

GENERAL READING

"IF WE KNEW."

If we knew when walking thoughtless Through the noisy crowded way, That some pearl of wondrous whiteness Close beside our pathway lay, We would pause where now we hasten, We would often look around, Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel to the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting For the shade that we should fling; If we knew what lips were parching For the water we should bring, We would haste with eager footsteps, We would work with willing hands, Bearing cups of cooling water, Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us Closely press to say good-bye, Which among the lips that kissed us, First would 'neath the daisies lie, We would clasp our arms around them, Looking on them through our tears; Tender words of love eternal, We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened By some thoughtless word of ours, Which had ever lain among them Like the frost among the flowers; Oh, with what sincere repentings, With what anguish of regret, While our eyes were overflowing, Would we cry—Forgive! forget!

If we knew? Alas! and do we Ever care or seek to know, Whether bitter herbs or roses In our neighbors garden grow? God forgive us! lest hereafter Our hearts break to hear him say, Careless child I never knew you, From my presence flee away.

ABRAHAM BELIEVED GOD.

BY WM. S. PEUMER, D.D.

That was right. He ought to have believed God. Every one ought to credit all His word. Even fallen angels believe and tremble. Every word of God is sure. Not a jot or tittle of it can fail. If He speaks it will come to pass. Nothing can stay His hand. He believed God when appearances were all the other way; but God is not governed by appearances, and we should not be, if His word is on the other side. God can easily make foolish things to confound the wise, and weak things to confound the mighty, and base things, yes, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. He can save by few as well as by many. He is a glorious Lord. He, who makes the barren woman to keep house, can do anything He pleases. His perfection can accomplish all His word.

He believed God, when it was quite unfashionable to credit the divine testimony. The example of his neighbors was all the other way. The wicked generally cry, "Where is the promise of His coming? You are expecting great things, but where is the sign? We give no credence to the report. It is unreasonable. We advise you to cease from your vain expectations." Example has a great power to draw us down from any good plan or purpose.

He believed God, although he could not explain the divine conduct. There were many things that looked the other way. There were long delays, which seemed to contradict the promise. But with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

To sense and reason and public opinion and popular example, Abraham opposed the simple word of God. In so doing he acted wisely. Having the divine word, he knew the engagement could not be broken. We never act more wisely than when we simply believe God. If He is not worthy of credit who is? If He cannot be trusted, we must sink into despair. The promise of God cannot be broken.

We cannot trust ourselves. We never lean to our own understanding without committing folly. Our wisdom is nought. Our strength is weakness. Our righteousness is as filthy rags. We are crushed before the moth.

Nor can we rely on the angels. They are good servants of the Most High; but they are not almighty. Their wisdom is borrowed. Their dependence is entire. They are God's messengers, and as such they give us wonderful aid, that is all.

But we may and we must believe God. To whom else can we go? He is all sufficient. He is of wisdom to devise and power to execute the best plans. We never act so wisely as when we credit Him entirely, and ask no unbelieving questions. The issue proved this to be so in the case of Abraham, and of every true believer that ever lived. Such reliance on the divine testimony receives all that God has spoken.

Such a faith is holy—it is "most holy" (Jude xx). It proceeds from a principle of holiness. It leads to holiness. It never leads to sin. It is unbelief that corrupts and hinders the soul in all good things.

Of course it is not a natural, but a gracious endowment. It is of the operation of God, who raised Christ from the dead (Col. ii. 12). Flesh and blood do not enable us to believe. God's Holy Spirit is the author of every grace in the heart—of faith in particular. This

faith also unfeigned (1 Tim. i. 5). It believes what it professes, and it professes what it believes. Nothing is further removed from superstition or folly. Because it credits the divine testimony. It credits no conflicting testimony.

It is also implicit. It does not insist, like Thomas, on ocular demonstration, but it secures the blessings of those who have not yet seen and yet believed (John xx. 29). It demands no explanation of the means and methods of the Almighty Promiser. It leaves all such questions with Him.

Such faith is precious (1 Peter i. 1). It is of great price in the sight of God. It is worth more than all burnt offerings. It is better than rivers of oil. It restores the life of God to the soul. It secures full and free justification. "Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness."

So that this faith is a saving grace (Eph. ii. 8; Heb. x. 39). The end of it is eternal life. On this point the Word of God is very clear and full.

The faith of some grows exceedingly. Such have great consolation. They are strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. They are firm as a rock. They are not driven about by every wind and tossed. They are not like waves of the sea. They abound in hope.

But some real Christians have weak faith. They are easily alarmed. They seem to forget that the Almighty fainteth not, and so they are ready to halt. Their case calls for compassion. They also deserve reproof. "Oh, ye of little faith!" "Oh, fools and slow of heart to believe!" It is a sin to distrust God. Such should often pray, "Lord increase our faith."

Oh, believe God!—Interior.

EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

Carlotta's brief delirium of joy had begun to be clouded with other sorrows before she had found cause to suspect the loyalty of their new subjects to the empire. Almost at the beginning of the signs of coming troubles, news came from beyond the sea of the death of her loved and honored father, Leopold, King of Belgium. The emperor left alone, and beset on every hand by those whom he could not trust, while the whole country seemed to be going over to the enemy, felt, as never before, his loneliness, and the need of the support that the presence of the empress might have afforded him. But not only was she gone from him, but after a few months the sad news came to him that she had become demented, and her speedy death was expected. Then, it is said, for the first and only time in his sad experience the power of his nerves gave way; and with streaming eyes and trembling voice, he paced the floor, moaning continually, "Poor Carlotta! poor Carlotta!" It would be alike unpleasant and unedifying to follow him to the tribunal before which he was summoned; but to talk of summons he responded only by saying:

"If I am to be condemned, then my presence or absence will make no difference."

His condemnation ensued, as a matter of course, but that was followed by a reprieve, but soon the fatal sentence was pronounced and executed. It is said that Juarez would have been glad to spare his life, but for reasons of state, and out of regard to the voice of his chief supporters, he gave his sanction to the execution.

A little before this time might have been seen a way beyond the ocean another scarcely less tragical scene. It was the young and beautiful, but now almost demented, Empress of Mexico, prostrate before the Holy Father at Rome, interceding for the Pope's interference in behalf of her husband, betrayed and abandoned among his enemies. But the pope was powerless in this case, and he had indeed consented to the arrangements that now threatened to terminate so fatally. Then came upon her the sudden frenzy of fear that she would be poisoned if she left the protection of the Vatican; and this was followed by gradual sinking away of the noble and refined spirit into a quiet, morose madness; from which not even the sweet familiar scenes of her loved Miramar sufficed to arouse her. She saw nothing more of the dark cloud that was gathering around her husband, nor was she aroused to consciousness by the thunder crash that soon after resounded through the brilliant halls of the Tuilleries, and the more majestic palace of Schonbrunn, announcing that the stern decree of death had been executed upon the brave and accomplished young emperor. That sorrow was spared her, which, had she been capable of feeling it, must itself have driven her to frenzied madness.

How sadly dramatic was the scene of the execution of Maximilian, the more so because all was so entirely unstudied and sincere! He handed his marriage ring to Dr. Basseke, to be conveyed to his mother the archduchess, for he believed that Carlotta was already dead. He carefully prepared his toilet, in preparation for his death, dressing himself in a plain, single-breasted, black frock coat, closely buttoned; black neck-tie, and lower garment, and a broad-brimmed Mexican hat. He, the chief actor in the sad scene, was calm; while his attendants were so completely unnerved, that they were near fainting, as they witnessed the placid bearing of one so beloved and revered.

Slowly the cortège of three carriages with the escort of five mounted soldiers, and the battalion of infantry guarding the road, moved toward the "Hill of Bella," where Maximilian had been captured, and where he was to be shot. The three victims stood side by side; Maximilian placing General Miramar in the center, as the post of honour, himself taking the stand on the left, with General Mejia on the right. Then followed the distribution of the twenty dollar gold

pieces, containing the Emperor's effigy, which he left for his executioners. The picture grows more and more vivid, as placing his hand on his heart in a calm, clear voice, the imperial victim uttered the fatal command:

"Fire!" Then followed the discharge of three guns, the instant death of the two generals, the reeling of the chief victim with his life not yet extinct, when he was heard to murmur some indistinct words in Spanish. Some asserted them to have been, "O man! O man!" others thinking it, "Poor Carlotta!" A second shot through his heart, a convulsive shuddering, and Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, and Empress of Mexico, lay dead on foreign soil.

The wife, once so full of enthusiasm at her transfer from beautiful Miramar to an imperial palace in far off Mexico, had no intuition of the sailing from Vera Cruz, the arrival on the Austrian coast, of the ship "Navarra," with its bands of music waiting forth a funeral dirge; of mast and spar, pennon and flag, of the incoming vessel, and of all others lying moored in the harbour, draped in black, and the cannon from ships and fortress firing funeral volleys. Nor did she, in her wild dreams, behold the monarch, her husband, cold and stark within his zinc coffin, clad in his military costume of blue and gold; nor was she a witness of the last doleful scene, when they laid the body of the royal victim in the sepulchre of his fathers, amid the sighs and tears of thousands who loved him, and over whose dust now mouldering in decay, a never-dying memory is preserved by nations who never saw his face and have no part in his life or people.—National Rep. for Sept.

NATALIE NARISCHKIN, THE MOTHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

Natalie Narischkin, the mother of Peter the Great, was a lovely, highly-gifted woman, though of humble origin, Alexis, her husband, was a prince of unusual energy and intelligence. He encouraged agriculture, established silk and linen manufactures, reorganized the army, compiled a law code, which is in use at the present day, and did all which lay in his power to improve both the social and moral condition of his people. When he became a widower he resolved to marry a second time to please himself.

With this object in view he went through the country in various disguises, seeking to penetrate into the inner circle of homes blessed with daughters. Sometimes he would go dressed as an apothecary in search of healing plants, sometimes as a merchant or travelling professor.

In this way he became more thoroughly acquainted, too, with his country and its inhabitants, with their desires, cares, duties and trials than would have been possible otherwise.

As he was one day walking through the suburbs of Moscow he met one Matwerf, with whom he had often talked concerning the ignorance of the Russian poor and the best way of remedying it.

Matwerf invited the Czar to sup with him, and introduced him as a merchant from Kasan. The busy bustling housewife received her guest with true Russian hospitality; but the Czar's glance passed over her short, round figure to rest upon that of a tall, slender girl, who stood behind her. It was Natalie, a poor orphan whom the Matwerfs had taken to their home through pity.

She wore the simple national costume of the olden time. Upon her black hair was a black velvet cap; around her neck hung a triple row of pearls, from which was suspended an image of the holy St. Nicholas. The remainder of her outfit consisted of a short overskirt, a bright colored underskirt, blue stockings and low shoes.

