifeless body. Her spirit had gone "home"—to heaven, "to Jesus." It had dwelt in the earthly tabernacle twelve years and five months—had gone to be forever with the Lord." Hers was a brighter morn than ours. Her coffin form, reclining upon its side, as if in natural sleep, held in one hand upon her breast an ornamental card with the Scriptural text—"In thy presence is fullness of joy." The wax-like figure was looked upon, and the text read by very many girls and young ladies, during two days. The preachers' Convention for this part of the District being in session, her funeral was attended by four Methodist ministers. The Rev. Messrs. Pickles and Ainley conducted the service at the grave. Rev. Dr. White, (Episcopal) Rev. Mr. Trotter, (Baptist), also attended the funeral. Rev. Mr. Miller, (Presbyterian) was prevented by personal illness.

DECEMBER 30, 1876. Neighbor been blessed dear but many Heaven Christ our believe some kindly Shel Belubb I dees I H De ser an Dat ha we Dis wo cot Where lin And e tal De gra de When ob Dey ha cot Do you coc And re if My fre Ad Wid no bor And e got And ebe an You all sna A stung on How Ev and Till de eun Now's y te. But had ten Dey wo had And de eun No half do. Goat y de y For ab appl emen you Keep a in' And wh up But if sun De shen thin What e driv And dor you For whe as s You's g sma I thank dia Sister W ob a I see dat arot And do whe —Scribu HOW A lo hundre at least Americ little g of Mat Henry he was rather beat li When old, she Germa The l only ch heart w the cro death, i the king swear at emper before t again t After h Englan custer. All h cess, e ed here body, other j Sie e

R 30, 1876. performed by the... some of her... session break the... the "free gift"... kingdom—it was... regained—with... expressive... He restoreth... morning she placed... other's hand and... unfolding it... ppy mother read... e Lord, all my sins—... art... From Aggie,"... months of age... etly retiring, but... seeming love, de... ates should seek... in the secret of... d accompanying... omes knelt with... in their behalf... r conversion she... le Louise Alley;... a simple record... her young Char... pence in Jesus... shown affection... ect of her solici... ally reported the... the reception of... en I told Mr... s for me, he put... kissed me." In... gentle voice oc... to the Redeem... e a severe cold... from the effects... y recovered. She... ally, and promi... led us to im... might live to... mption does not... al. Her delight... nd the Sabbath... lace in pew and... be after the effort... upon her failing... weeks she kept... rasting, still wast... form was brought... and to death... knowledge of sal... e was beautifully... y progressive... quiescence during... Price 50¢... faith and ele... closing scene of... was beautifully... of Dec., her... his watch at 2... about two hours... ing home, and... then he entered... were extended... engh, she said... she embraced... Pa, I am going... earnest upturn... "He says you... love you so."... ords she thought... the children, ... to joy now—... stay till morn... n—but I am so... words we did... children being... d her. One by... about them and... "I am going... "Aggie is go... ching words of... present. Point... the little sleeper... he was quickly... lovingly em... than once... Jesus." Then... he was brought... o baby's hands... she whispered... away now—... saw a form we... Come! come!"... "Je-sus"—one... the silence of... dy. Her spirit... eaven, "to JE... e earthly taber... months—had... e Lord"... than ours... elining upon its... ep, held in one... ornamental card... "In thy pres... The wax-like... and the text read... ung ladies, dur... chers' Conven... District being in... attended by four... the Rev. Messrs... acted the service... hite, (Episcopal... t), also attended... iller, (Presbyter... personal illness.

Neighbors of all denominations, have been very sympathizing and kind—God bless them all. We have dropped this dear child's name from our petitions,—but not from our thanksgivings for the many blessings for which we thank our Heavenly Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ; we praise Him that He has taken our beloved "Aggie" to dwell in his presence. When our mission is fulfilled may some kind seraph come to bear us on his kindly wings to Aggie's happy home. J. M. T. Shelburne, N.S., 1876.

"HALF-WAY DOIN'S."

Belubbed fellow travelers, in holding forth to-day, I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say; De sermon will be very short, and dis here am de tex; Dat half-way doin's 'aint no 'count for dis worl' or 'de nex'. Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton row, Where ebery cullid gentleman has got his line to hoe; And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap, De grass keeps on a growin' for to smudger up his crap. When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de sea, Dey had to keep a goin' jes' as fas' as fas' could be; Do you s'pose dat dey could eber had succeeded in deir wish, And reached de Promised Land at last, if dey had stopped to fish? My fren's, dere was a garden once, whar Adam libed wid Eve, Wid no one for to bodder 'em, no neighbors for to thieve; And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free, And eberything belonged to dem excep' an apple tree. You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' roun— A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a crawlin' on de groun— How Eve and Adam et de fruit, and went and hid deir face, Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place. Now s'pose dat man and woman badn't 'be'pted for to shirk, But had gone about deir gardenin' and tended to deir work, Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' where they had no business to, And de debil neber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do. No half-way doin's, bredren! It'll neber do, I say; Go at your task, and finish it, and den's de time to play— For eben if de crap is good, de rain i'll spile de bolls, Unless you keep a pickin' in de garden ob your souls. Keep a plowin', and a hoein', and a scrapin' ob de rows, And when de ginnin' ober, you can pay up what you owes; But if you quit a workin ebery time de sun is hot, De sheriff's gwine to leby upon every-thing's you's got! Whateber 'tis you's drivin' at, be sure and drive it through, And don't let nuffin stop you, but what you's gwine to do; For when you sees a nigger foolin', den' as shore's you're born, You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn. I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon— Sister Williams will oblige us by a raisin' ob a tune— I see dat Brudder Johnson's about to pass around de hat, And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat! —Scribner's Monthly.

HOW A QUEEN RAN AWAY.

A long time ago—more than seven hundred years ago, and three centuries, at least, before Columbus discovered America—there was born in England a little girl, to whom they gave the name of Matilda. Her father was the king, Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, because he was so good a scholar, though I rather fancy our high school boys could beat his learning without trouble. When little Matilda was five years old, she was married to the Emperor of Germany. The little empress, Matilda, was the only child left to the king, and his heart was set on bequeathing to her the crown of England. Before his death, in 1128, he called the nobles of the kingdom together, and made them swear allegiance to her as queen. The emperor, Matilda's husband, had died before this, and Matilda was married again to the French Earl of Anjou. After her father's death she came to England and was crowned at Winchester. All her life long—whether as princess, empress or queen—Matilda showed herself vain, passionate, vindictive, hasty, arrogant, and inconsiderate of other people. She exasperated the common people

by imposing heavy taxes and making oppressive laws, just when she should have conciliated and soothed them. England had never been ruled by a woman before. Both the nobles and the people disliked the idea of a queen, and Matilda did nothing to make her sex popular. She was ungenerous also. Her cousin, and rival, Stephen, who afterward became king in her stead, once surprised and captured her in Arundel Castle, and instead of detaining, courteously let her go, and even furnished her with an escort of her friends. Later, she in her turn captured Stephen; but, far from remembering his kind treatment and reciprocating it, she loaded him with chains, and threw him into the dungeon of Bristol Castle. A little longer, and it was again Stephen's turn. He made his escape from Bristol, gained one battle after another, and pursued Matilda so hotly that more than once she slipped through his fingers almost as by a miracle. These escapes of Queen Matilda are celebrated in history. Whole volumes of romances might be written about them, so strange and picturesque and astonishing are they.

Once, when the citizens of London rose suddenly against her, she got off by jumping on her horse and galloping out of the city, only five minutes before the gates of her palace were battered down. Another time she fled from Gloucester in the same way, the Earl of Gloucester and a few gallant knights remaining behind to keep the pursuers at bay. Again, it is said she feigned death, and was carried in a hearse, with a long train of mourners, all the way from Gloucester to Devizes. But, most romantic of all, and most adventurous, was her escape from Oxford.

