

Our Home Circle

COURAGE, FAINT HEART!

"Dear Lord, I am so weary of it all, I faint would rest me for a little space. In there no great rock where the shadow fall, That I may cast me down and hide my face?"

"I weep and strive, sore burdened and afraid, The road is dusty and the way is long, And the weak staff whereby my steps are staid Bends like a reed when bitter winds are strong."

"I shrink in terror from the endless task, I look with horror on the barren land, And ask as only hopeless hearts can ask, The meaning of my days to understand?"

"Weary?" And who is not That bears life's burdens faithfully? Trudge yet A little longer. When your sun is set, You will have reached the spot Where you may rest."

"Afraid?" Afraid of what? What does earth hold that can compare With God's omnipotence? Trust to his care. Make faith in him your staff It will not lead."

"Poor soul! And don't you know Without the work, and strife, and weary days, You would not long for rest? These are God's ways That win you from the life below Up to his rest."

"You shrink?" O coward heart! You're but a day's work in a day to do. The meaning of the days you'll sometime know Your task lies with each part, To do it well."

"Hopeless?" and heaven remains? I see. You are not willing to be led. You would know why and where you go, and dread, The trackless, barren plains That lie beyond."

Your weariness shows just The measure of the help you need. The way That's hidden, the point at which your steps must stay, God's care begins. So trust, And he will lead."

—Springfield Republican.

THE AGED PENITENT.

BY THOMAS CARTER, D.D.

He was seventy years of age when we knew him. The neighbors said that he was wealthy—extremely wealthy: and such was the fact. He generally went by the familiar name of Sammy B—, but his business letters came to the post-office directed, "Samuel B—, Esq." If you were to drive in any direction for miles from his dwelling, accompanied by an old inhabitant of the town, he would say to you, as you asked who was the owner of the farms you passed, "That belongs to Sammy B—" and "that belongs to Sammy B—" until you began to wonder how much land Sammy B— owned throughout the country. And this was besides mortgages, large sums in savings-banks, and other securities.

But the time came when Sammy B— felt that he could not keep his possessions much longer, and he sent for us that he might learn how to secure more enduring riches. He had been a great toiler. So devoted had he been to his meadows and broad acres that, when health failed him, and his limbs refused to sustain the old body, he was known to get upon a load of hay, and, upon his knees, pitch it into the barn. Now his strength was gone, and he knew it, and gave up all work, and was disposed to employ his energies in a more spiritual way. We had a long and interesting conversation with him, explained the plan of salvation, and together we knelt in prayer. As we parted, the question was asked, "Can you trust in Jesus?" "There is something in the way," was the answer given in a tone of great sorrow. After a few days we called again, and urged him to give himself up completely to the Saviour.

"I do so," he replied most emphatically. "Can you not, then, believe in him, and trust that he receives and blesses you?" "There is something in the way," he replied in the same tone of sadness. Soon we learned from the neighbors that he was most intensely anxious to obtain salvation, and had gone so far as to spend a whole day in his orchard engaged in prayer. But as we visited him again and again, we found no hope arising in his heart, and received the same reply, "There is something in the way," spoken in the most mournful accents.

Surprised at the ill-success of our well-meant efforts, we inquired into the history of his life. We learned that when he was a young man and first married, and living about a mile from the church, he had been in the habit of attending it with his wife, and had had some serious impressions. But he had suddenly ceased to appear among the people of God, and when asked the reason, replied,

"I am now commencing life, and I propose to use all my energies in securing a competence for myself and family. When I have done that, then I will go to church and attend to religion."

He continued to live in the same spot all his days, but never, after that remark, was seen in God's sanctuary. When, perhaps, in his old age, at the time we knew him, he might have wished to be there, he was too infirm to go. He never, as far as we knew, paid anything toward the support of the Gospel. No religious paper ever entered his door that he paid for. He had made his choice. He had obtained what he desired for, and was now proposing to carry out the rest of his plan, by securing the heavenly riches he had turned away from when he was a young man. They did not seem to be within his

reach. He had fixed upon his own time for God to bless him, and it did not appear to be God's time. He had had the presumption to say to the great Being who rules the universe, "Stand thou aside until I am ready." Now fear and trembling had taken hold of him. His earnest prayers seemed all in vain.

"I pray, and I pray," said he to me, "but I get no answer—no comfort." The old man continued gradually to fail in health until he was confined to his bed. We visited him frequently, and urged him, with all the earnestness and power we possessed, to commit himself to the Saviour and trust in him, but received the invariable answer, and it was the last sentence we recollect to have heard him speak:

"There is something in the way." And he died without seeming to gain one ray of hope. How true it is that, if we postpone the day of salvation, the time may come when God shall let us alone, as it was said of Ephraim; and when "He shall laugh at our calamity and mock when our fear cometh!"—N. Y. Methodist.

HANDEL AND METHODISM.

Mr. J. Spencer Carwen writes in the Christian World: It is impossible to explain the influence of Handel on merely artistic grounds. The essays which have told the story of his life dwell upon the fact that he hurled his oratorical defiance at a frivolous and godless age itching for Italian love-songs and the heated amours of the stage. But they one and all forget to notice that Handel's work is coincident with the Methodist revival. Two years before the Messiah was written the country had first been stirred by the outdoor preaching of Whitefield and Wesley. The movement, like all great movements, had spread upwards, and had even reached that small aristocratic public for whom Handel catered. When the Messiah was first heard in London, cool sceptics like Bolingbroke, and fine gentlemen like Chesterfield, were listening to Whitefield, and finding themselves drawn under his marvellous influence. The eleven years which followed marked at once the period of Handel's productivity as an oratorio composer, and the stirring of the whole country to a nobler and diviner life. Handel does not seem to have been a Methodist, but he so far sympathized with the movement as to write three hymn-tunes—the only ones he ever wrote—for three of Charles Wesley's hymns. The age, if it did not make the man, gave direction and sustenance to his work. Handel is the religious musician; he caught the new spirit of his age. His success as an oratorio writer was only possible at a moment when the nation turned to God and began once more to read the Bible.

PRETTY LADIES.

Three young men, who being on their summer vacation, had leisure to be a little silly, were standing in front of a country post-office waiting for the opening of the mail.

Around them stood a group of young rustics, admiring, bashfully, their stylish hats, boots and cases, and listening with suppressed smiles to their conversation.

But there was one little fellow of five years who was not abashed by their grandeur. With the independence of the genuine Yankee he stood close to them, making moulds of his little fat feet in the sand, and whistling merrily as he looked up at them through

"His torn brim's jaunty grace." At length, for want of a fresh topic, one of the young strangers remarked, "There are a good many pretty ladies here!"

This touched a spring in the breast of the little boy; and he asked, "Do you like to look at pretty ladies?"

"Yes sir I do," was the reply of the young man, as he grasped the old palm-leaf hat, and the hair under it, and gave the little fellow a playful shake.

"Well, then," said Sammy, "you just ought to come down to our house!" Everybody in the little group laughed, and the young man asked, "Have you got some pretty sisters?"

"I hain't got any sisters at all," was the reply.

"Cousins?" "Yes, but they're all boys." "Oh, you keep city boarders?"

"No we don't, neither! My mother won't be bothered with them, they're so fussy," said Sammy, innocently.

"Then who are the pretty ladies?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Who? why they are ma and grand-ma. You just ought to see them; they are just as pretty as they can be—ain't they now, Billy?" he asked of a big brother whose face turned crimson at the question. "Well, they are the prettiest ladies in this town," repeated Sammy.

If the city youths had accepted Sammy's challenge they would have found two plain women in cheap print gowns, one going her household ways, and making her small cottage cheerful and tidy; and the other busy "sewing and kneeling" course pants for four romping boys!

On each face sat that calm cheerfulness that gives beauty to the plainest features; and through eyes not yet so beautiful there shone a gentle love that made them lovely to those who called at the cottage home.

Little Sammy was right. These two were for him, "the prettiest ladies in the town;" and in the days to come, when their "beauty" shall have vanished away, and he sees what the world calls "beauty" he will look back and sigh for those patient eyes and those approving lips.

Boys, there are no faces in the world so beautiful, in the true sense of the word, as your mothers'; no eyes that kindle like theirs, and no lips that wear such smiles at your coming and your well-doing.—Central Advocate.

THE BONAPARTES.

The bones of the Bonapartes are scattered far and wide. Italy holds many of their sepulchres. There lie Joseph and Lucien, Pauline and Caroline and Eliza. In Rome and Florence has their dust mingled with the dust. The ashes of Josephine are at Rueil. Jerome, sometime King of Westphalia, found, as Governor of the Invalides, a tomb close to the mausoleum of his great brother. An adopted Bonaparte, Joachim Napoleon—"le Roi Murat"—fills a nameless grave. His corpse after his execution was huddled into a trench full of quicklime in the wild Calabrian country. The King of Rome was interred in the vaults of the Capuchins at Vienna; Mme. Mère was buried in Rome; the bodies of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial repose in the quiet little Roman Catholic Chapel at Chislehurst; while the good and evil genius of the race, the founder of the wondrous family, the man who might have made his country, and indeed the better part of Europe, prosperous, happy and free, but who spread broadcast, instead, death, devastation, and havoc, bloodshed and tears, and ruin and irremediable despair, slumbers under the golden dome of the Invalides, in the stately cenotaph, the walls of which are supported by the twelve victories of Pradier—slumbers there, with the cloak of Marengo and the sword of Austerlitz on his coffin.

