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Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,
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VOL. XXX

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NO. 4

NOTES BY A PROBATIONER.

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK, (CONTINUED).

FRIENDSHIP WITH CHRIST.

This was the subject of the morning's Bible reading by the Rev. C. M. Whittlesey, of Spencerport, U. S., author of "Gospel Truth," &c. Mr. Whittlesey, like many other ministers, has abandoned the peculiar dress of his profession. From his appearance, few would judge him to be a minister. But from his manner of speech, everybody would pronounce him "American." There was that strongly marked nasal twang which is readily noticed by all, but which an American alone can produce.

One meaning, and the least of the word friend is, not an enemy. Then it grows up to intimacy. We will take the human first then go up to the divine. There may be friendship with the Queen, first as a husband or as a son. Believers have the place of full grown sons—not of infants, under tutors and governors, but of sons. "Now are we the sons of God." In the Old Testament believers were children under law or servants. It was a dispensation of law. They were also friends of the Lord. This was not as near as a full-grown son. They were not admitted into the family. Abraham was a friend of God. God took him into his counsel. Friendship is a privilege to its fullest extent under this dispensation. Now, suppose we just go along like servants, would it not pain God? Suppose we say, "I have got to do this. I must go to do that." We are called up into acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ. Nearer than a subject of the realm.—We are friends.

How can I have practical friendship with Jesus? He is in heaven and I am down here. How can I have him as my friend every day? This friendship has been. Therefore, it can be.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." "If a man love me, he will keep my words." "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Friend means friend in the fullest, richest, largest meaning.

Let us come to a closer analysis of friendship. There is one book in the Bible that may be called the practical man's friend. All business men should be well acquainted with Proverbs. "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Proverbs is full of friendship. We must not doubt God's friendship. We never do this until we have done something wrong. His friendship is stable. He is a steadfast friend. "At all times." He loves us when we are naughty. Mothers know this about their children.

We are to take counsel of him. Take him into our counsel. This will take the fret out of our lives. Man must have his heart at rest by having this divine friendship. He cannot think when his heart is not at rest. In order to think right, we need to have this hearty friendship with Jesus. "The kisses of an enemy are deceitful." That is Judas. That kiss is a lie. Men join the church sometimes for business purposes. That is the kiss of enemies. Every kiss by an enemy will burn for ever. God never made a hell for man. Man makes a hell for himself, and then goes to it. The hell is of his own making. (I think that Mr. Whittlesey meant that our main punishment in the next world was from our own conscience.) The wounds of a friend are faithful. There is a friend that sticks closer than a brother. That means Jesus. The lecturer's time was unexpectedly shortened, or he would have shown how we could show ourselves friendly with Jesus. He concluded by speaking of the necessity of a friend at the day of judgment. The above is only an outline of a really suggestive and highly profitable Bible reading.

NORMAL CLASS HOUR.

An hour or more every day was devoted to this practical work. Many fine but empty theories found advocates but much real work done. The best method of teaching infant schools was the matter discussed. A brother from the audience was elected moderator of the meeting. The lecturer's time as infant-class teachers to make themselves known by standing. Only one responded to his call—not, I presume, because she was the only one present, but because they were aware of what they would be expected to do. She detailed her method of work, which did not materially differ from that pursued by thousands of teachers. A short lesson was given, cards, with texts of Scripture on them, were distributed. Three verses were learned, and repeated the following Sabbath. Every Sabbath she catechized them on the previous week's lesson. The history of the kings of Judah and Israel had been the subject of the late lesson. This she had turned it into a story which the children readily grasped. She adopted various marks for those who have their lessons learned well, fairly well, or not learned at all. There she was in reality their teacher. She declared that she learned much from them.

When Mrs. Morton sat down there was a lengthy discussion about the time that infants should be kept in school. Some advocated half an hour, others three quarters or even an hour. It was conceded by all that if suitable rooms were occupied and the exercises often varied they might be kept even as long as the usual exercises of a regular Sabbath School. Most interesting and profitable was the discussion originated by a brother asking "What means should be recommended to bring scholars to a state of active decision for God?" Some advocated that after every service those who wished to give themselves to God should be requested either to stand or kneel. Some children's meetings were tried by some.

who were already Christians, or who were now desirous of becoming such. Obedience was said to be the only test of love. One teacher said that the best person in the church, whether it was the minister, the superintendent, a teacher, or a private person should be requested to meet all the children that were desirous of serving God once a week, apart from the rest of the school. Dr. Foots, Presbyterian, of Little Falls, who had dissented from many things said, was asked how he would conduct a meeting for the young people. He described one way which had been followed by, and originated with himself, and which had been most successful. It was to have a meeting without a leader, except the Holy Spirit. On a blackboard, placed where all could see it, was written the different ways in which the children were asked to take part in the meetings. Please take part in any of the following ways: 1. Give out the number of a hymn. 2. Read a hymn. 3. Read a portion of the Scriptures, not exceeding ten verses. 4. Read a clipping from a newspaper. 5. Read a quotation from a book. 6. Speak your experience or give a word of exhortation. 7. Lead in prayer. This plan had been followed with great success in his church for years. Many a veteran in Sabbath School work took out paper and pencil and jotted down these heads as if he had discovered a rich mine to be worked in the future. The Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Toronto, said that the want of success by teachers and ministers arose from a lack of consecration to God and their work. He urged that the need of all workers was a baptism of the Holy Spirit. If we secured this, our labours would be greatly prospered. After this suggestive morning's session many resolved to work more diligently than ever for the good of the young.

HOW ENGLAND BECAME PROTESTANT.

BY REV. JOHN F. HURST, D. D.

By the reading of Dr. Hurst's articles, chaste and scholarly in the *Quarterly Review*, and sound and timely in the *Christian Advocate*, I had become partially acquainted with the writer whose voice I was now glad to hear, and whose hand I was afterwards glad to grasp. In appearance Dr. Hurst is most striking. If a visitor knew that the President of Drew Theological Seminary was on the grounds, he might pass the Dr. a hundred times without charging him with anything of importance. He is of slight build and perhaps of not quite medium size. His gait reminds you more of an active business man than of a College Professor. From his effort this evening, I should judge that he excels more as a teacher than platform speaker. His voice is penetrating—note remarkable either for its clearness or its compass. His style is what may be called direct, and his manner earnest and dignified. He used his manuscript freely, both in his lecture and when he preached next evening. My seat was some distance from him withal. There fore I am unable to give a lengthy report of this useful lecture.

The Bible is the greatest revolutionizer, spread it and society will be continually excited. God determined the Protestant movement. What Omnicissence determines, omnipotence defends. With the exception of Luther all the Reformers were men of weak bodies. Briefly he traced the progress of this revolution in the various countries of Europe. This was the first great movement in Europe since the Crusades. A glowing tribute well received by the audience, was paid to England. She has always been peculiar. She never goes backward. Every step is one of advance. British blood has more elements in it than any other blood that shoots through the human brain. It is the type of the blood that has made history. Why did England win at the Waterloo? Because her blood was the purest. All previous nations were represented in Wellington. True, England moves slowly, but she moves forward. The Reformation was a long time in progress, it was a long time in fighting its battles of success, but it gained in the end. 1. *The Reformation in England was the subject of prophecy.* Wycliffe held the same relation to England as the Baptist to our Lord. Two and a half centuries was the English conscience in fighting its battles for liberty. There is nothing like this in history. England gave to Germany her first Protestant influence. Some nations are borrowers; England is a producer. England creates and originates. England is the mother of healthful revolution. England is ever back. All her revolutions are in advance. The first English reformers were prophets. They saw the dignity of what they were doing. Wycliffe saw Luther 150 years before Germany saw him.

2. *Political elements in the English Reformation distinguished it utterly from all other forms of Protestantism.* The Protestant party were led by a Roman Catholic. It was not Cranmer or Latimer alone that produced the Reformation, but Henry VIII. At some length the lecturer gave the history of Henry. The Pope refused to give Henry a divorce. The Pope denied the Pope's supremacy. He tried to set up a Roman Catholic Kingdom with himself at the head instead of the Pope. He never thought of becoming a Protestant. Henry was succeeded by Edward, whose reign was brave, earnest and pure. He was followed by the Roman Catholic Mary. Then came the long and wise reign of Elizabeth. 3. *The Reformation was the Bible.* The English Reformers gave more prominence to it than any of the other Reformers. Tyndale was driven out of England while at work on his translation. He was driven to Rotterdam and other places. Four years after Martin Luther was at Worms he circulated his Bible. It was circulated by M.S.S. It was never

she gave the pure Bible to all her teachers and to the people. King James' edition is the best translation ever made and the most difficult to revise. Ireland is still Roman Catholic because she never got the Bible. 4. *The Reciprocity of English and Continental Protestantism to establish the Reformation in England.* All Protestant Ministers were recognized as such in England. There was no question about the validity of their orders. The Protestants were distinguished by more catholicity of spirit than than now. 5. *The recognition of the Sabbath as a sacred day.* The only approach to this was Calvin's work at Geneva. Luther never contended for the sanctity of the Sabbath day. The English Reformers did. We must make no concessions where our forefathers made none. He spoke of the unjust effects of children going from the Sabbath School and hearing the noises and seeing the sights of the saloons. He urged the people to hand down to their children a pure and beautiful Sabbath. 6. *The Protestants in England were never unacquainted.* They never set their self-control. On the Continent it was not so. In Scotland it was not so. The British reformers attacked spiritual evils. He spoke of the majesty of England's repose and patience. Protestantism found England bound hand and foot. It left her free. This outline falls to convey an adequate idea of the able lecture. It was delivered with a clearness and a force which were very effective. The Dr. seems to be a good illustration of that majesty of character which he attributes to the English people. G. S.