Supper was served by the ladies; and though the kind hostess urged Alexis to do honor to her honey-cakes and meal, he ate but little, so absorbed was he in listening to the praises which she gave her adopted daughter.

"She reads and writes well enough to be the first secretary of the Czar (the holy St. Nicholas protect him), and yet no girl, far or near, can spin better or faster than she. From early till late she helps me, and then in the evening she reads to Matwerf, because the lamplight pains his eyes. She is indeed the blessing of our old age."

The Czar's eyes rested with pleasure on the blushing face of the lovely maiden, and with reluctance he took his leave, only to repeat his visit soon and often. Finally he declared his love and won her promise to be his bride.

And now an imperial proclamation was issued, ordering all the fair young girls in the empire to assemble in the Kremlin on a certain day, that following an ancient custom, the Czar might make his choice of a wife from among the daughters of the land.

Very unwillingly did Natalie prepare to obey the imperial summons. Her heart throbbled at the possibility of being the chosen one and the dread of being unfaithful to her plighted lover. Tremblingly she followed Matwerf into the salon, where several hundred other maidens awaited the coming of the Czar. The strange position, the unaccustomed splendor, the noise of the multitude confused her so much that she was not able to lift her eyes from the floor.

A clang of trumpets announced the Czar's approach. The doors were thrown open, and Alexis, in gold embroidered

dress, a diadem on his head, and jeweled scimitar by his side, entered. Laughing and chatting, he passed from one group to another of blooming girls.

When he came toward Natalie she raised her timid eyes, her glance met the Czar's, whom she recognized as the merchant from Kasan, and she fell unconscious to the floor. When she next opened her eyes it was to find herself in the arms of Alexis, and to hear her name called as that of his beloved bride.

Crowds of servants now brought fruits from Damascus, figs and confections from Turkey, cordials from Italy, and rich gifts to distribute among the disappointed girls, but to Natalie Narischkin was given the wedding robe.

The Emperor of all the Russias never regretted having taken to his heart and home the poor orphan girl. With her tender devotion and bright intelligence, she soothed and cheered he spent away from the affairs of state; she sympathized with him in all his efforts to elevate the tone of his people, and in every possible way she strove to implant in the hearts of the women of her realm the same virtue and wisdom which was in her own.—Lizzie P. Lewis in Home Journal.

FAMILY READING.

REPENTANCE.

IS IT A DIVINE GIFT, OR A HUMAN DUTY?

In answer to this double question we say, both. And here are the Scriptures which prove the correctness of this reply. "Him (Jesus) hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." Acts v. 31. "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." We are not surprised that the enquiry is often made, in view of these apparently conflicting statements, "How can they be harmonized?" We answer very easily, Reason and Scripture will make it clear. Common sense says, a gift cannot be a duty, nor can duty be a gift. Gifts (grace) belongs to God, duty is a word which belongs to man. The power to obey is one thing, obedience is another. If the power to obey is absent, and not within reach, obedience is not man's duty. Duty implies ability possessed, or attainable. If then man has not naturally ability to repent, he must receive it from God, or never perform the duty. To have power, and to use it are two distinct things. To assist is not to compel. We are accountable only for what we have, or may have, not for what we cannot have. In God's government of rational beings we clearly perceive that duty involves the requisite ability to perform. Otherwise he would be a hard Master, reaping where he had not sown.

But we cannot thus charge the Most High. He is righteous in all his ways. It is therefore in consequence of the fact, that the exalted Jesus, gives repentance, that God commands all men to repent.

The gift of Christ, the Holy Ghost, convicts the world of sin, not only by the word, but by his own mysterious influence on the soul. Those who yield to the convictions thus divinely brought in them, and turn to God, obtain forgiveness. Those who refuse to obey the voice Divine remain unsaved. I would but ye would not, says the Lord, thus throwing the responsibility upon the sinner. We fear that many who are living in sin, are excusing themselves, by indulging the thought that God is withholding from the grace of repentance, and therefore they would not come to Jesus. If such persons would act rationally they would immediately go to their knees, and ask God why he withhold the grace of repentance. They would seek until they found, not only the grace of repentance, but also the justifying grace of God. Repentance brings the sinner almost to Christ, but something else is necessary in order to an interview. Repentance changes not the sinner's relation to God. He is still a guilty sinner, and must remain so until he is forgiven. It is not repentance, but faith that takes hold of Jesus. Faith, not repentance is the eye of the soul, that looks to the Saviour,—the feet of the soul that walk to Christ.

No man trusts in Christ for a present salvation, until he feels his need of salvation. It is not the presumptuous but the penitent believer that relies upon the atoning work of Jesus. Jesus Christ never said to those whom he healed in the days of his flesh, thy repentance hath saved thee. It was always, "Thy faith hath saved thee." The reason is plain. If our repentance procured pardon we would not need forgiveness; we would claim it as our merited right. But pardon is ours, not because we repent, but because we accept of Christ as our Saviour.

The soul of man may be exercised with penitent feelings for months, without obtaining peace with God. Not so, in reference to faith, the moment he believes with the heart unto righteousness, he realizes "the favour and the peace of God." Hence the promise given to faith in the Bible.

It is therefore worse than useless to exhort an impenitent sinner to believe in Christ. It is only to those who are earnestly asking, "What shall I do to be saved?" that such direction is appropriate.

On the whole it appears quite evident, that power to repent is graciously given us by Christ; but the use of that power is our own act. So that the divine sovereignty in the bestowment of grace does not interfere with human responsibility. As the Ambassadors of Christ we will fail in the great work of our embassy unless we preach repentance, as well as remission of sins. The truths of the Bible are beautifully dovetailed into each other; but only those who "read, learn, and inwardly digest," see the lines of intersection and

separation. One of the most important of ministerial functions is to "rightly divide the word of truth."

G. O. H.

ORIGIN OF TEXTS.

The selecting passages of Scripture as a text or basis of a sermon or discourse seems to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women ascended the pulpit, opened the Book of the Law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people responded "Amen," read in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the meaning." Previously to that time the patriarchs delivered, in public assemblies, either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people. It was not until after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which period they had almost forgotten the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as read Scripture to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times the Book of Moses was thus read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. To this custom the Saviour conformed, and at Nazareth read passages from the Prophet Isaiah; then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom, which now prevails over the Christian world, was interrupted in the Dark Ages, when the ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday instead of the Holy Scriptures.

THE GOSPEL AND THE BIBLE.

The gospel by the influence it exerts will shame sin out of countenance and gradually raise men to its own lofty standard until it will be true of the very nation in which it circulates—let me fairly apply the glowing language of inspiration—"That her walls are salvation, her gates praise, her officers peace, her executors righteousness. Righteousness shall run down her streets like a stream, and equity like a mighty river." It is read in every temple of Christendom, its voice is lifted week by week; the sun never sets on its gleaming page—it goes alike to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king; it is woven into the literature of the scholar, and it colors the talk of the streets. The barque of the merchant cannot go to sea without it; no ship of war enters the conflict but the Bible is there; it goes with the pedlar in his crowded pack, cheers him as he sits down at eventide fatigued, brightens and freshens his morning devotions; the sailor escaped from shipwreck clutches this best of treasures." All that a sceptic has said, and I thank him for the testimony. He might have said more. He might have told us that it was the one book you might find in the hut of the settler far away on the outskirts of civilization. He might have told us that on long winter evenings he has dwelt on the language of its pages; that it is read by the camp-fires of the soldier on the field of conflict and that amid the din of smoke and battle his heart is not less brave, nor his arm less strong, because of the courage it inspires; and when they go forth to minister to the wounded and bury the slain they find him lying there, still and cold, with the open Bible by his side, with marks on the page, where, when his eyes were growing dim, blood-stained fingers clasped the promise that soothed his dying agonies and lighted his soul into a better world.

And when you go into that sick room at home, what book is that by the bedside of the patient; and on the wall those large letters which the eye of the patient can easily catch whence come those stirring words? Do you not hear infaney lip it by its mother's knee? Do not you see age with its hoary locks and its streaming eyes bending reverently over the sacred story? Aye, and they whisper it in the dull, cold air, and it drops from the faltering lips of the dying, and they mutter it with their latest breath as the ground of their hopes and a passport to a glorious immortality! Jesus Christ conquered the hearts and subdued the wills, and is now enshrined in the affections of men. The simple story of his love is spreading the world over, permeating the hearts and transforming the lives of men wherever it comes, and lighting up the darkness of the earthly state with the hope of a glorious immortality.—Dr. Landels.

HAPPY will you be if you learn what it is to find love and occupation. It is no use to ask what those who love God do with Him. There is no difficulty in spending our time a friend we love: our heart is always ready to open to him; we do not study what we shall say to him; but it comes forth without premeditation; we can keep nothing back even if we have nothing special to say; we like to be with him. O, how much easier it is to love than to fear! Fear constrains, fetters perplex one; but love persuades, comforts, inspires, expands the soul, and makes one desire what is good for its own sake.—Fenelon.

Colton once said of Time—Wisdom walks before it, and repentance walks behind it.

THE WESLEYAN.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

CONCLUDED.

As on the summit of Mount Moriah stood the temple of God, so the crowning virtue of character is true piety. A man may rise from the level of common life which surrounds him, like Tabor amidst the Plain of Esdrael, but unless the lofty solitude of his moral preeminence be peopled with the pure visions of faith, and the happy companionship of noble spirits, he is still in the regions of cloud and snow. Christ is the light and warmth of the soul, and only in his transfigured presence is the perfection of bliss to be found.

True piety is the ornament, as it is the climax of character. In the inspired description of Solomon's temple, it is said of the two pillars which stood on either side of the porch:—"And upon the top of the pillars was lily work, so was the work of the pillars finished." So the pillar of character, while established in strength, must be capped with the lily work of Christian virtues. Zion of old was called "The perfection of beauty," and it won this distinguished title because God had his habitation there as the centre of human worship. The true Zion now is the soul that is filled with God, and devoted to his service, and the perfection of beauty is a pious character. Mere strength of mind, however brilliant its genius, or extensive its range of vision may be, without "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which pertains to "the hidden man of the heart," is like Samson, crested with strength, but devoid of that love which is the true beauty of the soul, and so eminently illustrated in Him who is "altogether lovely." As Shakspeare says:—

"O, it is excellent To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous To use it like a giant."

Young men do well to be strong—to cultivate strength of mind, only let there be superadded the loveliness of piety, like one of whom Ezekiel speaks when he says:—"As for the beauty of his ornament, he set it in majesty."

