

GENERAL READING

THE YEARS.

Silent—silent! like God's blessing, on a
 sin bewildered earth!
 Coming, coming, with a glory and a pro-
 mise at their birth!

Wondrous, wondrous, white-winged her-
 alds, with a wordless mystery,
 Bearing with them gleam and glimmer of
 the far off "jasper sea."

Swiftly, swiftly, down our earth-way
 bringing treasure all unknown;
 Reaching out still hands to touch us with
 the radiance of the Throne.

Silent—silent! going—going—out beyond
 our utmost reach!
 Bearing with them so much sweetness,
 scarce we knew they came to teach.

Swiftly—swiftly—while we struggle for a
 little less or more,
 Down their tide dear footsteps vanish,
 leaving ours upon the shore!

Calm—calm—while our pulse beat to
 ev'ry siren tune,
 On their waves our sunlight trembles and
 our day grows dim at noon!

Onward!—onward—ending ever at God's
 footstool! Ah will he
 Merge these weary fragments into His
 serene Eternity!

N. Y. Evening Post.

HOW TO READ BOOKS.

Everybody finds it necessary to read a great deal in these days, because it is impossible to hold any position unless well informed; and even in social intercourse those who are not well-read find themselves placed at an immense disadvantage. The number of actual situations which can only be occupied by educated men and women increase daily: and, indeed, literature becomes more and more a part of the business of life. There is a common but most erroneous impression that knowledge must be obtained by the perusal of a vast quantity of books. This is not so; it is not the number of books perused, but the way in which they are read. To read successfully requires a system, and when once the mind has acquired the habit of organizing its impressions, ten books will impart more instruction than the desultory perusal of a hundred. It has been said that all the general information needed by ordinary people may be obtained from about 500 standard works; some reduce the number considerably, and it is obvious that much must always depend upon mental calibre. The judicious choice of books is, in itself, an art; the following remarks pre-suppose that a choice has been made.

There are several classes of readers. First, those who read for pleasure only, and confine themselves chiefly to light literature, and do not come under the scope of this article. Secondly, those who read for general information. Thirdly, those who are studying scientific or some special subject; and lastly, there are some who, from time to time, are anxious to "hunt up" a particular matter, and to post themselves in every scrap of knowledge relating to it.

All readers, even those who scan the newspapers, will do well to bear in mind Lord Bacon's saying, that the most advantageous method of reading was to apply everything to oneself, to mentally ask the question, "Does this concern me in any way—does it throw light upon what I have been seeking, or will it assist me in the pursuits of my life?" Unconsciously newspaper readers have a certain method of selection; they choose those paragraphs the headings of which are most attractive to the bent of their minds, a fact well known to editors, who spend much care over these head-lines. Something of the same kind of selection should be used in reading books; those portions most useful in furthering the end in view should be marked off with a light pencil stroke upon the margin, if the book belongs to the reader; if not, the number of the page can be noted on a slip of paper, and the passage re-read in a day or two. The very act of marking the passage impresses it upon the memory.

Those who read novels and similar literature for pleasure, resign the mind as it were to the story; but if a book be read for instruction, the reader considers each sentence, and re-arranges the contents to suit his particular study. Suppose a student of military science reads Grote's "History of Greece," his proper course is obviously to avoid burdening his mind with political affairs or literary disquisitions, and to confine himself to the details and plans of battles and movements of troops. On the other hand, a student of pure literature should pass these, or look upon the description of a battle as a piece of writing only; he must more carefully attend to the chapters on Socrates. Both of these students have to re-arrange the history in their minds.

While proceeding from page to page, make short notes of passages that impress the mind; then think a moment, and ask the question, "Have I ever read anything elsewhere resembling

this, or casting another light upon it?" If so, note it, and add the reference to the summary. This is annotating. Most great authorities have made a constant practice of annotating; Macaulay is said to have done so to every book he read. It may be laid down as an axiom by those who wish to really read, to always have a pencil and sheet of paper handy. The comparison of one book with another has a most beneficial effect, and should always be done when practicable. One writer never exhausts a subject. However comprehensive his view, another will always see something he has missed. Very frequently two authors writing upon the same subject do so with diametrically opposite ends in view, and their conclusions are tinctured with prejudice. By perusing and comparing both a true conception of the matter is obtained. Here it may be said that a reader should always peruse the works of those who are eminent for the expressions of opinions distasteful to him. You cannot properly see the house you are building unless you go outside and view it from a little distance. The ideas which are welcome to you will from this process acquire a sharper definition; you will understand what you mean yourself. Many persons will express their feelings very strongly upon some topics; yet, upon being questioned, may seem to have a very indistinct idea of what they mean.

The end of education is the power of appreciation. Science, for instance, in its general application, is too vast for one mind to entirely grasp. What is wanted is a condition of the mind by which it is able to understand or appropriate the learning of others. One should be enabled to say to Tyndall, or to Owen, "I am not a master of Anatomy as you are, nor have I thoroughly investigated the phenomena of light, but I can honestly avow that I have fixed the fundamental principles in my mind; and I have exercised my faculties that I can bring an intelligent appreciation to bear upon whatever you may tell me. Further, when I have heard your discourse, I can arrange the principal points in my mind, and store them up for future use." Therefore, in reading books the prime object is not this or that particular date, or set of statistics. People often say it is no use their studying, because they cannot remember dates or statistics, or similar hard matter. This is a great mistake. Dates and figures are, nowadays, usually easily accessible in the elaborate books of reference issued upon almost every conceivable subject. It is a waste of time to attempt to burden the brain with such things; if necessary to remember them jot them down—paper is cheap enough. The chief object of the reader should be to grasp the leading ideas of the book perused; so to educate his mind that wherever placed he may be able to bring an appreciative conception to all that arises. A high authority said that if one only got a single new idea or new fact from every book one read immense progress would be made. This is strictly true. If the reader reads with a system, even the most flimsy books will be found to teach something. There will be one gem in the heap of litter; but that gem would never be perceived were it not for a method in reading. And here, again, it is desirable to remember Lord Bacon's remark—which really contains the very essence of the art of reading books—always ask yourself, "In what does this passage apply to me?"—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A SHORT METHOD WITH UNIVERSALISTS.

"I am a Universalist," says G. K. boastingly, "and you Orthodox are not fair in saying that our system is inconsistent with reason." This he addressed to one who held an opposite system.

"But I will prove the irrationality of our system," said his friend. "You believe that Jesus Christ died to save all men?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you don't believe there is a hell?"

"No, I do not."

"No, I do not; men are punished for their sins in this life."

"Well, now let us put your 'rational' system together, if you can. It amounts to just this, that Christ the Saviour died to save all men from nothing at all. Not from hell, because, according to you, there is none; not from a punishment in a future state of being, for he receives his whole punishment in this life. Yours is the absurd spectacle of ropes and life preservers thrown at an immense expense to a man who is on dry land, and in no danger of being drowned. Let me tell you that your religion is stark infidelity. If you heartily believe the Bible, you could not believe Universalism."

They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion are fallen into thick darkness; but they are in still thicker gloom who are solely attached to fruitless speculations.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

He must be a man mature in intellect and ripe in experience, and yet so young and beautiful that all the young will rush after him.

He must be quick, ardent, flashing, nervous in temperament, so that he can kindle quick and burn bright; prompt, ready, and wide awake, and yet a man of the most consummate prudence, whose nerves shall never be unstrung nor out of tune.

He must have the power to awaken and arouse the church, and yet let them be quiet and look on while he does all that is done for Christ—or in other words, he is expected to build up the society, as a whole, without urging individual growth in grace.