AN INCIDENT IN MISSIONARY LIFE IN BERMUDA.

BY A LATE MISSIONARY.

The Islands of Bermuda, floating, as it were in the clear blue waters of the Atlantic, "Like studs of emerald on a silver zone," present to a northerner a most picturesque and beautiful appearance. Stepping ashore at the town of St. George, which is situated on a magnificent harbor at the eastern end of the group, one almost seems to have entered into a new world. The houses with their white roofs, verandas and green jealousies, have a cool and refreshing aspect. The crooked and narrow streets or lanes inclosing gardens containing tropical plants and trees, are something interesting because strange and new. The fragrant sage bush and odiferous cedar, interspersed with palm and other flora of tropical growth, crown the sloping hills and fill the air with such delicious perfume—as Moore reclining beneath his calabash tree in Castle Harbor sang—

"You'd think that nature lavished there Her purest breath—her softest skies, So make a heaven for love to sigh in For birds to live or saints to live or

Hamilton is the capital of Bermuda and the seat of government is a city of no mean appearance. It lies at the waters edge of, perhaps the prettiest harbor in the world, and on the sea coast north and west is guarded by Mount Langton and Clarence Hill, the residences of the Governor of the Islands and Admiral of the North American and West Indian fleet. Amongst the objects of interest it can boast of an Episcopal cathedral, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic chapels—a magnificent hotel, Parliament and public buildings, and one of the finest libraries on this side of the Atlantic. Its central position, wide and pleasant streets, fine stores, ever blooming gardens, shady avenues, romantic walks and good society render this city one of the most desirable places of residence.

During my superintendency of Wesleyan Missions in Bermuda, an extensive revival of religion took place in Hamilton, which necessitated the enlargement of chapel and Sunday school buildings—chapels were also built at Somerset and Tucker's Town. Tucker's Town was a small hamlet of colored people nearly opposite to St. George. The community was blessed with some humble, pious souls, but their earthly possessions were of insignificant value. A new chapel, however, was a necessity; the old one being a small rough board house which in the rainy season led the water through in showers. Having assembled the people and talked and prayed over the matter it was resolved to erect a commodious structure. At the suggestion of some one present the matter was set apart in the following week whose entire earnings each one promised to devote to the new chapel. On the arrival of that day it proved to be bright and lovely, and as though heaven smiled Providence made the enterprise its favored child, each person pledged most with unusual success. Those who went in singing extraordinary catches; those who carried produce to market met with good and ready sales. Pilots got vessels of heavy tonnage to carry into port, and one poor fellow left at home because incapable of earning a livelihood, mourning that he had not a pair of nor lot in the matter, went to the top of the hill, fell upon his knees, and asked the Lord to show him some way in which he might help the good work on that day. On looking around he perceived something unusual lying on the beach, which on approaching he found to be an immense cake of bees-wax, that had drifted ashore from some wreck, and for which he netted a considerable sum. The wonderful results of the day's labor gave energy to the little band, and in a short time the foundation stone was laid and the building hastened on.

manifested an unfriendly disposition toward the Presbyterians and Methodists, refusing them the right of addressing Prince Alfred on the occasion of his visit to the Islands, and excluding the children of their Sunday schools from the use of seats erected at the public expense, reserving them for the accommodation of Episcopal schools. I protested against such a sectarian appropriation of public money, and reminded him of the impartial conduct of the West Indian Governor along the Prince's route. A lengthy and unpleasant correspondence was the result. One day, in the midst of this controversy, Bro. Samuel Trott our class leader in Tucker's Town, and a noble specimen of the converted African, was conveying me in a skiff through Castle Harbor to Bailey's Bay to an evening appointment. It was the season of the equinox, a strong breeze was blowing with heavy squalls, and rain falling in such torrents, only can come down in those latitudes. While we were scudding along Trott discovered a yacht on what he considered very dangerous ground, and supposed that it belonged to some officer unacquainted with the locality. We immediately altered our course and bore away toward her with reduced sail and taking in heavy seas. Presently we made out a signal of distress, and shortly afterwards Trott exclaimed, "Why its the *union jack* and the Governor has his yacht amongst the reefs, and is in extreme danger." On went our little boat, her gunwale almost under water, until we ran up alongside. The Governor, a fine looking, portly man stood forward on deck with a troubled countenance. Sitting in the stern where the waves washed into their stranded vessel, he said, "I am glad to see you, my young son." An aidecamp who was Capt. in the 39th regiment, and a faithful dog belonging to his Excellency. I felt proud as the representative of an insulted people to rescue the vice royal party, and to receive the grateful smile and warmly expressed thanks of the truly noble lady as I assisted her into our tiny craft. Having spread my shawl to make her comfortable she insisted on sharing with me her wrapper and umbrella. With our little boat so preciously and dangerously freighted, after a sail of a mile and a half we reached the land in safety. On stepping ashore his Excellency said, "Trot, call at Government House to-morrow and I will give you five pounds for your trouble and bravery in rescuing us from our perilous position."

Four Excellencies replied Trot, "I require nothing for doing my duty, indeed it was the greatest honor and pleasure of my life to serve you; but we are building a little Methodist chapel at Tucker's Town where I live, and if your Excellency please, I shall be glad to accept your gift as a donation to our building fund." The good nature and honesty of the man were so apparent that his Excellency averse as he may have been to the endowment of Methodist chapels out of his own purse, could not resist the appeal, and as our boat bore away his voice rang out, "All right my good fellow, I would rather you keep what I should give but do as you please with it." Trot turning to me with inimitable naïveté said, "Is it not wonderful person, how the Lord smiles on our little church." That was a strangely successful day with those whose entire earnings were devoted to Him. One that could not work found his contribution cast up from the sea, and now just as we are in need of a little money, our greatest enemy falls into our hands, and the Lord compels him to help the work he would fain pull down.

From the Mission Rooms.
LETTER FROM THE REV. CHARLES S. EBY, B. A.

Kobe, Yamamashi, Ken, Japan,
August 7th, 1878.

I have really forgotten when I wrote last, so that I hardly know where to begin to tell you of the march of events in my little world out here. This is the month when the supreme duty of every man of sense is to be as much of an oyster as possible, living rather passively than actively. Yet, I am loathe to let another mail go without a line from our corner of the vineyard.

I think I told you of our experience during the first month of our stay here, of our crowds of hearers, and of my pleasant stay at the Governor's. The powers that be seem to desire me to extend my work over the whole Ken, and make public proclamation that I am well treated in all my visits to other parts out side of this city. About the first of June we moved into the Japanese portion of the property we have rented, and were able to fix up something like a kitchen. Besides, that however, we had to live in Japanese fashion, which means a great deal of discomfort. By the 12th of July, just before the intense heat set in in earnest, we were able to move into the new house, and, to us, after our months of watching and waiting, it was an indescribable luxury.

During this time I was able to do but very little beside trying to oversee the building of the house—and that means terrible work in this country. I can conceive of nothing more trying. A great deal of this work I was compelled to do with my own hands to have it properly done. So that with wearied limbs and blistered hands, and tantalised spirit, I wrought and longed for the end as one might long for heaven.

Sundays we kept up two services, and I

and was heartily received. Every week numbers came to me from many miles around asking me to go and preach in their villages,—in some cases, offering to pay expenses, and asking if money should be raised. I have received such invitations from at least twenty villages within a radius of twenty miles, each containing an average of perhaps a thousand souls or more. I hope to visit these places, and with the regular services are helping me to establish here,—form regular circuits in fact. If the Lord gives me souls in these places, I intend to foster as far as possible, from the very beginning the spirit and practice of self-support. This will probably be more practicable here than in any part of the field yet opened by our mission.

Before leaving for the district meeting in July, one young man had applied for baptism—a doctor in the hospital and a man of influence.

Our district meeting had to be postponed somewhat, so that I could leave my family in some degree of safety and comfort. Scarcely had we got into the new house, when I started off, in company with my colleagues for Tokio. We were glad to see the old place once more, and meet the brethren. Brother Meacham and family had, in the meantime, taken possession of the house we had left. As was the case last year, all our deliberations showed remarkable unanimity of sentiment and faith in our work. We greatly missed our brother McDonald, but knew him present in spirit, as he was often in our conversation. It would have cheered his heart, as it did ours, to have seen the marked effects of the year's regular discipline on the young men. It would do your heart good to see how beautifully they are falling into true Methodist line; in fact, they are becoming tremendously Methodists.

It was no small pleasure to have with us, two fatherly old gentlemen from Shidzooka as representatives, who seemed quite at home, and took their proper share in the proceedings. The meeting was one of spiritual blessing. I sent you from Tokio a copy of the proceedings, containing statistics, so that I need not repeat here. Altogether, this has been a year of solid advance and triumph for Methodism in this land.

District meeting over, accompanied by Bros. Cochran and Hiraiwa, I hastened back to my Ken, and found all well. The day following our arrival was Sunday. In the morning the part of our house used as a chapel was packed, and Bro. H. poured out of fullness of his heart the message of peace to the people. Bro. Hiraiwa is a power, I believe, a wholly sanctified soul, and God is with him. In the evening we prepared our yard for the audience by spreading matting and hanging up Chinese lanterns. The place became packed—jammed; people went away who could not get near. Poor Hiraiwa was almost beside himself; and when one service was over, he announced that he would immediately hold another. The congregation adjusted itself; many who had to go went away; others who could do so now came in; until we were again packed nearly as full as before; and the good man ceased not until after 11 o'clock. Out of sheer exhaustion he had to stop. Would to God my tongue was loosed among this people. The following Sunday, (last Sunday) the people came in just the same way.

Since my return, two more have applied for baptism—one well to do merchant of this city, the other a young school teacher.