Oxford boasted of a strong castle in those days. Into this the empress-queen had thrown herself, and for three months had defended it bravely. Then provisions gave out, and no hope was left but flight. But how to fly? Stephen's army lay on every side, like cats round a mouse-hole.

It was in this extremity that an unexpected ally came to the rescue of Queen Matilda. This ally was no other than that doer of good turns, Jack Frost. One December he went silently down, laid a cold hard floor across the river Thames, wrapped all the world in fleecy snow, and then, flying to the castle windows, stamped with his crackling icy knuckles, whistled, sang, and made many sorts of odd noises, as much as to say, "All is ready, come out and take a walk." Matilda heard, and a bright plan popped into her daring head. She called four trusty knights, bade them wrap themselves in white, put on herself a white dress and cloak, covered her black hair with a white hood, and like spirits, all five set forth on foot. Their steps made no sound as they crept along, and their white figures cast hardly a shadow on the whiter snow.

Through the besieging camp they crept, and across the frozen river, no sentinel spied them; not even a dog barked. If any lonely peasant waked and caught a glimpse of the dim shapes gliding by, he probably took them for ghosts, and hid his hand under the bed-clothes again as fast as possible. So, sometimes, on foot and sometimes on horseback, but always unpursued and in safety, the fugitives sped on, and reached Wallingford, where Matilda's army lay, and were secure.—Susan Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.

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GATES ACADIAN LINIMENT. Is the best known remedy for pains internal or external, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Toothache, Felons, Chillsblains, Cuts or Bruises of every kind in man or beast. Read the following Certificate: To CALER GATES & Co., Middleton, N. S.—Dear Sirs,—For the benefit of all concerned I make the following statement: About three years ago I was seized with a severe pain in my arm, which lasted several days, and was attended in my wrist, leaving my arm entirely useless for at least six months. During this time I was under the doctor's treatment, but all to no purpose. And strange as it may appear I dreamed that your agent in Wallace had medicine in his store that would cure my arm. I asked my husband to go and see, he went, and brought home but one bottle of Gate's Life Man Bitters, No. 2, and one of Gate's Acadian Liniment with immediate results, two bottles of each made a perfect cure. During my trouble with my arm, my general health was much impaired, appetite gone, and notwithstanding all the prejudice against patent medicines, I must not only praise it, but also recommend it to an afflicted public, for I consider it providential that I found such medicines. MRS. STEPHEN CANFIELD. The above statement sworn to before me at Wallace, this 13th day of October, 1876. W. B. HUESTIS, J. P.

EXCHANGE DINING HALL, EUROPEAN PLAN. 127 & 129 PRINCE WILLIAM ST., WEST SIDE. One door South Bank of New Brunswick. KING STREET DINING ROOMS. South side. Near King Square. St. JOHN, N.B. The Subscriber begs leave to say the above places are fitted up in a neat and sumptuous manner, with all the modern improvements. Both places are conducted in strict accordance with the wants of the travelling public. Dinner, Breakfast and Tea served at the shortest notice. Oysters served in every style. Pastry, Ice Cream, Fruit and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Strictly Temperance principles. The proprietor would say further that the above establishments are patronized by the respectable of the city of St. John. GEORGE SPARKS, Proprietor. Nov. 15 by

WESLEYAN,
The only Methodist Paper published in the Maritime Provinces.
\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE POSTAGE PREPAID.

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All Wesleyan Ministers are Agents.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876

1876.

The year 1876 now closing has not been barren either of interest or of important events.

The Serbian War has dragged along from stage to stage, watched in its development by the great powers of Europe, each jealous of the other's interference. Our readers will remember that last year an insurrection broke out in that part of Bosnia which is known as Herzegovina. It was at first a simple act of resistance to the tax-gatherers who had estimated the tax at an enormous sum. Those who resisted were robbed, beaten, imprisoned. Their chiefs were threatened with arrest. Some fled to the mountainous shelter of Montenegro, an independent country on the South. After some negotiations these people were allowed to return. Peace however was not restored, and after the whole country remained in a disturbed state for a considerable time, a conference was held between the representatives of the Sultan and the people. The demands made by the people were those promised them by a decree of 1873. That Christian women and girls should be free from Turkish insult; that they should have liberty to exercise their religion; that Christians and Mahomedans should be equal before the law; that the excesses of the police should be restrained; that the taxes should be justly levied. The Mahomedans demurred at these demands, and the Christians refused to lay down their arms. Several small engagements took place between the Christians and Muslim population. In one of these a body of Turkish troops took part. This precipitated a general revolt and the Montenegrins applied to Montenegro for help but without success. The insurrection, however, continued to spread, and by the beginning of the present year the whole of Bosnia was in revolt against Turkey. Through Russian intrigue, doubtless, Serbia was drawn into the conflict, and by the middle of June 1876, a Serbian army, largely officered by Russians, was assembled on the frontier prepared to repel the Turkish advance. Tchernayeff, a Russian general of some note, was shortly after raised to the supreme command, and confident of victory, led his forces to the attack. The chief interest of the struggle now centered here, although war spread its ravages through Bulgaria and Bosnia it became known as the Serbian War. In the latter part of June, the Serbian army gained some advantage, but through July and August suffered a succession of defeats. The Turkish arms triumphed at Belina, Rovibazar, Saboshadi and Widdin, almost simultaneously. By the end of July the Turks had assumed the offensive elsewhere. They received a check at Urlizo as the month closed, but in the beginning of August captured Saitshar after a severe battle in which the Servians were routed with great loss. About the same time they gained an important victory near Zessilal, and compelled the Servians to evacuate Gurgusvatz. This severe blow followed a still more crushing defeat of the Servians near Alexainatz. After five days of desultory though hard fighting by the outposts of the respective armies and several general attacks in which the Turks suffered severely, Tchernayeff was completely defeated on the 3rd of September with the loss of not less than 10,000 men. All through September and October the war raged with various success but with frightful slaughter. The Servians bravely maintained their ground against superior numbers, checked the Turkish advance and drove them from several important positions, but the close of October witnessed the fall of several important Servian positions, including Deligrad, and in the beginning of November des-

patches from Belgrade stated that the Servian army could scarcely be said to exist, being in an utterly disorganized condition.

One feature of the war aroused indignation throughout Western and Northern Europe. The most barbarous and frightful atrocities were committed by the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria. The sickening details reached us slowly and were at first discredited, but competent and disinterested witnesses attested their truth and subsequent official investigations confirmed the reports. Whole villages and towns had been depopulated and destroyed; old men and little children had been murdered in wanton cruelty with horrible tortures and mutilations; women and girls had been subjected to the grossest outrages. All the fiend and beast of human nature appeared to be let loose at once, and the Turks revelled with absolute impunity in the humiliations and miseries of these defenceless and unoffending Christians.

The government of England, under pressure from an indignant people, at length took up the matter, and after careful inquiry, finding the worst reports fully confirmed, demanded from Turkey that the authors of those outrages should be severely punished, and the surviving sufferers indemnified.

Whilst this sanguinary struggle has been going on along the Danube, other parts of the world have been the scene of conflict also. The bloody flag of revolution has again been unfurled in Mexico. San Domingo has been more fortunate in effecting a revolution without blood. Cuba is still vexed with civil war. The insurgents there hold their own, and the war which has continued throughout the year with most cruelty and destruction but without any decisive result threatens to prolong itself indefinitely. Indian troubles have again disturbed the tranquillity of the United States, the most disastrous event of which was the defeat and death of General Custer, with the loss of nearly the whole of his vanguard. A desultory warfare has been waged, by the Dutch, in their settlements at the straits of Malacca, against the Achinese. England has had trouble with Dahomey and measures are taken to bring to reason this most troublesome and sanguinary government in Africa. There has also been a conflict between the Transvaal Republic in South Africa and the neighbouring king Secoceni which will probably have to be settled by British interference, leading perhaps to a union of South Africa under the British flag.