He must be strong and original in the pulpit, and bring none but beaten oil there, and yet be at leisure to receive any call, any interruption, be prepared for any emergency, and, like the town pump, never sucking for water nor giving out dry.

He must be a workman who shall go down deep into the mines of truth and quarry out its pillars and set them up, and make men come and wrestle around them, and yet be the most gifted man in light conversation, and all that floats in the every day world around him, and visit three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth days a year.

He must have health so his body never wearies, his nerves never quiver, a real specimen of muscular Christianity and yet be a hard, severe thinker, a close reasoner, and a most diligent student, getting his books from any quarter.

He must be poor in this world's goods, to show that money is not his object, so that he can sympathize with the poor and so that he can feel helping humble and dependent; and yet his family must be the most hospitable, and entertain more company than any other in the community; his children must be second to none in education and training; they must always be respectably dressed, and, notwithstanding the thousands invested in a college-course and the rejection of the money profession, he must give more and more cheerfully than any man in the place—not excepting Esquire Millionaire himself; and his family must be models, in all respects, in the community.

He must be a man who can remain three years and his congregation must hear the same voice and the same general subject several times a week; and yet he must come every time as original, as fresh, as glowing as if it were done but once a year; in short, although every patent right agent, book-peddler, beggar, social-tramp, and story-spinner shall feel himself at liberty to come and go from the parsonage when he please, yet must our minister each week get up a discourse or two far surpassing any sermon we can read or any lecture upon which a whole year has been spent in preparation.

He must be able to live in a glass house, always acting in public, coming in contact with all sorts of men and prejudices, so original that all will respect and fear him, and yet never odd, eccentric, morose, repulsive or awing in his manners. He should have the lofty attributes of an angel with the sympathies, the gentleness and softness of a little child.

He must be always ready keyed up to the best possible pitch, and yet so calm in spirit, and word and look that nothing can disturb his repose—not even the hundredth advent of a three-hour gossip, when, after a day of fasting, meditation and prayer, he has just gotten into the spirit of a pulpit theme and written one line.

He must do all he can to hasten the millennial glory—serving God and opposing Satan with all his might, yet, so as not thereby to offend any one, but to have all men, even ruffians, dancers, gamblers and misers speak well of him—a key so large and yet so small as to fit every lock.

He must never preach so the people are not proud of him, when they have a stranger in the pew with them, so that the echo of his sermon shall not come back when he goes abroad; and yet every sermon must, especially in voice and action, be so beautiful that all the young people will admire it, and wonder over it all his stay each year, or at least during his stay among us, to set forth clearly all his important or leading points of our system of Theology, so as to educate our younger members and persuade outsiders who have none of our books, over to our belief and church, and yet his sermons must be so brief that Mr. Full-of-the-world, and Mrs. Novel-dresser, and Mr. and Mrs. Noddy, and Baby Thimble-measure can return and digest it all, and, perhaps, a six-hour story or gossip's concert in the afternoon besides; and finally he must preach with the eloquence of a six thousand dollar minister, and yet willingly give his services for six hundred a year, and never, like Paul, turn aside for a moment to tent-making. Let him look for Elijah's ravens when the comest-crested property of the church fails, and, if he starve like Lazarus and Marya, he will find an abundant reward in heaven.

FAMILY READING.

THOU KNOWEST.

BY CLARE EVEREST.

I do not know, I cannot see,
 What storms are gathering ahead,
 What foes may lie in wait for me,
 What sterile paths my feet may tread;
 But I would leave it all to Thee,
 And in this knowledge still my dread,
 Thou knowest.

The future may be fair and bright,
 Unsaddened by a funeral knell,
 Or shadows of unbroken night
 May ever on my pathway dwell,
 And shapes of ill my heart affright;
 I do not know, I cannot tell,
 Thou knowest.

The souls who seek their help from Thee
 I know that thou dost ever guide,
 I know that Thou wilt care for me
 Whatever evil may betide,
 And ever most abundantly:
 With this one thought I'm satisfied,
 Thou knowest.

MR. MOODY'S BROTHER

The following story, which Mr. Moody told at one of his great meetings in London, at the Haymarket Theatre, shows how he uses anecdotes for illustration, which he often introduces with wonderful effect:

The first thing I can remember in my life was the death of my father, he died suddenly one beautiful day in June. He fell dead upon the floor, and it gave me such a shock that I never forgot it. The next thing I can remember was the sickness of my mother, and the third thing was my eldest brother becoming a prodigal. I will remember how that mother mourned over that boy—how she used to send us off to the post office, a mile and a half from where we lived, to see if there was not a letter from him, and how we used to come back day after day bringing the sad tidings, "No letter." I remember how we sat round the old family fireside and talked about our father—how he looked and what he used to do. Mother would tell us what he said, and we would sit there as long as she would talk about him; but if any body mentioned the eldest brother all would be hushed, for the tears used to flow down my mother's face at the mention of his name, and sometimes I would see her turn away to wipe her eyes while she was busy at work; and sometimes she would say: "Oh, that I could near he was dead. It would be such a relief. I do not know but what he may be in want in some foreign land."

The house in which we lived was on a hill, and when the wind used to blow mother used to be more sad. She would say: "Perhaps he is on the ocean, and there may be a gale. He may be exposed to fierce winds to-night." Many a time I woke up past midnight, and listening, I have heard her pray: "O God, save my boy! O God, bring back my boy!" Year after year the mother pleaded to God for the boy, and on Thanksgiving Day, when the nation gives thanks to the Almighty, it is a customary thing for the families of the United States to gather round their boards, as we used to do so, mother always placed one vacant chair for her absent boy. "Perhaps," she said, "he will come back to-day;" and we used to go and watch at the window and see if he was coming.

Long years passed away, and the hair that was once so black began to turn grey, and the step that was once so firm began to tremble. I could see that her trouble was bringing her down to an untimely grave. She was indeed just going down to the grave with a broken heart, such was the love and pity with which her heart used to yearn over the boy. I often thought she loved him more than all the rest of us. The other children grew up and passed away from that village. Her two youngest children were sitting by her side one day, and there was a stranger seen outside the house, and without going upon the piazza he stood looking in upon that mother that he had not seen for years, and when the mother saw him she did not know him; but when she saw the tears trickling over the long black beard that had grown in the interval—in those tears she recognized her long-lost boy. She sprang to the window. She said, "Oh, my son, is it possible you have come back? Come in, come in." But there he stood, and he said, "No, mother, I will never cross your threshold until you forgive me."

Young men, do you think that mother forgave that boy? Ah! there was not anything in her heart that she wanted to do so much all these long years. She had forgiven him all along, and had not anything to forgive now. She ran to the door, she met him upon the threshold, and threw her loving arms round his neck; she pressed him to her bosom and wept over him. She would not bear a word of self-reproach from him; she was only too glad to have him back. When the news reached me in a distant city, I can't tell you how my heart leaped within me for joy; but the joy that it gave us as a family is nothing to the joy that will be in heaven to-night if you will only come to Christ.—*Exchange.*

PROFIT BY KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Sabbath keeping benefits both the body and mind, and thus must also tend to increase the worldly estate; for who does not know that a sound mind in a body is all important to the success of his business! For what say facts here? They say that those who work six days will do more work and do it better than those who labor seven. Cases in proof of this to almost any extent, might be mentioned if space were allowed. Two or three must suffice. At a Sabbath Convention in Baltimore, which was attended by one thousand seven hundred delegates from all parts of the United States, a great drover from Ohio stated that he had made more money by resting on the Sabbath with his droves, than he would if he had kept on seven days. His cattle and sheep always brought him a better price than others which were constantly kept travelling. In one case where the neighbours could not find a market, in consequence of the cattle having been over driven, he cleared five hundred dollars, and this he attributed to resting on the Lord's day. A salt-boiler tried the experiment of resting on the Sabbath, which it was thought that business would not admit of; but he found, at the end of the season, that he had made more salt than any of his neighbors, with the same dimension of kettles, while his whole expense for breakage and repairs was only six cents. Some years ago, after a long wet spell in harvest, came a clear Sabbath, when many farmers hurried in their grain, which, from being housed before it was fully dry, was greatly damaged; while others who feared God and kept his commandments, were enabled to gather in their's in good condition. No doubt money is sometimes made for a time by Sabbath labor, as to the case of those who, in violation of the laws both of God and man, sell liquor on that day, and find perhaps, more customers than on any other day; but the sad history of such men, and their families too, shows often that they only "earn wages to put it in a bag with holes," and that the curse of God upon their ill-gotten gains. A friend in an adjoining county once remarked that he had, for a long time, made careful observations on this subject, and had never known any permanent advantages to arise from projects planned or carried out on this day, but often serious losses to have followed them.—*British Workman.*

SCRIPTURAL CASES OF IMMERSION.

