

# The Wesleyan,

103

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,  
Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXVIII

HALIFAX, N.S., APRIL 1, 1876.

NO. 14

**WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,**  
125 GRANVILLE STREET,  
HALIFAX, N.S.

DEPOSITORY FOR  
**ALL METHODIST PUBLICATIONS**  
AND SALES-ROOM FOR

General Literature, Stationery, Blank Books,  
**AND SCHOOL BOOKS.**

Sabbath Schools, Clergymen and Students  
purchasing in quantities have

**A SPECIAL DISCOUNT**

## MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On Sunday morning last a service in  
memorial of the Rev. Geo. McDougall  
was held in the Brunswick Street  
Church, Halifax.

The introductory part of the service  
commencing with the hymn,

"Hark a voice divides the sky,"

and including, as lessons, the exquisitely  
beautiful and suggestive narrative of  
Moses' death, in the last of Deuteronomy,  
and the triumphal strain of Paul  
the apostle of Jesus Christ, in his last  
letter to Timothy, was conducted by  
Rev. A. W. Nicolson. The *Dead March*  
in *Saul*, strikingly appropriate, and  
other selections by the choir were emi-  
nently suited to such a service.

The text selected by the pastor, Rev.  
John Lathern, was from the last of  
Deuteronomy:

*So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died  
there in the land of Moab.*

That Nebo scene was suggestive:

1st. Of the fact of death. In all ages  
death reigned—from Adam to Moses  
and until now. In the brief but im-  
portant records of the early patriarchs  
we had the suggestive statement, *and  
he died*. The decree had gone forth,  
dust to dust.

2nd. That the dispensations of God's  
providence, in regard to the death of  
His servants, were often painfully mys-  
terious.

Moses died in the fulness of his  
strength. His eye had not waxed dim,  
nor his natural force abated. He had  
been the tried and trusted leader and  
law-giver of the people. Never appar-  
ently did they need his presence more  
than at the time of his death. They  
were about to cross the swellings of  
Jordan and to face and fight the numer-  
ous armies of the Canaanites. That  
Nebo scene had often been repeated.  
God buried His workmen but carried  
on His work. "Scotland," said Dr.  
Cuyler, "was losing her crown jewels."  
Our loss had not been a common loss.  
There was no man, in all this church of  
Canada, whose place, humanly speak-  
ing, could be so difficult to fill. For  
services less distinguished and less im-  
portant to his country, many a man  
had been borne in pomp and magnifi-  
cence to a grave in Westminster Abbey.  
But he had died just where he ought to  
have died, and was buried just where he  
ought to have been buried—in the  
silence of that great lone land, shadowed  
by the majestic mountains, in the  
midst of tribes, to whose welfare the  
best years of his life had been devoted.  
For centuries the Hebrew sepulchres  
and the dust of the patriarchs in  
Canaan were the only pledges to the  
Israelitish people of the possession of  
the promised land. Moses was buried  
in the land of Moab, but God designed  
doubtless by this arrangement, to shew  
them that His care and concern were  
not limited to one soil. The dust of  
Moses hallowed and consecrated that  
gentle land. The dust of missionaries  
and of their families had been the con-  
secration of many a heathen land, the  
sacred memories of which have pledged  
the church to persevering efforts for  
its possession.

3rd. That however suddenly death  
may interrupt plans of life work, to the  
servant of God it can never be unseason-  
able. To such, sudden-death is sudden  
glory. Sudden as was the departure of  
Moses there was the ample preparation  
of Pisgah. The Lord showed him  
the land, the glorious land, where the  
tribes should have their inheritance;  
and then, without the pomp or the pain  
of dying, he passed away to the better  
land. The experience of Moses on  
Mount Pisgah has not probably been  
altogether a solitary one. As the veter-  
an missionary in the North West  
closed his eyes to earth, his body wrapt  
in its pure snowy shroud, and his spirit  
caught up in the chariot of light, his  
vision may have been much the same  
as that of Nebo. Below, there was very

much land to be possessed; above, there  
were thrones and crowns and glories.  
Below, there were battles to be fought,  
and privations to be borne; above, the  
smile of God and the full blessedness of  
the beautiful vision.

"He proved how bright were the realms of light,  
Bursting at once upon the sight."

4th. That to the servant of God, no  
matter how, or where, or when death  
may come, it is always a blessed transi-  
tion from toil to rest. Very delightful  
is the thought of rest to the weary toilers  
of earth. Moses had won, by long  
years of incessant care and work, the  
designation more to be coveted than the  
greatest distinction of earth—the  
servant of the Lord. Five times in the  
first chapter of Joshua he is spoken of  
as eminently, pre-eminently, the ser-  
vant of the Lord. Dying at Nebo was  
only transition from incessant toil to  
endless rest. Few of us can under-  
stand the exhaustiveness of pioneer  
work, such as has devolved upon the  
great missionary whose death we mourn  
to-day, as they mourned for Moses in  
the land of Moab, but now we know he  
rests from his labours and his works do  
follow him. He rests as the servant  
rests when his work is done, and the  
Master saith well done. He rests as  
the traveller rests when the journey is  
accomplished and the repose of him  
awaits him. He rests as the soldier  
rests when the battle is fought and the  
victory won. He rests as the mariner  
rests when the voyage is at an end, and  
his bark reposes amidst tranquil  
shadows and quiet waters.

After the sermon the following paper  
was read, illustrative of the character  
and work of the honoured missionary

Rev. Geo. McDougall.

Some of us who were present at the  
General Conference in Toronto, remem-  
ber the delightful interest of Rev. Geo.  
McDougall's first appearance in the  
Metropolitan Church. From the land  
of the setting sun he had travelled  
steadily for eight weeks to be present at  
that council. We had just traversed a  
portion of the Province of Ontario, and  
looked upon it as a noble country, with  
unsurpassed capabilities, but we were  
told of a territory North West, extend-  
ing from Lake Superior to the Rocky  
Mountains, affording space for six Pro-  
vinces as large as that of Ontario.

Subsequently Mr. McDougall spoke,  
with a pardonable enthusiasm of the  
almost boundless resources of that  
country, of mountains that pierced the  
clouds, of noble rivers,—one of which  
was navigable for 1,200 miles—of richly  
productive valleys and of fertile plains.  
We were proud of Eastern coal deposits,  
but he had traversed a coal area, in  
that land, some five hundred miles  
wide. That magnificent region was  
destined, he believed, to become the  
home of thousands and tens of thou-  
sands of the sons and daughters of  
Canada.

The same glow of feeling in relation  
to the grandeur of the North West  
scenery pervades his letters. "The  
sight of the grand old mountains," he  
wrote last October, on reaching his sta-  
tion, "was most exhilarating." Still  
later, between Christmas and New  
Year, only two or three weeks before  
his death, a wish was expressed, in one  
of his letters, that he could take his  
friends, on a beautiful morning, to the  
top of one of their mountains, and give  
them a glimpse of a Western prospect;  
and if they did not confess that it beat  
anything in the British isles he would  
admit his judgment at fault.

To the missionary the look out from  
one of those venerable mountains,  
shadowing valley and prairie, overlooking  
forest, lake and river, was much the  
same as the prospect from Pisgah—a  
goodly land—a land to be possessed.

At one of our meetings, when upon  
the deputation here, after the hymn  
"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,"  
&c., had been sung with great fervour,  
"I often think," he said, "when that  
triumphal strain, rolling up from these  
Atlantic shores, from Nova Scotia and  
New Brunswick, ascending the waters  
of the St. Lawrence, gathering depth  
and volume in the Province of Ontario,  
swelling along the northern shore of  
Lake Huron, crossing Manitoba, break-  
ing the silence of the great North  
West, piercing the Rocky Mountains,  
sweeping down upon British Columbia,  
and then wafted upon Pacific waters,  
and then wafted upon Pacific waters,  
shall meet and mingle with the mighty  
chorus of millions of eastern worship-  
pers. And the ideas of the missionary  
shall yet be realized. The Redeemer  
shall have dominion from sea to sea.

"His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more"

In the mean time there is arduous  
work to be done. In the midst of  
savage wandering tribes George Mc-  
Dougall spent fifteen years—the best  
years of his invaluable life. The isola-  
tion and self-denial, involved in such  
service, it is difficult for us to under-  
stand. Missionaries who labor in China  
and India and Japan are surrounded  
by the monuments and appliances of a  
splendid though effete civilization; but  
the missionary to the great lone land  
labors in the midst of pagan tribes, far  
away from civilization of any kind, and  
compelled largely, for both material and  
spiritual necessities, to depend upon his  
own resources.

A few years ago the firmness and in-  
trepidity of George McDougall were  
subjected to a crucial test. A malignant  
disease, the small pox, swept over  
the plains, threw its shadow over his  
own house and carried off 3000 Indians.  
Several members of Mr. McDougall's  
family were amongst the victims, and  
with his own hands were laid sorrowful-  
ly but hopefully in the grave. Around  
the premises, wrapt in their buffalo  
robes, thronged the dying Indians.  
They died in the house, at the door and  
inside the fence. Even this sad situa-  
tion was not without some alleviation.  
There were exhibitions of faith and sav-  
ing grace that triumphed over pain and  
fear and death. One Indian, who had  
become a Christian, ministered to the  
sufferers around him, day and night,  
until he too caught the contagion of  
fatal disease; but to the last continued  
to speak of the presence and power of  
Jesus.

In scenes and services such as these  
the noble sacrifice and disinterestedness  
of the missionary were conspicuously  
exhibited; and these qualities won upon  
the confidence and affection of the In-  
dian tribes, through all the north west  
territory,—savage as well as civilized  
and christianized.

It has often been said, says the Otta-  
wa Free Press, "that there is not an In-  
dian who would harm George MacDou-  
gall—not one in fact who would not die  
for him." His power over the aborigi-  
nal tribes is instanced by the fact that  
he was employed by the Government  
to treat with the Crees, the Blackfeet  
and other tribes. In the execution of  
that Government commission, so suc-  
cessful in result, he travelled, for the  
purpose of reaching Crees and Stonies,  
three months, visited 497 tents, in-  
cluding 4000 natives, visiting different  
camps. Travelling west by the South  
Saskatchewan he was deeply impressed  
with the importance of a speedy adjust-  
ment of misunderstandings between the  
Government and the Indians. Although  
they seemed anxious to avoid collision  
with the white man, yet they expressed  
a firm resolve, unless satisfaction were  
given, to oppose the erection of tele-  
graph lines and the construction of  
roads. The state of the native mind  
was such that a rash act on the part  
of a white man, or a single depredation  
committed by an Indian would have  
involved the whole country in an Indian  
war.

What such a war means, in a finan-  
cial aspect, may be inferred from the  
fact stated by an American General  
that each Indian killed on the Plains,  
in the course of a protracted and unsat-  
isfactory conflict, had cost the United  
States \$100,000. The value of Mr.  
MacDougall's services to the country,  
cannot therefore be easily estimated. To  
his influence, acknowledged, by all the  
Government is largely indebted for the  
peaceful condition of the Indian tribes.

We all remember the visit of Rev.  
Geo. MacDougall to the city of Halifax,  
as he stood upon the platform, at the  
first missionary meeting held in this  
church, an almost breathless hush passed  
over the congregation. We could  
scarcely realize that this was the man  
around whose work there gathered so  
much of thrilling interest—a work  
which, in magnitude, was challenging  
more than national recognition.

In listening to George MacDougall  
the impression was at once received of  
his eminent fitness for arduous and re-  
sponsible missionary enterprise. Gen-  
tle and unostentatious in manner, but  
eminently practical and keenly appre-  
ciative, with a pure healthy glow of pa-  
triotism and nationality, a grand enthu-  
siasm and thorough loyalty to Christ,  
glorifying only in the cross, by his ap-  
peals, the sympathy and interest of the  
meeting were roused to the utmost.

The failure of Protestant missions to  
other Indian tribes, had rendered some  
of us not a little incredulous in regard

to such missions in the North West. It  
was refreshing to hear of really prosper-  
ous communities, such as that at Ross-  
ville, with a membership of 380, with  
18 leaders, Sunday schools and day  
schools, and all the appliances of church  
work. To some of us it was gratifying  
to hear of the special adaptation of our  
own church agencies—love-feast, class-  
meetings, prayer-meetings, and espe-  
cially the *hymn book*—to the work of In-  
dian evangelisation. To these we were  
indebted he believed for the hold we had  
in these missions.

Upon that hallowed ground, of soul  
saving toil, the noble missionary has  
fallen. The banner has fallen from his  
stiffened grasp. Moses the servant of  
the Lord is dead. What Joshua will  
stand forth to fill the vacant place? Eli-  
jah has gone up in the chariot of Israel.  
Upon what youthful Elisha shall his  
mantle descend? Who then shall be  
baptized for the dead? Who of our  
young men, of the most gifted and cul-  
tured, for we would willingly give the  
choicest of all, turning away from the  
attractions of mercantile occupation,  
and professional distinction, impelled  
by a sense of duty and constrained by  
the love of Christ, will offer themselves  
for this service; saying, "here am I  
send me?" We should be ashamed of  
our Christianity and we might well be  
deemed recreant to duty and to sacred  
trust, if with a necessity so pressing and  
with possibilities so grand, we hesitated  
in response to such an appeal or were  
found wanting in spirit or in stamina  
for such a work.

Yes! we shall have men for the North  
West enterprise. Not in vain has the  
heroic George MacDougall fallen at his  
post. Because of his intrepid spirit  
and because of his hallowed memory,  
many a heart will throb with an energy  
more intense, and many an eye will  
brighten with the light of nobler resolve.

## A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

The "Christian at Work" is a very re-  
spectable paper, and we doubt not it  
generally means to tell the truth, though it  
occasionally falls into rather grave mis-  
takes. A case of this kind happened to  
it last week, which, if it loves the truth, as  
we doubt not that it does, it will be glad  
to see corrected, and then to make the  
correction in its own columns. The ut-  
terance referred to is this:

If we had accurate statistics of the pro-  
portion of religious failures to the suc-  
cesses in any given Church or denomina-  
tion, we should not find great cause of  
gladness. It is estimated by our Methodist  
*friends*, however, that only about one out of  
every seven persons who are admitted on  
probation afterward makes a full profession  
of his faith. This was the average in sev-  
eral large conferences a few years ago. It  
is well that there is a back door, out of  
which unworthy probationers, who have  
been quickly received, may depart as soon  
as they are proved to be unfit for full  
membership.

Now, we have been personally engaged  
with Methodist Church affairs for a good  
many years, and we have given special at-  
tention to the matter of "probationers,"  
and have carefully estimated the propor-  
tion between the number of probationers  
received, and the number that actually  
come into full membership; and the re-  
sult shows that about sixty five per cent.,  
or perhaps two thirds of the whole, make  
good their course.

