

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT.

A writer in the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, speaking of "the great discipline" course of study, says: "There is such a thing, beloved—some preachers seem not to have found it out."

Between the encroachments of divorce on the one hand, and the close necessities and exactions of modern life on the other, the nation is rapidly becoming a country without homes.—*Boston Herald*.

The *Southwestern Methodist* says: Under the figure of salt, Christ represents your silent influence: under the figure of light, your open influence, but in either case the influence must be powerful enough to season and to illuminate, else your religion is as savourless salt and as a covered light.

Some are always inclined to glorify the past. There are no such sermons now, they say, as were preached by the old time ministers. Nonsense! The world never before had a ministry as able as that which it has now, and the best preaching in human history, so far, is the preaching of today.—*Western Advocate*.

What has become of the old-style definiteness in testimony that used to be the glory of Methodism—the testimonies in the social meetings of assurance, of knowing that the heart was justified—saved from all sin? Occasionally such testimonies are now heard, but from a large majority of the members we hear nothing of them.—*Zion's Herald*.

The editor of a Tennessee paper talks thus about dressy school-girls: "There isn't any sense in it. There was a day when a calico dress and a sun-bonnet were good enough for a school-dress, and if finer togery was put on the wearer was sent home with instructions to change. It is very painful for a little child to go out into company dressed poorly, when the majority are clad in finery."

A writer in *Messiah's Herald*, referring to the religious newspaper, demands no donation for its support: "It only asks the patronage of the people and promises them good value for their money. The way in which all readers can help this important interest is by renewing their own subscription and doing what they can to induce others to subscribe."

A Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity once said to me at a General Assembly: "Our newspaper men must have queer views of things. You are always looking on and never taking part. Your knowledge and habits of thought must be very circumferential and superficial. I suppose now your idea of the day of judgment is that you will have a table off at one side, and report the proceedings for the morning paper."—*St. Paul Pioneer*.

The General Term of the U. S. Supreme Court has recently decided that a married woman, doing business on her own account, may employ her husband at a stated salary, and that a creditor of the husband may maintain legal proceedings against the wife to get possession of any unpaid salary due to the husband. This is getting a long distance from the old doctrines of the common law.—*Independent*.

The night before Christmas, not far from the office, the Editor met a matronly-looking woman in middle life. She was very drunk. On passing he said, "How drunk!" She turned, and with a maudlin smile said, "Christinas!" What a perversion! Jesus came to make all women pure as his virgin mother. Here was a woman turning the anniversary of his birth into debauchery.—*N. Y. Advocate*.

The public schools in Boston are to be provided with text-books at public expense. Why not throw in the street car fare while they are about it? There are many children doubtless, that need pocket-handkerchiefs, clean collars, and such like. Fine stationery would be acceptable to pupils in the higher grades. A pocket-knife is indispensable to the well-being of every boy, and no girl can succeed in the pursuit of happiness without a plentiful supply of ribbons. By levying sufficient taxes all these things can be had.—*Living Church*.

The Roman Catholic idea of religious toleration was clearly enough expressed by Archbishop Lynch of Toronto recently. He said: "Toleration is practicable and necessary when one cannot extirpate heresy, but it ceases from the moment that there is a possibility of extirpating heresies." That is it exactly. Where and when the Papal Church has power to make an end of heresy and heretics they feel bound to do so, where and when they have not that power they tolerate their presence.—*Ed. Intelligencer*.

The election of Mr. Cleveland doesn't settle the question which the Brother in Black raises, nor would the election of Mr. Blaine have settled it. Wanted for this solution, the Christianized common sense of men of all parties and both colors. In the meantime the colored man is growing. He has about doubled in population since the war, and has increased in property from about nothing to \$100,000,000.—*Southern Adv.*

One of the tenderest acts of kindness perpetrated by the churches at Christmas time is to feed poor children on candy, bought at eighteen cents a pound and when the little cherubs die with their stomachs full of marble dust—tendered to them by economical pastors as sugar, and eaten by the innocent lambs with all the simple faith and exuberant appetite of their age—they will go aloft carrying with them, as it were, their own tombstones.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Spurgeon quaintly characterizes great preaching, and warns against imitations in the following sentences: "A church with a Luther in every pulpit would be all first; and with a Calvin to fill every parsonage she would be all skull. Blessed be God for one Robert Hall, but let the man be whipped who tries in his own person to make a second. Rowland Hill is admirable for one, but it is quite as well that the mould was broken. There is a great run just now for little Robertsons of Brighton, but there will soon be a glut in the market."

If there is any despotism more galling to a true man than such party chains we know not where it prevails. The cure is in revolt at all hazards, whatever may be the threatened penalty. Resistance to tyranny is every man's duty. We call on all true men to stand up for their personal rights and assert their manhood. Let no one bow to this yoke which a party would hang around his neck, or wear the collar on any pretense for a single hour. Such intolerance is worse by far than the most tyrannical of an absolute monarchy.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

The absence of the young from eight to sixteen years of age makes a sad and fearful gap at all the solemn festivals of the Church. But not until parents see the deadly poison lurking in the oft repeated sayings, "Boys must be boys," "Young people must have their fun," "Old heads can't be put on young shoulders," and the like, and address themselves most prayerfully and constantly to the great responsibility God has put upon them to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, will this unnatural and sinful fact cease to exist.—*Alabama Adv.*

The *Spectator* says: The Lords have a further time of grace allowed them, but it is far from certain that they will use it well. The two ideas of democracy and privilege cannot work side by side and privilege expects, with more reason than is customary for Liberals to admit, to find its last stronghold and protection in the House of Lords. The struggle will not arise until the next occasion arises, for it is not in the nature of the English people to foresee difficulties, and for a season the Lords may sun themselves in the light of their own deeds: but we do not believe the occasion can be averted for five years.

The world sometimes teaches the Church. But it seems a shame that upon such a subject as lotteries and raffling at bazaars it should be left for the Mayor of what is supposed to be a not very religious town (Birmingham) to teach the churches their duty. It is stated that the Town-hall there will not in future be allowed for bazaars, except on the understanding that all these things shall not be allowed. At a consultation between the magistrates and the Watch Committee it was decided, we read, "to prosecute the promoters of bazaars in the same way as of other gamblers." But what a scandal that such a resolution should be needed!—*London Meth. Rec.*

We live in times of liberty, says the *Civita Evangelica*, (an Italian journal) penetrating all orders, classes, and castes. It might have been supposed that Rome, under the eye of the Pope and the Curia, would be kept in perfect order; but the lower clergy are in rebellion against the enormous revenues of the monsignors, prelates, bishops, and cardinals. In the church of Saint Thomas, Parione, the clergy have united to put forward a demand for an increase in the price of masses and for the conversion to their benefit of prebends now given to the superior clergy. The Papal circles are alarmed, less at the proposition themselves than at the "spirit of the times" which they reveal.

## CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Infancy is forever dignified by the manger of Bethlehem; womanhood is ennobled to its purest ideal in Mary; man, as such, receives abiding honor in the earliest accepted homage to her Son being that of the simplest poor.

A teacher has pointed some striking lessons on the way in which the whole incident was received, as St. Luke relates, by those immediately concerned. The shepherds spread abroad the story with hearts full of grateful adoration; the hearers wonder at it, but Mary ponders in her heart all that had been told her. "There were more virgins in Israel, more even of the tribe of David, than she," says the great preacher; "but she was the chosen of God. It was natural, and it is easy to understand, that when a second appearance of angels, like that which she had already experienced, was seen, she would ponder in her heart their words, which concerned her so nearly. But if we ask ourselves, was this pondering the words in her heart already the true faith that carries the blessing, the truth that need of a personal relation to the Saviour? Did Mary already believe, firmly and immovably, that the Saviour of the world should see the light of life through her? the gospels leave us too clearly to think the opposite. There was a time, long after this, when Christ was already a teacher, when she wavered between him and his brethren, who did not believe in him; when she went out with them to draw him away from his course, and bring him back to her narrower circle of home-life, as one who was hardly in his right mind. Firm, unflinching trust, that knows no passing cloud, is a work of time with all who have an inner personal nearness to the Saviour; and it was so with Mary. She reached it only, like us all, through manifold doubts and struggles of heart, by that grace from above which roused her ever anew, and led her on from step to step."—*Dr. C. Geikie*.

That was what the wise men brought to the infant Jesus, spices and sweet odors; not perhaps a strictly necessary gift, but one well-suited to offer a pure and guileless babe. Does it ever seem strange that these men of learning and wisdom should have opened their treasures to bring forth what might possibly be deemed a superfluous offering? The Babe in the manger was none the wiser for their gifts; why, then, bestow them? Presumably, it was the best they had. The treasures of the Eastern wise men were as precious in their sight as are our treasures of to-day, and we read "they travelled far" to present their willing tribute to an acknowledged Saviour. And then it is to be noticed they did not send them by others and perhaps less loyal hands; the first, "came where He was," then offered their gifts. At present the religious press all over the country is teeming with reports of re-juvenations which are taking place in various churches. It is no longer the wise men of the far away country coming with thankful offerings to the infant King; but is not the spirit the same when the willing penitent yields himself a living sacrifice to a risen Lord? And it is but a reasonable service.

Through all these years since Christ was born it has been told, and for all ages to come it will be told, how men of learning and wisdom sought out the little Child in the manger, and presented him with frankincense and myrrh. He came to give, to bestow, to sacrifice. All that can be given him will be but meagre show, compared with what he has given us. But he will accept and bless the gift, if, like the wise men of the East, we give of our treasures the best we have.