The hostilities in Spain came to a close during the year, the Carlists having been everywhere defeated, and Alfonso became securely seated upon the throne. Unhappily the new government submitted to priestly influence and Spain became once more cursed with what had been her bane for centuries. With that same fanatical hatred to civil and religious liberty which has been a common trait of Spanish priests in every age, the ecclesiastical potentates began to wage war against the proposed measures. In vain did Castelar in one of the most eloquent speeches, denounce this backward legislation as unworthy of the nineteenth century, a disgrace to a noble people, and calculated to retard the progress of his beloved country. The measures were carried. The press was gagged. Protestant worship was closed, and Protestants subjected to persecution. Spain takes her place again in the rear of civilization, as if it was predestined that she should remain a standing monument, and warning to the world of what Ultra-montanism could reduce a great people to, when its influence was allowed to rule their councils.

Amongst the important events in the British Empire were the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, and the conferring upon the Queen the title of Empress of India. A century and a quarter have elapsed since the agents of the East India Company were trying to protect their thriving trade and meagre influence against the genius and ambition of Labourdonnais and Dupleix; to-day the vast peninsula, from the Indus to the Ganges, and from Cape Cormorein to the Himalaya Mountains, with trifling exceptions,

acknowledge British rule. Eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory inhabited by more than 150,000,000 of people, have thus become a part of the great British Empire, and as the son of our Queen has made his tour through that part of her dominions, he has been received with such ovations as have rarely been given to mortals. The cities vied to do him homage, and a country which a few years ago was the scene of the most gigantic rebellion against her authority, became the scene of the most gigantic demonstrations in her honour. On New Year's day, 1877, in the great city of Delhi, the formal proclamation is to be made of the assumption by her Majesty of the title of Empress of India, amidst great rejoicing. Our Indian Empire has been gained by great crimes and great cruelties, but it has been a blessing to that vast country. It may be doubted by some whether there has been more bloodshed, violence, cruelty and injustice during the whole period of British rule than there formerly was in a single decade of years of native rule. The political and social condition is vastly better than ever before. Law spreads the wings of its protection over the high and the humble; life and property are secure; taxation more equitable; modern improvements have been introduced; and above all, the religion of the cross has been planted and sustained. The future of this important country is bright.

Japan has continued during the year to make remarkable progress in modern ideas. New life seems to have been imparted to the whole nation. The people appear to have a genius for art, invention, law and general progress, and will, if no untoward event obstruct their advancement, take shortly an important place amongst civilized nations.

The United States of America celebrated, during the year, the centennial of their national existence. One hundred years ago they were a few sparsely populated colonies, struggling, at first, for rights which the British Government should have recognised, and finally, for independence. To day they form one of the great powers of the world, second to none in influence and in success in the arts and commerce. Since the day when she "sprang forth a Pallas armed and undefiled,"

hers has not been an uneventful history. Warring now with Britain and now with Mexico, with the Indian tribes within her borders, and at last with her own self, she has had a full share of bloodshed and strife, but she has never ceased to grow and develop her resources. To-day she sits secure in her might. In a nation peopled from every country in Europe, it might have been supposed that some traits of those nationalities would be preserved in her institutions. But Anglo Saxon vigor and energy of character have triumphed everywhere and so stamped their own features into the national life that the United States is but the great British Republic. Her Centennial Exhibition came off with great splendour and with great success. All the world that was worth representing was represented. The glory and riches of art, science, and commerce were found there, making it worthy of the great nation whose centennial year it celebrated. At present the election for President is pending. Two great men, each worthy of the place, and two great parties are held for the moment in even balance.

Among the notable visitors at the Centennial was the Emperor of Brazil who, having peace in his own dominions, has ventured abroad to see the progress and prosperity of the world. After visiting all the principal places of interest in the United States and Canada, he has gone to Europe. We may confidently hope that he will carry back to the greatest nation in South America some of the advanced ideas which he may gather in his travels.

Science has made important advances during the year. Time would fail to name the men of note who have devoted their time and talents to the work of enlarging the sphere of human knowledge, or even to catalogue their discoveries. In the high heavens and in the deep sea investigations have been made with minute care and the results recorded. Whilst, from the observatories of Europe and America, astronomers have been searching successfully for asteroids and resolving nebulae, Prof. Wyrille

Thompson of the *Challenger*, traversing a track of sixty-nine thousand miles, has been taking soundings in the ocean, ascertaining the bottom temperature, bringing up bottom water for chemical analysis, and dredging the bottom, miles below the surface, for specimens of the fauna. Father Secchi has been examining the spots on the sun, and Dr. Hagen observing curious insect deformities, and between these wide extremes every object has been subjected to searching examination from the commonest of substances with which every one is familiar to the rare mysterious ones of which common people do not know even the names. Gradually the secrets of nature, so long preserved by the silence of mute creation, are being wrested from her and blazoned forth to the world.

One of the attempts of science, although protracted, deserves special mention. In the summer of 1875, two ships fitted out with every necessary that modern skill could furnish, started on a voyage of exploration in the Arctic seas, and to search if possible the North pole. In October of 1876 they returned, having wintered, the one in latitude 81° 45', the other in 82° 27'. The voyage was one of great peril, entailing severe labors and great anxieties, but was performed with a skill and fortitude almost superhuman. The sea, when they reached it in August, was encumbered with ice, the Arctic currents were strong and rapid, the cold was intense, but with rare bravery and endurance they persevered, and finally succeeded in reaching the highest latitude ever trodden by human foot, only to find that the task they had undertaken was impossible to mortals. They spent the winter amidst the darkness and frost of those perilous regions, with the thermometer 70° below zero, waiting the return of light and warmth, while, in breathless suspense, waited to learn the results of their fortune. They have returned sooner than was expected having accomplished little perhaps except to demonstrate the folly of attempting the impossible. Their story will however be told by and by. It is 282 years since William Barentz, a pilot of Amsterdam, penetrated for the first time, in his rude, unwieldy Dutch ships, those seas of everlasting ice and storm, seeking to find a northern passage to India and solve the dread mystery of the North. He reached 77°.

Two years afterwards he set out on another expedition and reached the latitude of 80° 11', and wintered in 76°. Since then many a similar expedition has been fitted out, and many a brave man has perished in the attempt to conquer the Arctic frosts. They have failed because success was impossible to flesh and blood.

The literature of the year is far too wide a field for survey, and much of it is as barren as those ice floes of the far North. Yet there have been a few works sent forth of some interest and perhaps a permanent value. Taine's pen has not been idle, nor Lecky's, nor Elliott's, nor Victor Hugo's, but we cannot even enumerate.

Music still triumphs in Germany and Wagner's musical festival at Bayreuth has been one of the events worthy of note. This great musical genius whose Rienzi, Lohengrin, and Ring of the Nibelung, form a new phase of musical art, and raise their author to the first rank of composers, found it necessary to erect a building suitable to his purpose, and the opening of this theatre offered the occasion for a festival for which he claims a national character. It has come off with great éclat and success.

