

Our Home Circle.

OUR HERITAGE.

BY MRS. A. N. SNOW.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is far off."
Where is the land to which we pilgrims hasten?
Where are the bounds that separate from this?
Somewhere, we know, earth's gloomy shadows lessen;
In some unclouded clime is purest bliss.

We ask the question, but in vain we listen;
No answer comes; the heavens their silence keep;
The stars in never-broken stillness glisten,
The waves of ocean madly foam and leap.

But nature all is dumb; save the immortals
Who tread the land of which we sing and dream,
None know where rise the mystic, pearly portals;
We fail to catch their distant glint and gleam.

But we shall see it; oh, the grand revealing,
When, with these eyes, that country we behold!
To wounded hearts, 'twill bring a blessed healing,
Eternal youth to whom the world call old.

"The land that is far off," Isaiah's vision
Did not bring nigh the home for which we long;
But faith sees even here the shores elysian,
And hears the echo of the heavenly song.

Yet the full burst of glory waits us yonder;
Our ravished ears shall hear the chorus grand
When through the New Jerusalem we wander,
All up and down the prophet's "far-off" land.

THE MAJOR'S CIGAR.

"How are you, Quartermaster?"
"Well, Major, is that you? How are you?"

We met at a railway junction, and, if he had not spoken first, I should not have recognized my Virginia comrade of '61. It was not merely the disguise of silk hat and shaven cheeks, but, as I told him, after we had chatted a little about each other's ups and downs since the war—I was sure this was the first time I ever saw him away from a table, without a cigar in his mouth.

"Haven't smoked for five years," was his reply. "I'm down on tobacco as thoroughly as you ever were."

"Good! Tell me about it."
We locked arms and sauntered up and down the platform. Dropping the dialogue, this was in substance his story:

"It wasn't a sudden conversion. I never was quite so easy in mind over the habit—when you used to hear men about it—as I pretended to be. Intended, all the time to taper off when I got home from the army, and not smoke so much. And I did. Smoked less in three weeks than I used to in one. But one summer I went off on some business for our company, which kept me up in the mountains, among the charcoal-burners, three days longer than I expected. I got out of cigars, and could not get any for love or money. In forty-eight hours I was more uncomfortable and unstrung than I ever was before in all my life. I actually borrowed an old Irishman's filthy clay pipe and tried to smoke it. I thought of that miserable summer which we spent crawling about the trenches in Virginia, and I wished I was there again with a cigar in my mouth! Then I began to realize what a shameful bondage I was in to a mere self-indulgence—I—a fellow who secretly prided himself on his self-control, and nerve and manliness; who never flinched at hard fare or rough weather—a downright slave to a bad habit, unnerved and actually unfit for business for lack of a cigar! It made me mad at myself; I despised myself for my pusillanimity.

"Going into the matter a little further, I found that the money I had spent for cigars in a dozen years would have paid for my house and furnished it; would have met all the bills for my wife's little summer trip to Europe with me, which has been her one air-castle so long. I saw that I had actually smoked away more money than I had laid out for our library, our periodicals, and our intellectual culture generally. Cigars had cost me nearly twice as much as I had given to church work, missions and charity. My conscience rose up at the record. I knew I could not plead any equivalent for the outlay. It had not fed me, it had not strengthened me; it had simply drugged me. Every cigar had made the next cigar a little more necessary to my comfort. To use the mildest word, it had been a useless expenditure.

"My detention up there in the mountains was calculated to open my eyes to my domestic short comings, and I saw as I never had before, how selfishly unsocial tobacco had made me at home. I smoked before I was married, and my wife never entered any protest against my cigars afterward. But our first baby was a nervous thing, and the doctor told me it would not do for it to breathe

tobacco smoke. So I got in the way of shutting myself up in the library evenings, and after every meal, to enjoy my cigars. As I look at it now, nothing is more absurd than to call it a social habit. It's a poor pretense of sociability where a man is simply intent on his own enjoyment. My wife owns up, now that my tobacco-saturated breath and tobacco-saturated clothing were always more or less a trial to her. The satisfaction it has given her to be rid of a tobacco atmosphere, and the thought of my contemptibly selfish indifference to her comfort all these years, have humbled me I tell you. And I wouldn't exchange my own daily satisfaction now-a-days in being a cleaner man—inside and outside—for the delight that anybody gets out of his cigars.

"I didn't need to go out of my own doors to find reasons enough for giving up the habit, but I think I found still stronger ones, after all, when I went away from home. The more I thought about the harm tobacco does in the community at large, the more I felt that it was time for me to stop giving it the moral support of my example. I don't take as much stock as some folks do in the terrible effects of tobacco stories. It depends a good deal on what sort of grandfathers a man had—whether they bequeathed to him the temperament of an ox or a race-horse, the constitution of a bull-dog or a little tan-terrier. The doctors differ on this matter, and the evidence is strong enough to convict on the other counts of the indictment anyhow. I know I smoked too much, and that my nervous system is the worse for it. And I think that the people who are likely to be hurt most by it are just the ones who are most likely to smoke excessively. And then I've noticed that the medical men who stand up for tobacco are always men who use it, and are liable to the suspicion of straining a point in justification of their own self-indulgence.

"On one point, though I believe the authorities agree. No one denies that it is a damaging indulgence for boys. It means a good deal when smoking is forbidden to the pupils in the polytechnic schools in Germany, purely on hygienic grounds. The governments of these smoking nations are not likely to be notional on that matter. But the use of tobacco by our American boys and young men is excessive and alarming. We ought to save our rising generation for better work than they can do if tobacco saps the strength of their growing years, and makes the descent easier, as no doubt it often does, to worse vices. I don't know how to forgive myself for the temptation I set before my Sunday-school class of bright boys, year after year, by my smoking habits. I always hoped they didn't know that I smoked, but of course they did. It isn't in the family either that the selfishness of the habit is most apparent. I don't believe, other things being equal, there is any other class of men who show such a disregard in public for other people's comfort as tobacco users do. I don't mean the chowers who spit in country churches and leave their filthy puddles on car floors. They're hogs. A man would be considered a rowdy or a boor who should wilfully spatter mud on the clothing of a lady as she passed him on the sidewalk. But a lady to whom tobacco fumes are more offensive than mud can hardly walk the streets, in these days, but that men who call themselves gentlemen—and who are gentlemen in most other respects—blow their cigar smoke into her face at almost every step. Smokers drive non-smokers out of the gentlemen's cabins on the ferry boats, and the gentlemen's waiting-rooms in railway stations, monopolizing these public rooms as if they only had rights in them. I can't explain such phenomena except on the theory that tobacco begets the moral sense and makes men specially selfish. Take the people of Germany for instance. No other Western people are such smokers, and no others are so boorish in their behaviour, especially toward women. I don't insist that one fact explains the other; but I have my suspicions."