Beauty of character, in its highest style and grandest possibilities, is best attained in the spring-time of life. A man of many years may bloom into piety, like the last rose of summer, when youth and maturity have passed, but how soon its beauty is wasted, at least, so far as this life is concerned. Is it not far better to open one's blossoms in the early spring-time of youth, for then piety may shed its sweetness through all the long summer of life? Besides, it is utterly impossible to recover a lost life. Winter may embellish its barrenness with snow-drops, but it cannot boast of the brilliant crocus of early spring. So age may adorn itself with the flowers of piety, but it cannot shed the exquisite sweetness, nor can it possess the freshness of a youth that is devoted to God. It was an old belief entertained by the alchemists, that the primordial form of all things exists in their embers, and that a wasted rose, for example, may be reconstructed from its ashes, saving its bloom and fragrance. So that even superstition itself in its wildest dreams, never conceived the hope of fully recovering the maiden virtues of a wasted life. And can our young men ever expect to reanimate the lost flower of youth, when the stern, drear, desolate winter of life shall overtake them? Will it then be possible to recall from the desert air the wasted sweetness of their earlier days? Nay, the fragrance shall have departed with the bygone year, never, never to bathe itself in the light of life again. O! prize your youth! Improve the opportunities while they are still yours. Leave, if need be, the ripper fruits of a pious life for the golden autumn that is coming; but be sure that your youth is beautified and enriched with the blossoms of a consecrated character.

Blossoms are the prophecies and harbingers of coming fruit. So the beauty of youthful piety is to be consummated by usefulness. The boughs that flourish their blossoms should one day bend with fruit. And may not our young men devote their energies—their sanctified gifts and graces, their noblest faculties, and their purest, warmest affections—to the service of God? Service is the outcome of true piety. The recipient of divine bounties becomes the transmitter of the same. "Out of the eater comes forth meat,"—like Samson's lion, "and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." And to whom does the rich, ripe fruit of piety belong? Is it not to God? Then let Him have it, and the best too. As one has quaintly said:—"When you grind your corn, give not the flour to the devil, and the bran to God." The first fruits, and the best fruits, are God's. The fallings of your flock are his. "In-cense and a pure offering" are His due. Beaten oil, and golden censors are required from the worshipper at his shrine.

Young men, let these be willingly rendered; so shall your consecrated life be, like the one great sacrifice of Him, who hath given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour."

In concluding these fragmentary serials to our young men, it is worthy of special emphasis, that the crown of character is piety, and the secret of true success in life, is a decidedly religious attitude in regard to all matters affecting both our faith and practice. Other elements of character may have their importance, but piety stands queen among them all, in the royalty of its claims, and in the supremacy of its position. Be wise, young men, by all means; be rich, if you can; but, above all, and before all, gain and glory in a pious character. Let the religion of Jesus possess you, and mould you, and actuate you. Maintain a lively faith in Him; emulate Him; and so shall the church and the world be the better for *Our Young Men*.

NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL.

A very remarkable story has been going the rounds of the papers, founded upon mysterious scenes and circumstances said to have occurred in a house in Amherst, Nova Scotia. A medical gentleman, as also a clergyman, have testified as to knocks and rappings, writings and violence, compared with which "Old Jeffrey" in the Epworth Parsonage of the Wesleys was a dumb phenomenon. Besides the two gentlemen named, there were several intelligent and honest spectators from time to time, who aver that the evidence as formulated by newspaper reporters is substantially correct. A young woman who is the central figure in all this mystery, was under medical direction at the time; she is described as having been subject to nervous excitement, twitching of the muscles, and unnatural sleep, just preceding the manifestations. There were writings on the wall without any visible agency, this going on at different times. Pillows held in the hand of a person present would swell up and writhe as if animated, and this before several witnesses. Knocks and slaps were heard and felt in most unaccountable ways.

As to the cause—the Doctor attempts no explanation, while the Minister says:—

"I believe these phenomena to be worthy of scientific attention and investigation, as I have no doubt they are reconcilable with known laws. I have not come to regard them as supernatural, or as manifestations from the land of spirits. The meaningless character of the performances forbids any such conclusion. The age with all its discoveries has only reached the outskirts—the border land of the great world of electricity, of which these may only be phases."

Here is the testimony and the judgement of one who has observed carefully and methodically, those phenomena, weighing them against the probabilities of imposition by the machinations of art, and endeavouring to account for them only on the ground of a secret subtle power called electricity, possessed by a young woman without being aware of it, or possibly held by some other human being and used to torment this sick and distressed victim. Deponent, however, does not deny the possibility of spiritual agency.

With the facts of the case we have no concern. They are doubtless correctly reported; and the time may come—as it has come for many impostures—when science, which is so much relied on now-a-days, or accident, as some choose to designate it, may unravel the mystery. So also the curious phenomenon may forever remain unexplained, as has been the case with stranger things in different ages and sent for objects which the light of time has not brought out clearly to human eyes. The clergyman's judgment we may accept as intelligent and correct—the best that could be given under the circumstances.

What we desire to point out in this connection is simply the unconscious revolt of the human mind from old, established theories—in fact from doctrines and positive declarations of Scripture, as regards supernatural agencies and influences. The man who would presume to-day to regard any story, however conclusive in its aspects, as owing any of its origin or operations to the power of good or evil spirits, would probably be laughed at. Indeed, we almost incline to think that even any religious man who detected himself in the mental act of attributing to spiritual agency any part in the actual tangible affairs of this life, would begin to doubt his own sanity. John Wesley was credulous, he stood in awe of "Old Jeffrey," as a possible visitant, or visitation from the other world. Yet of the two extremes, we would rather go with John Wesley,—rather be imposed upon than relinquish our faith in spirits, and hand over all the wonderful phenomena of this world to science for explanation. Science is not perfect. It has triumphs yet to gain; but we are still weak enough to think that, when science shall have climbed to the summit of its Pisgah, Revelation will be infinite leagues above it. There is not a conception which has ever flashed upon the mind of a scientist which did not first dwell in the mind of God.

The world will scarcely gain by hastening to turn out the supernatural alto-

gether from its creed. True there are Spiritualists of to-day who are impostors; just as there have been Monks and Alchemists in the past who were either knaves or fools. Ghosts of this age may be of the same character as witches of past ages. But that there are spirits—good and bad—that they have intimate relation to things and people of this world, interfering with them and injuring or helping them as they may be permitted or directed—this is an old faith. It held sway over the human mind for 4000 years, till Christ came; then it became not only a part of human belief but a part of human experience. If not, the New Testament is either false or inexplicable.

Coming down through the new dispensation we find this element closely interwoven with the faith of Apostles, Reformers and Martyrs. In this faith they preached eloquently and wrought powerfully and convincingly. There are no Roman Catholic pulpits which do not hold forth this faith in its extravagancies; there are few Protestant ones which refrain from proclaiming it discreetly as occasion may require. With all this, is there nothing in the doctrine? Is it merely a form of speech, or is it interwoven with our Christian constitution? We confess that with us it is the latter. To give up this would be to go into the blackness of doubt with a score of other doctrines, any one of which is vital to our happiness, inasmuch as they are all a part of that great whole which we call the Bible. We are called to witness glorious death-scenes, the subjects of which profess to see spirits by their side. Medical science possesses not the clue to this mystery. Will it ever attain to the keys of death and eternity? We doubt it. A fitting sentiment for many of us to-day would be the prayer of Eve, in Mrs Browning's "Drama of Exile."

"Dear Pity of God, That didst permit the angels to go home And live no more with us who are not pure, Save us from a lonely company— Almost as loathly in our eyes, perhaps, As we are in the purest. Pity us— Us too! not shut us in the dark, away From verity and from stability. Or what we name such through the precedence Of earth's adjusted uses,—leave us not To doubt betwixt our senses and our souls, Which see the more distraught and full of pain And weak of apprehension!"

LATEST REFORM MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

One of the most hopeful signs of these times is the diligence and tact with which old reforms are followed up and new ones introduced. Some of these modern agitations are directed against novel styles of extravagance, and others against long-standing abuses. Funerals have been among the latter. Against certain features of the funeral customs of this day, good, moderate men have long been complaining. As in other matters of fashion, however, public inclination and prejudice are too strong for individual sentiment. A peculiar order of excess and unmeaning parade has become so interwoven with our associations of death and burial, that it is not surprising a powerful voice should now be heard demanding reform in this direction. Like many other good movements this originated in the Church of England. Earls and bishops and common people united in a purpose of correcting the excesses which accompany the obsequies of the dead. Associations with a similar object in view have risen in many parts of England, encouraged by both clergy and laity.

England doubtless has its peculiar funeral customs. In some rural districts especially, and among certain classes, there is much feasting and drinking on these occasions. This partly originated with a hospitable intention. Friends coming from a distance required refreshment. It was easy for times of refreshing to grow into times of carousal. This custom soon begat ostentation and display on the part of relatives of the dead, since their goodness or the opposite, was sure to be measured by their table and cheer. We have not this custom on this side of the sea—at least to the same extent as yonder.

The next excess calling for reform is pomp and pride in dress, coaches, trimmings, and the other paraphernalia of funerals. This is quite as much a feature of the custom in America as in England, considering our means. It has come to be regarded as an evidence of meanness where any restraint is laid upon this fashion by bereaved relatives. What is even worse, it is likely to be construed as a proof of the want of affection and respect for the deceased. Thus, between a desire to express proper regard for one's dead friend, and the dread of being quoted as a miser and a churl, many poor people are led to outright extravagance in funeral observance.

A feature of such occasions, however, as does not exist in England to any marked degree we find becoming a very aggravated evil in this country. We mean the selection of the Sabbath for funeral purposes. This custom prevails more in the country districts than in towns, chiefly, we think, because funeral sermons, which are rarely heard in city pulpits, are almost

universal in the country. At first sight the argument in favor of burying on Sunday is plausible—we thereby show becoming respect for the dead; and give opportunity to many to hear a solemn warning from the pulpit which might not otherwise occur. But it is the manual labor accompanying Sabbath funerals which makes them objectionable. Work on the Lord's day is only permissible where either necessity or mercy calls for it. Is it necessary frequently to prepare horses and work them, to employ men for such manual labor as accompanies burial? Is it necessary in any case? When medical men decide that keeping a body beyond a certain hour might endanger health, burial on the Sabbath might become a painful duty, but we fear the tendency is rather to seek the Sabbath for this purpose than to avoid it. We need not enlarge upon this point.

It is gratifying to find this new reform taking shape. We hope it may spread to this country. The advantages of a general agreement on this reform is just this—no individual can stem the current of prejudice and fashion, but when numbers of respectable and religious people give a movement their countenance, sensible persons who are disposed to do what is right, can take shelter behind an influential public opinion.

DEAN STANLEY IN NEW YORK.