Many dreadful calamities have happened in various parts of the world since the merry, hopeful bells rang in 1876. Pestilence has swept off one fifth of the population of the Fiji Islands; floods in Hungary submerged fifty fine villages with appalling loss of life; a terrific storm occurred, during which Rock Dale, a town of two thousand inhabitants, was washed out of existence; a cyclone in Eastern Bengal was accompanied by a tidal wave, by which three islands in or near the estuary of the river Megua were overwhelmed. Many parts were submerged to a depth of twenty feet. Out of a population of three hundred and forty thousand, two hundred and fifteen thousand are known to have been destroyed. The year closes gloomily over

Bombay. Seven large districts, with a population of six millions are in a most distressed state. A severe and protracted drouth has prevailed. The tanks and streams are drying up, scarcely a blade of grass is visible for miles, and cattle are dying of starvation. The Government is making strenuous exertions to give relief to the numerous sufferers. Several hurricanes, in the West Indies, have caused great destruction of life and property, especially amongst the shipping in the harbor and around the coasts of the islands, whilst from the north tidings reach us of the destruction by ice, of nearly the whole Northern Pacific whaling fleet, with great loss of life. Thus tales of sorrow still form part of the history of human life, and God still calls us, by his chastisements, to set our affections upon things above.

There has been a partial revival of trade during the year, and the prospects continue to brighten, but the past twelve months have, nevertheless, left a long train of disasters. Numerous houses, some of them old and seemingly solid, have gone down with a crash, and much anxiety prevails everywhere.

DEATHS.

Death has been gathering his harvest from amongst the high and the humble. Among the notable characters who have passed away may be mentioned:

Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State for the Pope, who from a poor and unknown youth had become the richest noble of Italy and Rome, and the most widely known of the Roman hierarchs. The Archbishop of Halifax, and the Bishop of Newfoundland.

Methodism has lost Dr. Waddy, Mr. Baird, the great Iron dealer of Glasgow, who had given £500,000 to the Presbyterian Church, passed away, and A. T. Stewart, of New York, the richest merchant in the world.

The famous Mexican General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, at the age of eighty eight.

Miss Harriet Martineau, Casimir Perier and others.

We have no space for any review of our own Dominion history, in either politics or religion. But our pages have been of these, a chronicle during all the year.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our limited space only admits of a short notice for several items now on our table. We would cheerfully extend our columns if we could this week.

We are rejoiced to see by St. John papers, that the new Methodist church, Chatham, N. B. is being grandly aided by a friend well tried and always trusted. J. B. Snowball, Esq., offers \$2000 towards the building for every \$1000 the congregation will raise. The tower is to have a clock of four dials as one of the tokens of his liberality. All this is very cheering.

Rev. Benjamin Chappell of St. John, has been presented with an elegant fur cap, band and gloves by his attached people, who seem greatly to admire him.

The provision made for the supply of Windsor in place of their pastor while absent in Bermuda, has been exceedingly generous. But that was what might have been expected.

The teachers of Halifax schools have been thoughtfully presented by their pupils with tokens of regard. Among others valuable gifts have been made, accompanied by addresses to J. T. Mellish, Principal of Albro St., D. H. Burbridge, of Morris St., and A. N. Archibald, Principal of Richmond school. These teachers all stand high in the ranks of a very laborious and honored profession.

The ladies of the Methodist Church, Pictou, realized about \$200 at their fancy sale and tea on Friday evening, the 22nd inst. Considering the general scarcity of money, this is very creditable, though not as large as it should have been to compensate them for their zeal in providing such a varied and handsome display of fancy and useful articles.

A letter has reached us impugning the veracity of a pamphlet recently put in circulation in the vicinity of Lunenburg. This is a matter of merely local importance, and to be judged in all its merits by men most intimately acquainted with the circumstances. We cannot encourage any further a correspondence which charges want of truthfulness from both sides of the controversy. We wish the trouble to be buried as soon as brethren can meet together to perform the funeral service.

George Whitfield to a correspondent forty miles from B. "A fisherman" was assayed who lately Institute of Nature is sincere in his the man's origin? Wh germs in the soil of asks if another city in urging the ab day. Our friend r garies to the tw brains and abund gent in business from hobby-riding a form of mode- common with th ermen are u'rcif be thankfr!

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WE DEAR M Meetings be success. B dresses of Phinney, Hart, from the several struction an roy S. Rog ent, also re prospective vance of la On the b into our comfortabl had a good With cou

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George Whitfield (we may say in reply to a correspondent) died at Newberry, forty miles from Boston, in 1770.

A fisherman writes to enquire if an... who lately appeared before the... of Natural Science in this city...

MINISTERIAL AFFLICTIONS.—Our Christmas enjoyment has been repeatedly interrupted by letters and reports from several ministerial homes...

Rev. W. W. Percival has been seen by our obituary columns, has suffered much through the severe scourge diphtheria.

Rev. S. F. Huestis has been ordered off to Bernuda for a few months by his physician. A severe cold affected his throat some weeks ago...

Rev. James Taylor has buried an amiable daughter. Her excellencies are fittingly portrayed by a tender and affectionate hand in our columns this week.

Rev. R. Brecken is down with a mild attack of diphtheria. Overwork and a severe cold, caught in visiting Sambro a week ago, have contributed to his indisposition.

By a letter from President Temple, we learn that Rev. R. B. Mack, who had but partially recovered from an accident of a year ago, was, a few days since, thrown from his sleigh and severely injured.

Mrs. Ackman, wife of Rev. S. Ackman of Carleton, N. B., has been ill for several weeks. The nature of her sickness we have not learned.

Much matter crowded out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WELSFORD CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Our Missionary Meetings held last week were quite a success. By the able and eloquent addresses of the deputation, Revs. J. S. Phinney, from Fairville, and Joseph Hart, from Esmouth Street, St. John, the several audiences were interested, instructed and highly pleased.

On the 19th inst., we were able to move into our new Parsonage, which is very comfortable and convenient. We have had a good Christmas service to day. With compliments of the season.

Yours etc. L. S. J.

CHILDREN'S FUND—AN ANSWER TO "READER."

MR. EDITOR.—Free, full and honest discussion of church interests must do good. Schemes for church improvement that will not stand the test of fair criticism should be set aside, while criticism that is wise of the mark should not have a prejudicial effect.

In your last issue "Reader" criticizes the report of the N. S. Conference Committee on Children's Fund. It is to be regretted that he had not gone beyond the duty to read but had also sought to "mark, learn and inwardly digest" the scheme propounded before rushing into print.

"Reader," after stating that the chief difficulty about the Children's Fund was the assessing of circuits according to membership, and putting the same tax on the poor as the rich, asserts, "These difficulties though apparently removed are really retained and augmented by the proposed scheme."

Any cast iron rules such as taxation by membership would prevent this, but a principle such as that recommended by the Children's Fund Committee has sufficient elasticity about it to help Wallace, and that too without taking a dollar from the pockets of brethren on the dependent circuits or pressing unduly upon other Independent circuits.

The principle involved in the appointment of a yearly committee to assess Independent circuits is precisely the principle that conference has adopted about the Contingent Fund, and embodies the characteristic feature in the solution of many difficulties in ordinary business affairs, and extends even to great social and national problems.

The committee have recommended that Independent circuits shall provide for the minister's children upon them. "Reader" in commenting upon this remark "So our so-called Independent circuits are not yet to be allowed to become such, may, are still to receive grants for the minister's children &c."

And as we hear "rumors of wars" and feel that God is fulfilling His "sure word of prophecy," there seems a voice calling us to be diligent to establish in this Dominion with so glorious a future, "the righteousness that exalteth a nation."

Oh that this year may be one, not of spasmodic, but of continuous revival, that we may go up to the next Conference full of joy in the God of our salvation because of the victories He has given us.

The third recommendation of the committee represents an honest effort to reduce the number of Dependent circuits and thus benefit that class of circuits whilst it helps circuits struggling into an Independent relation. But forsooth because circuits seeking independency are to have grants for two years much smaller than formerly enjoyed—

Will "Reader" pardon a suggestion? If he is not satisfied with the committee's plan let him propound something better and if the church will not recognize him as a Moses leading her from darkness and trouble in this Connexional Fund to the fullness of relief and plenty, she will at least reward him as her Joseph with the honors she delights to bestow.