Brethren, a great work is on my hands and heart here. Pray for me, pray for my colleagues, pray for those whom the Lord may give us, pray that God may here raise up co-workers, and that upon us all may rest an unction from the Holy One, and through us may be seen the power from on high.

FISHEY.—There was one minister's son, now in the New England Conference (and a very faithful pastor he has been,) a member of a large ministerial family who in his academic days was as full of mischief as the proverbial minister's son is supposed to be. He taxed the well known, elastic patience of Dr. Fisk to the last degree. Finally the Doctor said to him, after a capital act of misconduct, "You must prepare yourself for a severe whipping;" the time for which was duly appointed. The Doctor was on hand, very much more affected, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief-maker. After a solemn discourse in the most affecting tone of voice that no one can forget who ever heard it, the Doctor threw his rattan, and laid it with considerable unction upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his case, and evidently quite unconscious of the stroke. "Take off your coat sir!" was the next command; for the Doctor was now a little foused. Again whistled the rattan across the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect. "Take off your vest, sir!" shouted the doctor. Off went the vest; but there was another under it. "Off with the other!" and then the astonishment of the administrator of justice can be well imagined as he saw exposed a large cod fish, defending the back of the culprit like a shield, while below there was evidently stretching over exposed portions of the body, a stout leather apron. "What does this mean?" said the doctor choking with wrath or something just its opposite. "Why," said the great rogue in a particularly humble and persuasive tone, "you told me Doctor to prepare myself for punishment, and I have

GENERAL READING

THE MATRON YEAR.

The leaves that made our forest pathway shady
Begin to rustle down upon the breeze;
The year is fading like a stately lady...

REPENTANCE.

This is not an obsolete word, but it is rapidly becoming so; at least in much of the theology of modern times.

It is right to depreciate repentance in order to exalt faith?
Sin is of the same nature that it always was. Not to love God is sin, and merits the awful curse "Anathema Maranatha."

A religion for sinners, which has no repentance in it, is not the religion of the N. Testament. We dare not make the gate of life so broad.

As God commands all men everywhere to repent, he certainly does not withhold the help divine.

As regards the grace, that belongs to God and is not withheld from any man. But the duty which belongs to man is often wickedly neglected.

As God commands all men everywhere to repent, he certainly does not withhold the help divine. So that every man who repents not is continually disobeying the plain command of the Most High.

We fear that too many Christians in our day know very little about the "wormwood and the gall," hence regard it as a very small matter to be converted.

The directions often given to those who seem to be seeking the favour of God are misleading. The writer has heard from the lips of ministers the following: "Only believe you are forgiven, and such will be the case."

I was informed by several persons who were present, recently, at a religious meeting, that the minister told the people generally "that they were now saved, and all they had to do was to rejoice."

our preaching insist upon the necessity of true repentance as well as of saving faith in order to a safe religious experience.

THE DEAD RAVEN.

The subject of our story was only a poor weaver, living in the little German town of Wuppertal; a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking its feathers down, said compassionately, "Poor creature, thou must have died of hunger."

Turning to the preacher, the young man who had previously addressed the Baptist preacher, further said to him: "Brother Cartwright is right. If you don't stick to him, you can't stick to me."

REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT.

The following incident in the life of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, who died a few years ago in Illinois, has never, so far as we know, been given to the public:

While he was yet a young man he exhibited those peculiar traits of character, that afterwards gave him the reputation of a clerical wag.

His sermon was plain, pointed and won upon the hearts of the people—and Mr. Cartwright was requested to leave an appointment for preaching in the neighborhood in his succeeding round.

The entire neighborhood turned out to hear him, and the meeting which was protracted through several days, resulted in the conversion of 70 persons.

As there seemed to be no inclination on the part of any of the converts to join the Methodist church, no opportunity to do so was offered them.

In a few weeks a meeting was held in the same church by a Baptist minister, the pastor of the church, when all who were converted under the ministry of Mr. Cartwright, related their experience and were received as candidates for the ordinance of baptism.

The large audience, together with the candidates adjourned to the Cumberland river, where the ordinance was daily to be administered.

Just as the preacher was about to conduct one of the converts down to the water, a voice was heard coming from the hill top crying in an earnest tone—

unwilling to be separated from you, I have come to offer myself to the Baptist church that we may live together in the same communion and fellowship."

"Thank God!" rolled up from many voices, "We've got the preacher too."

Mr. Cartwright was requested to relate his Christian experience which he did in a concise manner, referring to his awakening, his repentance and his conversion, after which he was pronounced a Christian and the right hand of fellowship extended him by the church.

"I do not propose to be baptized," said Mr. Cartwright. "I was baptized while yet an infant by sprinkling."

"You were neither a proper subject for baptism when you were sprinkled, nor is sprinkling the scriptural mode of baptism," said the preacher.

"I beg to differ with you," said Mr. Cartwright, "I can prove from the Bible not only that immersion is nowhere taught as the mode of baptism, but I affirm that the Word of God teaches sprinkling and pouring."

"I would like to hear you on that subject then," said the Baptist minister.

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death."

For three hours, he held the assembly in breathless silence while he showed that Christ was baptized by sprinkling, that John the Baptist never immersed anyone, that Philip administered the ordinance to the eunuch by sprinkling, that the Philippian jailer with his family were baptized in their own house by sprinkling, and that 'buried with him by baptism,' had no reference to water baptism, but to the baptism which puts us into Christ.

"For know ye not," said he "that as many of you as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death. Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Cartwright, "that we cannot live together. I have done everything in my power to go with you, but you will not take me, and now my children we must part."

Turning to the preacher, the young man who had previously addressed the Baptist preacher, further said to him: "Brother Cartwright is right. If you don't stick to him, you can't stick to me."

"I will stick to it, and so will all of us."

To Mr. Cartwright the sequel was full of interest. The entire number of converts joined the Methodist church, and on the banks of the Cumberland received baptism by the office and ministry of their spiritual father, in the scriptural mode, which is sprinkling or pouring. A society was at once organized whose influence has been felt for more than two generations.

—Richmond Chris. Adv.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make.

The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

A curious East Indian legend, treating of the future of the Mogul empire, and based upon the prediction of a priest, made many years ago, has been put in verse in Dresden, and is now in circulation in that city.

As there seemed to be no inclination on the part of any of the converts to join the Methodist church, no opportunity to do so was offered them.

In a few weeks a meeting was held in the same church by a Baptist minister, the pastor of the church, when all who were converted under the ministry of Mr. Cartwright, related their experience and were received as candidates for the ordinance of baptism.

The large audience, together with the candidates adjourned to the Cumberland river, where the ordinance was daily to be administered.

Just as the preacher was about to conduct one of the converts down to the water, a voice was heard coming from the hill top crying in an earnest tone—

SARDINE FISHERIES.

The sardine fisheries have supported many families for generations. The chief supply originally came from Sardinia, whence they take their name, but for a long time they were mainly caught on the coast of Brittany.

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS.

To show the influence of forest on climate he referred to the country round the Mediterranean, now so sterile and unproductive, which was formerly the most populous and fertile region of the earth; the desert of Sahara was once a well-watered plain; Tripoli, now unhealthy and almost depopulated, in the early part of the Christian era, before the forests were destroyed, had a population of six millions, and a delightful climate.

He concluded by showing that God gives us the true baptism in the pouring out of the Holy Ghost, which he himself does call baptism.

The effect was overwhelming. A stillness like that of death pervaded the assembly. No reply was offered by the preacher.

The silence after a few moments was broken by a large, rough-looking young man, who turning to the minister, said— "Will you receive Bro. Cartwright?"

FAMILY READING.

Learn to wait, life's hardest lesson,
Faint not though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
Tears, though suffering, may grow strong.

Learn to wait, hope's slow fruition;
Faint not though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
Tears, though suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, however welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oak o'er half the grasses
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side,
Heroes must be more than driftwood,
Floating on a waveless tide.

"MA'S GRAVE WILL GET LOST."

A boy not over eleven years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing clothed scarcely by called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand River avenue, the other day, and after much hesitation explained to the foreman:

"Oh, he's home, but he never goes up there with us, and we shan't tell him about the board. I guess he hated me, for he wasn't home when she died, and he wouldn't buy no coffin nor nothing."

The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose, and asked— "Who will put it up at the grave?"

"We'll take it up on our cart," replied the boy, "and I guess the grave-yard man will help us put it up."

"You want the name painted on, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we want the board white, and then we want you to paint on that she was our ma, and that she was 41 years old, and that she died on the 2nd of November, and that she has gone to heaven, and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives, and go up where she is when we die. How much will it cost, sir?"

"How much have you got?"

"Well," said the boy, as he brought out a little calico bag and emptied the contents on the bench, "But drew the baby for the woman next door, and earned 30 cents; Jack he weeded the garden and earned 40 cents, and he found five more in the road; I run of errands and made kites and fixed a boy's cart, and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned 65 cents. All that makes 130 cents, sir; and pa don't know we've got it, 'cause we kept it hid in the ground under a stone."

The carpenter meant to be liberal, but he said—

"A grave-board will cost at least \$3.00. The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back; realized how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly wailed out—

"Then we can't never never buy one, and ma's grave will get lost."

But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday, little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a head-board but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with full hearts, and done it well.

"Ain't it nice—nicer than rich folks have!" whispered the children as the boards were being placed on the cart; "won't the grave look nice, though, and won't ma be awful glad!"

Ere this the mother's grave has been marked, and when night comes the three motherless ones will cuddle close together and whisper gratitude that cannot be lost to them even in the storms and drifts of winter.—Detroit Free Press.

"IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE."