The Very Rev. Arthur P. Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster, has associated himself so far with the broad religious and literary humanity of our day, that his presence on the American continent is an interesting event to every genuine Christian and scholar. Refusing to be bound down by the exclusive and narrow principles of the High Church party, he has identified himself with Methodism to an extent which awakens the enthusiasm of John Wesley's followers wherever his honored name is announced. The venerable Dean's reception of John and Charles Wesley's monument into the national mausoleum over which he holds guardianship, will still be fresh in the minds of our readers. Now that he comes to America, is it any wonder that Dean Stanley should be hailed by us all with grateful recognition? Apart altogether from his liberality in religion, Dean Stanley commands respect for his genuine worth and rare talents. He is one of the most distinguished scholars of the great men who began their education under Arnold of Rugby. An accomplished theologian, a famed orator, a writer of great reputation, and the leader of the "Broad Church" party, philosophers as well as Christians greet him with reverence. The Dean is now 68 years of age; but even at this advanced period of life, is enjoying a journey through Canada and the United States.

The New York "Advocate" thus describes a meeting convened for his reception in that city:—

The reception tendered to Dean Stanley, the eminent representative of the Established Church of people are of one race. Our fathers are our fathers; your country once their abode, and we are one great family, part on the other side and part on this side of the wide ocean. We speak the same language. The same serene Anglo-Saxon which you utter is heard through our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have one civilization—a something which distinguishes us from other nations and races of the earth. He from other nations and races of the earth, has given to you the continent of Europe, and you travel eastward. He has given to us this vast continent, and we travel westward. Our missionaries, our men of commerce and science are meeting and greeting each other in the lands of Eastern Asia; and I trust that, ere long, if we are true to our responsibilities, the Anglo-Saxon literature, the Anglo-Saxon language, and the Anglo-Saxon civilization shall guide this globe. (Applause.)

It is important that these nations should be drawn very closely together; and just as the cable laid beneath the ocean, which joins our lands, is composed, not of one large wire, but of a vast number, so bound together that each may support the other, so the intermingling of these visitations, the exchange of congratulations and of friendly feeling, are like so many cords—though like silk threads in their fineness, yet woven together they shall be like cords of steel—which shall secure the union and strength, and also the perpetuity of friendship of these nations. (Applause.)

Again, I rejoice to welcome you, not only as a citizen of the British empire visiting our land, but especially to welcome you in your christian and ministerial character. These days are days in which members and ministers of the Church of Christ should draw as closely together as possible. We may have our differences; you may be a minister attached to a Church national in character and allied to the State in various ways, and this you may prefer. We may belong to a Church wholly disconnected from the State, and preferring arrangements wholly voluntary. At the same time, whatever our differences may be, we have one great object in view, and we are part and parcel of the common Protestantism of the world. (Applause.)

On the one hand we are met by Rome. It thrusts at you as well as at us. England and the United States in their Governments, especially on this continent, are standing protests against the Papal power. (acclaimed applause.) The infallible Pontiff, once upon a time, divided the whole American Continent between Spain and Portugal, and gave it to them for a possession forever; but as long as England claims dominion over Canada, and as long as this Government holds dominion over this central land, so long does Rome stand in antagonism to us, and we stand in antagonism to Rome. (Applause.)

Then again, we are met by thinkers among science, who are so busied in solving material problems that they have no time to look beyond visible forms. They are drawing thousands of young men away from the Churches into the shadows and mists of a cold materialism, or by some strange way carrying them into superstitious spiritualism. To oppose these forces we should join hands strongly together. Although we may never be one in organization, we can be one in Christian spirit. We rejoice sincerely whenever ministers of the various Christian Churches of the world visit our land, that they may shake hands with them, and they may shake hands with us. (Applause.) I am well aware that in your visit to our country, it seems most appropriate that you should be accompanied by some of our countrymen; you have officiated in the grand old churches and magnificent cathedrals; you have charge of Westminster Abbey as your own immediate work, where you walk among the foot-falls of centuries; and, it seems to me, it is no flight of fancy to imagine that sometimes in your ministrations, the spirit of the mighty dead who slumber in the old Abbey gather round you

to instruct nearly 4,000,000 of the children and youth of the land, and its church property represent over \$100,000,000. It publishes 120 periodicals, and has colleges and seminaries adequate to the demands of its numbers. "The world is my parish," said John Wesley, and no inconsiderable portion of this New World rejoices in the fact. As American Methodists, we welcome you to our land, to our church, to our hearts.

When the Dean rose to reply, the audience again stood up en masse, an impressive and graceful act which was courteously acknowledged.

The speech of Dean Stanley was of considerable length. Much of it was naturally devoted to an explanation of the precise circumstances connected with his reception—the admission of the monument. He spoke of Wesley's character as unique in its greatness. The thought is original, as far as we know.

And, first of all, may I venture to say that in claiming him as your founder, you enjoy a peculiar privilege among the various communions which have from time to time broken off, or at least varied from, the communion of the Church of England. The founder of the English Baptists is comparatively unknown; the founder of the English Congregationalists (and I say it with no shadow of disrespect) is also comparatively unknown; the founder of English Unitarianism (and I say it also without a shadow of disrespect) is also comparatively obscure; the founder of the Society of Friends, George Fox, has been succeeded in celebrity by William Penn, and by other illustrious Friends who have risen in that Society since his departure; but it is no disrespect to the eminent and revered persons who sit around me, to say, that no one has risen in the Methodist Society equal to their founder, John Wesley. (Applause.) It is this which makes his character and which makes his fortunes so profoundly interesting to the whole Christian world.

Here is another quite original allusion to Wesley. It is a presentation of the obverse of Wesley's great motto:

I now come to the more distinctive points which he urged upon the Christian world. There are two characteristic points, which I hope I am not mistaken in describing, as the special characteristics of the Methodists. Of his system and of his principles I will speak hereafter. There are two points which characterize the method of his teaching, which, also, are of immense value to all Christian Churches everywhere. One of them is that which is inscribed on his monument, and that which has been quoted in this address, "The world is my parish." That is a saying that is most important for all Christian teachers to bear in mind. We are not confined in our ministrations or our teachings only to the particular sphere in which our lot happens to be cast. There is, it is true, another principle, a counter principle, which, I hope, even Methodists will allow to have some value. "The parish is my world." (Laughter.) It is very important that we should all of us remember, whether Methodists or others, that the particular sphere in which our lot happens to be cast may be for us the world, the chief world, perhaps the only world in which we can hope to do any good. But, nevertheless, there is, as I have said, a counter principle announced by John Wesley, that the world also may be our parish.

Bishop Simpson was called to respond to Dean Stanley's address. This great speech must be given entire. We would as soon be guilty of cutting into a master-piece of painting, or breaking in upon a piece of elegant mosaic, as mutilating this fine expression.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

Bishop Simpson was greeted with marked enthusiasm, and as soon as the applause had subsided, he said:

Mr. Dean: It affords me no ordinary pleasure to join in this welcome which the ministers, members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church have so cordially rendered to you, and I desire to thank you for the kind words which you have been pleased to speak in reference to Methodism in this country and to its illustrious founder. I rejoice in greetings of this character because they serve to join more closely together the nations which we in part represent. England and America have great interests in common. The people are of one race. Our fathers are our fathers; your country once their abode, and we are one great family, part on the other side and part on this side of the wide ocean. We speak the same language. The same serene Anglo-Saxon which you utter is heard through our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have one civilization—a something which distinguishes us from other nations and races of the earth. He from other nations and races of the earth, has given to you the continent of Europe, and you travel eastward. He has given to us this vast continent, and we travel westward. Our missionaries, our men of commerce and science are meeting and greeting each other in the lands of Eastern Asia; and I trust that, ere long, if we are true to our responsibilities, the Anglo-Saxon literature, the Anglo-Saxon language, and the Anglo-Saxon civilization shall guide this globe. (Applause.)

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children and youth... to listen to the utterances that come from your lips. But here, how changed the scene! All is simple. We have a young and our churches are remarkable for architectural structure or for ancient tablets. Yet in our cities, among our villages, out in the country, and over our broad prairies, there are thousands of Christian churches, humble though they be, where the voice of prayer is heard and where Christian song ascends, if not so artistic as that from hearing the Jews under the great that one cause his simplicity is the newness of our country. Only two years ago we celebrated the Centennial of our nation's birth. Again, these churches have received no aid from the Government. Not a dollar of the nation's money is put into any of the edifices which our people have built. The whole of them are the voluntary contribution of a people, who, while they have been building with the one hand, have been rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, been employed, not in holding the sword but in cutting down the forests, bridging streams, erecting schools improving the country, constructing railroads and telegraph lines all over our land, and even laying the cable under the ocean's bed in part through the agency of our own fish. (Applause.) That telegraphic cable, which spans the globe; "Glorious to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." (Loud applause.) And I rejoice that since that time was laid, and since those words passed over the wire, there has been no war between England and America. May there never be any? ("Amen" and applause.) It seems to me that you who have traveled in the old countries, examined the ruins, walked over its broken mosaics, measured its crumbling arches should now visit our western world. It seems to me eminently fitting that the author of the "East-ern Church" should visit the Western Church, (applause) that he might finish his picture of Church history, and see the varied phases which the Church of Christ assumes. Twenty years ago you were in Palestine. Yes, indeed, we had Stanley's "Palestine" in our hand as one of our books of reference. (Applause.) And now you congratulate you on your visit to this land, and we trust that this visit will be productive only of happiness to yourself, but, on your return, of increasing the friendship and union between the churches of England and America. As Methodist, as has already been said, we have taken special interest in this welcome, because of your connection with the honor paid to the memory of John and Charles Wesley. From your lips we have heard how their monument was designed and erected, and we have listened to your estimate of the founder of our illustrious founder. The great outlines of this movement, which we, in part, represent here this evening, were set out by him. Near the close of his long life, he advised the formation of a Church according to the order which we now have; and there is no other organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He planned it, and we simply followed his advice. In that order there are two things especially remarkable. The first is that which you have alluded to—the itinerant ministry. It was his conviction that while a settled pastorate had its advantages and its charms, the world needed to be stirred up, that men should go forth as evangelists to rouse and save a fallen world. The whole system was so constructed that a earnest spirit from within, working outward, though its arrangement, should lead to the visiting of every city and village, every hamlet and forest, and to penetrate into every nook and corner of the earth. History must decide whether the movement be right or wrong. Then again to secure this itinerancy, and especially to watch over the morals of the country, to which you have alluded as his great desire, the principle of supervision was established; so that we have our classes and conferences, we have our class-leaders and stewards, ministers, and presiding elders, and Bishops, and the whole object of the organization is to secure a careful and thorough supervision of the work. These are the essential characteristics of our church, which was organized by the advice of Mr. Wesley, and whose results are witnessed today in the world. This Methodist Episcopal Church is not only established in all parts of the Union, but it is sending its missionaries to-day to China, Japan, Africa, and South America; it is reaching out its arms of friendship and of love to all the down-trodden and darkened nations of the earth. This Church welcomes you, because, in addition to the other names named, you have honored the name of Wesley. I cannot but think of the revenges of time. A century ago to-day Mr. Wesley preached the dedicatory sermon in City Road Chapel; the morning of that day he received a letter from a distinguished lady cautioning him against being so prominent in offending society, and complaining that, while Whitefield was honored, he was persecuted and maligned. He accepted the fact of his ministrations offending society, and causing persecution, but continued his course, waiting for history to justify him; and to-night, while his followers in England are met in City Road Chapel to celebrate their hundredth anniversary—while the Bishops and Missionary Board have sent a telegram, which, probably, is being read about this time in City Road Chapel—we have been listening to an honored discussion of the character of Mr. Wesley in this Church of St. Paul's. (Applause.) Then again, that monument in Westminster Abbey, placed by your own permission, and for which you have our thanks, represents a scene—and that scene, as I understand, selected by yourself—Mr. Wesley preached on his father's tombstone, and why? He was shut out of the church where his father preached, and where he was brought up, and therefore went into the yard and stood on the tombstone. To-day Westminster Abbey throws open its portals, and gives our founder a place among the heroic, the wise, the grand, and the good, that are honored by the English people and by the world. (Applause.) We honor our English; we recognize its greatness; we honor your noble Queen (applause), God bless her. (Renewed applause.) Long may she live her Greece England by her presence, and the world by her purity. (Great applause.) We trust the time will never come when England's glory shall be diminished; but should the time come—when God forbid!—which Macaulay portrays as the vision of the South sea Islander standing on the London Bridge and musing over the ruins of the British Empire, let it be remembered that the Christian Church shall never die decay. Let it be remembered that the Christian Church shall go on, possibly in different places, but repeating and renewing the blessing which she has brought with her temple and her services. Indeed, it seems to me that God has designed in the history of this world that it should be shown that Christianity is the power, and the only power, that can elevate this world. As long as Christianity worked in the sphere of Judaism, she was trammelled by its rites and ceremonies, and its ordinances; and when she went into the civilization of Greece and Rome, again her simple ceremonies were overlaid by the influence of pagan rites, and the garb and rites and ceremonies of paganism were in part imitated and preserved in Christian temples. When Christianity was to gain her highest triumphs, God sent a race out of Eastern Asia from those vast plains unknown to Greece and Rome, and apart from its civilization. It is remarkable that the farther away from the old civilizations the nations are found the higher the triumphs of Christianity. Thus, in Albion's Isle, the farthest from Rome, the highest Christian triumph has occurred. (Applause.) And will you allow an American to say, that very possibly God has placed an ocean between us and that other civilization, here on this Western World, still farther away, cut off from the legions and from the institutions, and to a great extent from the influences of the Old World, Christianity triumphed and achieved for itself a higher destiny and grander achievements.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