Probationers are received on the simple  
condition of professing to have "a desire  
to flee the wrath to come, and to be saved  
from sin;" and it often occurs that per-  
sons are so received who make no profes-  
sion of conversion, but are simply "seek-  
ers"—only a comparatively small part of  
whom hold out—while others may fancy  
themselves to have been renewed, but of  
whose religious experience the Church  
may have serious doubts; and yet they  
are admitted "on trial," because some  
good may come of it, and if not, no harm  
will befall the church. From a pretty  
wide range of observation we have become  
satisfied that Methodist conversions are  
quite as good as the average of those of  
the other evangelical churches, and that  
the system of a novitiate called the "pro-  
bation" is eminently judicious, and also  
agreeable to the practice of the primitive  
church in its palmist days.

We can readily surmise how our con-  
temporary became so grossly misled; and  
we would suggest to him the propriety of  
going to head-quarters for information in  
Methodist statistical matters.—N. Y. Ad-  
vocate.

## INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT CHARLES FINNEY.

A great desire was felt by Mr. John  
Ashworth and other good men, for a re-  
vival of God's work in Rochdale. Mr.  
Finney, an American, was on a visit to  
this country, whose labours in various  
Churches, especially the Methodist So-  
cieties, were being graciously blessed, and  
consequently in great demand. Mr.  
Ashworth and one of his ministers, who  
was at that time, (March 20th, 1860) the  
guest of Mr. Barlow, of Bolton, desired  
to see him, and if possible secure his  
services. The following account of their  
interview is given by Ashworth:

"Being shown in the library, we had  
only to wait a few moments, when he made  
his appearance in a printed morning dress.  
After mutual introduction all sat down.  
"What is your errand gentlemen?"  
asked Mr. Finney.

"We come from Rochdale," was the re-  
ply, and the friends are anxious to have  
you a few nights with them. We have a  
very large chapel, and no doubt it will be  
crowded to hear you!"

"Is your chapel well ventilated?"

"Yes, very," we reply.  
"The Manchester people are urging me  
to give them three nights in the Corn  
Exchange, before I return to America,  
which will be in a few days."

"We understand you are wanted there,"  
we observed.

"But I cannot come to you and go to  
Manchester?"

"Well, perhaps you will give us the  
preference?"

"Indeed! indeed! let us kneel down and  
pray about this matter," said Mr. Finney.  
"We knelt down, and I do not think  
that either of us will ever forget that mo-  
ment."

"Mr. Finney began first, and said,—

"Lord, here are two selfish men come  
from Rochdale to request me to go to that  
town to preach; they say they know I am  
requested to go to Manchester. I cannot  
go to both, and they want me to give  
Rochdale the preference; they care  
nothing about Manchester souls, only  
about Rochdale souls; but Lord souls are  
souls, equal in value everywhere; teach  
these two men that souls are souls."

"Then laying his hand on my shoulder,  
he said, 'Pray, brother!'"

"What I said, I cannot tell, but I know  
it was very short. He then laid his hands  
on my companion, saying, 'Pray, bro-  
ther!' He also was very brief, and we rose  
from our knees with no little confusion."

"After a considerable pause Mr. Finney  
rose up, paced quickly about the room,  
and abruptly said, 'I feel I have nothing  
to do at Rochdale.'"

"Just then [Mrs. Finney came in from  
a morning meeting, and looking at her he  
observed,— You are looking pale my dear,  
have you had all the meeting to yourself?  
I fear you have. Do you know since you  
went out, the Doctor called and thinks I  
ought not, in my state of health, to take  
the service in the Manchester Exchange;  
that I am exhausted, and may die in the  
pulpit. If I do what will you say dear?"  
"Mrs. Finney placed both hands upon  
his shoulders, looked him right in the face,  
and in a solemn, impressive tone replied,  
"I should say," rest, warrior, rest, thy  
warfare's ended!"

It may or may not be true, as stated,  
that several of the churches in this city,  
won over by Mr. Sankey and his chorus  
at the Hippodrome, have decided to  
dismiss or reduce their paid choirs and  
go back to congregational singing. If  
such is the fact, it will not be the least  
important result of the revivalist's  
visit to New York. These churches will,  
in the first place, find relief from an  
item of expense which is kept up, prin-  
cipally because custom demands it; and  
in the second place, they will come to  
realize how far singing, individually and  
collectively, may be made a helpful act  
of worship. The principle of congre-  
gational singing, of course, does not ne-  
cessarily exclude a choir, if a church  
chooses to keep one. In such cases its  
functions are simply changed; where  
before it might have been able to draw  
the worshipper's attention away from  
Watts and Toplady and Heber to Me-  
zart and Mendelssohn, it now has only  
to act as leader in the hymn-singing.—  
New York Paper.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, APRIL, 1876.

First Quarter, 1 day, 11h, 57m, Morning. Full Moon, 5 day, 3h, 34m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 16 day, 4h, 23m, Afternoon. New Moon, 24 day, 3h, 49m, Morning. First Quarter, 30 day, 6h, 13m, Afternoon.

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

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southings gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Saco.

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, 2 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland and 30 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 34 minutes LATER. At Westport, 1 hour 14 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 30 minutes LATER.

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

Job Printing neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

EVANGELIZATION IN NEW YORK.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Advertiser describes thus a character and a scene in the great metropolis:

Dwyer began preaching in Greenwich street a month or two ago, a new convert fresh from the scenes of degradation that abound in his quarter of the city. His cellar was a very low, and small, and doubtful looking one, to the police, to the roughs, and in short to any unassisted human perception. Between them, the zealous guardians and enemies of the peace made it pretty hot for poor Dwyer and his wife for a time. But he stood the trial by fire and gradually overcame the suspicions of both friends and foes of order, that he was far game for interference. Some of his abandoned hearers and former cronies were converted, and gradually he made a little phalanx around him, buttressed by a few adventurous Christians from the respectable part of society. At length he has got a humble but decent basement at No 20 South Fifth Avenue, Near Washington Square. It is about 50 feet deep and twenty wide, is furnished with chairs and benches, a few religious mottoes and hymn-books, and a little melodeon. It is crowded nightly with the youthful ruffians of the neighborhood, under the watch and care of four policemen, which makes it an orderly congregation, so far as fighting is concerned. But the earnestness, and downrightness, and real ability of the ex-ruffian makes it more than peaceful, even attentive and serious. I was much surprised at the force and correctness of his language, and resolved at once that I must better acquaint myself with so remarkable an orator taught only of God. He looked a somewhat younger man than his nearest companion, Jerry Macaulay—I should not think, possibly over thirty, and perhaps not near as old as that. More than time has to be taken into account in taking the age from the face of a man who has been nursed by all the vices from his cradle. I hope to have frequent and better reports to give of this new apostle. The Lord is raising up his own witnesses out of the lowest slums of the city, to convince the most degraded of human beings by testimony that they cannot gainsay.

At the Hippodrome after-meeting, last night, Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, asserted that very careful computation proved that not less than 10,000 persons were hopefully converted during Mr. Moody's labors in that city. He also gave strong and thrilling testimony to the faith and fortitude of the converted young men who were out of employment and in temporal distress. Both halls were filled, very striking testimonies were given by fresh converts who had never before spoken; and bright instances of the miraculous power were witnessed in the calm and whispered conference of the solemn inquiry rooms. The venerable Thurlow Weed, who has so constantly and with deep interest attended the meetings from the first, was closeted with Mr. Moody last night for some hours, in his private inquiry room. Perhaps I ought not to mention this, but for the fact that Weed's open interest in the meetings has been already remarked in a city paper. It may seem to arrest the attention of some who would respect such an evidence of the power of the gospel, while the homage of ordinary minds would make no impression on them.

VIDI.

LOVE'S MINISTRY.

I heard the wavelet kiss the shore, Ere lost within the sea, And the ripple of the silvery tide Seemed as a psalm to me; Contented with God's holy will, It's feeble voice to raise, To hymn His glory and be lost, Nor thirst for human praise. Lord, make me, like the ocean's voice, Obedient to Thy will, Thy purpose work as faithfully, And at thy word be still.

A breeze that filled a drooping sail Bore to one sorrowing breast A promise from the Lord of life, And sank again to rest. Brief was his service, few the words It wafled to the shore, But they nestled in a mourner's heart, And the west wind's task was o'er. I, like the sea breeze, swift and true, Thy messenger would be, And bear, Lord, to some burdened soul, A word of peace from Thee.

I marked the soft dew silently Descend o'er plain and hill, On each parched herb and drooping flower The heavenly cloud distill. As noiseless as the sun's first beams, It vanished with the day; But the waving fields told where it fell, When the dew had passed away. Lord, make me like the gentle dew, That other hearts may prove, Even through Thy feeblest messenger, Thy ministry of love.

ANNA SHIPTON.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, shriveled and old! The prey of the winds the prey of the cold! Cheeks that are shrunken, Eyes that are sunken, Lips that were never o'erbold; Only a woman, forsaken and poor, Asking an alms at the bronze church-door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll The waves of its music go over her soul! Silks rustle past her—Thicker and faster—The great bell ceases its toll. Fain would she enter, but not for the poor Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman, waiting alone, Icily cold on an ice-cold throne. What do they care for her? Mumbling a prayer for her—Giving not bread, but a stone. Under rich lace their haughty hearts beat Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! in the old days Hope caroled to her her happiest lays; Somebody missed her; Somebody kissed her; Somebody crowned her with praise; Somebody faced up the battle of life Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair Light on his heart, where the death-shadows are; Somebody waits for her, Opening the gates for her, Giving delight for despair; Only a woman—nevermore poor—Dead in the snow at the bronze church door!

—Hester A. Benedict, in Home Journal.

SERMON FROM A PAIR OF BOOTS.

There lived forty years ago in Berlin, a shoemaker, who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors, who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived, heard of this, and he felt that he must give him a lesson. He did it in this way: He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came, he said to him.

"Master, take my measure for a pair of boots."

"With pleasure your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket book, and then prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him.

"Master, my son requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor. The lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you, master, make my son's on the same last."

"No, your reverence, I can not do it. It must be on the same last."

"But your reverence, it is not possible, the boots are to fit!" said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Ah, then, Master Shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit, and you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last, of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do either."

The shoemaker was abashed.

Then said he: "I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly for the future."—Selected.

DR. TODD.

His worship, like all his other possessions, was the result of growth. His first small purchase of tools was designed simply to enable him to do for himself many trifling household jobs not worth calling a mechanic for, and to do these was added one implement after another until the workshop was sufficiently well-stocked to afford its owner pleasant recreation, and after that, of course, the shop was the greater of the two, and many things were purchased for its sake rather than for Dr. Todd's. Friends encouraged him, if it may be so called, adding from time to time to the treasures of the little workshop, until it held three or four lathes, a buzz-saw, several scrolls and jigsaws, a work-bench, a complete stock of screws, oils, varnishes, and a hundred other things of every one of which Dr. Todd knew the use. His treasures were some fine blocks of ivory and rare woods, given him by friends, and out of these he was constantly making little toys and keepsakes for those around him. His shop adjoined his study, and it was his habit when weary of reading or writing, to throw down his books, and work for a brief time at his bench or lathe. When rested, he would return to his more important duties, and thus the shop was, in fact, scarcely less useful than his library, whether the work done in it produced any valuable results of a material sort or not.

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

In a memorial sermon by Bishop James on the death of the Rev. Dr. Wakeley, who had been forty-two years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, the following account of the veteran minister's last hours is given:—

The death scene was in harmony with his life experience. Taken suddenly and violently ill, he was composed amid his acute sufferings, and without alarm as to the issue. When his physicians informed him they had no hope of his recovery, he received the information without agitation, and continued tranquil and happy. I have seen many Christians die happily, but I never witnessed such perfect naturalness. He conversed and acted in the same manner, with the same tone of voice, the same pleasant countenance, and the same cheerful spirit which characterized him in health. In his sickness, from first to last, everything he said and did was perfectly Wakeleyan. It really did not seem like the breaking of morning and the advancing of day, than the approach of evening and the gathering of night shadows.

At my first interview with him he said—"The doctors tell me there is no hope of my recovery; but I can say with Paul—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight; I have (almost) finished my course: I have kept the faith." I see my crown, and mansion and inheritance." I said to him—"Yes, but you must die to possess them." He instantly responded—

"By death I shall escape from death, And life eternal gain."

At another time he said—"I have fought long, fought honourably, fought heroically, fought successfully; fought for God, fought for Jesus, fought for Methodism, fought for Christianity. I have not gained all I wished, but, through Christ, I have taken great spoils."

He quoted—"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Looking at me very earnestly, he said—"Believest thou this?" I said—"With all my heart." He responded, with much emotion—"So do I."

Lifting up his hand, he said—"The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glory now; A royal diadem adorns The mighty Conqueror's brow."

"The spiritual kingdom of Christ in the earth is a mighty one. It must be set up in all the earth. It will over all prevail."

A few hours before his exit I said to him—"What shall I say to your brethren in the ministry from you?" "Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and doctrine"—repeating the words "with all longsuffering" three times. After a few moments' rest he added—"Tell them what Peter says: 'If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth; that God in all things may be glorified, through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.'" After a moments' rest, while panting for breath, he added—"Tell them to preach the old gospel; we want no new one. The old gospel is to save the world; it can't be improved; one might as well attempt to improve a ray of sunshine while vivifying a flower. The grand old gospel forever!" After a short pause to take breath he said—"Tell them to go where they are sent."

Speaking of his whole case, all the interests involved in his demise, he said—"I leave all with God; I want it distinctly understood I do so without any fear, without any cowardice, without any alarm; I do it with the boldness of an old soldier, and with the calmness of a saint."

He said—"They will enquire in the morning, 'Is brother Wakeley dead?' Dead? No! Tell them he is better, and alive for evermore." I said—"Yes, and a higher and nobler life." He replied—"Wonderfully enlarged! O, wonderfully enlarged!"

"Let me have a little plot in the quiet cemetery, and let me sleep there until the great rising day."

"I know the old ship. The pilot knows me well. He will take me safe into port. Heavenly breezes already fan my cheeks."

"I shall not be a stranger in heaven. I am well known up there."

"Like Bunyan, I see a great multitude of white robes, and I long to be with them. To depart and be with Christ is far better."

"When you go to the grave, don't go weeping. Death hath no sting. The grave hath no terror. Eternity hath no darkness. Sing at my funeral—"

"Rejoice for a brother deceased; .. Our loss is his infinite gain."

"For many years neither death nor the grave have had any terrors for me."

"Hark! hark! Hear ye not the song? Victory is ours. There is great rejoicing in heaven. Roll open, ye golden gates, and let my car go through. I must wait until the death-angel descends."

Soon the death-angel came. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and his freed spirit ascended to glory and to God.

His God sustained him in his final hour; His final hour brought glory to his God.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM B. TUPPIN, ESQ.

Local preacher, of Margate, P. E. I. He was born near Barnstable, England, in May 1788. His parents attended the English Church, and taught their children to frequent with themselves its services.

While quite a young man he began to absent himself from church, in consequence of some misunderstanding with the Rector, but the clergyman enforced an old law, which compelled him to attend at least four Sabbaths in the year. He remembered, and often a poke with emotion, of the consternation which prevailed in his native place in 1796, when the French were expected to land on the English coast. The mother, with five children, retired to an adjoining height anticipating soon to see the villages in a blaze; but providence quieted their fears.