"Mother, every night when I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me; and do you know mamma, though saying it so often, I never thought what it meant until Fanny Gray died? I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said, 'Yes.' She went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all. Now, mother," continued Rena, "I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well, Rena," said her mother, "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"Oh! that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep, till morning."

"Well, then, as you lie down to sleep, what prayer do you offer to God?"

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep." I want the Lord to take care of my soul while I am asleep, and take care of me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake, would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it seems to me when Fanny died that God did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"Oh, no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take; so you see God took little Fanny's soul to Himself; and while she was in the arms of the blessed Jesus—Now, Rena, when you say 'Now I lay me, I want you to think in this way: 'Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and I want the Lord to take care of me. If I am not a good child, and do not pray to God, ought I to ask him or expect him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling that I am in the Lord's care, and if I should die before I wake, that still I am the Lord's child; and I pray that he may take my soul to dwell with him.'"

"O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow, and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it.—Thank you, mother, dear. Please hear me to night when I go to say my prayers."

Ab, little children, are there not a great many who, like Rena, say their prayers without thinking what they mean? God cannot listen to such prayers. They are not for him unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

"Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say, 'Now I lay me,' to-night; and pray that God will watch over you, waking and sleeping.—Exchange.

BOASTED OTHERS.

Wash thirty large oysters in their shells and set them with their deep sides downwards on a baking sheet in a hot oven, watch, and as soon as the shells withdraw, separate the shells carefully, serve on the deep shell with lemon sauce.

NOTES BY A PROBATIONER.

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

It is easier to save children than any other class. A man 99 years of age might be converted. It would be a great miracle of mercy. Cannot God, therefore, save a small sinner as well as a great sinner? It is hard to save a soul 70 years of age. It is easier to save a child. Childhood piety is the crowning glory of the redemptive scheme. It does not leave men in the power of the devil for a single year, much less for a number of years. Objections to this theory were considered. Some say "this is a very charming theory" but has it ever had an actual illustration. He said that some of the saintliest Christians never knew when they were converted. This theory of infant conversion he said was perfectly in harmony with the doctrines of original depravity. He believed in total depravity and in full salvation.

Many things he said are not often thought of but which ought to be said will be. Let the Almighty Lord Jesus and the Holy God and two parents gather round a cradle wherein is an infant child, and who will say that the salvation of that child may not be counted a moral certainty? Children can be converted and stay converted for 40 years. By reason of the lateness of the hour Dr. Bidwell was compelled to omit some parts of his lecture which doubtless tended to make the thread of his argument less connected than it would otherwise have appeared. Yet it was evidently the result of much thought and experience.

The evening session was thinly attended. Many of the visitors had come home; others wanted recreation. Mr. Hughes, School Inspector, Toronto, in an amusing and useful manner pointed out common mistakes in teaching. The camp-fires were illuminating the grounds in a manner, picturesque and pleasing when I left at 8.30 p. m.

To a suggestion made by the genial pastor of the Metropolitan Church, I am indebted for the most profitable part of a really profitable trip. Mr. Briggs asked why I had not included a few days at the Sunday School Parliament in my calculations. At once I altered my plans and resolved to stay a few days at the Thousand Island Park. A few hours sail from Kingston on a cloudy but pleasant afternoon brought us to Cape Vincent. More than once, while looking over the side of the boat, I was surprised and at first frightened by seeing the bottom of the river quite distinctly. Clearer water than this is perhaps seldom crossed. After being subject to the usual custom official inspection we were allowed to take boat again for the Wellesley Island. The Thousand Islands scenery is said to be unrivalled. The channel of the broad St. Lawrence the most magnificent river in the world is covered with thousands of islands of wondrous shapes and diversified sizes. Islands may be seen square, oval, round, and of all other shapes. Some of them could be bused, while others have sufficient room to house a city's population.

Bare, broken rocks are sandwiched among islands burdened with foliage. How carefully we had to tread on the rocks. Some have been bought by gentlemen who are compelled to escape from the cares of life and the heat of cities every summer, and on them have been erected tiny, rustic cottages. Many others are gems of beauty; others have been taken possession of by a party of young men who have erected upon their rude tents, which afford them shelter for a few weeks during the hot season. Almost every inhabited island seemed to belong to some one, most of them were inhabited. Judging from the number of people to be seen here you might think that the great cities of America were deserted. A sail round the Wellesley Island confirms you in this opinion. The captain pointed out cottage after cottage possessed and occupied by names famed in literature and commerce. It was about 7 o'clock in the evening when our boat stopped at the Thousand Island Park wharf. Flags—American and English—floated above us. They united to welcome comers from both countries. In fact, the Camp-ground is well adapted to promote unity of feeling among these peoples. Near to many of the populous cities of Canada, as well as to the American cities, it draws from both nations and blends the best people of both together.

Four years ago, a company of Christian gentlemen, after much examination of sites, purchased a thousand acres on Wellesley Island, to be used for the religious good of the people. That the site was well chosen all admit who have seen it. That such a place needed, the large numbers who annually visit here testify. Few more healthful places can be chosen by those who need a partial or entire rest. The coolness of the atmosphere never gives place to the heat and dust of most summer resorts. Its tent-life gives it an air of freshness which tourists enjoy, but which watering places soon lose. From the Camp-ground, or park, a wonderful variety of beautiful and extensive views of the clustering islands can be obtained. A sail more enchanting than the one round the Wellesley Island cannot be desired.

Although this is only the fourth year of the existence of the camp-ground association, yet its success seems to be assured. The trustees are anxious to retain the religious character of this organization. They make no money out of it. Money paid for lots sold is devoted towards payment of the purchase money of the park. Every possible attempt is made to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath. During its 24 hours no boats are permitted to arrive or depart. Perhaps few forms of desecration are practised. Some, however, do trespass. With Chancellor Haven as President religious people will feel safe in believing that all will be done that can be to check every form of Sabbath breaking.

Camp meetings were for a time the only kind of assemblies gathered here. They are still the chief. Two Esthetic and Scientific Conferences of a very superior and successful character have been held. This time for the first time a gathering of Young Men's Christian Associations was conducted. Two Sabbath School Parliaments had been held before this season. Part of the sessions of the third I was privileged to attend. A small admission fee gave me admission to the grounds. What a throng of people were hurrying to and fro. Canadians if not forming the majority were at least in equal proportions to Americans, for half of the money taken as entrance was Canadian currency. First I went and

There are some boarding halls. These were full, so I received a tent all to myself. A comfortable bed standing on a board floor left little room for any other incumbrances. However three happy nights were spent in that

for meals. These can be had at the rate of \$8 per day. The dining hall is large and a good table is kept. The Sabbath previous to the one I spent there about 400 persons partook of dinner in it. To see a meal in "full swing" is both a busy and an animating sight. A few days spent in this delightfully healthy and enchanting neighborhood, made the influence of religion act as a powerful appetizer.

This Island Home has many of the comforts of city life. Regular mails are landed from America and Canada. Newspapers—religious and secular—can be obtained. A telegraph office, too, does a large business. Boats from various points, are arriving and departing regularly, bringing and taking away crowds of visitors. While pleasure or health is perhaps the first thought with many, yet it is cheering to think that pleasure and health are both sought under the influence of religion. Here we have a religious resort popular as a boat race in the Maritime Provinces. The programme of

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PARLIAMENT was filled up from the 13th to the 22nd of August. A regular daily series of services was held. By request of the Trustees persons are expected to retire at 10 and not to rise previous to 6, or rather all noise between these hours is expected to cease. Seven is the breakfast hour. Eight is set apart for cottage prayers. From 9 to 12 is devoted to Normal Class work. 12.30 is dinner hour. Three to 4.30 is devoted to lectures. Six is a service of song. And from 8 to 9 to addresses, &c. Perhaps few take a full day's fare; but each select as much as may be deemed desirable.

The tent in which the service is held is large enough to accommodate nearly 2000 persons. The platform—well supplied with maps and black board—is usually occupied by ministers and other Christian workers. A well organized choir under the charge of Mr. Tandy leader of Kingston Methodist church and Editor of the Kingston Whig was ready on all occasions to render suitable selections of religious praise. Everybody commended the very superior singing. The Secretary of the Parliament said he never before had such good music. While it could not be charged with lacking the artistic finish, it was sufficiently hearty to induce nearly everyone to add his part toward making it congregational. From the predominating number of Methodist clergymen present, it was easy to see that it was a Methodist institution. But from the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, &c., present, it was also evident that it was of a Catholic character. The Rev. F. Widmer, M. A., pastor of the Methodist Church, Pittsfield, Mass., was pastor and Superintendent. He is active and of a business turn of mind and withal really devout. He is admirably suited for the leadership of such gatherings. From the varied talent represented by the programme a great treat was to be expected. With thinkers and writers like Clark, Braden, Dr. Townsend and Mrs. Alden (Fanny), and educationalists like Dr. MacVicar and Prof. Bennett, and theologians like Dr. Clark and platform men like Dr. Potts, Dr. Bidwell, and Dr. Castle, it was patent that the Trustees had done all that they could to secure a great success. Their efforts proved eminently successful. Everybody pronounced this last, the most profitable Parliament. From the papers I learn that the correctness of the opening day were of a pleasant and optimistic nature. Representative Canadians and Americans each extended to the other hearty welcomes. All agreed that as union was impossible the best thing was to try to live peaceably alongside each other, and emulate each other in all good works. The lecture by Clark Braden on "The Inner and the Christian Thought and Skeptical Thought," is highly spoken of. Prof. Bennett's description of Oriental lands was said to be very instructive. Dr. Bidwell, as usual, made a profound impression by discussing such subjects as "The Bible the Text Book of Imagination," and "The Prophecy of Simeon over the Infant Jesus." I arrived in time to hear

A. O. VAN LENNEP, a Greek, I believe, by birth (but he has lived so long in the East that in dress and appearance he is a real Orientalist,) give practical illustrations of Jewish customs. The different kind of dresses spoken of in the Bible were exhibited and the references to them explained. The passage referring to the women grinding the mill would be better understood after he had illustrated than ever before by most of his audience. His oriental museum was well worth a visit. Specimens of Scripture articles were in abundance. Van Lennep was in attendance all the time to afford amusement and instruction (sometimes there was too much of the former with a deficiency of the latter). After he had finished,

PROF. BENNETT, OF SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, in a most entertaining manner, gave us his impressions of Bible lands. A lecture he did not attempt, but in conveying information he was very successful. To me it was a novel thing to see him standing on the platform and answering questions about sites, &c. He was perfectly self contained and ready for every questioner. After the audience was dismissed I began to feel myself alone even amongst so many brethren. However, Dr. Bennett spoke, in fact made himself known to me—and while I was attempting to make him understand what corner of the earth I had come from, Dr. Potts came upon me kindly, he was thoroughly at home on the Camp-ground. In my next I intend to give outlines of some of the addresses heard and an idea of some of the work I saw done.