STUDENT.

KIND WORDS.

MR. EDITOR.—There are always plenty to utter words of discouragement towards a religious paper, if it cost a little more than their local paper, though it brings to their home a far greater proportion of real value.

There is no shipbuilding going on at present in New Glasgow or Pictou; and it is quite possible the shipyards will be idle this winter.

An unfinished Baptist church, at Little Glace Bay, was blown down on Tuesday, week.

The Sherbrooke Packet, the Sea Nymph, reported missing, is safe at Sheet Harbor. Launched at Hantsport, on Saturday, the 16th inst., from the yard of E. Churchill & Sons, a fine barque called the Ontario; length of keel 156 feet; breadth of beam, 35 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet; registered tonnage, 825.

I believe that with us as Ministers of the Methodist Church, our strongest desire is a deep toned piety in believers, and the sound conversion of that large proportion of our congregation who are hearers but not doers of the Word.

And to us, as the Ministers, do not the words of Dr. Joseph Parker, remind us that God has so ordered our Church economy, as to give us "more relations with the world at large," and therefore a wider field for usefulness, than that of any other branch of the universal church.

We in Canada delight to boast of our wide and beloved Dominion, and to trace the source of "living waters" directed by the Methodist Church, among others, under God, through its various spiritual deserts.

On Saturday night as a young man named Hill, son of Mr. Reuben Hill, of Hill's Point, was on his way home from town he was thrown from his sled, and was so badly stunned that he lay unconscious for a considerable time, and had his hands and feet badly frozen.

There is a movement to extend the Penobscot and Saint Croix railroad to the N. A. R. via the Tomah Stream, and the project will probably be brought before the citizens of Calais ere long.

Plate-lying is still going on, on the Albert Railway, and the engine now runs to within 3-1/2 miles of Hillsboro.

A subscriber to the "Telegraph" writing from Dorchester, Westmoreland County, says that Mr. Rufus Steeves and Mr. John Steeves, of Dover, sowed a field of gray buckwheat last spring, which yielded 88 bushels for every bushel of seed.

The Rev. Dr. Clay, of Halifax, for some years connected with the Baptist Church of Carleton, will shortly pay a visit to his old parishioners, and arrangements are being made under which he will deliver a lecture in the City Hall on "the United States through a Front Window—a counterpart of the Danbury news-man's lecture, 'England through a Back Window.'" The date of the lecture has not yet been decided on.

A wooden house, owned and occupied by Mr. J. H. Gordon, and his son-in-law, Soren Hanson, with their families, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of Monday-week, at Willow Grove. The fire was not noticed until they were at tea, and had then made considerable headway.

The Eastport "Sentinel" says: "We understand that four cargoes of frozen herring were shipped from Grand Manan last week, taking over 800,000 herring, which were sold by the fishermen for forty cents per hundred."

Margaret McLeod, the girl injured by jumping from a window of the burning North St., house, St. John, has fully recovered, and is to leave the public hospital.

On Tuesday morning a woman named Margaret Flynn was found near the Church of England burial ground, beyond the Marsh bridge, St. John, with her clothing frozen to her body. The frost had likewise affected her fingers and toes. She was taken to the hospital.

Little hopes are entertained for the recovery of Alex. Patten, the patient at the Lunatic Asylum who attempted self-destruction, last week, by leaping from a window.

been definitely selected. It lies through the valley of Briley's Brook, passes Trotter's Mills to the Eastern side of the river, follows along the same side, and crosses the main road between the bridge at the East end of the town and Grant's Mills. It is stated that the deepest cut in a distance of fourteen miles west from Antigonish does not extend five feet.

Two prisoners, named Thompson and McKay, confined in the county jail, escaped from durance vile on 19th inst., Pictou. They managed to take the jailer's haversack, and overpowering him, locked him in the cell and coolly made off. Pursuit was at once made, but without success.

The following statistics show that notwithstanding the heavy pressure brought to bear upon the plaster dealers by the financial difficulties they have had to bear through the failures of some of the New York traders, the export of gypsum is increasing. Hants County shipped from her various ports in the year 1874-75 ending June 30th, 1875, 83,410 tons of gypsum representing a value of \$83,410. In 1875-76 ending June 30th, 1876, this County shipped 85,963 tons gypsum representing a value of \$85,963.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.

The St. Stephen Journal says, we are sorry to record the fact that diphtheria has made its appearance in this neighborhood. Two of the children of the Rev. W. W. Percival, of Milltown, died of the fatal disease within the last ten days.

On the evening of Monday week Edward McCarthy, a young man about 22 years of age, of Irish parentage, but born in England, arrived at St. Stephen after walking all the way from St. John, and as he was destitute, and had the toes of both his feet badly frozen he had to be taken care of by the authorities of the town.

On Saturday 15th inst., Mr. James Pindar's saw mill, Nackawick, accidental caught fire and was totally burnt up. In the mill were one lathing machine, two shingle machines, and a rotary cutting saw. The losses are estimated at \$4,000.

A very elegant Congregational meeting house has recently been completed at Keswick Ridge.

Logging is progressing favorably. It is thought that a larger quantity of logs will be got out this winter than last.

On Saturday night as a young man named Hill, son of Mr. Reuben Hill, of Hill's Point, was on his way home from town he was thrown from his sled, and was so badly stunned that he lay unconscious for a considerable time, and had his hands and feet badly frozen.

There is a movement to extend the Penobscot and Saint Croix railroad to the N. A. R. via the Tomah Stream, and the project will probably be brought before the citizens of Calais ere long.

Plate-lying is still going on, on the Albert Railway, and the engine now runs to within 3-1/2 miles of Hillsboro.

A subscriber to the "Telegraph" writing from Dorchester, Westmoreland County, says that Mr. Rufus Steeves and Mr. John Steeves, of Dover, sowed a field of gray buckwheat last spring, which yielded 88 bushels for every bushel of seed.

The Rev. Dr. Clay, of Halifax, for some years connected with the Baptist Church of Carleton, will shortly pay a visit to his old parishioners, and arrangements are being made under which he will deliver a lecture in the City Hall on "the United States through a Front Window—a counterpart of the Danbury news-man's lecture, 'England through a Back Window.'" The date of the lecture has not yet been decided on.

A wooden house, owned and occupied by Mr. J. H. Gordon, and his son-in-law, Soren Hanson, with their families, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of Monday-week, at Willow Grove. The fire was not noticed until they were at tea, and had then made considerable headway.

The Eastport "Sentinel" says: "We understand that four cargoes of frozen herring were shipped from Grand Manan last week, taking over 800,000 herring, which were sold by the fishermen for forty cents per hundred."

Margaret McLeod, the girl injured by jumping from a window of the burning North St., house, St. John, has fully recovered, and is to leave the public hospital.

On Tuesday morning a woman named Margaret Flynn was found near the Church of England burial ground, beyond the Marsh bridge, St. John, with her clothing frozen to her body. The frost had likewise affected her fingers and toes. She was taken to the hospital.

Little hopes are entertained for the recovery of Alex. Patten, the patient at the Lunatic Asylum who attempted self-destruction, last week, by leaping from a window.

UPPER PROVINCES.

Trains on the Grand Trunk Railway will be reduced twenty per cent. shortly, and a large number of employees be discharged. The engineers feel they are unjustly dealt with.

A special, dated London 18th, says there is a general rise in Grand Trunk stock, owing to Vanderbilt and Trunk lines agreeing to advance on through rates. This accounts for the reduction of rates on the Grand Trunk.

