

# The Wesleyan,

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,  
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## OPEN LETTERS ON BAPTISM.

LETTER NO. XIV.

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 22, 1878.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

### XXI. THE BURNING FIERY FURNACE.

On Friday last I noticed, by the Daily Times, of this town, that a pamphlet, containing open letters, by "Rev. John Brown, Baptist Minister of Paradise, Nova Scotia," addressed to yourself, and to myself, was then within my reach. I immediately procured a copy. On examination I found that those letters had previously appeared in the Christian Messenger. I never saw those letters until Friday last. I am not aware that I have, at any time, seen a copy of the Toronto Index. I have seen a few numbers of the Christian Visitor during the last six months.

It appears that the Index, Visitor, Messenger, Mr. Brown, and an uncounted number of anonymous correspondents, have been stirring up strange fires, with Baptist vengeance, during the last half year. As I waded into Mr. Brown's pamphlet I soon found that the atmosphere was remarkably hot. It seemed as if history was repeating itself; and that, some how or other, I had got into a burning fiery furnace; and I thought of badmash, Meshach, and Abednego, (see Daniel 3rd chapter). These modern Nebuchadnezzars have laid violent hands upon three of us now, as their prototype did, two thousand years, and more, ago—namely, Rev. A. W. Nicolson, Editor, Halifax; Rev. John Lathern, Charlottetown; and myself; and they, "being full of fury," have bound us with Baptist cords, and have cast us alive into the midst of their burning fiery furnace.

The Rev. Nebuchadnezzar Brown has assumed the part of master of ceremonies. It is difficult to conceive how he, and the other "most mighty men," could have made the furnace much hotter than it is. Mr. Brown has the impression that he has heated it seven times hotter than other Baptists are wont to heat it. A few centuries ago, Mr. Nicolson, Mr. Lathern, and myself would have been burned at the stake in such fires as blazed at old Smithfield, in England, if the Rev. John Brown had then been having his day. Things have changed, however, since then, somewhat.

Let us listen a moment to the crackle of the flames of this Baptist burning fiery furnace. On the title page of Mr. Brown's brochure, and on pages 11, 15, 26, 26, and 32, &c., we have such gems as these:—  
"Falsifying certain Greek Lexicons"  
"You falsify the testimony of every lexicon from which you quote."  
"The charge against Mr. Currie is not however of mutilating lexicons merely, which is human, but the word of God which is divine."  
"I'm getting dreadfully weary. Do some long now."  
"Notwithstanding all you will not attempt to justify or clear yourself of this most serious charge of falsifying the Bible."  
"It would take fifty columns to express the falsehoods contained in your second and third letters."  
"You have stated things which are absolutely false, both as regards the lexicons and the Bible itself."

Mr. Brown worked away, stirring up the fire after this fashion, all summer, until in his last letter, page 58, he breaks out in one brilliant burst of Baptist rhetoric, and "argument," as follows:—  
"What have you been doing? You have told a long string of glaring falsehoods; and a lie, sir, is the blackest, ugliest, foulest thing under heaven. You have made statements about Greek dictionaries and the Bible, that are as false as if you had said twice four are seventy; and you know, you know your statements are false. You have most wilfully and deliberately perverted and misrepresented the word of God."

Some of the readers of Baptist papers in these parts, who are accustomed to Mr. Brown's peculiar style of reasoning, think that he is doing things up splendidly. "Has not brother Brown," exclaims an impulsive sister, "made things hot for Mr. Currie?" "I guess he's got his fingers burnt now," is the reply. Some of our friends, doubtless, have wondered whether, or not, we would ever escape alive from that dreadful furnace. Other friends may have feared that we would perish in the flames. But others, again, whose faith wavered not, knew that we would—all three of us—come forth from the hot ordeal, without the smell of fire upon us.

Let us see what there is, and what there is not, in Mr. Brown's pamphlet, which demands a notice from me.