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THE WESLEYAN. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1878.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

NO. IV.

SURMOUNTING DIFFICULTIES.

To place a high ideal before the mind, may sometimes spur a halting purpose into a quicker pace, and, with multiplying difficulties, a valorous spirit will rise in courage to the occasion, like a vessel on a swelling tide; but how much more frequently does a true conception of a noble character dwarf one's moral stature, and superinduce an utter despair of success. Now, there is not a danger to which our young men are exposed more subtle than this. Point them to some model of excellence, or inspire them with a clear conception of what is wise and good, and worthy of their answering emulation, and they will remind you at once of the peculiar disadvantages under which they lie, and of the difficulties that confront them; and it will be well if they do not settle down to the conviction that the charming ideal you have painted in such glowing colours, is simply impossible, at least to them.

But let not too much weight be attached to this specious reasoning; for, when the matter is duly considered, it will be found that the difficulties with which a heroic virtue has to contend, are in strictest harmony with the analogy of nature. The beautiful rainbow is painted on a cloud, standing a mute splendour amidst the booming thunders of the storm. So life's fairest images, and most winsome virtues are drawn upon the sombre background of sorrow and trial. Sorrow and trial and such like, are the shadows of the picture that bring out in bold relief the bright lines which make its beauty. Now every position and circumstance in life have their advantages and disadvantages. The best has its drawbacks and the worst its mitigations, just as the sunny tropics have their tornadoes, and the cold polar circle its aurora. Cold blasts may clear the atmosphere of contagions, while summer breezes may carry malaria in their gentle bosom. The worth of virtue is to be determined, not so much by the ease with which it is won, as by the difficulties it has surmounted. The scars of conflict are its stars of honour.

May not difficulties, therefore, instead of hindering, help us? The Creator has hills and mountains right in the place of our mightiest rivers, but these course of the world, arresting their impediments, far from arresting their progress, only divert them, and by lengthening their course, extend their usefulness; for the enforced detour spreads verdure and beauty through the valleys. So the path to a virtuous character may be protracted by repeated obstructions, but through all the sinuosities and to the heights of your devious way, you shall shed benedictions upon your sorrowings by the fruit and the fragrance of a patient, devoted self-sacrificing life.

Besides, is it not utterly useless to lament our difficulties, when, from the very nature of the case, they are inevitable? To brood over them is to nurse them, and, like young cubs, they will only grow bigger for the nursing. Never despair. If you cannot scale the Alps you can penetrate them, like the Conis tunnel, and success shall introduce you into the sunny Italy of a virtuous soul. As one has said:—"For after all the best thing one can do when it is raining, is to let it rain."

What the effect of adverse influence, so-called, shall be, will depend entirely upon ourselves. A man for the most part, creates his own circumstances, and his mind, casts its own reflections upon his surroundings. Or, according to Milton,—"The mind is its own place, and in itself Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

The fact is, what we call difficulties, are oftentimes like mountains that owe their magnitude to the mists from which they loom; but when the sun of a cheerful spirit sheds its light upon them, the mists are

Let our young men then, be cheerful and fearless, and undaunted. "The joy of the Lord is our strength." Chateaubriand mounts his horse he begins to sing, and his song only ceases with his journey. His example is worthy of emulation. Cheerfulness under difficulties is the inspiration of effort. Look at the bright side of everything. Your sky may be cloudy, but there is more blue than black in it. A sun dial in Spain has this motto inscribed upon it:—"I mark only the bright hours." Let memory mark only the bright hours, and let hope anticipate success.

"The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless; Love is eternal! God is still God, and His faith shall not fail us; Christ is eternal!"

DOMESTIC MISSIONS—OUTLOOK FOR THE YEAR.

There are heavy hearts everywhere in the Eastern Provinces, so far as this subject touches the Methodist ministerial life, and as it correspondingly affects every other interest of our church. It was announced at the Missionary Boards of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, this week, that a very serious diminution of Grants to the dependent circuits has been consequent upon a determination to prevent any further growth of the Society's debt. This debt gained strength during the quadrennium just passed, in the following proportions:—

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes rows for 'Increase in 1874-5', 'Reduced in 1875-6 to', 'Total in 1874-5', 'Additional in 1875-6', and 'Total in 1875-6'.

Thus showing a falling off of \$3529 compared with the previous year. In 1876-7 there was again a decline in the income from regular sources of over \$6000. And in 1877-8, leaving out the English Grant, the income was \$10,690 less than the first year of the union.

How do the Maritime Conferences stand in relation to the debt? We are convinced that these Conferences have more than sustained all their own burden. Here are the figures:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes rows for 'Grant paid for us by the English Society', 'Paid by us of Home Mission Balance', and 'Received Grant more than raised in'.

Balance in favor of East. Conf. \$3717. These are figures that must not be lost sight of. They will help in taking an accurate view of the mission difficulties. It is certain that the debt has not, in any particular, originated with the Eastern Conferences, excepting in so far as their representatives have concurred in measures which have brought it about.

The work which we in the East usually regard as purely Missionary, is confined to Algoma, Red River, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and Japan. The outlay for those fields appears as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes rows for 'In 1875-6 less than 1874-5', '1876-7 more than 1875-6', and '1877-8 less than 1876-7'.

Expenditure reduced since '74. \$11648. Manifestly the debt has not been incurred by the cost of the "Foreign" Missions, as compared with their expenditure when the union was consummated. We observe, however, that the grants to those fields mentioned has been increased for 1878-9 to the extent of \$9200—these being the only instances, with very slight exception, in which the appropriations are not reduced for the year.

With an expenditure of upwards of \$40,000 per annum for regular mission work, our church is no longer open to the charge of spending its missionary money at home.

Taking, again, the general expenditure, we find that it exceeded the income—

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes rows for 'In 1874-5 by', '1875-6 by', and '1877-8 by'.

Income exceeded expenditure in 1875-6 \$76,906 382

A balance from 1873-4 reduced this to the amount already named as the actual debt of the Society; namely, \$63,000.

Here we have the cause of the debt made plain enough. The General Board, trusting to the generosity of the Methodist people, appropriated each year a certain amount in excess of the previous year's receipts, expecting that, with this fact pro-

the exception of one year, the expectation was not met. It was but, in fact, a part of the very general commercial spirit of the day—ever going out looking for a favourable turn in business affairs, but ever returning disappointed. Four years ago, shrewd men were convinced the bottom of depression had been touched; three years ago they were only a little less certain; two years ago it began to be a settled conviction that the present was not an ordinary crisis; and this very day there are few who will assume sufficient courage to predict that the business world will be brighter and briskeer for a very considerable period. The Board's hope was but natural. In the history of Missionary Societies, as a general rule, funds have increased with the growth of adherents. During the past four years with us, while there has been a gratifying addition to the church's members, we doubt very much whether the Methodism of Canada and Newfoundland is as wealthy within a considerable fraction as it was at the union.

Now, the Board resolves upon two things:—It will positively confine itself to the income from regular ordinary sources; and it will make a brave effort to reduce its debt. What is the consequence? From careful estimates presented by the Financial District Meetings of the three Maritime Conferences, it appears that \$40,440 were needed to give our ministers on dependent circuits an average salary of \$750 per man. To meet this claim they are authorized to appropriate \$13,479, or just one-third the amount of their necessity. This, we believe, leaves the prospect open, that upwards of 100 ministers in the Eastern Conferences, with families, must, if other means are not provided, receive a salary, not including a small allowance for each child, of about \$450!

True, this is a general question. It applies both East and West. But the East is affected by it to a far greater extent than the West. In the London and Toronto Conferences there is a much larger proportion of self-sustaining circuits than with us. Besides, they have a distinct class of dependent circuits not rated as missions, but having relation to their Contingent Funds. We judge that about one man to six or seven may be classed as a Domestic Mission Station in those Conferences, while the proportion in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island of independent circuits would be about one to three; and in Newfoundland five of every six are on Mission Stations. It is this that makes the case of Newfoundland particularly distressing. It was this that inclined the Missionary Society in England to accord to Newfoundland a special consideration always. Yet, if we understand the showing this year, there is but one rule of distribution. Clearly, if circumstances require that our Missionary arm should be strengthened, it is not reasonable that Newfoundland, whose Missionaries on remote districts have always been considered among the most laborious and self-denying of our agencies, should be classed as domestic missions, and reduced by the same relentless law. We are sure that the great mining countries there are, in this early day when populations are rushing in that direction, quite as important to Methodism as any outlying territory in Red River or Manitoba. The Board, we have no doubt, will come presently to think so.