The major's train pulled in just then, and as he took my hand to say good-by, his smoking-car drew his parting shot: "See there! Did you ever reflect how the tobacco habit levies its taxes on everybody? The railway company furnishes an extra seat to every smoker, which, in the nature of the case, must be paid for by an extra charge on the tickets of all the passengers. What a rumpus it would raise if the Legislature should attempt to furnish luxuries to any special class at public cost, in this way. How we'd vote 'em down. I vote against this thing by throwing away my cigar!" —S. S. Times.

THEOLOGY IN A SHIPYARD.

"At high water to-morrow we launch her," said the carpenter-section to me, as he was shutting the vestry after meeting.

I wanted to see that launch. On time I was there. Around and over the stately hull there was time to stroll. The clatter of a hundred beetles and mallets, the racket of braces, "shores" knocked away, and cries of the carpenters, kept the ears busy. I sat down on a log alongside, to watch and wait. After a while she—the ship—seemed to "set eyes, on me" and answer my steady gaze. I heard:

"You, sir, on that log yonder, you are a minister, are you? Now if you'll mind it, I can show you some theology here that will help you pray and preach better than some of you commonly do."

It was easy enough to believe that; so I said, "Come on, speak out."

"Now," said the ship, "I'm a kind of system of theology in nature and condition."

"Theology, and a system of it! I should like to see how," said I. Whereupon, grave as a professor, it spake thus: "By nature I'm of the dry land: sprang from its each timber in me grew there; each bit and spike was mined there. All parts of me are of the earth, and so earthy. That's my natural state—you've heard that phrase? Now I'm a ship, made of parts and powers, and worth forty times what the stock in me by nature is worth, if only I can change myself out of this, my natural state. I'm a dead loss, utterly useless as to the end for which I was made, unless I quit this 'natural state'—that is, get into this sea before us. There I shall come under new laws of life, motion, service and destiny—i. e. live a wholly new kind of life."

Did I see it?—I thought I did. "You preachers call such a change in a man conversion, and say men are lost if not so changed—converted. Now this launching of me is like your conversion, said the ship. "In a moment I'm by it in a new world; under new laws—conditions of existence; in new uses and work, and such as were not possible to me before; and mark—once in that new state, or off land, I never can get back again—except (sadly) as a ruined wreck!"

"That's very like some of our preaching," I said. "But it's a short work, and a hard one; and one in a moment, which is ready. You hear that racket of mauls and mallets all around under me 'driving up wedges' and knocking out the props?"

Indeed, I could not hear much else just then. "That's what you ministers have to do to get sinners who are vain and self-confident ready to rest on Christ. These props and shores I lean upon are just like the good works, good resolutions, and such like to which men stick so terribly."

And I thought the ship was right. —Lyman Whitting D. D.

THE PAINTER OF THE "ROLL CALL."

Elizabeth Thompson was born at Lausanne. Her mother is a lady highly endowed for art; her father was the friend of Charles Dickens and other eminent literary men. Her early years were divided between Italy and England—the winters spent in the sunshine of the South, the summers in the fields of Kent. Mr. Thompson devoted himself to the education of his two daughters, and attended to their physical as well as to their mental and artistic training. Elizabeth Thompson and her younger and gifted sister were taught to play cricket, and to be first-rate markswomen. The child who was to be the battle-painter of her day early showed the fascination exercised on her imagination by scenes of war. As the father read history to his little girls in the nursery, she scribbled representations of horses and soldiers fighting, flying, camping out. Some of these childishly drawn horses and figures—still carefully preserved—show action and vigor; the horses run and the soldiers fight.

At fifteen, Miss Thompson made a short stay in the South Kensington Schools of Art, but the weariness of copying outline designs overcame her; she left, and soon after received her first lessons in oil painting from Mr. Standish. Later on, she returned to the South Kensington Schools, no longer as an elementary student, but passing on at once to the life class. She also became a member of the Sketching Club. Fellow students still remember those spirited little pen-and-ink drawings of artillery and infantry in action, in flight, in repose, that used to be passed from hand to hand during the hour allowed at midday for luncheon and recreation. Meanwhile, Miss Thompson tried her luck with exhibitions. Her first water-

colors were rejected by the Society of British Artists, but the following year the Dudley Gallery hung a vigorous sketch, "Bavarian Artillery Going into Action."

At the age of twenty-two, Miss Thompson returned to Florence with her family. There she studied under the able guidance of Signor Balucchi. She divided her time between her master's studio and the cloisters of the churches, copying the incomparable frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolomeo. The following autumn saw the completion of her first subject picture, the "Visitation." Exhibited at Rome, it won an honorable mention. Sent up for exhibition at the Royal Academy, it was rejected by the council and returned to the artist with a hole through the sky. Miss Thompson's second picture, the following year, was again rejected; but this time it returned to her uninjured. The third year she was more successful: her picture, "Missings," was accepted. The scene represented a wide landscape, traversed by a soldier on horseback, leading home the sinking figure of a wounded and missing comrade. The picture was hung high; but it attracted the attention of those who look beyond the line. Critics also noticed about this time some spirited water-colors exhibited in various galleries.

Miss Thompson now received her first commission; it came from a gentleman in the north. The subject of the picture was left to the artist's choice. Miss Thompson chose the calling of the roll after an engagement in the Crimea. The theme had long haunted her imagination. She set to work upon it with ardor. The fate of this picture is a matter of history. When it came before the selecting committee, it was received with a round of cheers; then followed the royal speeches, the paean of applause from the press, the gathering crowd daily assembled before the canvas where a young girl told the story of thinned ranks and the tragedy of war. Finally, in the height of the season, came the removal of the picture to Windsor for the Queen's inspection. Her Majesty expressing a wish to possess it, the owner loyally ceded his claim.

During the hubbub of popularity Miss Thompson remained quietly at her work. The following year she exhibited "Quatre Bras," a picture which Mr. Ruskin admits, in his notes of that year's Academy, to have approached with "inimitable precision"; first, because the learned professor did not believe that any woman could paint, and then because he entirely distrusted the "fuss" made about it. Mr. Ruskin was convinced before "Quatre Bras." "This is Amazon work," he writes: "the first fine pre-Raphaelite battle picture we have had." The next year came "Balaklava," the return of a handful of men after the famous charge up the brow of a hill. It was painted with that fine sense of all the opportunities presented by a scene which is one of this artist's characteristics. In 1877 Miss Thompson married Major Butler. At the Academy of 1878 she was unrepresented. In the following year were shown two of her finest works, "Listed for the Connaught Rangers," "The Remnants of an Army." Mrs. Butler's pictures display a rare energy of dramatic imagination—a power of developing the scene she illustrates by well-chosen incidents. It is not only the soldierly episodes of war that attract her; but its human and pathetic passages. "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," painted for the Queen, was not finished in time for last year's Academy, but is now, we understand, at Windsor. In this rapid survey of Mrs. Butler's works, we must not omit her illustrations to her sister's poems, "Preludes," and to some of Mr. Thackeray's ballads.—The Queen.