Mr. C. V. Alloway, formerly of Montreal, now of Manitoba, writing from Deer Lodge, St. James River, says: "I have just finished my fall duck hunt. The Hon. James McKay killed myself, in two days, killed 480 large stock ducks, and 103 fall ditto. We also got three large moose and any number of chickens, rabbits, etc. During my summer rambles, I managed to kill three grizzly bears."

Prayer meetings are being held all this week, in the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, Montreal, for the reclamation of drunkards.

The Hon. John Young, of Montreal, has been appointed sole Commissioner to represent the Dominion at the Australian Exhibition.

Alden, at Hamilton, and Belcher at Sandwich, under sentence of death for murder, have been reprieved, and will be sent to the penitentiary for life.

From the 1st of January, the rate of postage from Canada to Newfoundland, will be five cents per half oz. prepayment by stamp compulsory.

W. Barber, the accountant of the Bank of Montreal at Toronto, was arrested 20th inst., for embezzling a large amount of Bank property.

On Wednesday afternoon, 20th inst., an attempt was made by a scoundrel to rob a baker's driver on the public street. He did so by asking for a ride, and then inducing the driver to take a drink of something, the effects of which proved to be similar to those caused by belladonna. The scoundrel got nothing for his trouble.

On 23rd inst., R. W. Cameron and Co., despatched the barque Escort, from New York for Sydney, New South Wales, with 341 tons of Canadian products for Australian exhibition.

Small-pox has broken out again amongst the Icelanders in Manitoba.

Mr. W. B. Patterson, Secretary to the Montreal Corn Exchange, has published a pamphlet on the resources of Newfoundland.

The "Canada Gazette," Saturday, will contain a notice that Parliament will be called together for the despatch of business on the 8th of February.

The Department of Public Works, Ottawa, is negotiating for the purchase of the Bartholdi's fountain, now on exhibition at Philadelphia, to adorn the grounds in front of the Parliament building.

The old chief Joseph Onaquotowa, who was appointed by the Earl of Gosford in 1807 Grand Chief of the Iroquois tribe of Indians, died at Oka on the 12th inst., at the age of 94. For some little time he had been out of his mind, but immediately before death enjoyed a few minutes of consciousness.

The Methodist new Church at Omecame was dedicated on Sunday, Dec. 11. Dr. Jeffers Rev. J. Ewing, and Rev. C. Fish officiated.

The Kingston "News" says:—It is intended by the Bishop of Ontario to apply the interest of the sum devised by the late John Watkins to the Mission Board, with an addition from other sources, to the support of a travelling missionary, who will make Parham his headquarters, and have services at Fernoy, Shabott Lake, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In view of the Brooklyn fire the Lord Chamberlain of London, has issued a memorandum to prosecute theatrical managers who violate the rules concerning facilities of exit for their audiences. The maximum penalty under the act is twenty five hundred dollars.

Emperor William, in closing the Session of the German Parliament, made a pacific speech. He said the negotiations upon the Eastern question, as far as they had been proceeded with, justify the hope of peacefully solving pending questions without prejudice to good relations now existing.

It is announced that the Queen will open the next session of Parliament in person.

Small-pox is largely on the increase in London.

Preparations on a magnificent scale are making for the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, at Delhi, on the 1st of January. Native princes and chiefs are arriving daily.

A Havana letter says the Spanish army, 15,000 strong, was recently defeated by ten thousand Cuban insurrectionists, losing 3,000 dead, wounded and prisoner.

The civil war in Mexico, for the Presidency, is assuming large proportions. Sixty thousand men are reported under arms, most of them supporting Diaz in opposition to Iglesias.

Professor Tyndal has contributed one hundred dollars toward the Brooklyn disaster fund.

The nomination of Midhat Pasha to the Grand Vizier is very well received, and it is believed it will hasten the solution of all difficulties.

A special from St. Petersburg says Grand Duke Alexis is now en route for the United States with the Russian fleet. The object of the fleet in coming here is to secure a favorable base of operations, such as cannot be found in Europe, in case the Conference breaks down.

Charles Brent, the Louisville forger, has been delivered up under the extradition treaty, and left in custody for the United States.

A collision on the Boston and Barte Railroad, killed Charles O'Lamb and seriously injured several other passengers.

Thirty-seven vessels, mostly oystermen, arctic-bound in Magdaly River, near Baltimore, and the crews suffering terribly from frost and exposure. One puny went ashore, with four of the crew dead.

It reported that the Mexican revolutionists captured an American banker at Chihuahua, and demanded \$25,000 gold for his release. U. S. troops have gone to his rescue.

The address of the Irish people, which President Grant, some months ago, declined to receive, except through the English Legation, was considered in Committee on Foreign Affairs and its acceptance recommended. J. O'Connor Power, M. P., bearer of the address, explained the object of the Irish people in sending their congratulations to the American people.

The Greek Chamber of Deputies has unanimously passed a bill raising the strength of the military forces to 200,000 men.

A majority of the House Judiciary Committee declare Congress has full power to call for telegrams without restriction. The minority dissent, and the full House will decide.

It is estimated that fully one hundred and fifty lives were lost in the recent gale on the east coast of Scotland and England. The "Times" despatch from Shields says the shores of the Tyne are strewn for three or four miles with wrecks. Similar accounts come from all points along the east coast.

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Carleton M. C. C.

(For the "Wesleyan.")
FAST ASLEEP.

Verbes composed upon the pictures "Fast Asleep" and "Wide Awake."
Fast asleep! Fast asleep!
Clasp'd to thy heart thy treasures keep,
Thou little cherub one!
Thy slumber seems
Too deep for dreams;
Thine hour of play is done.
Fast asleep! Fast asleep!
Dimples and smiles were playing "bo-peep."
All is in soft repose;
And the glowing cheek,
And sweet lips speak
Of life,— "couleur de rose."
Fast asleep! Fast asleep!
May guardian angels ever keep
These safely neath their wing;
And as thy bright flowers,
And sunny hours,
Be thy life's blossoming.
Wide awake! Wide awake!
Thy deep refreshing slumbers make!
Thine eyes bright as thy flowers
Thy blossoms are meet.
For a rosy sweet,
With which I count thine hours.
Wide awake! Wide awake!
See!—a smile is ready to break,
And the dimples to keep in sight,
From the golden hair,
To the fingers fair,
To flood in sunny light.
Wide awake! Wide awake!
May life's many changes never make,
Thy fetters more heavy than now;
No sad tears rain,
On the daisy chain,
Nor sorrow cloud thy brow.

THE LAST CUSTOMER.

There is, perhaps, not in all England a prettier little town than Wilton. Since the days of railway travelling commenced it has almost been forgotten, laying as it does far out of the route of any of the lines which now, like a net-work, cross and re-cross England.
But in the days of stage-coaches, when the "Highflyer" or the "Rapid" rattled along its broad street, the passengers beheld with delight the neat villas, the clean, comfortable-looking houses, and rosy-cheeked children that abounded merrily as the coach went by. There was a dark side to this brightness. The great northern road led through the town, and it was consequently the halting-place of beggars and tramps of all kinds. The lodging-houses that gave accommodation to these wanderers were situated in dark, dirty alleys, unseen by the passing traveller, who could have little suspected, as he gazed on the vine and jasmintrellised porches, and the trim front gardens on the main street—the High street—that behind a scene so fair lurked so much foulness and misery.
On Christmas Eve, 1825, John Thurgood stood at the door of his shop, which was rarely seen open at so late an hour; but a number of country people, many from a far distance, had been making their purchases for the holiday season, and John had been unusually busy. He had put up the shutters, and was taking a last look at the snow, which was whirling in big flakes down the High street.
"Well, I am thankful that this day's work is done," he said to himself, and going in, closed the door.
He had just turned the key and shot the bolts when he heard a low, timid tap at the door.
Now there was not a shopkeeper in Wilton, who, had he heard that tap at that time, but would have growled surrily, "Go along with you, whoever you are. A pretty time o' the night to be coming, annoying people!"
But John Thurgood had a kindly heart. Some folks who could not understand or appreciate him said he was led more by his heart than his head. And perhaps he was, and better it was for the poor and distressed of Wilton that such was the case.
The rector excepted, no man was looked up to with more respect by the townspeople. Often would many of his poorer customers get into his debt; but if he found that their inability to pay arose neither from idleness nor dissipation, he never pressed them for his money. Like his Divine Master, whose example he tried to follow as closely as frail humanity can, he went about doing good, and his deeds of charity were done in secret. To feed the hungry, to comfort the afflicted, to smooth the bed of death, his purse was as ready as his prayers. Many of his brother shopkeepers envied his prosperity in business, but they had not a