To reduce the debt now be the great ambition of the friends of the Society. The opportunity, in one way, is excellent. There is to be a positive retrenchment in the expenditure. Every claimant upon the grants is, by a stern necessity, to yield a considerable amount in order that the burden may not be increased. When, say, 300 families on domestic missions are to have a less amount than former years, by sixty dollars, it means that from that source alone the Society's expenditure is to be reduced by \$18000, from the income of those who will spare it. The intention is to show, a year hence, a balance sheet with \$18,000 less debt than at present. If 300 poor ministers are to relinquish \$60 each, surely there are 300 persons in the Dominion, with sufficient ability and will, to provide the sum we have mentioned—to give each \$30 from the abundance of their great mercies. Times are pressing, it is true; but the act of giving will therefore be the more beautiful and Christian.

We cannot close without commending our deficient claimants to the generosity and prayers of their people. It rests with them to do much that this pressure may be borne onward toward the day of more cheer and prosperity. They who are ministered to, have it in their power, generally, to help in many ways. There is abundance in the agricultural districts. Food never was more plentiful. Providence has preserved to us this wonderful mercy:—amid falling fortunes, and some severity of affliction by diseases of different forms, our barns and cellars are full, and we have every abundance of

To our brethren more favoured, we would express a word of suggestion. No class of men are more generous, or more prompt in their generosity, than Methodist ministers, when they have a genuine case, and a dollar to spare. Let it be felt that a brother striving to serve God under difficulties can find sympathy—practical sympathy—where he has most cause to expect it, at home and among those who profess to have with them a community of interest.

RUMOURED RESIGNATION OF A VENERABLE METHODIST MISSIONARY.

An article is going the rounds of the press, professing to be copied from the Manchester Examiner, England, relative to the resignation of a Wesleyan Missionary, of some standing, in south-eastern Africa. The description (which we are not in a position as yet either to verify or dispute) represents Rev. William Impey as unwilling any longer to believe or teach the first question in our Catechism, which avers that "hell is a dark and bottomless pit," &c. It is possible a mistake may be made by persons who do not notice that the Missionary's objection is not so much against the doctrine of material fire and physical torture, which is a question in dispute even among evangelical Christians; but his aversion is to future punishment as a dogma, save in the sense of a limited and purifying process. The punishment itself he is willing to regard as eternal in some sense, but not that it consists "in the conscious and eternal agony or suffering of a living soul." His creed is restorationism, pure and simple, and his faith quite in harmony with that of the majority of Universalists, Unitarians, and of Roman Catholics to a certain extent.

What will astonish a sensible reader is the plea professedly made by this Missionary for continuance in the Methodist Church, notwithstanding he is diametrically in opposition to some of its cardinal truths. Any one taking but a superficial glance at his attitude might protest against a church, assuming a liberal and generous disposition, yet refusing to meet half way the venerable and faithful minister who says, "If the Discipline of the Connexion allows me liberty of thought here, well and good." Why not permit him, now 60 years of age, to finish his course quietly among the Caffers? It is said he came to London, at the request of the secretaries, but returned after resigning his office as general superintendent of the Missions in that locality where he had been labouring. This indicates that an effort had been made to keep the Missionary to the strict line of fairness and integrity. It is surely time that all knew how far the Methodist Church will, or will not, permit serious deviations from her standards. It is rarely, we are thankful to say, that instances of this kind occur within our communion; and where the result is one of honest, intelligent conviction, we can sincerely respect the right of men to judge for themselves. But to those who reach the conclusion that the standards of Methodism are false, and yet desire to remain within its pale, living upon its bounty but teaching other doctrines—for these we have no reverence—anything but that. It ought not to require a journey to London, or the lapse of a single week, to satisfy a man of common sense whether he can remain within a Church whose principles he has renounced—to decide whether he is a Methodist or a Universalist. This changing of ground quietly, and making a profession of new faith only when he is compelled to do so—this method of awaiting the favourable moment for proclaiming oneself a martyr and a being of superior intellect in one breath, is a little too contemptible to awaken much sympathy in our day.

PORTLAND NEW METHODIST CHURCH. This enterprise is reaching completion. The pastor, Rev. S. T. Teed, deserves great praise. He has lived, next to the purpose of comforting and directing his people in their distress, for the one object of restoring the house of God. For this he has talked, prayed and labored. Says the "Telegraph":

THE METHODIST CHURCH, built in 1841,—in which the people of Portland gloried,—also fell a prey to the flames; together with the old Temperance Hall, on the corner of High and Simonds streets. However, the church has risen from the ruins, and now shows instead of a wooden building, a massive stone structure reared on the site of the former one.

With indomitable zeal and perseverance the people of Portland have laboured to rebuild their homes, and the results are certainly gratifying. Out of 97 dwellings destroyed, there are now erected and tenanted sixty-eight buildings; in most cases of superior design and finish. The improvements in the buildings are of the most modern, and larger structures are now reared on the site of the old story-and-a-half and two-story ones. The people of Portland are to be congratulated for their thrift and energy in rebuilding. Main street, from Acadia to Portland, shows a fine row of brick and brick-faced three-story houses—all accounted—with stores finished in all the latest de-

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The name of Edison has often appeared in our columns. His inventions of the phonograph have not ceased to be talked of as modern wonders, when the world is astonished by a discovery likely to become of far more practical value than the writing and repeating machine alluded to. One of the serious natural disadvantages every where in social and commercial life is the darkness which, while it is a blessing in one way, confines the free use of human skill and energy to the short days of winter, excepting where a cheap light provides the facilities of occupation. In latter times gas has been an excellent substitute for sunlight; but gas companies have proved often sore monopolists, regulating the quality of their light and the scale of charges pretty much as they pleased. Edison's invention, which will bring them to reason, is thus described:—

Edison has successfully divided the electric light and made it, for illuminating purposes, as far superior to gas as gas is to the tallow candle of the past. His marvelous invention gives a mild, soft, yet brilliant light, pleasing to the eye, clear, steady, and without bluish. Those who have seen the invention pronounce it wonderful. Mr. Edison himself speaks but little on the subject, but he is almost constantly at work on it. Early morning sees him in the laboratory, and it is after midnight when he leaves.

THE PROPOSED SYSTEM.

A reporter learned the system proposed to be adopted after the patents are all granted. First the Professor will light up all the houses in Monticello Park, New York, gratis, and from his laboratory watch the light progress from night to night. When all is in readiness for general introduction central stations will probably be established throughout New York city, each station controlling a territory of perhaps a radius of half a mile. In the central stations will be the magneto-electric generating machine run by engines. Wires will then be run in iron pipes under ground, and the manner of gas-pipes, connecting with dwellings, stores, theatres, and other places to be lighted. The gas fixtures at present used, instead of being removed, will be utilized as can be seen in the place of the burner will be the invention, and meters will be used to register the quantity of electricity consumed. Their form is not yet determined upon. The light is to be of the battery, fifteen candle power character. To light it a little spring is touched, and instantly the electricity does its work. The amount of light can be regulated in the same way as can that from gas. The light is to be of the battery, fifteen candle power character. To light it a little spring is touched, and instantly the electricity does its work. The amount of light can be regulated in the same way as can that from gas. The light is to be of the battery, fifteen candle power character. To light it a little spring is touched, and instantly the electricity does its work. The amount of light can be regulated in the same way as can that from gas.

THE SIMPLEST OF ALL. "Of all the things that we have discovered this is about the simplest," continued Mr. Edison, "and the public will say so when it is explained. We have got it pretty well advanced now, but there are some few improvements I have in my mind. You see it's got to be so fixed that it can't get out of order. Suppose where one light only is employed, it goes out of order once a year, whereas two were used it would get out of order twice a year, and where a thousand were used you can see there would be much trouble in looking after them. Therefore when the light leaves the laboratory I want it to be in such shape that it cannot get out of order at all, except, of course, by some accident."

A DEMURRER.

The Moncton "Times," while scolding the general intent of our article on "Sleeping in Church," objects from a journalistic, perhaps political, standpoint, to some of our conclusions. We quote:—"But really we think the WESLEYAN has rather over-estimated the 'evil' of church-slumbering. That men—we will not say women—do sometimes take a little nap during an evening service while the preacher is holding forth on some theme that should be, if it is not, intensely interesting, cannot be denied. But that men and women, as the WESLEYAN puts it, 'in the broad mid-day of a glorious Sabbath, go to sleep during the preacher's discourse, is a little too far-fetched; instances of this are very rare, in fact. As far as our experience goes, we believe that persons who are of a sleepy turn, stay at home while the 'broad mid-day' of a glorious Sabbath is on hand, and sleep it out, rather than make an exhibition of themselves in a church building, with their Sunday clothes on."

We have underlined where it may be supposed the emphasis in the above remarks ought to rest. Quite as much is admitted here as we had any idea of maintaining. The habit exists. Of the other, the more sinful habit (staying at home to sleep it out),—the more sinful if sleep be superinduced by stretching out the working hours of Saturday—we ventured to say nothing, because we had no evidence to guide us. Perhaps we may find time, however, to write another chapter, with the new proof here presented in our possession, establishing the fact, from a journalist's own experience, that the Sabbath is dozed off in the privacy of home by some distinguished men. This habit of "sleeping it out" in private is one reason, we suppose, why some men are never "caught napping" in public.

METHODIST AND PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

Rev. Thomas Duncan, in a history of the Presbyterian Kirk in Charlottetown, published last week in the "Patriot," gives this interesting item. Thus proceeds the blending of the Celt with the Saxon—the happy union of Knox and Wesley.