SAVED BY A THOUGHT OF HIS MOTHER.

A distinguished public man of Indiana, lately deceased, was engaged at the time of his sudden death, in writing reminiscences of his early life. He was narrating to his daughter, who was writing from his dictation, the story of a terrible temptation which assailed him when quite a youth. By attention to business and correct deportment he had won the implicit confidence of all who knew him. This confidence was shown, when on one occasion—before the days of easy and rapid communication by means of railroad and telegraph—he was entrusted with \$22,000 to deliver in the then far distant Cincinnati. Day after day, on his long horseback journey, he guarded his treasure with the most scrupulous fidelity, without a thought of dishonesty. But he said: "There was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear. It

was the old tempter that sang in the ear of Eve. It was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio river, when approaching Lawrenceburg from the interior. The noble stream was the great artery of commerce at that day, before a railroad west of Massachusetts had been built. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight, covered with flatboats, with rafts, with gay painted steamers, ascending and descending, and transporting their passengers in brief time to all parts of the world. I had to but sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond the reach of pursuit. There were no telegraphs then flashing intelligence by an agency more subtle than steam, and far outrunning it; no extradition treaties requiring foreign governments to return the felon. The world was before me, and at the age of twenty-one, with feeble ties connecting me with those left behind, I was in possession of a fortune for those early days. I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant of my mind for a moment, and for a moment only. Bless God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer. And what, think you, gentle reader, were the associate thoughts that came to my rescue? Away over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles distant, in a humble farmhouse, on a bench, an aged mother reading to her boy from the oracles of God."

At this point his voice suddenly choked, his emotions overcame him, he said to his daughter, "We will finish this at another time"—laid his head back on his chair, and died almost instantly and without a groan.—From Womanhood, by R. Herbert Newton.

CONQUERED UNBELIEF.

Coming home from years of study abroad, a young man, one evening, in conversation with his only surviving parent, shocked him with a sneer against the religion of Christ. Not a word of reproach came from the lips of the grieved father. He took his little lamp and went to his chamber. All night that young skeptic heard the tramp of the feet of that sleepless sire, and the sound was a knell of sorrow, the cause of which he well knew. In the morning the father brought to his son the well-worn Bible of a sainted mother, and desired him to read and compare its teachings with his memories of her life. He read and found a tear-stained and deeply under-scored verse, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Conviction seized him. The beauty of her character, the patience, purity, and fidelity she had shown, were convincing evidences of the unspenkable superiority of Christian character over the hollow fruits of skepticism. He cast away the toils of the tempter, knelt and consecrated his life and his splendid talents to his Saviour, whose voice then and there seemed to say, "This is the way, walk in it."

The surest way, therefore, for us to conquer the unbelief about us is to live the faith we profess, and thus hasten the day of its grand coronation!

QUIETNESS.

I would be quiet, Lord,
Nor tease, nor fret;
Not one small need of mine
Wilt Thou forget.

I am not wise to know
What most I need;
I dare not cry too loud
Lest Thou shouldst heed:

Lest thou at length shouldst say,
"Child, have thy will;
As thou hast chosen, lo!
Thy cup I fill."

What I most crave, perchance
Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hands unmet
Keep pearls, or gold;

As we, when childish hands
Would play with fire,
Withheld the burning coal
Of their desire.

Yet choosest Thou for me—Thou
Who knowest best;
This one short prayer of mine
Holds all the rest.
—Sunday Afternoon.

Our Young Folks.

WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

"It is hardly worth while for you to go to Sabbath-school, Miriam," said Mrs. Osborn. "Its pouring, and you are not very well. I do not think many of your girls will be there."
"Mother dear," said Miriam, putting on her water-proof and thickest shoes, "if only one was to come I should think it worth while to go."
One eager face was waiting to smile a welcome when the teacher reached the school-room. Lucy Mills had as far to come as Miss Osborn, and had come on crutches, for

she was a cripple. She had been seeking her Saviour, and her path had been a clouded one, but now she had found him, and all was right. Her eyes sparkled, as putting her thin hands into her teacher's she said: "I was afraid you wouldn't come to-day, dear Miss Osborn. I wanted to tell you, first, I'm so happy—I've lost all my troubles now."
"Have you found your Saviour?" asked Miss Osborn.
"Yes," said Lucy, "and I'm so glad."

Miriam felt that it had been worth while to come.

ABOUT DUNCES.

It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can only do by hard study in the best years of his youth. But a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to his work.

That distinguished teacher, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, once spoke sharply to a dull boy. He replied:

"Why do you speak so angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can."

Dr. Arnold said he never so felt a rebuke in his life.

Sir Isaac Newton was a pronounced dunce in his early years, and is said to have had no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain. The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. He applied himself to study, and ere long stood in his class above the boy that kicked him, and ultimately became the first scholar in the school.

Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule. A school dame after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet—a thing which she deemed creditable to her school, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous. He made no progress in exact studies, but liked history and Latin poetry. He was a sore trial to his ambitious mother, who made fruitless efforts to quicken his wits by her sharp words.

His relatives, teachers and school-mates all told him he was a fool, which verdict he did not dispute, but took good-humouredly. Even when he had produced the "Traveler," an eminent critic said to a friend, "Sir, I do believe that Goldsmith wrote that poem; and that, let me tell you, is believing a great deal!"

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh, he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and in pursuing a study that he loved—for example, history or the classics—he was persevering and methodical. He was one of those whose knowledge on a subject that interested him increased, until it lay like a great volume upon his mind. When Walter Scott began to make use of that knowledge, society gave him another name, somewhat different from the Edinburgh appellation. It was the "Great Magician."

A certain Edinburgh professor once pronounced upon a student this severe opinion: "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain." That student was Sir Walter Scott. Hutton, the antiquarian, whose knowledge of books was deemed remarkable, was slow to learn when a boy. He was sent to school to a certain Mr. Mead. He thus tells his experience: "My master took occasion to beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair, but he could not beat any learning into it."