This means not only a so-called Christian service or life; it means a hearty, generous, spontaneous yielding up of all that is worth offering to the Lord of glory. It was truly refreshing to read recently of a wealthy young Christian lady, who, intending to send a present to a struggling minister and his family, said she did not mean to send one really necessary article. For once they should receive luxuries. Bread and meat they must have; now something besides the actual usual fare should be set before them. So unusual things appeared to their astonished eyes. Garments they could have done without, food they rarely enjoyed. And yet every gift was actually needed. So if we bring our best talents, our most active service into the vineyard of the Lord, there will be nothing superfluous, and what shame, what unworthiness would it be to bring other than the best to such a Saviour! And often the most acceptable service, the real frankincense and myrrh of our hearts, consists in simply accepting our every-day life as the will of God concerning us, and yielding a calm, submissive heart as our daily and acceptable offering.

low voice, 'Preach the Gospel—sound trumpet.' Through the whole of my after life—that sentence has resounded in my ears, and never did I faithfully obey it and repent of doing so."

## A SINGHALESSE CONVERT.

A Singhalese painter, at work at a Wesleyan church in Ceylon, after repeated conversations with the minister, attended a service at which he listened to an earnest address on the subject of prayer, illustrated largely by a reproduction in Singhalese of the touching story that has moved so many hearts—"Jessica's First Prayer." During the week following the minister called to see him at work in the chapel, when he made a joyful disclosure, of which the substance runs thus:—

"Last Sunday night was the first time I ever attended a Christian service, or heard the Gospel of Jesus preached, but what I learnt and felt then has been enough to change my life. For years I have studied Buddhism hard, having had recourse to books and to priests; and, if anyone is qualified to bear testimony against it, surely it is I. How to attain Nirvana was at once my unquenchable longing and unsolved perplexity. Neither books or priests could help me. In fact, it is the reproach of Buddhism that the system provides no help for those who would fain achieve the highest good. According to Buddhism itself, when one of Buddha's relatives became the victim of an awful catastrophe, and cried to his friend for aid; Buddha neither dropped one tear of pity, nor felt one pang of sympathy. Whereas in the Gospel I heard you preach I learn that Jesus prayed for those who put Him to death, and forgave the thief who hung on the cross beside Him."

## SOUND THE TRUMPET!

In the life of Dr. Cesar Malan, of Geneva, as given by his friend Ostertag, is the following:

A company were returning to Geneva on a steambot. It was "full of strangers of every kind." While Ostertag was enjoying conversation with his friends, he perceived "that Malan had just seated himself by the side of a foreign lady, and had, in the most serious manner, exchanged a few words with her. The conversation became increasingly animated. In her features there appeared, by turns, the expression of surprise or the smile of content. Her face reddened and paled alternately. Evidently she was a prey to the conflict of most opposite sentiments. Frequently might she have been seen speaking and gestulating in great excitement: it might have been conjectured that she was seeking to defend herself against a unjust attack. Then she set herself to listen attentively, silently, with her eyes bent down. By degrees these intervals of silence became more frequent. At length she gave up speaking entirely. Malan, on the other hand, appeared to grow increasingly serious and earnest, and more and more confident of success. Tears were soon seen coursing one another down her cheeks, while she applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"For a long time," Ostertag continues, "I watched this scene, from a distance, with the liveliest interest; for it was plain that Malan was seeking to bring that soul to Christ. Had I not already heard him spoken of as one, not only filled with the most ardent zeal to gain hearts to the kingdom of God, but as one possessing, moreover, an extraordinary aptitude for winning souls? Many and many a glorious instance could I recall, going far back, of what God had thus wrought by his means. I had heard how, during his walks, in the diligence, at hotels, and among people of every class, he had been enabled at times to fix in the heart, by a single word, an arrow impalpable of being extricated. And now, for the first time, I saw him at this work. Whilst the rest of us were scattered about doing nothing—looking about us, and chatting on subjects more or less trifling—he was preaching the Gospel with indefatigable zeal and ardent love."

Ostertag adds, "About half an hour afterward, as I was standing by a young German of my acquaintance, Malan passed close to me, and whispered in my ear, 'Another soul gained over to the Lord.' A quarter of an hour afterward, while I was in the same place and just as a young theologian from the north of Germany joined us, he passed again, touched me on the shoulder, and said in a

low voice, 'Preach the Gospel—sound trumpet.' Through the whole of my after life—that sentence has resounded in my ears, and never did I faithfully obey it and repent of doing so."

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Coming to the point of his conversion, the minister closely searched him with question upon question, eliciting a joyful reassurance of the thoroughness of the man's change. Then he instructed him further by exposition and illustration of Scripture in the things pertaining to salvation. Pointing to the doors and window-frames, he said, "Just as you with soap and other things entirely remove from the wood the old marks and stains, so the Holy Spirit applies the efficacy of Christ's blood to cleanse you from all your sins, and afterwards just as you put on the varnish to make the woodwork shine, the same Spirit adorns you with all the graces of the Christian character. The old things pass away, and all things become new." "Oh!" exclaimed the man in joy of an experience answering to what he had heard, "What a blessing this is! God called me to beautify this chapel, and now He has beautified my heart and life!" It was a privilege past all telling to hear that man near his testimony before 170 people in the Seodun Chapel at his baptism a fortnight ago. At the close of the Sunday morning service, after I had been preaching on heavenly wisdom, he stepped to the communion-rail, and with a clear bold voice rang out the following in Singhalese: "I have tried Buddhism, and it has failed to satisfy my need. Assuming it to be true, it has no power to change the heart and life, and save the immortal soul, but in point of fact it is a preposterous lie! I believe in the power of God, who in Christ His Son, and through his Holy Spirit, saves from all sin and brings the pardoned sinner to Himself at last." As a proof of this man's sincerity he had entered into a contract to beautify a Buddhist temple, gild the images, &c., and had done half of the work, and received half of the money, shortly before his wonderful conversion to Christianity; and he now declares that he is prepared to return the money or make any sacrifice rather than lend a hand to what he has come to regard as an awful iniquity.—*Watchman*.

## NO SNAPPER.

This reminds me of a story which I know to be genuine; for I had it from Dr. Beecher's own lips: While I was in Boston my health failed, and the doctors sent me out on a fishing smack to get rest and sea air. One Sunday morning the fishermen went into port, and just as we landed I heard the church bells ringing. It was a small village, and though I was covered all over with fish scales and looked like a fright, I thought I would go up to the church and slip into a corner near the door and hear the sermon. Well I did so; and tried to bury my face in my cloak so as not to be recognized. But the preacher, whom I had met at association meetings, knew me and came down and urged me to preach for him. I told him no; that I was forbidden to preach by my physician, and he went back to the pulpit. He read a first rate essay on Repentance, gave all the philosophy of it and some fine illustrations, and then stopped. He didn't put on any snapper; he didn't tell his hearers that they were sinners and ought to repent. I could not stand that, so I started up the aisle, forgot even to throw off my cloak. I flung the fish scales from it all over the congregation. They thought that I was a crazy man. But before they could stop me I was on the pulpit stairs, and began to talk. I preached repentance as a personal duty for fifteen minutes with all my might. I guess they found out pretty soon that I wasn't crazy. As soon as I got through my application I dismissed the congregation and turning to the young minister, I said: "Sir, you ought to be hung." "Why, Dr. Beecher, what do you mean?" "Mean! This is what I mean; that any man who would preach a sermon about repentance, as you did this morning, and not put any snapper on the end of it—not exhort his hearers to repent—ought to be hung." The young man excused himself by saying that he intended to extemporize an application, but the Doctor's presence embarrassed him so that it was all driven out of his head. And the Doctor replied that since he drove one application out of the preacher's head, it was right and proper for him to drive an other into the people's hearts. So they shook hands and made friends. But the Dr., having told the story, expatiated in his happiest vein upon the application as an essential part of the sermon. He ended by turning to me, the only theologian present, and saying: "Whatever you leave out of or off from your sermons, always be sure to have a good snapper at the end. Don't wind up with a nice story, or some beautiful illustration, but with an earnest appeal to the conscience and to the heart." That was good advice. I have never forgotten it. I trust that I profited by it, and recall it here and now, that it may help the brethren who read this letter to carry out in their preaching Nathan's and Dr. Beecher's ideal of a finished sermon.—*W.*

And so it is that Mary's Son brings us all back to his lowly birth-place once a year, and on this spot the humble shepherds and the Eastern Magi render their adorations, voice following voice, heart answering to heart, in responsive salutation and intense accord. "No room for them in the inn." There is room now everywhere for Christmas, nor can palaces and cottages afford compass for the overflowing joy. A long, long way from that manger in Bethlehem to our homes in this Western Hemisphere; a long, a long way from that bed of straw to the crown and sceptre of the Throne of Heaven. Aye, indeed, impossibly long except for Him who traveled in the greatness of his strength, and, "bearing his cross up royal Calvary," made his Heaven our Heaven, home of the heart, His and ours ever more

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OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Some gifts are given with pride... My heart is full of love...

MR. CURTLAND'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Mr. Christopher Curtland was rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction...

On Christmas day, his brother and partner, Mr. John Curtland, with his wife and their three lively children...

At supper that night, Mrs. Curtland, contrary to her usual good judgment, had placed a small mince pie on the table near her husband's plate.

"Now I don't know, wife," laughed Mr. Curtland, "about that pie; it looks tempting enough, but is it a risk, eating such things at night?"

But "wife" explained that, having a little mince left, she had made a bit of crust not nearly as rich as what she ordinarily made...

So Mr. Curtland ate, though rather sparingly, of the pie.