In the autumn of 1880, in the spring of the year following, the Rev. Mr. McIntosh took charge of the congregation. He was an eloquent man, and his pastorate was confined to three years. From Charlottetown he went to Halifax, N. S., and was one of the first teachers in Dalhousie. He died some years ago in London, England. Towards 1840, the Rev. Angus McIntyre succeeded him, being a Gaelic scholar of some eminence. Shortly after the disruption he returned home, securing a parish of Kintloch Spevie, which he still holds. He has translated into Gaelic some valued religious literature. His daughter is Mrs. Berrie, wife of our beloved Methodist brother, the Rev. Mr. Berrie of Messers Harbor.

EDIT

By a time late W. L. Circuit Church to the extent of \$500 are to Street Church of the burden rem make a brave would doubt Brunswick headway wi on the pa Their enter really both

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WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

OCTOBER 1878.

First Quarter, 3 day, 2h, 46m, Morning. Full Moon, 11 day, 4h, 40m, Morning. Last Quarter, 19 day, 2h, 55m, Morning. New Moon, 25 day, 6h, 44m, Afternoon.

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

THE TIDES.—The course of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwall, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

STRENGTH GAINED BY SELF-DENIAL.

"Mamma, can I have five cents?" "I gave you some money only a few days ago, Harry. You know mamma hasn't much money, my boy; can't you do without it?"

Harry looked at the dear face, and for the first time noticed how thin it was growing, and manly little fellow that he was, resolved not to let mamma be worried on his account.

"All right mother; I don't really need the money—never you worry. I can use my short slate-pencil awhile longer, and I only wanted to get candy with the other three cents."

Mrs. Dunn laid her work down and drew her boy on her lap. It was an understood thing between the boy and his mother that when they were alone he could be petted as little five-year-old Jim or the baby; and so he was very willing to cuddle down and rest his cheek against his mother's face.

"Harry dear," she said, "you are very fond of candy."

"So are you, mother dear."

"That's true, but I don't buy some every time I feel as if I would enjoy it. I think I never buy candy for myself."

Harry felt a little twinge of shame as he remembered the cocoanut balls he had eaten at recess yesterday. "I'll go halves with you next time," he whispered penitently.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that; but I want my boys to learn to say 'no' to their appetites and desires. The boy that can't pass a candy store—if he happens to catch sight of his favorite confectionery—will, most probably, if he has any craving for stimulants when he grows up, be unable to pass the liquor store. Now, Harry dear, I have wanted to talk to you about this, but I have been waiting until you are old enough to understand me. You know how careful Aunt Kate is of Phil; how, though she tries to toughen him, yet if he gets his feet wet, or is exposed to the slightest damp air, she takes the greatest pains that he shall not suffer any evil effects. Then, though he is as old as you, she still bathes him herself every night and morning, rubbing him with coarse towels and in every way trying to strengthen him. Why does she do all this?"

"You know, mamma, Phil's father—uncle Philip—has consumption, and they are very anxious Phil should not inherit."

"Yes, but Uncle Philip is alive; he goes to business."

"Oh, I know he does; but he isn't half as strong as he'd like to be; he coughs awfully and is sick half the time. I'm glad there is no consumption among us."

"Oh, Harry, there's a worse disease in this family, to fight which you will need all the strength you can gain now, while you are young."

Harry looked at his mother's face in surprise. Surely she was not in earnest! but never had she been more serious.

strength, and it is that you must try to cultivate. It is for this reason that I do not like to see you yield to every little desire. Teach yourself, my boy, to say no to your fancies. Teach yourself self-restraint and self-denial, and your moral nature will grow firm and strong. But it is nearly school-time, and my work, too, is waiting. Think of what I have said. Good-bye, and God bless you."

The boy went off with a very sober face. Was it true that there was danger of his liking strong drink? Why, mother must have meant that there was danger of his being a drunkard. Well, if giving up candy would keep him from that, he would taste no more candy.

That noon his cousin Phil joined him. The very sight of the boy reminded Harry of what his mother had said, and he felt a new sympathy for him—they were both in danger and must strengthen themselves.

"Here, Harry, father sent this to you. He said he hadn't tipped you in some time," and Phil handed his cousin a twenty-five cent piece.

"Oh thank you. Tell Uncle Philip I am so much obliged. I say, let us run over to the cake shop and get a cream cake apiece."

"No, thank you. Mother says it will never do for me to eat cakes. I haven't a great appetite and must eat nourishing food."

Harry turned away with a start—he had forgotten so soon! If it had not been for Phil he would probably have eaten three or four cream cakes! After school Harry was fairly frightened to find how something seemed to be pulling him into the cake and candy store. At last he started running, and never stopped until he reached his mother's room, and tossing his silver piece into her lap, he said:

"There, mother, keep that, and don't let me handle a cent until I can resist. Why, do you know, I could hardly get here—I wanted to spend that money so, for candy. Uncle Philip sent it to me."

"I want you to grow strong, my boy, you must keep the money and steadily refuse temptations. Candy is not like liquor; it is good at certain times, and liquor never is; but it is the habit of self-indulgence that you must break. Let me buy you candy when I think it will be good for you, and break yourself off the habit of spending money for your own gratification." This was the beginning of Harry's fight with his moral weakness. How weak he was he had never suspected until he had failed again and again. After many failures he went humbly to God and asked His help. It was a good fight, and being Christ's faithful servant and soldier, Harry won the victory. Years after, when his friends wondered at his firmness and moral strength, he always said, "I have my mother to thank for it all—she warned me of my weakness, and taught me how to grow strong."—Our Union.

"I was real good of you to wait for me, mamma. Brother John's pond is splendid, and we have had such a jolly time sailing our boats!" and Ned Howard put his ship carefully down on the gravel walk, then fell on his knees beside it, little thinking of the white pantaloons over which poor Bridget had wasted so many sighs while ironing.

"Now, sister, ain't she a reg-ular beauty? Honor bright! she is the prettiest craft in town!" and Ned put his head on one side, and for the space of one minute was lost in admiration of his treasure.

Then, looking up, he said, "Papa, could you stop reading for a few moments and tell me something? I might forget, you know."

"Certainly, my boy!" replied Mr. Howard, closing his book. "Is it a question in Greek or Latin? and a smile flitted over his face."

"No sir; deeper than that," Ned answered. "You see, in the first place, we were having a high time down at the pond, and my 'Lucy' beat Ned Thornton's 'Jane' all to bits," and Ned's eye sparkled with the memory of his victory.

"Just as I had wound up all my string, one end of which was fastened to 'Lucy's' bow, Mr. Thornton came along and looked at 'Lucy' and said, 'Well Ned, my boy, I hope all your ships at sea may come in as safely, but we have to wait until we cross the river before we see many of them.' Then he told of the fun he used to have when a boy. I declare he is a minister I like; he is always so kind, and with a pleasant word for boys. What he says sticks, I tell you!" and in Ned's energetic admiration for Mr. Thornton, he gave the 'Lucy' an affectionate slap which endangered her beauty. "But what did Mr. Thornton mean by that about 'ships at sea'?"

"Mr. Thornton was right, Ned. His idea was that we seldom see our ships in this life, though we send many out from port."

"But how, papa?" and Ned's face wore a puzzled expression.

"We all send different cargoes," his father replied. "Some men's ships are laden with ambition, pride, the love of money, envy or hatred; these have black

sails. As life draws near to an end, we can easily distinguish them from the pure white sails of love, charity, faith and patience, with the motto: 'With God's help,' for the watchword. A kind word to some poor boy, or even a bone to a starved dog, is a tiny craft which goes forth sailing into the great unknown, and may some day come back as a long forgotten sail came into my harbor a few days since."

"You remember my saying I feared I must have a lawsuit with a Mr. Jones about some California land? Last Thursday Mr. Jones came to show me his deeds. His face seemed very familiar, but I thought it must be a resemblance to some one I had known. Mr. Jones looked at me a moment, and then coming forward said very cordially, 'This must be Mr. Howard. I can never forget you, for you once saved my honor when I was a boy in your father's office.'"

"Then it came back to me, like a long forgotten dream, of a bright office boy for whom I had once done something, but what I could not remember. So I said, 'O yes, I know you; but as to the favor, the long years since then must be my excuse for forgetting.'"

"Ah! it was a small matter to you, but the turning point in my life, for it made me trust that there was real kindness in the world, and that a rich man's son could take the part of a poor boy and fight manfully for him."

"I replied, my curiosity fully aroused, 'Come! this is hardly fair: you must tell me what I did.'"

"Do you remember John Haskins?" he answered.

"Indeed I do, and a great rascal he turned out. By the way Jones did you not have some trouble with him?" I said, for just at that moment the two seemed connected in my mind.

"Now you have the missing link, Mr. Howard. Yes; John Haskins accused me of stealing, and when on clear evidence your father discharged me, you begged I might remain a few days for further proof."

"Ah! I remember, I laughed. 'That was my first case. I cleared you and convicted Haskins. How proud I was when my father said, 'Ralph, my boy, persevere; I have great hope of you!'"

"No more proud than when I went home to my sick mother, whom I supported, and told her I still held my position, and that my honesty was clear. That was a happy day," Mr. Jones said his voice trembling.

"And where have you been all these years? Has fortune favoured you?" "Yes; beyond my largest hopes," he answered. "After my mother's death I went to her brother in California. I got on well, and at my uncle's death inherited his property. These papers which prove your title to your land there, I received from him," and handing me a small package, he added, "It gives me pleasure to pass them over to you in memory of your first case."

"I thanked him; and he dined with us this evening, when he will tell you in his own way of my 'ship at sea.'"

DOMESTIC.

COOKING MEATS.

Bread and meat should be among the simplest and least difficult articles of food to cook, but for lack of care or through unpardonable ignorance they are the most frequently spoiled. For the present we only propose to speak of meats.