—We have in our city a colored barber who is a very enthusiastic Baptist, and frequently engages in theological discussions. I approached him one day while entangled in one of these discussions with an old German from the country. The barber had evidently been advocating rather strongly the doctrine or practice of immersion. "Well," said the German, "I do not remember but three places in the Bible where immersion is mentioned at all—only three. The first was where the Egyptians were pursuing the Israelites through the Red Sea, and the Lord caused the waters to flow back on them, and they were all immersed. The second place was where the Lord commanded Noah to take all his family into the ark, after which he caused it to rain forty days and nights, and all those outside the ark were immersed. The third place was where the Saviour caused the devils to go into the herd of swine, and they rushed down a steep hill into the sea, and they were all immersed." The only reply the barber made to this was, "Yas yas! yas!"

PLEASURES FOR A CHILD.

Douglas Jerrold wrote thus pleasantly of a child-life: "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden, in his native village where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, here at a distance, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh."—*Selected.*

THE WESLEYAN.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

In a little while Anno Domini, 1878, will have followed the years that have gone before it. O, how very quickly it has flown. It seems but as yesterday since we welcomed its coming, and now we are called to bid it adieu. Truly, Time flies, and flies, too, on noiseless wing. No rustling attends its swift motion, save the mournful rustling of the falling leaves, which reminds us that the year has almost gone. Like the silent planets which speed through space undemonstratively, so the revolving years fulfil their course. Time trends on downy feet; it has no echo, save the beating and the throbbing of the heart. It carries no jingling sleigh-bells to herald its approach. It is here—it is gone. And yet how distinct are its foot-prints. Its work, who cannot discern? Its magic touch has silvered the raven head, lined the marble brow, and bent the erect and stalwart form, transforming rosy youth into wrinkled age, and ripening the green of inexperience into the gold of wisdom.

With the passing year, the wheel of fortune has been revolving, bringing sad changes to some, blighting brightest and fondest hopes. Familiar faces have vanished. Happy voices are hushed. Homes once all astir with merriment are still to-day, save the sobbing of sorrow that refuses to be comforted, for the angel of death has done his work. Thus the flying moments are the slender threads that are ever weaving our winding sheet.

As we stand at the open grave of the departing year, we cannot but reflect what puny creatures we are, and what a tiny thing human life is, and how narrow is the world we live in, when compared to the great Hereafter that awaits us. And yet we ourselves, and our real life, and the sphere we fill, expand with our growth of thought, dilating with the ever-widening circle of our purer affections, until the cherished hope of an immortal life is lost in eternity itself. Indeed, a man determines for himself the magnitude as well as the character of his own life. For example: The little spider draws its thread across the corner of the room, where it weaves its circular web, and hollows out its tiny cell in the centre of its geometrical lines, and that is its world. Now, its world is small, because itself is small. Again: watch the gleeful child as it toddles about its narrow nursery, flourishing its rattle-box, or swinging upon its rocking-horse. That is its world. Now its world is small simply because it knows no other. Further: The thoughtless school-boy goes forth and back from school in the dull monotony of his daily tasks, until holiday times come round, when, in search of some new attraction, or in the sheer vivacity of his flowing spirits, he climbs a neighboring hill, and, lo, he is surprised to find that the world is much bigger than he had ever imagined, and it dawns upon his opening mind that, after all, there is some truth in the geography he has been taught at school. Thus the circle of his mind dilates with his widening knowledge, and to him "the world is more and more." Yet again: take the man of the world, a man selfishly devoted to pleasure and personal aggrandisement. With himself for a centre, he describes a circle, enclosing within its limits his own material interests; and that is his world, measured off by himself, fenced in by his own individual interests, and all outside that circle is nebular vacancy to him, and just as indefinite as the astronomer's milky-way. We next instance the philosopher. Being a man of thought and imagination he takes a broader, a more liberal view of things. He rules the empire of mind; and in his excursions of thought, he traverses an extent of territory that knows no lines of latitude or longitude. And that is his world. But compare with any one of these the Christian man's world, an

O, what a contrast. It is an infinite orb an eternal duration. Immortal in himself, redeemed by an infinite price, he laughs at the fleeting years; he defies the assaults of death; for his world is eternity; his life is immortal, and his centre is God. The material world around him is God's palace—His country seat. The tall mountains are its proud turrets. Its carpeted floor is spread with beauty. Its lofty canopy is filled with music. The sun is its light by day, and at night the clustering stars, like a shimmering chandelier, shine down upon it. Beautiful world! But the Christian only lingers here awhile, enjoying and sharing its good things with its proprietor—God—and then he hies away to another and a better world beyond.

Now, it is because of this expanding life that the passing years are so precious. The sands of Time, falling from the hour-glass of this mortal life, are golden. The shining moments as they flit away shimmer in the sunlight of yonder heavens, like a glistening dew-drop bathed in the beams of morning, and each moment is pregnant with destiny. On the dial at All Souls, Oxford, England, are these words—*Per eunt et imputantur*—The hours perish and are laid to our charge. Hark! Tick, tick, tick! beat the lingering moments of the dying year. But it dies, like good old Simeon, with the Saviour in its embrace, having a blessing on its lips. Can we not read by the fading light of this departing year the bright, red lettered, perfumed memoranda of the Divine mercies? Let our grateful minds run up the columns and calculate, if we can, the sum of them. He has, indeed, crowned the year with His goodness. So that, wiping the involuntary tear-drop from our eye, we would feast upon the opening mercies of a new year. May the old year be the grave of our sins, and may the new year be the cradle of new-born hopes; then will our readers enjoy—*A happy New Year.*

FAREWELLS.

The air is full of good-byes. To the old year we all extend a loving, sympathetic hand, with a lingering kiss upon the fingers. It has been to most a good year; to some a painful, but sanctified year; to a few a ruinous, but suggestive year, whose lessons will help to make future time the brighter. Kindly we help to bury the Old; hopefully we proceed to crown the New.

Specially sad are some of the farewells which come to editors frequently with December. They are so regular as almost to assume the character of an annual circumstance, and thus take away the first regrets that belong to editorial severances. But this year they are more numerous and more sorrowful than usual. One writes that he parts with the WESLEYAN as with a very dear friend; another, that he has paid nearly sixty dollars for this paper, one year with another, and now must relinquish it through necessity; a third declares—a mother she is, too—that the WESLEYAN has helped her and hers,—that she has persisted in holding it, hoping for better times, but she must stop it now. And so on. Comments, too, come to us on the causes of this depression. A subscriber, giving up, declares he has lost all hope through the recklessness of politicians, the increase of taxes, &c. By the way, this element of taxes seems to be a frequent apology in relation to money payments when they become due. We suppose there is an explanation of the phenomenon.