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be a "grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher as an "incorrigible" one! Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner settled it that the boy was a "fool." Teachers are apt to become impatient over dull scholars, and predict of them that they will never come to anything. Such unalloyed prophecy ought to discourage no scholar that tries to do well.

If a dull boy feels an inspiration stirring within to know something worthy in literature, science, or art, let him set his face as a flint towards his object; let him be patient, hopeful and self-reliant, unmoved by laughter, undiscouraged by evil prophecies.

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THE PERFECT LAW.

Agnes have passed since David, the Psalmist, gave to the world his intelligent persuasion and confident belief that "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." But a small part of the Bible, as we have it, was then in existence. The New Testament did not come into being till over a thousand years afterwards. Not one of the prophets, to whose writings we now turn with reverence and delight, had yet appeared. Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and even most of the Psalms, were still unwritten. Yet there was a revelation then, delivered from God, and acknowledged to be of supreme value to men. The Psalmist had before him the two manifestations of the Divine perfections and character, nature and inspired truth—the one awe-inspiring, by its magnificence and mystery; the other, instructing the mind, awakening the conscience and directing alike the human heart and conduct by its precepts,—and to this he gave the pre-eminence. "The heavens declare the glory of God," let man adore, be grateful and seek after Him, if haply he may find Him; but "the law of the Lord is perfect," disclosing what the seeker so awakened needs, and so "converting the soul."

In one respect, we are placed in the same circumstances as the Psalmist, in another,—in circumstances much superior to his. We also have nature to arouse us to the belief in God, and to the recognition of His perfections and claims. But we know nature better than those who have gone before us, and its teachings are proportionately more impressive. We, too, have revelation, the counterpart of nature; but revelation enlarged, completed and certified by the most indisputable attestations. "Perfect," as to the Psalmist it was, in its freedom from error, in its adaptation to the necessities of a fallen moral agent, and therefore in its intrinsic value, it is to us perfect in another sense; it is extended to the utmost of our real wants, it is finished, and it is therefore "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfected" (2 Tim. iii. 17. Margin), "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Such a revelation demands from us the greatest reverence and the most devout attention. In view of its character and claims, it is not to be supposed that there can be any well-earned, well-sustained piety, without the knowledge and the study of God's holy word. Times of prevailing wickedness have been times of ignorance in regard to revealed truth. Even those periods of the Church's history when the heaven of Divine grace undoubtedly wrought blessed changes in the life of heathen nations, but failed to lift them above superstition and formalism, were periods of comparative neglect, or of absolute withdrawal from the people of the word of God. Monasticism, pilgrimages and the sale of indulgences would never have been the malignant powers they were, in the middle ages, if "the word of truth, the gospel of our salvation," had not been violently withheld from the people. On the other hand, the saving influence of Christianity in these latter times must be attributed, instrumentally, to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the language of the people, and to their claim to read and interpret those Scriptures for themselves.

But care must be taken lest the advantages we possess should, by their very abundance, their freedom, or their apparent security, lead us to practically undervalue and misimprove them. This is undoubtedly one danger of our own age. While the Bible is more widely circulated than ever, more easily obtained, and while aids to its correct interpretation are greatly multiplied and cheapened, it may perhaps be questioned whether there is as much closest study of its sacred pages, as such consecutive reading of it, as such committing of it to memory,—laying of it up in the heart, to ward off the attacks of sin and of temptation—as formerly; or, at least, it may be doubted whether there is such an attachment to the Divine word, and recognition of its sufficiency and authority, as its availability demands.

This subject is forcing itself upon us in a variety of ways. We are often appalled at the many and aggravated forms of crime reported to us from day to day. We are no less astonished at the crude infidelity, the base superstition, and even the strange doctrines which have seized upon the public mind, and often are found to have intruded into the sanctuary of God itself. There

must be a grievous want somewhere. "The law of the Lord is still perfect, converting the soul." The application of it must be imperfect. We must each seek a better state of things. We must begin with ourselves. Then, what is called the public conscience will be trained. We must take pains to know the truth, and the truth will make us free. National character, political movements, commercial enterprises, domestic relations and personal experience can only be put right, and kept right, as we bring them under the direction and control of the word of God. And the beginning of the year is a good time to review the past and to set out with good resolutions based upon that review. Let each once more ponder the words with which the book of Psalms opens: "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night."

THE COLLEGE QUESTION.

The appearance of several articles on this subject in the columns of the religious and secular press calls for brief notice. In the discussion of a matter so important, recourse should not be had to any method for the conveyance of insinuations, after the style of a third-rate politician. The subject is worthy of fair, open argument, or we should be slow to touch it.

It has been assumed that aid is asked for denominational teaching by the members of the Board of Mount Allison. This has never been done; nor is it now done. They would, we believe, be prepared to refuse aid, proffered from the Provincial chest for a purely theological school; the Church they represent will do her duty in this matter in common with others; but they do, in view of the large share they take in the general educational work of the Province, regard themselves as entitled to material aid. The shield of religious influence thrown over the students at a perilous period of life, and the absence of all effort to interfere with the denominational relations of pupils, certainly strengthen a claim already strong.

It has also been assumed that the Methodists of Nova Scotia are indifferent to the action of the Legislature in reference to these institutions, because of the absence of any direct legislation at the last Conference. For the benefit of those who do not know, as well as for those who do know, we beg to say that the Discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada makes provision for a Special Committee for each Annual Conference, to which, with the President of the Conference at its head, full powers are given to act in the interim in all matters affecting the interests of the Church. From this Committee, duly appointed and wide-awake, something will be heard at a proper time. The absence of Conference legislation is rather to be regarded, therefore, as a sign of unanimity upon the question than of indifference.

An effort has also been made to set aside the consideration of the claims of Mount Allison by quietly assuming that her Provincial status is that of a New Brunswick College. In view of this we have only to say that from the date of the offer of the late Charles F. Allison, which led to the location of the Institutions, they have been regarded as the schools of the Methodists of the Lower Provinces. The preliminary steps for their erection were taken by a committee composed of an equal number of ministers from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and to-day, if we are not mistaken, the majority of the names of the Board of Governors appended to the request for continued aid, are those of Nova Scotians. When at Sackville the other day we learned from one of the Principals, in response to a question, that the proportion of pupils in attendance at his academy from both Provinces was about equal. In all past legislation the Institutions at Sackville have been considered as those of Nova Scotia. But one course could have made the matter more evident—the erection of the buildings, after old-world fashion, upon some foundation which should bridge the narrow stream dividing the Provinces. It seems never to have been thought by our fathers in the ministry or laity, or by a majority of our legislators, in the past, that the location of the academies and subsequent college a few miles beyond the Missisquoi would involve the forfeiture of all claim to consideration on the part of Nova Scotia. This age of railroads is popularly supposed to annihilate space, but, verily, it seems to magnify it—in the view of some, at least.