At the age of seventeen he first heard the Methodists preach, and became somewhat interested in the subject of experimental religion, but was not converted to God until many years after. After marrying in 1817, he removed to Bridford in Devonshire, where he frequently attended the Methodist chapel. He was deeply convinced of sin in 1826, while listening to a sermon preached by an aged Minister called Mr. Rogers. For a time he continued to struggle on, without the witness of adoption into the family of God. This he realized, while suffering from a severe illness; the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and at the same time restored his health. The praises of the Saviour were soon uttered with an earnestness characteristic of the man's nature. He rose from his bed, and established a family altar which was always kept in good repair as long as he lived.

For a few years previous to this he was exceedingly fond of the chase, indeed he had become a famous hunter, and some of his daring feats on horseback pursuing game over bill and dale, hedge and ditch were marvellous, indicating that a special providence preserved his life in circumstances of great peril. But his conversion was genuine, causing him completely to renounce his former habits. He began at once to work for his new Master. And if he was an impetuous hunter before, he was now an enthusiastic hunter after souls, and he caught them too. The simple but fervent narration of his own experience mingled with the most earnest exhortations, were blessed of God to many precious souls. Soon appointed a class-leader, then as a local preacher for the Bridford circuit, he found abundant work in the vineyard of the Lord. Hewent in all directions pleading with sinners, hesitated not to address crowds of men, in connection with market gatherings and fairs. Sometimes he was roughly handled and pelted with mud and stones. He prayed very earnestly for one persecutor, who shortly after was converted and became a local preacher. He was instrumental in leading his aged father to Jesus, who died triumphant in the faith, aged 84 years. He had often heard Mr. Wesley preach.

In 1837 Mr. Tuppin came to America without his family. The vessel in which he embarked was bound for Canada, but by a Providential change, anticipated by Mr. Tuppin, he took another vessel for Nova Scotia. They were driven ashore near Pugwash, but got off without much harm. Mr. Tuppin induced the crew to kneel down with him and give thanks to God for their wonderful deliverance. He soon found his way to P. E. I. Arriving at Charlottetown an entire stranger, he speedily found friends, staying for a time with Mr. J. Rowe, who had heard him preach in England. During the few

months that he remained on the Island, he went from place to place, preaching and praying with undiminished ardor. Returning to England for his family he came out the next year, and having purchased a mill property at Margate, settled there, just when the little cause of Methodism there required assistance. He was the instrument of much good, and lived to see that remote corner of the Bedeque circuit, a separate circuit with a resident minister.

For thirty years he was a magistrate, and a local preacher for forty seven. He was a healthful, robust man, until a few weeks before he died. Two Sabbaths only, in connection with his last illness, was his seat vacant in the house of prayer. He often said with great composure, "I am going home to be with Jesus, and my dear friends who have gone before." He died as only a devoted Christian can die, on the 28th November, 1874.

Mr. Tuppin was mighty in prayer, strong in faith, and greatly attached to the Word of God. The writer became acquainted with him and his interesting family twenty-three years ago. Often have I been delighted to hear him tell of speedy and marvellous answers to prayer. I think that even Tyndal would have been convinced that the orthodox idea of prayer is correct, if he had heard father Tuppin relate some facts in his history.

He was somewhat eccentric in his manner and style of language, but there was so much of godly simplicity and sincerity in his soul and life, that many little foibles were unnoticed.

Frequently have I heard him utter with a loud voice, in the midst of a sermon, such words as "Hallelujah, glory to God, praise the Lord, Amen." Indeed, on some occasions, those expressions were so numerous and vigorous, as to cause the individual preaching to shorten the discourse.

His home was ever a welcome abode for all ministers of the Gospel.

A strange preacher was spending the night at his house, and while engaged in conversation, Mr. T. told him all about his conversion; after finishing he said, "How old are you brother?" The minister began to tell his age, but was soon interrupted by Mr. Tuppin, who said, "That is not what I wish to know, but how long since you were born again?" The minister was a little puzzled. I need scarcely say it was not a Methodist minister.

Once after preaching on giving up all for Jesus, and expressing a desire to know if there were any in our day who if called to it, would be willing to suffer martyrdom for the Lord's sake. Mr. Tuppin in a prayer at the close of the service said, "Yes Lord, some of us would be willing to suffer unto death for thee, yes, we would be willing to be crucified, like Peter, topsy turvy."

His prayerfulness may be illustrated by an incident. A Christian gentleman with his lady from Charlottetown, being on a visit to his house, perceived him entering the mill a short distance from his dwelling. They halted for a moment, when the gentleman entered the building to have an interview with the proprietor. But he was not to be seen. Climbing up a ladder to another floor, there he saw him near the hopper, on bended knees, engaged in prayer. Approaching softly, he placed his hands on the shoulders of the praying man, and said, "Let us pray." Mr. Tuppin looked round and said, "Glory be to God." They then had an old fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting, forgetting for some time the good lady in the carriage, who called in vain for her truant partner.

G. O. H. March 1876.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

ELLA, only and beloved daughter of James and Sarah A. Nicholls, died Feb'y. 24th, in the 16th year of her age. She had been ill about ten months, when it was apparent that consumption was slowly but surely doing its work, and despite medical aid and parental longing for her recovery, she gradually sank. At first she shuddered at the thought of dying, but at length while trusting in Christ as a present Saviour she rejoiced to feel that death had lost its sting. During her last week here, she was resigned and happy in the Saviour's love. And she loved to talk of Jesus and longed for deliverance.

At length the messenger came, for the Father said it is enough, "Child come home." And as loved ones gathered around the dying couch; she calmly said "Weep not for me for I am going to rest." And then she added,

"Come sing to me of heaven When I'm about to die."

And with the accents of victory on her lips, Ella crossed the swelling tide. Calmly she rests in the quiet graveyard.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep."

While her happy spirit, pure and good beyond the dark domain of death forever rests 'neath the heaving branches of the tree of life. "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

W. B. Advocate Harbor, March 16, 1876.

A. D. 33. L. THE TOPIC filled. GOLDEN with the Ho 3. 11.

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY

How does 1. Jesus in 2. The p 3. He who needs nothing DOCTRINE Spirit. John

We find ed." Of His baptize you fire. He has "power" on The Day of the Holy Spirit personality of our claim our faith, "wait the Spirit, as his mighty a

1. Waiting Lord on the saw in the J. ples to wait of the prom from Mount into an upper which the l. which some tian head-qu "with great their ascend before the pe tells us tha temple, that ing sacrifice their place used Comfort Jesus, in an Matthias to place of Jud full. Their not in ind earned, unite the Spirit an were in num twenty," men ganized body seething.

1. DAY OF after the p Greek word a second of the which all th tend. Josep large numbe every quarter ing of the l. thus had an also called th thanksgiving had referenc 23. 15-22; D great pentec ushered in tw whole congr both. At the smoke, fire, th the quaking sence of God. later, the th show beyond was his wor hundred and from his pla WITH ONE A and agreed i ONE PLACE. room. They by themselves were gathered.

2. Filled w 2. SUDDEN ing. Jesus w were prepar ing pendic and from who was no w ind, sound was as pest, and yet the whole yo was heard.

3. APPEAR the same tim above them w FIRE, yet no TONGUES, firm the tip. Th than floati, EACH head.

4. ALL THE the women as ED WITH THE their experi Spirit descen Spirit making the same Spir their whole b 10. Prophets

BEREAN NOTES.

A.D. 33.] LESSON II.—Acts 2.1-11. [April 8. THE DAY OF PENTECOST. TOPIC: Our Saviour's Promise Fulfilled. GOLDEN TEXT: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. Matt. 3. 11.

HOME READINGS.

MONDAY—Acts 2. 1-11. TUESDAY—Lev. 23. 4-21. WEDNESDAY—Acts 20. 1-16. THURSDAY—Mark 16. 9-20. FRIDAY—John 14. 15-31. SATURDAY—John 15. 17-27. SUNDAY—John 16. 1-16.

How does this lesson show that—

- 1. Jesus is faithful to his promises? 2. The promises of Jesus very rich? 3. He who receives what Jesus promises needs nothing more?

DOCTRINE: The personality of the Holy Spirit. John 14. 26: 1 Cor. 2. 10. 11.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

We find "Our Saviour's promise fulfilled." Of Him John had said, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. He had himself promised the gift of "power." So we find the disciples here on the Day of Pentecost, 1. Waiting for; 2. Filled with, and; 3. Speaking through the Holy Spirit. The DOCTRINE, "The personality of the Holy Spirit," may fitly claim our attention. So do you, with faith, "wait" till you are "filled" with the Spirit, and are able to "speak" through his mighty inspirations.

1. Waiting for the Holy Spirit. Our Lord on the day of his ascension, as we saw in the last lesson, directed his disciples to wait at Jerusalem for the coming of the promised Holy Spirit. Returning from Mount Olivet to the city, they went into an upper room, probably the same in which the last passover was eaten, and which seems to have continued a Christian head-quarters. Their souls were filled "with great joy" through the blessing of their ascending Lord. Ten days elapsed before the pentecost. Luke (chap. 24. 53.) tells us that they were habitually at the temple, that is, at the morning and evening sacrifice; but the upper room was their place of supplication for the promised Comforter. Here it was that the Lord Jesus, in answer to their prayer, chose Matthias to be the twelfth apostle in the place of Judas, thus making their number full. Their great business was to wait, not in indolence or listlessness, but in earnest, united prayer for the baptism of the Spirit and the gift of power. They were in number "about one hundred and twenty" men and women together, an organized body, waiting and persistently beseeching.

1. DAY OF PENTECOST. The fiftieth day after the passover, so called from the Greek word signifying fiftieth. It was the second of the three great Jewish festivals, which all the males were required to attend. Josephus tells us that in his time large numbers of Jews came to it from every quarter. It commemorated the giving of the law from Mount Sinai, fifty days after the departure from Egypt, and thus had an historical reference. It was also called the feast of weeks, a festival of thanksgiving for the harvest, and thus had reference to their current life. Lev. 23. 15-22; Deut. 16. 9-12. The two great pentecosts, of Sinai and Jerusalem, ushered in two great dispensations. The whole congregation was represented at both. At the former, thunders, lightnings, smoke, fire, the voice of a trumpet, and the quaking mount, proved to all the presence of God. Exod. 19. 16-18. So at the latter, the things heard and seen were to show beyond a doubt that what was done was his work. THEY. The "about one hundred and twenty." ALL. None absent from his place on that Sunday morning. WITH ONE ACCORD. Together in person, and agreed in spirit, as in chap. 1. 14. ONE PLACE. The same place, the upper room. They would not be allowed a room by themselves at the temple. Here they were gathered for prayer.

2. Filled with the Holy Spirit.

2. SUDDENLY. With nothing foretelling. Jesus selected the time, and they were prepared. FROM HEAVEN. Descending perpendicularly, indicating whence, and from whom it came. WIND. There was no wind, but only a SOUND, and the sound was AS OF A VIOLENT WIND in a tempest, and, yet more, this sound FILLED the whole HOUSE. Thus much for what was heard.

3. APPEARED. Next what was seen. At the same time with the sound, in the air above them were appearances LIKE AS OF FIRE, yet not literal fire, in shape as TONGUES, firm at the root but divided at the tip. They were descending rather than floating, until a tongue SAT UPON EACH head.

4. ALL. The whole hundred and twenty, the women as well as the apostles. FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST. This was their experience. THE SOUND was the Spirit descending; the FIRE was the Spirit making himself visible; and now the same Spirit had taken possession of their whole being. The Holy Spirit was in the world before. Gen. 6, 3; Psa. 51. 19. Prophets spoke through him. 2 Pet.

1. 21. John the Baptist and Zacharias were FILLED with him. Luke 1. 15. 67. But never had he come with such abundant and mighty influences as now. God's provisions of grace go hand in hand and well-proportioned. Just as the atoning sacrifice of Christ transcends those of the Mosaic law, does the gift of the Holy Spirit transcend his previous bestowment. He could not thus come till Jesus had ascended, for he was still with them in person, (John 7. 39.) and now Christ's first act after being enthroned on high is to send him with POWER. This was the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. The first effect was upon the souls of the disciples, purifying them as if with consuming fire, and filling them with heavenly love. The great miracle was in their hearts.

3. Speaking through the Holy Spirit. WITH OTHER TONGUES. In language they had never learned. This was the first visible effect of which the tongues on their heads were a symbol. It was not intended to be a permanent endowment.

5-8. DWELLING. PIOUS JEWS, born in foreign lands, and now residing at Jerusalem. Many pilgrims were there for the feast. Jews were scattered literally in almost all nations, through captivities and voluntary emigration. On hearing the SOUND, a crowd soon gathered from curiosity in the open court of the house, where they found the disciples, who were mostly GALILEANS, and whose dialect was a peculiar one, speaking the language of their own countries. The Elamite heard Persian, the Egyptian Coptic, the Roman Latin, and the Jerusalemite Aramaic. No wonder that they were CONFOUNDED, or that continued listening and thinking filled them with astonishment. It was really a divine sign to arrest their attention and produce this very mental state.

9-11. The countries from which these hearers came. PARTHIANS, MEDES, BETH-SHEANS, from parts of ancient Assyria, 2 Kings 18. 9-12. MESOPOTAMIA, 2 Kings 25. 8-11. ASIA. A part of Proconsular Asia. STRANGERS. Non-residents. ROME, A general term for Europe. WONDERFUL WORKS. Not in preaching, but in joyful rapturous utterances of their new emotions under the mighty baptism.

LESSONS. 1. The Holy Spirit is not a mere influence, or energy, or another name for the Father, but a Living Person, a thinking intelligent Being. He is "God with us," though unseen, as truly as Jesus was when on the earth. Matt. 1. 23; 28. 19. He speaks, Acts 13. 2; John 16. 13; is grieved, Eph. 4. 30; witnesses, Rom. 8. 16; intercedes, Rom. 8. 26. 27. 2. Now that Christ has given the promised Spirit, we ought to have him filling our souls, that we may be pure and holy, and full of love and joy. Let us see our need, and seek him. Rom. 5. 5; 8. 9. 15; Gal. 5. 22. 23; John 3. 5; Eph. 5. 18. 3. It is in answer to prayer that he comes to us. It is worth praying for, earnestly and long. Let us pray till we feel the need of the Spirit, and then pray till the precious baptism falls. Acts 1. 14; 4. 31; 8. 15; Luke 3. 21, 22; 11. 13.

SINGING IN CHINESE.

The enlightenment in the Chinese in religious matters, more especially in singing, is a work of extreme difficulty. Mr. Walker, a missionary at Foochow, writes to the Missionary Herald: "There is one very serious drawback to the use of music as a means of preaching the Gospel in China. In singing the word tones cannot be given, and this destroys the sense. For in Chinese, as a rule, every articulation sound represents at least two or three different words, while the more common, such as 'ting,' 'ling,' and 'sing,' often represent two or three dozen different words, and without the help of tones they have no meaning whatever. So when a hymn is sung to a Chinese audience who are not already familiar with it, it has scarcely more meaning than when it is sung by a foreigner just arrived. In fact I have sometimes just sung a foreign hymn to the audience, and then interpreted and expounded it, and it seemed to answer as well as a native hymn."

