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OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

THE TRAINING COLLEGES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The good educational work of Methodism suffers no check in the midst of the sharp competition of the National schools on the one side and School Board schools on the other. The high character of our schools for efficient teaching and a high percentage of children who pass in the Government examinations, is still maintained—the trained teachers are in request everywhere, the colleges are well supplied with pupil teachers who have secured the scholarship entitling them to the privilege of two years study mainly at the expense of the Government, and the whole machinery of the departments appear to be working admirably. There are three men of ability, Dr. Rigg, G. O. Bate, and G. W. Oliver entrusted with the management and devotedly toiling for its success. The high religious tone of the Institutions contributes largely to their undoubted value and stability. The last valedictory address to the students, previous to the Christmas vacation, was given by the President of the Conference, Dr. Pope. It was full of valuable counsel; and adds another excellent contribution to a stock of unique literature connected with the educational work of our church. The eminently wise and thoughtful addresses of John Scott, have been followed by many others worthy of preservation and valuable to all engaged in any form of teaching or training work.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

is the great absorbing topic of the day, and everybody talks and conjectures freely upon it. We are nearing the assembling of Parliament, and as days roll on, the dangers anticipated a fortnight ago, look less alarming, and fears are subsiding. It is true that Russia declines an overture on the part of our Government for mediation, but expresses no unwillingness to treat direct with the Porte. It is now pretty generally admitted that England has received no affront, nor are our interests imperilled to-day any more than they were a few months ago. Turkey is not yet so humiliated as to submit to very hard or unconditional terms of peace, and is even threatening an overwhelming levy of troops that shall be able to cope with the hosts of the invader, and hurl them back crushed and defeated. Nevertheless the tide of battle rolls on despite the heavy snow fall and severity of the winter. The Russians are winning one post after another, gaining a firmer hold in many important places both in Europe and Asia, and the Turks are demoralised and beaten,

THE REVOLT OF SERBIA

adds to the thronging trouble of their position, while it complicates all the arrangements of the future. The integrity of the Empire is gone and not all the Turkish sympathisers in Parliament or out of it will be able to reverse the fact.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY have been duly observed and thoroughly enjoyed by vast numbers of the population. In many business houses Christmas extended from the previous Saturday afternoon up to Thursday morning, thus opening the way for lengthened trips and extended visits. The services for Divine worship were largely attended, and Watchnight services increase in number and popularity. Methodism still leads the way in those solemn gatherings, and many attend who on no other occasion are seen in our sanctuaries. We cherish the hope that they retain some degree of benefit from what they hear, and that results follow which cannot be tabulated on any record.

THE WEATHER

with us, in the south has been singularly fine and mild, but to the northward they have had snow and frost in good old-fashioned style.

SAD DISTRESS

has prevailed for some length of time in parts of our favored land, and lately it has strengthened and deepened so as to cast a gloom of sorrow over wide districts during the present winter. This may in part be the result of the vexed disputes between masters and men, but its main cause is found in the wide and serious depression of the trade of the country. It is stated that hundreds of men and their families are in a starving condition. At one solitary where a thousand men

have been employed only a few days work have been found for some length of time, and even when a little job has been found, the poor fellows have been compelled to go to work hungry, leaving the family to beg for food during the day. A stream of help has begun to flow for the relief of the distressed population, and surely we may expect that when nearly half a million has been raised for the sufferers in India the poor at home, so near to us, will not long have to endure such painful want and misery. Here we have a strong plea for the maintenance of peace. War would certainly increase the burdens and sorrows of multitudes, and in the long run add heavy taxes on all ranks and conditions. The idea prevails that if England enter into this struggle, it will be the signal for a frightful outbreak of ambitions, a tremendous European war, which may affect the whole world, and every branch of commerce. This has a strong influence on the English mind. The Government will scarcely dare to encounter the forces that will be arrayed against them and in favor of peace. Jan. 7, 1878.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO.

January 16th, 1878.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Our inspiration to write to the WESLEYAN usually comes upon us from the perusal of the last number which comes to hand. We live, though we are very quiet in the West. Methodism is never busier than when she is making least noise in the world. The great work of saving souls is going on night after night, day after day, in a hundred obscure school houses or village churches, although the world seems nothing about it. A minister is plodding day after day through miles of mud, or amid sleet and rain and snow, to visit a few families and pray with them and preach to them at night and exhort them to Jesus. He returns home through darkness, cold, and midnight solitude, to find a "light in the window," and a careworn wife anxiously watching for him. The same is repeated every day for a month or six weeks, and an awakening is produced; a few persons are added to the church, but the results are such that he hardly thinks it worth while to chronicle them. But by and bye they are summed up. District meeting comes and the circuit has lost many by death, removals, &c., but has on the whole advanced. The Conference reports an increase and the work goes on.

A CONVERTED PRIEST DISAPPEARS.

In the West we have a little village rejoicing in the name of Woodalee. In it are two parsonages, and they almost adjoin, and contiguous to each are the two churches. One a stately one of brick, belonging to the Roman Catholics. The other more humble one, the Methodists own, the occupant of which is at present Rev. W. Henderson. Now between the priest, a Rev. M. Fitzpatrick, and the preacher, there sprang up an acquaintance which ripened into an intimacy. The priest was uneasy under the calling system of Popery. He began to advocate liberality of sentiment and to preach salvation through faith alone in Christ. His bishop removed him and after two years silenced him. He came back to Woodalee, called on Mr. Henderson, stated he had left the Catholic Church and wished to join the Methodist Church. Mr. H. advised him to attend his Quarterly Official Meeting, in November last, which was to meet on the next day, and he did so. The official members were favourably impressed. He was invited to attend the religious services of Sunday. In the love feast he spoke for half an hour. He impressed every one with his sincerity and earnestness. He dined with Mr. H., accompanied him to his evening appointment, and that evening, just before service—while walking on the street, was kidnapped, and all attempts to ascertain his whereabouts have since failed. A very common opinion is, that he sleeps under the Detroit river. The Catholic prelates are afraid of another Chiniquy, and take the most effectual method of preventing it. As investigations are said to be pending, we have said as much as is prudent upon the subject. But this is an exhibition of the Liberty of Nineteenth Century Catholicism in Canada. CHURCH BUILDING EXTRAORDINARY. What an era in Methodism for collec-

tions! We see the account of a new church to be dedicated, costing from \$5,000 to \$30,000, and the next news is debt all provided for, and a thousand or two over and above the amount thereof. Thus Bloor street, and Elm street in Toronto have both enlarged their borders and provided for their indebtedness. How a preacher—strong in faith—has in his appointment, the want of a new church; but the trustees are unwilling to take the responsibility. With their permission he takes hold of it, builds in faith, takes hold of God in prayer, and obtains signal answers. He succeeds. The new church, worth many thousands of dollars, is completed, and the grateful people come forward and pay for it. Such I believe to be in brief the history of a new church in the village of Morpeth, on the Ridgeway Circuit, built by Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, now of Jarvis. No wonder that we hear from the last circuit of an astonishing contribution as the result of the missionary anniversaries. "The entire amount raised to the present time is \$657—being \$344, or 150 per cent. in advance of last year; and the probability is another hundred dollars will yet be raised, which will be an average of \$250 per member on the Circuit. This circuit is an almost entirely rural one, and embraced within the township of Walpole. Nor is it one of the richest circuits in our province by any means; but who shall compute the moral influence of its example.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Editors of our two leading Periodicals and our Book Steward, are resolved that it shall be owing to no want of zeal or enterprise on their part if the *Guardian* and *Magazine* are not found in every Methodist home in Canada—and they are both fully worthy of all the patronage that can be given them. The progress of the Temperance Reformation is one of the "signs of the times" in Ontario. As an instance, a private letter informs me that, in the little town of Dundas, 600 signed the pledge. Grocers resolve to send back their stocks of wine and spirits to the wholesale merchants, as the demand for them now is falling off. Dealers say it will not pay them to take out license for another year. The reign of alcohol is doomed in Ontario, but he may die hard.

Our Provincial Parliament is now in session, and the Lieutenant Governor has congratulated the members in his speech from the Throne upon the improved financial state of the country. Hon. Mr. Crooke, the successor of Rev. Dr. Ryerson as Chief Superintendent of Education, is distinguishing his administration by many changes. Prominent among which is the establishing of Normal schools in most of our County or Principal towns, and in connecting them with the existing High Schools. This will be a great boon to many who could ill afford to go up to Toronto, and as every teacher is required to attend one of these schools, the country will reap the benefit. We never had a more open winter than the present. The lighthouse at the mouth of the Detroit River blazed forth over the sullen waters of Lake Erie on the night of New Year's eve, as brightly as in October, for the first time in its history. The waters were as open for navigation until that time as during any period of the summer. Yours truly, H. R. E. S.

"SCEPTICAL DOUBTS."

THE REV. E. B. MEREDITH'S REGULAR MONTHLY SERMON TO YOUNG MEN AT THE TEMPLE STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

The Rev. R. R. Meredith at the Temple Street Methodist Church last Sabbath preached his regular monthly sermon to young men, his subject being "Sceptical Doubts," and his text, Psalms, lxxiii, the first second and seventh verses: "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." "But as for me, my feet were almost gone, my steps had well-nigh slipped." "Until I went into the sanctuary of God then understood I their end." This Psalm is supposed to have been written by Asaph, but the question of its authorship is of little importance. But this is one of the Psalms that is local or temporary. It presents a view of society which has perplexed every man in every generation. It brings before us an important passage startling crisis. We may ask what brought about this crisis. It is the problem of human life. This problem belongs to everage, and meets the most thoughtful and the most thoughtful, and especially presents itself to the mind of every thoughtful young man. Those who are never stilled in life by events of any description are not the most troubled. Asaph walked out into the world and saw very bad men in very good circumstances. He describes these men. He says that they were sensual, gluttonous, impious men, and spoke against God with their lives. It seems strange of belief, yet Asaph actually saw men prosperous, full of robustness, full of life and strength, but they were

not troubled like other men. He saw very good men in suffering circumstances. Asaph was perplexed. Many a man is as much perplexed in this generation as Asaph was in the generation in which he lived. Asaph began to doubt and to ask, "How does God know?" Many a thoughtful man has looked out on this problem of life and pondered, and has come out just as Asaph did—doubting. Many a man has been led astray by that doubt and his superficiality until he stood in Asaph's position. Let a young man, who purposes to do well in life, ponder on this problem, and ask: "Is there knowledge with the Almighty?" and he will see the indirect means by which men achieve success. There are men in this city today with the weight of chicanery and poverty like Asaph's. Some of the worst men in Boston possess everything which the world calls comfortable fortunes. Asaph doubted God's severignty, the personality of life. It is awful for a young man without father and mother to step into the temptations of life without God in his thoughts. This is the awful crisis. I speak to earnest young men, the young men who study the problem of life. But why was Asaph perplexed in his study of this problem? The answer is that he had endeavored to extricate himself from his reason alone, he walked up to study this problem from his own unaided reason. He had wrestled and been floored every every time. The crisis wasn't an innocent one. But he had no business to get into one. This Psalmist had no business to be there. He was envious of those bad prosperous men. If he had taken the right path he would not have been there. Asaph got out, he did not fall into the depths of atheism. Asaph saw at last his own folly and the solution of this problem. In the solution of this problem don't try to accomplish it yourselves. Go into the sanctuary and there get the light of divine revelation. Let us profit by this man's experience. When you come to open the book of God be sure to get the revelation of God, the personal God, the One who never made a mistake, and get fast hold of that truth. There is one thing in this universe which never changes and that is God. Asaph was superficial. He thought that God should round out the retritions of this life and that every sin should receive its just reward. He saw the very contrary. When you come into the sanctuary, young man, you can get one thing, and that is character. It is not what a man has which makes him good, but what he is. This life-lease is running out. Oh, that men would look at these things in the light of God. If young men are tempted to envy the wicked, remember that we are approaching a time when things will be reversed up. It will do you good to remember that you must be good, be afraid to do a wrong thing, grasp after the genuine good, the true salvation, and before God to night you will believe that there is an eternal punishment for the unrighteous.—Boston Globe.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS. FIRST QUARTER: STUDIES ABOUT THE KINGDOM OF JUDAH. B. C. 897. LESSON V. JEHOSHAPHAT REPROVED: Or, Righteous Judgment. 2 Chron 19. 1-9. Commit to memory verses 1-4. February 3d. EXPLANATORY. RETURNED. Safe, if not successful. While Abah was slain, Jehoshaphat was spared, though both were in the same circumstances. The day of grace was suddenly darkened from one, while the other was given time to repent of his folly and evil companionship. Often God cares for men when they do not deserve it. A safe issue is not always a proof of a just enterprise. In peace. In personal complacency because of personal escape; thankful for a deliverance which he had no right to expect. Jehu the son of Hanani. His father had suffered for his just rebuke of king Asa, but the son is not deterred from reproving King Jehoshaphat. Not always, yet often, are the traits of parents, whether good or evil, perpetuated and intensified in their children. Help the ungodly. He who com-