Oh that we were but rich! A fund to meet the really needy members of the Christian Churches, by way of continuing to them their religious paper, would be a merciful fund. There are already nearly one hundred copies of the WESLEYAN sent out to such persons every week, through the benevolence of those who look for their reward in eternity, and this year we could easily find good use for three times the amount placed at our disposal for this charity. Who will help?

To our readers, from whom now we are to be separated, in this literary way, we extend the most kindly good-bye. Some of them have not closed

their connection with our paper without saying words to the editor which will long dwell in his memory. It is one of the noticeable things to a person who leaves the full work of the ministry for a more retired place, that smiles, and benedictions, and kind words—to say nothing of turkeys and geese!—do not fly so thickly as was their wont. But to us Christmas and New Year have brought gifts better than donations. "God bless you," says one, in closing his letter. We will not add what follows. We simply reciprocate the benediction. God bless thee and with thee, all our readers, going or remaining. Life is our's while it lasts, to improve, to obey and to submit.

THE REPRESENTATIVE PRINCIPLE AND INVITATIONS.

The system of inviting Methodist Ministers has always been considered quite in harmony with the spirit of Methodism and the genius of christianity. Until within the last few years it had several arguments, not one of which can it advance to-day. We have recently added to our constitution a few features which seem to us to conflict so completely with the inviting principle that either one or the other should be given up. We have now these provisions for securing an impartial and thoroughly representative Stationing Committee:—

1. Chairmen of Districts, elected by Ministers in Annual Conference, on the Stationing Committee—*ex officio*.
2. A minister from each District elected by ordained Ministers, Probationers and Laymen.
3. A ruling of General Conference, equivalent to a law, that no minister subject to removal shall be elected by a District Meeting to the Stationing Committee.

Here is as complete a system for securing unselfish and dispassionate action in stationing ministers as can possibly be invented within the limits of our economy. How does this correspond with the system of Invitations?

A minister accepts an invitation. That is one vote. He virtually stations himself. He attends District Meeting and helps to elect a man to the Stationing Committee. That is a second vote. He then goes to Conference and helps to elect a Chairman (or, what is the same thing, he has discharged this duty in the Conference of the previous year); this gives him three votes in relation to stations. By the first vote (accepting an invitation) he excludes all his brethren from voting in his own case. We know this seems to accept the theory that a Stationing Committee has no power over invitations, which we do not admit; but we have seen enough of such cabinet-work to feel convinced that opposing invitations there is a disagreeable duty, and hence, one seldom attempted. But the invited minister, who has shut out the right of his brethren in regard to stationing him, does not refrain from helping to station them by electing representatives to Stationing Committee. He denies their right over him, while he holds to his right over them.

Similarly, a Quarterly-meeting, by inviting a minister, excludes all representatives from the right of appointing to its pulpits. It, however, elects to District Meeting, men who in turn are to elect representatives to fill the pulpits of other circuits. Thus it claims for itself a double right; while it knows that two of every three circuits are debared through weakness from exercising the principle of invitation, it still sends representatives to station their ministers after it has decided matters in regard to its own.

This preference to strong circuits is another glaring inconsistency in our economy. Ten men in one Quarterly-meeting may invite because they have the means of paying their minister. Ten men in an adjoining Quarterly-meeting, with the same wisdom, piety and loyalty to the church, are prohibited from inviting, because they receive a grant. Here is an organization, professing to be connexional, which yet accords to one-half of its officials a congregational form of government, as relates to ministerial calls, and denies it to the other half. It favours

the rich;—its customs of appointments (we will not say its laws, for there is no law favouring invitations) are against the poor. These are hard inferences; but, then, logic is always hard.

To be consistent, therefore, as we see it, one of three things ought to be done:—

1. Abolish the system of electing representatives to the Stationing Committee; or
2. Let inviting circuits and ministers refrain from taking part in such elections. (In that case we would see a piece of machinery with every other wheel idle); or
3. Dispense with invitations altogether.

In this latter case we apprehend the calamity would not be so serious as some imagine. Men who are great now would be as great then. Circuits rich, and fond of good preaching and administration, would be as frequently satisfied as under the present arrangement. If applications came regularly to the Stationing Committee, that masterful thing the Telegraph would keep matters well subordinated to the interests of our best circuits. So the London Conference thought when it resolved to pay no attention to invitations, and so it finds by practical experiment.

We say nothing of the advantages or disadvantages of the present system. The former are apparent enough from one stand-point; the latter do not diminish with the passing years.

To preserve this little article from the danger of failing in its mission through any suspicion of jealousy or interested motives, we may add that the writer has had his full share of invitations—that he has accepted some and declined others. As a tribute to the validity of his own arguments, however, he may say, that his soul has been quite as happy and his labours as prosperous when stationed in the connexional way as when settled by invitation. He attempts no judgment for others. There are doubtless experiences the opposite, and they deserve all respect. But we desire to see our economy consistent. At present we are legislating perpetually in the direction of a purely democratic form of government, while one-third or one-half of our circuits and ministers hold to a self-governing system. Let us either go back or go forward. Work out the new representative principle in all its details, and accept its inevitable outcome, or take up the threads of government as our fathers left them, weaving out an order of things which shall subject every case of stationing not fixed in advance to a purely Confederal judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A MONTREAL dispatch states that the case of the Church of Scotland against the Temporalities fund of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, has been dismissed in Court of Appeal.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the distinguished American traveller, one of the chief of American writers, a lecturer of wide repute, a diplomatist and a man of benevolent disposition, died at Berlin last week. He was American minister in that country.

We were in error last week in regard to the sceptical lecturer at the St. John, N. B., Mechanic's Institute. It was a Mr. Dole from Boston, not the President of the Institute, who detailed second-hand suggestions as to Christian fallacies. The President we are glad to hear is a devout Episcopalian.

FAILURES are still announced on both sides of the Atlantic. In parts of Scotland, Glasgow particularly, the poverty, resulting from the breaking up of the bank of that name, is unparalleled. Our own local papers give weekly records of compromises and bankruptcies. A west of England Bank, with forty-two branches, has suspended. Its liabilities are \$17,500,000.

A PUBLIC meeting was held last week in Fredericton, N. B., managed entirely by women. They sold tickets and changed the cash, examined tickets at the entrance, took charge of the gallery, filled the chair, held the President's and ex-President's offices, flanked the lecturer—a man—on right and left of the platform, announced the lecturer and his subject, in fact worked things generally. It is declared the experiment succeeded remarkably.

A Mr. DAVIS has been establishing libraries in the Annapolis Valley, professing to hold connection with the Harper Bros., of New York. In the face of the absurdity that such a rich and flourishing House could descend to run a circulating library business, the man actually succeeds in carrying away some hundreds of dollars. Harpers have written in answer to applications, saying they know nothing of this man or his business, and employ no agents. There is immense credulity in these Provinces for plausible cash theories.

How little is thought of the quaint expressions of childhood. For instance, one little girl asked her father a few days ago—"Papa, who are our forefathers?" "Well," was the reply, "your father and your grandfather and your great-grandfather." "Who else," she persisted, "that is only three?" Another, a four years-old, calls to her mother—"I do believe I have a heart in my tooth!" What a conceit! Are these the deductions of the young brain in its first processes of reasoning? Are they not simply the natural first conclusions of philosophy? Children are worthy of more study than we usually give them.