The celebrated John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says: "I know nothing I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying 'No.' You must expect unreasonable requests to be preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility and kindness as you acquiesce."

"Jennie June" relates this reminiscence of her life at Southbridge, Mass: "I had one enemy in Southbridge, to my knowledge, and that was an elderly deacon's wife. The way it came about was this: I was my nephew's teacher, as well as his brother's housekeeper, and on one occasion, when we had been invited to dine in state at her house, she called out Egebert in a high voice from her end of the table, 'Sonny, won't you have some pudding?' and to the horror and consternation of his papa and myself, the terrible infant replied, 'I guess if you lived at my house my aunt would make you say pudding.' I am sure that at that moment I wished grammar and correct pronunciation were with truth at the bottom of a well, but it was of no avail. Going home my reverend brother remarked, 'It will never be forgiven, Jennie,' and he proved to be right; it never was."

MACDONALD & CO. IMPORTERS OF CAST AND MALLEABLE IRON PIPE, With Fittings of every description. BRASS AND COPPER TUBES, SHEETS, ETC., STEAM AND VACUUM GUAGES, HAND AND POWER PUMPS. Rubber Hose and Steam Packing. MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS ENGINEERS' BRASS FITTINGS. Also—The heavier description of BRASS and COPPER WORK FOR STEAMSHIPS, RAILWAYS, TANNERIES, ETC. Nos. 166 to 172 Barrington Street, - - - - Halifax. Dec. 22.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPOSITORY. 14 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B. THERE is now being received at the Depositor the Spring supply of SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS. This importation has been carefully selected by the Trade Committee of the Sunday School Union, and comprises the publications of the Religious Tract Society, Sunday School Union, T. Nelson Sons, Gull and Inglis, and other leading and Scotch Publishers. The Union is now prepared to furnish LIBRARIES suitable in every respect. SUNDAY SCHOOLS, at a very small profit. Also hand a large supply of Reward Tickets, S. S. Cards, Lesson Papers, Hymn Books, and all Sunday Requisites. A great variety of BIBLES very cheap. Address H. R. SMITH, Bookseller and Stationer, 14 King St., St. John, N.B. April 2.

Provincial Building Society. Office—102 Prince William Street. St. John, N.B.

MONEY Received on Deposit at Six per cent interest withdrawable at short notice. SHARES of \$50 each, maturing in four years, with interest at seven per cent compounded half yearly, may be taken at any time.

LOANS Made on approved Real Estate security, repayable by Monthly or Quarterly instalments, extending from one to ten years. The recent issue of CAPITALIZED STOCK by the Society gives to its Depositors and Shareholders increased security. THOMAS MAIN, Secretary. C. W. WETMORE, President. May 26.

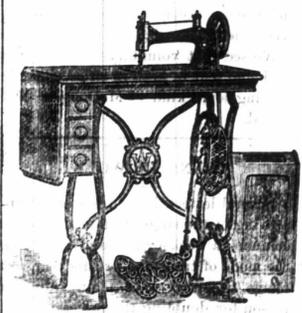
BRITISH AMERICAN BOOK AND TRACT DEPOSITORY 13 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N.S. S. S. Libraries. S. S. Papers Scripture Mottoes, for the wall of the House or School Room. S. S. Cards, with Scripture texts, Hymns, &c. S.S. World, monthly, with notes on International Lessons. International Lesson Paper for Scholars, Maps of Palestine, Landscape Map of Egypt, Syria and Palestine. Bible Text Book 45 cents. Cruden's Concordance (unabridged) \$2.25 Do. Do. Edie's 60 cents. Farrar's Life of Christ, 2 vol. \$4.00. Do. do. 1 vol. \$2.00. Memoir of Dr. Guthrie, 2 vol. \$2.00. Family Pocket and Teacher's Bibles. A liberal discount to clergymen and Sabbath Schools, and Y. M. C. Associations. Descriptive Catalogues sent on application. A. McBEAN, Secretary.

SILVER FALL MILLS, COTTON WARPS. WARRANTED superior quality, and extra length; each bundle containing about one thousand yards more Yarn than any other in the market. WM. BROWN, Agent. 74 Bedford Row. Halifax, April 1st, 1876.

Mc SHANE BELL FOUNDRY Manufacture those Celebrated BELLS for CHURCHES and ACADEMIES, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free. HENRY McSHANE & Co., Baltimore, M.D. Sept. 4—1y

Dr Kane, the Arctic Hero—for Boys by M. Jones Quadrupeds, what they are and where found—Capt. Reed Favourite Narratives of the Christian Missionaries—contains 8 stories, Drayman's Daughter, Shepherd of Salisbury Plains, &c. Mr Rutherford's Children—Miss Wetherell Picture Lessons by the Divine Teachers—Dr. Gran Standard Bearer, a Story of the Fourth Century—by Ellen Palmer The Blade and the Ear, for Young Men The Indian Boy—Rev. H. C. Adams Bible Palm Trees, or Christian Life Illustrated—S. G. Phillips Little Susy's Six Birthdays Teachers—by the Author of Stepping Heavenward—large type and illustrated. Mossdale, a Tale Mand Linden, or work for Jesus—by Li. ieMont fort Alice Stanley and other Stories—by Mrs. Hall What is her name—by Dr. Ekenshaw Birds and Bird Life—45 chapters—by different eminent Naturalists Farns Hollows—by the Author of Jessica's first Prayer Life of Rev. F. Tackaberry, with notices of Methodism in Ireland Ruined Cities of Bible Lands—Jaqueline, a story of the Reformation in Holland Pictures of Travel in far off Lands—Central

Books at Forty-five Cents. Sowing in Tears, and Reaping in Joy Casper, by Author of Wide World Sybil and Chryse do Mr. Rutherford's Children do Warfare and Work, or Life's progress—by Cycly Passing Clouds, or Love Conquering Evil Daybreak, or right triumphant Grace Barton, by Emma Marshall Mabel Grant, a Highland Story—Ballantine Glen Isle, or the good and joyful thing—Drummond Bessie at the Seaside—Matthews Our School Days—by W. S. Martin Tom Gillies, or the Knots he tied and untied—by Mrs. George Gladstone The Dove, and other Bible Stories. Eight Illustrations—by Harrison Wier—large type More a soul Jesus—Peep of Day Series Line upon Line do Lines Left Out do Peep of Day do Lucy Seymour—by Mrs. Drummond The Children of Blackberry Hollow Three Indian Heroes—Carey, Lawrence, Havelock Christian Work for Gentle Hands: on Female Agency in the Church of God Joseph and his brethren—Tweedie Bible Stories for Little Children History of the Gravelyn Family—by L. N. Silver Sands or Fannie's Romance, Krampton Lionel St. Clair—by L. A. Moncreiff Herbert Percy do Susy's Sacrifice—by Author of Steps Heavenward Kenneth Forbes, or fourteen ways of Studying the Bible The Boy's own Workshop, or the Young Carpenters by Jacob A. Jobot Chamber's Pocket Miscellany, 12 Vols—Sold separately Letters from L. A. M. P. to his friend M. P. Letters of Lucius M. Pio to Julian, or scenes in Judea Mango Park's Travels Under the Microscope, or thou shalt call Me thy Father Humming Birds, by Mary and Elizabeth Kirby Lessons from Rose Hill Alice Devlin, or Choose Wisely Alfred and his Mother, or Seeking the Kingdom At Home or Abroad, Uncle William's Adventures The Boy makes the man Brother Reginald's Golden Secret Wings and stings, a tale for the young—A. L. O. E The Sea and the Savages The Tract Magazine



SEWING MACHINES, or will furnish any Sewing Machine required, in price from \$10 UP TO \$100. We would call particular attention to the "WEBSTER," which has become the popular machine of the day being A Marvel of Mechanical Simplicity, and makes but little noise when used. It is adapted for all kinds of work, both light and heavy, will hem, ruffle, tuck, fall, quilt, gather and embroider. DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THEM. We have sold about Thirteen Hundred, (of the Webster,) in little better than a year, in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. All machines warranted and kept in repair for one year from date of sale, Free of Charge. Sewing Machine Findings, Needles and Oil kept constantly on hand. Old Machines taken in Exchange for New. Good Local and Travelling Agents wanted, to whom a good chance will be given to sell either by Commission or Salary. Address, MILLER & BROS., Middleton, Annapolis Co., N.S., or St. John's, Newfoundland. Or Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sole Agents for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, P. E. Island and Newfoundland. Oct 6 '76

SUGAR. 150 bbls Crushed. 50 bbls Granulated. 10 bbls Powdered. 50 bbls Vacuum Pan. 50 bbls Scotch Refined. 40 bbls Porto Rico. For sale by R. I. HART. Jan. 27

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, Mar. 27, 1876. AUTHORIZED Discount on American Invoices until further notice, 13 per cent. J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs. Lignumvite. 75 TONS, well assorted, 4 to 12 inches. For sale by Subscriber, R. I. HART. Jan. 27.

MARCH LIST OF BOOKS. ON SALE AT Methodist Book Room.

Books at One Dollar. Bound in cloth, gilt lettered. Talking to the Children—Dr. McLeod Problems of Faith—Dr. Dyke Life of Thomas Cooper This Present World—Dr. Arnot Searching in the Kitchen Missionary Anecdotes—Moister Lights and Shadows in the Life of King David Constancia's Household—Emma Leslie Whispering Unseen —A. L. O. E Fairy Know-a-bit do The City of No-cross do Parliament in the Play-room do The Telescope Astronomy—Hon. Mrs. Ward Coming Events—Rev. C. J. Goodhart First Heroes of the Cross—Clark Myra Shrewsbury's Cross—Pallisy the Potter Which my Likeness—by Cousin Kate Kind Words: Kind Echoes Rivers and Lakes of the Bible Grecian Stories—Maria Hook Father's Coming Home Willow Brook The Throne of David—Ingraham Schoolboy Honor—Adams The Fortunes of the Ranger and Crusader, Kingston Frecks of the Fells—Ballantyne Series for Sunday Reading Melbourne Melbourne in the Red Brigade Our Australian Colonies Stories of the Gorrila Country—Du. Challin Earth and its treasures Bentford Parsonage Doors Outward Rockbourne The Wall in the Desert—Holt Little Effie's Home Tim's Little Mother An Eden in England—A. L. O. E Who Won—by author of Win and Wear Imager, or the Mission of Augustine Flone Silverthorne—Graham Mable Hazards Thoroughfare The Wars of the Huguenots—Hanna Benjamin Franklin, gilt edges—Illustrated. The Man of Business, Cheered and Consoled. Considered in Seven aspects by Doctors Alexander, Todd, Sprague, Tyng, Ferris, Stearns, and Holland. Uniform with Benj. Franklin. The Hunter and Trapper of North America, or Romantic Adventures in Field and Forest. Numerous Illustrations—by Davenport Adams House Beautiful, or the Bible Museum—A. L. O. E Young Man's Counselor—Wise Young Woman's do do

Books at Ninety Cents.

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, abridged by the original translator. Above Rubies—Mrs. Brightwell Our Children, How to Reared and Train Them Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert Valentin, a Story of Sedan—Kingsley Out of Doors, Games for the Playground Within Doors, Fireside Games The World's Birthday—Prof. Gaussen Work and conflict—Kennedy The Divine Life do Stories and Pictures from Church History Christian Manliness Story of A Pocket Bible

Books at Seventy-five Cents.

The Captives—Emma Leslie Hayslop Grange do Arthur's Victory—Ward Sarah Martin, the Prison Visitor of Yarmouth, a story of a useful Life Lighthouses and Lightships The Grey House on the Hill, Original Fables and Sketches from the "Leisure Hour" Living in Earnest—for Young Men Climbing, a Manual for the Young Temple Tombs and Monuments of Ancient Greece and Rome The Land of the Nile, Or Egypt Past and Present The Gold seeker and other Tales, from "Chamber's Journal The Minister's Family Child Life, Illustrated Venice, its History and Monuments The Buried Cities of Campania Sermons for Children—Pearce Shades and Echoes of Old London Christian Character The Heavens and the Earth, a handbook of Astronomy—By Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S Little Threads, for the Young, by the author of stepping Heavenward. What is Her Name—Dr. Eldersheim Little Elsie's Summer at Malvern Vicar of Wakefield The Mother's Mission Heroes of the Workshop Robinson Crusoe, Illustrated. Pilgrims Progress. Good type and colored illustrations. Tried but True Wings and stings—A. L. O. E The Children of Long Ago Useful Plants Described and Illustrated My Dog Watch Old friends with New Faces—A. L. O. E The Midnight journey, &c.—from Chambers Journal Olden Stories—Chambers Journal Pleasant Paths for Little Feet—Rev. os Collier The Object of Life The Birthday Present, or the Story of the Painted Bird Earthquakes and Volcanoes The Mayflower, short sketches by Mrs. H. B. Stowe. The Stolen children—Bleby Champions of the Reformation. The Martyr Missionary, or Five Years in China—Bushe The History of Two Murderer Pleasant Hours with the Bible Woodleigh's House, or the Happy Holiday The two Vocations, by the author of Schonberg-Cotta

Books at Sixty Cents.

Autobiography of J. B. Gougeon Juvenile Tales—by M. J. McIntosh Evenings at Donaldson's Manor, do Cherie Stones, or force of Conscience—Adams Parents and Children's Stories for Children—by Madame De Witt Quiet thoughts for Quiet Hours Lives of Christian Gentlewomen—by Miss Brightwell Queens May: or Stories for Village Girls

THE WESLEYAN. The only Methodist Paper published in the Maritime Provinces. \$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE POSTAGE PREPAID.

Having a large and increasing circulation in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Bermuda. An advertising medium it has no equal in these Provinces. Rev. S. ROSE, Methodist Book Room, Toronto, is Agent for this paper. All Wesleyan Ministers are Agents.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876.

THE financial year for the Book Room and WESLEYAN closes with this month. Any cash remittances, therefore, on account of either, will be thankfully received.

MR. McDougall's life and labours receive a just recompense from the Canadian papers. Several have given ample references to his manly and numerous achievements in behalf of the state and of religion. The Montreal Witness gives a very faithful portrait of our departed friend and publishes several extracts from recent letters forwarded by him to friends in Toronto and Montreal.

To us in the east, this death brings a new experience. Hitherto we have been sympathizing with martyrs of other Churches and lamented men who had but left a precious memory behind them. Now we mourn over the fall of Mr. McDougall,—our own McDougall,—the noble missionary who thrilled us by his narrations of his own wonderful career, and then went hence to die.

This death, too, brings us face to face with missionary life—its toils, endurance and sacrifices. "There is not much poetry about missionary life" said an intelligent traveller who visited the homes of our own heroes in the North-west. Their fare is often scanty enough, and their furniture none of the most luxurious. We had notions of this kind ourselves; but now we see what is meant by going among "the lost tribes" of the Indian countries.

May we have corresponding purpose to honor Him, who, as Head of the Church, favoured us with heroic men and women according to our Church's necessities!

We see that voluntary contributions are being sent in western cities, towards forming some kind of McDougall Memorial.