LIVE IN GOD'S SUNSHINE.

Well, Aunt Polly, here you are again on the doorstep. It seems to me you almost live on them."

Old Polly raised her faded eyes to the face of her friend, and laughing, said: "Yes, dear, dat's jus' so! Jim says 'We mought build a house all doo' steps, and nothin' else fo' granny, 'cause she lives dar an' nowhar else.'"

"I suppose you like to see the people, and to hear the children prattle as they go by to school," said the lady.

"Well, yes, I like to see folks, 'cause my Fader up dar made 'em all; but it's most fo' de sunshine dat I stays out here. O, God's sunshine's a powerful blessin', dear. When I'm cold I comes out and sits in it, and I grows warm; when I's hungry, and Jim's wife's got nothin to eat, I comes out here and 'pears like I had my dinner; when I's in pain, and 'scruetized all over wid de rheumatiz, I comes out into the sunshine, and de pain skulls off; when Jim don't be good, and 'pears like he was goin' to 'struction, and my heart is bustin' like, I comes out and sits in God's sunshine, and peace comes through his beam into my soul; when old Death comes an' star's in my face, and say, 'I comin' arter ye soon, to take ye into de dark grave,' den I comes out into God's sunshine, and dares him to frighten my soul! Says I to him, 'Ye hain't power in ye to throw one shadow onto my pillow; fo' my Blessed Jesus, de Sun of Righteousness, he been down dar before me, and he left it full, heaped up, an' runnin' over wid God's sunshine, I shall rest sweet in dat warm place, fo' de eternal sunshine dat shall magnify and glorify all as loves the shinin' Jesus.'"

"Auntie" said her friend, who always felt that that she could sit at the feet of this humble saint and learn of Jesus, "that is very lovely. But there come days when there is no sunshine—when the clouds gather and the rains fall, and the snows come and the winds blow. What do you then?"

"O la, honey, by de time de storms come, I've got my soul so full ob sunshine dat it lasts a heap o' time. Dem times Jim scolds, and his poor wife's 'scouraged, and de child'n are cross, and de stove smokes and de little won't bile; but I never know it. God's sunshine is in my soul, and I tries to spread it round, and sometimes Jim's wife feels it and she says—'O, she's a good daughter-in-law—' Long's I keeps close to granny, 'pears like my heart's held up.'"

"Well, well, dear, you can teach me somethin', and ye can fetch me nice things to make mo' sunshine; but I can teach you what ye never thought on—dat God's sunshine's 'nough fo' rich and poor, and dem dat thank him fo' it, and sit in it, or work in it, and let it into dar heart, will soon go whar it's all sunshine. Try to make folks live in God's sunshine, and get it into dar hearts, honey."—Intelligencer.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT RAJAH'S LINE.

Among the passengers of the last steamer arriving in this city from Australia, was Mme. Alda Zuleika Wyse, a lady of romantic antecedents and the history of whose lineage forms a fruitful subject for the novelist. She is the granddaughter of the princess of India, and the great-granddaughter of one of the most powerful Rajahs that that horrid country of exclusive tastes and aristocratic rulers has had in modern times. This rajah is said to have been the possessor of one of those fortunes that to us seem fabulous because so enormous. He numbered his elephants by hundreds, his palaces by scores, and precious stones, of which former rulers of India were so lavish, he had in such quantities that yet one of the histories treating of India in his time speaks of his jewel-embroidered robes. Withal, he was the warm friend of Lord Clive, whose iron hand held his country under the control of Great Britain, and exacted allegiance to the English King, and to his friendship he sacrificed his life. The Rajah had a brother whose hostility to the British was bitter and unrelenting. For years he tried to persuade the Rajah to array his retainers against the invader, but in vain. At last the brother who was powerless to carry out his schemes of vengeance against the hated whites while they had such a powerful friend, determined not only to remove him from his path, but to exterminate all his direct heirs, so that the rank and the power of a Rajah might be his. His murderous plot partly succeeded. The Rajah was assassinated in a hunting-field and his family attacked in their home. But one of the intended victims escaped. For some time before the culmination of the conspiracy, a British officer became enamoured of the Princess Mergenhays, the young and lovely daughter of the Rajah, but he had never declared his love. The Princess it seems, was not with the rest of her father's family when they were massacred by the merciless Thugs, whom religious fanaticism and pride of race had transformed into demons, and before they could discover her hiding-place her English lover had found it, and hastened to her, broke the news of her father's fate, declared his love and persuaded her to fly with him. Fleet Arab horses were procured and they rode to the nearest castrament, a distance of 300 miles, in six days. Shortly after they arrived they were married by the regimental chaplain. Five years later the Princess, whose husband had been promoted to a colonelcy, fell a victim to cholera at Secundrabad. She was the last Princess of the Rajah's family. She left two sons. One of them reached the rank of Major in the British army, and was killed in action at Lahore while leading a "forlorn hope" in the great Indian mutiny of 1858. The other son entered the East India Company's navy, became a captain of a ship and was drowned in the Hoogly river while attempting to save the life of an officer of the marines. Mme. Alda Zuleika Wyse is the daughter of the last mentioned officer, and the last survivor of the Rajah's line. She is a petite demiblonde with grey eyes that have a far-away look, has soft, light brown hair and a sad, sweet face. She was married in 1866 in Calcutta, to an English officer, and has now, with her husband commenced a tour of the United States. She intends to return to India within two years.—San Francisco Chronicle.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—Say it darling! "Lay me," humped the tiny lips Of my daughter, kneeling, bending O'er her folded finger-tips. "Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured, "And the curly head dropped low; "I pray the Lord"—I gently added, "You can say it all, I know." "Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly, "Faster still—" "My soul to keep;" Then the tired head fairly nodded, And the child was fast asleep. But the dewy eyes half opened, "Wha I clasped her to my breast, And the dear voice softly whispered, "Mamma, God knows all the rest." O the trusting, sweet confiding Of the child heart! Would that I Thus might trust my heavenly Father, He who hears my feeblest cry.

WHAT A CHILD'S KISS DID.

In a prison at New Bedford, Mass., there now is a man whom we shall call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, but was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny of rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel, and, while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party came to climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up the stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held her arms out to him, and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you." His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half-way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs, she said:

"Now, you've got to kiss me too." He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far Western home he has a Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart, and gives hope that he may forsake his evil ways.

THAT SCAR.

On my left leg, about four inches above the ankle, is a scar, about an inch and a half long and three-quarters wide. It was caused by striking my leg against the sharp corner of a rock when a boy. What about it? Boys often get hurt. Almost all of them have scars. Yes; but mine is a memorable scar. Any thing peculiar in its appearance? No; I have seen other scars like it. Any thing peculiar about the way it was made? No; other boys have hurt themselves in the same way, leaving scars. Is it the only scar you have? No; I have several others. Then why do you speak of it? Why call it "That Scar?" I will tell you.

When a small boy, I went to town to go to school. My mother, like a sensible woman as she was, requested me not to go on the streets at night. This request I faithfully observed, except on one occasion. One night, three of my school-mates called for me to go with them to the spring under the hill to take a shower-bath. Now, a shower-bath on a warm August night is a very tempting thing to a boy. He may go with dirty face and hands; he may seriously object to a little water in a bowl, or to a bath in a tub. One would think he did not like water, was afraid of it. But a plunge into the creek, or to have whole bucketsful thrown on him, is glorious. I went. The spring was walled with undressed rocks, their sharp corners sticking out. Across the mouth was a broad, flat rock. Three of us were standing on this, while the fourth stood in the spring and, with a bucket, threw the water on us. We were having splendid fun, when one of the boys unintentionally, pushed me off. I aimed to jump to the bank, but failed, and struck my leg against the sharp corner of a rock. A gash two inches long to the bone is a rather serious thing. It put an end to my part of the fun for that night.

Mother was in town. Next morning she asked:

"Son, how did you get hurt?" I told her that I fell in the gully near the house. I do not know why I told her that falsehood, unless I did not wish her to know that I had failed to comply with her request. She never knew that I told her one falsehood; but I know it, and God knows it. I dare say not one of those boys remembers any thing about that night's occurrence, but I remember it. It has been twenty-seven years, but the scar is still there. Many changes have taken place in my body, but no change in that scar. Every day when I go to put on my sock, it seems to look me in the face and say, "You told your mother a lie."

"O, that scar! how unchangeable! But, boys, there is something sadder still. That lie will not change. No amount of tears can wash it white. No future act can make it the truth. It is immortal, immutable, a lie forever. How often have I thought, if so fortunate as to meet that dear mother in heaven, the very first thing would be to throw my arms about her neck and ask pardon for that one lie. Had I gone and asked her consent, it would have been given. I might have been hurt all the same—the scar might be there as it is; but there would be no bitter reflections. This is why I say "That Scar." Boys, see to it that you have no scars like mine. Let them all be honorable scars.—Nashville Advocate.