SPECIAL MESSAGES FROM THE MISSION ROOMS

intimate that Rev. John Williams, D. D., of Ontario, and Rev. Dr. McDonald, returned Missionary from Japan, will visit the Lower Provinces as a Missionary delegation. They will remain for three Sabbaths only. Dr. McDonald will be engaged in New Brunswick and P. E. Island, and Dr. Williams in Nova Scotia. Dr. Williams will be engaged next Sabbath, 17th inst., in Halifax, as will also Prof. Longley, Principal of Mount Allison Male Academy. We have no knowledge of Dr. McDonald's programme, nor of the subsequent services of Dr. Williams, but the intelligence of their visit came too late for arrangements before we go to press.

Anniversary Missionary Meetings at Brunswick Street on Monday night, and Gratton St. on Tuesday night.

PRAYER REQUESTED.

November 3rd, 1878.

DEAR MR. NICOLSON—Will you kindly give space in the WESLEYAN for the following:—A teacher asks the prayers of God's people for her father who though a Christian, is in the habit of using Tobacco. She wishes to pray that he may see the evil of it and be enabled to strength from Jesus to enable him to give it up.

We have no knowledge of the writer of the above or the circumstances alluded to. As a letter without any name, it would be ruled out by ordinary regulations; but anonymous requests for prayer are so common in other ways, that we give it an unhesitatingly. Readers may take it as indicating one of the tens of thousands of wives look mournfully upon good fathers and husbands whose principal fault is that they use tobacco. If every reader will take it as a request from the nearest of the many neighbours who are similarly afflicted, we may have a mighty answer to prayer which will purify the atmosphere of many a christian home. May this daughter's smoking father be sanctified—purified in this particular!

THE TORONTO INDEX

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NEWS AND NOTES.

NOVA SCOTIA. The military, naval and Dominion authorities will all be present at the coming reception to the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise by illuminating the various public buildings and erecting a number of arches which, it is said, will be very handsome. A large number of the societies and private citizens will also erect arches. The Militia will furnish the Guard of Honor at the Dockyard, which will probably be the 21st H. V. B. and the streets on the route of procession will be lined by the Militia, the troops in Garrison, and the marines and sailors of the fleet. It will probably be the largest military and naval display ever seen in Halifax. The terrible carriage accident which occurred in St. John's a week ago has produced the result that the doctors say was the first was inevitable. Mr. Frank Romans died at the Waverly house on Saturday forenoon last, between 10 and 11 o'clock. He was unconscious from the time of the accident until he died. He was a prominent man, for his business relations brought him into association with nearly all classes of the community, and he was widely known; yet it would hardly be correct to speak of him as prominent, for he was by nature exceedingly modest and retiring. A large fund of business knowledge and energy, a gentleman, cheerful disposition and a real many character combined in him to win the confidence and esteem of young and old. While all who knew him will mourn his untimely end, his death will be felt as an irreparable loss to the sisters who found in him a loving brother and a wise counsellor in their responsible duties as the proprietresses of an important hotel, and it can hardly be felt much less keenly by the large mercantile house (Messrs. J. S. Maclean & Co.) in which he occupied a prominent position, and responsibility often obtained by one of his years. His relatives have the sincere sympathy of the whole community in their great bereavement. On the night of the 31st ult., Mr. Thomas B. Dane, of Yarmouth, met with a painful and most fatal accident while en route from Digby to Yarmouth. It appears that while the stage was changing horses at Saultierville, Mr. Dane was walking in the stable when one of the horses, a notorious kicker, suddenly bit out and struck Mr. Dane on the fleshy part of the right side of the neck, the other foot striking under the jaw, breaking and loosening some of his teeth and cutting his tongue. Mr. Dane was rendered insensible and remained so for three hours.

THE TEA MEETING

in the basement of the Methodist Church, Woodstock, on Thursday evening, was in every way creditable to it, and enjoyable to those who patronised it. There were about 100 persons present, and the absence of Rev. Mr. Paisley, through indisposition, and the other that not more persons were present to participate in the festivities. The room with its decorations of evergreens, pictures and handsome transparencies, looked very attractive, while the tables could not have looked more inviting to the eye or tempting to the appetite. The ladies in waiting performed their part admirably, and altogether it was a first-class Tea Meeting.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Twenty-one persons, ladies and gentlemen, were present at the meeting in the Methodist Church, on Monday evening, called by the Pastor, Rev. C. H. Paisley, for the purpose of organising a Young People's Institute. Rev. Mr. Paisley occupied the chair. After an explanation by the chairman of the object of the Society, an organization was effected by the election of the following officers:—Rev. C. H. Paisley, President; G. L. Holyoke, Vice; Chas. McLean, Sec. Treasurer; Wm. Wallace, Corresponding Secretary. Committee—Messrs. Robt. Smith, H. P. Baird, C. L. Smith, Jas. Watts. A committee was formed to draft a Constitution and code of By-Laws, to be submitted to the Society at its meeting on Monday evening next, at 7.30 o'clock.—Sentinel.

ARMSTRONG & HOPKINS

Editors and Proprietors of Christian Visitor.

The Toronto Index asserts that the certificate of the Moncton clergymen on Schrevelius, as defined in a Latin Lexicon, is no reply to the main charge of falsifying the Lexicons. Rev. John Brown has written his acceptance of the challenge, not only on the ground of the Lexicons but the Bible. The editor of the Messenger says he would willingly accept it if he thought Mr. Currie were sincere. Altogether it is a lively state of things, and may serve to place Moncton in competition with Halifax during this November month—the one in listening to the thunder of the British fleet, while receiving a Marquis and Princess; the other in listening to the great guns of the churches on the merits of baptizo.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND. NEW BRUNSWICK THANKSGIVING DAY.—Governor Chandler has issued the following proclamation:—It having pleased Almighty God in his great mercy to crown the labors of the Husbandman with abundant harvest, and to bestow upon the people of this Province manifold and great blessings during the current year, I do therefore appoint Thursday the twenty-first day of November instant, as a Day of Thanksgiving, and recommend the general observance thereof throughout the Province; and I do also hereby appoint and prescribe the said twenty-first day of November to be a public holiday. (On the 6th of October, three-masted schooner Freddie C. Ebbett, of St. John, was abandoned at sea while on a voyage to Havana for orders. She was passed by several vessels while drifting about the ocean. On the 23rd the floating wreck was met by the schr. Isaac Oliver, and the skipper, more venturesome than others, decided to attempt to save the vessel. He put two men on board. On the 23rd of October there was a heavy storm in that vicinity and it was feared the schooner and her crew were lost. This did not prove to be case however, for the vessel was got into port safely, as is shown by the following telegram:—To Lake St. John: SAVANNAH, Ga., Nov. 8.—We have the abandoned F. Ebbett and want owners address. Jos. A. ROBERTS & Co. To J. W. Penney, St. John: SAVANNAH, Ga., Nov. 8.—F. C. Ebbett arrived here in charge of two men, and instructions—T. B. MARSHALL & Co. The F. C. Ebbett was a good vessel and can doubtless be repaired. She was only partially insured. A correspondent in Sacramento, Cal., writes: It is extremely pleasing and gratifying as well as astonishing to note the success which attends the return of a large number of Chinese to their native land. A few days ago I accidentally met an acquaintance who had just arrived from San Francisco and who informed me that he had been engaged with a party of a large wholesale house, and had been the last mail from the Sandwich Islands received the invoice of a large cargo of sugar the greatest portion of which consisted of the production of Messrs. Robinson, McKinnon, McKinnon and Douglas. R. McKinnon, Esq., I understand accompanies the cargo to San Francisco, where he intends procuring a number of Chinese to accompany him on his return to assist on the plantations. The friends of the respective persons in question will undoubtedly be happy to hear of the successful achievements and rapid progress of the migrants to the Sandwich Islands. NEWFOUNDLAND. A CALL FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Rev. L. G. MacNeil, M. A., of Maitland, Hants Co., has received a unanimous call from the congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, St. John's, Nfld. The salary is \$2,000 with a manse. A correspondent of the Halifax "Herald" says:—The weekly meeting of the Reform Club and Ladies' Union took place last evening in the Drill Shed. There was a crowded house, and a most interesting programme prepared by the Ladies' Union was given. Recitations by Susan Skinner, Gertrude Heffer, and Albert Vey. An original piece was read by Miss M. Good, on "I'll wait and see." An original poem was read by Miss Leake (formerly of Truro, N. S.) written by Miss Whiteford for the occasion, entitled, "Call out the Reserves." Addresses were delivered by Alex. A. Parsons and Rev. Mr. Knicker. Music was furnished by the choir under the leadership of Miss Chacey. There was also a duet by Misses Hadson and Evans. Over thirty signed the pledge at the close of the meeting. Another large and very enthusiastic meeting was held in Temperance Hall on Thursday evening. The meeting opened with a soul-stirring hymn by Miss Chacey's choir, entitled, "I'll wait and see the Battle cry." Then followed an interesting address by the Chairman, after which recitations were given by Mrs. Shenton, Miss Furneaux, Miss Thurgate, Mr. Arthur Martin, Mr. John Furneaux, and Master P. Peters. The recitation by Mrs. Shenton was written expressly for the occasion and rendered in such a manner as to impress an audience with the power of eloquence when used for the furtherance of a good cause. The closing address by Rev. Mr. Shenton (formerly of Nova Scotia), was in every respect characteristic of the speaker—eloquent and effective in the extreme. In the course of his remarks the rev. gentleman made a powerful and irresistible appeal to the hearts and consciences of his hearers; and so effective was that appeal that at the close of the address a large number came forward and publicly identified themselves with the cause.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER 1878.