A SMALL attendance came last week, to the Halifax Bible Society Anniversary. This seems to be an annual occurrence. What is the secret? The branch is well officered. Hon. S. L. Shannon, himself a host, is its president. There are ministers enough on the Committee—only two Methodist, by the way, while every pastor and professor of the Presbyterian Church is on—to make the institution a power. It is a Protestant cause, essentially a bond of union between the churches, and a mighty agency of light and wisdom. Yet, while the Society prospers financially, it is met with beggarly houses. Who shall solve this riddle?

GOLD AT PAR! This is the Christmas-box of the Finance Minister of the United States to Uncle Sam. For the most of twenty years, Bulls and Bears—the one goring or tossing gold up, the other tearing it down—have held a central fighting arena in New York. Much good was done there in one way, but vast evil also to the nation's life. Fortunes were quickly made—novices, even shrewd men, were as quickly beggared. Scenes there sometimes were appalling for excitement and passion. Now the Gold-ma'ket is to be abolished! A great mystery and a most curious centre of study drops out of that nation's life, never again to be restored except—which God forbid!—the days of the nation's agony may come back again.

JUDGE MARSHALL gives in another column his judgment on the philosophy of "Parson Brown," noticed by us recently as a pamphlet hailing from Charlottetown. The Judge received a copy accompanied by a Postal Card, intimating that the pamphlet was being largely circulated, was of dangerous teaching, &c., and urging him to "expose it." Curiously enough, Postal Cards came, in the same handwriting, to this office and other places in this city, commending Parson Brown. The Parson we assume is a youthful wag; but he ought to be careful with all his freshness of style and undoubted ability, in playing with edge-tools. Great men have handled theological scymitars before now much to the injury of others. The Word is a piercing two-edged sword when properly used—to slay sin; it is possible to handle it so that it may wound both the religious teacher and the religious learner.

IN fighting the battles of morality the religious papers get small sympathy, as a common thing, from the secular, political dailies. Once in a while these journals get into a controversy which happens to have a moral feature or two, in which case they wax indignant because the religious papers do not come to their help. Such a contest is now going on in this city between a man named Baker and the Editor of the Reporter. The contest has its personal aspects. So far we have no interest in their quarrel. As to the moral element, we can only say that the WESLEYAN has not shunned its duty in regard to the vile publication of Baker, which the Reporter professes now to be anxious to suppress. According to the estimate which is made of the circulation of the infamous fortnightly over which the Reporter is in good working indignation, something nearly ten reams of paper have been devoted, at one time and another, to the abuse of the Editor of the WESLEYAN. We are glad to see the Reporter at work fairly on this line and hope it will fight it out. Our grievance is not half so much with the bad man who publishes the bad paper, as with the good people who read and buy it, and with the guardians of our civic interests who wink at it, while it is polluting our youth. No man making any pretensions to decency will be caught in the act of handing it without making an apology; no woman having a right to the name will read it at all. Yet it is sold, circulated through the country, and called

in the inst... coup... very... Fr... aw... than... liter... pulp... duty... on as... work... tide... he cal... perha... help... deem... than... when... sleep... Circu... report... pers... scrip... paper... please... O U... Rev... Bernu... We along... our god... ness on... good... our bes... Bro. J... acquaint... but dil... and wa... of frien... her is... Rev... ago let... I am... as I can... age is... The to... The co... shore... land... sav... than it... very w... YAN... given... day ev... The el... gram... mirabl... which... way a... Seve... held i... Metho... very... Passag... Robert... The... ing an... evenin... excell... was gi... mouth... At a... in Mir... address... lay tal... Some... torious... in all... Rev... the Ca... last w... Scotch... handl... reser... factio... Las... that... evenin... Granv... Heart... for an... expen... We... Rev. I... gerous... that sh... cal at... hopes... good l... pathy... A te... lives... Churo... text... O God... sermo... would... were... The... last... Churo... Pope... Teol... exten... vices... GRAN... On... opait... ville...

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1878.

First Quarter, 1 day, 9h, 23m, Afternoon. Full Moon, 9 day, 2h, 3m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 16 day, 10h, 45m, Afternoon. New Moon, 23 day, 5h, 10m, Afternoon. First Quarter, 31 day, 9h, 43m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon, a southing gives the time of high water at Portsmouth, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and 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 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

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

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

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

SELF SACRIFICE.

One day six boys, ranging in age from six to ten years, were playing in a grave-pit. Suddenly the high bank above them fell and covered them up. Some men who were saw the bank fall. They had just before seen the boys, and concluding that they must be buried under the ground ran quickly to help them out. They soon uncovered the head and neck of one little fellow six years old, and were going on to help him clear out, when he exclaimed, "Here are more boys under the ground. I can stand it now until you help them out."

And so the little fellow pointed with a gesture of his head, and telling where the other boys were, bravely remained in his prison of earth until his companions were rescued from death.

If that boy lives to become a man, and acts as he did when a boy, he will be brave and generous. Instead of whining about his own wants and discomforts, he will look to see if there are not others in a worse situation, and will try to relieve them. That single boy is worth a whole army of selfish fellows who cry out, "I look out for Number One first."

THE EXACT TRUTH.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a house. One of them in placing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

His companions advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben; "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied he, "taught me that 'tru h is truth' and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of lying."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character: it will show itself sooner or later and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks, and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold, the lie had wrought out the result of the lies! The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in night had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with even so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live the exact truth always.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

A Philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know then?

First—To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather than being learned

in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that Truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second—To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third—To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, how-er poor, or how-er rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.—Home Arts.

AN INCIDENT OF PRINCE ALBERT'S BOYHOOD.

A German duchess, distinguished for her good sense and goodness of heart, was celebrating her birthday in the palace of a small German capital.

The court congratulations were over and the lady had retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her boudoir. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs. "Ah," she said, "there are my two little grandsons coming up the stairs to congratulate me."

Two rosy lads, of ten and eleven years of age, came in, one named Albert and the other Earnest. They affectionately greeted the duchess, who then gave them the customary present of ten louis d'or to each and related to them the following anecdote:—

"There once lived an emperor in Rome who used to say that no one should go away sorrowful from an interview with a prince. He was always doing good and caring for his people; and when, one evening, while at supper, he recollected that he had not done one single act of kindness to any one during the day, he exclaimed with regret and sorrow 'My friends, I have lost this day!'

My children, take this emperor for your model, and live in a princely way like him."

The boys went down stairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a poor woman wrinkled and old, and bowed down with grieving and trouble.

"Ah, my good young gentlemen," she said, "bestow a trifle on an aged creature. My cottage is going to be sold for debt and I shall not know where to lay my head. My goat the only means of support I had, has been seized. Pity an old woman and be charitable."

Ernest assured her he had no money and so passed on.

Albert hesitated; he thought of her pitiable situation in a moment, was touched by her pleading looks, and tears came into his eyes. The story of the Roman emperor came to his mind. He took from his purse the whole ten louis d'or and gave them to the woman. Turning away with a light heart, he left the old woman weeping with joy.

That boy was Prince Albert of England, justly entitled Albert the Good.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; the Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth, and Thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies."

QUEER TOM.

Tom Flossofer was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried; I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come round the corner whistling, and say:—

"What makes you cry? can you cry tulips? do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time; make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hen's nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string, and flew away far

out of sight. Tom stood still for one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' won't bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg. "Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "You can't play any mo-o-re!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school 'on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over until it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flossofer was queer, certainly, but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.—Household Mag.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE.—Do not scribble in the hymn-books in the church. Recently we sat behind a spongy young man minus a forehead, and a young woman of the same type, who spent nearly all the time of the service writing in the blank leaves of the hymn book and giggling at what they had written. This is the kind of people who do things of this sort.

"THEY SAY."