bines with evil men in their purposes, 1. Encourages them in sin. 2. Increases their power for wrong-doing. 3. Endangers his own character by the temptation of their example. 4. Misrepresents God's cause by giving evil impressions to others. Love them that hate the Lord. A righteous love for the ungodly is that which pities them, and incites to effort for their salvation; but this was the love of fellowship and of compromise, leading to evil, and eliciting divine wrath. Wrath. The fruits of his sin came in the invasion of his territory (chap. 20) and the failure of his schemes; (20, 25-37.) in the slaughter of his descendants, 21, 4; 2 Kings 10, 13-14.) and in the usurpation of his throne (by Abah's daughter, (22, 10-12.) So wide-reaching and baleful are the results of one iniquitous act. [Teacher, warn your scholars against bad companions.]

GOOD THINGS. Men are of mingled gold and dross, with good in all, yet none altogether good. God's estimate of each man makes full allowance for every element in the character. [Teacher, urge the duty of fairness in opinions. Don't forget the good that is in people; see it, and seek it.] Groves. Dark, shadowy recesses of evil association and of the vilest crimes, disguised under the name of worship. Prepared thine heart. As the astronomer prepared his telescope to see the stars by careful adjustment to the right point of view, so the heart should be placed where it will reflect God's grace. The heart prepared accompanies the land purged. We should not only purify ourselves but exert to our utmost ability a hallowing influence; should help in reforming politics, and in the cause of temperance, and join in every effort for the uplifting of society.

DWELT AT JERUSALEM. Taught by experience, he remained within his own borders. The lessons of discipline, though sharp, are wholesome. Through the people. It was a benefit to the king to come into personal contact with his subjects; and a blessing to the people to be strengthened in good ways by the example of their king. Personal effort with individuals will have greater power for good than proclamation. From Beersheba to Mount Ephraim. In this tear of itinerant preaching, what themes were suggested by the hallowed associations of the places! At Beersheba he could point to the well of Abraham; at Hebron to the sepulchre of his sainted ancestors; at Be'lehem he could say, "Here David lived," at Shiloh, "Here the ark rested," and each spot would suggest motives to earnest service. Brought them back. While the king had wandered abroad the people had backslidden at home; for his example in departing with idolaters had proved stronger than his precepts against idolatry.

JUDGES. His journeys led him to notice irregularities in the administration of law. He reformed the entire system, and instead of requiring the people to bring their causes up to Jerusalem, instituted judicial districts. The distribution saved labor, promoted more speedy and exact justice, and tended to develop the character of the people. Take heed. A charge with three commands, to carefulness, to reverence, and to integrity; and with three sanctions, a divine commission, a divine witness, and a divine example. The Lord, who is with you. "The Ethiopian judges always reserved the chief place on the tribunal empty for God, of whose presence they were persuaded, though they saw him not."—Titcomb.

JUDGMENT OF THE LORD. For the decision of questions relating to religion and its services. He charged them. Note concerning the duty of one in authority. 1. The spirit in which he should rule—the fear of the Lord. 2. The manner in which he should execute justice—faithfully. 3. The measure of his fidelity—a perfect heart. These lessons are applicable to young as well as to old—to the boy-monitor in school, as well as to the President of the nation.

GOLDEN TEXT: There is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts. 2 Chron. 19, 7.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION: Divine impartiality. The next lesson is 2 Chron. 20, 14-22.

TALMAGE ON THE SWORD OF ELEAZER.

"His hand clave unto the sword."—2 Samuel XXIII. 10.

A great general of King David was Eleazer the hero of the text. The Philistines had opened battle against him, and his troops ran; but he with three others held the field. He fought with such ferocity that the Philistines were appalled and routed. Putting his hand on the hilt of his sword, he swept the fingers around until the tip of his fingers were clenched on the other side. Now with a down stroke laying open the head of the Lord's enemies from cranium to chin; now coming in upon them with a sharp thrust at the vitals, and now, with swift, keen, glittering stroke, leaving the carcasses of his enemies by the roadside. "Fall back!" shouted the officers of the Philistine army. The cry rang all along the line "Fall back!" Eleazer having cleared the field, throws himself upon the ground to rest; but the sinews of his hand having been so long clenched around the sword that the hilt of it has entered the palm of the hand, and the gold wire around the hilt has broken the skin of the palm until he cannot drop the sword which he has so illustriously wielded. That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel, and we want more of it. I am going to take your time this morning in showing how Eleazer took hold of the sword, and how the sword took hold of him.

In the first place, I noticed that he took hold of that sword with a very tight grip. The soldiers in his army who ran away could easily drop their weapons whenever they wanted to do so. I hear their swords clanging on the rocks as they throw them down in fright. But Eleazer's hand clave unto his sword. The fact is that in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the gospel weapon—two-edged sword of God's truth. I am sick and tired of seeing people with only half and half a hold. They take hold of a part of God's word and let the rest go, and the Philistines, seeing their loose grip, wrench the sword away. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb down on the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, and sweep our hand around until the New Testament shall come in the palm and sweep the fingers still on around until the tips of the fingers clutch on the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these pumby Christians who takes hold of God's word with the tips of the fingers, and knows what part to keep and what part to let go. God, by positive miracle has kept this book together, and it is a Damascus blade. In a sword factory the severest test they can apply to a sword is the winding of the blade around a gun-barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it springs back to its old shape. The sword of God's word has been put to that test, and it has been bent this way and bent that way, and wound this way and wound that way; but it always springs back again. Just think of it. A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, yet published to-day, at the rate of twenty thousand copies a week, and more than one million copies a year. A book miraculously written, miraculously preserved, and miraculously scattered is a book that you want to keep a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will try to wrench out from your fingers the five books of Moses; Strauss will try to wrench out of your fingers the miracles; Renan will try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of Christ; your infidel friend will try to wrench out of your hand all the Bible. But with Eleazer's grip and in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, hold on to it! He who gave up the Bible or any part of it, gives up pardon and life and peace and heaven.

Again I notice in Eleazer's grip of the sword an entire self-forgetfulness. He did not realize that the hilt of the sword was eating down into the palm of his hand, and that while he was taking hold of the sword, the sword was taking hold of him. He forgot the pain in his hand in his desire to destroy the Philistines. His hand clave unto

his sword. Now in our Christian work we want self-forgetfulness. If we are all the time afraid we are going to get hurt, we will not kill the Philistines. Who cares whether our hand is hurt or not? When we are battling in such a glorious conflict, let us throw our whole nature into it, in entire self-abnegation and self-forgetfulness. I would rather live five years more and have them industrious and consecrated to Christ, than to live fifty years more and have them indolent or useless. What are pain and persecution, and misrepresentation and falsehood, when we are engaged in the service of such a Master? Do not be groaning because you meet with such severe rebukes from the world. Stop thinking of your wounded hand and think of victory.

Again, I notice how hard it was for Eleazer to get his hand and his sword parted. He had been fighting against the Philistines so long that the sinews had clutched around the sword and it became rigid, and when he gets through with the conflict, he cannot drop it. And I see his three comrade warriors coming up to help him, and they bathe the hand of Eleazer, and they try to relax the muscles and sinews. They cannot get it loose. The sword sticks fast. They pry open the fingers, and they pry open the thumb, and after they succeed they find the curve of the wound corresponds with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword." You and I have seen the same thing many a time. There are in the United States a great many aged ministers. They are too decrepit or invalid to take parishes. They fought a mighty battle for God in other days. Their names are in the church records styled "Emeritus," or the words are put down, a minister without a charge. They have taken off the heads of more Philistine iniquities than you could count from noon until sundown. They were a self-denying race of ministers. They had few books and small salaries, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments, and having no police when any one disturbed the meeting, they would just take off coat and go down into the audience to thrash into silence the disturber of the peace, and then go back again to the pulpit, and put on their coat and pray the Lord that he would by his grace complete the work of subjection so vigorously begun! Put that old, worn out minister into a prayer meeting, or put him some Sunday into the pulpit, or put him in a sick room where a dying man wants consolation, and it is the same old gospel ring of admonition and petition. The sword which for half a century has been wielded against the Philistines is so imbedded in the old man's hand he cannot drop it. If any man ever had a right to quit earthly conflict it was Joshua. You know when soldiers come home from battle they have on their flags the names of the battle fields where they distinguished themselves, and that is appropriate. I see inscribed on the flag of old Joshua, Jordan, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of having the flag sprinkled with stars, it has on it the sun and moon that stood still. He is a hundred and ten years old. He is flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle against idolatry, and the rallying of the hosts of Israel. "Behold! I go this day the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to perform anything he hath promised concerning Israel." The old man's hand clave to his sword. There lies the headless body of Paul on the road to Oostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. His last days were full of triumph. "O!" you say, "he is emeritus; he ought to stop preaching." His back has been stung with the merciless elm-wood rods. When the corn-ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched in the brine. He is an old man, worn out and decrepit with the damp cells of the Mamertine. Ever since the day when his horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, until now in his sixty-eight year, he has been outrageously abused, and he is waiting to die. Does he spend his last days in telling people how badly he feels, in describing the rheumatism in the limbs, or the neuralgia in the temples, or the feverish thirst on his tongue? O no. He spends his last days in giving the

battle about to all Christian ages: "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight." You see the old man's hand clave to the sword.

VOLTAIRE'S LAST DAYS AND DEATH.

Rev. Andrew F. West, in a paper published in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, enters upon an historical examination of the last days and death of Voltaire. The assertion has been freely made, and as freely denied, that the manner of his death was a startling rebuke to the course of his life and his belief. Mr. West introduces letters of D'Alembert, Condorcet and others, giving satisfactory evidence that Voltaire did certainly recant, and expressed a desire to die in the bosom of the Roman Church. He did this, some of his followers say, merely to obtain a Christian burial, which would indeed be in keeping with some phases of his character.

In regard to the alleged horrors attending his death, during his last days he was much of the time in a stupor, produced by opiates. D'Alembert says, that during his last illness he showed "as much tranquility of mind as his situation would permit, though he seemed to regret life." He refused to receive attention from a priest who was admitted to his chamber, and when asked to acknowledge the divinity of Christ, he resented the effort, and asked to be permitted to "die in peace." Baron de Grimm, one of his best friends and admirers, says: "It is well known that this great man regretted life exceedingly. . . . But it was not from the fear of death and its consequences." The fact is, Voltaire's last days were not such as one would wish for himself. His physician, Tröchin, who was also his personal friend, refers to his death as follows:

"If the knot of my principles required tightening, the man whom I have seen wasting away, agonizing and dying before my eyes, would have made of it a Gordian knot; and, in comparing the death of the good man, which is but the end of a beautiful day, with that of Voltaire, I should have seen plainly the difference there is between a sunny day and a stormy one. He was destined to die in my hands. I spoke truth to him, and unfortunately for him, I was the only one. . . . 'Yes, my friend,' he often said to me, 'you alone have given me good advice. If I had followed your counsel, I should not be in this horrible condition now, I should have returned to Ferney. I would not have intoxicated myself with the smoke that made me mad. Yes, I have swallowed the smoke; you can no longer be of any benefit to me. Send me a doctor who will cure my madness. Pity me, I am mad.'"