It was late the same evening that, pacing contentedly to and fro through the spacious, softly-lighted parlors, Mr. Curtland reviewed the proceeds of the waning year...

But gradually the whole scene changed. He was still in his own parlors, but the surroundings, instead of being bright and joyous, seemed to point to something melancholy and piteous.

A feeling of such bitter regret and a conviction of his scarcely...

knew what guilt, so oppressed Christopher Curtland, that he asked involuntarily:—

"Dear Lord, how comes this? What have I done to Thee?"

A gentle voice, in which there was no anger, not one trace of resentment, answered sadly:—

"Christopher Curtland, I have been hungry, and you gave me no meat; thirsty, and you gave me no drink; naked, and you clothed me not; sick and weary, but you thought of me not!"

Mr. Curtland found only voice to falter forth:—

"Dear Lord, how could this be?"

And the soft, reproachful voice went on:—

"For your own household and kindred you have done well; your wife and children and your prosperous brother and his family will be loaded with gifts and good cheer on the coming Christmas, but how about My 'little ones'?"

Not a thought have you bestowed on the fact that a fearful sacrifice on My part secured to you and yours the abounding mercies and benefits encircling you, and demanding at your hands a rightful return."

Mr. Curtland tried to reply; tried to recall one charitable act with which to justify himself even over so feebly before this neglected Saviour, but words failed him, while he felt the tender, pleading eyes of this almost stranger fixed lovingly upon him.

The Saviour spoke again:—

Christopher Curtland, lovest thou Me?"

The response was eager, impassioned:—

"My Saviour dear, Thou knowest I love Thee!"

The answer came in clear, brief words, thrilling the listener through and through:—

"Feed My lambs!"

"Oh, I will, dear Lord, I will! No longer will I serve Thee with my lips only. Come out into the room, my Lord and crouch there no longer unbidden to a seat! Come into my heart, and abide my welcome guest. I will forget Thee nevermore; no longer will I selfishly lavish on my own, only the rich gifts of Thy love. I will care for the 'little ones,' nor ever forget Thy claims."

A soft radiance all at once filled the room; the scanty garments were gone, also the crouching figure by the wall. A majestic presence clothed in shining folds was suddenly illumined by a wondrous star glowing from the eastern corner of the room, from which He was now slowly advancing; and as Christopher Curtland opened wide his arms to receive the luminous figure, it softly faded, receded, vanished, but left a joyous, overflowing peace in his heart, too great for utterance.

"Father, father!" cried Mrs. Curtland. "Come, wake up, do! Why, you're sobbing like a great child."

The next morning, the Widow Gaines was surprised at receiving from an unknown quarter a box containing the largest turkey that had ever been inside her cottage door. For her five fatherless children were warm garments, also a thick blanket shawl for herself, to say nothing of toys and candy for the Christmas stockings.

"Who could have guessed my wants so perfectly?" said the poor woman in beaming perplexity. "I believe the Lord must have spoken to some one and told them all!"

Then old Mr. Potter and his wife couldn't imagine who sent the needed, welcome ton of coal which was dumped before their door the same morning.

Mrs. Wilton, bed-ridden from rheumatism, saw the druggist bringing a generous supply of strengthening wines and cordials, but to her surprised questions as to "Who in the world could have sent them?" the man seemed suddenly to have lost his memory, only replying:—

"Well, they're yours any way, and all paid for, too."

Jessie Boers, a neglected little orphan who lived down Hunt's Lane, was made the grinning recipient of a warm flannel dress pattern and a large dressed doll.

"Father, what have you been doing all the long morning?" said Mrs. Curtland, when at two o'clock her husband presented himself for dinner, flushed, hurried, but looking supremely happy.

"And such a poor night as you had, too," she added—"all owing to that mine-pie, I suppose."

"Why, wife, I had a glorious night!" he replied. "Those sobs you heard were ones of joy, and

some time I'll tell you all about it."

But that afternoon, when Christopher Curtland called at the house of his struggling pastor and told him that in view of unmerited prosperity he had decided to send his oldest son, in company with his own son, to college as a sort of thank-offering, only he wished his part in it to remain a profound secret, the pastor, in rehearsing the glad tidings to his grateful wife, remarked:—

"But, wife, you should have seen Mr. Christopher Curtland's face while he was talking; there was nothing boastful about it. On the contrary, his manner was really humble and subdued; but his face, dear man, was so calm and radiant—well, all I can say is, it looked to me as if—as if he might have seen the Lord!"

Zion's Herald.

GRANDFATHER'S CHRISTMAS

I am sitting alone by my fireside to-night, As I often have done before, And I list to the voices, so clear and so bright,

Of the children outside the door. "Christmas has come they tell me in glee; But their glad words only bring pain; 'Christmas has come! Ah, me! Ah, me!' The song has a sad refrain."

For thoughts come crowding so thick and fast, The smiles envying the gay, Like childhood's friends from the far off past, The friends that are gone for aye.

The little ones watch me and whisper low, "Poor grandpa is sad to-night?" I smile, for how should the darlings know My friends who are out of sight?

They show me a boy brimming over with fun, Instead of a grandfather sage; In my childish pleasure I try to run; Have my limbs grown stiff with age?

I look in the mirror, Oh! who would know The aged form I see. The wrinkled face and the beard of snow, Can that strange old man be me?

I laugh at the picture; the voice I hear Has a shrill and hollow sound. Alas! that, too, has grown cracked and queer,

I glance at my friends around; They, too, have gone, and I all alone, 'Mid the little children stand, A stranger sad in my once loved home. Ah! friends from the far off land,

Ye beckon me on; and I fain would go, For the hour is growing late, And I long for the time when full well I know

The crooked shall all be made straight. The face which earth has marked with care, In lines of age and pain, Like an infant's brow shall be calm and fair, And the dim eyes bright again.

The frost of age shall melt away, The voice long hushed shall sing, As it sweetly sang in childhood's days, The praises of Christ, its King.

The wrinkled soul, grown old in sin, With garments long defiled; A ransom'd soul shall enter in The kingdom as a child.

—Christian at Work.

PARADING TROUBLES.

Ordinarily we receive as good treatment as we deserve. At all events there are no good results from a constant repetition of troubles often largely imaginary.

Many men greatly weaken their influence by the parade on all occasions of treatment they have received at other times in other places. It puts ammunition into the hands of the enemy. People will be disposed to think where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Instead of creating sympathy, which at best under such circumstances can do us no good, it creates often a feeling of suspicion. We have known ministers to greatly injure their usefulness, upon going into a new field of labor, by at once beginning the recital of the serious troubles through which they had just passed in their last charge.

One result of this often is the speedy repetition of the same experience in the new field of labor. We are under no obligation to tell men our weak points, as these will become apparent soon enough to those with whom we come in daily contact. It is good advice in all spheres of life, when we exhort them to keep their troubles to themselves.

There is but one to whom we can come in perfect safety, sure that he will never misunderstand us, and will always grant relief. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Journal and Messenger.

In Berlin no clothes lines are allowed to be seen in the house between Christmas and New Year, for if they are not all carefully taken down it is believed by all good Berliners that a dreadful accident will happen. On the supper table on Christmas eve there must be a carp, which brings fortune, and if the scales of the fish are carried about in the purse it will never be empty during the coming year.

THE TWO IN HEAVEN.

God gave and he hath taken; And let the Christmas tide; The first since, in God's care, They rested side by side.

Since Paradise is waiting— Though not unconscious rest— Perchance is kept the season, In the mansions of the blest.

If, then, my thought's adventure Be not, indeed, too bold, To day they keep their Christmas Together, as of old.

Yes, not as erst; their capture Escaped all of earth, As in the holy places, They keep the Saviour's birth.

And higher far its meaning, And deeper far the love, While they tell the olden story, In the Paradise above.

The Churchman.

TWO SCENES.

In the little town I was born, we often heard of a great city merchant who had once been an apprentice in the place, and had risen to be one of the merchant princes of England. He sometimes came to see the spot where he had passed those humble years, and showed his good will to young and old by many wise and kind deeds. Two scenes in his life may interest and help the young men into whose hands this tract falls.

The little town was busy with preparations for Christmas sixty years ago. In one of the public-houses sat a lad who had fallen into bad habits, and sometimes gambled all the night through. It was little wonder that he had gone astray. His home was in the country, and he was left alone when only thirteen to fight his way in the world. His master was a drinker, and set a bad example to the boy. His friends arranged that he should get all his meals at the public-house; and business habits were so bad in those days that he was required, when managing his master's business, to treat the customers to a glass of spirits and water, even when they only bought a five-shilling parcel. Things were going very badly with him. He kept his pack of cards ready at all hours, and sometimes lost all he had, sometimes won heavy stakes.

At five o'clock in the morning he left the public-house and turned home to his master's house. Some reports of the lad's wild doings had reached his master, and the lower window which he used to leave unfastened was firmly nailed down. No way was left but one. He went up the street, climbed to the top of the lowest house, then along the ridges of the houses between that and his master's. When he reached it, he slid down the slates, hung suspended over the street clinging to the waterspout, and succeeded in opening his bedroom window with his foot.

When he was safely in bed his master came into the room and stood by the apprentice, who was apparently fast asleep, murmuring and threatening "that the moment he got up he would turn him out of the place. The lad's heart only grew harder as he listened. Soon after the waits came round singing their Christmas carols. His heart grew tender as he heard those singers. Thoughts of his father's grief, and the trouble to his home, made him resolve that if he could get his master's forgiveness he would live a new life.