APPEARANCES.—The children in one of the St. Louis public schools who live at a distance, are accustomed to bring a lunch instead of going home to dinner, and they usually have a merry time eating together at noon. Among those who did not go home was a little girl who never brought any lunch, but looked wistfully at her schoolmates as they disposed of their food. But one day the little girl brought her bundle also, wrapped in paper. At noon she did not go with the others, but remained at her desk, and her teacher advised her to go to the lunch-room, approaching the desk to take the bundle. The little girl, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Don't touch it, and oh! don't tell, please; it's only blocks!" The poor girl had no dinner to bring, but wished "to keep up appearances," so as not to seem unlike her schoolmates.—St. Louis Adv.

Sunday School

LESSON VIII.—

THE COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

15:

TIME.—B. C. 1912.

our last lesson.

PLACE.—Hebron—

of Jerusalem—the he

INTROD

Abraham's faith waver. With unbought number and blessing he was yet childless, had no heir but his Eliezer of Damascus vouchsafed to him solemn revelation, more emphatic by the promise, a sign, and mise was that his heir. The sign was a clear sky of an East with stars. This put a new COVENANT, in to God in the relation the faithful.

EXPLAN

In a vision. The was led out, and saw subsequent reality like a waking vision verse 14 that he Fear not Abram. The are prone at times to agements; but God the secret fears as v. fictions of his people needful moment, and port, confidence and require. I am thy is emphatic, I You power to carry you And thy exceeding of the great things I give, but Jehovah mind of Abram is He was as safe as G him.

Lord Jehovah. Th is here for the first vine records. It authority, and ther God, the supreme self-existent, the liv from a feeling of r utterance of this as the most solemn, o thou give me, seeing you are my reward me? Of what s sions, wealth and p child? The steno Abram was alone and separated from seem that he could ard—his confident- ager of his house- heir. Eliezer of D servant acquired Abram's journey.

One born in my A mous with house-h meaning; it designa servant of his house

Tell the stars. In the rainbow had be on high—a sacram to mankind. Now brighter and more stary firmament.

He believed in th term "believe" in word is Aman, from meaning to be sure, or to confide in.

animals as prescri commanded him.

ment of that whic do, Abram showed, he believed Jehovah did with the animal ficed was the pre Jehovah's side that faith as righteousness esteemed, reckoned account. It. His him for righteousness the sense of justifi in, Faith was imputa tion; i. e., in order being treated as ri viewed here, not m true obedience to thus the sum of rig holiness, upon (as resting upon) the me grace and salvatio which he goes out, lies upon God's grace. The promi embraced was the through the covenan garded it. His fait tially the same wit Christ which is sa

That brought the confirm his faith the steps already the land of promi Will God now fals So the Christian us in God by looking has already done which he has alrea

Whereby shall I sion of doubt, but mation or sealing transcended human tion.

Take me a heifer the Lord chose to respect, remarkable formal ritual over manner of men.

of all forms of rati next among the and among the real animals are (striki which were after cal sacrifices. It transaction was r there was no sprin ing on an altar; b true Hebrew sacr of the victim, fo sacrifice) signifies ther with the shed its sprinkling that

Heb 11: 22.

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Sunday School Lesson.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 22, 1880.

THE COVENANT WITH ABRAM.—Gen. 15: 1-18.

TIME.—B. C. 1912. A few months after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Hebron—about 20 miles south of Jerusalem—the home of Abram.

INTRODUCTION.

Abraham's faith had begun again to waver. With unbounded promises of the number and blessedness of his offspring, he was yet childless; with vast wealth, he had no heir but his steward and slave Eliezer of Damascus. And now God vouchsafed to him a plainer and more solemn revelation, which was made the more emphatic by the threefold form of a promise, a sign, and a covenant. The promise was that his own son should be his heir. The sign was given by a view of the clear sky of an Eastern night, studded with stars. This promise was ratified by a new COVENANT, in which Abram stood to God in the relation of the Father of the faithful.

EXPLANATORY.

In a vision. The way in which Abram was led out, and saw the stars, and the subsequent reality of the sacrifice, look like a waking vision; and it is not till verse 14 that he falls into a deep sleep. Fear not Abram. The most eminent saints are prone at times to give way to discouragements; but God, who watches over the secret fears as well as the outward affections of his people, interposes at the needful moment, and ministers the support, confidence and courage which they require. I am thy shield. The pronoun is emphatic. You can rest on my divine power to carry you through all difficulties. And thy exceeding great reward. It is not the great things which Jehovah would give, but Jehovah himself, to which the mind of Abram is turned as his reward. He was as safe as God himself could keep him.

Lord Jehovah. The name Adonai (Lord) is here for the first time used in the divine records. It denotes one who has authority, and therefore, when applied to God, the supreme Lord: Jehovah, the self-existent, the living God. The Jews, from a feeling of reverence, avoided the utterance of this sacred name, except on the most solemn occasions. What wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless? If you are my reward, what will you give me? Of what avail are all my possessions, wealth and power, since I have no child? The steward of my house. As Abram was alone in this strange land, and separated from his kindred, it would seem that he could only look to his steward—his confidential servant and manager of his house—as his successor and heir. Eliezer of Damascus. Probably a servant acquired at that city during Abram's journey.

One born in my house. It is not synonymous with house-born. It has a deeper meaning: it designates the most esteemed servant of his house.

Tell the stars. In the promise to Noah the rainbow had been the given sign from on high—a sacramental promise of mercy to mankind. Now, to Abraham the still brighter and more enduring token is the stary firmament.

He believed in the Lord. The Hebrew term "believe" means to rely upon. The word is Amen, from which we have Amen, meaning to be sure, and then to be assured, or to confide in. And Abram took the animals as prescribed, and did as God commanded him. By this prompt fulfillment of that which God ordained him to do, Abram showed, as matter of fact, that he believed Jehovah; and that which God did with the animals which Abram sacrificed was the practical declaration of Jehovah's side that he reckoned Abram's faith as righteousness. He (God) counted, esteemed, reckoned, imputed, set to his account. His faith in Jehovah. To him for righteousness. Righteousness is in the sense of justification. The sense then is, Faith was imputed to him for justification; i. e., in order to his becoming and being treated as righteous. This faith is viewed here, not merely as the root of all true obedience to the will of God, and thus the sum of righteousness or personal holiness, but as embracing and steadfastly resting upon (as the word rendered "believed" here means) God, as the God of grace and salvation. It is the act by which he goes out from himself, and relies upon God for righteousness and grace. The promise which Abram's faith embraced was the promise of salvation through the covenant seed, and he so regarded it. His faith, therefore, was essentially the same with that specific faith in Christ which is said to justify.

That brought thee out of Ur. Let Abram confirm his faith in God by looking at the steps already taken for giving him the land of promise. This is enough. Will God now falter or fail in the midst? So the Christian may encourage himself in God by looking back at all that God has already done for him, at the ways in which he has already led him.

Whereby shall I know? Not an expression of doubt, but of desire for the confirmation or sealing of a promise which transcended human thought and conception.

Take me a heifer, &c. The way in which the Lord chose to meet his wish is, in all respects, remarkable. He entered into a formal ritual covenant with him, after the manner of men. It was the most solemn of all forms of ratifying a treaty or covenant among the diverse ancient nations and among the rest of the Chaldeans. The animals are (strikingly enough) all those which were afterwards used in the Levitical sacrifices. It has been said that the transaction was not a real sacrifice, as there was no sprinkling of blood nor offering on an altar; but the essence of the true Hebrew sacrifice was in the slaying of the victim, for the very word (Eboch, sacrifice) signifies slaying, and it was rather with the shedding of blood than with its sprinkling that atonement was made, Heb 11: 22.

Divided them in the midst. This very solemn form of ratifying a covenant is again particularly mentioned in Jer 24: 18. It consisted in cutting the throat of the victim, and pouring out its blood. The carcass was then divided lengthwise, as nearly as possible into two equal parts, which being placed opposite to each other at a short distance, the covenanting parties approached at the opposite ends of the passage thus formed, and meeting in the middle, took the customary oath. Each piece one against the other. Head against head, shoulder against shoulder, leg against leg, and so of the other parts; with a considerable space between, through which the covenanting parties were to pass, verse 17. But the birds divided he not. The same things was afterwards prescribed in the law, Lev 1: 17.

When the fowls came down. The birds of prey. The word used means any rapacious animal, especially vultures and other birds of prey. Abram drove them away. As the animals slain and divided represent the only means and way through which the two parties can meet in a covenant of peace, they must be preserved pure and unutilized for the end they have to serve.

Know of a surety, &c. Abram is now most positively forewarned of the delays he should experience, and how his faith must look for its realization beyond his natural lifetime. Hence this example is cited by the apostle as an eminent instance of patient waiting for the promise, Heb 6. Shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs. It was 400 years in round numbers (490 years) from the departure of Abram from Haran, B. C. 1921, to the exodus, B. C. 1491.

Will I judge? Overrule and punish. Exod 6: 6, Deut 6: 22. See the fulfillment of this chap 25: 8. The death of Abraham is predicted in one of those remarkable phrases which seem to prove that the Hebrews were not unacquainted with the doctrine of immortality.