"He was to leave two days after the follies of his crowning at the Comedie Francaise, but he received a deputation from the academy, which begged him to honor the assembly by his presence before his departure. He went, and then by acclamation was made Director of the Assembly. He accepted the Directorship. . . . From that time, on to his death, his life was but a storm of follies. He used to be ashamed of them when he saw me, begged me to forgive him, to pity him, not to forsake him, especially since he was trying to have the Academy work at a dictionary. This dictionary was his last thought, his last ruling passion. He had taken in charge the letter A, and had allotted the others to twenty-three academicians, several of whom, after accepting with a bad grace, had strangely irritated him. 'They are sluggards,' he said, 'but I will make them work,' and it was to 'make them work' that, in the interval between the two sessions, he took so many drugs and did all the foolish things that threw him into the most terrible condition of despair and madness. I do not remember him without horror. As soon as he saw that everything he did to increase his strength produced the contrary effect, death was always before him. From that time on, rage took possession of his soul. Recall the furies of Orestes."

There is other testimony, notably that of the Abbe Barruel, more explicit than this, but perhaps some of it ought to be taken with great allowance, for it

was produced after some considerable discussion had sprung up on the subject. Even Richelieu described his last days as contemptible; saying, as he referred to his own death, "If I keep my senses, I shall not play the baby, like Voltaire." His death was not that of a philosopher. It had none of the calmness and confidence that his followers have been taught to believe follows upon the denial of God and immortality. The fact is established beyond a doubt, that Voltaire did not die well.—*Central Advocate*.

MODE OF BAPTISM.

Returning to the question of mode we have, in the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost, an irrefutable and irresistible argument in favor of *affusion*. The subject admits of positive proof. The demonstration is just as complete as the force of language and the well authenticated facts of history, by possibility, can make it. John's baptism was with water; and the baptism of Pentecost was with the Holy Ghost and with fire. "But this," said the Apostle Peter, with wondrous illumination, in undiminished freshness and undiminished power, "is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." The baptismal element came in contact with the disciples; but in what mode? Were the disciples plunged into the element? Did the baptismal element flow down upon the disciples? Have we any indication of mode? Any "Thus saith the Lord"? Could historic narrative be more intelligible? Could it be more transparent? The Holy Ghost was poured out—fell on them—was shed down; and therefore was baptism with the Holy Ghost.

There is no ambiguity. Suppose that a person in perplexity on this point were invited to that upper room; and were permitted to witness the promised baptism of the Holy Ghost. The only thing visible in connection with that rush of energy of which he becomes conscious, is the tongue of fire—the lightness as of flame. Yes, he would say, I understand it now; I have been in doubt as to the New Testament meaning of that Greek verb *baptizo*. I have been undecided in relation to action and mode—implied and required. The baptism comprehends things of vital essential importance, of which no external symbol can afford adequate interpretation; but in relation to mode it is luminous as the flame upon the forehead. I understand it all now; the baptismal element was applied to the heads of the disciples.

This anxious inquirer you next take down to the sea shore, to the rushing river, or to the somewhat impure waters of the deep font, into which the shivering candidates are in succession thrust beneath the flood. He might say at once, I am perplexed more than ever. In that upper room all was clear; it is now confusion worse confounded. The mode is reversed. Instead of the element being applied to the candidate, the candidate is plunged into the element.

In contrast with that immersion in water, we are called to witness another baptismal scene. The service is impressive. There is no disturbing influence. There is nothing to shock the sensibilities—even of the most refined taste, or of feminine delicacy of feeling. The deep silent hush has settled over the great congregation. The baptismal element is applied to the candidates. That is sufficient for satisfaction. The correspondence is perfect. It harmonizes completely with God's baptism. In that case it was fire; in this case water. The element differs; but the mode is the same: baptism with water, and with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.—*Rev. J. L. in Baptisma*.

MISSIONARY MEETING, MONTREAL.

The missionary society connected with the Sherbrooke street Methodist Church, held its annual meeting last evening, Hon. James Ferrier presiding. Upon the platform were Rev. Messrs. Allen, Whiting, George H. Wells, Botterill, Forsay, Shaw, Bland and Pearson, and Messrs. Bishop and R. Miller and Ald. Clendinning and others. Hon. Mr. Ferrier in his opening address referred to the small salary paid the missionaries of the church, and stated that small as was their stipends it had been found necessary to reduce them very much because the society was \$52,000 in debt. The church was bound to sustain her missionaries. For years past he had witnessed the work now being carried on in Ontario and the West by them amid hardships of many kinds. It specially rested with the Methodist Church to carry out what she had been doing from the

beginning. Much money had been raised through the Sabbath-schools, and they should look upon it as part of the children's education to be taught to give to the cause of God.

Mr. Adam Miller, the Secretary, read the 53rd annual report of the parent society, which, after referring to the Otta not much interest was shown in the meetings of the missionaries. At St. R. thirty had been converted. These labors among the French of this city had been greatly encouraged. There were three stations, namely: 1. At the corner of St. Charles Boulevard and Dufferin streets; 2. St. Jean Baptiste Village; 3. Tremblay West. This mission is in charge of Rev. L. N. Beatty, who is assisted by several of his countrymen. About 50 attend No. 1 station, and at times not less than 500 are present at No. 3. At Sherbrooke Rev. Mr. Charbonneau has been well received by 200 families, and a building is being built there for church purposes. The report from Japan was pleasing. The amount contributed towards the mission in this city and vicinity was \$8,829, of which St. Charles Street Church gave \$471. The total income of the Dominion for the year ending 30th June last is \$145,993.92, and the total expenditure \$174,255.92, showing a debt for the year of \$28,257, which, added to the debt of June 30th, 1876, amounting to \$25,338.77, left a deficit of \$53,595.77.

After the reading of the report eloquent addresses were delivered by Rev. G. H. Wells, Rev. H. F. Bland and Rev. G. Forsay, and the meeting closed about ten o'clock.—*Witness*.

From the New York correspondent of the *Pittsburg Advocate*, we quote an interesting item: It seems that I narrate after all, the effect which the existence of the Reformed Episcopal Church (as a convenient city of refuge for persecuted Evangelicalism) has upon the whilom intolerance and arrogance of the dominant high church party in the parent organization. Bishop Potter—the same who punished Dr. Tyng, Jr., for officiating in a Methodist Church—last Sunday gave his apostolic sanction, in the same Dr. Tyng's church, to the same Dr. Tyng's introduction of a Presbyterian layman into his own consecrated pulpit, as the leader of the most unorthodox services ever seen in an Episcopal sanctuary. The work now goes quietly but bravely on, and will be done. The large debt is really small, in proportion to the remarkable expansion of Christian work for which it has been accumulated. Beside the parent church at Madison avenue and forty-second street, with its college for Christian Workers near by, the corporation has, I believe, some half-dozen city mission properties running, including the church of the Mediator, in Eleventh avenue, the church of the Reformation, in Stanton street, an Orphan Asylum, in east Fifty-third street, and a Reformatory farm at Sing Sing.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF BACTERIA.

Professor Tyndall has recently addressed a letter to Professor Huxley in which he details the results of experiments on the development of bacteria which he thinks settles the question of spontaneous generation, to the destruction of that hypothesis. Fifty flasks containing various organic infusions were sterilized by boiling. Twenty-three were then opened in a hayloft, and the remaining twenty-seven (with special precautions that the air should be uncontaminated by his own presence) were opened by Professor Tyndall on the edge of an Alpine cliff. Both were then placed in a warm room, with the result that twenty-one of the twenty-three flasks opened in the hayloft became speedily filled with organisms, while all the flasks opened on the edge of the precipice remained as clear as distilled water. This furnishes remarkable evidence on the influence of the air on the development of the bacteria, but biologists will hardly acquiesce in Professor Tyndall's rather sanguine assertion until his no less positive opponents, and most especially Dr. Bastian, are heard from.—*Scientific American*.

Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination, and we see breathing, brightening and moving before our eyes, sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

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They had been raised...

The Secretary, read...

The report eloquent...

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ON THE BACTERIA.

recently ad-

BABY SHOW.

A grand baby-show took place...

THE LAW ASKED FOR.

The Dominion Alliance proposes...

A NEW evangelist has taken the field.

members and others to obligations...

LEAVE THE NECK BARE—Every one...

DR HARRIS, of Middlebury, Vt., says:

Not the least important feature in...

MONTREAL, March 1, 1877.

I had for several years been subject...

The result of its use in my case has...

N. R. ALLEN.

EXPOSITION OF 1876.

Wandering through the United States...

I was aware of the world-wide reputation...

MACDONALD & CO

IMPORTERS OF CAST AND MALLEABLE IRON PIPE...

Victoria Steam Confectionery Works, WATERLOO STREET...



The Promoter and Perfector of Assimilation...

Fellows' Compound Syrup is composed...

By its union with the Blood and its...

By increasing Nervous and Muscular...

It cures Asthma, Loss of Voice, Neuralgia...

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing...

Price \$1.50 per Bottle, Six for \$7.50.



Magnificent Bran New, 600 dollars...

NOW READY The first volume of Rev. T. WATSON SMITH'S...

C. W. TREADWELL, BARRISTER & ATTORNEY AT LAW...

MACDONALD & JOHNSON, BARRISTERS...

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A FARM AND HOME Now is the time to secure it...

BAPTISMA, By Rev. J. LATHERN.

NEW BOOKS,

METHODIST BOOK ROOM, Seventy-Five cents. The Young Franklyn, by Annie Kenny...

THE WESLEYAN.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

THE CHRISTIAN IN POLITICS.

A correspondent asks:—"Why is the question of religion in relation to politics persistently ignored by our pulpits and press? Is there really no rule of conduct in these respects? Or does the discussion of the question involve so much courage that no one is found bold enough to meet it?"

Neither of these propositions is strictly true, we imagine. As to the first, it seems generally to be conceded that the enlightened moral sentiment of our day is sufficient to guide citizens as to their duty in relation to the state. It is doubtless a delicate question at all times—one which very few occasions would justify taking into the pulpit at all; but there is no reason why a calm consideration of the subject in the religious press should not follow any call for information. We do not remember having seen allusion to the question in recent years by any of the weekly papers, though in the magazines and reviews it finds its place among the higher literature of each progressing period; not always discussed in the practical way, it is true, but still with sufficient earnestness and frequency to show that there is no disposition on the part of Editors to ignore the Christian's political rule of conduct.

Our provincial life is but formative in many respects. We are passing through the earlier stages of growth as regards individual privilege and obligation. Just now there is much jealousy, reasonable and unreasonable, much prejudice, and but little real charity, entering into the consideration of individual relations to the state, to the community, or even to religion itself. As populations increase, as multitudes take the places of units—attention is directed more to general than to individual conditions. The man is then merged in the mass. In England and the United States there is much more of forbearance—of the give and take—in political contests than with us. They have outgrown, to a great extent, the personalities and prejudices which encumber and so often disgrace our political campaigns. While our novitiate continues, however, Christian prudence requires that members of the Church of Christ should avoid becoming a cause of offence, as far as possible.

As to the duty of ministers of religion in relation to politics, there can be but one opinion. If it is of the first consequence that the pastor should command the respect and confidence of all classes in his charge. As a preacher, an arbitrator, a friend, a confidant, he must necessarily stand in the purest possible light before rich and poor, young and old. To reach men's consciences, he must not only preach a pure gospel, but preach it from an independent and impartial standpoint. Is it possible to be and do all this while mingling in political strife, or even quietly depositing his vote? We believe it is not—at least in this country and at this stage of our growth. The reasons are sufficiently obvious.