He never looked back. His master trusted him, and left all his concerns in his hand. The apprentice was reformed; but the master went from bad to worse, and everything would have been ruined but for the youth's efforts. All the little town knew and loved the bright, active daring lad. He had been exposed to great temptation, and had yielded sorely. But God's mercy had been shown to him, and he had begun to live a better life.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A CHILD'S REASON. "Twas Christmas week, the wintry light Faded to darkness, dull and drear; 'These are,' I said, half to myself, 'The shortest days in all the year.'"

Across our darling's childish face Passed the quick shadow of a thought, Then suddenly she brightly smiled, As though she found the things she sought.

And said, "I know the reason why; It's 'cause the little girls like me Wish it was Christmas, as the Lord Makes the day shorter purposely!"

A CHRISTMAS CLUB.

A number of notes were written, asking two or more girls and boys from every Sunday-school in the city of Portland, Me., to meet at a certain house at 5 o'clock, on the following Thursday afternoon. Did they come? Come? They did not know what the call was for, save for a whisper about Christmas work; but they came: came in pairs, in trios, in quartets and quintets—a whole squad from the Butler school; big boys with big hearts, wet toes only four years old from the kindergarten—one hundred children ready for anything. Oh, I wish you could have been there at the forming of that club! A lady came forward to speak to them, and their voices were hushed in expectation. I can't tell you just what she said, but her words were beautiful. She spoke of their Christmas-festivities every year, of their presents and their friends; then of unfortunate children who had fewer, some none, of these joys. When she asked: "Does anyone here want to do anything for these others?" the thought that they could do anything was new to almost all—to many even the wish was new: but like a great heart-throb came their answer.

"Yes! I! I! I! I want to do something!" "Children what

fifteen thousand waited all through an awful night of sleep and wind that they might be ready for distribution of food in the morning. That great warehouse belonged to the apprentice of that little country town, who slid down the roof of his attic bedroom fifty years before. He and his colleague were straining themselves to the utmost to help the poor people who were often scarce able to walk away with their parcels of food, and broke down into sobs of gladness at their deliverance. It was an awful time. For half a mile stretched the long line of applicants, four or five deep, waiting for provisions. One lady had been thirty-nine hours in the street.

Day by day our old friend was working with all his might, and winning the love of those poor, starving Parisians, and the honor of his own countrymen. 'I have little time,' he said, 'to read the Bible! but I read the ninety-first Psalm every morning, which is a great support to me.'

The lad whose life had been so nearly wrecked by temptation had become one of the greatest merchants and philanthropists of his time. From the hour when the Christmas carols had roused feelings of penitence and new resolve, he had never looked behind him. Life had been a hard struggle; but he had faced all its troubles with courage, and had won himself a commanding position. No honor that London could grant would have been withheld from him. But his heart was set on better things. He was a humble, earnest Christian, and devoted his time and wealth to the work of charity. He was the constant friend of young men, the helper of all who were in trouble, and one of our truest and finest men was gone from us.

This is a true story. Every word of it has its lesson. We used to watch George Moore walking the streets of our little town, and used to hear of his deeds with a feeling of pride and thankfulness that remains to this day. His example had great influence on young men, and roused many of them to do their duty faithfully.—Methodist Tract.

Thomas Fuller, one of the most quaint and graphic of the old English writers, strikingly defined "policy to consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil." It was he who said: "Let him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree while others are in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile when the other is pinched."

can you do?" A pause, and then one little voice cried: "Drive 'em a cent!" That was the first offer, but it was followed by many another: "Give 'em candy!" "Give 'em a turkey!" "Give 'em a cat!" each beginning with that grand word, "Give." The result of that meeting was this: To form a club which should last "forever," to call it "The Children's Christmas club," to have for its motto: "Freely ye have received, freely give," to place the membership fee at ten cents, so that no child should be prevented from joining because he was not "rich," to make no distinction in regard to sect or nationality; to permit to join the club any boy or girl under eighteen years of age who accepted its principles, which were: To be ready at all times with kind words to assist children less fortunate than themselves; to make every year, in Christmas week, a festival of some kind for them; to save through the year toys, books, and games, instead of carelessly destroying them; to save, and wherever practicable put in good repair, all outgrown clothing; to beg nothing from any source, but to keep as the keystone of the club the word "Give"; to pay every year a tax of ten cents; and to make their first festival in the City hall on Thursday, Dec. 28, 1882. At that festival a Christmas tree and dinner was given to six hundred poor children.

Every town danger signals... children to grow and duty and the munity can turn historians of your dividends... through back of some process... report in persons in a hospital... every year... might have ago a small... had been spent... evangelistic... directed... "Mag, the man became... character... She she moved... without a shepa... cared for by... Samuam... mother of a... papers... In... deen dants... of 1,200... the whole... the most... the... erime... and... the... cost... the... thousand... establis... If that... taught in... of Christ's... better for... society... but my... she... and the... school... mediate... The... done... the... ward... and... launched... money... equipped... both Church... It will... consider... duty by... tion... No... Christ... work... days... If we... the... of... knowledge... ter and... cupous... ing must... be... Me... principle... form... Mere... sands for... life-blood... the public... life, it is... virtue... What... it?... set us... of their model... ture, the... and... richest... How many... of... of... many of their... How many of... tenderly... of a... is from... the... ate, the... to... To... such is... to... end... enant a... fright... sors... But... will... not... soul... or... derive... curse... Christ... plish the... work... be... might... but... fully... worked... results... on... the... great... work... nation... its... men... twenty... years... in...

FIDO'S AND KITTY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Mamma," said Benjie, won't you please give me some money to get a Kismas present for Fido? I want to buy a silver collar."

Mamma thought a minute, and then said,

"Silver collars cost a great deal, dear; and besides, are apt to be stolen; but Fido may have a new one of bright scarlet morocco with your name on it, and a little bell. Will that do?"

"Yes'm; that will be nice." And Benjie held up his rosy lips for a kiss, as sure of having the new collar for his pet as if it were already bought, for he knew mamma's promises were always kept.

Sure enough, on Christmas morning, the first thing Benjie drew out of his plump stocking was a scarlet collar, with a tiny bell.

There was a blue ribbon, too for Kitty Clover, and very happy was Benjie, when he sat on the rug, watching his pets, with their new ornaments, eating their Christmas breakfast, as mamma called it.

Kitty Clover and Fido were good friends, and would eat from the same plate, and sleep on the same mat.

"I am glad my little boy thought of his pets, and tried to make them happy at Christmas," said mamma; "but darling, you might do for them what they would like still better."

Besides their usual saucer of bread and milk, they had chicken bones and bits of tongue this morning, and greatly enjoyed their meal.

"What, mamma?" asked Benjie, quite surprised.

"You love them, I know, and usually you are kind to them," said mamma; "but sometimes you forget to feed them, and sometimes you tease them."

"They don't like to draw your cart, or dance on their hind feet, but you try to make them do these things. And sometimes you pull them about or wake them up. If you will, for all the New Year, treat them as kindly as you would want to be treated if you were a kitten or a little dog; it will be worth more to them than any present or nice Christmas breakfast."

Benjie thought it over.

"I'll try, mamma," he said, and he kept his word.

By the time the next Christmas came round, Kitty Clover and Fido loved him very dearly, and never ran away to hide under the sofa, or behind the door.—Youth's Companion.

A little boy had a sore hand, so sore that the doctor said it could not be cured, it must be cut off. The little fellow did not like to lose his hand, so he went to his best friend about it. The next day the hand was better, and soon it was quite well; the child's petition was heard. That boy after, ward gave himself to God as a minister.



CHEAPER THAN PUNISHMENT.

Every town and village has its danger-signals warning of the terrible evils that result from allowing children to grow up ignorant of God, duty, and the gospel.

It would have been infinitely better if that poor wretched child had been taught in one of the Sunday schools of Christ's Church, better for her, better for her descendants, better for society, and how much cheaper.

But many of such children as she are about us. A clothes-line school teacher is immense and immediate. The work that ought to be done, must be done now.

It will not do for Christians to consider themselves relieved of any duty by national schemes of Education. No Education Act has abated one jot of the need for voluntary Christian work in teaching on Sunday days.

DEATH IN DISH CLOTHS. I had some neighbors once—clever, good of souls. One tall fellow of theirs was sick at one time with typhoid fever.

Many housekeepers have no time to prepare mince-meat. Such can easily avail themselves of the assistance of Mr. John Hepkins, of Union street, St. John, who aims at and succeeds in preparing a choice article.

THAT HOME OF OURS.

In these days of low prices, when a pretty print of muslin dress can be bought for four or eight cents a yard, cambric and satens in choice colors for fifteen cents, or cotton and wool fabrics for suits at twenty-five cents, there is little reason why a lady should not be prettily dressed when about her work at home.

USEFUL HINTS. Don't fill your rooms with too much furniture. Crowded apartments are always unpleasant.

In selecting red cabbage for pickling, take heads that are plump and which appear dry and solid.

English gardeners practice lifting and resetting fruit trees to induce fruitfulness. This treatment is looked upon as equivalent to, and an improvement on, root pruning.

Kerosene is better than crude petroleum for the softening and cleaning out the gunnrod and hardened oil in the boxes of lawnmowers, reapers, and other farm machinery.

Golden frosting is made by using the yolks instead of the whites of the eggs. Beat well and stir in sugar until it will spread without running. This is pretty for a white cake.

Eggs lose their nourishment by cooking. The yolk, raw, or very slightly boiled, is exceedingly nutritious; one slightly boiled, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw one.