What two words in the English language have caused more trouble than these? Into a circle of these evil minded persons who are willing listeners to malicious slander enters the gossip, who prefaces her conversation with the words, "they say," and then falls the torrent of "envy, malice and all uncharitableness." Not even her own friends escape. Faster and faster falls the torrent of slander from those venomous lips; from mouth to mouth the scandal passes, and when that circle has disbanded those women carry forth the seeds of slander, which they scatter far and wide, until they grow fast and thick like poisoned weeds, and end in what—a ruined reputation and a broken heart. Oh, if we would all try to speak all the good we know, and not the bad, what a different world this would be. There would be less misery and fewer unhappy homes if some power could stop the slanderer's tongue. I blush with shame that one of my own sex can deliberately destroy the happiness of another just for the love of gossip. I have known women whose only aim in life seemed to be to go from one house to another sowing seeds of discord, causing separation between friends, and worse than all else, trying to cause trouble between husband and wife. Suspicion may arise from nothing but malice, envy, or thoughtlessness; then why should we believe the slanderer's tale when the accused may be innocent! No one has a right to utter a word that injures a fellow being unless they can prove what they say. Suppose tales are true! Do we derive benefit by repeating all we hear? Are we better than the one who bade the sinner "go and sin no more?" O, woman, have you forgotten your wisdom on earth? Are we not here for a holier purpose than to count ourselves among the "they" who say so many unkind words? "This woman's mission to raise up those who fall, and with gentle cheering words to win the wanderer back. O, lover of gossip, pause before you repeat the sorrowful tale. How dare you repeat the sorrowful tale. How dare you be the judge? Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Pause, lest in dark temptation's hour, Ye too should feel its dreadful power. Pity the weak—weep o'er their fall, But speak of good, or not at all.

Mobile, Ala. LILY LELAND.

PRESCRIPTION FOR FITS.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a man. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie forlorn."

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go to the church yard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

For a Fit of Keping.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted and the deranged;

and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

For a fit of Envy.—Go and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh; but envy the rottenness of the bones."

Selected.

HOW A SPIDER CAPTURED A POTATO BEETLE.

I wish to place on record with you an incident which came under my observation, and which almost equals the account of a spider raising a snake in its web, which you published some time ago. I was sitting on my back porch one day this summer, when I observed a potato bug slowly approaching along the floor. Anxious to annihilate as many as possible of these pests, I kept my eye on him until he should come within reach, when I could put my foot on him. While watching in this way I noticed a pretty good sized spider approaching the bug. At a little distance he stopped to survey his contemplated victim, and then, with a mind seemingly determined as to what course to pursue, ran around on the opposite side of the bug, and with an apparent "nip" at him, turned the bug from his course, and toward a corner where I noticed that the spider had a web some four or more inches from the floor. The bug had no inclination to go in that direction, but he was closely driven by the spider, which ran first to one side and then the other; exactly like a shepherd dog driving a sheep, harrying up his victim with an occasional "nip" or bite at its side. Ah, this was something new to me in the habits and ways of the spider, and I watched with intense interest to see what the result would be.

When the bug had been driven into the corner at a point directly under the web, the spider changed tactics, and made a series of circles rapidly around the bug, first in one direction and then in another, occasionally taking a run into the web. While I was unable to see the delicate thread spun by the spider, I saw that the bug's legs soon became so entangled that he could not make any headway, but could only struggle around in a limited latitude, which became more and more limited as the spider untiringly continued his work. Being compelled to leave at this moment, I returned again in about half an hour. I then found the bug on his back and his feet apparently quite firmly bound. He was quite motionless, and I thought was dead, but he soon showed signs of life by vigorous kicking, which nearly released him.

The spider had been running up and down at different points, but quickly left that work, and sliding down to the bug, seemed to attack his throat, and in such a manner, that the bug gave a few spasmodic kicks and seemed to give up the ghost. The spider then returned to his work of attaching lines to the bug and the web. They were soon so numerous that I could see them; besides, the light had become more favorable. The regularity of the lines formed a sort of funnel, diverging as they did from the bug to the outer parts of the web above.

After a time the spider seemed to have lines enough attached, and began the work of shortening each line, as it appeared. He passed from line to line many times over, stopping an instant at each. I was again called away at this juncture and did not see the curiosity again until the next day. The bug was then elevated over an inch above the floor, and the third day he was safely in the centre of the web, some five inches from the floor, and all the tackle employed in hoisting was completely cleared away. In the web were the carcasses of two other potato-bugs, which I have no doubt were caught in like manner, though they may have crawled up the wall into the web, I cannot name the variety of the spider, but it is a very common one, of rather good size taken altogether, but small as compared with the bug; his body was long and slender, with long slender legs, a very ordinary species of house spider (of brown color), and called a large spider on account of his long legs.

This may be a very common habit of the spider, running out and driving in game to a place where it can be secured and hoisted, but I never heard of the like before.—R. B. Tuller in Scientific American.

HARD TO SAY.—A learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are: "I made a mistake."

When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault," Goldsmith says, "His confession shows more greatness than his victories."

Shame does not consist in having nothing to eat, but in not having wisdom enough to exempt you from fear and sorrow.—Epictetus.

The day is coming when our garments shall shine as the sun, but meanwhile our glory is hidden; we are princes in disguise. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; only we know that in the resurrection day we shall put on "incorruption" and "immortality" and "glory," and what we know not now we shall know hereafter. Our coat of many colors shall attract even the eye of angels.

When you say you will begin to take pains to-morrow, be assured that it is the same thing as if you said, "To day I will be shameless, impertinent, base; it shall be in the power of others to grieve me; I will be passionate. I will be envious to-day."—Epictetus.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses (as the Roman Emperor Nero did) with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.

OBITUARY.

MEMOIR.

Of Mrs. ANN, wife of Mr. Thomas Harris, of Canning. The subject of the succeeding remarks was born in Canning, on the 3rd of May, 1813. Under the faithful preaching of the Rev. Henry Pope, Senr., she was led to seek, and found, the knowledge of her acceptance with God. Early in her Christian life, she united with the Methodist Church, and ever after gave evidence, in all the relations of life of the saving and sanctifying grace of God.

Within the past few years, many in this section of the country, who through the instrumentality of our venerable Brother Pope were brought to God; have like himself finished the Christian course with joy. What blessed results—commercial and domestic. Mrs. Harris was a person of an unobtrusive but truly amiable disposition, and of a peaceful and quiet mind. But the secret of her Christian excellencies, was her devotional spirit, she was a woman of prayer, could the walls of her closet become vocal they could testify of the earnest prayers for her husband, children, and friends. We trust that her ardent desires will have their consummation, in those who can never forget her many excellencies. Or if the bereaved would always strive to adhere to the advice and examples, and carry out the wishes in reference to others, so often manifested by these sainted ones, how blessed would be the results. For some time this mother in Israel, was through indisposition unable to attend the means of grace, as she was wont, but her heart was fixed. God was her portion.

Her last illness was but short, she had gone to visit one of her daughters, and on the morning of the last Sabbath she spent on earth she complained of unusual illness and requested to be taken home. This was done and medical aid was promptly secured, and for a time, hopes were entertained of her recovery. But as the moments of the expiring Sabbath passed away, indications of an alarming character were manifest. Her husband, who in sudden alarm had left the room for a few moments to procure some alleviation to her sufferings, found on his return to the room, that she had gone to the nobler Sabbath above. How unexpected to her sorrowing family, the beloved wife and mother gone, never more to return. But she had exchanged mortality for eternal life.

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"Lo the pain of life is past, All her warfare now is o'er, Death and hell behold are cast, Grief and suffering are no more."