In the fourth generation. Caleb was the fourth from Judah, Moses from Levi, Or, Isaac, Levi, Amram, Eleazar, may represent the four generations. Generation here means "all the souls then living," so that the sense of the passage was, "In the course of the fourth entire renewal of the living representatives of Abram upon the earth, they shall return," i. e., within four times 120 years. A smoldering furnace. A burning lamp. A symbol of the presence of Jehovah. See Exod 3: 2; 13: 21. Kurtz regards this as the first appearance of the shekinah, and says, "It is the symbol of the gracious presence of God; the splendor of his glory, the consuming fire of his holiness, which no mere human eye can bear, before which no sinful child of man can stand, is veiled beneath his grace."

As that same day. There follows immediately now the solemn declaration, to which all these ceremonies were meant to give effect. Made a covenant. "Cut a covenant;" from the ceremony of dividing the animal in solemn memorial and ratification of it. (See Illustrative.) Unto they seed have I given. "I will give;" on which the Jewish doctors very pertinently remark, "He saith not, 'I will give,' but, 'I have given;' and yet Abraham had now begotten no children. But, because the word of the holy blessed God is a deed, therefore he thus speaketh." From the river of Egypt (the Nile) to the river Euphrates. In its best days, the Israelitish dominion reached, to all intents, to Egypt, since all or nearly all the intervening powers were subject to David and Solomon.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

The oath.—The judicial legislation of the East does at this day recognize a false oath as a moral impossibility; and hence among some of the most mendacious people in the world, an accusation on oath is held to be true, in the absence of other testimony, and unless the accused will consent to purge himself by a counter oath. Even in ancient Greece, where a lie was a small matter, to distrust an oath seems to have been regarded as a high crime. The same sentiment is indicated in the special judgments from heaven, which were expected to await the breaker of treaties, or the man who had sworn falsely.

CATCH THEM YOUNG. Some funny Englishman once said: "You can make something of a Scotchman, if you catch him young." There are vast multitudes of souls around us whom we must catch for the Lord when they are young, or we shall lose them forever. The fact is, that there are now, in our country, great blocks or masses of society that never "go to church" at all. When their children grow up, of course they will not go to church, either. As far as we can see, the best hope, and almost the only hope, is in catching them off the streets when they are young. Then may we, by grace divine, make something of them. Remember the fable. A man caught a little fish. "Let me go," said the little fish, "and when I have grown a little bigger, you can catch me again." "Oh, no," said the man, "I might not catch you then." Haec Fabula docet: Catch the little fish with the gospel net. When they grow bigger they will be far away from you. They that are fishers of men should go for the little fish. If they are small, they are sweet. Jesus could make "a few small fishes" serve for a great host. If you catch a soul young, you get a whole life given to Christ instead of a few weak years.

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Our Spices are ground by Steam Power, on our own premises, packed in tinfoil packets of 2 ounce and quarter pound, FULL WEIGHT, and labelled with OUR NAME. They may be had of all the leading retail grocers throughout the Maritime Provinces. We request the favor of a TRIAL of them by any who have not already used them, convinced that their own merits will secure their continuous use.

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SEE WHAT PHYSICIANS AND THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.

Messrs. Scott & Downe: 66 West Thirty-sixth street, New York, Sept. 2, 1876.

GENTS—I have frequently prescribed SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES during the past year, and regard it as a valuable preparation in scrofulous and consumptive cases, palatable and efficacious. G. C. LOCKWOOD, M.D.

Messrs. SCOTT & BOWNE—Gentlemen—Within the last year I have used in my own family, and in my private practice prescribed very extensively SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES and found it a most valuable preparation, especially in diseases of children. It is agreeable to the most delicate stomach; which renders it a very reliable agent as a nutritive remedy in consumptive and scrofulous cases. October 12, 1879. Yours respectfully, A. H. SEXTON, M.D. Baltimore.

Messrs. SCOTT & BOWNE—Gentlemen—Within the last two months I have fairly tried SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES, and I candidly declare that it is the finest preparation of the kind that has ever been brought to my notice; in affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we consider it our most reliable agent, in a perfectly elegant and agreeable form. December 10th, 1878. Very truly yours, J. SIMONAUD, M.D. New Orleans, La.

Messrs. SCOTT & BOWNE—Gentlemen—In September 1877, my health began to fail and my physician pronounced spinal trouble; under his care I got some relief from pain, but my general health did not improve, and early in the winter I began to raise blood and rapidly grow worse. In May last I was taken with a violent bleeding which brought me to my bed and my life was despaired of for many weeks; violent symptoms appeared, night and morning coughs, night sweats, short breath, and a return of the spinal trouble. My physician stopped the bleeding and then ordered Cod Liver Oil and Lime: and I used various preparations, but they did me no good. I lost all hope of life, and was an object of pity to all my friends. Last September I purchased a bottle of your Emulsion, and was an object of pity to all my friends. I then bought a dozen bottles and have taken all with the same result. Cough subsiding, night sweats stopped, appetite returned, pains in spine disappeared, strength returning, and my weight increased from 118 to 140 pounds in sixteen weeks. I have taken no other medicine since commencing with your EMULSION and shall continue its use until following results. I frequently meet some friend on the street who asks, what cured you and I answer SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, &c. I have a friend who has not spoken aloud for two months and he is getting better. I gave him a bottle, and he bought two more, then got a dozen and says that it is food and medicine for him. He was given up to die a year ago; but he is improving now wonderfully. My recovery is exciting the surprise of many people, and I shall do all I can to make known your valuable medicine. Very truly yours, H. F. SLOCUM, Lowell, Mass.

About the 25th of last April I got a bottle of your EMULSION, and at that time I was so prostrated that no one who saw me thought I could live but a few days at most. I could retain nothing on my stomach and was literally starving. I commenced the use of the EMULSION in small doses; it was the first thing that would stay on my stomach; I continued its use, gradually increasing the dose; and from that hour I commenced mending, and now am able to ride and walk and am gaining flesh and strength rapidly. I have advised other parties to try it, and some two or three have already tried it. I am sure I shall entirely recover. I am years For Sale by all Druggists at \$1 per bottle. R. W. HAMILTON, M.D.

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THE WESLEYAN.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1880.

THE RECENT UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

We observe with pleasure that the result of the recent B. A. examinations of the University of Halifax is favorable to the high educational character already won by our Institutions at Sackville. Though no candidates from the other affiliated colleges were present, it will be seen from the report of the Registrar in another column that the students of Mount Allison were fully prepared for any competition. From a private source we have learned that the examinations passed were very creditable. The three, out of four, prizes offered in connection with the first B. A. examination, and secured by students of Mount Allison, are worth seventy-five, fifty, and thirty-five dollars respectively. Mr. Scott, another student of the same college, has passed the second B. A. examination and taken a second prize. The presence of a lady's name on the list is a fact of special interest. Mount Allison was the first college in the Dominion to throw open its doors to women, and Miss Hattie Stewart, one of the Sophomores, is the first lady in the Dominion to pass an examination in a regular Arts course, as a regularly matriculated college student, passing, too, in the first rank. To all the friends of co-education this will be an extremely gratifying fact.

This fresh proof of the soundness of the claims of our Institutions upon the public confidence should stimulate the Methodist public to a more liberal and hearty treatment of Mount Allison College. We are not ungrateful for the past, but neither are we forgetful that the future efficiency of our Institutions must depend upon such practical, financial assistance as will enable its Board of Managers to furnish all needed appliances for successful study, and hold out to young men seeking an education such encouragement and assistance as may be obtained elsewhere. A correspondent reminds us that it is a painful fact that since the days of Charles Allison, though these Institutions have again and again demonstrated their capacity to compete on terms of perfect equality with any institutions of learning in the Provinces, no Methodist layman has offered to endow a professorship, or establish a scholarship. Last year a New York publisher—George Munro—gave Dalhousie \$40,000; this year he has offered \$1,400 per year for four years—this sum to be divided into seven bursaries of \$200, each. We shall find no discourse on this fact. Its intended application is obvious. We have men of equal financial ability. Were these but impressed with the tremendous influence of a liberal education, under Christian auspices, upon the world they are soon to leave, we should have gifts of equal value, presented by themselves as their own executors. And names, soon to be forgotten, even by some who may inherit their wealth, would be transmitted fresh and green to posterity. Jacob, the patriarch, conferred upon his people the greatest blessing then possible in the East—he digged a well. His flocks and herds, his silver and gold, were soon scattered, but 'Jacob's well' yet remains. A like immortality shall belong to him who provides for the assuaging of the mental thirst of his fellows, who never approaches near the Deity, save in the simple repose of a saving faith, as when they seek to draw from the depths of that ocean of knowledge, on the brink of which their Creator has placed them.

THE LOYALISTS OF AMERICA.

Two large octavo volumes, bearing the above title, have just been issued from our Book Room at Toronto. Both printer and binder seemed to have aimed at an appropriate setting for the statement of thoughts which have occupied much of the author's time during the last twenty-five years. Of the literary character of the work it scarcely becomes us to speak. From Dr. Ryerson's youth, when, prior to his ordination, his letters on the Clergy Reserve question stirred the hearts of his fellow-provincials like the notes of a trumpet, and led them into a long and successful struggle for equal rights, in opposition to the deep-laid schemes of Dr. Strachan, his style has always been

forceful and clear. His hearers may not always have said 'How beautiful,' as those of Cicero are reported to have done, but they have often paid him the higher compliment of those who listened to Demosthenes and went out saying, 'Let us fight Philip.'