To preachers: Now is the time to put in your best work for the WESLEYAN. Help it now, and it will help you all the year.

An amusing correspondence appears in the last number of the *Bermuda Colonist*. The editor of the *Gazette*, who is also publisher of the almanac for the Islands, cannot keep pace with the march of religious freedom. In the latest edition of his almanac, which professes to be a guide to visitors as well as to the inhabitants, he devotes pages to the "Church of England in Bermuda," but almost totally ignores the existence of the Free Church of England and the numerous Methodist Churches of the colony. Of the latter, nine are under the charge of ministers appointed by the Nova Scotia Conference. The Methodist church at St. George's is one of the finest buildings in the town; that in course of erection at Hamilton will be surpassed by none in the colony. A few years ago the omission might have passed without public comment;—but such days are gone, never to return. A writer in the *Colonist* at once pointed out the damaging influence of such action, since the adherents of the Church thus slighted, occupying a most prominent place in the United States and possessing wealth that enables them to travel, would hesitate to winter in a place where no regularly-organized branches of their Church could be found. Even the venerable editor of the *Gazette* could not resist the pressure of public opinion. He, therefore, in the next issue of his paper pointed out where references to the Methodist churches of the Island could be found. A witty correspondent thereupon advised that a copy of the *Gazette* should be appended to each almanac for the assistance of readers.

It is a somewhat sad fact that the publisher of the almanac should be able to find a precedent in the conduct of a late Governor of the Islands, under whose direction a large map of the group was published. On that map, no parish church, however small or rickety, failed to find a proper location, while of the nine Methodist churches then in the Islands, including the fine building in St. George's, but one was marked—that, however, the little church at Warwick, in the building of which Methodist slaves, long years ago, employed their Christmas holidays. A more worthy act of Christian service can hardly be named than that of the slaves; a more forcible illustration of the sin of bearing false witness against our neighbor can scarcely be imagined than that supplied by an English governor.

A COMPARISON.

The *New York Sun* in an able article, called forth by the death of the Rev. E. H. Chapin, is guilty of a sneer at the ministry of the orthodox churches of the United States, whom it accuses of entertaining doubts they have not the courage to disclose. This libellous statement may however render more worthy of consideration its comparison between the growth of the Universalists and of those who hold the doctrine of a future retribution.

Says the *Sun*: "Meantime the Universalists have advanced slowly, and they are still among the smallest denominations numerically in the country, ranking in that respect among the Quakers. Compared with the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, taken together as the nominal exponents of the doctrine of everlasting punishment, they are only about one seventieth as numerous."

The same paper adds: "And we must bear in mind that the Baptists are now more numerous and are increasing more rapidly than any other religious denomination except the Methodists. The lay preachers, revivalists, ordained ministers, exhorters and class-leaders of the Methodists have also used the doctrine of eternal punishment as the strongest means of inducing men to accept the terms of salvation. It may therefore be said broadly that the doctrine of hell has been the most commonly-received teaching, and one of the most urgently-pressed doctrines, in all our Protestant churches which have attained numerical importance. Jonathan Edwards preached it to the Congregationalists at Northampton, as Cotton Mather had done to the early Puritans. It lay and still lies at the center of Presbyterian theology, and it appears in the Episcopal Prayer Book."

Loss is said respecting future punishment, and future rewards as well, than formerly. More prominence is given to the exposition of the way to obtain mercy. This mercy of course predicates punishment, which is in every saving ministry, the dark background of the Gospel. We confess to a wish that ministers would look more frequently at that background, and point their congregations to it. The voice that cries "Come unto me," from Calvary, is the voice that speaks in thunder tones from Sinai, and the utterances proceed alike from impulses of love. The preacher that turns from Calvary to Sinai, who looks up at the cross and then bends over the pit, from which the Gospel alone can save men,

will go into his pulpit and to his pastoral work with an energy and depth of purpose of which others can know little. "Oh, if I could go back to my pulpit," said John Summerfield, from his death-bed; "how I could preach; I have had a look into eternity." We do not hesitate to say that those men who in former days were most successful in leading men to Christ, and into His Church for a life-service, were the men who looked intently ahead into the future and then asked God and themselves and their fellows:

"How shall a trembling sinner shun That endless misery?"

At the risk of being charged with taking the exhorter's desk we urge our brethren to preach a whole Gospel. Those old stirring hymns which our fathers sang are retained in our hymn-book; let us have sermons to match them. The old truths are as "tremendously true" as they ever were. They were blessed to our fathers; they will be equally blessed to our children, who are now in danger of being carried away by a so-called religion of amusement. Don't talk of culture and of circumstances; "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," is the message of Him "who now speaketh from heaven." Tell them this "even weeping," and the old truth will be found to have lost none of its force.

Does any minister forget Paul's motto; "Knowing therefore the terrors of the Lord we persuade men;" and does he therefore grow timid? We commend to him certain words of Dr. John Hall, as applicable to us as to the ministry of the Church in which he is an honored leader:

"A ministry that pleases everybody may well suspect itself. Look at the doctrines we preach—human depravity, our Lord's true Deity, the atonement on the Cross, the Personality and work of the Holy Ghost, the need by every man—the most amiable and cultivated—of being regenerated, the Bible the sole rule of faith, self-denial a part of true Christian living, retribution on the impenitent concurrent with natural immortality, the obligation of the Sabbath; and all this with a worship conspicuously plain and free from showy and meretricious decoration. Make all this palatable to 'society,' the 'world,' 'everybody'! No; this whole message tramples on the pride of human intellect; it belittles the boasted culture of the time, and it is, if understood, in direct opposition to the 'life' which we are being persuaded to impart and savorily copy, from Paris. 'Then what am I to do?' one may say. Go on and preach these truths, only more clearly, firmly and tenderly. 'But what if the people leave me?' Yes, some will leave you and go to churches they like better, assigning various reasons for the same. That is their matter. Yours is to preach for the saving of men, not for the keeping of them in the pews."

SACKVILLE SABBATH-SCHOOL, LETTER FROM JAPAN.

The annual festival of our school was held in the basement of the Church, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th. Although the evening was stormy, all the teachers and nearly all the scholars were present. The large Christmas-tree nearly groaned beneath its weight of candies and other good things calculated to rejoice the juvenile heart. Josiah Wood, Esq., M. A., the Superintendent of the school, distributed the prizes earned by the successful competitors in the respective classes; after which a very encouraging report was presented by the assistant superintendent, C. A. Bowser, Esq. From that report it was quite apparent that considerable effort had been made to infuse into the minds of the children a missionary spirit. During the past two years the school has contributed the sum of one hundred dollars per year toward the support of a native Japanese missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hiraiwa. This, I think, very well, when you remember our school is a small one, not having an average attendance of more than one hundred and twenty scholars. Extracts were read from letters received from "our missionary." As some of these letters are of more than ordinary interest, I forward you the enclosed one for publication, hoping that it may have the effect of arousing to greater zeal in the glorious cause of Christian missions, all of our Sabbath-schools.