Where there are no reasons for stringent economy and the choicest pieces are selected, there is no excuse if they are not so cooked as to give the highest gratification. For those who are compelled to choose the cheapest, not the best, there are many ways by which a little skill and a fair amount of good common sense can make even the poorer portions quite satisfactory. Indeed, sometimes the cheapest cuts give more pleasure than the choicest joints that wealth provides, because the one is daintily dressed and finely seasoned, carefully cooked to a turn, and its plebeian origin skillfully covered by a good farmer's sensible wife, and the other ruined by the reckless carelessness of an expensive cook whom no one dare censure or direct.

Attention to the art of seasoning, a fair knowledge of the modes of making tough beef tender, nutritious and palatable, are important items in domestic education. Many house-keepers are very careless in giving their directions or in their own use of seasoning, and thus often spoil what might have been delicious. We say "careless," but too often it is the result of ignorance. The injudicious use of salt, pepper and herbs has ruined many a meal that should have been most excellent, and added the tortures of dyspepsia, the usual penalty for such ignorance or misuse of seasoning.

It is a common practice of cooks, and often of those who are called good housekeepers, to sprinkle salt over meat when just ready to put over the fire. Now, to salt any meat before it is well heated through—or, better still, half cooked—will injure very materially the best ever sold in market, and certainly quite spoil a poor article, no matter whether it is steak, roast or stew. It

will harden the fibres, toughen the meat all through, extract the best part of the juice, make it very injurious to the stomach, and give no pleasure to the palate.

If a housekeeper thinks she can explain to her cook the effect this mode of seasoning will have on health and comfort and then feel that her part of the care is over, she will make a great mistake. Unless a proper supervision is steadily practiced she will soon learn that explanations, or even strict injunctions, are usually disregarded. The salt will still be thrown over the meat before it is at all cooked—perhaps because the girl wants it "off her mind"—and, as the result, a poor, indigestible mess of meat is set before the family. Should any one venture to complain, the mistress has any number of excuses at her tongue's end. Upon the butcher, or cook, or both untended, is thrown the whole burden of blame. But, in truth, the chief fault rests with the house-keeper; for with her alone lies the whole responsibility. It is her own business to see that her instructions receive respectful attention, and that her orders are promptly and scrupulously obeyed. Simply to give the order is of little avail. One failure should suffice to teach the mistress that her careful supervision will have more effect than a hundred messages through the speaking-tube or verbal directions.

It is difficult to press upon cooks, or careless, incompetent housekeepers, the simple rule that salt should not be used in seasoning meat or poultry until partly cooked, and on the country, that pepper and herbs, if used, should be added at an earlier stage; because all such seasonings release the best part of their flavor more readily by the action of heat, though not at so intense a degree as to evaporate and thus lose the most delicate part of their flavor.

Rapid cooking and intense heat are as injurious to the meats as the seasoning. Long, gentle cooking—simmering—is best for even the choicest meats, except in broiling. Pepper, spices, herbs, if used, penetrate all through the meat when cooked slowly; but the best flavors evaporate under rapid cooking. A poor, cheap, tough piece of meat is hardly eatable, certainly not digestible, unless these precautions are strictly observed; but it can be made wholesome and delicious if they are properly understood and remembered. The French understand the power of slow cooking to preserve all fine flavors. If they had not such a great fondness for garlic their would be the perfection of meat cooking.

OSTER SAUCE, WHITE. Blanch fifty oysters in their liquor, then reduce it with half pint of veal broth, until nearly all is evaporated, then add to it one pint of milk, simmer a few minutes, skim it clean and add a leason of four yolks of eggs; pass through the tamis into a bain-marie; just before serving add the oysters, washed in warm water, a pinch of cayenne and mace and juice of half a lemon.

OSTER SAUCE, BROWN. Proceed as directed for oyster sauce, white, substituting beef broth for veal broth and milk.

HAUNCH OF MUTTON A L'ANGLAISE. Dress a well-hung haunch of mutton on a spit; set it close to the fire for twenty minutes to form a crust over the entire surface, when, set it back and cover with a buttered paper, baste at first with salted water, afterwards very often with the drippings, roast it thus twenty minutes to the pound, remove the paper, dredge flour over, baste twice, dress it on its dish, ornament with a frill and three silver skewers, add enough stock to the gravy, boil, skim and strain, pour over the remove and send to table.

IRISH STEW. Prepare two pound of mutton cutlets, and lay them in the bottom of a stewpan with a bouquet of parsley, thyme, a blade of mace, white pepper and salt, with a quart of cold water; simmer slowly, skimming often for twenty minutes, when add two dozen onions of equal size, previously cooked in stock, and two dozen small potatoes trimmed quite round to match the size of the onions; continue the simmering until the potatoes are cooked tender, when instantly remove, dress the cutlets in close circular order, with the onions and potatoes in the centre, add to the braise enough white roux to thicken it, strain, and if seasoned correctly pour over the stew, sprinkle over the whole two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley and serve.

Schutzenberger has announced the discovery of an allotropic condition of metallic copper, obtained by electrolysis of a solution of about ten per cent of copper acetate, previously boiled, with two Bunsen or three Daniell cells, the negative platinum plate being placed parallel to the larger positive copper electrode, and three or four centimeters from it. The allotropic copper is then deposited on the platinum as a brittle metal in rugose plates of an aspect resembling bronze. Its specific gravity is from 8.0 to 8.2, that of ordinary copper being 8.8. The moist plates quickly oxidize on the surface in ordinary air. Allotropic copper is changed to ordinary copper by heat or by prolonged contact with diluted sulphuric acid.

The Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on its passage round the world.—Pueblo (Col.) People.

IN MEMORY.

[This poem, second to Shelly's "Cloud" in beauty and sweetness of expression and rhythm, provoked the remark from the gifted and lamented Prentice that "one could almost wish to die if he knew such a beautiful tribute would be written to his memory."]

On the bosom of the river, Where the sun unloosed its quiver, And the starlight gleamed forever, Sailed a vessel light and free. Morning dew-drops hung like manna On the bright folds of her banner, And the zephyrs rose to fan her Softly to the radiant sea.

At the prow a pilot beaming In the flush of youth stood dreaming, And he was in glorious seeming, Like an angel from above. Through his hair the soft breeze sported, And as on the wave he floated, Oft that pilot angel-throated, Warbled lays of home and love.

Through those leaves so brightly flowing, Buds of laurel bloom were blowing, And his hands upon were throwing Music from a lyre of gold. Swiftly down the stream he glided Soft the purple wave divided, And a rainbow's arch abided On its canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts with fond devotion Watched him sailing to the ocean— Pinned that ever wild commotion 'Midst the elements would cease. And he seemed some young Apollo, Charming summer winds to follow, While the water-flags' corolla Trembled on his moustache's tips.

But those purple waves enchanted, Rolloped beside a city haunted By an awful spell that danted Every corner to the shore. Nightshade rank the air encumbered, And pale marble statues numbered Where the lotus-eaters slumbered, And wake to life no more.

Then there rush'd with lightning quickness O'er this face a mortal sickness, And the dew in fearful thickess Gathered o'er his temple fur; And there swept a dying murmur Through the lovely Southern summer, As the beautiful pilot corner Perished at that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river, And the sun unbinds his quiver, And the starlight streams forever, On the bosom as before. But that vessel's rainbow banner Greets no more the gay savanna, And that pilot's late drops manna On the purple waves no more.

OBITUARY.

HANNAH SWAINE.

wife of Capt. Chapman Swaine, died on the 25th ult., at North East Harbor, aged 59 years. During the whole of sister Swaine's last illness she manifested a firm assurance in her Redeemer, being by grace divine enabled to glorify God in the furnace of affliction. Having an impression from the first day of her illness that she would not recover, she was always averse to praying for her recovery. Using the apostle's words, she said, I would rather depart that I may be with Christ which is far better. Shortly before her death I asked her concerning her conversion, and her countenance brightened as she informed me, that about the age of eighteen under the preaching of the late Bro. Webb she was convinced of sin and led to seek an interest in the atoning blood of the Lamb. During the great revival on the circuit under the ministry of Bro. McMurray, she came out again and professed to find peace with God. But when Bro. Spangale conducted special services here, afraid that she might be deceived or resting on some false hope, she went forward to the altar and asked the Lord to reveal himself more fully to her; then she received the full witness of the Spirit, and to the end of her life remained in full enjoyment of religion. Sister Swaine was always ready to lend a helping hand in what ever would further the interests of her Master's kingdom, and with her husband took a very active part in building our church and parsonage. In faith as well as in works she was abundant. Many will remember her heart stirring prayers in the house of God, and even at the point of death she evinced an anxiety for the spiritual welfare of others by requesting that her funeral sermon should be preached from the words, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." Her end was peace and though dead she yet speaketh.

N. E. H. J. S.

A CHILD'S OPINION—A FACT.

STANLEY had recovered from a very serious illness, brought on by too close application to his books, in his earliest endeavors to outstrip his little school-mates in the race after knowledge.

His little brother, Percy, a youth of three summers, as was quite natural, held a very high opinion of the medicine (Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime) that had produced such gratifying results,—but, at the same time had a very warm affection for it on his own private account. After having enjoyed sundry "refreshers" from the nearly empty bottles, which by common consent had descended to him, he critically holds it up between his eye and the light, and with the air of a "Chief Justice," remarks:—"Mamma, I like 'nat better 'n lobster."

Little Percy's just appreciation is a very general one among the children who have once taken the Emulsion, and mothers would have less cause for anxiety on account of the ceaseless drains upon the too frail constitutions of their fast-growing little ones did they but fully estimate the marvellous strengthening and vivifying properties of this medicine and its adaptability to the wants of GROWING STRUCTURES. Try it!

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