TRANSFER WORK.

Several letters have reached us approving of the suggestion made in our columns a week or two ago regarding the mode of transfers for this year. It seems necessary to explain fully our reason for doubting the necessity of a lengthened and expensive journey on the part of several delegates. Those who attended at Toronto last year, cannot forget how unsatisfactory were the results of the trip. The results arose altogether from the imperfect constitution of the Committee. Any one can see, by reading the nigardly definition of the Committee's character, as given in the discipline, that, while it seems to have all power, it has really no power. In other words, its powers are so absolute, that the Committee must refuse to exercise them. Thus—

It has power to transfer any man, against his will, to any part of the Dominion, and there is no right of appeal, or method of preventing the Committee's decision from being carried out.

There is no provision whereby the expense attending forced transfers can be secured. So that, not only are the rights of ministers involved, but one or two Conferences might exert their strength, and refuse to pay the bills which the Committee incurred by transfers.

It is not even hinted as to what particular fund shall meet the annual expenses of the Committee, which must necessarily aggregate, if all the members attend, from four to five hundred dollars a year.

Between the upper Conferences transfers may readily be made, but only where the relative authorities and individuals to be transferred are willing; and so in the Maritime Conferences. But where an understanding of this kind exists between us, we have the promise of the Committee that it will sanction our action; so that no real necessity exists, in such cases, for a visit to Toronto. Of course, we admit that complica-

tions may arise requiring the full attendance of delegates; but in the absence of information that difficulties are to come up—and all delegates should be furnished with the information—we cannot see that anything is to be gained by going.

HANTS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, has just now a most unenviable notoriety for singular crimes. Seldom is justice required to adjudge two such infamous acts as those which must engage the Supreme Court of that fine County at its next session. A young man is charged with having violently perpetrated upon a neighbour young woman that crime, which all law, human and divine, consents, without a moment's hesitation, to regard as worthy of death, and leaving his victim at her mother's threshold, ruined and distracted. The other case, in some of its features, is somewhat similar. A tavern-keeper in Windsor, having surfeited one of his customers with drink, sent or conveyed the unfortunate man to a neighbor's door and left him to perish by exposure. Windsor had, a few years ago, some heartless rum-sellers. One, it is well known, had the fendish habit of paying back his revenge due to the fathers by giving their sons enough liquor to stupefy them, and then kicking them into the street. At that time he had the majesty of the law—whose protection he secured by paying a few dollars annually for a license—to shelter him, as he or others may to day appeal to the law against any imputation of having caused this death to which we refer. It would produce a revolution in this or any other country if a Government should offer to young men the privilege of security against justice for such crimes as that recently committed in Hants County. There is no license against the consequences of vile acts which produce disgrace and misery to young women; but there is a legal refuge—built and sustained by legislation—into which those who murder by strong drink may run, and laugh their pursuers to scorn. We would exhort the authorities to scrupulous fidelity in this instance, were it not that all our sad history shows how utterly feeble is the right hand of justice while tied down by the present Licensing system.

FROM AUSTRALIA

we have papers of December and January. How strange it seems to have before us, on the verge of April, the record of watch-night meetings among our cousins at the antipodes. Twenty years ago, it would have required a much longer period; but even now, one ascertains something of the world's distances by these suggestive messengers of the Press. The Melbourne Spectator—a sterling Methodist exchange by the way—brings back to us an article of our own, written in October last, on the experiment of our United Methodistism. We give the note by which the Spectator introduces our article, as it affords an opportunity of correcting one or two errors into which our brother at the antipodes has fallen:—

"[We transfer the following article from the Wesleyan, the official organ of the Canadian Wesleyan Church. The "problem of which it speaks" is precisely that which we are seeking to solve in our Annual and General Conferences—the point of difference being that the Canadian Annual Conferences have no laymen:—]"

The Wesleyan is but an organ of the Canadian Methodist Church. Thus it will be discovered by the editor of the Spectator that—whether for weal or for woe—we have no Wesleyan Church in Canada, and there are organs which represent the Western, as this does the Eastern Provinces of our Dominion. In Australia and Canada the progress of union was almost simultaneous; so that Methodists in both countries may well be excused for not studying a scheme on the opposite side of the globe, while so interesting an experiment was being tried among themselves. Thus it happens that the motion of Dr. Douglas and Judge Wilnot, with their flaming eloquence, which rebaptized our Canadian Church, altogether escaped the notice of Australians. We hope the problem of church government among our cousins—differing so far as we could judge, mainly in the particular of the constitution of Annual Conferences—will soon be solved as satisfactorily as has been our own.

SECOND AND BETTER CONSECRATIONS.

—We are greatly rejoiced to hear that in the new church recently dedicated by us on the Aylesford Circuit, the Lord is pouring out his Spirit. Recompense is coming largely into the families of those who gave liberally to the building. In several instances we have noticed that our dedications of this year have been followed by gracious visitations of revival. Our great Head of the church shall have all the glory!

PERSONAL—Rev. Henry Pope's friends will be pleased to learn that he is steadily improving. Although not yet able to leave the house he has so far recovered as to walk about.—Telegraph.

TEMPERANCE PAPERS. No 1.

BY REV. WILLIAM HARRISON.

The Magnitude of the Curse.

The giant proportions of the liquor traffic in the United Kingdom may be seen from the fact that there are more than 150,000 public houses and beer shops continually engaged in retailing this vile and destructive traffic. This number would give an average of one license to every 45 of the male population.

Supposing we allow each beer shop to have, on an average, a frontage of ten yards, they would form a row of houses upwards of 850 miles long, or one continuous street extending from Edinburgh to London.

The following startling statistics will reveal the terrible waste of the nation's wealth every year, and the terrible curse still afflicting the British people.

The gross amount annually expended in intoxicating drinks seems perfectly fabulous, but it is competent for any one to test the statements by government returns which are at once convincing and indisputable,—

- 1. Money annually spent in intoxicating drinks. Ardent spirits, costing £30,000,000. Malt liquors, " 60,000,000. Foreign wines, " 19,000,000. British wines, " 1,800,000. £108,800,000. 2. Loss of wealth annually incurred in the production and retailing of intoxicating liquors. The land now devoted to the growth of barley and hops used in making intoxicating drinks, would produce food to the value of not less than £18,000,000. In the manufacture of strong drink there is a loss of capital and labor worth at least 15,000,000. The labour of retailers of the traffic, numbering 500,000 or upwards, would be worth 25,000,000. £73,000,000. 3. Expenses and burdens annually arising from the use of strong drink. Loss of labour and time to employers and workmen by drinking, estimated by the Parliamentary Committee some time ago, £50,000,000. Destruction of property on sea and land, and loss of property by theft and other crimes, the result of drinking habits, 10,000,000. Public and private charges by pauperism, destitution, sickness, insanity, and premature death, 10,000,000. Cost of police, support of criminals, &c., 3,000,000. £73,000,000.

From the statements just made it appears that the yearly loss of wealth to the British nation through intoxicating drinks is nothing less than 229,000,000 pounds sterling.

The financial loss, however, only presents one consequence of this terrible traffic. The influence on the social and moral life of the nation is degrading to the last degree. The drinking system is the great obstruction in the path of advancement, the principal source of poverty and crime and the great demoralizer of the people.

What then do we get in return for the £229,000,000 annually monopolized by the liquor traffic? We name the following as some of the principal items we get in exchange:—

- 1. Nearly a million and a half of paupers in the United Kingdom, or one in twenty of the entire population. Nineteenths of this pauperism being caused by drink. 2. 600,000 drunkards, each one a source of sorrow and annoyance, both to his family and his neighbours. 3. 60,000 human beings slain, it is estimated, through drink every year. 4. 43,000 lunatics in our asylums, and 25,000 inquests yearly, in both cases mainly owing to strong drink. 5. 140,000 criminals, nearly all the fruit of the liquor traffic. 6. Gambling, prostitution, families neglected and cruelly treated, intellects ruined, and social disorder that is appalling.

With these sad and painful results before us, we can form some estimate of the magnitude of the curse still darkening and afflicting the British nation. Surely with this terrible catalogue of waste and ruin before us, the Temperance reform finds an immovable argument for its existence, and a sufficient motive to greater deeds than ever it has accomplished in the past.

Deer Island, March 14, 1876.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I see by the last week's WESLEYAN that a pamphlet published by a Presbyterian minister, and purporting to be an historical narrative of spurious revivals in the County of Lunenburg, has reached the editorial chair. And after pointing out "a few of its objectionable features," you are disposed to let the subject die. Those more immediately interested in the matter are disposed to prolong its life by administering a pill or two to the author of the pamphlet, hoping that though pains and cramps may follow, his conscience may be benefitted, so that when he attempts another historical narrative, he may manifest a greater love for that, which he has, in this instance, proved himself so deficient of, viz., veracity.

When a Christian minister becomes an historian, and professes to state facts as they occurred, his standing and profession ought to be a sufficient guarantee for the truthfulness of his statements. But what opinion can the public have of an historian who credits an opponent with an opening paragraph, and other statements, that prove to be the base inventions of his own mind—who insinuates, for the purpose of damaging the character of his opponent, that he was indebted to Punshon for many of his very "fine passages;" and thereby the historian proves himself to be either very ignorant of Punshon's writings, or else knew when he published the sentence that he was sending out a slander and a falsehood. Such an historian ought to die, and his name perished—of course I mean in an historic point of view. We purpose, however, to keep him alive for a while. Yours, &c., JOSEPH GAETZ.

Liverpool, March 27, 1876.

ITEMS FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY

This idea of a sermon may be found in some other parts of the world as well as in Syria.

The Southern Churchman reports the serious illness of Bishop Johns, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Virginia. Dr. Johns is one of the senior bishops of the Church, having been consecrated in 1842.

The elegant building of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, on Boylston Street, is completed, and it is expected will be dedicated the third week in March. It stands nearly opposite the Masonic Temple. The Union numbers 2000 members, and has a library of nearly 4000 volumes.

By the decision of one of the Kentucky courts, the Protestant Episcopalians have recovered the Emanuel Church in Louisville. The Emanuel congregation joined the Reformed Episcopal Lodge, and took with them their valuable real estate and edifice. The court decided that the Reformed Episcopal Church was not the original grantee, and therefore had no valid title to the property.

To the list of colleges affected by the great revival is now added Williams, Massachusetts. A noon prayer-meeting has been re-established which was organized by Professor Hopkins many years ago. On Monday evening a general religious meeting attended by the faculty and students is held. A like religious interest prevails at Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania.

The litigation in respect to the disposition of the Old South Church, Boston, has ended in an order of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts authorizing its sale. It is one of the landmarks of Boston, and its disappearance or permanent conversion to secular uses will be regretted by many Bostonians. It has already been used temporarily as a post-office.

It is expected that at the next General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which assembles at Atlanta, Georgia, on the first Monday of May, the question of the union of all the colored Methodist bodies will be considered. The colored Methodist Churches are three in number—the African, the Zion, and the Colored Methodist; the aggregate number of their members is not much short of half-a-million.

Mr. Moody's sermons are as simple and as homely in Arabic as in English. This is the story. The Rev. S. W. Marsh, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Syria, writes to the Evangelist from Tablek: "Last Sunday evening some of our teachers were spending the evening with me, and one of them read aloud Mr. Moody's sermon, translating it into Arabic. It sounded in Arabic even more familiar and informal than in English, for the natives have an idea that a sermon must be in highest possible Arabic, and the less common people understand it, the more learned the preacher and the more eloquent the discourse."

The case of JENKINS v. COOK, which has excited so much attention in England has entered upon a new phase. It will be remembered that on appeal to the Privy Council their lordships decided that there was no evidence before them that Mr. Jenkins was "an open and notorious evil liver" or a "common and notorious depraver of the Book of Common Prayer." They therefore admonished the Rev. Flavel Cook not to withhold the sacrament from his parishioner. Mr. Cook has declared that he will never obey the command of the Privy Council. A request has been presented to Mr. Jenkins, signed by 508 parishioners, begging him not to press his advantage, and urging him to leave the congregation. He is not disposed to accede to this request, and will claim his rights as a communicant. Should he do so, Mr. Cook will resign.

The Temperance Conference of New England ministers opened, in the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, Boston, on Wednesday, March 15. There was a large attendance of both ministers and laymen. The Rev. J. B. Dunn, (Presbyterian) made the opening address. The Rev. Messrs. Dunn, Cummings, Miner and Conant were appointed to preside over the meeting in rotation. The Rev. A. A. Miner, (Universalist) read a carefully prepared essay on the "Physiological effects of Alcohol," the Rev. Dr. Mallalieu, (Methodist) on "Christian Liberty as related to Alcoholic Beverages." Both essays after being read were discussed at some length. Six gentlemen, one from each New England State, were appointed to present a report of State temperance progress on the morning session of the second day. On the afternoon of Wednesday the Rev. Dr. Lorrimer, (Baptist) read an essay on "Temperance and Literature," and the Rev. Mr. Dunn, (Presbyterian), one on "Alcoholic drinks and Christian Missions." Among the striking passages in Mr. Dunn's essay was the following: "Some few years ago we clipped from a Boston paper this item: 'The sailing barge Thomas Pope, of New York, bound for Monrovia, Africa, cleared at our custom-house this forenoon. She had seven missionaries engaged as passengers, and twenty-nine thousand gallons of New England rum as part of her cargo.' Mr. Dunn thought that this cargo might be classed as 'assorted.'"

From Our Exchanges.

PROFESSOR R. A. PROCTOR delivered three astronomical lectures recently in Minneapolis, Minnesota, before an audience of 1700 people—more than could find seats in the largest hall, and most of them paid at the door. That, in a frontier town which twenty-five years ago was an Indian reservation, tells the story of the thirst for knowledge which rages in the Western breast.

AUSTRALIA, JAN. 8th.—A season truly remarkable for its extreme variableness and the greatness of its changes has been rendered still more exceptional and extraordinary by a fall of snow that has whitened the ranges around Mansfield. On Tuesday there was a hot wind, and light summer coats were indispensable to comfort, while on the following day overcoats were not only endurable but almost necessary to protect the system from the effects of fall in the temperature of about forty degrees. Although we are not exactly experiencing Christmas weather, as it is understood at the antipodes, yet the air this week has had quite a wintry keenness about it. What will be the effect on the crops in the later districts it is difficult to foretell, but there can be no doubt that many kinds of business have suffered severely from cloudy skies and frequent discharges of rain and hail.—Melbourne Spectator.

THERE are not many magazines that have had an unbroken existence of a hundred years, but the Methodist Magazine is almost reached that great age—it is ninety-eight years old; and it is not very surprising that some who wish its form to be altered, and the monthly-set system by which it is connected to be abolished, do at the same time strongly wish the old "shilling magazine" to be allowed to complete its one hundredth year just as it is. We are among the number; and even with a new editor, and more sprightliness of writing and adaptation to the requirements of the times, we want the venerable magazine of all the Churches to linger with us two more years. Then let many lips sing a verse that will not be in the New Hymn Book, for it was neither accepted nor rejected:

Hark! the people hymn Thy glory, And the deathless hand of fame On our hearts record the story Of Thy spotless life and name.