W. W. FRENCH.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

2nd September, 1880.

Dear Mr. J. Wood,—I hope you and your family, as well as the whole Sabbath-school, are well.

Excuse me for my allowing many days pass away without writing you since the last.

We are all well through the mercy of God; and our Church is under the quiet influence of heavenly dew and are growing, though have we not received showers lately.

I have not anything particular to write about our work this time, except one case, which, I think, may be worth while to give you a brief notice of, and you may be not without interest to lia ten to:

A long time ago, an intelligent-looking person came to our service one day at a place called Shitaya (in Tokio), and listened to a sermon delivered in Japanese by Mr. Meacham. It seemed that he was very much interested in, and began to attend, the services there almost every time since. (He told me long afterward that he came in at that time merely out of curiosity, as he was passing by, and was awakened to inquire after Christianity.)

After some days since that time, I commenced to give the exposition of Matthew from the beginning, consecutively, at the time of services there (and am still giving now), and he was delighted in following me. About ten days ago he called me at my home in morning and stayed till 3 p. m., and asked a number of questions about Christianity. I gave him an answer to each, and at last I was glad to hear from him that he was fully convinced of the truth, the last shadow of doubt on his mind having been scattered away, and owned Christ as his Saviour; and he applied for baptism and admittance into our Church on the spot. Mr. Meacham was very glad to hear of this, for really he is his convert. He is now in prime of his life, being forty years old. His younger brother is in high office in the Central Government, and his son is studying law at Paris, France. He himself was in some prominent office in the Educational Department, but retired from the public office some years ago, and is now private. He is well educated in Chinese and Japanese. He formerly belonged to a Daimyō or great feudal lord, whose dominion was Kaga and two other provinces, which are situated in direction west to Tokio, 300 miles away. At the time of the Revolution, thirteen years ago, he was an active leader in his native province. By the request of his master, he destroyed a number of Buddhist temples, and reduced them to only seven in the whole province, while there were more than sixty in number. This he had done in three days, with soldiers under his command. He converted the metal idols and large bells into guns and cannons. He, of course, did not know anything about God and Christianity at that time. He had done these things because he had no faith in, and reverence for, idols, and wanted to make good use of them.

He is a very active person, and he told me that he will spend the rest of his life in the services of God. After a few years, he said, he will go to his native province and introduce Christianity there. If done so, he will surely be hated by the Buddhist priests and the believers again. His name is Hayashi.

I think all of you are working in our Lord's vineyard; I pray God will bless and honour you all with success and comfort. Pray for us, too.

Please give my warm Christian salutation to your family and to the whole Sabbath school.

I am, dear sir, your brother in the bond of Xian love,

J. HIRAIWA.

Our Missionary Secretary—Rev. Dr. Sutherland—in a special report of his official visit to the Northwest describes the mission under the charge of the Rev. H. Steinhauer, who is soon to pay a brief visit to Nova Scotia.

Whitefish Lake is, next to Pigeon Lake, the oldest established Methodist Mission in the Saskatchewan, having been organized by Brother Steinhauer in 1857. Here he has labored with exemplary fidelity for three-and-twenty years, and has succeeded in gathering around him a civilized and Christian community, known and respected through all the North-West. The settlement stretches from Whitefish Lake to Goodfish Lake, and all along may be seen comfortable cabins with fruitful fields and gardens, while near the Mission House I saw a herd of as fine cattle, belonging to the Indians, as one need wish to look upon. Whitefish Lake is especially interesting as a Mission begun and carried on entirely by a native Missionary, and is a sufficient answer to any doubts that may arise as to the power of the Gospel to civilize and elevate the native tribes. In spiritual results it has richly repaid the labor and money expended upon it.

On the day following our arrival a Council was held in the School House, which took very much the character of a love-feast. Complaints there were few or none, but everywhere expressions of thankfulness for the blessing which the Gospel had brought to them. At the close of the meeting I addressed them, Brother McDougall kindly acting as interpreter, giving such counsel and encouragement as the circumstances seemed to call for, and exhorting them with one heart to cleave unto the Lord.

The Mission house at Whitefish Lake is comfortable, and there is a fruitful garden and fields around it; but the School House, which has also served as a church, is somewhat dilapidated, and needs to be renewed. A year or two ago the people made an effort and got up the walls of a new building designed for a church, but help is needed to finish it; and I would recommend that Brother Steinhauer be allowed, during his stay in Ontario, to receive special contributions for that purpose.

The *Christian Visitor* says:—"For months and months the *Church Guardian* has bristled with articles on 'Marriage with a deceased wife's sister.' One would almost imagine that the members of the Church of England are in a sad plight matrimonially. Can it be possible that there is a universal desire among the brethren of that church to marry their wife's sister. If not why so much discussion on the subject?"

AN INCIDENT.

The *Atlanta Advocate*, in the course of an account of the recent session of the Savannah Conference, gave this incident. It is probably but one of a great number which have arisen from the bringing of redemption to millions of captives:

Rev. Joseph Sams, who has been presiding elder on the Rome District for the past four years, was taken from Covington twenty-seven years ago a slave. He was then torn from his wife and children and sold, and carried to another part of the State. He had never returned to Covington, or the scenes of his early life, till this time. Over the door of one of the business houses he saw the familiar name of his first overseer. To him thoughts of the dark past, the hopeful present and the brighter future were overwhelming. Memories swept over his mind like a hurricane. He could hardly realize that he was in Covington, or that it was himself walking along the street, sitting in Conference and rejoicing in love-feasts. What changes have been wrought in a quarter of a century! A hundred years of such work throughout the nations would bring the world farther on toward the millennium than has the past thousand.

The annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Bible Society was held in the Grafton Street Methodist Church on Monday evening. Mr. James Farquhar read the report and several ministers addressed the meeting. They should have been listened to by a much larger audience. Reference was made in the report to the loss sustained during the past year by the death of three valuable members—the Hon.ble Judge Marshall, one of the Vice-Presidents, who united with the Society in 1826; Rev. Dr. Cochran, whose name has stood first on the printed list of the Committee since 1853; and James B. Morrow, Esq., whose place in this and other philanthropic societies it will not be easy to fill. Hon. S. L. Shannon was re-elected President.