Chocolate frosting is made by adding grated chocolate in the proportion preferred to any frosting. A very good frosting is made by adding a square of chocolate to a sirup made of one cup of sugar and three spoonfuls of water; mix well and spread.

For Baltimore ginger-bread, take three eggs, cup of sugar, cup of molasses, a large table-spoonful of ground ginger, cup of milk, one heaping tea-spoonful of baking powder, two cups of flour; if not thick enough add more flour.

The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan, and place over a moderate fire; break an egg into it and stir up; when it is done favor with a little salt, sugar or currant jelly.

Vegetarianism, if we are to believe the statements made by some of our London contemporaries, is gaining headway in the great metropolis. Restaurants are springing up in divers sections conducted on the vegetarian plan, where the bills of fare are changed daily, and the dinners said to be really tantalizing in their attractiveness and variety.

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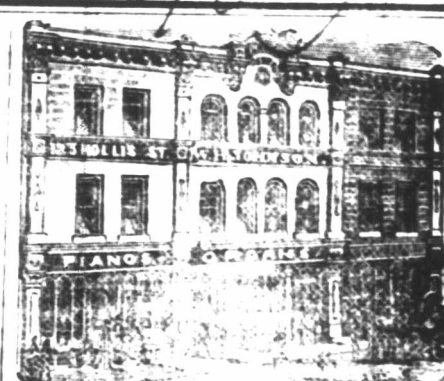
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TENDERS. TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, at Ottawa, and endorsed "Tenders for Hubbard's Cove Light-house," will be received up to the 20th December, next, for the contract of a wooden Light-house Tower, with Keeper's Dwelling attached, and Out-buildings, on Westwater's Point, Hubbard's Cove, in the County of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

XMAS PRESENTS. As we are now approaching the holiday season, when we have all to buy our Christmas presents, we would suggest to patrons and readers of this paper the advisability of paying Mr. Charles Stark a visit at Church St., Toronto, where they will find an assortment of Diamonds, Watches, Jewellery, etc., for variety, price and elegance of design equal if not superior to (special lines) to any jewellery house in the City.

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THE WESLEYAN  
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1884.

THE "WESLEYAN" FOR 1885.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

All subscribers can get the "Christian Guardian" or the "Canadian Methodist Magazine" with the "WESLEYAN" by sending us \$3.50.

By sending 35 cents additional they can secure a copy of Dr. Wakeley's "Heroes of Methodism" or his "Anecdotes of the Wesleys, both of which are usually sold for \$1.25 each. Our supply of these books is limited.

Or for 30 cents additional to the subscription they can have a copy of J. Jackson Wray's "Nestleton Magazine"—a most popular book; or for 20 cents a copy of "Centenary of Methodism in E. B. America," containing Dr. Douglas' Centennial Sermon and other Centennial addresses, which ought to be in all our houses.

These offers are certainly attractive. They are open to all subscribers, but only one premium book can be sent to each subscriber. Cash in all cases must accompany the order.

You are busy in preparing for Christmas. What is your real relation to Him who was born in Bethlehem of Judea? What think ye of Christ?

Christ's friends should not forget him. His Gospel sanctifies what custom has long sanctioned—that the poor and needy have special claims at whatever period the humiliation of their Lord is remembered.

Do not do any thing, or allow any thing to be done by others in your house during the Christmas holidays, that you will be sorry for when they are over. The law of God and of Christian obligation is the same all the year round.

As our next issue can reach but few of our subscribers before Christmas Day, we give a good amount of reading for the festival in this paper. Do not delay to read it. It will give you some hints which may add to the pleasure of the glad day.

Our Book-room is now finely stocked. Orders from the country are promptly attended to. Look at the advertisements. It will be to your advantage to patronize your own Book-room, whether you live in town or country.

The WESLEYAN, sent by you to some friend who is unable to pay for or who would not otherwise take it, would be a Christmas present for all the year. It might cheer not a few rainy Sundays and take loneliness from many an evening. Try it!

We learn with much satisfaction that the Hon. Dr. Parker, for himself and wife, has sent a cheque for One Hundred dollars in aid of the building fund of the Centennial Memorial Hall. Another newspaper effort to stop the supplies will now be in order. Who will load the gun and who will fire it?

How can our Christmas be a merry one if we, for whom Christ was born, and for whom he died, turn from him and receive him not? We have room in our hearts for business, with all its cares; for friends, with all their sickness; for home, and children, and a hundred other things; have we, then, no room for Christ, whose birth we commemorate?

In some homes into which the WESLEYAN comes there will be one less reader this year than on the last Christmas. But the birth of Christ removes much of the sting from bereavement, and thoughts of Christ and his love make the inevitable endurable, and "afterward to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Be cheerful, then, if substituted, as you gather around the Christmas board.

The Rev. John Read wrote us from St. John last week: "Dr. Meacham is doing grand work in advocating the cause of Missions. His addresses in this city have been so deeply interesting that many have followed him from church to church, listening with increasing delight to his wonderful story of the triumphs of Christianity in Japan. There are indications of quite an advance in Missionary contributions."

The terminal examinations at the Mount Allison College, which began yesterday, will end on the 22nd inst. The public closing exercises of the Male Academy take place on Tuesday the 23rd., those of the Ladies' Academy on the evening of the 22nd. The students will leave for home on Tuesday and Wednesday, 23rd and 24th. The second term in both College and Academies will begin on the 8th of January, 1885.

Thoughtful Methodists sometimes speak of a lack of Gospel food in our prayer-meetings. The popular demand is for lively meetings. Such gatherings are pleasant, but to be profitable they should give one something to think about on the following morning. An exposition of the Word would afford a pleasing variety and would save our people from the temptation to seek such food where unwholesome ingredients may be mingled with it.

The Rev. George Hughes, one of the Editors of the Guide to Holiness, gives some pleasant notes of his visit to the recent Convention in St. John, N. B., in the December number of the Guide. Among other items is this:

We formed a pleasant acquaintance with the Wesleyan ministers—Rev. Bro. Read, President of the Conference; Dubon, pastor of the Centenary Church; and McCully, Bro. Read offered us his church, but as it was not very central it was deemed best to remain in the hall. He wrote a very fraternal note regretting his inability to attend the Convention on account of sickness in his family. He was present on Monday afternoon, however, and offered a prayer that we are sure must have reached heaven. It was an hour of great interest; there were many seekers, and while singing "Glory to the Lamb!" there was a wondrous overshadowing of the presence of the Holy One. The fact is the whole city was stirred. We shall expect to hear that the wave of salvation continues to roll.

Our readers will be glad to know that the two most important contributions to the Canadian Methodist Magazine for 1885 will be by two ministers of the Eastern Conferences. One will be "Skipper George Netman of Caplin Bight, a Story of Outport Methodism in Newfoundland," by the Rev. Geo. J. Bond, B. A., of St. John's. This is a serial story of thrilling adventures by field and flood, and one of great religious power. It describes a phase of Methodism as strongly marked as that of Yorkshire or Cornwall. The other is a series of twelve papers on "Charles Wesley, the Minister of Methodism," by the Rev. S. B. Dunn, of Annapolis, N. S. Bro. Dunn has made a special study of this subject, and these papers are likely to form one of the most brilliant series of studies of the matchless ministry of Methodism ever published. With the new offer of the Magazine and WESLEYAN together for \$3.50, we expect a large increase in the already good number of readers of the Magazine in our Eastern Conferences.

The annual meeting of the Halifax School for the Blind was held on Saturday. The year has been one of general success, although the financial support has not been equal to an expenditure which has increased the efficiency of the Institution. As is too often the case, an increased government grant has checked to some extent the flow of private benevolence—a fact to be regretted, since all the aid that can be obtained is really necessary. Prof. Fraser, who has by no means confined his attention to the pupils collected at the school, estimates that there are about 900 blind people in the Maritime Provinces, of whom 110 are under twenty-one years of age. In the institution there are now seventeen boys and eleven girls. Two young men, former pupils, are now studying music in Berlin, having saved enough from their own earnings to meet their expenses. Mr. Fraser enjoys the full confidence of the directors, and has the aid of a very efficient staff. Our readers should take pains to become familiar with the work of the institution.

The public will not be surprised that the sentence of death passed upon the captain and mate of the wrecked yacht *Mignonette* has been commuted to six months' imprisonment. The jury and the judges could not have reached any other conclusion than they did. To live by the unwilling death of another, even though death seemed to threaten that other, is against abstract morality. In such case, however, no community would deem a severe punishment just. Such homicides do not belong to the list of common crimes. As an exchange remarks, "there goes to the perpetration of them a physical urgency and a mental condition which together may well be held to exclude responsibility. For famine has frequently proved stronger than the strongest human feeling—maternal love. Women exposed to this torment have killed and eaten their children. During the Indian famines mothers commonly sold their babies for a little rice." Men who, under ordinary circumstances, would be horrified at the thought of using human flesh, may well under such circumstances be considered insane. The judges did wisely to establish a precedent which seafaring men will bear in mind; they did well also in limiting the punishment to such an extent as was merely necessary to keep the unfortunate men off the list of heroes.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. RICE.

A note of the 11th inst. from the Mission Rooms, Toronto, prepared us for the announcement of the departure on Monday of the Rev. Samuel Dwight Rice, D. D., senior General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. Failing health had for some months led his friends to fear that his long day of earnest and useful service was approaching its termination. Of his latest hours no particulars have reached us, but, confident in his union with a risen Redeemer, we think of him only as one of the dead in Christ who yet "greatly live."