If a congregation can be found thoroughly united upon political questions, and in a position to act without reference to other Christian communities, its pastor would be in little danger of sacrificing his influence by leading or supporting his charge. But an instance of this kind is so rare that we may leave it out of the argument. While minds are differently constituted, men will reach different conclusions in matters pertaining to the government of the state. Adverse political opinions may therefore be found among the office-bearers and other pew-holders of every congregation. These may meet together in church relations during bitter political contests—though too often the political wedge splits the ecclesiastical trunk; yet a pastor would surely fail in the attempt to meet his people on similar ground. He cannot divest himself of a character which the church has conferred upon him—that of a leader; and in even recording his vote he will be accused of employing a sacred trust for party purposes.

It is, therefore, the duty of Christian ministers to avoid political agitation.

As ordinary Christians, they might claim the privilege of free-born citizens; but after consenting to be elevated by the church to the church's highest office, they should not compromise that office without the church's consent.

Two conditions only occur to us which could justify a departure from this rule. Where any actual danger threatens the state, and said danger may be averted by the exercise of the franchise privilege, it becomes the duty of every citizen alike to meet the exigency. Religious liberty may be sacrificed by supineness sometimes. Where, for instance, a party places its neck under the foot of any hierarchy aiming at supremacy, no true minister can afford to be silent. Usually religion is true to itself in great emergencies of this nature. Not unfrequently the religious sentiment has come to the nation's rescue in time of peril.

Another justification of ministers voting would be, serious contrasts of moral character in political candidates. We have reached the day when, what ever may be the clamor of the multitude, in their secret breasts men individually respect true worth in public servants. We are proud to see the rapid growth of this principle, as it governs more and more the relations of mankind. Honesty, firmness, patriotism, are the particular qualities required in a political candidate. Where these equally present themselves in two men, the Christian minister may withdraw, and let the strongest win.

Occasionally one hears objections raised against Christians interfering at all in state affairs. In assailing the Christian profession, a sceptic may use the objection sneeringly, challenging, as inconsistent, the blending of politics with religion. Christians themselves have been known to feel and speak strongly on this subject. Drawing a deep line between two principles which they regard as incompatible, they retire into the peaceful shades of non-intervention. It is possible, however, that grave responsibility may attach to this course, inasmuch as, if generally followed, it would leave the government of all worldly affairs to the wicked and selfish, thus involving Christians and Christianity in untold, needless complications of trouble. "Ye are the salt of the earth." Withdraw every saving, preserving element from any body, and it begins at once to decay, to become corrupt. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," is as surely obligatory as "unto God the things which are God's." There is no argument used against Christians engaging in politics which would not apply with equal force against their taking an active part in commercial or manufacturing enterprise. It is the policy of a class of worldlings to crowd or shame Christians out of politics; it ought to be the firm purpose of Christians to see that politics are made and kept pure, which can only be done by a bountiful admixture of the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

The science of politics, or the philosophy of governing, should be studied by all citizens. The preservation of morals, the duty and obligations of the governing and the governed, in short the entire temporal well-being of mankind, finds a place within the limits of this noble science. The art of politics—the application of the science to particular conditions, having regard to the nation's constitution and the necessities of the people—ought surely to command the best gifts in our possession. Without these in power, no nation can attain to real greatness.

NEW METHODIST MISSION, HALIFAX.—Mr. Edward Jost, lately deceased, left by Will to four executors, to be used for the purposes of a Methodist Mission, the brick church built by him some years ago on Brunswick Street, about the centre of the city. The executors are leading officials, two from the North and two from the South churches—Messrs. Geo. H. Starr, S. H. Black, Sheriff Bell and W. B. McNutt. In concurrence with the Quarterly Boards of both North and South, the executors decided to ask that Rev. E. R. Brunyate, of Kaye St., should be sent to take charge of the Mission, with a salary assured of \$800, secured in part by endowment, and the remainder guaranteed by the Methodist Churches

of the city. The President of Conference acceded to this desire, calling at the same time, with great reluctance, Rev. J. Ogden, from his studies at Mt. Allison, to the present pastorate of Kaye St. Church. These beloved brethren entered upon their work last Lord's day with great hopefulness and courage.

During the years of the past existence of this Mission Church, it has been worked by trustees from different denominations, but principally by the agency of the Y. M. C. Association, under whom much good was effected in gathering large congregations to the Sabbath afternoon services as also to the Sabbath School. There were reasons to believe, however, that the mission would grow more under denominational direction, though no one had expectations that the church would be so willed by Mr. Jost. He had strong inclinations toward mission enterprise, and it was thought this church would be an experiment in the way of a joint mission for the Protestant churches of the city. The Will provided in favour of the Methodist body, as we have stated, so that a legacy was left to our church which demanded energy and faith. The measures adopted will, we feel very confident, result in bringing great glory to the Master amid a population ordinarily lying outside of the common pastorate.

Mr. Brunyate had the training of some years under that great Home Mission apostle of British Methodism—the Rev. Alexander McAulay.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNAL.

We are glad to know that the Sunday school edition of the HYMNAL, prepared by members of the Hymn Book Committee, meets an acknowledged want; and that it is being introduced into the more influential Sunday schools of the several Eastern Provinces. We have just filled an order for some hundred of copies for the St. John's, Newfoundland Sunday school. The advantage of using the same books in the prayer meeting and the Sunday school is a very decided and important one. The young people trained in the Sunday school find themselves at home in the prayer-meeting. The same familiar strains are heard. The Sunday school edition of the Hymnal, substantially the same as the prayer-meeting edition, still on sale, contains 218 selections. Forty-three hymns constitute the department of "Sunday school service of song," which affords opportunity for introducing a few popular though perhaps ephemeral compositions. For this part of the book the music of Moody and Sankey's songs will be found quite available. The Hymnal contains not only some of the most popular, but some of the valuable and enduring of modern melodies. Such hymns as "Nearer my God to Thee," "Just as I am," "Thy will be done," "My faith looks up to Thee," are likely for a long time to come to supply language of praise to tens of thousands of worshippers. For prayer-meetings a needed element is supplied by such hymns as "Pass me not O gentle Saviour," "I need thee every hour," "We praise Thee O God for the Son of Thy Love," and they are equally suitable for the Sunday school. In the Hymnal, also, will be found some time-honored hymns, not again to be laid aside, amongst which are, "Guide me O Thou great Jehovah," and "All hail the power of Jesus name." One hymn alike suitable for prayer-meetings and Sunday schools will, whenever introduced, greatly enrich the treasures in song:—"Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed," &c. While modern melodies are fully represented in the Hymnal, it is a distinctly a Methodist hymn book. Five of the hymns are from an earlier hymn book of John Wesley than that now in use. Seventeen of the hymns are also amongst the additions to the new hymn book, published by the British Methodist Conference. Fully half the hymns are selections from the Methodist hymn book now in use, and of themselves give guarantee of solid excellence.

The price of the Hymnal is also a recommendation. In one of the larger Sunday schools of the Lower Provinces, the Gospel hymns of Sankey and Moody were introduced some months ago.

They do not contain much over half the number of hymns. Bound in cloth at the cost of five cents a volume; they were not fitted for wear and tear and rapidly all disappeared. The Hymnal is bound in cloth, at 7 cents a copy, and is fitted for wear.

In another column will be found a letter from Mr. Withrow, the Editor of our connexional Magazine. The instances to which he refers, of possible feeling in the East against the Magazine as a rival publication, can only exist in regard to families whose means allow them to take but one of our connexional organs. Where the Magazine takes the place of the WESLEYAN it might be an injustice to our financial interests here, striving as we are to repay a heavy sum of money advanced by our ministers to support the publishing concern in the day of its sore depression. When the Magazine was first started, some hundreds of names were sent up by us, many of which we knew were obtained as substitutes for the WESLEYAN. A fair commission on the Magazine was asked for at the time, as some slight recompense for this loss; the Book Room East having to pay premiums to agents who were canvassing for the Magazine. Since then, all the business of the Magazine, with trifling exceptions, has been done directly from Toronto. Our view is that the Methodist Church of Canada ought to support a first-class Magazine; and the publishers and Editor in Toronto have been striving to furnish such a publication. This ought to be done without lessening the lists of the other connexional organs; but of the extent to which such a result is possible, ministers on their own circuits ought to be the best judges.

Mr. Withrow hints at a kind of agency whose canvas can only be indirectly injurious to Methodist interests, where a Methodist minister becomes the paid medium for circulating papers from other parts, or representing interests outside of our Church, and which have the effect of wedging our own literature out of our own families, he in effect is enriching himself at the expense of his brethren. We are sorry that instances of the kind, though very few, have been brought to our notice.

SMITH'S HISTORY.—We ask attention to our advertisement of this admirable book. The recommendations of this volume are so warm and universal that we feel anxious to see its circulation secured throughout the Provinces, relying quite as much on the judgment of others who have spoke in its favour as on our own. We are preparing to send a copy to each of our Ministers who have not to our knowledge already received it, with a view to its being more fully brought to the notice of our people. It will be charged, with the usual discount, in each instance, making it really a cheap purchase. If any should desire to return it they may do so at next Conference, providing it is in a saleable condition. It ought always to be easy to sell a copy of such a book in the event of your having no need for it.

TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.—Smith's History will be mailed to any Sabbath School, or Sabbath School Teacher, at a discount of one sixth off the selling price. Every Sabbath School should have one or more at once.

TO AGENTS.—Smith's History is sure to sell rapidly, in the hands of persons having time and energy to devote to it. Liberal terms will be given where Agents are willing to go to work immediately.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The influence of the Sanctuary is seldom more clearly presented than during election contests. We were much impressed with this beautiful feature of our religion last Lord's day. Many of the more vigorous thinkers of the community had been deep in a political discussion up to a late hour on Saturday night. From the heat of this atmosphere they came, almost directly, into the house of God. Under the soft music, the pleading of prayer, the authoritative voice of Scripture, the absorbing earnestness of the discourse, the final hymn and the benediction, how subduing and sanctifying must have been the effect upon the worshippers. And how sad the loss to any country which possesses not an open sanctuary, to form a barrier against popular passions! How much may the turbulence of the French people be owing to this defect?

On Saturday last, Mr. Wade, of Digby, was elected for that County in opposition to Hon. Mr. Vail, Minister of Militia. On Tuesday of this week Hon. Mr. Jones, who had been just sworn in Minister of Militia, was nominated for election in Halifax County. M. H. Bickley, Mayor of Halifax, was nominated in opposition.

There is every indication that the Turks are now driven to desperate straits. England is certainly excited over the critical condition of that country. It is even rumoured that the Queen has personally asked the Czar to spare the Turks. If this is true, Her Majesty will have a strong practical party in her realm disposed to gain by intervention what Russia will scarcely be disposed to grant. What next?

A live Bishop on the lecture platform is a rare sight in Canada; but we venture to say that a Bishop instructing the public on "Popping the question" is something new in Christendom. Bishop Carman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, was announced in this role a week or two ago up west. Only a Protestant Bishop could descend on this subject, at least from the experimental standpoint. It is necessary that Paul's instructions as to a Bishop being "the husband of one wife" should be met in order to a full qualification for Bishop Carman's office. Of this lecture what are the best evidences of success? We should say, the marriage fees which follow! The Bishop we heard once, during the General Conference at Baltimore. He is a fine speaker.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.—Mr. Hutton desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Twenty six Dollars, per Mr. Andrew Johnson, being half the proceeds of Union Prayer meetings at Truro. Jan. 21st, 1878.

Typhoid fever, we are sorry to learn, found its way of late into the family of Rev. J. G. Angwin, Picton. One child was down with the disease by latest accounts; but there were hopes—may they be realized!—that the little one would soon be restored, and the disease spread no farther.