Last week we paid a flying visit to the Institutions at Mount Allison. An interest in the welfare of those we were about to leave there caused us to look closely at anything indicative of the general management. We need scarcely say that we left with increased confidence in the wisdom with which the various posts have been filled. No Methodist of the Lower Provinces when seeking an education for his children. Rev. C. H. Paisley, the Principal of the Male Academy writes: "We open with a largely increased attendance, having between fifty and sixty in our classes. The prospect for a good term's work is very satisfactory." The Principal of the Ladies' Academy, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, has it in his power, we are happy to say, to make an equally favourable statement.

On New Year's morning, according to custom, all the Methodist Sunday-schools in Montreal met in St. James Street Church, where a report of missionary contributions was read, and brief addresses were delivered. "The occasion," says the *Guardian*, "is always one of deep interest, and has kindled in the schools an enthusiasm in regard to mission work that finds an expression in givings more liberal than in any other part of the Dominion." The contributions of the schools as reported on Jan. 1st, 1880, averaged more than a dollar for each pupil on the rolls; this year an advance of three hundred dollars is reported—the whole sum gathered during the year having been three thousand, one hundred and twenty dollars.

Bishop Simpson announces a meeting of the Executive-Committee on the Ecumenical Conference, the meeting to be held at 806 Broadway, New York, January 26, at 2 o'clock. All the members representing the various branches of Methodism in the United States and Canada are earnestly invited to be present.

The *Watchman*, a new Temperance paper, seeks the patronage of the public. Its matter is good and its appearance creditable. We wish the publisher, Mr. J. A. Halliday, greater success than has hitherto attended the publication of similar journals in this Province.

PERSONALS.

We were unable to listen to Rev. S. B. Dunn's lecture on the "Bard of Avon." The *Herald* of Wednesday morning says: "His lecture displayed a profound study of Shakespeare, and an ardent appreciation of his writings. The lecturer was listened to by the large audience with the most unbroken attention, and heartily applauded at the close."

Rev. A. McBean has resigned his position of Secretary and Superintendent of Colportage of the British American Book and Tract Society. Mr. McBean has devoted his energies for a number of years to this work, and has doubtless been the means of doing an amount of good which only "that day" can declare.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

VEILED VISION.

If suddenly there stood to us revealed The world of spirits, that may be near— Not, as we dream, some far unreckoned sphere.

DOROTHY KILL HOWE

Died on the 10th Nov., in the 67th year of her age. She was born in Tipperary County, Ireland, and came to this country over 40 years ago.

HANNAH FINLAY.

of East Leicester, Oxford Circuit, died at Natick, Mass., Sept. 28th, 1880. She was born in the year 1850, converted under the ministry of the Rev. James R. Hart in the year 1866, and immediately united with the Methodist church.

She was an active worker in the Sabbath school, and some of her pupils, now in heaven, were brought to Jesus through her instrumentality.

THOMAS H. THOMPSON.

Mr. Thomas H. Thompson was born at Oxford, Cumberland Co., N.S., on the 17th of March, 1833. Brought up and trained by pious parents, their teaching was traceable through the whole of his life.

SMALL-POX AND DIPHTHERIA.

These two diseases, always formidable, are brought into special prominence at present. Philadelphia, although it had so severe a scourge of small-pox in 1871 and 1872, seems again to be threatened.

THE DANGER OF ABSINTHE DRINKING.

Absinth drinking is said to steadily increase in the Republic, but much less steadily than in Switzerland and France, particularly in France, where great efforts are making for its abatement.

cently declared that it is ten times more pernicious than ordinary intemperance, and that it very seldom happens that the habit, once fixed, can be unloosed.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD DRESS.

Doctor Richardson, an English physician, very celebrated on account of his abilities, recently delivered a lecture in London on "Health and Dress."

THE HARVARD KITCHEN.

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TRAIN CATCHING.

The exertion may not be of long duration, and, except on very rare occasions, when it "seems to upset" him a little, the effect may be rapidly over and soon forgotten, but the strain on the heart and blood-vessels is violent while it lasts, and although unnoticed at the time, may lead to mischief.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The editor of a London newspaper affirmed that he always supported the Government when they were in the right.

The Rev. Dr. Nowell, of New York, says: "I know of a father in this city who had eight sons. He said to them, 'Drink moderately, my sons, and it will be well with you; in immoderate drinking lies the danger.'"

Singular, but you can't hire a woman to patronize a lady dentist. The trouble seems to be that the dentist allows her eyes to roam all over the customer's dress, takes in the color, material, trimming, style, and estimates the cost while she idly wanders all around in the sufferer's mouth with a probe, and jabs it at random into any cavity it happens to touch.

"I like your paper first-rate," said the man with the tobacco-breath to the emaciated being with a general half-starved, over-worked look.

"I have a great desire to see one of your street boys," said Thackeray to a gentleman of New York, as they walked together.

People insensibly contract not only the air, the manners, and the vices of those with whom they commonly converse, but their virtues, too, and even their way of thinking.

Why don't the infidelity of the world take a hint from "these fanatics" of believers? Why don't it call together the scattered wings of its armies, and charge each to tell us what it has done through the ages and in the different nations of the world in defence of human rights and the spread of human liberty?

It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a wood which the stock-dove was filling with his soft music, she met a country woman who exclaimed, "I am so fond of stock-doves!"

A gentleman made up his mind that he would give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the evening at home. After supper he seated himself down for a cozy time in the bosom of his family.

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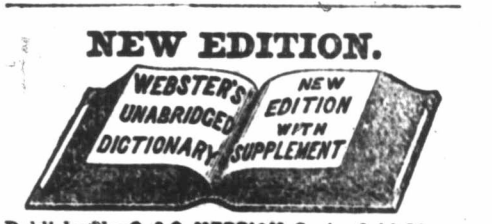
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S. F. HUESTIS, Book Steward. Lists of Subscribers to the WESLEYAN for 1880 were mailed to all the Ministers and Agents in the Autumn...

RECEIPTS for 'WESLEYAN'

Table of receipts for the Wesleyan, listing names and amounts. Includes Rev. J. W. Howie for Capt D Munro \$2.00, Rev. J. A. Ashbury for Jas Kitchen, Henry Kitchen, M. Graham, Mrs James Sutherland each 2 8.00, etc.

PROGRAMME

For the Annapolis District, Ministerial Convention, to be held at Bear River, N.S., on TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, the 8th and 9th February, 1881. GENERAL SUBJECT - CHRISTIAN WORK.