I have accused me of two offences, namely, first, of perverting the Word of God, which he, properly, calls the grosser offence; and, second, of misrepresenting the lexicons. He makes no attempt to point out even one instance wherein I have perverted the Scriptures, or by the Halifax Christian Visitor, and by the Toronto Bible Index; and I furthermore pledge myself to produce the accusations aforesaid, made by the said Baptist newspapers, and by the said Rev. John Brown, are without foundation in fact, and absolutely untrue.

2. Mr. Brown accuses me of falsifying the lexicons. In his opening letter, in his pamphlet, he has given the substance of all that he subsequently affirms, upon this point. He refers to page 12, of my Catechism, where I quote Schrevelius, and others, and give "to sprinkle" as one of the meanings of baptizo. The Index, Mes-

firm again, and again, and again, that "not one lexicon, quoted by Mr. Currie, gives 'to sprinkle' as a meaning of 'baptizo'—ABSOLUTELY NOT ONE." On page 28 Mr. Brown says:—  
"It may be well just here to give the definitions of baptizo from these lexicons, and then those MANUFACTURED ones given by Mr. Currie, so that they may be compared, and Mr. Currie's truthfulness tested."

Mr. Brown then quotes Schrevelius, who is the first lexicographer quoted in my list of authorities, and he then gives the English meanings of Schrevelius, as follows:—"to baptize, immerse, wash off, bathe." In my Catechism I give, in addition, "to sprinkle," to moisten, to wet, which are not given by Mr. Brown, and which he accuses me of "manufacturing." The point now is, who is the false witness—Mr. Brown or Mr. Currie?

Let me now here quote from the Moncton Daily Times, of yesterday, the following correspondence, which will speak for itself. Let the reader note carefully whom the following testimony sustains—Mr. Brown or Mr. Currie:—  
To the Editor of "The Times":—

Your valuable paper of the 8th instant contained a notice of a pamphlet published at the office of the Christian Visitor, St. John, and written by Rev. John Brown, of Paradise, Nova Scotia, which calls for a brief reply from me. Rev. Mr. Brown asserts in his pamphlet that, on page 12 of a Catechism on Baptism published by me some years ago, "I falsified the Greek Lexicon of Schrevelius, and others, in saying that the Greek word baptizo means to sprinkle." Mr. Brown says, on page 3 of his pamphlet, that the Toronto Bible Index and the Christian Visitor, affirm that "no lexicon gives 'sprinkle' as a meaning of baptizo—absolutely not one."  
As those assertions have raised a question of rectitude affecting myself upon the one hand, and the Visitor, Index, and Rev. John Brown on the other hand, I laid before some of my brethren in the pastorate of this town, on Saturday last, one of the Lexicons, whose meaning I am accused of "falsifying." Those gentlemen have kindly furnished me with a paper, as follows:—

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 19, 1878.

To whom it may concern:—  
We the undersigned have this day examined the Greek-Latin Lexicon of Schrevelius, annotated edition, published by Johnson and Warrne, by Philadelphia, in the year 1808, now in the possession of Rev. D. D. Currie, and we find that the said Lexicon gives "mergo, abluo, lauo," as meanings of the Greek word "baptizo."  
We have also this day examined the Latin-English Dictionary of John F. White, D. D., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Rector of St. Martin Lodge, London, fourth edition, published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1870, and we find that the said Dictionary gives the following:—"To wet, moisten, bathe, bedew," and "to sprinkle," as meanings of the Latin word "baptizo."  
—E. W. F. FRENCH,  
Rector of St. George's Church, Moncton.

"J. EASTBURY BROWN,  
Rector of St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, Moncton."  
"JOSEPH HOSE,  
Minister of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Moncton."

It is probable, Mr. Editor, that there are some books in Moncton, that the Editor of the Toronto Index, and the Editor of the St. John Christian Visitor, and the Rev. John Brown, of Paradise, have never yet seen. Yours truly,  
D. D. CURRIE,  
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 21st, 1878.