word to say to his discredit. The highest accusation they could have brought against him was his overflowing goodness.
That low, timid rap did not fall a second time on the door, for it was instantly opened by John. Before him, with upturned eyes, in which there was a strange look of appeal mingled with terror, stood a decently-dressed boy of about eleven years of age.
"Well, my little lad, what brings you here at so late an hour?" asked John.
"Please, sir," whispered the boy, "is it too late to have a penny loaf?"
"Why have you not come sooner, my boy?" he asked, for he saw something was amiss, and he put the question in a somewhat legal form.
"Mother and I, sir, have just come to the town; we have been walking in the snow all day, and she is very unwell; and she thinks, sir, if she had something to eat she would get better."
"And where is your mother just now?"
"She is in a house in Poplar Lane. I think the woman told me Poplar Lane."
John's eyes were growing watery; he knew the house well. It was one of the lowest haunts in Wilton.
"There's the loaf, my dear. Hurry home. I'll not be long in following you."
The form of the boy disappeared in the darkness. John went to the back-shop, where hung his great-coat, which he flung over his shoulders: then calling up-stairs, "Margery, come down and bolt the shop-door, lass; I won't be away long," he snatched a parcel of tea, and another of sugar from the shelves, and away he ran.
Yes, the staid, sober John Thurgood, aged sixty-seven, ran down the street, bounding over the snow-heaps and half-frozen puddles like a schoolboy!
Why did not Margery ask her husband whether he was going at so late an hour? Ah! but these late and sudden departures of his were not uncommon. She knew well that mercy called him away, and she loved him the more, if such a thing were possible, the oftener he obeyed her summons.
John was soon at the house of the doctor, his fellow-worker in many a good deed, and in a few minutes afterward both stood at the bedside—if a bundle of straw may be called a bed—of the dying woman. She was unconscious of their presence. In her hand was a piece of bread, which her son had broken off the loaf and placed there; but the arm was too feeble to raise to the quivering lips. The doctor stepped to feel her pulse. As he gently touched the unresisting arm, he looked sadly for an instant at the boy, who stood bewildered in a corner of the room, which was dimly lighted up by the sputtering oil-lamp, and whispered to himself, "Poor boy!"
John knew the meaning of the look and the words. The end was come! Stepping over to the boy, he took him gently by the hand, and knelt down. The boy instantly did the same.
A happy feeling shot through John's heart, for the quick movement of the boy told him that some one, perhaps his mother, whose tide of life was almost at its ebb, had taught him to pray.
Yes—kind, good John, although unknown to you at that time, the dying woman had been a true mother to the trembling boy that knelt beside him, and, in the midst of her many troubles and afflictions, he ever turned his youthful thoughts to that all-loving Saviour, who blessed the little children, and promised that they should be partakers of His heavenly glory. Short and fervent was the prayer of the good man, and when he arose he saw the doctor laying across the troubled bosom of the woman the arm which he had been holding. Then he knew that the boy was motherless, and he led him away, unresisting, from the presence of death, and giving the keeper of the lodging-house some money in order that the body might not be disturbed, the three, the motherless boy, the doctor, and John passed out into the lane.
When they reached the High street, the bells in the church-tower announced with a joyous peal, that Christmas had come.
The snow storm had passed, and the stars were twinkling brightly in the unclouded sky—the same stars that shone

on the shepherds of Bethlehem when the angels proclaimed the birth of Him who came to call earth's weary wanderers to His Father's eternal peace and rest; who is a Father to the fatherless; who has said that those who seek Him early shall find Him, and that none who come to Him shall be cast out; who has promised blessing and comfort to those that mourn, and whose promises abide forever.
"I have brought a little stranger to-night, Margery," said John, cheerily, as his wife opened the door; "he's not very big, so I dare say you will be able to find room for him."
The boy looked timidly in Margery's face, as if fearful of her answer. Margery gave an unkind reply? She couldn't if she had tried.
"Room, John! ay, plenty of room, and welcome" and Margery kissed the boy, who burst into tears; whereupon John blew his nose violently, and hurried his wife and the boy, whose name was Harry Fielding, up-stairs to supper.
Harry ate little, and when he spoke it was only to say, "Yes" and "No." The kind couple saw that his heart was full, and did not trouble him with questions. After supper, he was shown into a snug little bedroom, which looked as if it had been specially designed for a little fellow like him. And so it had been.
John and Margery sat long over the parlor fire, talking about Harry, and propounding many schemes concerning what should be done regarding him. John listened without objecting to any of the proposals Margery made, although he had settled it in his mind that, if the thing were possible, the boy should remain in the house.
"Margery," said John, after a long pause of silence, "don't you think the boy is very like our Willie, whom it pleased God to take from us so long ago?"
"Why, John, that very thought passed through my mind when I kissed him, as he stood, timid and trembling, at your side."
After another long pause, John said, "Margery, yes, a strange idea has taken possession of me to-night, I somehow think that Heaven has sent this boy to me for a Christmas gift."
"A very strange thought," said Margery.
"And yet not so strange, lass, after all. Where do all our gifts come from but from Heaven? and all are intended for our good. But then rises the solemn thought, dear wife, that we must all give an account of how we have used these gifts. Let us consider this boy God's Christmas-gift to us, and let us bring him up in such a manner that, when the time comes, we shall not be ashamed to render an account of our stewardship."
"It shall be as you say, dear John. Yet—if a day should come on which his friends or relations claim him! Oh, I know you too well not to guess what a heartbreak his departure would be?"
"It would be a bitter parting for me still, for all that, let us do all the good for him we can, until that day comes, if it must come, Margery, dear."
Harry Fielding followed the remains of his mother to the grave. She was decently interred in the churchyard of Wilton, the expense being shared by the rector, the doctor and John, who often banded together to do good.
According to the story which Harry told to his kind protectors, while sitting on his stool between them at the fireside, one evening, it appeared that his father had become, shortly after marriage, a drunkard and a gambler. He used to absent himself from home, frequently for many days, and would, when he returned, beat his wife, and otherwise treat her cruelly. At last, his property was seized by his creditors and he fled, no one knew whither, leaving his wife and child to the mercy of the world.
The poor deserted wife had neither friends nor relations. She thought if she could but make her way to London she might find some employment. She started on foot, along with her son to the great city, selling her gold watch and chain in a town on the road to get money with to pay for food and lodgings, "and," said Harry, as he concluded the melancholy tale, "I brought the last penny of the money to your shop, good, kind Mr. Thurgood, and good,