With his usual thoroughness the Doctor begins at the beginning. That beginning is the commencement of English settlement in the northern part of the continent. Tracing step by step the pathway of their history, he aims to show that the descendants of those 'Pilgrim Fathers' who in Holland had learned the principles of religious toleration and liberty—the fruit of Arminianism advocacy and suffering,—formed the majority of the Loyalists; while those who took up arms against England in defence of freedom were in the main the children of those 'Puritan Fathers' who, soon after their arrival in America, embraced an 'iron-bound, shrivelled creed of eternal, exclusive election,' which not only prevented them from 'embodying in their creed or ecclesiastical polity a single element of liberty or charity which any free State or Church would at this day be willing to adopt or recognize in its distinctive constitution or mission,' but which led to the denial of all real toleration to those who might differ from them in matters of doctrine. Precisely how far Dr. Ryerson censures the Colonists for the course of action which terminated in their independence, we are unable to see with precision. In his preface he remarks: 'I have entirely sympathized with the Colonists in their remonstrances, and even use of arms, in defence of British constitutional rights, from 1763 to 1776; but I have been compelled to view the proceedings of the Revolutionists and their treatment of the Loyalists in a very different light.' We are unable to see how any such sanction of the conduct of the Whigs up to 1776 can be given in the absence of an approval of that course up to the moment of established independence. So far as their proceedings in relation to the Loyalists are concerned, his meaning cannot be misunderstood, nor the wisdom of his views called in question. While struggling for freedom the Whigs were most intolerant. A large number of those who became afterwards known as Loyalists were in sympathy with American views, but were unwilling to be found in arms against Britain, but suspected, taunted, imprisoned, they were driven to an unwilling decision, and when at the end of the struggle, they were found with the vanquished, they were forced from their native or adopted homes, with a bitterness of feeling which has rarely been cherished towards an enemy. We write the more freely, since we believe that a large proportion of Americans, at least of those who are acquainted with the Dominion, are prepared with Sabine, the American historian of the Loyalists, to call in question the policy, if not the justice, of that action which led a large proportion of their former citizens and their families abroad, to lay in part the foundation of a northern empire. How worthy these men were of being cherished, rather than of being driven forth stripped of all they possessed, English history from that day down has told; of the bravery of their children, America herself learned a practical lesson in the war of 1812, when, with the aid of a small number of British regulars, they defeated her armies at every point of the Canadian frontier, and sent her generals back in disgrace. Happily those days of strife have passed away, and we can write as we do in the absence of any feeling towards our neighbors over the line save that of high regard and esteem.

We admit, though prepared for it by a brief conversation with Dr. Ryerson, when pursuing his researches among the manuscripts of the British Museum, that we have a feeling of regret that a greater amount of space could not have been reserved for the story of the expulsion itself, and of the sufferings and ultimate successes or failures of the exiles. The story in all its truth can never be fully told. A descendant of Loyalists, we have been accustomed from childhood to the narration of incidents of their lives calculated to bring tears to eyes 'unused to weep.' The story of the 'Pilgrim Fathers' at Plymouth is but a childish tale compared with that of the sufferers who went forth from their adopted homes in the old Colonies, in the spring and early winter of 1783. Aedrian wanderers have obtained a world-wide sympathy through Longfellow's tale of Evangeline, but no poet has yet arisen to tell in rhythm of those exiles who wandered to almost every part of the globe. Concerning these and their children alone it may be said—

'Wave may not for me, nor wild wind sweep,
Where sleep not England's dead.'

We are glad that Dr. Ryerson, the son of a most worthy United Empire Loyalist, has been permitted to give this work to the public. The Appendix will mark an era in the history of Canadian literature. Nor can we repress the hope

that at a future day some author with similar tastes and equal talent will avail himself more largely of the personal narratives which are being gathered by our rising historical societies, and tell more fully the story of the individual exiles. Sabine has trodden that part of the field, but has left large stores to be gleaned by a successor.

The Superintendent of Education in Ontario has stirred up no small degree of strife by following the fashion of our grandfathers, in the importation of a young Englishman to fill the Vice-President's chair of Toronto University, of whose aptitude for teaching, or fitness to be placed over the heads of older professors, nothing can be known.

We confess to a high regard for a certain class of Englishmen; we have never esteemed youth to be a crime, yet we hold that respect for the cultivated men of our own section of the Empire, and a certain duty to conquer the too-prevalent idea of the superiority of all that comes from abroad, should lead us, in any competition, all things being equal, to assert our equality with others by the preference of our own teachers.

It was a fortunate thing for Methodism in the Lower Provinces that so early in the history of her educational movements she learned to depend upon her own resources. We have often tried to picture the surprise which must have been patent to the observers of certain faces, when Enoch Wood, himself an Englishman, and in the fullness of vigor and influence, said to the committee charged with the management of the new Sackville Academy: 'Why send abroad? You have a man here who is competent to take charge of your Academy,' having, at the same time, his young friend, Humphrey Pickard. If heads were not shaken, and looks expressive of doubt were not exchanged at that moment, the absence of such manifestations must have been in deference to the acknowledged wisdom of judgment of the popular chairman of the N. B. District. Yet the whole history of our Institutions, under their first principal and his Provincial successors, has been a constant confirmation of the wisdom of Enoch Wood's question, 'Why send abroad for a Principal?' Surely Mr. Crooks was not driven by necessity to an act which was a severe reflection upon the qualification of a Canadian scholar in general.

A sermon on Enoch's walk with God, to which we listened a Sabbath or two since, reminds us of a certain incident:

Years ago, when Britain sent her criminals abroad, a large number of convicts were quartered in hulks at Ireland Island, one of the Bermudas. Among them were some bold spirits, who used their power over weaker comrades to draw them into a plot. On a certain morning after the men had landed for work, and had formed in their customary order, the usual word of advance was given. 'Tramp, tramp, tramp,' went the heavy feet, but the officer in charge saw no advance. In accordance with previous arrangement, each man kept his feet in motion, only to put them down on the precise spot whence he had raised them. Orders were repeated, but the only reply was the 'tramp, tramp, tramp' of the determined feet, without progress as before, until, when the day was well advanced, the arrival of the General, and the presence of troops with loaded rifles, overcame the stubborn resistance of the convicts. Often, as we have thought of this incident, we have asked ourselves if many of those who have voluntarily entered the service of Christ have not rendered a similar obedience to Him who, through his servants, has said, 'Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.' Apparently as years have passed, with all the movements of sanctuary and domestic services, their feet press the precise spot occupied by them long since. Or if progress has at any time been visible, it has resembled that 'knapsack drill' which takes the man backward as well as forward, and thus admits of no more real advance. 'Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.' Will each of our readers, as in the presence of God, make the application?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The annual picnic of the Charles St. Methodist Church, is to be held on Tuesday next, at Hosterman's grounds—North-West Arm.

The Annual Announcement of the Halifax Medical College is on our table. During the eight years of its existence twenty-six young men have graduated, two of whom have since died. The fourteenth Session will commence on Thursday, Oct. 28. Any information may be obtained from the Registrar—D. B. Black.

We shall be glad to receive, per post, any notices of items of interest, to which special value may be attached. Exchanges may be arranged for items may be

passed over by eyes that should be closed in sleep. Our column for "Methodist News" has already lost some valuable items, the absence of which we regret.

Through a private note from Rev. S. T. Teed, we learn that Mrs. Parker, the wife of the Rev. I. N. Parker, of Bathurst, N. B., is so low with diphtheria that but faint hopes are entertained of her recovery. We trust that in answer to the prayers of many friends the life of this excellent and useful lady may be spared to her family and the church.

Dr. Tanner, who seems to think that the human body can be driven by water-power alone has called a halt at the end of the forty days. We have no heart to laugh at the absurd details of an experiment conducted with "circumstances of ridiculous vulgarity." A fasting mania will perhaps set in now. To those who have the disposition to continue it for a day, fasting may often prove a benefit.

We are requested by the Book Steward to state that parcels of the Minutes of the Nova Scotia Conference have been mailed to all the Superintendents of circuits and missions. Supernumeraries will be supplied with a copy by the Superintendents of the circuits on which they reside. By order of the Conference 1000 copies have been printed, one half the number of last year; these have been distributed according to directions given by the Secretary of the Conference.

The Minutes of the N. B. & P. E. I. Conference will be out early next week.

PERSONAL.

Rev. J. A. Mosher, of Wallace, was in town on Friday last.

Revs. James Sharp and James Scott were in town on Wednesday.

Rev. J. S. Addy is spending a part of the summer at Granville Ferry. Several sermons preached there by him have been heard with much interest.

The Rev. Benjamin Chappell, A. B., of Portland, N. B., has been visiting his friends in Charlottetown. On the evening of the 1st inst. he preached in one of our churches in that city.

Rev. C. B. Pitblado, Pastor of Chalmers' Church in this city, left on Monday for an extended tour through the North-west. Mr. Pitblado will no doubt enjoy his trip, and will, through his pen, make others partakers of his enjoyment.

The Rev. W. H. Evans is the author of an article copied into the Canadian Methodist Magazine for August, and credited in the advertisement to the Rev. E. Evans of the N. B. & P. E. I. Conference. Neither of these worthy brethren suffers through being mistaken for the other.