She died on the 8th of September last, in the 65th year of her age, justly lamented by her afflicted husband and children, and numerous friends. A large number of friends attended her funeral, and the occasion was improved by a suitable sermon, from Rev. J. Strothard.

J. G. HENNIGAR.

Canning, 1878.

JANE LOWREY.

Died Nov. 10th, in the 87th year of her age, Jane, relict of the late Wm. Lowrey, of Westfield, N. B. The deceased was a member of the Methodist Church, for 69 years. She was a generous supporter of the Church of her choice. Her house was always open for ministers and they were made welcome and comfortable, until late years, when the infirmities of old age forbade her that pleasure. She died in the Lord and her works follow her.

JOHN WM. BUCHANAN.

Died of consumption, in the 26th year of his life, John Wm. Buchanan, of Westfield, N. B. Our dear departed brother was an amiable and moral young man, diligent in business and beloved by all; but not until several weeks before his death did he realize the assurance of sins forgiven when he rejoiced with exceeding great joy. He requested to receive the sacrament which was complied with. He now sleeps in Jesus.

TEMPERANCE.

DO NOT OFFER IT.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Let us be thankful that the Christian reform of temperance is coming to be linked with prayer and Christian effort as it has never been before.

But it is worse than idle to pray for the victims of strong drink as long as good people continue to set the deadly drink before the eyes of the easily tempted.

One of the saddest letters I ever read was written, in a most elegant penmanship, within the walls of a charity hospital.

Now, the man who wrote those touching lines was a grievous sinner against God and his own soul: for he knew just what he was doing.

What are brains and conscience given to people for, except to teach them not to place stumbling-blocks and traps before the feet of their fellow creatures?

After I had labored hard to reform an intemperate friend, and the poor man had kept sober many months, the whole effort was overthrown in one moment by a "friend" who pressed him to "take a social glass" with him!

It is useless to sophisticate ourselves with the stereotyped plea that "wine-drinking is not a sin per se."

The Christian's duty is clear. It is to "come out and be separate" from dangerous practices, and "not to touch unclean things."

HOW HE WAS WEANED FROM HIS CUPS.

A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard.

object. The doctor was sent for post-haste, and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse, and examined him, and found that he was only drunk, he said: "He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters were eating into the flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to feel about, disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still—you musn't stir said the wife; "you have been taken very sick."

"I'm not sick."

"Oh, yes, you are; you have brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim; "what's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I'm better now; take off the blisters, do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands were still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for the doctor, and above all, don't blister me again."

"Oh, indeed, I will—all that saved you were the blisters, and if ever you should have another such spell, I should be more frightened than ever—for the tendency, I am sure is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you would be likely to die, unless there were the severest measures used."

He made no further defence; suffice it to say he never had another attack.

NURSERY MEDICINES.—We do not believe in dosing children with drugs and medicines from the time they arrive in the world till they are grown, as some do. We have found a little castor oil and a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer safe and sure remedies for all their little ills!

JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

PORT GEORGE, Annapolis Co., N.S., June 12th., 1878.

Messrs. C. Gates, Son & C.—Gentlemen In the Autumn of 1877, my little boy, about two years old, was in very ill health on account of worms, which destroyed his appetite, and made him peevish and poor.

In March last I gave the little fellow two bottles of your No. 2 Bitters as a Spring medicine to purify his blood, he having been sailing on account of impurities therein.

It cleansed his blood, built him up so that he increased in flesh and strength in a very short time. And ever since he has been well and hearty. I may also say that two swallows (and not very large ones either) of your No. 1 Syrup before mentioned cured me in about fifteen minutes of a very bad cramp and pain in the stomach, such as I never experienced before or since.

Sworn to at Wilmot, before me, the undersigned, June 13th, 1878.

WALLACE PHINNEY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878-9 WINTER ARRANGEMENT

ON and after MONDAY, the 18th November 1878, Trains will leave Halifax as follows:—

At 8.25 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou, and intermediate points. At 1.30 p.m. (Express) for Riviere du Loup, Quebec Montreal, and the west.

CARD OF THANKS.

WE feel it our duty to take the earliest opportunity of thanking our Patrons for the liberal support during

The HOLIDAY SEASON,

It is our intention after Stock taking to offer the greater portion of our Sample Stock AT CLEARING PRICES to make room for Spring Importations.

Our Buyer left on the last Steamer for the British and Continental Markets.

DAVIDSON & CRICHTON, 155 HOLLIS STREET.

Book for Sale at the Methodist Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Helps for Teachers.

Table listing various books for teachers such as 'WHEDON'S COMMENTARY', 'BEEBON'S BIBLE DICTIONARY', 'CRUDEN'S CONCORDANCE', etc.

SPECIAL AIDS TO THE STUDY OF THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Table listing special aids for study like 'THE SELECT NOTES', 'INTERNATIONAL TOPICS FOR 1879', etc.

THE TEACHER'S BIBLE.

The COLLINS'S BIBLE, the same as the American Teachers but lower in price, has been greatly improved during the past year.

CONTENTS OF THE APPENDIX.

- I. MATERIALS FOR BIBLE LESSONS: 1. Summary and Analysis of each Book of the Bible. 2. References in the New Testament to Passages in the Old. 3. Coins, Weights, and Measures of the Bible. etc.

PRICES.

Table showing prices for different editions of the Bible: POCKET EDITION, MEDIUM EDITION, LARGE TYPE EDITION.

FLYMYER MFG CO BELLS advertisement.

JOB PRINTING advertisement.

AT MODERATE RATES. AT THE 'WESLEYAN' OFFICE.

BUCKETT BELL FOUNDRY advertisement.

MACDONALD & JOHNSON, BARRISTERS advertisement.

152 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S. advertisement.

PIA NOS ORGANOS advertisement.

CUSTOM TAILORING! advertisement.

H. G. LAURILLIARD advertisement.

CARD. advertisement.

Russel, Chesley and Geldert, Attorneys-at-Law advertisement.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL, SAMUEL CRESLEY, JOHN W. GILBERT, Jr. advertisement.



MILLER BROTHERS, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N.S., or Charlotte town, P. E. I.

THE AGENCY OF THE CELEBRATED RAYMOND Sewing Machine

being transferred (four months ago) from William Crowe, of Halifax, to them, (excepting the County of Halifax.)

THE RAYMOND MACHINE is too well known to require any puffing; and there have been some important improvements put upon it of late, which render it, by far, the best family machine made.

Wanzer, Champion, Osborne, White, Royal, Howe, &c., &c. SECOND-HAND MACHINES

S. MACHINES IN PRICE FROM - \$5 to \$100 Sewing Machine Attachments, FIRST CLASS OIL AND Needles of all kinds in Stock

ALL S. Machines warranted to give good satisfaction. Also importers and dealers in several FIRST-CLASS MAKE

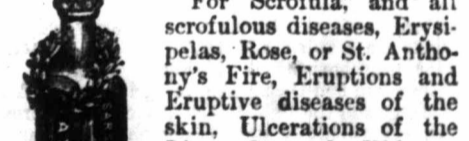
PIANO AND ORGANS

PIANOS IN PRICE FROM - \$220 to \$1000 ORGANS " " \$75 to \$400

Instruments guaranteed for five years, and sold on very easy terms.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF Sewing Machines, promptly attended to by a First-class Machinist. Charges Moderate.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skillfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Proprietors and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Brown & Webb, Agents, Halifax.

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1878.

11 a.m. Brunswick St. 7 p.m. Rev. W. H. Hertz Rev. S. F. Huestis
11 a.m. Grafton St. 7 p.m. Rev. S. B. Dunn Rev. W. H. Hertz
11 p.m. Kaye St. 7 p.m. Rev. James Sharp Rev. C. M. Tyler

RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN."