A frightful story, or revelation, is made by a Moncton girl named Parker, implicating a family in Shediac named Osborne, hotel keepers, in murder of a most remarkable kind. She alleges that a man, sometime missing, called McCarthy, was by this family, first drugged, then killed and carried away to be thrown into the river. The girl had told a story previously which hinted dark suspicions, but it was very different from this latter declaration. The population in Moncton and Shediac are naturally much excited over the supposed tragedy. The courts will soon unravel the mystery.

Our Ontario letter this week is quite entertaining. The itinerancy is much the same everywhere; hard work, singular devotion, with alternations of success and failure. Our western brethren seem to take their full share of labour and conquest.

ARE our Sabbath Schools now thoroughly equipped for the year's work? They cannot accomplish much without a good outfit of Journals and Leaves, Books and Children's Papers. Money thus spent is a sure investment. Write to the Book Room at once, please, if not supplied.

Fredericton and Woodstock are still going forward on the wave of a mighty temperance movement. Sheriff Temple makes a thorough leader, with D. Banks McKenzie to go in advance. The latter has just reported 1200 names on the list of pledges. Lieut.-Governor Tilley gives the movement his constant and powerful support.

Extraordinary seasons we have seen frequently in this country, but it may be questioned if ever a winter so fitful as this has passed over the Maritime Provinces. Crocus roots were actually shooting last week in the open air in this city. Green blades to the length of an inch and a half on the 20th of January, is something notable in this climate; yet that wonder we have seen.

Mr. Harmon Humphrey, as will be seen by an extract elsewhere in this issue, has been in England, and advises actually that we should compete with English farmers in the rearing of horses and cattle. We see by English papers that statesmen in Britain are waking up to the fact that men like Mr. Humphrey are not mere visionaries; for a Bill is asked for to protect English butchers by law against Canadian and American beef. The boy here wakes up his shrewd old British grandfather.

Mr. Wade, of Digby, County in opposition... week Hon. Mr. Jones, sworn in Minister of... H. Richey, Esq., was nominated in... indication that the... certainly excited... that the Queen... the Czar to spare... true, Her Majesty... party in her... by intervention... disposed to... lecture platform is... but we venture to... the public... something... Carman, of... Church of Canada... role a week or... a Protestant... on this subject, at... standpoint... instructions as... husband of one... order to a full... Carman's office... the best evidences... say, the marriage... Bishop we heard... Conference at... speaker... STITUTION.—Mr... knowledge with... twenty six Dollars... being half the... ever meetings at... 21st, 1878... sorry to learn... to the family of... One child... by latest ac... may they ac... little one would... disease spread... relation, is made... Parker, impli... named Osborne... a most resolu... sometime... was by this... killed and car... to the river. The... which... it was very... elaration. The... d Sheldae are... the supposed... soon unravel... week is quite... is much the... work, singular... of success and... seem to take... conquest... is now thoro... year's work?... without a... leaves, Books... Money thus... Write to the... if not sup... ck are still... of a mighty... iff Temple... D. Banks... The latter... on the list... they gives the... powerful sup... have seen... it may be... so fitful as... vitime Prov... ally shooting... in this city... an inch and... something... that wonder... will be seen... this issue, has... is actually... with English... and cat... papers that... making up to... Humphrey are... will is asked... bers by law... rican beef... shrewd old

JOURNALS and LEAVES.—By an over-sight at New York, the LEAVES are delayed a few days, but will be in the Schools for the first Sunday in February.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"For twenty years it (the WESLEYAN) has been a most welcome weekly visitor to us; and we owe you far more than its price for the painstaking care evinced in each paper."

Many thanks. We select the paragraph from others in our letters intended to be encouraging (and at the risk of being considered vain in a sense), only to express our gratitude that some readers do not think a newspaper is made up with little effort. If we succeed at all, it is pleasant to know that there are eyes beaming upon us with kindness.

"What do you regard as the real harvest of life?"—From letter of a young Minister.

In your vocation, souls, certainly. By that we mean not conversions merely, though they rank first in the storehouse of the Bible; but all that is implied in gaining souls—either such persuasion, comfort or edification as help to overcome sin and self. Others may have gifts for making money, which can better be used by the executors of Christian charities, or science may open paths to those called in that direction which shall result in unfolding God's great wisdom and faithfulness. Whoever man finds himself by God's appointment, there—all about him—is the harvest field; and the fruit of his industry is the true harvest.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCUITS.

SPRING HILL.—Notwithstanding the fearful storm which visited us on New Year's Eve, the entertainment of the Methodist S. School was quite a success. If the weather had been fine, the hall would not likely have contained the numbers who would have sought admission.

PROGRAMME.

Rev. Mr. Alcorn in the chair; addresses by the Revs. Messrs. Glass and Bayne; singing by the choir; music by the brass band and organ; monuments of truth by 18 ladies; golden mine by 9 Sun. School children; concluded by presents drawn from New Year's trees; the most pleasing part of the programme for the young. All left an impression that they were highly pleased with the entertainment.—*Sentinel.*

BOBESTOWN.—Rev. W. W. Colpitts, Missionary to the lumbermen, has already returned from some of his travels, and reports the usual glad welcome with which he and his message have been received. At Mr. Cameron's camp on Bartholomew's River he was presented with a liberal subscription from the men, and in other camps intimation was given that they would do likewise.

The tidal wave of temperance now sweeping through these Provinces is making itself slightly felt here also. One of the liquor dealers has closed his bar, and another has promised to do so as soon as the present stock of liquors is expended, and it is to be hoped that the urgent appeal made by letter to all the dealers here by the resident Minister, will induce the others to go out of the business, and when the reform club extends its operations to that locality it will find many prepared to give it hearty and loyal support.

The late fall of snow is of great benefit to the lumbermen, many of whom are doing a fine winter's work.—*Fred. Reporter.*

SACKVILLE.—Last month's "Reunion" was the most enjoyable we have attended. All unite in lauding the absence of chill formality. Mrs. Kennedy provided ample means of amusement, parlor-proquet, tagetelle, music, and, better still, a spacious promenade room. An old fashioned game of "spit the plate" caused great laughter. The Misses Dickenson merit hearty thanks for their co-operation.

Rev. D. D. Currie will lecture for the Epworthian Society early in 1878, [D.V.] The lecture is a celebrated one, and has been spoken of by the papers in the highest terms of praise. The subject is "Oration and Oratory." R. Luttrell, Esq. has kindly furnished thirty tickets for the lecture, for which we give him our grateful acknowledgments.

The officers of the "Students' Missionary Society" of Mount Allison this year are as follows:—J. L. Basendale, President; W. Lawson, Secretary; G. O. Robinson, Treasurer; J. C. Ogden, Chaplain. The meeting will be held, [D.V.] as early this month as possible. Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Chapman and the Trustees of Sackville Church, we are to hold the meeting in the Church. The speakers will be Messrs. J. P. Bowell, P. Freeman, J. D. Doane and W. A. Outerbridge. We expect a treat.—*The Argosy.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR CONNEXIONAL MAGAZINE.

DEAR BRO. NICOLSON.—I beg to express my hearty thanks to yourself for your kind commendations of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, and to many ministerial brethren in the Eastern Provinces for their words of cheer and congratulation upon the great improvement in the new illustrated series, and also for their kind efforts in promoting its circulation among their congregations. In some places, however, I find that the brethren are unwilling to act as agents from an apprehension that their doing so would be considered by the Eastern Book Room an infringement on its territorial rights, although at the same time these places, including our Methodist congregations, are actively canvassed by agents for other periodicals having no connection or sympathy with our church or its institutions.

I feel assured, Mr. Editor, that you will agree with me that these brethren are mistaken in their apprehensions. The Magazine belongs to the whole church and not to any section of it, East or West; and it depends for its success on the sympathy and co-operation of our brethren, ministerial and lay, in every part of our far extended Connexion. Called into existence by the order of the General Conference, it was met at the outset by three years of severe monetary depression throughout the country, which have made the establishment of such a periodical a task of more than ordinary difficulty. Nevertheless, it has been steadily winning its way to increased favour and wider circulation. Its prospects of assured and permanent success never were so bright as they are to-day. If there should be this year an increase of circulation in the East corresponding to the recent increase in the West, that success is beyond a doubt. I am unwilling that any imaginary obstacle should stand in the way of the prosperity of an enterprise of our Church, with whose interests I am entrusted. I therefore take the liberty of addressing our Eastern brethren through your journal, and requesting the hearty co-operation of all of them in promoting the success of our Connexion Magazine. We shall be happy to receive as many subscriptions as possible through the Eastern Book Room, but in such cases the Book Room will, of course, be entitled to the commission offered, which is all that the heavy cost of producing the Magazine will permit. Hoping to receive large lists from many places from which I have yet heard nothing.

I remain, yours fraternally,
W. H. WITHROW.

P.S.—Specimen copies of the Magazine will be forwarded to any address on application.

A TANTRAMAR MARSH FARMER'S IMPRESSION OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Harmon Humphrey is a Sackville farmer. The lines have fallen to him in a goodly place on the far-famed Trantamar Marsh—a good place to make a pile. He has lately visited England. Being an intelligent man, accustomed to look sharply around when awake, his visit to the mother country was an instructive one, as appeared plainly in an interesting statement of address made by him at a club meeting at Sackville a little while ago. In that address he described the things that particularly impressed him, as surveyed from a farming standpoint. His deepest impression was of the thoroughness with which the English people do their work, especially in the farming department. He brought away with him a conviction that Westmorland could get up a profitable horse trade with England. Mr. Humphrey will render the country valuable service if he succeed in annoculating his brother farmers around him with a similar conviction, and in stimulating them to proper action. If horses can be properly raised in Ontario for the English market, they ought also to be raised in our best grazing counties in New Brunswick; and if they were, a valuable item would be added to our export list—a result much to be desired.—*St. John News.*

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Reform Club of Liverpool is in conjunction with the Women's Temperance Alliance doing a good work. No liquor is now sold openly, except in a few places on the lower streets, and these are now getting into trouble.

Cumberland Bay is still open, and vessels are loading at the mines of the Joggins Coal Association.

Another descendant of the old Loyalists of this Province has gone to his rest; James Marshall, Esq., of Gaysboro, in his sixty-eight year. Although a farmer by profession, he was for some years commander of the Revenue Government Cutter, and late Collector of Customs for the port.

The ship Waterloo, Capt. R. B. Allen, from Quebec for Liverpool, G. B., sailed October 27th, and has not been heard of since. She was a vessel of 1200 tons register, owned by Mr. John H. Allen, of London. His brother, Mr. S. M. J. Allen, formerly of Halifax, and his son Allister were passengers.

There are very few cases of diphtheria in Liverpool, but in Bridgewater it is prevalent.

The Rev. Mr. Richardson, (Baptist), died at the residence of his son, South Bar, on Friday last. Mr. Richardson had been in delicate health for some time past, but was always able to move about until two days before his death. He was in the 88th year of his age.

On the 15th inst., a little girl aged 5 years, daughter of Mr. David Smith, of Cape Island, Shelburne county, was so severely burned that she died in about ten hours after the accident. While her mother was temporarily absent, the child attempted to put some shavings in the stove, when her clothing caught and once enveloped her in flames. She ran out of the house and was seen by some neighbors, who hastened to her assistance, and with some difficulty extinguished the flames; but the child's flesh was literally roasted. She did not, however, seem to suffer much and was conscious to the last, being able to tell the particulars concerning the accident.

The ravages of diphtheria now prevalent in different sections of the Province are painfully exemplified in the severe affliction which has just fallen upon two families—neighbors, and presumably relatives—in Upper Rawdon, Hants County. In the family of George and Phoebe Wallace, the cases occurred as follows: On the 4th inst., Eliza Jane, aged 9; on the 11th, Euphemia, aged 16; on 13th, George Frederick, aged 5. In the family of William and Isabella Wallace: On the 9th inst., Theresa, aged 11; on the 12th, Bertha, aged 5; on the 13th, Anson, aged 10; on the 14th, Benson, aged 7. Thus within the short space of ten days, seven children were suddenly stricken down.