Thos. Wood, Esq., late of Richibucto, and formerly Inspector of Schools, for the Northern District of New Brunswick, is at present at Wilbraham, Mass., at the residence of his son-in-law, Rev. T. Berton Smith. Mr. Wood's health, we regret to say, is poor.

Rev. Dr. Cramp of Wolfville reached his 84th birthday on the 25th ult. He is reported to be in possession of his usual health. We are glad to learn that he is preparing for publication in book-form some interesting papers on Baptist history in the Lower Provinces, given several years since in the columns of the 'Messenger.'

Sir Wm. Young took one happy method, among others, of celebrating his 81st birthday and his golden wedding on the 10th inst. He forwarded to Mayor Tobin a cheque for \$490, to be expended on the inmates of the various charitable institutions of Halifax. The remembrance of no act connected with his passage past another milestone in life will give him more pleasure than this.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

'The Loyalists of America and Their Times'—from 1620 to 1816. By Egerton Ryerson, D. D., L. L. D., 2 vols., Toronto; Wm. Briggs. (See notice in another column.)

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for August—James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. A beautiful midsummer number, worthy of high appreciation by all interested in the cultivation of tree, or shrub, or flower.

Standard Series Books, I. K. Funk & Co., publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St., New York.

No. 34, Oration of Demosthenes Translated by Thos. Leland. Vol. II. Price 20 cents.

35. Froides Agrestes; or, Readings in Modern Painters. By Ruskin. Price 15 cents. The finest things said by Mr. Ruskin on the sky, streams, mountains, flowers, education, &c. A good book for summer reading.

36. Jean of Arc. By Lamartine. Price 10 cents. Exceedingly interesting.

Littell's Living Age for August 7th has been received. Its contents embrace the following papers: The Sultan's Heir in Asia. Fortnightly Review; conclusion of He that will not when He may, by Mrs. Oliphant; Advance Sheets: Life in Bengal. Macmillan's Magazine; A Stranger in America, by George Jacob Holyoke, Nineteenth Century; A Lay Confessional. Blackwood's Magazine; The Decline of Hypocrisy, Spectator; The Hardening and Tempering of Steel, Popular Science Review; The Swiss Democracy, Spectator; Poetry—In Town, Sweetbriar, Miscellany. Littell & Co., 17 Bromfield St., Boston, publish this weekly selection from the best British periodicals at the low rate of \$5.00 per annum.

The reprint of the Edinburgh Review for July has been received from the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay St., New York. Its readers have: The English Precursors of Newton; Mind in the Lower Animals; Naval Power in the Pacific; Memoirs of the Prince Consort; Sabians and Christians of St. John; Landlords, Tenants and Laborers; Memoirs of Madame de Remusat; Hodgkin's Invaders of Italy; Bright's Edition of Peppys Diary; The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon; The New Parliament in Session.

From the same publishers we have the British Quarterly Review for July, containing—The Two Nations and the Commonwealth; Father Curci's New Translation of the Gospels; Religion and Morality; Evolution, Viewed in Relation to Theology, Inspiration; Irish Land Reforms; The London Water Question; The General Election and its Results; Contemporary Literature in its various branches.

Both numbers are of great value. Either of these are supplied by the publishers at \$4.00 per year.

Canadian Methodist Magazine for August. 96 pp., 8vo. Wm. Briggs, Toronto. \$2 a year; single numbers 20 cts.

This number has three illustrated articles of a missionary character. One gives an account of the remarkable progress of Methodist missions on the North Pacific Coast; another, by the Rev. George Cochran, gives personal impressions of Japan; and a third discusses a Woman's Missionary Society for the Methodist Church of Canada. Dr. Ryerson adds another interesting paper on Canadian Methodism, and the Editor tells of recent travels in Europe, in his usual attractive style. The tale of Barbara Heck describes the arrival of Wm. Lusee, the first Methodist preacher who reached Ontario. The Diary of Nathaniel Pigeon, an early Methodist, now appearing in the Magazine, is highly commended by our English Methodist exchanges. Among the shorter articles is one by the Rev. W. H. Evans, on Entire Sanctification, which recently appeared in the WESLEYAN.

The Magazine may be ordered through our Halifax Book Room. Only \$1.00 from July to the end of the year.

METHODIST ITEMS.

The Methodist ladies of Greenspond, Nfld., are preparing for a bazaar, to be held in the autumn. They aim to remove the debt on their new parsonage.

The Winnipeg Times of July 22nd says "Grace Church Methodist parsonage was filled last evening with a happy assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, who gathered to welcome Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., the recently appointed pastor of the Church, and Chairman of the Winnipeg District, and his family, who arrived by train the evening before."

The children of the Sunday-schools belonging to the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches of St. John's Nfld., held their annual picnic on Thursday, the 29th inst. The day was very pleasantly spent.

At the close of his discourse in the Methodist Church of Fredericton on the evening of August 1st, the Rev. Mr. Evans informed his congregation that during the week the church debt had been reduced by the payment of five hundred dollars, leaving the balance still due only nine hundred dollars. It is understood that payment for the balance is pretty well provided for.—Reporter.

On Sunday afternoon last each of the scholars of the Grafton St. and Coburg Road Sunday-schools, in this city, was presented with a 'Raikes' Centennial' medal. These were prepared by the Rev. S. B. Dunn during his recent visit to England.

Rev. J. S. Allen, the new Methodist minister at Gibson, has fully entered upon the work of his circuit, and is likely to become popular with his charge.—F. W. Reporter.

The Queen's Square Methodist Church picnic, at Day's Landing, St. John River, on Friday last, was one of the most pleasant of the season. The absence of itself manifest at affairs of this kind, and too often mars the pleasure of the picnickers, helped to make everything pass off in an orderly manner. The proceeds of the affair amounted to \$60. The attendance was very large, considering the threatening appearance of the weather in the AM all day, which prevented many persons from attending.

Rev. Mr. Alcorn and his amiable lady, on their arrival at the railway station, after their second appointment to the Parrsboro' circuit, were met and welcomed by a number of members of the church, ladies and gentlemen—the former of whom presented Mrs. A. with several beautiful bouquets of flowers. They were then conducted to the parsonage where a sumptuous tea awaited them.

The trustees of the Centenary Church, St. John, held a meeting on Monday evening to consider the propriety of taking immediate steps towards the re-erection of the church proper. The erection of the main church building was discussed by a number of speakers, but action was deferred until Monday evening next, when another meeting will be held.

ABROAD.

The Irish correspondent of the London Methodist writes: 'To the credit of the ministers of the Irish Conference, it may be observed scarcely one can be found who is not a total abstainer, and that smoking is almost a thing unknown.'

The wife of the Rev. John Farrar, died, July 12th, aged 84 years. The London Methodist says: 'She had been a member of the Methodist Society more than 70 years, and a class-leader for a great part of that time. Her end was distinguished by clear intelligence, perfect peace, and the triumph of faith.'

UNIVERSITY OF

SECOND B. A. EXAMINATIONS.

PASS I.

First Division.

1. Scott, Snowdon.

Wesleyan College.

PASS II.

First Prize—Not awarded.

Second Prize—Scott.

First B. A. EXAMINATIONS.

PASS I.

First Division.

1. Tweedy, Wm. M.

Wesleyan College.

2. McKeown, Harry.

Allison Wesleyan College.

3. Harper, John—H.

4. Webster, John—H.

5. Stewart, Harriet.

Wesleyan College.

PASS II.

First Prize—Tweed.

Second Prize—McK.

Third Prize—Harper.

Fourth Prize—Webster.

F.

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CROSS BEARING.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

I have known many persons who could say, "I want to be a true Christian. I have given my heart to the Saviour, but I do not experience the joy and peace which I believe it is possible for me to have."

Such a one lingered at the close of a meeting of deep interest, where there were many who testified to the love of Christ.

I was among the "Christian workers," and as I approached her I asked God's help and guidance. I will briefly record our conversation. In reply to my questions, she said, "I gave my heart to the Saviour a few months ago. I want to be a faithful disciple, but I feel sad and downcast sometimes, because I know so little of Christian joy."

I said, "Do you like to tell others that you have found Jesus?"

"That is what I have felt that I ought to do sometimes; but I confess that I have remained silent."

"Is your husband a Christian?"

"He was once a professing Christian, but he seems to have lost all interest in religion."

"Does he know of the change in your heart?"

"Yes, he knows something of it. I told him of my purpose to live a Christian life when I first started."

"Does he seem inclined to join with you in morning or evening devotion?"

"I do not think he would, but I have not asked him. I have not the courage to read my Bible and kneel in his presence. I go away by myself every night to pray."

"Have you ever felt called to bow in his presence, even though you may pray silently?"

"Sometimes I have, but I can not tell you how hard it would be."

"Do all your family know that you are a Christian?"

"No, I fear not. I have been almost on the point of telling them, but I could not make the confession, for they are not Christians."

Words of mine seemed weak. Only God could help such a one, and we knelt in prayer.

She followed me in an earnest prayer—the first, I believe, that any human ear had heard from her lips—in which she sought divine strength, and asked to know his will.

She promised to take some decided step before she closed her eyes in sleep that night—to speak to her husband and other members of the household of Jesus and his love.