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 21st

1-When sending money for subscribers, say whether old or new, and if new, write out their Office address plainly.
2-See that your remittances are duly acknowledged. A delay of one or two weeks must be caused by the business of this office.

Rev. E. England-Samuel Aiken, 1st 2 00
Rev. G. O. Huestis-David Faulkner 2 00
Rev. R. Wilson-Jehiel Peck 2 00
Rev. J. Hale-James Johnson 2 00
Rev. E. Taylor-Fredrick Taylor 2 00
Rev. G. W. Fisher-Thomas Gills 2 00
Rev. P. H. Pickles-Mrs. Smith Atwood 1 00

MARRIED.

At Karsdale, Lower Granville, Nov. 14th, by the Rev. J. L. Spangole, Mr. Stephen Queaqua, of Karsdale, to Mrs. Metahabel Bogart of the same place.

On the 11th Dec., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. C. Park, Mr. J. H. Young, to Miss Selma Milbury, all of Young's Cove.

On the 12th of Dec., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Burton E. Eaton, to Miss Hettie Troop, daughter of Robert Troop, Esq., all of Granville.

At Nashwaak, on 18th inst., by Rev. L. S. Johnson, assisted by Rev. P. Melville, A.M., D.D., Mr. James Scott Fairley, of Boston, to Miss Christina Maria Young, of Nashwaak.

VALUABLE PROPERTY AT WOLFVILLE.

FORMERLY RESIDENCE of the late T. A. S. DEWOLF, ESQ. FOR SALE WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

A pleasantly situated, Commodious and Well built Dwelling with a GARDEN highly cultivated, and an ORCHARD stocked with upwards of fifty choice Fruit Trees, comprising select varieties of Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries and Quinces, together with Grapes and Small Fruits in abundance.

Water pipes are now laid to the boundary, and from thence a continuous supply of soft water can be had at a mere nominal charge.

Majestic Ornamental Trees! adorn the front entrance, while a thirty hedge protects the Garden and Orchard.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Excursion Tickets Will be issued at all Booking Stations, at ONE FIRST CLASS FARE, FROM

TUESDAY, 24th instant, up to and including WEDNESDAY, the 1st day good for the double journey to return up to and including the 3rd January, 1879.

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The CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1879.

A Series of VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES Will be given on the following subjects:- Methodist Missions throughout the World, Historic Methodist Churches throughout the World, Methodist Educational Institutions throughout the World.

Several papers on each of the above subjects. The Switzerland of Canada. Picturesque Montreal Hunting in Canada. Education in Canada.

Mountain Travel in the Old Dominion. The White Mountains. 'anyons of the Colorado. Underground Jerusalem.

Longfellow at Home. Fine Art in New York. Home and Foreign Travel. Popular Science and Fine Art Papers.

A Serial Story of the War of 1812-14, by the author of 'The King's Messenger', will run through the year.

Great Preachers, Ancient and Modern, by the Editor, will give sketches of the most prominent pulpits high from Origin to Whittfield. Odd Characters, by a City Missionary; and the Japanese Pictures.

Also valuable papers by the leading minds of Methodism at home and abroad; reprint articles from the foremost writers of the world; Papers on Practical Religion, the Higher Life, Religion, Biography, Popular Science, Choice Poetry, Current Topics, Book Reviews, Religious Intelligence, and Approved Music.

A Premium to each Subscriber. For every subscription to the METHODIST MAGAZINE, old or new, at the full price of \$2, sent direct to the office of publication, will be given as a premium a copy of 'The Wave of Sunday-School Song,' containing 216 pages of new and approved music.

For \$3.50 sent direct to the office of publication, will be sent, post free, the Methodist Magazine and Christian Guardian. Price \$4.

For \$4.50, will be sent the Methodist Magazine and Scribner's Monthly; price separately \$6.00.

For \$6.00, will be sent Methodist Magazine, Christian Guardian, and Scribner's Monthly; price \$8.00.

Specimen and premium lists sent free on application to REV. S. ROSE, Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

Subscriptions received at Methodist Book Room, Halifax.

Dec 21 21ms CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

NO DISCOUNT will be allowed on American INVOICES until further notice.

J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

Mount Allison Wesleyan College and Academies.

THE Second Term will commence in all these Institutions on THURSDAY, JANUARY, 2nd 1879.

and will close on WEDNESDAY the 4th of June Catalogues containing full information in regard to Courses of Study, Expenses, &c., will be forwarded on application to Dr. Inch, President of the College; Dr. Kennedy, Principal of the Ladies Academy; or Rev. B. Longley, B.A., Principal of the Male Academy.

Sackville, Dec. 3rd, 1878.-4w

Provincial Building Society

St. John, N.B. SSETS 31st December, 1877 \$125,288 07

RESERVED FUND to Rest same date Deposits Large or Small taken and interest at 6 per cent allowed, withdrawal on 30 days notice

Monthly Investing Shares yield 6 per cent compounded monthly. Paid up Shares give 7 per cent compounded half yearly.

Capital Stock has thus far paid from 8 to 10 per cent per annum. Shares mature in four years. The Society offers first class inducements for Depositors, Shareholders and Borrowers.

For full particulars send for Circular to A. A. STOCKTON, President, Treasurer.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY 16th Inst. THE NIGHT EXPRESS TRAINS

will be DISCONTINUED until further orders C. J. BRYDGES, Gen. Supt. Govt. Railways.

Christmas and New Year Musical Gifts.

GEMS New and Enlarged Edition! 'The King's Highway,' 'Nancy Lee' 'The Lost Chord,' 'The Madman's Rose' and 'Janie,' are five of the Seventy-five good songs that make this collection one of the most attractive that has ever ENGLISH SONG been issued in large pages.

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ORGANS, Superb \$340 Organs, only \$95, Manufacturers \$900, only \$250. Beautiful \$550 Pianos, \$175-bra new, warranted 15 days test trial.

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The Cove of Love. Ellen, auaton. Frank Harper, or Beginning Life. Early Duties and Early Dangers.

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The Trapper's Son. Janet McLaren, the Faithful Nurse. Mary Liddiard, A Tale of the Pacific.

Althea Norton. Gertrude's Bible Lesson. The Rose in the Desert.

The Little Black Hen. Martha's Hymn. Nettie Mathieson. The Prince in Disguise.

The Children of the Plains. The Basket in the Basket. Richard Harvey, or, Taking a Stand.

Kit-y King: Lessons for Little Girls. Nettie's Mission. Little Margery.

Margery's City Home. The Crossing Sweeper. Rosy Conroy's Lessons.

Ned Nolan's Garret. Little Henry and his Bear. Little Woodman and his Dog.

FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. My Dear, Dear Saviour. The Unseen Hand.

Going Home. Helen Lindsay. Labors of Love. Willie's Good Bye.

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Table with columns for Item, Usual Price, and Special Price. Includes Butter, No. 1 Table, Do No. 2, Do Cooking, Cheese, factory, per lb, etc.

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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.

Z. S. EARLE, M.D. St. John, N. B.

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

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

H. G. ANDY, M. D. 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.

EDWIN CLAY, M. D., Pugwash, N. S. 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.

This Syrup will cure Pulmonary Consumption in the first and second stages will give great relief and prolong life in the third. It will cure Asthma, Bronchitis, Laryngitis and Coughs. It will cure all diseases originating from want of Muscular action and Nervous Force.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name, no other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstance.

Look out for the name and address J. I. Fellows', St. John, N.B., on the yellow wrapper in watermark which is seen by holding the paper before the light.

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