J. Steele, Esq., of Scott's Bay, is getting out the timber for a fine ship of 168 feet keel, to be built at the Bay next summer. J. B. North, Esq., M. P. P., has a gang of men near this place, getting out timber for a large vessel.

On the evening of the 18th ult., Duncan McKenzie, of Loganville, was found dead in his barn, whether he had gone to feed the cattle. Mr. McKenzie was in his usual health that day. The sad event has cast a gloom over the community, particularly as he leaves a large family, and was held in high estimation by his neighbors. An inquest was held on the remains, and a verdict of death from natural causes returned.

There is now living at Parraboro a man named Matthew McKeown, who has attained the age of 101 years, and yet his faculties of mind and body are very slightly impaired. He is hale and hearty, and came from Nova Scotia from Antrim, Ireland, about 24 years since. The old man enjoys uninterrupted health and continues to work at his trade, being considered quite an adept at making well-finished doors and window sashes.

A number of persons have been amusing themselves in trying to capture a seal, which is in Pugwash harbor, and completely hemmed in by the ice. So far they have proved unsuccessful.

A little girl named Mosher, belonging to the Eastern Shore, aged 14 years, was drowned at Little River, Musquodoboit, on Friday evening last, while coasting down a steep hill, in company with two other children. They were hand in hand, when the outside siders, seeing the danger ahead, let go of their companion, who immediately went under. The rapidity of the current took the child down the river. The body may not be recovered until the spring.

On the morning of the 17th, two boys, who were confined in the Gaysboro county jail for some petty offences, pried open the locks of their cells and managed to make their escape. Constables are in pursuit, but as yet no clue to their whereabouts has been obtained.

A few days ago a son of Mr. Wm. Hutt, aged 11 years, of Manchester, Gaysborough County, while coasting down a steep hill, ran against a stick of wood, portions of which entered the abdomen. The unfortunate boy expired after suffering intense agony for twelve hours.

Mr. William Walsh, Barrister and Assistant Clerk of the House of Assembly, died at Halifax on Monday week. He had been for some time connected with the "Morning Chronicle," and recently as a special writer for the "Citizen and Evening Chronicle."

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.

The Ice Boats are now running between Cape Traverse and Tormentine.

Bengough is to lecture in St. Stephen on the 29th inst.

More lumbering crews have been put into the woods this winter than in many previous winters, with the intention of getting out more logs than usual.

The third lecture of the course in Temperance Hall, Kingsclear, was delivered before a large and appreciative audience on Thursday evening, 18th, inst, by W. G. Gaunce, Esq., B.A., subject: "The Lesson of Lives." The next lecture will be on "Mental Culture," by Rev. W. W. Brewer.

About \$1000 have been subscribed by the citizens of St. John towards a building for the Reform Club.

At Sackville, on the 18th, a dwelling house owned and occupied by Wikard Lawrence, took fire from a defective flue, and was burned to the ground; loss about \$1000. It is said to be covered by insurance.

Last week while Mr. Henry Titus, of Rothsay, was driving on the ice near Gondola Point, his team broke through, and his horse, a valuable animal worth about \$250, was drowned. His sleigh and harness also went under, and he had an exceedingly narrow escape himself.

Daniel Keefe and his wife, of Portland, in a drunken row at their house last week, snatched up a little child and threw it at each other, which resulted in the infant being killed between them.

At Upper Brighton, lately, a lamp exploded in the hands of a Miss Tibbitts, and the burning oil scattered over her sister and set her clothes on fire. She immediately ran out of doors, and after proceeding about twenty rods fell; her mother and sister reached her at once, and badly burned their hands in extinguishing the flames. The unfortunate

girl lingered about thirty hours and died. She was about eighteen years old.

Rufus Casey, who was severely injured by a train, at Moncton last week, died on Wednesday. The coroner's jury found nobody to blame.

Fredricton had an election for Mayor, on Monday week, which resulted in the election of Gregory by only three majority—the vote standing Gregory, 376; Fenety, 373. It was the closest election ever held in Fredricton.

The St. John Agricultural Society, which paid \$400 to the Mayor towards the St. John relief fund, requested its return as they were informed by the Society of Agriculture that it was improper to appropriate the funds in that manner. His Worship accordingly returned the money.

A fire was occasioned in Park's Cotton Factory last week by the cotton which passes through the "picker" having taken fire by some unknown means. A large amount of cotton in the room in which the fire originated was destroyed. The fire was extinguished by the use of the fire extinguishing appliances in connection with the Factory. The estimated value of the cotton destroyed is about \$400, but this amount is fully covered by insurance.

Information has been received of the sudden death at Toronto of Captain Pike, R.N., who though a most quiet and unassuming gentleman, had many friends in the leading Maritime cities of Canada. Capt. Pike entered the navy as a navigator, for which he was specially trained when quite young, and was transferred to the surveying service on this coast which had been continued for years by the Imperial Government through a succession of able officers. He married a New Brunswick lady, a Miss Beer, but settled in Halifax where he built a charming residence at the Head of the N. W. Arm. Afterwards he removed to St. John, and eventually to Toronto, where his daughter is married. His remains are to be brought to St. John for interment.

The Post Office at North Head, Grand Manan, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire on 17th inst. The fire was discovered at 5 a.m. Inspector McMillan and postmaster Dagget were in the office at 11 o'clock the previous night and when they left all was right. The island mails were all contained in a letter mailed by John G. Fraser with \$387, and the mail bag with this letter was burned.

Some of the temperance people have started a Reform Club at Indiantown. At the first meeting held about 80 persons signed the pledge.

A telephone wire has been stretched from Hampton railway station to Mr. G. Fiewelling's residence in Hampton Village, a mile to a mile and a half distant; the instruments have been put in and the line is in fine working order.

A cable despatch to D. V. Roberts, Esq., St. John, reports the death in Oran, Algiers, of Capt. Geo. T. Seely, master of the three-masted schooner "Aldythia." No particulars whatever are given. The "Globe" says Capt. Seely leaves a wife and two children living in Portland. The "Aldythia" took a cargo of lumber hence to Algiers, in November last.

The Reform Club excursion from Fredricton to Woodstock, together with the demonstration there in the evening, was the most successful thing of the kind which has ever taken place in Woodstock. The town of Woodstock was alive with people from all parts of the country and they gave the Fredricton Reformers a right royal welcome. A magnificent and substantial supper had been provided in the basement of the Methodist church for the excursionists, who must have numbered about two hundred, and that they enjoyed the good things set before them was evident from the way the edibles vanished, but there was an abundance of good things to spare. Two meetings were held, one in the Methodist church and one in the Institute; both buildings were crowded to their utmost capacity. Previous to the meetings there was a grand torchlight procession; many of the stores and private residences were illuminated, some of them very beautifully.

UPPER PROVINCES.

The Quebec "Mercury" says:—Mr. Edouard Gignere, farmer, has this day laid on our table a beautiful specimen of the Becsice or saw-bill, which he shot on the Little River, January 2nd. This is usually the first water bird of spring, but has never, to our knowledge, been seen hereabouts in winter.

Bishop Maclean, of Saskatchewan, preached at Quebec, Jan. 20. In his pulpit address in Montreal and Quebec, the Bishop spoke in warm terms of the devotion and success of the Methodist pioneer missionaries in the North-West, and the zeal of the Catholics.

Mr. W. J. McHaffie, of Brantford, has a collection of old coins, the most interesting of which is a silver penny of Edward I's time, 1279-1296. The others include a penny of the time of Charlemagne, 771 to 804, A.D.; a Roman copper coin of the time of Constantine, A.D. 324 to 347; a copper coin of the time of Nero, A. D. 64 to 68. Mr. McHaffie's collection numbers 500 coins, it is said the best in Brantford, where there are several enthusiastic collectors.

A person named George Raymond, has been arrested at Brantford, on suspicion of being connected with a gang of counterfeiter in this section. On being searched eight bands for sums of one hundred to one thousand dollars, having the Detroit City Company's seal, were found in his possession, also two half dollar Canada pieces. The prisoner was committed for trial.

At Toronto, on the evening of the 8th inst., a banquet was given to Lieut.-Colonel Geo. T. Denison, Governor General's Body Guard, in recognition of his success as a Canadian militia officer, in having won the prize offered by the Earl of Ross for the best work on the history of cavalry. The dinner took place in the National Club, the dining room of which was filled with a large number of officers in uniform, and as so many different corps were represented, the various uniforms formed a charming picture. The chair was occupied by Lieut. Col. Durie, D.A.C.

One of the most remarkable trips ever known in Western Canada was made by Commodore Jordan and Captain Kennedy, who went down the Maitland River from Wingfield to Goderich in a small skiff, last week.

Instructions have been received from Ottawa that arrangements have been made for the receipt of grain at Parage la Prairie in payment for straw-ropes relief supplies. The prices will be the same as allowed at Winnipeg.

There are prospects of more trouble between contractors and the men on the Lachine Canal enlargement works. Some of the former have given notice of their intention of reverting to the system of paying the men monthly. The latter demur.

Advices received from British Columbia report a singular murder there of an aged white woman by an Okanagan chief named Red Berry. The old woman was the widow of James Grisdale, one of the first white settlers in the Okanagan district. She was reputed to be wealthy, and was accounted a sorceress by the Indians round about. Several of Red Berry's horses died of a murrain some weeks ago, and the medicine-men of the Okanagan held that Mrs. Grisdale had afflicted them with disease. Red Berry at once started for her abode, and finding her on her knees at prayer, concluded that he had caught her in the very act of practising her black art, and with one blow of a club dashed her brains out. He then informed the white settlers near by of what he had done, and for ridding their flock and herds of an evil spirit. He was arrested and is now in jail at Okanagan. Red Berry, beyond doubt, thought he was doing the community a meritorious service.

The annual report of Dun, Wiman & Co., reports 1880 failures in Canada in 1877. Liabilities \$25,510,147.

The total number of persons arrested for drunkenness in Ottawa, between May and December, 1877, amounted to 270.

A man was struck by a railway train near St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, recently, and left to freeze to death.

The Manitoba Legislature is now in session.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A fire recently broke out at the Russian Government shell foundry at Boldera, and within a short time after the commencement of the outbreak, ignited thirty 11-inch shells, the explosion of which did great damage to some houses adjacent to the factory. The police, being aware of the combustible nature of the contents of the building, prevented anybody from approaching it, and by their advice no effort was made by the local brigade service to save the place. Fortunately for the workmen the fire took place at night, otherwise the loss of life would have been very great.

The "Times" commenting on a document contained in the Blue Book says:—"In Lord Derby's recent despatches we cannot find a trace of apprehension such as alone could have justified the late outbreak of rioting in certain quarters. It is now abundantly clear that the feeling was confined to a small though a noisy minority, but it will be a satisfaction and relief to the whole country to know that it found no echo in the official utterances of the Government."

Boston has experienced 150 failures in the past three months, with total liabilities of over two million dollars.

The whole Roanoke River Country, Virginia, was devastated by recent floods, causing general ruin to farmers.

An excursion train, returning from a Moody and Sankey meeting in Hartford, Conn., on the fifteenth, while crossing a bridge, broke through. Twelve persons were killed and forty wounded.

The funeral of the late King Victor Emmanuel was very impressive. The procession was an hour and a half passing a given point. In addition to the official portion of the procession, which was a mile long, were 2,700 deputation from all parts of the kingdom.

The Spanish Government is ignorant of the intention of General Martinez Compos to hold a conference with the Cuban insurgents, and does not believe the statement.