In the hope that some one or more of the few surviving associates of Dr. Rice in his early ministry will soon supply our lack of service, we outline briefly his long and honorable career. He was the son of a physician who removed him in his boyhood from Maine to New Brunswick, where he found a new home at Woodstock. An elder brother became a member of the class which Arthur McNutt formed soon after his arrival in 1832 at Woodstock, where there had been, in the village, but one member of the Methodist church—a godly woman. Through this brother, Dwight, as he was called, requested permission to attend the class-meeting, a privilege the warm-hearted minister was only too glad to grant. His first appearance at the class meeting is yet clearly remembered by Mrs. McNutt—the venerable widow of the Rev. Arthur McNutt. Between the young minister and the lad of seventeen a warm life-long attachment grew up. "I am," the latter has often said playfully to the former, "just what you made me." This intimacy was no doubt strengthened by the marriage of Mr. Rice to a niece of Mrs. McNutt—a daughter of the late David Starr, Esq., of this city, whose family has given worthy wives to two other Methodist itinerants.

In 1835, after a year or two in a mercantile establishment in Fredericton, he attended an academy at Leicester, Mass., to prosecute study with a view to the ministry. In 1837 he was received on trial for the ministry, though uncertain health, in the opinion of friends, promised but a short career. Seldom has the faithfulness of a young minister been more severely tested than was his when late in the autumn of 1839 he was called to leave his comfortable quarters at Bathurst to fill a temporary vacancy at Sydney, Cape Breton, caused by the despatch of the Rev. John, now Dr., McMurray, to Newfoundland. In spite of circumstances which might well have justified an objection, the young man set out on his tedious and then dangerous journey, as his superintendent wrote, "in a noble spirit." Seven years later, when he had been stationed in St. John and had devoted a year or two to travelling in behalf of the new Academy at Sackville, he was removed to Upper Canada, at the special request, we believe, of the Rev. Enoch Wood, D. D., who was then appointed Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in that district. From that period

Dr. Rice's work was connected almost wholly with the Upper Provinces, but he never lost his attachment to the East and was ever ready to aid the work there in every possible way. To his brethren here he seemed to be the very last, as one of themselves.

Dr. Rice's services to Canadian Methodism were varied, and were thoughtfully appreciated. For two years he was stationed in Toronto; at the end of that time he was appointed Principal of the Mancey Industrial School, at Kingston; in 1853 he became treasurer of Victoria College, of which he was governor for the two years following. Thence he went to Hamilton, and while stationed there took a most active part in the establishment of the Wesleyan Ladies' College in that city. To his wise foresight, indefatigable energy, and able administration the marked success of that college is very largely due. To its development he devoted the ripe energies of fifteen years of his life. While at Hamilton, in 1867, the honorary degree of D. D., was conferred upon him by Victoria University, and in 1864 and again in 1874 he was elected President of the Canada Conference.

On his return to circuit work he was stationed at St. Mary's, Ont., at which time he was elected Vice President of the General Conference. Two years later he went to Winnipeg, remaining there two years. In 1882 he was elected President of the General Conference which met at Hamilton, and in the following year, on the consummation of the union of the several Methodist bodies of the Dominion, an event in which he was most deeply interested, he was elected Senior General Superintendent for a period of eight years. In view of his age this tribute on the part of his brethren was all the more pleasing. On the day of his election to the superintendency he referred with a grateful heart to the fact that at the period of the union of 1874 he had been President of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference, and that previous to the larger union of 1883 he had been chosen President of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Dr. Rice was a man of inflexible purpose, prompt and active and capable of an enormous amount of labor, yet always genial and affable. Dr. Withrow, the editor of our Canadian Magazine, says of him: "He was the guide of our youth and the counsellor and friend of our later years; our relationship has been so intimate that for months we saw him almost every day when laboring under the pressure of engrossing public duties and daily cares—duties and cares of a nature to try to the utmost the mettle and the temper of any man. And our judgment is, that we never knew a man of nobler spirit, of more magnanimous nature, of more staunch integrity, of more inflexible firmness in what he believed to be the path of duty." The news of his death will be deeply felt throughout the Dominion. He leaves five sons and four daughters, all resident in the western part of the Dominion. For their excellent mother and for themselves much sympathy has been expressed.

IS MONEY EVERYTHING?

The argument against denominational colleges as costly is just now being used in some of our city papers with a somewhat suspicious persistency. One is inclined to ask in view of certain statements, Is money everything? Is it to be regarded as the superior or the agent of Christianity? Of the value of money we have had good reason to be conscious, yet we claim that money is really but means to an end—that end the glory of God in the highest good of man. All wealth belongs to the Creator. "It is the Lord thy God that giveth thee power to get wealth," said the great lawyer upon whose precepts all modern law in civilized lands is based. "The silver and the gold are mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," are some of the words in which the Almighty Creator asserts proprietorship of all we proudly call our own. It is possible to look at this wealth in the light of a mere medium of exchange or as the subject of the stock-list: it is possible on the other hand to regard it as a rare gift with which to glorify God and exalt man. To those who take the former view our opponents may address themselves with some success, but of the influence of such appeals upon men who view wealth from God's standpoint, and therefore send prayers with gifts, we have no fears.

Men of the former class have cause, however, to fear the false economy advocated by certain writers for the press. Christianity brings blessings to all who live under her shadow, even though many men may never accept her richest grade of blessings. If men may destroy colleges under direct Christian auspices on the ground of their cost, at what else may they not aim for a similar reason? Why support Sabbath-schools, in view of the work being done by our common school system? In short, to avoid pursuing our question by steps, why not eclipse Heaven by a dollar put up to the eye and in view of the large measure of moral and religious light around us, resolve to dispense with Christian ordinances as a terribly expensive thing, for such they certainly are when looked at purely in the light of the stock exchange. Happily we are not prepared to tread in the footsteps of France in the last century. There are too many evidences around us yet that the Gospel cannot be dispensed with, and therefore we cling to our religious institutions as the only safe, even if costly, guarantees for our liberty. When we can dispense with Christianity elsewhere, we can dispense with its direct sanctions at the very sources of our public life—our places of higher education. In course of time some comparative reduction may be hoped for, but any attempt at immediate economy by the secularization of our religious colleges would be a terrible mistake. The Great Teacher himself established certain comparative values when he asked, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

To the men who may pretend to smile at this belief, we quote a fact or two showing that it has a firm hold of thousands to day, a hold so firm as to reach down into the pockets. During the last twenty years the Methodists of the United States, believing as we do, have given ten millions of dollars or more to sustain colleges under the management of their own section of the Church. Through such efforts Wesleyan University prospers in the presence of Yale, and Boston University in the presence of Harvard. In the same direction the Presbyterians of the United States are also following. Two or three years since, their General Assembly at Chicago gave strong deliverances on the secularizing influence of the state colleges of the country. An influence which was lamentably lessening the supply for the ministry must, it was felt, equally affect the laity of the Church, and so the Assembly passed by a large majority, if not by a unanimous vote, a resolution to establish through the West just such a class of colleges as the opponents of our religious colleges in Canada are using all possible means to weaken and destroy. May the day be far distant, when our young men can be driven to seek their literary education where the direct shadow of Christianity shall not fall upon them!

A NEW BOOK.

We have looked somewhat closely at *A Tale of the Siege of Louisbourg*, from the pen of the Rev. David Hickey, of Parrboro—a not unpleasant undertaking in view of our regard for the author and our interest in the spot about which he writes. Mr. Hickey's book will provoke criticism. Not a few will look askance at a quite sensational story from a Methodist minister's study, although not probably a whit more sensational than was "Henry, Earl of Moreland," issued by our London Book-room in John Wesley's day. More severe criticism will probably be called forth by Mr. Hickey's sarcastic treatment of New England Calvinism. We doubt whether he can be charged with any misrepresentation in this respect. A glance at the *Arminian Magazine* under Wesley's management shows that Wesley must have deemed the doctrine of "the decrees" as held at even a later date to be something terrible. In New England it met the early Methodist preachers with a most determined front, and disputed their progress inch by inch. "To doubt it is a sin," said an educated Roman Catholic youth once to an inquirer who questioned him as to the ability of the priest to change bread and wine into the very body and blood of Christ. With scarcely less reverence was the New England youth taught to look upon the doctrine of the "decrees" as set forth in his West-

minster catechism. Precious soon held this doctrine, and like Whitfield, conscious of personal acceptance, only grew stronger in the grateful belief of themselves as included in the elect, but others were throughout their lives involved in sore perplexity, and others still, unable to reconcile the favorite theory with the revealed love of God, went to the opposite extreme of Universalism, or abjured Calvinism and Christianity at a single leap.

Lack of familiarity with modern fiction prevents any criticism on our part of the story itself. In any story of a siege blood must be shed, and from what life-story, real or fictitious, was love as a ruling passion ever absent? "Mr. Hickey moralizes too much," says a reviewer who, deep in the story, evidently got out of patience with the "preaching." We admit the force of the criticism, but rejoice in the fact which calls it forth. That Mr. Hickey would not if he could, and could not if he would, sink the preacher in the story writer is a reassuring proof that one who wields a so vigorous pen and a style so easy and graceful and yet so forceful and will, will yet essay successful work in some more important field than that of fiction. We had almost forgotten to say that in William Briggs, Toronto, Mr. Hickey has found a most satisfactory publisher.