First Quarter, 1 day, 9h, 36m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 9 day, 10h, 19m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 17 day, 1h, 44m, Afternoon. New Moon, 24 day, 4h, 56m, Morning.

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

THE TIDES.—are columns of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwall, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Yarmouth.

High water at Falmouth sea Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, 3 hours 55 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 3 hours to minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 18 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 18 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT CHARLIE DID FOR HIS MOTHER.

'The flour's out ma'am,' said Bridget putting her head into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Helps and Charlie were sitting.

'Very well, Bridget,' said Mrs. Helps, but when the door was shut she sighed; and though Charlie asked her twice what 'succeed' meant she gave him no answer.

Charlie looked up from his book and saw tears were falling on his mother's hand as she sewed.

'Mamma! mamma! what's the matter?'

'Oh, nothing, child! don't worry. I am sure it is all right; and I'm glad you little ones have such good appetites.'

Charlie thought hard for a moment, 'Oh, I know,' he said, with a wise look; 'it's the flour. You were ever so happy till Bridget put her head in. Now, mamma, I'll tell you what; you get a whole barrel instead of a bag, and then you won't have to be bothered. I was over at Henry's the other day, and his mother went into the closet, and I saw her take such a lot of flour out of a barrel! Get a barrel, mother!' and Charlie put his arms around the dear neck and kissed the face he loved so much.

Mrs. Helps could not but smile at her little boy. 'Child, the trouble is I can't get a barrel. It would cost nine dollars, and I haven't got that. But no matter, my son; you are growing older every day. God is very good, and I know we shall not starve. Now I must go up to my study, and you can run out-doors.'

Charlie put on his hat and ran out. Henry was waiting for him to play; but Charlie said, 'No; I can't now. I want to go to the village.'

Can I go too? Now Charlie would have rather Henry had staid at home, but he was trying to be an unselfish boy; so he said 'Yes only please, Henry I can't talk.'

The two walked along; and though Charlie had said he could not talk, he soon began to tell Henry what was on his mind.

'Mother works so hard,' he said since father died last winter, and she's so worried how she ought to have a whole barrel of flour, I'm going to see if I can't earn one.

Henry opened his eyes at this: 'You earn a barrel of flour! Why, father paid for our barrel the other day, and I saw the bill, ten dollars. How'll you earn that?'

'Mother said nine dollars,' 'I don't know how, but I've got a plan. I'm going to the grocer's.'

'To buy your flour?' said Henry half-laughingly.

'They went to a large grocery-store in the village, and a clerk asked the boys what they wanted. Charlie answered that he would like to see Mr. Dunning.'

'He's busy,' said the clerk. 'I see, but I can wait.'

In a little while Mr. Dunning came to the boys. 'Now my boy,' said he, 'what can I do for you?' Charlie felt like throwing his arms around the gentleman's neck, he looked and spoke so kindly, and telling all his hopes and he tried as little as possible of his real need. 'You know I wasn't begging,' he said afterward.

I want to know, sir, if I can do any work for you—sweeping or cleaning—here or in your house? I can chop wood and light fires, and bring water, and peel potatoes, and post-lets, and—'

'Stop, Stop, my boy!' said Mr. Dunning. 'I see you can do a good deal for a little fellow. But can't you do all this at home? Don't they need you there?'

'Oh, I'll do that too. I can't be here all the time; but please sir, I'll work very hard, and a very long time if only I can earn ten dollars.'

'Ten dollars! Well, that is a large sum to pay a little boy. What do you want it for?'

'Please sir, mamma's writing and sewing and teaching to earn enough money for us, but she can't get enough and I do want to get her a barrel of flour. I thought perhaps if I worked hard and earned part, you'd trust me work for the rest.'

Why, what's your name? 'Charlie Helps.'

'So you are Mrs. Helps's boy! Bless you child! you shall have work to do; and if you are faithful your mother shall have the flour. Now what time can you come here?'

I awoke, and there was the sun, with every ray spread, rising to the tune of Cook-a-doddle-do!—Jack-in-the-pulpit for November.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

'I would be ashamed to tell mother,' was the little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

'But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it.'

'I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I could tell mother.'

'It's a pity you were not a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!'

'You may laugh if you want to,' said the noble boy, 'but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother.'

Noble resolve, and which will make almost any life true and useful! Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mothers.

JONATHAN SAVILLE.

Jonathan Saville was a poor, feeble, crippled man, whom Methodism found in the workhouse, but purified and exalted to be a "burning and shining light" in the land.

His mother, a pious Moravian died before he was four years old; his father, a good man, was killed in a quarry by a mass of earth falling upon him.

The child was in the workhouse when he was but seven years old. He was afterwards apprenticed, but was sent by his master to work in the coal mines.

His health failing at that, he was employed spinning worsted at home. Shivering with the cold one day, he stepped to the fire to warm himself, when a daughter of his master struck him and pushed him away so rudely that he fell to the floor and broke his thigh bone.

No doctor was called in to set his thigh. No relieving treatment was given by the woman of the house. They compelled him to remain at his work all day, and mocked him at the groans of the little sufferer.

He crept to his bed at night, where he held the fractured bone in its place with his hand. Nature at last healed the broken limb, but he was left a mere wreck. Hopeless of any profitable service from him, his master conveyed him back to the workhouse.

The superintendent treated him kindly and gave him light tasks at spinning. The poor inmates healed his broken heart by their sympathies.

An old paralyzed soldier taught him to read, and in one year he learned to read the Bible. An aged man among them made him a pair of crutches, and with these he used to limp to the Methodist chapel in Bradford.

After remaining some years in the almshouse, he learned the craft of a warper and removed to Halifax. There the religious instructions he had heard in the Methodist chapel at Bradford, ripened into a rich Christian experience.

Under a sermon by Benson he received the peace of God. He became a prayer-leader and afterwards was appointed a class-leader. He soon had two, then three classes under his charge. His original class "swarmed" six times.

His zeal prompted him to labor for the salvation of the country regions around Halifax. There being no Methodist chapels in the surrounding villages, and the people being scattered about the valleys and on the hill sides far from a church, and in a state of spiritual darkness little better than that of the heathen, he procured the aid of three other Wesleyan laymen of like mind, and went forth among these hamlets holding prayer-meetings on Sunday and week-day evenings, and often conducting seven or eight on a single Sunday.

He was signally useful in such praying, not yet a preaching but a praying evangelist among the rustic communities. At Southwam there was not one Methodist when they began; in a short time a class was formed there of twenty-two members. At Lundenden a great revival attended his humble labors; in half a year fifty-four members joined the Society. He lived to see three chapels and many local preachers raised up in this neighborhood. His little company of prayer-leaders was increased to twelve bands, and maintained meetings in eleven hamlets, in all of which save one, there was at first no person capable of conducting such services.

In Halifax, and in the villages within six or eight miles of it did he pursue these labors. He was unable to ride on horseback, but would sometimes, notwithstanding his lameness, trudge through twenty-five miles a day. He found this work its own reward, and in the wintry storm and scorching summer sun saw Jonathan Saville travelling over hills and exploring valleys, calling the poor cottagers together who lived far from any place of worship, and who could not call the Sabbath a delight, giving them a word of exhortation, and then praying with and for them. It is not too much to say, that no man in that neighborhood has been in such labors abundant; and no doubt hundreds have been through his instrumentality, saved from sin and brought to God.

In 1803 he was licensed as a local preacher. He had virtually been one for years, though he had never dismounted from a text. His popularity became general. Crowds flocked to hear him. His crippled appearance, his genial spirit, his deep piety, his originality of thought, and homely but strong language, attracted irresistibly the rude masses; they both pitied and revered him, and followed him in haste. His preaching was peculiarly effective; frequently several persons were awakened under a single sermon. His voice was remarkable for its strength and unusual intonations, his action was energetic, and many of his sermons produced extraordinary impressions. He was called abroad in all directions, to speak on extraordinary as well as ordinary occasions. He

had the happiness to preach in the town in whose workhouse he had found shelter. As he arose in the pulpit his heart overflowed with his recollections of the scene. "If I had a word that would do your souls good," he exclaimed, "I would give it you, though it should cost me my life; for I owe my life to you, through the mercy of God. If you want to know where I got my education, where my college was, it was the workhouse yonder; there it was I received all my education, between the knees of an old pensioner."

If Jonathan Saville was not grateful for his deformity he was grateful for the advantages it gave him in his Christian labors. It made irresistible appeals in behalf of the poor and the afflicted, it commanded tender respect from even ruffian men; drunkards in the street, it is said became reverent as he passed them, for they knew what he had endured and how he had conquered. It is remarkable, says his biographer, how seldom they were known to treat him with invidiousness. One case is recorded which proved a blessing that the crippled preacher would not have foregone.

On going to a country appointment, an intoxicated man knocked him down, calling him a "crooked little devil." "The God that made me crooked made thee straight," said the preacher as he rose. Whether the drunkard perceived the significance of the words, or not, the exhortation with which it was followed, sank into his heart. Years later, when Saville had been preaching in the city of Hull, a stranger seized his hand, exclaiming, "I bless God I ever knocked thee down." The good man was astonished; the stranger recalled the old offense, and said that it led to his reformation and conversion. Children loved him, and he was very useful among them. By his diminutive stature he seemed one of them; by his cheerful spirit he was as juvenile as any of them.

They would gather about him in the streets, where he conversed with them on simple religious topics, asking them whether they went to Sunday school? Whether they loved God? He was an indefatigable visitor of the afflicted. As he knew from his own sad experience how to address them, they eagerly sent for them.