MARRIED

At the bride's father's, on the 29th ult. by Rev. J. H. Davis, Mr. Andrew Yeardon, of Springfield to Miss Louisa Martin, of Harrietsfield, only daughter of John Martin, Esq. By the same at 2, on the 10th ult. Mr James Smith of Sambro, to Miss Bertha S. Nickerson, of Halifax, daughter of the late Capt. James Nickerson.

At Shediac, on the 31st ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Thomas Hicks, Mr. Nathan R. Ritchie, of New Bedford, Gloucester Co., to Miss Amelia Dickie, of Shediac.

At the residence of the bride, 15th Dec., by Rev. C. W. Dutcher, Mr. Edwin Augustus McNeil, of Deer Island, to Miss Gertrude, fifth daughter of W. H. Churley, Esq., of Indian Island, Charlotte County.

At the residence of the bride's father, Springfield, Kings County, N.B., on the 30th ult., by the Rev. Silas James, Mr. Jesse A. Northrup, to Miss Margie W., eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel H. Northrup.

On January 1st, at Wallace, by the Rev. E. E. England, Miss Clara A. Purdy, of Wallace, to Mr. Augustus Blair, of Truro.

At the Cumberland House, Halifax, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. E. Brecken, Sidney Borden, of Port Williams, to Kate S. Megeeny, of Berwick.—Chr. S. Mess. please copy.

At the Methodist Parsonage, Advocate Harbor, Nov. 17th, by the Rev. C. W. Swallow, James Nuttall, of Apple River, to Dora Bond, of Advocate Harbor.

On the 5th inst., at the residence of Mr. Martin Bent, of Salem, by the Rev. E. R. Brunyate, Mr. Erastus Bent, of Salem, Cumberland Co., to Miss Elida S. Powers of Black River, Cumberland Co.

At the Methodist Parsonage, Parrsboro, on Christmas eve, by Rev. W. Alcorn, John W. Spicer, to Cynthia Phinney, all of Parrsboro.

At the same place, by the same, on Christmas day, Thomas A. York, of Diligent River, to Elizabeth Joyce, of Wood's Mountain.

At Point Ecuminae, on the 29th Dec., by the Rev. S. T. Teed, assisted by the Rev. S. C. Wells, George Tait, Pilot, of Chatham, to Margie, eldest daughter of Mr. Thos. Phillips.

At the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 31st, by the Rev. Howard Sprague, M. A., Alfred Price to Laura E. Walock, both of St. Stephen.

At Broad Cove, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. R. Wasson, Mr. George W. Stark, to Miss Dora D. Middleton, both of Broad Cove.

On the 27th ult., at the Methodist Parsonage, Spring Hill, by the Rev. J. Craig, Mr. David Colwell, to Miss Mary Simpson, both of Spring Hill.

On the 4th inst., by the same, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Frederick S. Shipley, of Nappan, to Matilda, daughter of Job A. Pugsley, Esq., Athol.

At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. C. Ogden, Jan 5th Mr. William H. Smith, Barrington, to Margaret M., third daughter of E. P. Perry, Esq., North East Harbor, Shelburne Co.

At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. C. Ogden, Mr. David Doane, to Miss Margaret A. McKeeney, all of Port Roseway, Shelburne Co.

At the Methodist Church, Gabarus, C.B., by the Rev. James Scott, William C. Storey, to Harriet E. Nicoll, both of Gabarus, C.B.

At the residence of the bride's father on the 1st inst., by Rev. Jos. Sellar, a M., assisted by Rev. A. F. Carr, A. M., Mr. Chester W. Clark, of Casumpec Village, to Miss Theodosia, daughter of Josiah Powe, Esq., of West Devon, Lot 10.

At Cape Sable Island, Barrington, N.S., 20th Dec., Mr. James Kenney, aged 93 years, leaving 9 children, 32 grand children, 40 great grand children, and 2 great great grand children.

At Amherst Head, Cumberland, 26th Dec., Robert Mason, aged 82 years. At Windsor, Jan. 8rd, John Parker Smith, aged 84 years.

In New York on 1st inst., in calm Christian confidence, aged 54 years, Sarah, wife of Emory C. Appleton, Esq., and youngest daughter of the late Thomas Murray of Halifax.

At Meander, Newport, on the 26th of Dec., Geo Forrest, aged 69 years. At Nashwaak Village, Jan. 4th, Vivian Scott, aged 6 months and 9 days, only and beloved child of Oulber and Blanche White.

On Sunday evening, 2nd Jan., at N.E. Margerie, C.B., Mrs Sarah Carmichael, aged 84 years. A very large number of friends and relations mourn the loss. She died as she had lived, trusting in Jesus.

PREACHERS' PLAN HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9th 1881. 11 a.m. BRUNSWICK ST. 7 p.m. Rev H P Doane Rev E Brecken. 11 a.m. GRAYTON ST. 7 p.m. Rev C M Tyler Rev S B Dunn. 11 a.m. KAYE ST. 7 p.m. Rev S B Dunn Rev C M Tyler. 11 a.m. CHARLES ST. 7 p.m. Rev G O Robinson Rev W H Evans. 11 a.m. COBBOURG ROAD 7 p.m. Rev W H Evans Rev G O Robinson. 11 p.m. DARTMOUTH. 7 p.m. Rev E Brecken Rev H P Doane. BEECH STREET 3.30 p.m. Mr. W. H. Webb. Services at the JUST MISSION CHAPEL every Sabbath evening. Preachers' Meeting every Monday morning in Brunswick St. Church, at 10 o'clock.

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DIED

At Cape Sable Island, Barrington, N.S., 20th Dec., Mr. James Kenney, aged 93 years, leaving 9 children, 32 grand children, 40 great grand children, and 2 great great grand children.

At Amherst Head, Cumberland, 26th Dec., Robert Mason, aged 82 years. At Windsor, Jan. 8rd, John Parker Smith, aged 84 years.

In New York on 1st inst., in calm Christian confidence, aged 54 years, Sarah, wife of Emory C. Appleton, Esq., and youngest daughter of the late Thomas Murray of Halifax.

At Meander, Newport, on the 26th of Dec., Geo Forrest, aged 69 years. At Nashwaak Village, Jan. 4th, Vivian Scott, aged 6 months and 9 days, only and beloved child of Oulber and Blanche White.

On Sunday evening, 2nd Jan., at N.E. Margerie, C.B., Mrs Sarah Carmichael, aged 84 years. A very large number of friends and relations mourn the loss. She died as she had lived, trusting in Jesus.

At Fredericton, on Sabbath evening, the 9th inst., in the 71st year of her age, Maria, beloved wife of George Conithard. She died, as she had lived, trusting implicitly in the full atonement of Christ.

THE ARGYLE BOOT & SHOE STORE,

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