THE CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

On Tuesday evening of last week this interesting gathering commenced its sessions at Baltimore. We speak of it as interesting, for such it is rather than legislative. It has no power indeed to legislate. It does not even meet for counsel. Important discussions of prominent topics will take place, but with no intention of immediate action. Yet we must remember, as the *Baltimore Methodist*, to which we are under obligations, has sagely remarked, that "there is a quiet and unobtrusive, but all-powerful, legislation that does not proceed by the usual methods of motion and enactment, that is not immediately embodied in constitutions and statutes, in 'general rules' and disciplinary chapters—a legislation in which the feelings of men's hearts are concerned rather than the conceptions of their minds, and which brings them into essential sympathy rather than into formal unity—a legislation which often accomplishes more than enactments and which must precede formulated codes if they are to become forceful.

The whole number of persons officially associated with the Conference is four hundred and forty-eight. Great numbers of these began quietly to assemble in the First M. E. Church, the corporate representative of the congregation of the Lovely Lane church in whose simple and unadorned building sixty out of the eighty-three Methodist preachers scattered over the eastern slope of the continent from New York to Georgia, met one hundred years ago to constitute the first Methodist Conference in America. We are not strictly correct in our limits; for one was from Nova Scotia—the well-known William Black.

The opening hymn on Tuesday evening—"See how great a flame aspires"—was announced by the Rev. Dr. Gardner, of Canada, who also led the assembly in an earnest prayer, to which there were many fervent, but not boisterous, responses. After "I love thy kingdom, Lord" had been sung, Mr. Hunt introduced Bishop E. G. Andrews, of the M. E. Church, who delivered the address of welcome.

Bishop Andrews said that they had met to study the past for the profit of the future. He welcomed the delegates for their own sake and for the fathers' sake. They are heirs in common of the fathers. When the Ecumenical Conference met, three years ago, in London, it assembled in the City Road Chapel—the very church of Wesley. This Conference could not be taken to Lovely Lane Meeting House. Nothing of it remains, not even one of those benches of which it is related by Bishop Asbury that for the comfort of the members, the kind people had put backs to some of them. Baltimore Methodism now numbers over a hundred churches and twenty-seven thousand members. Asbury said in 1789 that it contained more Methodists than "any other city of the continent. In proportion to its population the assertion is still true. We ought to rejoice that Methodism has surpassed its local growth. In the Christmas Conference there was no representative from New England, whose self-contented Calvinism was

unpromising soil from Georgia preached.

The bishop's citation of the Church government, an scriptural basis in the New Testament precedent, other forms of election. He claims that Methodism would not outgrow forms but in what was profitable would the old survive.

The Rev. Dr. the M. E. Church to the address of a characteristic speech.

He drew a and the Christian He could not their fellow laborers woods on the Baltimore Tow railroads in the been many a doctrine to be finished. He takes the train, try, to process, and showy singing and pray like Methodists. But he had been After witness was parted to go to depart in good tell Simpson's injunction was children love of

THE CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

Rev. J. C. Pre can Methodist whose line of superb voice a made him quite land at and Conference, reman the his ment and elev far as affected closed by repre from its wate Europe taking "One Faith, "One Baptism with the declar Father of all."

Two hours addresses and Andrews and the cloth which "Jesus, love Bishop Wilhoist any part of hundred pres manumants. I read the co Lord's Prayer the benedictio the first sess Conference was

It was near day morning from the p Mount Verne the meeting to Bishop J. C. Church, "S. praside. The read the 62nd a Bible once Wesley, and hymn comp the Rev. D Church, South ence in pray out of the w meeting hours many to be th in America, for the use of The Confere permanent or secretaries, Church South M. E. Church African M. E. on Credentials appointments Edwards, M. Carlisle and Church, Scot Reeves, B. Usher of Churches. S ence voted t in order to when Benn the M. E. C desk and an hymn,

"Oh for a great My great After pray ble, and a ch hop road the and at 11 these passa saw that S that he was Jerusalem,



precious son doctrine, and like precious of personal grew stronger in the themselves as includ- lives involved in and others still, un- the favorite theory love of God, went extreme of Universal- Calvinism and Christi- ship.

unpromising soil for Methodism, nor from Georgia, where Wesley had first preached. The bishop then spoke of the affection of the Churches for their form of government, an episcopacy which is scriptural because it professes to find in the New Testament no authoritative precedent for itself or for any other form of ecclesiastical organization. He claimed, too, that Methodism would not cling to obsolete and outgrown forms of even its own past, but in what new forms might be found profitable would always seek to embody the old spirit.

princes and "walk men." 2 Chron 32 : 2, 3. "Hark about Zion, and go round about her : tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces ; that ye may tell it to the generations following." Psalm 48 : 12, 13. Bishop Foster's sermon occupied over two hours in its delivery. It was listened to with great enthusiasm. The Methodist says that it will pass into the literature of Methodism as one of the best productions of its kind. "Those who have been read the discourses of the prelates whose great Council had just been held in Baltimore, will read the free and bracing words of Bishop Foster with some such feeling of relief as one who pushes aside the greasy leather curtains that close the door of some mediaeval church and from its uncertain light, its tawdry ornament, its stifling atmosphere reeking with the dead incense fumes of ages steps into the brilliant noonday and tonic atmosphere of heaven's own day." We have but room for a single passage :

Matthews. The paragon is com- mon and substantially built, pre- sents a good appearance, ... when it is completed the property will be worth eleven hundred dollars. With further effort on the part of our people, and the connexional aid promised and now looked for, we hope before the next Conference to be free from debt. Before the New Year we expect to occupy it. J. J. C.

J. Bond, B. A., Secretary of Conference, R. Logan, M. A., (Presbyterian), J. B. Heal and W. Kendall. R. S. Munn, Esq., occupied the chair at Harbor Grace, and the Hon. John Rorke at Carbonara, and Capt. W. H. Taylor at Freshwater. John Bemister, Esq., Sheriff of the Northern District, also gave a very able and interesting speech at Harbor Grace, while the Rev. John S. Peach opened each meeting, read the report, etc. Financially we shall be below last year, but the meetings were good. Other meetings are being held, but we fear the finances will not be up to last year.

knelt down and pray," and that simple act of devotion (said the speaker) and that small patch of cultivation were the beginning of religion and farming in Mount Barker - Sydney Advocate

Experiments made with the dynamite seized some time since from the suspects in this city have shown that the explosive was six times as powerful as ordinary dynamite. Sheriff Doucet, of Gloucester, N. B., who, under bad legal advice, levied on a money letter in the post office, and pleaded guilty, was let off with a fine of \$50 in consideration of his good intentions.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Evening of last week gathering commenced at Baltimore. We speak for such it is rather. It has no power in. It does not even. Important dis- tinct topics will take attention of immed- we must remember, Methodist, to which obligations, has sagely there is a quiet and all-powerful, legisla- tion proceeded by the motion and enact- immediately embod- and statutes, in and disciplinary tion in which the hearts are concerned conceptions of their sh brings them into ly rather than into legislation which es more than enact- must precede formu- py are to become

PERSONAL

City papers report the death of the Rev. Dr. Carroll, of the Toronto Conference. No particulars have yet reached us. Rev. Matthew Wilson, for many years a leading Presbyterian minister, died on Saturday morning at North Sydney, where he had been settled for a long time.

PERSONAL

The death of Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, to whose recent inaugural address the Rev. C. H. Paisley made glowing reference in a letter from Scotland, is announced. W. M. Tweedie, Gilchrist scholar for 1882, recently took his B. A. degree at London University. Mr. Tweedie intends remaining in London another year, studying English Literature and Political Economy.

PERSONAL

The Rev. Thomas Cook, the British Conference Evangelist, will hold a united mission of all the Methodist churches in Dublin, beginning on Sunday, January 11. The mission will last about a fortnight. An aged Methodist woman at Ebbesmere, England, during a prayer-meeting recently, while engaged in prayer, suddenly stopped, laid her head upon the pew before her, and died, uttering as her last words, "O, Lamb of God, I come."

PERSONAL

Mr. Richard Grant, in the Christian Witness, gives the names of the missionaries working under Bishop Taylor, on the self-supporting plan. The numbers are as follows : South India, 45 ; Panama, 2 ; Costa Rica, 3 ; Peru, 4 ; Chili, 31 ; Brazil, 4. Others are on the way.

PERSONAL

The Memorial Chapel erected at Ballingraire, Ireland, to the memory of Philip Enbury and Barbara Heck, natives of that place who emigrated to America and introduced Methodism in New York, in 1766, having become seriously impaired, is to be renovated at a cost of \$1,000.

PERSONAL

At the late session of the East Ohio Conference a board of trustees was appointed to raise and supervise a fund of \$100,000—a centennial thanksgiving offering—to be used as an endowment fund for worn-out preachers, and for the widows and orphans of deceased preachers of the Conference. Machinery has been put in motion to raise the required amount.

METHODIST NOTES

The Telegraph states that the Rev. H. J. Clark received seven persons into the Methodist church at Tay Creek, N. B., last Sabbath week. The new church, which was dedicated in September last, is free of debt, with a balance in the hands of the trustees.

METHODIST NOTES

Our Methodist friends at Cole Harbor intend holding a tea-meeting and Christmas tree in Anchor Hall, Cole Harbor, on Tuesday, Dec. 30. Tea will be ready from 5 to 8 p. m. If Tuesday should be stormy the entertainment will be given on Wednesday. They deserve help and should have it.

METHODIST NOTES

The Fredericton Reporter of last week says : At the conclusion of the temperance lesson in the Methodist Sunday school on Sunday afternoon nearly all the teachers and scholars signed a pledge to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, and then donned the blue ribbon.

METHODIST NOTES

A handsome sum was obtained for church purposes by an entertainment at Jacksonville, N. B., a week or two ago.—The Rev. J. K. King has been holding special services at Centerville, N. B., for three weeks. The Yarmouth Herald speaks of a recent musical and literary entertainment in the vestry of Providence church, as an "artistic as well as a financial triumph."