We met as strangers, and we parted, not knowing that we should ever meet again. A few weeks later I met her, and she said, with a smiling face, "I want to tell you that I had strength given me to tell my husband of my hope in Christ and of my anxiety for his soul's safety, and I knelt in prayer before him. As my brothers came to the house, I told each one of my Saviour's love. After I had done these things which I so long shrank from doing Jesus seemed very near to me. One day, as I sat alone, I had sweet communion with him, and the room seemed filled with light. The 'cross bearing' revealed to me a precious Saviour, and I can say to-day, 'Jesus is mine, and I am his!'"

Did any of my readers ever bear the cross for Jesus, and find the result a failure? Did any ever undertake any task for Jesus when he failed to stand by them and help them?

I have never yet heard of a Christian who could say, "I lifted the cross, and carried it for the Master, but the promised help and strength he withheld. In my need he forsook me, and I bore the burden alone." I do not believe any such confession was ever made, or ever can be made.

Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and his promises never fail.—Am. Messenger.

DEAR POSTAGE.

"The penny post a family blessing" may well be at the head of this little essay. It has been a wonderful promoter and educator of domestic interest and sympathy. We are old enough to remember, when the boys or girls of a family went to a boarding-school at a distance, what a serious matter it was to get a letter dispatched to them or to receive one from them. This even in the comfortable class. The member for the Burgh had to be waylaid for franks, or Mr. A. had to be asked to use his influence with Mr. B. to induce the high and mighty Lord C. to put his autograph on half a sheet of paper. It was the greatest possible catch for a manly lady of our acquaintance, then a girl in her teens, to get permission from an old earl, who lived near her father's, to send her letter for her parents under cover to him. If an acquaintance was heard of who purposed in a week or ten days to perform a journey to the place, all the faces in the family became bright, for his portmanteau would carry dispatches without cost to the family or trouble to His Majesty's mail. To pay the postage was a thing not to be thought of except in circum-

stances of the purest desperation. How must this arrangement have tended to starve young hearts, keeping them yearning often in vain for the expected treat, the letter from home—dooming them to the sickness of hope deferred. Every wise teacher knows how valuable a help to moral training is the remembrance of a happy and virtuous home; how useful it is, for boys especially, to recall it in imagination, as they must do while writing their weekly budget. When that budget brings back the weekly answer, another link is established with the source of so much pure and wholesome influence. It is impossible to know how many boys at public schools have been saved from the whirlpool by the influence of home associations, kept vivid and powerful by the regular and constant instrumentality of the penny post.

Family affection is not colder in the working class than in any other; often, indeed, it is warmer, but by necessity it is a harder struggle. And, in days of old, one of its hardships used to be that when a member of a family left his home anything like regular communication with his family became an impossibility. If he was a wayward boy, he had a good excuse for not writing. If he was an affectionate and well-doing boy, the postage made frequent writing out of the question. A shilling in those days, probably the average cost of carrying a letter from one part of the island to another, represented a much higher value, a much larger amount of the sweat of the brow, than it represents to the working man now. However eager friends might be to hear of one another, they could not achieve it.

"Oh! penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul!"

If a young man went to a foreign country he might be longer in being heard of by his family than Joseph was when in Egypt. Even if he prospered and grew rich, he might feel it awkward to break in on the long habit of silence. His heart might yearn and pine at the remembrance of his home, but with a strange self-suppression he would put off writing till some crisis came to compel him.—Prof. Blake in Sunday Mag.

TRAILING.

One of the most remarkable features of uncivilized life is the power savages show of tracking men and beasts over immense distances. Many travellers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous, yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well-known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very common-sense hints on the subject. In countries like ours every trace of foot-print or wheel-track on roads and paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused; but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can conceal his track. In Caffre-land, when cattle are stolen, if their foot-prints are traced to a village, the head-man is held responsible for them, unless he can show the same track going out. A wagon track in a new country is practically indelible. "More especially," say the authors of *Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life*, "is this the case if a fire sweeps over the plain immediately after, or if the wagon passes during or after a prairie fire. We have known a fellow-traveller recognize in this manner the tracks his wagon had made seven years before, the lines of charred stumps crushed short down remaining to indicate the passage of the wheels, though all other impressions had been obliterated by the rack annual growth of grass fully twelve feet high." Sometimes the original soil being disturbed, a new vegetation will spring up along the wagon track, and thus mark out the road for miles.

Even on hard rock a man's bare foot will leave the dust caked together by perspiration, so that a practiced eye will see it; and even if there is no track, a stone will be disturbed here and there, the side of the pebble which has long lain next to the ground being turned up. If it is still damp, the man or beast that turned it has passed very recently. If a shower of rain has fallen, the track will tell whether it was made before, during, or after the shower; similar indications can be obtained from the dew; and another indication of the time that has elapsed since a man passed by is furnished by the state of the crushed grass, which will be more or less withered as the time is longer or shorter. Other indications are drawn from the direction in which the grass lies; this tells how the wind was blowing at the time the grass was crushed; and by noting previous changes of the wind, one learns the time at which each part of the track was made.

Much, too, can be learned from the form of the foot-prints. Savages generally turn their toes in walking; white men turn theirs out. A moccasin print with the toes turned out would indicate that a white man in Indian walking gear had gone by; and almost every foot has a print of its own, which enables an experienced tracker to follow a single track among a dozen others. Similarly the character of the print will tell whether the man who made it walked freely or was led by others; whether he was in a hurry or travelling slowly; whether he carried a

burden; and if he were sober or tipsy. A horse track is equally well marked. It tells when the horse galloped, where he walked, when he stopped to feed or drink; and a scattering of sand and gravel will tell when he was startled by any strange sight.

In all this two things are needed—sharp sight and careful training. The elephant often makes a very curious track as he walks. If he suspects danger, he scents the ground with the tip of his trunk, and this makes a well-marked serpentine line in the dust. Elephants have changed their tactics since rifle-pits were introduced. Now they rely much more on scent, and in this way, often from a great distance, detect the hunter lurking near the drinking-places. If so, they will sometimes travel fifty or a hundred miles to another stream or pool.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

A writer to the *Sunday School Times* says: "I can't let the opportunity pass without thanking your correspondent, who wrote the article, 'The Major's Cigar.' I smoked for thirty-three years, and gave it up about one year and a half ago. If ever a man is selfish, it is in smoking. I feel like your correspondent, a cleaner man outside and inside. I spent enough money in smoke to build a church worth from 10,000 to 15,000; and if you were to compound interest, it would have built one worth \$30,000. Just think of it, a Christian man doing this! I broke off (1.) Because I felt it was wrong; (2.) Because it was selfishness personified; (3.) Besides, I believe it would, and that it did, injure me. I believe that more men die of 'heart diseases' brought on by the use of tobacco than by any other cause. I believe that tobacco causes paralysis. An eminent physician of one of our great cities informed me that a friend of his in the profession was ordered to Europe on account of his health. Said this doctor to him, 'You go abroad and stop smoking, and in six months you will come home the better for it.' He did so, and did come home restored. 'Now,' said his friend, 'don't ever smoke again.' But in spite of this experience and advice, he commenced to smoke once more, and in three months he was worse than ever; and my informant said that if his friend did not stop smoking at once, he would be a dead man in less than four weeks. See how this vile habit will carry men to the verge of the grave, to satisfy their selfish appetites. I thank God every day of my life for giving me his grace to keep me from tobacco, and to trample it under foot."

AN UNHAPPY COUNTRY.

The financial ebb in Turkey is complete. Nothing is to be seen but slimy mud. The army can scarcely get enough to keep from starving, and when a little comes it never gets beyond the few high officials, so that all subordinate officers are put off with absolutely nothing. Those that are terribly off are the wives and children of officers absent on duty, some of whom are actually begging for bread, for they can hardly get a cent. A small sum was recently accorded them by the finance department, but before it reached them the government purveyors had laid a lien on it to pay their old debts. The wrath of the army has been increased by the action of the army bakers, who deliver bread only to the soldiers and not to the officers. Very recently another instalment was awarded to the soldiers' families from the treasury department, and before it could leave the building Osman Pasha had seized one half of it and Derwish Pasha the other. This is making such bad blood that an immense effort is made to report it to the inner circle of the government, for it is believed that the Sultan himself knows nothing about it. But it requires influence and bribery to get this information beyond the inner gate. In the mean while the Sultan is requesting the English minister to help him appreciate the case.—Western Christian Advocate.

A FATHER'S SOLICITUDE.—The Chicago Interior says.—Put yourself in his place. We once knew a good citizen who minded his own business, kept clear of quarrels, and lawsuits, and politics, and "reform," and did not concern himself about a war that was raging between the saloon-keepers and the temperance men of the village. He suddenly became a "plumed knight" among the temperance men. This was how it happened. A baby boy was born to him. For three years the little fellow was his pet and joy. One evening as he led him out, he met two fathers bringing home each his son, mere boys, who had been made drunk at one of the village saloons. As he looked down into the innocent eyes of his own prattler, and then at the gibbering young imbeciles, and in the faces of their fathers, pale and contorted with inexplicable agony, his own face flushed and his hand clenched. "I would shoot that villain on sight, if it were my son," he muttered, and from that day forth he became the terror of the village dram-sellers.