During many years he was one of the most popular speakers of the connection on the missionary platform; many of his speeches have been pronounced "brilliant and worthy of men of greater fame." He stood up, in this cause, by the side of the greatest leaders of Methodism, and hardly could their superior abilities prove more effective, on popular occasions than his peculiar genius.

Jonathan Saville, Samuel Hick and William Dawson, personal friends and fellow-laborers, were, in fine, three of the most useful men of their times. They formed a class which probably could not have been found in any other church. An open field for their extraordinary talents; they achieved historical results in the demoralized and benighted regions of the north, and their lives are among its most significant historical illustrations. Its strict regimen trained them to habits which, notwithstanding their eccentric dispositions, never detracted from its honor; their peculiarities seldom or never degenerated into vulgar decencies; they were made by their religion, modest as well as brave men, deferential to authorities, and respectful of religious discipline. They were good examples to all their brothers, except in their peculiar talents; and were not so in their talents, only because these were inimitable.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TIDES.

All bodies attract each other; the power of the forces depending upon the weight of the bodies and their distance from each other. The weight of any body is, in fact, the force with which the earth attracts that body to itself. The same force, and bodies are all chained together by this force of attraction. The sun and the moon both exert an attractive influence on the earth, inducing our planet to approach to them; this attraction being balanced by the centrifugal force, we describe a curve, which is the resultant of these two forces. But the surface of the earth consists of fluid and solid; the former, owing to its mobility, exhibits a greater tendency to obey the attractive influence, and therefore rises to meet the sun or the moon. The sun, on account of his enormous bulk, exercises a much greater attractive force on the earth than the moon, but the solar tide is much less than the lunar tide, for this reason—that the moon being near the earth attracts the surface of the sea far more than its solid bed, and therefore, the water rises in a hump underneath the satellite. The sun, on the other hand, being so distant, exerts nearly as much force on the surface as on the ocean bed beneath, and, therefore, lifts up the water but very little. The identically same effect is produced upon that part of the earth most distant from the sun and moon, only in this case the ocean bed is drawn toward these bodies more rapidly than the water, which is, in fact, left behind. When the sun and moon are either in conjunction or opposition—that is, when the line joining them passes in the neighborhood of, or directly through the earth—then their attractive forces being united, the tidal wave will be at a maximum, forming "spring tides." If they be in "quadrature"—that is, if the lines drawn from their centres to the earth's centres form a right angle—then the tides will be at a minimum, or "neap tide" will result. It will be evident, then, that if the earth were a world of waters, each tidal wave would pass completely around the earth in twenty-four hours. The existence of coincidently materially modifies its transit, and it is driven from its course, and consequently retarded. The great tidal waves rise in the deep Antarctic Ocean. As it traverses the ocean the water is not raised above a few feet; but when it enters a shallow sea, or an estuary, where the tide finds itself in a sort of funnel, then the rise is sometimes as much as seventy feet, as is the case in the Bay of Fundy. The wave is not a wave of transmission, but one of motion, and if the particles of water were destitute of all co-

hesion or friction among themselves, they would only rise and fall into the same place after the attraction had passed. A wave of this nature is illustrated by throwing a stone into a pond; the wavelets expand from the point of disturbance, but do not carry to the shore any thing which floats on the surface of the water, such bodies rising as it were to allow the wave to pass beneath them; this proves that the water had only an upward and downward movement as it formed the wave.

The best definitions of this rest which Christ offers is peace, peace in the soul with itself and peace with God. It is that peace which is declared by Paul to be the result of the forgiveness of sins. "Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is the peace spoken of in the enumeration of the fruits of the Spirit which are "love, joy, and peace, etc;" and in the benediction as "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." It is identical with that peace, or rest which every believer receives when by the exercise of saving faith in Christ, his sins are pardoned and he becomes "a new creature in Christ Jesus." It is therefore the present rest of faith in Christ—present because it may be enjoyed now by every believing soul, as the apostle says to the Hebrews: "We which have believed do enter into rest."

A STORY OF THE SEA.

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flag-ship commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were shot away, and the mainmast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost, unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water, under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services and among them the cabin boy.

"Why," said the admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?" "I can swim," the boy replied; "if I should be shot I can be easier spared than any one else."

Narborough hesitated; but his men where few and his position desperate. The boy plunged into the sea amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as time went defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserve were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered, far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was to receive the honour due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old Admiral that he exclaimed: "I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own."

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted by the King.

THE FATAL SLUMBER.

There is a little story that has gone the rounds of the American press, that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and it being a hot day, he lay down under a beautiful shady tree. The child ran about, gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying, "Pretty, pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, while he was sleeping the little child wandered away. When he awoke his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked round and shouted again. No response. Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briars he saw the mangled form of his loved child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought as I heard that what a picture of the church of God!

How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice, right into the bottomless pit? Father, where is your boy to-night? —D. L. Moody.

STUDYING GOD.

We judge of men by studying what their past conduct has been. Why not learn God in the same way? If we study the divine character as revealed in the Old Testament Scriptures, we find in him unspeakable goodness and purity, and that he has ever been faithful and kind to all who obeyed and trusted him; but that he was fearful in judgment against the wicked. We also see most positively revealed, if we study him as manifested in the New Testament, we see in him the tenderest pity and love yearning and working to save sinners. Here again, we see his indignation and wrath reserved for every one who persists in evil. The Old and the New agree, like the two parts of a stereoscopic picture, in revealing the same divine character. The two read together give us a perspective which invites both our reason and our faith to investigation of the truth.

CULTIVATE THE MEMORY.—When Sir Robert Peel was a boy, his father used to set him on a table and teach him to make short speeches; and while very young, he accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sabbath's sermon as he could recollect. At first, it is said, the boy found some difficulty, and did not make great progress; but he steadily persevered, and soon attention and perseverance was rewarded, and he was able to repeat the sermon almost word for word. It was in this way that he began to cultivate those powers of memory which he displayed so brilliantly when, in after life, he became one of the most distinguished statesmen of his country.

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TEMPERANCE.

ENGLAND'S UPAS TREE.

A working man, who has long labored in the temperance cause, has recently published the following in the "Derbyshire Courier": "The alcoholic drinks gulped down by the United Kingdom may be compared to a poison tree of enormous size, and most deadly, maddening, and poisonous in its effects, more poisonous than the upas tree. By whom it was planted it is hard to tell, but if the devil did not plant it he must have had much to do with it, when he considered the kind of fruit it bears, for "a tree is known by its fruits," for there is nothing working so much into the devil's hands and for his kingdom as is this poisonous tree. For only let persons visit it and partake of its fruit and they are prepared to commit any sin while under its body-maddening and soul-destroying effects. It therefore becomes in Satan's hand the sin of sins and the vice of vices. The distilleries and breweries are the roots of this poison-tree, throwing their poisonous roots throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; the bole or trunk, is the House of Lords and the House of Commons; and the branches are the gin palaces, wine-vaults, public-houses, spirit-grocers and beer-houses—nearly 200,000 in number. This tree also makes those who go to pluck its fruit believe that it only warms when it burns; that it strengthens when it only makes them weak; that it makes them wise when it makes them fools, idiots, and lunatics. It is like the devil, also, in that it practices a deception upon those who suck its poisonous juices, interfering with the delicate organ, the brain, and often dethroning reason. Most of these two hundred thousand branches bear twelve manner of fruits—namely, brandy, gin, whiskey, wine, rum, ale, porter, cider, &c., not for the healing of the nations, but for the poisoning of them; not yielding its fruit once a month only, but every day in the year. This tree hangs with clusters of poisonous fruit, but not containing one green leaf upon its branches. Many good people for years have been concerned that this tree should be axed. They have declared that it ought to be cut down as a cumber of the ground; but strange to say both good and bad people have long withstood these by speaking and writing against its coming down, and iniquitous as it may appear, they sell the fruit from this poison-tree yearly to the amount of £150,000,000, and instead of its being cut down it is swallowing up the wealth of the country, destroying commerce, and threatening a revolution. Certainly for many years the axe has been laid at the root of the tree, but those who should have felled it have been cavilling about how it should be done, and by whom, instead of whetting their axes with prayer and the love of God. There have been but few chips cut off until lately; the writer has fetched off forty-four little chips, in the shape of forty-four Bands of Hope that he has formed; but now, thank God, there are thousands of skillful fellers of the tree springing up, inside and outside the church, with the most eminent medical men in the empire amongst the number. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has for twenty years been stripped and at it, and he is very determined and his axe is a heavy one. There are a lot of workmen now in good earnest, ready to lay this poison-tree low. If the rich and poor, young and old, would be like me and thousands of others, and never touch this tree, they would take no harm. For forty-four years I have never tasted its poisonous juice. The roots of this poisonous tree yield so much sap or nourishment to its bole, or trunk, that it is very strong and powerful, as it needs to be, having to hold up too hundred thousand branches.

This tree, bad as it is in itself, bears fruits that pay so well that the owners are very choice of it, and lest the 200,000 supporters of the branches should prove dishonest, and not give up the £30,000,000 out of the £150,000,000 arising from the sale of this juice, there are overlookers of this poison-tree called magistrates, who have nothing for their overlooking it but what they consider honour, and what many good people consider a disgrace. These men are set to see that the tree is well cultivated, and have set one branch here and another there, so as to yield a large amount to the revenue. Many are in Parliament who belong to both roots and branches of this poison-tree, who never ought to have been there; and as they have filled England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales with its poison branches, and the more fruit it bears. It yields fruit enough to glut the United Kingdom. If a missionary is sent abroad with his Bibles to convert the heathen, whole casks of this fire water are also sent in another part of the vessel to destroy the souls of the heathen. I wonder if the keepers of this poison-tree ever think of death and judgment; or the Members of Parliament, by whom they are bolstered up, many of whom are engaged in the traffic, do they ever think that God will

hold them accountable for the thousands yearly slain by its poison? What a pity it is that the supporters of this tree and its traffic don't try and cast up the sum the Saviour has set them on profit and loss:—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The keepers of this tree act something like Joseph in Egypt. Joseph got the people's money for corn, then their lands, then the people themselves; but the keepers of this tree get the people's money, then their clothes, their very beds from under them, their children's schooling, and every vestige of property; then their bodies, by a continual poisoning through their constant visits to this poison-tree. Who are they that visit this tree? Millions daily visit and worship the god Bacchus. Members of Parliament and scavengers: bishops and chimney-sweeps; magistrates who planted the tree, and the drunkards who are brought before them and fined for plucking its fruit, and drinking the drunkard's drink; Sunday-school teachers and those who are taught; ladies and coal heavers; doctors and their patients; Her Majesty's household and beggars; unfortunate females and those who share their sin; the robbers and those who are robbed; the employer and the employed; the hangman and they who are hung; the gentleman and the tradesman; the lawyer and his clients; the publican and the clergyman; brewers and distillers; black and white; rich and poor; young and old; all contribute to raise the £150,000,000 yearly, helping to cripple industry and to destroy the nation. There are about 600,000 drunkards in the United Kingdom, but forty times as many little-drop drinkers. If the traffic is not destroyed soon, it will destroy our empire, and fold our Government round its fingers. If not soon destroyed we shall see shortly very little difference between the Sabbath day and all other days, although God has strictly spoken of it in more than fifty places in Holy Scripture. The country should manfully help Sir Wilfrid Lawson to cut down this poison-tree.