METHODIST NOTES

Missionary meetings have been held at three of the four places on the Vernon River (P. E. I.) circuit, Rev. Geo. Steele, pastor. Mr. Steele writes : The speakers were the Rev. G. Harrison, W. E. Reynolds and E. Bell. Good, sensible addresses were given each evening. We shall more than double the amount contributed last year. Other financial interests will not suffer.

METHODIST NOTES

An esteemed supernumerary minister, resident in Montreal, writes : That is a laudable enterprise projected by our people in St. John's, Nfld. I trust the Wesleyans will give good brethren in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, whose small salaries have so long been reduced by annually recurring deficiencies. This is a deep and far-reaching evil. May the day be near when it shall no longer exist ! Dr. Potts, in the midst of daily "salvation meetings," has been laid aside by a severe cold. I hear that special good has been lately experienced by our congregation at Point St. Charles.

METHODIST NOTES

Rev. W. H. Evans writes : While spending a few weeks at Berwick I was much pleased to notice the substantial progress on that circuit, under the faithful superintendency of Bro. Johnson. The church presents an attractive appearance, having been recently painted within and without. A new bell sends forth its clear notes calling the people to "the house of prayer." The Sabbath congregation is large and attentive, and the social services are well sustained. God has graciously crowned the labors of his servant, and I was glad to hear the distinct testimony of several of those whom he had been instrumental in leading to the Lord Jesus. It must be gratifying to close the term of service under circumstances so favorable.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

The Jubilee Fund, commemorative of the Congregational Union of England, has reached the large sum of \$1,750,000. It will be used in home missions and church building.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

Few readers have any adequate idea of the extent to which the murder of female children still prevails in China. Miss Fielde, of Swatow, cross examined ten Chinese women belonging to a Bible-class. They had been heathen and were now Christians, and they admitted that among them they had made away with seventy children.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

The Revised Version of the Old Testament will be published next spring by the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge in several editions. The American Committee have ordered a memorial edition in four volumes of the best paper and binding, to be sent free of charge to any one who contributes \$30 to the expenses of the Committee.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

A decree from Spain instructs the governor general of Cuba to uphold those provisions of the fundamental law of Spain, which permit the exercise of any form of worship not opposed to Christian morals. A complaint had been made by priests against a colonel of the American Bible Society, who had at Matanzas organized a congregation of Protestants. The civil authorities resisted the demand of the priesthood for the suppression of this movement, but referred the question to Madrid, and the decision establishes the fact that Protestant worship is to be tolerated and protected in Cuba, no less than in Spain.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

The Dominion Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on the 29th of January. Another Canadian voyageur has been drowned in the Nile, making the number of deaths in the contingent six. A heavy fire, destroying over \$30,000 worth of property, took place at Woodstock, N. B., on Monday night. There is considerable insurance.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

The St. John Telegraph calls Moncton the "most progressive town of its size in Canada." This compliment is no doubt well deserved. The Dominion Grangers will apply at the next session of parliament for an act to empower them to establish a mutual fire insurance company among the Patrons of Husbandry.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

By a colliery explosion in South Hungary last week, 75 miners, all heads of families, were killed. It is not believed that the Spanish treaty will be ratified in the U. S. Senate by the necessary two-thirds vote. The Vermont Legislature last week defeated by a vote of 113 to 60 a bill giving a woman the right to vote at municipal and town elections.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

Cable despatches detail a dastardly attempt to blow up London bridge. No one was killed, but three persons were injured. Paris anarchists applauded the bridge explosion.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

A large meeting of Orangemen will be held at Belfast, January 5th, on the occasion of the Wyckiffe quinquennial which will be celebrated throughout the north of Ireland.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

Ten thousand dollars, says a Southern journal, have been realized from the sale, on the trees, of this season's crop of fruit, on a nine acre orange grove on Indian river, Fla.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

It was supposed that the loss of revenue from the reduction of letter postage in the United States would for the first year be about four million dollars. The actual loss is only \$2,278,437.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

It is reported that about nine tenths of the adult female population in the Territory of Washington, at the election, on the 4th of last November, availed themselves of the right to vote with a hearty enthusiasm.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

The French government, to avoid complications with Australia, has decided to transfer the penal colony of New Caledonia to Madagascar. The colony will occupy the entire peninsula, forming the northern extremity of Madagascar. Gen. Miot further telegraphs from Madagascar that on the 6th inst. the captured second fort. He had a force of 1200 men—300 Europeans and 900 friendly natives.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NOTES

Twenty nihilists have been captured in St. Petersburg. They were holding a meeting under guise of a ball. Savon dynamites, who endeavored to blow up the Czar at Neidwood, have been convicted to-day. The evidence has shown that an elaborate system of mines containing charges of dynamite connected by electric wires had been arranged under the statue, and a terrible disaster was prevented only by the occurrence of heavy rain, which soaked and spoiled the dynamite. The police seized three bombs similar to those used in the assassination of the Czar. They also found letters addressed to the leader, indicating that he was supplied with money from the United States.

COLLEGE



SUPPORT YOUR PAPER.

BY REV. GEO. JOHNSON. It is an imperative duty, binding upon all Christian Churches, as far as possible, by moral suasion and the publication of religious truths to counteract the influence and suppress impure principles and render impotent the effects of the numerous infidel and atheistic agents of the press.

be correctly acquainted with the doctrines, morals, institutions, discipline, usages, progress and event of the Church. "HONOR THE LORD WITH THY SUBSTANCE."

and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that shall not be room enough to receive it. MEMORIAL NOTICES. JOHN LATHAM. died at Sable River, Shelburne Co., on the 11th ult., in the fortieth year of his age.

nie Laurie," wherein he celebrated the beauty and transcendent perfection of the maid of Maxwellton. IDA LEWIS. A despatch of the 7th from Newport, U. S., has this interesting item: The services at the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church this afternoon attracted an immense audience.

relieve when pain makes relief a necessity to our comfort. By a letter from "Government House, Ottawa," asking for a supply of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, we are reminded of two things: first that corns are universal, and secondly that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is recognized by all classes as the most perfect, painless, and non-poisonous remedy for corns.

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On October 14th, by the Rev. George Steel, at the residence of Mr. Donald V. J. Steel, the bride's father, Mr. Hugh Finlayson, of Milltown, to Miss Minnie Vamant, of Vernon River.

On the 15th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Head, Mr. Herbert R. Roberts, of St. John, N. B., to Lottie A., daughter of Mr. Henry Muhling of the same place.

On the 16th inst., at the residence of Jas. T. Magee, Esq., by the Rev. John Head, Mr. William A. Magee, of St. John, N. B., to Annie, daughter of Mr. Thomas Keyes, of Boston, Mass.

On the 26th ult., by the Rev. W. Alcorn, at the residence of the bride's father, J. Ross to Annie Crasbie, all of River Side.

At Black Point, on the 28th inst., by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Andrew H. Doane to Alice J. Perry, both of Black Point, Shelburne Co.

At Bullard Vale, Andover, Mass., Dec. 3rd, by the Rev. J. Alphonso Day, at the residence of the bride's father, Emma A., eldest daughter of Otis G. White, late of Nova Scotia, and niece of S. A. White, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., to Robert B. Macdoug, Esq., of Everett, Mass.

Halifax daily papers and Amherst Gazette please copy.

On the 25th November, by the Rev. B. C. Borden, W. J. Harbush of Hubbard's Cove, to Alice R. Chandler, of Liverpool, N. S.

By Rev. K. Barry Mack, at Pleasant Point, Dec. 6th, Mr. Albert Slaghenwhite to Miss Fanny Baker.

At the Parsonage, Lunenburg, Dec. 2nd, by the Rev. Wm. Brown, Eli Deal and Clara Zink, all of Rose Bay.

At the Parsonage, Lunenburg, by the Rev. Wm. Brown, Dec. 11th, Josiah Power and Rosetta Lohmes, both of Rose Bay.

In the Methodist Church, Centerville, Carleton Co., N. B., December 2nd, by the Rev. J. K. King, Dr. Thomas W. Lunn to Miss Fanny B. Agnew, all of Centerville. This being the first marriage celebrated in the church, the same was performed in a handsome hall by the trustees of the church.

DEATHS.

At Manchester, Guysborough, suddenly, on the 5th inst., Richard D. Bruce, aged 83 years. Mr. Bruce was long and favorably known as a worthy citizen and a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

At Lake Road, Dec. 6th, John Patricius, aged 45 years. For over sixty years a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

At the residence of the Rev. O. C. Herbert, South Richmond, Carleton Co., N. B., Thursday, Dec. 4th, Charlotte Willoughby, widow of the late Edward Shann, of Halifax, N. S., in the 90th year of her age.

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11 a. m. CHARLES ST. 7 p. m. F. H. W. Pickles. F. H. W. Pickles.

11 a. m. KAYE ST. 7 p. m. L. Daniel. J. J. Teasdale.

11 a. m. COBOURG ST. 7 p. m. B. Brecken. J. L. Batty.

11 a. m. BEECH ST. 7 p. m. J. J. Teasdale. L. Daniel.

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MAKE MOST DELICIOUS SUMMER OR WINTER DRINKS.

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Beware of cheaply-called "FRUIT SYRUPS," with gaudy labels and bright colors, not pure with chemical dyes and artificial flavorings and colorings.

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Being Ground and Packed in our own establishment, we can warrant them absolutely pure. The result of over THIRTY YEARS' sale through the Maritime Provinces has been to establish the fact that

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