As to the New Hymn Book, it tarries long before it comes; but seven different editions are in course of preparation, some very cheap and some very tasteful. It is not an easy thing, nor would it be wise, quickly to produce a book that will be used in the Church for the songs of the people for perhaps the next generation, and it is only through a great amount of stick-ativeness that this excellent hymn-book has been prepared so soon.

It is to be feared that the growth of the Christian Church in this country does not keep pace with the growth of the population as it should. The statistics from America ought to stimulate us, for there is no doubt that among the marvellous things of the century is the growth of ecclesiastical bodies in that land. In 1777 the number of Churches was less than 950, but by the Census of 1870 the number was 72,000. Churches have multiplied nearly eighty-fold; population thirteen-fold.—Table Talk, English Methodist.

Do you not know how a church fair works? The principle is a very ingenious one. Some ladies borrow money from their husbands, buy materials, and make up fancy articles, which they give to the fair. Then they change places, borrow more money, and buy the articles back again.—Congregationalist.

So in pastoral care, our class-meetings are drooping and failing everywhere under cast iron methods of conducting them, and it is time pastors felt free to study the human nature side of these powerful arms of pastoral oversight. If the class-meetings die they will be killed by formal stereotyped ways, not through any want of excellence in the system. Many pastors have seen this and are working on methods more like those of John Wesley than those in common use among us. We have a great body of new converts to build up in Christian habit and duty and timely attention to class meeting methods may greatly help us.—Methodist.

The Bradford (J.) supplies the following: According to an annual discourse of J. M. C. Fulton, Foreign Missions in the Bradford. The sermon was breathless attention of an hour and a half, whether a serf breadth of research starting statistics formation; and was ever listened to. Fulton's exposure of a system of alms-giving, cheating the hearer, was irrefragably masterly, we could that thousands in been present to appeal in behalf of hope that some may have the sermon distributed. If of itinerancy be er's case, his mind this place, will close days more. Then, Echo answers "A pulpit in New Eton need hesitate is not a congrega nate in securing

THE MARQUESS BANE'S

A NEW BRUNSWICK SCOTLAND FOR 600,000

Some weeks ago that Mr. Peter C. N. B., had gone to the title of Marquis and to the Bread returned to this E. Berryman, who to Scotland. The hands of three lairg and one claimant has little will become the p That he is really albane seems certain descendant Breadalbane. At Marquis the dir found, so the title ferred upon and next of kin, to kee the heir should bell has witness The property is 115 miles long and yields an income \$25,000 more than of Wales, the claim possessor of the tend giving it up brought before the ber, it is though will again visit S interest to some that the Magaru married, and th age.—St. John N

NEWS NOV.

The Halifax G build a new retort The house of Kentville, has been Lat Saturday B 25 years of service A moulding sh destroyed by fire ing. The last batch have been commit preme Court. Seventy-three a to sell intoxicat granted by the Ha The sum of amount deposited Halifax residents Two or three a in Halifax lately pairing the roof buildings. A small pleas last summer was Halifax harbor, during last Mend The good people satisfied with the school-tax is levied meeting to protes The death body at Dartmouth, am woman, has been the charge of con The directors of ing Co., of Dartm most satisfactory ers, showing that ing greatly NEW BRUNSW St. John boasts Several cases of P. E. Island. The three Chs paid dividends Du per cent. The Rev. D. D. Chaplain of the Council. A law is being killing of mouse, space of three year

**The Bradford Opinion (Vermont, N. B.)** supplies the following paragraph:—

According to announcement, the Rev. J. M. C. Fulton, M. A., delivered the annual discourse in behalf of the Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church, in the Bradford M. E. Church, Sunday. The sermon was listened to with almost breathless attention for the unusual time of an hour and a half. It is doubtful, whether a sermon of equal strength, breadth of research, presentation of startling statistics, wealth of information, and thrilling illustration, was ever listened to in Bradford. Mr. Fulton's expose of an indiscriminate system of alms-giving to every miserable object that may claim it, thus cheating the heathen out of his birthright, was irrefutably logical and simply masterly, we could only have wished, that thousands instead of hundreds had been present to hear such an eloquent appeal in behalf of the benighted. We hope that some means may be taken to have the sermon published for general distribution. If the Methodist system of itinerancy be followed in the preacher's case, his ministry of three years in this place, will close in about four Sundays more. Then, who will fill his place? Echo answers "Who?" There is not a pulpit in New England that Mr. Fulton need hesitate to accept, and there is not a congregation within the same bounds but would be exceedingly fortunate in securing his ministrations.

**THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE'S RETURN.**

A NEW BRUNSWICKER WHO WENT TO SCOTLAND FOR AN ESTATE WORTH 600,000 A YEAR.

Some weeks ago it was announced that Mr. Peter Campbell, of St. George, N. B., had gone to Scotland to lay claim to the title of Marquis of Breadalbane and to the Breadalbane estate. He has returned to this city, as has also Dr. D. E. Berryman, who had accompanied him to Scotland. The case is now in the hands of three law firms—two in Edinburgh and one in London, and the claimant has little doubts but that he will become the possessor of the estate. That he is really the Marquis of Breadalbane seems certain, he being the only lineal descendant of the First Earl of Breadalbane. At the death of the third Marquis the direct heir could not be found, so the title of Marquis was conferred upon and the estate given to the next of kin, to keep them until the time the heir should turn up. Mr. Campbell has witnesses to prove his claim. The property is in Perthshire and is 115 miles long and 30 miles broad. It yields an income of \$600,000 a year—\$25,000 more than that of the Prince of Wales, the claimant says. The present possessor of the estate does not intend giving it up. The matter will be brought before the Courts in September, it is thought, when Mr. Campbell will again visit Scotland. It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that the Magaguadavic Marquis is unmarried, and that he is only 36 years of age.—*St. John News.*

**NEWS IN BRIEF.**

**NOVA SCOTIA.**

The Halifax Gaslight Company are to build a new retort.

The house of Mr. W. Barnaby, near Kentville, has been burned down.

Last Saturday Bishop Binney completed 25 years of service in this diocese.

A moulding shop in Bridgetown was destroyed by fire on last Monday morning.

The last batch of the Chiniquy rioters have been committed for trial at the Supreme Court.

Seventy-three applications for licenses to sell intoxicating liquors, have been granted by the Halifax city fathers.

The sum of \$1,112,369.62 was the amount deposited in the savings banks by Halifax residents at the close of last year.

Two or three accidents have happened in Halifax lately to men employed in repairing the roofs of houses and other buildings.

A small pleasure steam yacht, which last summer was in great demand on the Halifax harbor, sank at her moorings during last Monday's gale.

The good people of Dartmouth are dissatisfied with the principle on which the school-tax is levied, and have had a mass meeting to protest against it.

The dead body of a child has been found at Dartmouth, and the mother, a coloured woman, has been committed for trial on the charge of concealment of birth.

The directors of the Starr Manufacturing Co., of Dartmouth, have presented a most satisfactory report to the shareholders, showing that the company is flourishing greatly.

**NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.**

St. John boasts of a \$25,000 heiress.

Several cases of fire are reported from P. E. Island.

The three Charlottetown banks have paid dividends during the past year of 10 per cent.

The Rev. D. D. Currie has been chosen Chaplain of the P. E. Island Legislative Council.

A law is being passed forbidding the killing of moose, cariboo, &c., for the space of three years.

The Moncton civic elections have resulted in the return of men opposed to the granting of liquor licenses.

Some of the good people of Queens Co. have been victimized by a man passing himself off as a Baptist minister.

A St. John lawyer has had a breach of promise suit entered against him, the damages being laid at \$10,000.

A number of railway tickets have been stolen from the Moncton office, and after examination the thief has been discovered.

There is some small excitement in St. John over the mysterious disappearance of a quantity of tobacco from the bonded warehouse.

**UPPER PROVINCES.**

The Montreal "Sun" is in difficulties. It is expected that navigation will open early.

A four oared crew is to be sent to the Centennial from Montreal.

A company has been organized at Montreal for the manufacture of silk.

A prominent Montreal merchant has been arrested on the charge of theft.

Mr. W. Mackenzie is to enter a petition for divorce during the present session.

The late Mayor Fellows of Ottawa was recently buried in that city with public honors.

Three true bills for libel have been found against the proprietors of the "Northern Star."

It is believed that a council of bishops will be held at Quebec to consider Bishop Bourget's pastoral.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Yellow fever is raging at Rio Janeiro. Philip Philipps is holding revival meetings in Calcutta.

Heavy clouds of smoke are issuing from the crater of Vesuvius.

Trouble is feared between the Portuguese and Chinese.

The British flying squadron has sailed for Chinese waters.

A duel is to take place in Paris between Perin and De Cassagnac.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Lucy on his return journey on March 25th.

Four hundred wind-bound vessels left the River Mersey, G. B., on the 21st of March.

An extensive engineering firm of Edinburgh, employing four hundred men, has failed.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat crews have gone into training for the annual University race.

By the premature break-up of the Hudson river, the American ice crop is short by millions of tons.

Four hundred pounds of powder exploded recently in a New York mill, and several lives were lost.

General Schenck having arrived from England is to be examined with reference to the Emma Mine swindle.

It is possible that the extradition of Winslow, the Boston forger, may not be granted, under the act of 1842.

The New England States were visited by a very severe storm on Saturday last, by which a great destruction to property was caused.

The dykes protecting Hergogenbosch (Holland) have been swept away, and one town has been completely isolated, 7,000 are rendered homeless.

The Statue of Dr. Livingstone to be erected in Edinburgh has just been cast. The Dr. is represented with a Bible in one hand and an axe in the other.

The English government has written to Lima demanding that the imprisoned captain and mate of the British ship *Talisman* be either tried at once or else released.

**CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.**

**CHARLES STREET CHURCH.**—A very interesting service for children was held last evening at this church. The congregation (notwithstanding the inclement weather) was large. The exercises, consisting of singing, reading of Scripture and prayer, were rendered so simple that the youngest child could understand. The children attending the school (led by Mrs. McC. Y. Barry) sang very sweetly from "Hallowed Songs." Instead of the regular sermon, the Rev. W. J. Johnson delivered a very interesting and affectionate address on the words, "Be thou faithful unto death," etc., which he interspersed with striking anecdotes. Mr. Johnson possesses the happy faculty of gaining and keeping the attention of children. The service was brought to a close by singing and the benediction.—*Reporter.*

**REVIVAL AMONG THE METHODIST CHURCHES.**—During the past five weeks a revival has been in progress among all of the Methodist Churches in this vicinity, and it has borne good fruit. In Portland, especially, has the work of good been steadfastly going on, and both in the Centenary and Germain street churches there has been much interest manifested in the special services by the younger people. Among the attendants of Exmouth street church over one hundred have been brought forward to the communion rail, and eighty of these have professed to have found pardon. There is nearly the same result in the two other churches. The Carleton church has also been favoured with similar blessings.—*News.*

**NOTES FROM NAPPAN.**

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Since coming to the circuit, my strength has been steadily returning, and I have enjoyed much comfort and peace whilst engaged in the work of the Lord. By the aid of a fortnightly supply from Sackville, which through the kindness of Dr. Stewart and his "School of the Prophets," has been regularly rendered, I have been able to keep up an average of three services per Sabbath. I have not found my strength sufficient for any "special" work, nevertheless our services have been well attended, and some souls have been added to the Lord.

I have been much interested in my occasional visits to *Shulee*, where I have always found a large and attentive congregation ready to gather at the shortest notice. The people of this place are exceedingly desirous that some arrangement should be made by which a regular Sabbath service might be held among them, and they are quite willing to contribute liberally in return for such service. There is certainly a most imperative demand in this direction, as well as a most promising field of labour, for some faithful young man whose heart God hath touched. In fact the whole eastern shore of the *Chignecto Channel*, from *Apple River* to *Mimadie*, is now an open and inviting field. By all means let the minutes of the approaching Conference record the name of some zealous, active, acceptable young man as appointed to those parts, rather than the unsatisfying words—*ONE WANTED!*

Notwithstanding the general financial depression, this circuit bids fair to raise as much this year as hitherto—for missions considerably more. Three "Donations" have been held—one at Nappan, one at River Hebert, and one at Fenwick, which, although the two former took place on extremely unfavorable evenings, amount in the aggregate to \$130.

The "pale horse" and his rider have visited us frequently during the year. Shortly after my arrival I was requested to attend the interment of a promising youth, beloved son of Mr. Hoag of Maccaan.

In October we laid away in her little grave, the infant daughter of our Recording Steward, J. R. Pipes, Esq. On Sabbath, Oct. 17, I attended the funeral of Mr. Nathan Hoag, of River Hebert, who after weeks of unusual suffering, was baptized upon his death-bed, and passed peacefully away "looking unto Jesus."

On the following Sabbath, Oct. 24th, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing witnesses, we consigned to the dust all that was mortal of our dear young friend Carrie Barnes, daughter of brother Silas Barnes, who died suddenly at the residence of her sister, at Half Way River. On Tuesday we met her at a marriage gathering, well and happy—on Friday we heard she was dead—on Sabbath we looked upon her familiar face for the last time.

Thomas R., son of brother Thos. Pipes, was borne to the narrow house appointed for all living, on Monday, Jan. 3. He was a young man highly respected and much beloved by all who knew him. His meekness, truthfulness, integrity and uprightness were marked by many. As a teacher he promised well. But disease had laid hold of him, and after a gradual decline of several months, he suddenly fell asleep "Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast!"

His spirit passed away with the expiring year. Mr. Robert Hannah, of Southampton, who died at *Shulee* after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, was committed to a resting place in his native village on Feb. 17. And again this week, on the 21st inst., we were called upon to pay the last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of Mr. Henry Ripley who died somewhat suddenly at his residence, Nappan, aged 75.

Truly "all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; BUT THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER!"

"Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.  
Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heaven must recompense our pains,  
Perish the grass and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains."  
R. B. M.

**LOWER COVE MISSION TEA MEETING.**—The tea meeting in the Lower Cove Mission House was largely attended. After the meeting was called to order, and addressed in a brief and humorous way by the Rev. Mr. Lawson. Then followed a duet by Miss Percy and Master Barnes; recitation by Miss Powers, Miss Alexander, and Miss Gertie Powers; a solo by Miss Lemon; readings by Messrs. Wm. Cassidy, Whittaker, and E. G. Blakalee; a speech by Mr. C. Powers; a song by Mr. Wills, and a duet by Miss Brown and Miss Edwards. Miss Betts presided at the organ. Mr. Potts, the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, sang several hymns. In conclusion the national anthem was sung and the Rev. Mr. Lawson pronounced the benediction.—*St. John News.*

**GRANVILLE FERRY.**—The Lord is pouring out His Spirit in a wonderful manner on Bro. Robinson's (Granville West) Circuit. I was with him for a few days last week. Bro. Ray, from Bridgetown Circuit is helping him gather in the glorious harvest this week. I leave to help again to-day. We are yet having the power of God to save displayed among us.  
J. R. HART.  
Granville Ferry, March, 29th.