The Home Rule conference, held at Dublin, Jan. 15, unanimously adopted a resolution in favour of holding an annual conference, consisting of members of Home Rule League Clubs and members of Parliament. Biggar supported a resolution that, should intervention in the Eastern war be brought before Parliament, the Irish party should repudiate sympathy with England by quitting the house in a body. Dr. Butt declared that the passing of such a resolution would be a deadly blow to Irish nationality. The resolution was ultimately withdrawn, and one proposed by Mr. Parnell substituted, that the Conference advise the Home Rule party to consult relative to the Eastern question and adopt a united line of action.

Sir William Stirling Maxwell, the distinguished author, is dead.

The Pope has ordered a celebration of solemn funeral service for Victor Emmanuel in the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

Garibaldi has written to King Humbert, begging him to follow in his father's footsteps.

Rome has not been so full of people for years. Troops are arriving from all parts of the kingdom, and the Colosseum is converted into a cavalry camp.

A despatch from Constantinople says the Austrian embassy has been notified that Austria is opposed to separate peace, and intends to support the treaty of Paris, and further that she wishes Turkey should leave the grave questions affecting European interests open for consideration at a conference of European powers. This communication is regarded as a sign that there is an understanding between England and Austria.

A despatch to the "Morning Post" from Berlin says that the government has finally determined to submit to the Imperial Parliament a motion for increase of tax and duty on tobacco as a first step in general reform of imperial taxation.

The national guard of all towns in Greece have been called to arms, and considerable activity is apparent among the land and sea forces. It is believed an insurrection in Thessaly and Epirus is imminent, and that the Cretan Assembly is about to decree annexation of that island to Greece.

Col. C. H. Houghton, collector of Perth Amboy, N. J., has in his possession a box picked up on the coast of New Jersey, containing a lot of clothing, a bill of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and some silver and knives, together with a few articles usually carried by sailors. There is also a handkerchief, marked with the name of Mrs. John Seimiedberg, and a letter, dated January 12th, 1877, addressed to a sister but having no signature. In the letter the name of John Reid is mentioned. Information is desired as to the owner.

The British consul at Adrianople has asked permission to leave, but Minister Layard ordered him to remain at his post. Mrs. Layard has given assistance to 40,000 refugees within the last five days.

The British gunboat Torch has embarked a number of refugees at Bourghas and the English marines are patrolling the streets of that place.

It is stated that the steam yacht Pandora, purchased by Bennett, is to be used for another Arctic Expedition.

Intelligence from the Danube is the flow of ice continues, and communication is most difficult.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC JANUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 9h, 32m. Morning. First Quarter, 11 day, 20, 52m. Afternoon. Full Moon, 18 day, 7h, 56m. Afternoon. Last Quarter, 25 day, 1h, 35m. Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, MERC, VENUS, MARS, JUPITER, SATURN. Rows for days of the month from 1 to 31.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrissoro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER than at Halifax.

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

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

MR. WHITTIER'S RESPONSE

The Literary World for January contains the following grateful poem by Mr. Whittier, written in acknowledgement of the multitude of affectionate tributes called out by the celebration of his seventieth birthday:—

Beside that milestone where the level sun, Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low rays On word and work irretrievably done, Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun, I hear, O friends, your words of cheer and praise, Half doubtful if myself or otherwise, Like him who, in the old Arabian joke, A beggar slept and crowded Caliph woke, Thanks not the less, With not ungrudging surprise.

I see my life work through your partial eyes; Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs, A higher value than of right belongs, You do but read between the written lines The finer grace of unfulfilled designs. 12th mo., 1877. J. G. W.

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The noble missionary Moffat tells a beautiful story. He says: "In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange river. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, and was refused. We had the prospect for another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheek, and she replied, 'I love Him whose servants you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full; therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.' On learning a little of her history, and that she was a seditious light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up with the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school, some years before. 'This,' said she, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp to burn.' I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of our Heavenly Father.

Moody and Sankey go to Springfield, Mass., for work during the month of February. Three services will be held every day in the week, save Saturday; and the young men's and the inquiry meetings in connection with the main services will be held in the First Church and chapel, respectively. The regular weekly Church prayer meetings will be omitted during the month, and the Sunday evening Church services will have to be held at an earlier hour to accommodate the City Hall gatherings. A choir of three hundred, selected from the city Churches, will do the singing. In preparation for the meetings, the daily prayer-meetings of the week of prayer will be supplemented by a union daily prayer-meeting the rest of the month of January.

AN INCIDENT FOR THE SICK ROOM.

A French journal says that a famous French surgeon, lately deceased, who was brusque and unpolished, found, on entering his house one day, an old minister who had been long waiting his return. "What do you want of me?" "I want you to look at this," meekly rejoined the minister, taking off an old woolen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. "You'll have to do with that," coolly remarked the surgeon.

"I thank you, doctor," simply replied the minister, replacing his cravat, "and I am much obliged to you for warning me, for I can prepare myself, as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this minister, who received his death sentence unmoved, with amazement, and said, "Come to-morrow at eight o'clock to the Hotel Dieu, and ask for me." The minister was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room, and in a month the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of his sack thirty francs in small change. "It is all I have to offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from Rouen in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and, drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it into the bag along with the thirty francs, saying, "It is for your poor," and the minister went away. Some years later the surgeon feeling death to be near, bethought him of the minister, and wrote to him. He came at once, and the surgeon received at his hands the last consolations of religion.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S MONEY.

Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology, the subscription price of which was \$1,000 a copy, appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. During the progress of the work, the prosecution of which was extremely expensive, M. Audubon, of course, called upon several of his subscribers for payments. It so happened that Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be troubled about small matters) was not applied to before the delivery of all the letter-press and plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his thousand dollars; but he was put off with one excuse or another. "Ah, M. Audubon," would the owner of millions observe, "you come at a bad time; money is scarce, I have nothing in bank; I have invested all my funds."

At length, for the sixth time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thousand dollars. As he was ushered into the presence, he found William B. Astor, the son, conversing with his father. No sooner did the rich man see the man of art than he began. "You have come again after your money. Hard times, M. Audubon—money scarce." But just then, catching an enquiring look from his son, he changed his tone. "However, M. Audubon, I suppose we must contrive to let you have some of your money, if possible. 'William,' he added, calling to his son, who had walked into an adjoining parlor, "have we any money at all in the bank?" "Yes, father," replied the son, supposing he was asking an earnest question pertinent to what they had been talking about when the ornithologist came in. "We have two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the bank of New York, seventy thousand in the city Bank, ninety thousand in the Merchants, ninety-eight thousand and four hundred in the Mechanics, eighty three thousand—'That'll do," exclaimed John Jacob, interrupting him. "It seems that William can give you a check for your money."

THE OKA INDIAN ARSON CASE.—The batch of Indians placed on trial at St. Scholastique on the charge of having set fire to Seminary property at Oka, have neither been convicted or acquitted, the jury in the case having disagreed. The jury was composed of seven Catholic Canadian Frenchmen and five English speaking Protestants. The evidence was contradictory, and a verdict of acquittal ought to have been rendered. It is not pleasant to learn that the jury split along the line separating its members denominationally. It is time for the Oka business to be settled. It is getting worse continually.—News.

In a certain chapel the minister was much annoyed by the irreverent behavior of several young men, who were sitting together. Of meek temperament, he endured this till just before announcing his text, and then quietly mentioned the fact that certain persons in the congregation had apparently forgotten had that they were in the house of God. Immediately bats were reached and a procession of young men walked down the aisle, while the preacher said, the portion of Scripture chosen for meditation is found in the Gospel of St. John chap. viii. ver. 9: "And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last." It was not necessary for that preacher to arrange again for a coincidence.

MY COLLECTION

L. TIMBERLAKE. To all whom it may concern: A new way of taking up my collections occurred to me the other day. I give the novel method with its results for the benefit of all who may read, and if the brethren see fit to adopt it, I shall charge them nothing for the information. At West Union appointment, Milnersville Circuit, some scheme for raising the benevolent collections privately failed, and I resolved on the 20th day of December, to take up a collection on Christmas morning (a protracted meeting being in progress at the time). I so announced it to the congregation. (West Union is a good country appointment.) Christmas morning came, and with it a good congregation. I read a part of the second chapter of Matthew, and told the people that the first gift ever presented to Christ in this world, was gold; and represented him as standing in our midst with bleeding feet and torn hands, asking for a Christmas gift. And I said, "Brethren, if you will give him one hundred dollars to-day, I will take up no more collections this year. And when you have made your offerings, then we will attend to the sacramental service;" and they commenced with their five dollars apiece until sixteen had given and they never stopped till they gave \$123 20, and we praised God together and the Lord is giving us a gracious revival.—Pittsburg Advocate.

The "American Baptist" tells the following good story, which we commend to our young female readers, and males also: "Where did you first meet with your bride?" I asked a young friend of mine who had invited me to his wedding. His answer was: "Some time ago I was one of a large dinner party of ladies and gentlemen, at which a young lady was noticed not to drink any wine. Our host observed it, and said: 'A glass of wine with you, miss?'"

"Excuse me, sir," said she. "What excuse? Do you belong to the Muphies?" He! he! a te-totaler! Why, do you never drink wine?"

"Never, sir."

"Why not?"

"From principle, sir."

"Nothing more was said. Her decision of character deeply impressed me. I sought an introduction to her, satisfied that one of such principles would make a good companion. I joined the Muphies myself and now she has just become my wife. That's why I married her."

THE DAILY ISSUE OF THE London papers is as follows:—Daily Telegraph (Ministerial), 267,000; Standard (Tory), 200,000. The issue of the Daily News (Liberal) during the war of 1870-71 sometimes exceeded 300,000 copies; it now averages 230,000. The London Times spends more than \$500,000 for its paper, and for its printing ink \$20,000. Each advertising column in this journal, and it averages nine pages of them, brings in a revenue of \$35,000. The outlay in foreign correspondence amounts to at least \$40,000 per annum. The circulation varies with the exciting intelligence of the day, being on the average about 200,000, and occasionally considerably higher.

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THE AUTHOR OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

DANIEL WISE, D.D. Nearly two hundred years ago, in the town of Kilkenny, Ireland, an odd-looking but eye-eyed boy met a man who was leading a poor horse through the village street. The boy stood with his hands in his trousers pocket looking so intently at the horse, that the man stopped and began a friendly talk with the little fellow. What they said to each other I do not know, but the result of the conversation was, that the boy emptied his pockets of the few sixpences they contained, giving them to the man, took possession of the beast, and marched off, the proud possessor of a horse.

He led the animal round to the front of the Grammar School. His school mates looked at him with surprise, and expressed their wonder to each other by means of sundry grimaces which had more meaning than beauty. Presently one of them cried out.

"Hillo, Jonathan, whose horse hev ye got there?"

"He's mine," replied the boy very proudly.

"An' it's yours, it is, is it?" said a big burly fellow. "Faith, the beggarly baste isn't worth a silver sixpence."

Upon this the boys set up a long booting. Some of them laughed, some shouted, some threw stones at the bare boned horse, while others went up to little Jonathan with very sage faces and said enough to convince him that his horse was old, sick, and dying, and that it was on it's way to the knocker's shed when he bought it, and that he had been badly cheated by the scurvy fellow, to whom he had given all his pocket money.

When Jonathan was made to believe all this, he was very much chop fallen. His pride changed to sham, and he was very glad to rid himself of the useless horse by letting the boys drive it to the knocker's shed.

This humiliated boy afterwards became a celebrated writer, and dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. His name was Jonathan Swift. Among his writings was a book which you have, no doubt heard named, and may one day read. It is generally known as "Gulliver's Travels."

By thinking a little about his purchase of a horse, you will see that Jonathan was a daring, ambitious, proud boy. Was not buying a horse a bold thing for a little boy to do? Was not his motive in doing it a desire to shine among his companions? Did not his heart swell with silly pride when he led the poor old horse in front of the school-yard?