No person in the world needs alcoholic poison. The verdict of scientific truth condemns it altogether. Some people say it elevates them. It has elevated hundreds and thousands to the scaffold, and when passing away they have told the crowd that drink brought them there. Others elevated have thrown themselves over precipices; into rivers; others have cut their throats; and thousands have shot themselves. Ministers of the Gospel, and members of the Christian Church, who have held high office, have been hurled into ruin, body and soul, by using the fruit of this poison-tree. Tens of thousands have been hindered entering the Christian Church by its poison. We might send twenty millions of money instead of two millions for the conversion of the heathen were it not for the destruction of so many million quarters of barley to make poisonous drink to destroy the people. The ground might be sown with wheat or other good food to feed the poor. Some who love the fruit of this poison tree foolishly call it a good creature of God, though he never made it. It never made one man wiser, holier, or happier, or richer, or better prepared for holy duties, or to bear up under trials, or assist him in getting to heaven. All trees are known by their fruits. Then let all try and destroy this poisonous tree, whose fruits are seen in every workhouse, prison, and madhouse in the kingdom. It is a cumber of the ground. Brew-houses and distilleries might be turned into churches; public-houses into coffee and eating houses; publicans will be brought to think more of their souls and of God's Sabbath, and get into a different and more holy calling, in which they may find their way to heaven. J. B. Matlock Cliff.

OBJECTIONABLE WORDS.—It is not necessary to prepare a list of objectionable words; conscience and second thought will soon furnish one. If man, woman or child tries for one day to keep watch over the tongue, the second day will surely be purer, and the third the purest of the three. There is a possible danger, it is true, of prudishness and cant; but after all, the happiest and most spontaneous Christian, those around whom is a whole atmosphere of good cheer, are those whose talk is the purest. They do not say, "God heavens!" "On my soul!" "I hope to be hanged if I don't." Nor do they exclaim, "I've had a splendid streak of luck to-day!" A Christian never need stand in fear of being called straight-laced because he carefully avoids such expressions as these.—S. S. Times.

I strongly recommend the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites to all who suffer in any way from disease or weakness of the Lungs, Bronchial Tubes, or general debility. J. H. W. Scott, M.D., Gagetown, N.B.

THE PAIN-KILLER.—We have known the high character of this medicine, and that it is used with great success and satisfaction in our very best families. It is the favorite medicine of our missionaries in heathen lands, where they use it more than all else together for the diseases that abound in those warm climates. It should be kept in every house, and be ready for sudden attacks of sickness.—Christian Press.



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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878. NO DISCOUNT will be allowed on American Invoices until further notice. J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs may11

WOOLEN GOODS.

We are shewing this week every variety of FANCY WOOLEN GOODS

- WOOL CLOUDS, WOOL SQUARES, WOOL SHAWLS, WOOL SCARFS, WOOL TIES, WOOL POMENAES, WOOL WARPS, WOOL OPERA CLOAKS, WOOL VESTS, WOOL JACKETS, WOOL HOODS, WOOL CAPS, WOOL QAITERS, WOOL CUFFS, WOOL BOOTAKINS, WOOL MITTENS, WOOL TIPPETS, WOOL TIPPETS, WOOL BODICES, WOOL MINIVERS, WOOL GLOVES, WOOL MUFFS.

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DOMINION OF CANADA. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 8th Oct., 1878. NOTICE is hereby given, that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an order in Council bearing date the 2nd of October instant, has been pleased to order and direct that the privilege granted by Order in Council of 3rd August, 1871, permitting the free admission of Canvas for the manufacture of oil cloth, but of not less than 18ft in width, be so extended as to include widths as low as four feet ten inches, on condition that the said canvas be not pressed or calendared.

By command, J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs. Oct 26 31

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to which they invite special attention. CANADIAN, SCOTCH AND ARTIC FLEECE LINED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, of extra value—fine long cloth. Fancy Flannel and Oxford Shirts.

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Intercolonial Railway. 1878. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 29th April, 1878 TRAINS Will leave Halifax as follows:—

- At 8.50 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou and Intermediate Points. At 6.10 p.m. (Express) for Riviere du Loup, St. John and Points West. At 4.40 p.m. for Pictou and Intermediate Stations. WILL ARRIVE: At 10.40 a.m. (Express) from Riviere du Loup, St. John and Intermediate Stations. At 8.00 p.m. (Express) from St. John and Intermediate Stations. At 9.15 a.m. (Accommodation) from Truro and Way Stations. At 3.00 p.m. (Express) from Pictou and Way Stations. Moncton, 25th April, 1878. mar4

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JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

WOODVILLE, CORNWALLIS, May 3, 1877.

Messrs C. GATES & Co. Gentlemen—This is to certify that three years ago I was troubled with a bad cough accompanied with pain and soreness of the lungs for some time, I took one bottle of your No. 1 Bitters, and happy to say have had good health ever since.

My wife was afflicted with biliousness and sick headache for two years, and six bottles of your Medicine effected a complete cure, and she had better health now than ever she had for some years. I believe your medicines are the best ever sold in the Province of Nova Scotia. Respectfully,

CALEB WHEATON. WAVERLY GOLD MINES, Halifax Co., Aug. 22, 1877.

C. GATES & Co.—Gentlemen.—This is to certify that after suffering for four years of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, coughing and spitting of blood, daily anticipating death, that one bottle of Dr. Gates' Life of Man Bitters cured me effectually.

I sincerely recommend it to any one that is suffering from the same disease. JOHN MCKENZIE. (Aged 73 years.)

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1878.

Table with 3 columns: Time, Location, Preacher. Includes entries for 11 a.m. at Brunswick St., Grafton St., and 7 p.m. at various locations.

MARRIED.

At Niagara, Oct. 3rd., by Rev. Joseph Gaetz, Mr. Lockhart Sprout, of Niagara, to Miss Joanna Sprout, of Bloomington. By the same, Nov. 6th., at the Parsonage, Middleton, Isaac Boutby, of Laurencetown, to Miss Susan Neiley, of Brooklyn.

DIED.

At Castroville, Monterey Co., California, Oct. 25, Bessie Sterling, aged 5 months and 18 days, only child of Charles F. and Amelia McDonald. Her-ald please copy.



Nov. 17, 78-ly

GOSPEL HYMNS, No. 3. By Sankey, McGranahan & Stebbing. JUST PUBLISHED.

The songs in No. 3 are for the most part new, but very few of them having been issued in No. 1 or No. 2.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS

Black Dress Silk Buttons, Black Velveteens, Colored Satins, Winceys, Fancy Flannels, Hosiery, Etc. 1000 3-Bushel Grain Bags.

MARKET PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods: Butter, Eggs, Lard, Mutton, Pork, Chickens, Geese, Ducks, Turkeys, Hams, Hides, Calfskins, Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, Onions, Apples, Beans, Yarn, Straw, Hay.



For several months past I have used FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES in phthisis, chronic bronchitis and other affections of the chest. I have no hesitation in stating it stands foremost among remedies used in those diseases.

I strongly recommend FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES to all who suffer in any way from diseases or weakness of the lungs, bronchial tubes, or from general debility.

Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites acted with expedition and entire efficacy in a case of aphonia, which failed to yield to regular treatment.

No hesitation in recommending Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites for general debility, or any diseases of the lungs.

In restoring persons suffering from diptheritic prostration and coughs following typhoid fever, Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is the best remedy I ever used.

Amongst the diseases overcome by the use of this remedy are the following:— Chronic Constipation, Chronic Dyspepsia, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Consumption, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Laryngitis, Melancholy, Nervous Debility.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

The power of arresting diseases displayed by this preparation is honorably acknowledged by the medical faculty in every section where it has been introduced; and the large sale is the best guarantee of the estimation in which it is held by the public.

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Nimmo's List.

- Little Crowns and How to Win them.—Collier. Little Treasures, History of a Life Boat, Four little People, Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia, Benjamin Franklin, Out at Sea, Teyford Hall, or Rosa's Christmas Dinner, Simple Stories, The Daisy's First Dinner, Great Riches.

From Call and Inglis List.

- The Cord of Love, Ellen, mission, Frank Harper, or Beginning Life, Early Duties and Early Dangers, Effie Morris, or Which Do I Love Best, Bread on the Waters, Agnes Leith, or the Path and the Lamp, Serrie Corrie, the Fisher Boy, Huan Nohg, Lucy and Her Friends, Fanny Raymond, The African Trader, Ned Turner, or Wait a Little, Waihoua, A New Zealand Story, The Trapper's Son, Janet McLaren, The Faithful Nurse, Mary Liddiard, A Tale of the Pacific.

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FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

- My Dear, Dear Saviour, The Unseen Hand, Going Home, Grapes and Thorns, Chapters from a Family Circle, Charley Smeaton, The Child's Last Prayer, Saved Through the Children, Under Suspicion, The Model Son, Helen Lindsave, Labors of Love, Willie's Good Bye, Work in Waste Places, Bread and Butter, Many Days, In the Cornfields: The Story of Ruth, My Mother's Prayers, The Saved Class, The Hermit of the Hills, A Life's Work, The Martyrs of Scotland, Noddy Bruce, Favorite Animals.

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REVIEWS.

Table with 2 columns: Periodical Name, Price. Includes The London Quarterly, Methodist Quarterly (New York), Canadian Methodist Magazine, English do, Harper's Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, Leisure Hour, Christian Miscellany.

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Table with 2 columns: Paper Name, Price. Includes British Workman, Cottager and Artizan, Early Days—enlarged and improved, Child's Companion, Children's Friend, Family Friend, Friendly Visitor, Infant's Magazine, S. S. Advocate (Fortnightly).

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PRICES.

Table listing prices for different editions of the Bible: POCKET EDITION: Persian Calf, Limp, \$1.25; Paste Grain, Circuit Covers, 1.50; Morocco, Muslin, lined, Circuit Covers, 3.00; Levant, Morocco, Kid lined, perfectly flexible, Circuit Covers protecting the edges, 4.00. MEDIUM EDITION: Persian Calf, Limp, 2.50; Levant, Morocco, same as the best pocket edition, 5.00. LARGE TYPE EDITION: In best binding, 7.50; With broad margin, extra paper, 10.00.

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