**MUSQUODOBOIT HARBOUR.**—We have been holding Special Services at Pleasant Point, Lower Musquodoboit Harbour, which have proved a blessing to the Church. Several persons were awakened and I trust hopefully converted. The Baptist Church, at Jeddore has had an extensive revival this winter. May they all prove faithful unto death. Yours truly,  
R. O. JOHNSON.  
March 23, 1876.

**BRIDGETOWN.**—Mrs. Kent Mason has favored Bridgetown with a series of lectures and sermons on the subject of religion and temperance. It is not often that so talented and influential a lady takes so public and earnest a stand for God's kingdom, enforcing what is right upon multitudes who are practically untouched by the efforts of ordinary speakers. The impulse given to our temperance work in this part of the valley has been a very valuable one, while many have acknowledged the blessedness of the Sabbath Services. This lady's first appearance with us was on Sabbath the 19th, when she occupied the pulpit of Providence Church, and expounded 2 Cor. 4, 17, gaining the hearts of the congregation by her evident acquaintance both with affliction and Divine consolation.

On Monday and Wednesday evenings, surrounded by the Ministers and leading temperance laymen, Mrs. Mason lectured to two of the largest and most appreciative audiences ever gathered in Bridgetown. After paying all expenses, the energetic brethren, Tupper and McKay realized quite a sum towards our South Mountain Mission. Saturday evening was devoted to "Scandal and Scandal-mongers," a benefit night to the lady herself. Sabbath the 26th again called forth the untiring voice, in the morning from the Baptist pulpit from Genesis 2, 7, and in the afternoon from the Wesleyan, from Luke 14, 10. The spell-bound attention of the listeners has testified to the magnetism of this lady's eloquence; and the good impressions upon our community of hearts will testify to the praise of the grace of God in the future. Yours very truly,  
A. STEWART DESBRISAY,  
March 27, 1876.

**BEAR RIVER, N.S.**—Since the commencement of the Week of Prayer, we have been engaged in special religious services. During those weeks we have had many signal displays of God's saving grace. The cloud of the divine presence has been over us continually. Night after night as we have gathered together to seek grace and mercy, our hearts have been cheered and comforted, and we have been led to exclaim, "Lo! God is here! let us adore." The result, so far, has been very encouraging. The members of the church, who have labored with me prayerfully and persistently, have, themselves, been quickened and strengthened. Some who had strayed away from the "Good Shepherd" have returned and regained the Divine favor; while quite a number, who, at the commencement of this year, were living "without God in the world," have been converted and made happy in the love of God. Some of the above are advanced in life, but the most of them are young men and women. On the last two Sabbaths our people here were rejoiced at witnessing the reception of thirty persons into the church according to the form laid down in the discipline. Six of the thirty also received the Sacrament of Baptism in the church and "with water." We are encouraged to expect an addition to the above number.

On the evening of Feb. 16th quite a number of our friends met at the Parsonage, and, having spent an enjoyable evening, returned to their respective places of abode; not, however, without giving tangible expression of their expression of their appreciation of a Gospel ministry, to the amount of about seventy dollars for Circuit Receipts, and ten dollars as a present to Mrs. Sponagle.

The Sabbath School here, is in a flourishing condition, and with its very efficient staff of officers and teachers, two large Bible Classes, composed mainly of young men and maidens—many of whom have this winter experienced and are now rejoicing in the love of God; together with others, younger in years, who are being taught the truths of the Bible, by brethren and sisters who themselves have been taught of God "the way of Salvation," it affords one the chief grounds of hope for our church in this place in future years.  
JOHN L. SPONAGLE.  
Bear River, Mar. 27, 1876.

**MONCTON, N.B.**—A few weeks ago I baptized seven persons and received two into the church. This makes about twenty who have manifested a desire to be on the Lord's side.  
T. J. D.

I am having good meetings on one part of my circuit. Backsliders are being reclaimed, sinners are seeking Christ, while believers are being greatly encouraged and blessed. Still many around appear alarmingly indifferent and numb to things spiritual and divine.  
L. S. J.

**SALISBURY, N. B.**—No doubt it is pleasing to you, as well as to those who have the cause of Christ at heart, to hear of precious souls making their peace with God, and uniting themselves with the people of God. It has been my happy privilege of late, of witnessing twenty-eight happy converts uniting with the Methodist Church of this place; to God be all the glory. Although the Rev. J. F. Betts has been engaged night and day for several weeks, leading precious souls to Christ, it became necessary for him to turn his attention to another subject, which had been provoked on former occasions by ministers of another denomination at North River, seven miles from this place, and forming a part of Bro. Betts' circuit. Bro. Betts having announced that he would give two lectures on the subject of baptism on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 23rd and 29th, to be held in the Union Meeting House of North River, a party of twenty-six started for this village, and when we arrived at the place we found the house well filled with a mixed multitude of about three hundred persons. After singing and prayer, Bro. Betts rose and stated that he appeared this evening on the defensive, for many grievous insinuations had been thrown out by ministers of another denomination, and who differed from him in his views on the subject. Therefore, at the request of his people living in that locality, who recognized the Methodist Church to be of God, he wished to convince them that he was not holding the word of God deceitfully, but in truth and sincerity. He then proceeded to show the subject for baptism. In treating on this subject, he showed a master mind, and one who understood the subject from beginning to end, by deducing from Scripture, history and logic, that his opinions were right, and that the same could not be controverted, by the scholar or any one who had common sense. For an hour and a half he held his audience spell bound, and at the close he gave liberty to any to make remarks, or ask questions on what he had said, but none availed themselves of the opportunity; Bro. Betts, recognizing a Rev. gentleman in the audience, asked him to make few remarks; which he did in something like the following language: He had been called of God to preach the Gospel which he tried to do in his feeble way, and that he tried to keep from controversy with other denominations. He also said he did not believe in controversy, nor was he able to hold controversy on the subject. He then sat down and the meeting was closed by the Doxology and Benediction. On the following evening thirty-two persons from Salisbury directed their course towards the same place to hear the second lecture; on arriving at the house we were surprised to find it well filled again, though the Rev. gentleman who spoke at the last meeting announced that he would hold service in Wheaton settlement a short distance from the place of the lectures, but the people had received such a treat from Bro. Betts the night before, that it sharpened their taste for another intellectual feast. After singing and prayer Bro. Betts proceeded to review in as concise a manner as possible what he had advanced on the former evening, so as to refresh our minds. He then proceeded to bring to view the many passages, that our Baptist friends hold forth to the view of their people bearing on immersion. But sir, I never saw anything better dissected. Our Baptist friends found themselves standing on dry ground, for the water was completely extracted from them, and the explanations given on the word *Baptizo*, were so rich, so convincing, and so instructive that I was not surprised when a good Baptist brother at the close of the lecture rose and said that he was delighted with what he had heard, and was desirous to hear another lecture on the following evening. He also asked an explanation on two passages that had already been explained, but Bro. Betts gave him the explanation he wanted, when he sat down feeling that Bro. Betts' labor had done him good. It would be folly for me to give you an outline of the entire lecture, suffice it to say that for three hours and a half he kept his audience interested to the end, and, sir, I do admire the Christian spirit that he manifested from first to last, and the sympathy he felt towards those who differed from him. I am satisfied that such labors cannot be lost. I was also pleased to see the good behaviour of the people of the place, [they did manifest a good spirit throughout.]  
A HEARER.

JOSEPH HERON'S RESOLUTION.

Joseph Heron lived in Reedsville. He was a plain, freckled-faced boy, rather small of his age, and with an unfortunate habit of stammering. He was a quiet, bashful boy, but faithful to his widowed mother, and industrious in his school. There was one trial Joseph had, which to him was the greatest—this was school declamation.

He had never forgotten how the boys laughed that afternoon when he spoke 'Casabianca.'

"The b-boy st-stood on the b-burning d-deck, Whence all b-but him had f-f-f-"  
"I think they must have had hard work f-f-eling," whispered Bob Jones, so loud that Joseph could not get out a word, and the blood rushed to his face.

Then Hal Perkins, to whom the remark was made, laughed aloud, and poor Joe stopped, discouraged, and went to his seat. Since the first time his teacher had given him private lessons, and he had tried to improve; he had just begun to try to do better; still nothing seemed so difficult to him as to declaim.

The past winter there had been much religious interest in the church which Joseph and his mother attended, and many of Joe's friends had made a firm resolve to serve the Lord.

"Mother, dear, Mr. Jameson told us to-night the story of Joshua's resolution—As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord—and he told us we might, any of us, then and there, make the same resolution for ourselves. And then he said to us, 'Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve.' It seemed to me as if the Lord was speaking right to me, and I thought the people must hear me—my heart beat; but it was only a few minutes. Mother, I made up my mind. I chose!"

"Is it possible, my dear boy," said the widow, as the tears fell fast on the unfinished garment on her lap; have you chosen to serve the Lord?"

"Yes, mother, 'as for me, I will,' God helping me; and what is more, to-morrow night, when the minister calls on those who have resolved to testify of their hopes, I mean to tell of mine."

"You are not afraid of stammering, Joe?"

"No, no-mother; I feel sure the Lord will help me."

"But, my love, think how hard it is for you to declaim in school; and think how hard it will be to speak there."

"I'm n-not afraid, mother."

Truly, thought Mrs. Heron, this is the grace of God.

The next evening, at the prayer-meeting, the little pale Mrs. Heron on the woman's side, listened tremblingly for a weak, stammering voice, but the one she loved above all others upon earth.

Mr. Jameson said when the meeting was half over—"I repeat the request I made at the beginning, that those who have lately chosen to serve the Lord, testify."

Joseph Heron rose. Poor Mrs. Heron's heart was in her mouth, and she had hidden her face in her handkerchief. Joseph, pale, resolute, looked about on the assembly an instant, there were the boys who laughed at 'Casabianca'; there was the great preacher, at least he seemed a "son of thunder" to poor Joe, and then the people were so still, nothing but the ticking of the clock to be heard, all waiting to hear him. Just then he caught sight of his mother, in deep black, bent over, her face in her hands. He took courage.

"My friends," he said, in a full, clear voice, "I have made up my mind, that as for me I will serve the Lord. It was only last night that I made this resolution, but the day past has been the happiest of my life." Here poor little Mrs. Heron's handkerchief fell from her eyes. Could this be her Joe? He did not stammer; she even took courage to look.

Joe went on—"I want to ask all my young friends too. It is a glorious service, and the wages are everlasting life."

Joseph sat down, and others followed; but no one attracted so much interest as he. It seemed as if then and there the Lord had wrought a miracle. Every word had been full, clear and distinct, uttered without hesitation. Even Joe himself was as much surprised as any of them. But after service, as Joe walked home with his mother, his stammering had returned. But when he knelt to pray with her, after reading the Bible, lo! the clear, unhesitating voice came back.

"It is the gift of the Lord, mother," said Joe. "I thought it would be so hard to speak; or pray in meeting, and I prayed to Him to give me strength; and this is the way he will do it. I shall never be afraid to witness for Him in the meeting. He has n-not given me the power in every th-thing, but just f-for him. It is wrong, I suppose, mother; but I am troubled about to-morrow. I am afraid all the boys will laugh at me and sneer at me, and ask me if I've taken to exhorting."

"Yes Joseph," said his mother; you are

wrong in being afraid. Ask God to help you, and he will; but even if you are reproached for his name, the Bible says, 'Happy are ye.'

So Joseph went to school the next day, braced up for an attack, but ready for conflict; ready in other words, to take patiently any unkind or cruel things that might be said to him. His mother watched for him rather anxiously at noon. The pine table was covered with a coarse brown linen cloth. The Indian muck was smoking in the dish, and Mrs. Heron was making a few stitches in her work, as she sat waiting for her son.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and Joe's face wreathed in smiles appeared.

"Well, my boy, come, sit down, dinner is smoking hot. You have not had a very hard time to-day, have you?"

"I-I-I don't know what possessed the b-boys, mother. They were never so kind in th-their lives; and wh-what do you think? Hal Perkins came to m-me, and asked my p-pardon for-a-all his u-ugliness a-and h-he says he is g-going to try and be a Christian too, and w-wants me to help him."

"And it came to pass," said Mrs. Heron, "when Christian came near where the lions were, behold they were chained!"—Congregationalist.

THE RECTOR'S CALL.

"Good morning Mrs. Minty!" observed the Rector, as the door opened to his knock.

The door seemed to have a surly way with it, and opened scarcely wide enough to let the Rector in, although Mrs. Minty invited him to enter, and brushing some invisible dust from a chair with her apron, asked him to sit down.

The Rector saw at a glance that Mrs. Minty was not pleased, but he could not surmise what was the matter. He had accidentally heard that day of the sickness of her daughter, and at the first opportunity had called to see the young girl. Not seeming to notice the mother's manner, he said: "I hear that Miss Maria is sick."

"Yes! and she might ha' died for all she's seen of you!" replied Mrs. Minty with an energy that almost shook the good Rector out of his seat. The Rector was a meek man, and overlooking the readiness of her reply he asked; "How long has she been sick?"

"Two weeks and over," said the mother.

"Have you had a physician?" inquired the Rector.

"Had a physician! What a question! Why the girl has been almost dead! I wonder you got here before she was dead. Had a physician? These last words Mrs. Minty fairly ground out between her teeth with ill-suppressed scorn.

It now became evident that Mrs. Minty, on each day of her daughter's sickness, and the Rector's delay in calling, had added to her wrath, and it had now reached a degree of intensity that suggested strategy or flight. The Rector resolved to try the former first.

"Ah! you have had a physician?" he observed. "How did he happen to call?"

"How did he happen to call?" Well did any one ever hear such a question as that?

"Perhaps some one told him Miss Maria was sick; or, perhaps he was passing and dropped in," interjected the Rector.

"Do you suppose I'd let my own daughter lie sick in the house and not send for the doctor?" fairly screeched Mrs. Minty.

"O you sent for him!" said the Rector.

"Do you think he'd come if we didn't send for him? How did he know Maria was sick?" replied the mother looking at the Rector as though she pitied his stupidity.

"Do you always send for the physician when you want him?" asked the Rector with provoking mildness.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Minty. "What do you ask such a question as that for?"

"I did not know," said the Rector, "but that as you expected the clergyman to find out as best he could that your daughter was sick, without sending for him, you might do the same with the physician."

Something had gradually been dawning upon Mrs. Minty's mind, which the last words of the Rector uttered with unmitigated good-nature, resolved into a full intellectual surmise. Her severe face relaxed into a broad smile, "O, I see?" she exclaimed. "I thought them was mighty queer questions. Well, I guess I had ought to ha' sent for you too, seeing as how I sent for the doctor. And you didn't know Maria was sick?"

"No," observed the Rector. "If I had I should certainly have called before this. I accidentally heard of her illness this morning for the first time."

"Well, really, I hope you'll excuse me! Step this way, Maria's in the back room; she'll be all sorts of glad to see you!"—St. John Chron.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BELLS.