A well-known Methodist preacher was invited to occupy the pulpit of a chaplain in a country village, not many miles from Bradford, England, one Sunday evening. After service the chief inhabitant invited the minister to supper at his home, to which he had also asked several other friends. The supper table was laden with good things, among which deacons and glasses figured prominently. When all were seated at the table the host requested the minister to ask a blessing. The latter arose and, quietly taking all the glasses and deacons, placed them at one end of the table, opposite the host, remarking that he would ask a blessing on the tables if the host would do the same on the drinkables. The host appreciated this practical approval, and refrained from asking a blessing on the liquor. The supper was eaten, but only one glass was touched.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.

A woman isn't fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

The readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living.—Ascham.

There is no worship where there is no joy; for worship is something more than either the fear of God or the love of him. It is delight in him.

A late Lord Chancellor of England, when asked the secret of his success in his multifarious achievements, replied, "I am a whole man to one thing at a time."

A layman in Boston asked a neighbor if his minister did not borrow his sermons. The reply was in the form of another question, "Do you not wish yours did?"

A proper conclusion for the marriage ceremony in many of our fashionable "society" weddings would be, "what commercial interests have joined together let not ill-temper put asunder?"

Swift's maxim in conversation was: Take as many half minutes as you can get, but never talk more than half a minute without pausing and giving others an opportunity to strike in.

God save us from ourselves! We carry within us the elements of hell if we but choose to make them such. Ahaz, Judas, Nero, Borgia, Herod—all were once prattling infants in happy mothers' arms.—Austin Phelps.

We need not ask, "Will the true, pure, loving, holy man be saved?" for he is saved; he has heaven; it is in him now. He has a part of his inheritance now, and he is soon to possess the whole.—F. W. Robertson.

Professor Swing happily words a pertinent criticism when he says, "David sang some psalms that had music for a day, and he sang others which will sound all along the great roads along which mankind shall march."

Mary Clemmer says, referring to Mrs. Garfield, with whose Washington life she is well acquainted: "You may be sure of one thing—the woman who reads and studies while she rocks her babies will not be left far behind by her husband in the march of actual growth."

A robber, who was recently arrested for breaking into and entering a store, told the officer that it amused him to see folks put two or three strong locks on their front door, and then fasten the back door with a small button.

Married women generally get their letters when the time comes for them to pack away their husbands' overcoats for the summer, and perhaps they will also find two or three which the gentleman was asked to mail the fall previous.

Horace Mann once said: "Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout the country, during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen."

James Gordon Bennett's income from the *Herald* is said to be \$1,500 per day. But for the benefit of those about embarking in the newspaper business, we would say they must not expect to make more than \$1,000 a day for the first year.

I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about mad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.—Dickens.

At a concert for the distressed poor given at Stourbridge, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a man in the garb of a laborer rose up in the midst of the assembly and exclaimed—"Mr. Russell, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

Passengers on a railroad car in Ohio were indignant because a lady let her pug dog drink out of the tin cup attached to a water cooler, whereupon she retorted that her dog's lips were cleaner than those of the tobacco-chewing man who objected.

Ingersoll makes thousands of dollars by a single lecture in which he declares that all clergymen are humbugs. And yet many a clergyman gets less than that amount for a whole year's endeavor to make men believe that an honest life is the best life after all.

There is ever more sunshine than shadow, In all lives more pleasure than pain; There's never a year without summer, And sunshine is bright for rain. The roses have budded and blossomed, The leaves in their time all turned brown; Then after the blossoms, the winter; But after the trials—the crown.

Passing along the road the other day we thought we had found a very beautiful knife. On picking it up, it was found to be only a handle without a blade. So do we hear very beautiful sermons—well written and well read—but they are without blade. They cut out no cancers of sin, and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.

A Massachusetts murderer sentenced to prison for life, remarked to a reporter, "I suppose people outside think I'm a brute and ready to kill at any time; but I will be real good in prison, and in a few years those tender chaps with a soft spot in their heads will get me out." He was right about it, too.

The truest beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us march with the memory of the faces that have been most pleasant to us—those that we have loved best to look upon; that now rise most vividly before us in solitude, and offend against our slumbers—and we shall, surely, find them not the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System, ITS MEDICAL PROPERTIES ARE Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic.

VEGETINE is made exclusively from the juice of carefully-selected herbs, roots and barks, and is so strongly concentrated that it will effectually eradicate from the system every stain of Scrofula, Scrophulous Humors, Tumors, Cancer, Cancerous Ulcers, Erysipelas, Inflammation and Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Spinal Complaints, can only be effectually cured through the blood. For Ulcers and Erysipelas Diseases of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blisters, Boils, Tetter, Scald-head and Ringworms, Vegetine has never failed to effect a permanent cure. For Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and other diseases, and General Debility, Vegetine acts directly upon the cause, and restores the whole system, acts upon the digestive organs, always inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness, and all General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has ever given so complete satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

The remarks in cases effected by VEGETINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

WHAT IS VEGETINE? It is a compound extracted from herbs, roots and barks. It is Nature's remedy. It is perfectly harmless and has no effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening. It acts directly upon the blood. It quiets the nervous system. It gives you good sweet sleep at night. It is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, and puts out their wrinkles. It gives them Nature's sweet sleep—as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purifier. It is so called because it purifies from impure blood. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It relieves and cures all diseases of the skin from impure blood. Try the VEGETINE. Give it a fair trial for your complaints; then you will say to your friends, "I got my real acquaintance." "Try it; it has cured me."

Valuable Information. Boston, Mass.

Dr. H. R. STEVENS.—My only object in giving you this testimonial is to spread valuable information. Having been cured of my skin disease, and the whole surface of my skin being covered with pimples and eruptions, many of which caused me great pain and annoyance, and knowing it to be a blood disease, I took many of the advertised blood preparations, among which were a quantity of *anaperifin*, without obtaining any benefit until I commenced taking the VEGETINE, and before I had completed the first bottle I saw that I was getting better, and the medicine. Consequently I followed on with it until I had taken seven bottles, when I was pronounced a well man, and my skin was entirely free from pimples and eruptions. I have never enjoyed so good health before, and I attribute it all to the use of VEGETINE. To benefit those afflicted with Rheumatism, I will make mention also of the VEGETINE's wonderful power of curing me of this acute complaint, of which I have suffered so intensely.

C. H. TUCKER, Farm, Agt. Mich. C. R. R., Washington Street, Boston.

VEGETINE

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AMERICAN HOUSE:

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SUGAR IN COOKING.—house-wife should know that with an acid, if it be but a little, will be converted into is the form of sugar found. One pound of sugar has as ing power as two and one of glucose. In other words of sugar stirred into the is cooked and while yet the fruit as sweet as two as pounds added while the f Save your sugar.

REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA.—gather equal proportions of rhubarb, spirits of camphor, um. The dose for an adult in a little sweetened water four hours, according to the the attack; a child of ten take half the amount, and a three to five drops. It is idea to have a bottle of the pared and kept in the house, mer vegetables and fruits a market, the children may medical attention from them.

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COMFORT AND LUXURY FARM.—There is a class of are living only to grasp more farms can never be large enough their workmen or themselves enough work. They cannot with the income of a farm, no those that of any other man; those who understand that object of labour is not simply money, but to provide the large means of innocent enjoyment world affords, can make the agriculture furnish more lu really contribute to our well any employment requiring amount of capital. Their fa so large as to make slaves of and their sons and daughters a out with constant drudgery, their yard blossom with flowers, their supplied with many varieties of delicious fruit, their houses cheerful by the influence of music, and a taste for the pure content enjoyment of life developed children. Here and there a home exemplifies all the content happiness possible to a race labour and disappointment.—Farmer.

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S. F. HUESTIS, Book Steward. RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN" Week ending August 4th, 1880.

BIRTH

At Port de Grave, Newfoundland, on July 29th, the wife of Rev. Edgar Taylor, of a son.

MARRIED

At Derby, N.B., on July 29th, by the Rev. D. H. Lodge, Mr. John Bastian, to Miss Clara Hart, daughter of John Hart, Esq., both of the Parish of Derby, Miramichi.

At St. John's, N.B., on the 3rd inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Exmouth Street, by the Rev. H. McKeown, Charles Ledford to Miss Nellie M. Bell, all of this city.

DIED

At Boston, August 3rd, Mr. Daniel Mosher, formerly of Windsor; aged 65 years.

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Provincial Industrial, Agricultural, Art and Floral EXHIBITION,

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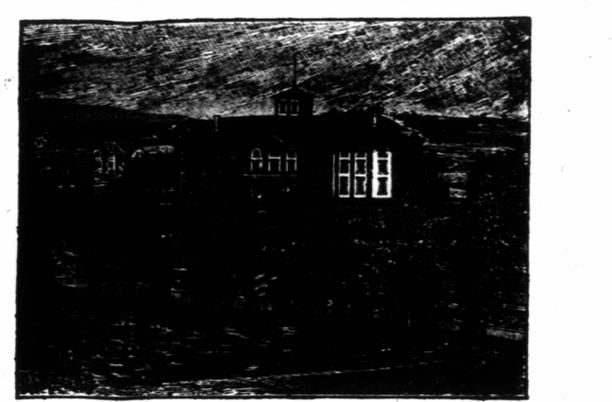
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Mrs. D. P. Stone, finish the Memorial legs, and to endow mental and moral ph