Pride, ambition, boldness! These were not good traits. They were, in fact, grave faults. Nor were they Jonathan's only bad qualities. He had a bitter, discontented mind, brought on by a fancy that his uncle, who was bringing him up, was a stungy fellow. The fact was, that his uncle was poor and was doing all he could for the poor boy whose father had died before he was born, and who was so poor that he did not leave money enough to pay for the coffin in which his body was buried. Jonathan ought to have been grateful to his uncle, but for whose kindness he would have been brought up in an almshouse.

But, as I have said, instead of being grateful, he was bitter against him. This bitter spirit grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It became like poison in the veins. I soured his soul. It made him hard, cold, selfish, cynical, and of course, unhappy. It led him, a little farther out in life, to neglect his studies at college, because they were not suited to his taste. It made him false to his friends, tyrannical toward those beneath him, fawning toward his superiors.

God had endowed this young man with great talents. Hence, in spite of his faults, he became a power among men. He wrote political pamphlets of such marked ability that the leaders of public opinion paid court to him, and, after he became dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, the Irish people adored him. Yet he wrote for reward, not from principle, and used his pen for those who paid him best. The Deanery of St. Patrick was given him as a reward for his services.

Three excellent ladies loved this strange man, but he so trifled with their feelings, that two of them died with broken hearts; and the other was made unhappy for life. Swift was made which was as hard and cold as a stone. He cared only for himself.

His life was a long misery. He lived nearly seventy-eight years. He was a maniac during the latter years of his life. The last sentence but one which he uttered was, "I am a fool." His last words were addressed to his servant who was breaking a coal in the grate: "That is a stone, you blockhead!" said Swift. He never spoke again.

"I am a fool," was a fitting confession for such a man to make in his last hours. He began life foolishly by building up foolishly a bitter temper on a false foundation. That temper became his tyrant, spoiled the beauty of his character, and made him miserable. Had he been a loving and grateful boy, his life would have been a blessing to himself and to the world. Let young readers learn from his sad example, to beware of falsely judging their relatives and guardians, to keep bitter feeling out of their souls, and to cherish love, truth and honor in them.—Young People's Comrade.

HONOR OLD AGE.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man as he passes slowly along once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair and changed the round face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations equal to any you have felt; aspirations crushed with disappointment, as yours are perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of grace; now the hand of Time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has warped the figure and destroyed that noble carriage. Once, at your age, he had the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain—a wish to accomplish something worthy in fame; anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream nearly through. The time to wake is very near at hand; yet his eye even kindles at old deeds of daring, and his hand takes a firmer grip of his staff. But bow the head, boy, as you would in your old age be revered.

A BOY'S WISH.

Some little boys in front of my house, a few days since, sat down on the steps, and began to tell the largest wish they had. One wanted a pony to ride in Central Park; one wanted all schools and masters in the bottom of the sea; one wanted ice to come by Thanksgiving Day. One sweet boy said, "My wish is so large, so sweet, I hardly dare tell it, and it swallows up all my other wishes." "Oh, what is it? What is it?" "Well, don't laugh, boys. I wish you only knew my Jesus!"—Ralph Wells.

AN Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed the congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

When the earthly tabernacle shakes, it reminds us of the mercy of having a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

There is a precocious six-year-old boy who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell "matrimony." "Ma-t-r-i-m-o-n-y," said the youngster promptly. "Now define it," said the teacher. "Well," replied the boy, "I don't know exactly what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it."

There is at the core of all men something which the whole world of science and art is inadequate to fill. And this part of man is no mere adjunct of his nature, but his most prominent, highest self. What this inmost personality craves is sympathy with something like itself, yet high above it—a will consubstantial with our better will, yet transcending supporting it.—Shairp.

He is a path, if any be misled; He is a robe, if any naked be; If any chance to hunger, He is bread; If any be a bondman, He is free. If any be but weak, how strong is he! To dead men life: He is; to sick men health; To blind men sight; and to the needy wealth; A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth. Giles Fletcher.

CHILDREN'S CORNER. THE STRAY LAMB.

One bright and sunny day, Upon a grassy hill, The little lamb was all at play, The happy to keep still, They ran and frisked about Within their shepherd's view, Looking their merry games, no doubt, As much as children do.

But by and by a lamb— A wilful little trot— Said to itself, "How tired I am Of keeping in one spot; I want some better fun; Fresh places want to see; So I'll run away I'll run, And they may look for me."

Without a thought of care, He wandered where he would, And fancied that the chance of air Already did him good. "This grass is finer far Than what I left behind; And O, how pink these daisies are— Exactly to my mind."

Thus charmed with all around, The moments quickly fled, Until, to his dismay, he found The sun had gone to bed, The air grew damp and chill, The little birds slept, And over every field and hill The gloomy shadows crept.

Hungry and tired and cold, Of unknown ill afraid, He thought up in his happy fold, And wished he had not strayed, Fast poured the heavy rain, The wind swept roughly by, And as he sank upon the plain, He felt he soon must die.

Just then a cheering voice From his hatless ear, And O, how did that lamb rejoice To think relief was near! His own dear shepherd came And clasped him in his arms, Not muttering one harsh word of blame, But soothing his alarms.

"My little lamb," he cried, In soft, reproachful tone, "Why did you leave your shepherd's side And wander forth alone?" And as he gently bore The wanderer to his rest, The lamb resolved it never more Would think its own way best.

MIND AND MONEY.

"What business are you going to follow?" asked Roger Blake of his most intimate friend and seat mate in school, Walter Henshaw.

"Don't know. Something attractive. Guess I'll pitch a tent on the common and exhibit a dancing bear, snake, and a cat with two tails—all for ten cents," was the careless reply.

"Now, Walter, do be serious. I want to talk a little about the future. I've made up my mind to go to college, and I want you to go with me."

"What! that takes money. Poor man's sons—such as you and I—can't get to college."

"We have health and energy—that's capital. I am willing to work hard to obtain an education."

"I mean to be rich," exclaimed Walter, eagerly. "I'll have money somehow. Money controls the world. It gives position and influence; it covers defects of character and buys friends and favor."

"There is far greater power in a cultured mind," returned Roger, earnestly. "There is Joseph Morris, worth over a million of dollars, and he is not a tenth part as much respected as our minister, Mr. Harold, who has not a thousand; but he has a fine mind and a noble heart which makes him loved and honored."

"Well, you may fill your head, Roger, with Latin and Greek and science, and I'll find a way to fill my pocket-book. Time will show which is the wiser."

was brought into court. The defendant was a man of a fine bearing, a little past the meridian of life. His strongly marked features evinced much native ability, but he bore the unmistakable stamp of in-briation. He was accused of the double crime of forgery and manslaughter.

When his name, "Walter Henshaw," was read in court, Judge Blake glanced toward the prisoner. Their eyes met, and surprise and recognition were visible in each. Twenty years had passed since they parted, and their lives had undergone a revolution. Walter Henshaw covered his face with his hands. The poison of dark memories was rankling within him, and the future was hopeless. Judge Blake, too, was deeply moved, and his mind went back through the long vista of departed years to the time when they fished and hunted and gathered berries and nuts together. He had established himself in a great city and made a name. Where had Walter been these intervening years? There was a great gulf between them. What had caused it?

As the trial progressed, much important information was elicited from the witnesses. Walter Henshaw had early begun a disgraceful career. He had resorted to artifice, dissimulation, and fraud to obtain money. He had made many thousands of dollars by a fortunate speculation. But little by little he had yielded his manhood to his appetite for strong drink, and his property had gradually lessened. To retrieve his shattered fortunes he had moved into the city, where he had gambled desperately, and lost far oftener than he had won. He had forged the name of prominent men on notes, and when in a state of partial intoxication he had assaulted a fellow-gambler and wounded him so severely that he died.

It was a clear, common case of a reckless pursuit for wealth, followed by intemperance, downfall and ruin.

He was convicted of two crimes, forgery and manslaughter, and Judge Blake was forced to perform a very painful duty—that of passing a sentence of imprisonment for life on his old friend.

Six months passed. Walter Henshaw had lived within the narrow boundary of prison walls. Worn out by previous dissipation, his constitution rapidly failed under confinement, and it was evident his life was drawing to a close.

Judge Blake frequently visited him in his cell, and his soul was filled with pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man.

"Roger," said the prisoner one day, in a hoarse, hollow voice, do you "remember how we used to talk about the future?"

"Perfectly," was the sad response. "We took different roads," continued the prisoner, with tears trickling down his cheeks. "I sacrificed truth and honor to wealth, and it led me into intemperance and ruin. You cultivated your mind, and you stand on the proud eminence of your achievements, while I am lost—lost, lost!"

"Dear friend," said Judge Blake, taking his hand and warmly pressing it, "God is ever pitiful and merciful. Jesus came to seek and save the lost. There is pardon and hope for you."

One month later the sentence of imprisonment for life was served out by Walter Henshaw. He was released by death.

My story is told, and its purpose you can see. There is a ladder by which all can ascend to a proud eminence. Its rungs are temperance, truth, honesty, and energy. It is the only way by which happiness and success in life are achieved.—Temperance Advocate.

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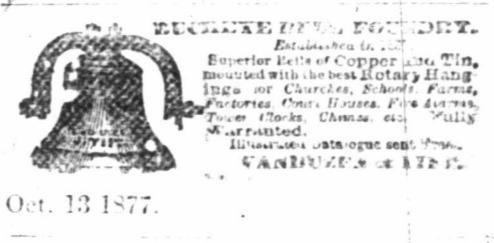
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MARRIED. By the Rev. W. T. Edie, on the 31st ult., Henry Hays, of the Head of Mill Stream, to Sarah, daughter of the late Thomas Leiper, of Canaanville.

DIED. At Coot Hill, Petersville, Queen's Co., N.B. on the 15th inst., Jane Hamilton, relict of Charles Hamilton, aged 83 years. The deceased was for many years a devout Christian, noted for her hospitality and benevolence and a worthy member of the Methodist Church.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING FOR Yarmouth District. YARMOUTH, S.—Local arrangements—Deputation Rev. J. Pike, Rev. J. Read, T. M. Lewis, Esq.

Table with columns for names and amounts. RECEIPTS FOR "WESLEYAN" FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 24TH. Rev. J. Shenton. Miss J. Harding, 2; J. C. Hemmeon, 2; Capt J. Jones, 2; William Johnson, 2; C. F. Wright, 2; Mrs. Clements, 2 \$12 00

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As Methodism in the East and West is now consolidated into one organization, this history of Mr. Smith's is well adapted to make the Methodists of the West better acquainted with the origin and history of Methodism in the East, and thus bring them into closer sympathy with the work of our brethren in the East.

It is invaluable as a repository of the annals of Methodism in this country. It opens with a judicious chapter on the Origin and Characteristics of Methodism, and then, chapter after chapter, gives the history of the evangelistic efforts and operations of the Methodists, from 1769 to 1813.

It is needless to say that the book is interesting, especially so to our Methodist friends. While the main object kept in view by the author has been to present an authentic and reliable history of Wesleyan Methodism, he has necessarily embodied in his narrative many historical facts of a general character, bearing upon the condition of the country socially, morally and religiously, which are calculated to render it valuable as a history to people generally as well as to Methodists.

Its typographical appearance reflects credit upon the establishment from which it emanates. The work is ably written, and the information to be derived from it is invaluable.

We recommend our readers to procure it for themselves. It will do good both to their heads and their hearts.—Canada Methodist Magazine.

PREACHER'S PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH, SUNDAY, 27TH JANUARY.

Table with columns for location, time, and preacher. 11 a.m. Brunswick St. 7 p.m. Rev. W. L. Cunningham. Rev. S. F. Huestis

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. Change of Time on Pictou Branch.

On and after Monday, 14th January, Trains will leave Pictou at 7 a.m., and 1.35 p.m., connecting at Truro with trains for St. John and Quebec respectively.



STUDHOLM, Kings Co., N.B. July 10th, 1877.

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