kind Mrs Thurgood," and saying this he laid his head on Margery's lap and wept.
In the lapse of years Harry rose from errand-boy to chief assistant in the shop of the kindly old grocer. His highest pleasure, was, when the hours of business were at an end for the day, to sit beside his kind protectors, by the fireside in the Winter, or in the Summer in the little arbor, and read the Bible to them, or talk about the events of days gone by. While old John listened to the voice he loved so well, a pang of fear would sometimes for an instant touch his heart. It was the dread that "his boy"—though he was entering upon manhood, he was still his boy—would be torn from his side. Oh, that he could only have looked into the future and seen that his fears were groundless!
Ten years have passed away, and again it is Christmas Eve. In order to wish his customers the compliments of the season, John has—a rare thing now—taken his place behind the counter. He has enough to do. Everybody will shake hands with the silver-haired old man, and everybody will wish him many happy returns of the season. A man enters the shop who holds forth his hand, and speaks no words of joyous greeting. He is about middle age, and has the appearance of a shabby-genteel beggar; Harry asks him how he can be served.
"I am a clerk out of employment," whines the man, and I have not tasted food since morning. Look, sir, at these documents, and they will tell you that I speak the truth."
Had it been any other time, Harry would have given the beggar a copper or two, and troubled himself no more about him; but being the eve of Christmas, he, busy as he was, took the packet. He ran his eye over the papers. It was sufficient.
The man who stood before him was his father. Harry wrote on a piece of paper which he gave to him, saying: "Take that to the coffee-room as addressed, where you will be provided with food and remain there till I come!"
The man with a stare of astonishment, took the note and left the shop. As soon as the shop was closed Harry told John of his discovery.
"Do not bring him here," said John "lest I might say unkind things to him; do not upbraid him, for it is a dreadful thing for a son to speak like a condemning judge to a father. Speak to him gently. Tell him that God is long suffering; that Jesus died for sinners, no matter how deep sunk in iniquity; tell him that while there is life there is hope."
"If he shows any signs of true penitence, tell him from me, that I will introduce him to a friend of mine, a merchant in London, in to whose office he will be received as a clerk, and in which he will be retained as long as he conducts himself well."
Who shall attempt to describe the meeting between the father and son! While the joyous bells were ringing forth a welcome to the Christmas morn, Robert and Henry Fleming stood by the mother's grave, and when the tears of the prodigal husband fell on the snow-covered mound, there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that had repented.
Robert Fleming may be seen any day behind his desk in Leadenhall street. He has been in the situation twelve years, and enjoys the esteem and confidence of his employers.

WILLIAM MULREADY'S FIRST STEP IN ART.
And the household work was done earlier that day than usual. The steps were whitened, the knives cleaned, the frugal dinner served, the dishes washed and tastefully arranged to the glory of Sarah, the pattern of a kitchen maid, and Sarah in a clean apron and cap congratulated herself on a long, quiet afternoon, to be devoted to hemming and darning, and all the countless odds and ends of a thorough, busy housewife. Sure she would enjoy herself free from interruption, for it was too late now for those little plagues of artists to come banging at the door, pulling the bell, and muddying the steps; for Sarah's master, himself a sculptor at the Royal Academy, was in the habit of giving sage advice and valuable counsel to youthful aspirants in art, and consequently causing the only drawback to Sarah's otherwise easy place; and indeed, it must be confessed that the litter made by these young students, who never by chance rubbed their shoes on the mat, and who always walked in the mud, with characteristic carelessness, was enough to make Sarah denominate them little plagues.
But there was no fear of any of them coming now, it was so long past their time. The kettle was filled on the fire, the work box was opened, and the stockings were undergoing the process of examination—canning indeed must have been the hole or tear that escaped Sarah's keen sight; a fracture at last rewarded her patient scrutiny; so, threading her needle, and gloving her hand in the foot of those ailing hose, she began to darn. Scarcely had the bright steel disappeared in the fabric when a ring came at the bell—a loud ring—a peal in fact—one of those rings that oblige the operator to pull the handle out to its full stretch. Now if there is one thing more disagreeable than another it is a ring of this sort; for, independent of the danger of spoiling the spring, the bobbing of the bell, and the prolonged clamor are especially annoying to the quiet mind.
"Whoever can that be? Why can't they come at decent time? Pretty steps I shall have now. Whoever pulled the bell like that will not be particular about his shoes."
So said Sarah, who proceeded to open the door; but what words shall express her dismay when, standing on the steps, with folio under his arm, and a roll of drawing paper in his outstretched hand, appeared a "plague," quite a new one, after the usual time too, and in the muddiest of shoes. It was altogether too much for Sarah, and contrary to her custom she decided, without informing her master, to send the bothering chap off.
How dare you come making a dirt and a noise here? Be off with you! Do you hear? Don't stand there, but go when I tell you."
The boy stood quite still; he was not afraid neither was he impudent. He seemed as if he did not quite understand her, which enraged her the more; and there is no doubt she would have given him what she termed the length of her tongue, but suddenly footsteps were heard in the passage, and she silently made way for her master.
"What is it, my little man?"
"Sure I want you to get me into the Academy, if you please, sir."
"Time enough for that! but let me see what you can do. Come in"—and in he walked, without appearing conscious of Sarah's annihilating look. "Ah!" said her master, after a glance at the contents of the folio, "plenty of time for the Academy. Try again. And now go back to your home. Make another drawing of this figure and come to me in a month."
The little student gathered up his works and bowed with native grace to the kind gentleman, promised to attend to his instructions, and left the house once more to Sarah.
That day month a sturdy ring came again. Sarah received the little fellow rather more graciously than, and ushered him into her master's presence.
"Oh," said he, bestowing more attention on the drawing, and marking the boy's anxious face, "tis much better; but you must try again. See if you can make a better drawing than this. Students in art must not mind work."
"It is not the work that will frighten me, sir," said the lad, and away he trudged, to return in a week this time.
"This is indeed an advance," said the surprised academician. "You must come into my studio and work there. By the way, you have not yet told me your name. What is it?"
"William Mulready, sir."
"Then, William Mulready, attend to me; always strive as you have done lately, and your name will be an honored one indeed. But mind, never leave off trying again."
All the artist would know was that these words of Banks, the sculptor, have proved.

CHILDREN
WISE MRS.
Mrs. Swallow had
and fastened it snug
chimney, when a
Wind in a terrible
He had quarrelled
litions in Greenlan
the silly, bad temp
to wreak his spite
his way.
So, growling, and
ling, and growning
ber of hats, scarce
blossoms from the
them to die on the
little wooden house
and thea flew from
neys.
Away went a br
alas! at the second
Mrs. Swallow's nose
She had built it
derfully, carrying
bits of straw from
lining it with some
feathers!
And now where
laughed the spitef
you like to know?
Then he spied
howe with a fine
he hastened to get
him along so fast
against Mrs. Sw
her from his perch
dropped the word
"Who!" and
got his breath a
"It's an ill win
good," muttered
quickly away.
"But what's
continued Mr. S
look so serious?
where's our meat."
"That horrid
it from the chin
out and rumpin'
swoed Mrs. Sw
round, black eye
we do do!"
"Cheer up, m
raged her husband
you cry. We'll
until we're quite
we'll call on Ma
vice. They say
through study
knows every thi
will be able to t
"But, Swally
family don't lik
never been frien
other day, when
a feather out of
"That was v
said Mr. Swall
thought it mth
bears shall re
point to her at
month. And n
the map, for M
company at ni
can't stay away
unless you do."
So Mrs. Swa
took a nap, and
had matter, an
Swallow woke
thinking."
As soon as
boy to the old
Owl lived.
"She had sup
mouse, and w
listened with
they had told
"Tu-whit tu-
"Wasn't it
asked Mrs. S
"Tu-whit tu-
swoered the O
"Can you t
Mr. Swallow.
Madam Owl
hour—looked
looked at not
said very slow
ah! no-o-o-o!
"Good night
lows, and flew
ney again.
"Much good
Owl," said M
they had reac
lieve those at
much. Why,
had as big eye
all the birds
now I'll tell
we had bette
to mow me
and fasten t
Chimney."
"Upon M
Swallow, "y
bird," and
his head up
sleep.—St. N