The bells of ancient times were regarded not only with reverence, but with the awe born of a superstitious age. They were not merely esteemed as more than common things on account of their uses

for the Church, but were endowed by the imagination of a wonder-loving and credulous people with more than magic powers. Blessed by the Bishop, they were able to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fires, and even to perform greater marvels. This belief is attested by inscriptions on the bells themselves, such as—

"Vivos voco; mortuos plango; fulgura frango."

"I call the living; I mourn the dead; I break the lightning."

And this equally well known one: "Lando Deum verum; plebem voco; congrego clerum; defunctos ploro; pestem fugo; festa decoro."

"I praise the true God; call the people; convene the clergy; I mourn the dead; dispel the pestilence; and grace festivals." Wynkyr de Worde records, in his "Golden Legend," that "It is said the evil spirits that ben in the region of the ayre, doute moche when they here the belles ben rangen when it thundreth, and when great tempests and outrages of weather happen, to the end that the feinds and unyoked sprytes should be abashed and flee, and cease of the monyng of the tempest."

The solemn passing-bell was rung, not only to ask the prayers of the people for the departing soul, but to drive away the evil spirits that were thought to hover near the bed of the dying.

BRANDY OR DEATH.—Mrs. Hind Smith

is responsible for the following: A lady in London was told that if she was not administered alcoholic stimulants she would die. The doctor said to the husband, "Your wife is sinking very fast." The husband replied, "I can see it." The doctor added, "I have tried my best and there is nothing more I can do. I know you are both abstainers, but now it is essential to administer alcohol. I can stake my medical reputation upon that prescription. If you don't give in, and let her have a little brandy, she will not be living to-morrow." The husband wished to tell his wife, but he could not bring out the words. At length he said, "The doctor says you will die if you don't take a little brandy." "Well," said she "I will die." That is twenty years ago, and she is now bright and as well as anybody here. The lesson I would teach from this is, that you should commit your bodily as well as your soul's salvation into the hands of God, and not trust to brandy.

NEIGHBOR'S THISTLES.

A person was walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he happened to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In a second, over the fence he jumped, and cut it off close to the ground.

"Is that your field?" asked his companion. "O, no," said the farmer, "bad weeds do not care much for fences, and if I should leave this thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should have a plenty of my own."

Evil weeds in your neighbour's field, will scatter seeds of evil in your own, therefore, every weed pulled up in your neighbour's field is a dangerous enemy driven off from your own. No one liveth or dieth to himself. All are linked together.

Sages of old contended that no sin was ever committed, whose consequences rested on the head of the sinner alone; that no man could do ill and his fellows not suffer. They illustrated it thus: "A vessel sailing from Joppa, carried a passenger, who, beneath his berth, cut a hole through the ship's side. When the men of the watch expostulated with him: 'What doest thou, O miserable man?' the offender calmly replied, 'What matters it to you? The hole I have made, is under my own berth.'"

This ancient parable is worthy of the utmost consideration. No man perishes alone in his iniquity; no man can guess the full consequences of his transgression.

In olden times people called a pearl a "margaret." In an old Bible I once read about the "pearl of great price," but it was called a "precious margaret." I read this to a little girl named Margret, and she was very happy to find her name in the Bible. All the Marys and Marthas, and Ruths, and Abigail, and Graeces, and Charitys, can find their names in the Bible; I wish it were. But there is a better place than the Bible in which to have your name written; it is in the Lamb's Book of life. You may read about it in the Revelation.—Apples of Gold.

POETICAL SOAP.

Messrs. Water and Oil  
One day had a broil,  
As down in the glass they were dropping,  
And would not unite,  
But continued to fight,  
Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard  
And, quick as a word,  
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;  
When all three agreed,  
And united with speed,  
And Soap came out ready for washing.

DANIEL DREW AND WALL STREET SPECULATORS.

His personal property, such as wearing apparel, jewelry, Bible, hymn-books, etc. foots up \$630, which isn't what might be called extravagance in a millionaire. But although good old Uncle Dan voluntarily hands over everything to his creditors, he is not to be without a home during the few years he has to live. The house at the corner of Broadway and Seventeenth street, where he has lived as long as I remember, still remains to shelter him. With that clever foresight for which so many men who become bankrupts are distinguished, he transferred this valuable property to his wife, through his brother, over a year ago. The conveyance was not put on record till Saturday last, the same day that this bankruptcy leaked out, but no doubt the transaction is all fair and square in a legal sense.

There is food for reflection in the fact that almost every man who has risen to eminence as a speculator in Wall street during the past twenty years has fallen much more rapidly than he rose. Vanderbilt is the only exception that I can think of just now, but Vanderbilt never was a speculator in the strict Wall street sense. His policy all along was to buy only those stocks which he knew to be valuable, and never to buy on a margin. When he bought stocks he paid for them in full, and then locked them up in his safe. But the general rule is to sell short or go along on a margin, and many a man has it brought to grief. Among the monarchs of the market who preceded Drew, or were his contemporaries, one of the first was Henry Keep, who made a large fortune in a short

time, lost the greater part of it in less, and then withdrew from Wall street, to die in comparative obscurity a few years later. Woodward, a Brooklyn Sunday school superintendent next figured conspicuously, and got jammed to a jelly so to speak, in the great Rock Island corner several years ago. That was the last of him. Jim Fisk's career is too well known to need any particular mention here. He was supposed to be worth millions, but when death snatched him through the pistol of Stokes, they quickly melted away to thousands. Stockwell, the head of the Pacific Mail clique, who almost ruled the street a few years ago, lost nearly all he had made and has disappeared altogether. Legrand Lockwood went down as suddenly, and is now almost forgotten. A broker named Dimmock made a sensation for a short time as leader of the Atlantic Mail speculation, but he too got swamped, and every dollar he had made was swept away. Jay Gould is the successor of these and several others. Luck has stood by him thus far, but it will be strange if he too is not brought down in the long run. Fate seems to have ordained that every man who takes the leadership in Wall street shall ultimately come to grief.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS.—Emerson

says: I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village.

But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparingly, and sleep hard, in order to behold.

Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.

NEW MODE OF WASHING.—The ill effects of soda on linen has given rise to a new mode of washing, which has been adopted in Germany, and introduced in Belgium. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine, and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred, and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel containing them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterwards washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but in that case half a tablespoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy in time, labor and fuel. The linen scarcely suffers at all, as its cleanliness and color are perfect. The ammonia and turpentine, although their detergent action is great, have no effect on the linen; and while the former evaporates immediately, the smell of the latter is said to disappear entirely during the drying of the clothes.

WARTS ARE VERY TROUBLESOME AND DISFIGURING.

The following is a French prescription, and is said to work a perfect cure, without leaving any scar. Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart and tie it on; if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns.

A SUNDAY'S DINNER IS MADE THE MOST

sumptuous meal in the week in a great many households, and the guests retreat from the table more like gorged anacondas than intellectual human beings, with the result that during the whole afternoon there is such an amount of mental, physical and religious sleepiness, if not actual stupidity, that no duties whatever are performed with alacrity, efficiency and acceptableness. The Sunday dinner made of a cup of hot tea, some bread and butter with a slice of cold meat, and absolutely nothing else, would be wiser and better for all; it would give the servants more leisure, the appetite would be as completely satisfied half an hour afterwards, while body, brain and heart would be in a fitter condition to perform the duties of the Sabbath with pleasure to ourselves, with greater efficiency to others, and doubtless with larger acceptance to Him toward whom all our service is due.—Dr. Hall.

FINDS IN THE RAG-BAG.

The "finds" in the rag-bag and the rubbish-heap are sometimes not a little curious. A mistress allows Betty, the maid, to keep a rag-bag, and occasionally Betty yields to the temptation of putting into that bag, articles which are certainly not rags. But, apart from suspicion of dishonesty, valuables find themselves in very odd places, through inadvertency or forgetfulness. We need not say much about such small creatures as insects, spiders, or lizards, that are found by the paper-makers in bundles of esparto: they are unwelcome intrusions rather than finds. A patent lock was once found among the contents of a family rag-bag; and as it was worth five shillings, the buyer was well content. An old Latin prayer-book, bought as waste paper, had a bundle of nails, curiously linked together, packed inside it. Half-sovereigns and other coins are found in cast-off pockets, in the heels of old stockings, and inside the linings of dresses. An old coat, purchased by a London dealer, revealed the fact—a joyful fact to the buyer—that the buttons consisted of sovereigns covered with cloth. Three pounds sterling, in German paper money, found their way into a bundle of German rags that reached a paper-maker. The London Rag Brigade boys once found a bank cheque book, and on another occasion six pairs of new silk stockings, in waste paper and rags which they had bought; these unexpected articles were, to the honor of the brigade, at once returned. A rare find once occurred in the Houndsditch region. A dealer—of the gentle sex, we are told—gave sevenpence and a pint of beer for a pair of old breeches; while the bargain was being ratified at a public house, the buyer began to rip up the garment, when out rolled eleven golden guineas wrapped up in a thirty pound bank-note. We rather think that, in strictness of law, the guineas of this treasure-trove belonged to the Crown; but most likely the elated buyer and the mortified seller made merry over the windfall. Many people, in the days when banking was little understood, had a habit of concealing their spare money about their persons; thus an old waistcoat, bought for a trifle, was found lined with bank-notes! But of all the finds, what shall we think

CHILDREN

THE LIT

A little bird, with  
Set singing on  
The song was very  
But sweet as it

Looked up to see  
That made the sky  
That ever they

But all the bright  
For birdie was  
And with a mode  
He made no sh

"Why, papa," he  
"Where can't he  
If I could sing a  
I'd sit where I

"I hope my little  
A lesson from  
And try to do  
Not to be seen

"This birdie is  
Unnoticed by  
And sweetly sing  
From down to

"So live my child  
That be it show  
Though others may  
They'll not for

THE LAZ

I knew him well  
lean, pleasant face  
in his shoulders  
He stooped because  
hold himself up st  
because he thought  
to drag one foot  
than to lift it up f

There were about  
class at school.  
about the eighteen  
the class. Some  
a little higher, but  
out of his place in  
five or six from the  
that he would dr  
find his level near  
examination days  
ture of confusion,  
was never certain  
that he did know  
question that was  
even though he k  
give a satisfactory  
main standing and  
nail, until the teach  
sit down. It made  
whether he succee  
in a very long wh  
py accident, he w  
well; but he was  
When he missed,  
couraged. He w  
for he thought the  
elites there were  
ially appointed to  
and drawers of m  
must have been n  
tail end of the cl  
involved less labor  
or drawing water  
actively.

This poor fellow  
as to have a rich  
rich father ought  
sidered a misfor  
his father was his  
knew that his fa  
bills; and that of  
decease a very he  
be divided among  
seemed to remov  
labor or study,  
spark of ambitio  
One day, a kind  
interest him in co  
to draw him out  
ing. She asked  
habit of reading  
answered that he  
history. She the  
poets, and drew  
ion that he did n  
another, and care  
them. So with  
art, and travel an  
she asked him,  
read?" "I don't  
One bright sun  
lazy fellow was a  
dow of a sea-side  
dow overlooking  
leisurely walking  
threw a boot at  
As he was too laz  
the boot missed  
walked away unh  
boys who were in  
told him that he  
and get the boot  
made no differ  
pick it up, he gu  
pick it up, sure  
ter some hours,  
ing down stairs,  
was gone. He sa  
ence, he would  
other pair. A y  
thus throw good  
get along very pr  
I saw of this laz  
a situation, and  
to get one for hi  
his education; all  
ever get. He re  
hand from Ire  
place in a store, w  
ctor, "I have ve  
done now, my ma  
plied Pat, "thin  
shut me exactl

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird, with feathers brown,
Set singing on a tree...

And all the people passing by,
Looked up to see the bird...

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small...

"Why, papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can this birdie be?"

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird...

"This birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way...

"So live my child, all through your life,
That be it short or long...

THE LAZY FELLOW.

I knew him well. He was a long,
lean, pleasant faced boy...

There were about twenty boys in his
class at school. He generally stood...

But he does not go stright down the
path, and out of the gate. He slides...

This poor fellow was so unfortunate
as to have a rich father; not that a...

One day, a kind friend was trying to
interest him in conversation. She tried...

After a while the farmer discovers
the sap-house door slightly open. Then...

It is a long time before Leo forgets
the lesson of the strap. He flies to the...

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH
has been making another Bishop...

work I want to do, sur." Our lazy fel-
low went from friend to friend...

My boy, there is no place on earth
for a lazy man, or a lazy boy...

HOW LEO CHURNS.

If Leo himself should tell this story
through, he would begin:

For there never was a more unwilling
butter-maker than he proves himself to...

O no, he is not an overworked dog.
You see, it is a very easy matter this...

Leo is fond of eating. Some dogs are.
But it is wonderful how little he...

But he does not go stright down the
path, and out of the gate. He slides...

Leo is not a thief, however. He is
only thinking that maple-sugar is made...

Farmer Goodwin sees him going, and
knows by his uncomfortable look...

By and by the churn is ready. "Leo!
Leo! O, Leo! Where is Leo?" shouts...

The farmer goes slowly to the sap-
house, calling Leo in excited tones...

If Leo could bark the boys a sermon,
I think it would be this: "If you must...

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.
ANDERSON, BILLING, & CO.,

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH
has been making another Bishop...

British Shoe Store.
NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.

Men's Heavy Grain Lace Boots,
Ladies' Goat Lace Boots,
We are making all kinds of domestic
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A. WHYTAL & Co.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS.

GATES,
Life of Man Bitters,

COMBINED MEDICINES,
From Roots and Plants of Nova Scotia,
comprising Ten different Preparations.

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
of Kitchen Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds...

LAYER RAISINS.
2500 BOXES, New. For sale by Subscri-
ber. R. I. HART.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1875-6 Winter Arrangement 1875-6

DAY EXPRESS TRAINS
will leave Halifax for St. John, at 8 a.m. and St.
John for Halifax at 8 a.m.

LOCAL EXPRESS TRAIN
will leave Pictou for Truro at 3.15 p.m. and Truro for
Pictou at 10.50 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.
Will leave Moncton for Miramichi, Campbellton
and Way Stations at 12.15 p.m.

FALL STOCK COMPLETE, 1876
In every department comprising
DRESS GOODS in all the newest styles...

Wholesale Dry Goods.
ANDERSON, BILLING, & CO.,
Ave now opening per S. S. "Caspien,"

THE CHEAPEST QUARTO BIBLE
WITH REFERENCES.
No. 7—Roan Embossed, Marbled Edges...

FITS! FITS! FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28th, 1867.
Dear Sir:—I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills...

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?
The enquired will answer.
Dear Sir:—I have enclosed five dollars...

ANOTHER REMARKABLE
CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.
BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

STILL ANOTHER CURE.
Read the following testimonial from a respectable
citizen of Toronto, Ontario.

MAHOGANY AND WALNUT.
25 M Walnut, 1 to 4 inch. 10 M Mahogany
1 to 4 inches.

SUI GENERIS.
MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.

MAISON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.
UNEQUALLED UNAPPROACHED
in capacity and excellence by any others.

DEVOES' BRILLIANT
OIL
THE finest illuminator in the world, burning
without smell or smoke...

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Established in 1817.
Superior Bells of Copper and Tin...