### XXII.—FALSE ACCUSERS CHALLENGED.

If the Rev. John Brown could have appreciated the courteous, delicate, and suggestive way, in which I indicated to him, in some of my earlier "Open Letters," that I had abundant proof, to sustain the positions assumed by me, on page 12 of my Catechism, he would, perhaps, have been satisfied. I will now put my points in so striking a way, that any stupid Nebuchadnezzar would kindle the flames of a fiery furnace to consume men that they ought to bow down and worship his image, may comprehend the situation.

#### Challenge Number One.

I hereby impeach the Rev. John Brown, Baptist Minister of Paradise, Nova Scotia, of the high crime and misdemeanour of being a public slanderer, and libeller, in asserting, as he has, in a pamphlet, of which he is the author, in one of the following:—  
First, That ABSOLUTELY NOT ONE LEXICON mentioned by me, on page 12 of my Catechism of Baptism, gives "to sprinkle" as a meaning of the word "baptizo";  
And, second, in affirming that I MANUFACTURED the meanings there given by me.

I hereby publicly chal lenge the aforesaid Rev. John Brown, to meet me, face to face, in Moncton, N. B., and to sustain the accusations for which I have hereby impeached him. The said meeting to be held at the following conditions.

1. I pledge myself to prove in the presence of John Brown, and others, if he shall accept this challenge, by the testimony of learned lexicons, that I am blameless of the accusations made against me by the aforesaid Rev. John Brown, and by the Halifax Christian Messenger, and by the Toronto Bible Index; and I furthermore pledge myself to produce the accusations aforesaid, made by the said Baptist newspapers, and by the said Rev. John Brown, are without foundation in fact, and absolutely untrue.

2. The contemplated meeting shall take place not later than the thirtieth day of November, 1878. Mr. Brown shall name a day to suit himself within the date aforesaid. He shall send a notice thereof to me, at Moncton, N. B., by letter or Post, one week in advance of such date as

he may choose, that I may not be absent at the time of his coming, either.

3. A committee of twelve, or more, persons shall be appointed, as inspectors, to examine the authorities submitted by me. The said Committee shall prepare a report, in duplicate, setting forth the facts as they may find them: one copy of which report shall be handed to me for publication, and the other copy shall be published in the aforesaid Baptist periodicals.

5. Mr. Brown shall have the privilege of appointing all the twelve inspectors. He may select them from among the adherents of any creed, from any rank, or occupation in life; and the parties may be chosen from among the residents of Moncton, or any part of Ontario, New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia—provided, however, that no person shall serve on said Committee, who is identified with either of the Churches to which Mr. Brown, or I, belong.

6. The Committee selected by Mr. Brown shall have credentials over his signature, showing that they are authorized by him, to act in this investigation, and showing that he desires them to furnish duplicate reports, as aforesaid, setting forth the facts as they may find them in the dictionaries submitted for their inspection.

6. As side issues are sometimes resorted to, as a refuge, by those who are defending a bad cause, that they may cover up a retreat, and hide their confusion, no side issue shall, for a single moment, be permitted in this investigation.  
7. The issues between us, upon which the said Committee shall report, shall be the two clearly defined, simple, sharp, distinct issues, above mentioned and no other. To open up other issues might require the attention of the Committee for a month, or more.

8. I will furnish a suitable place for the meetings of the Committee.

#### Challenge Number Two.

I hereby publicly challenge the Editor of the Toronto Bible Index to meet me, face to face, here in this town of Moncton, where his accusations against me have been circulated, for the purpose for which I have challenged the Rev. John Brown, aforesaid; and subject to the same conditions.

#### Challenge Number Three.

I hereby challenge the Editor of the Saint John Christian Visitor to meet me, face to face, here in this town of Moncton, for the purposes mentioned in the challenge to Rev. John Brown; and subject to the same conditions.

#### Challenge Number Four.

I hereby publicly challenge the Editor of the Halifax Christian Messenger to meet me, face to face, here in this town of Moncton, for the purposes mentioned in the aforesaid challenge to Rev. John Brown; and subject to the same conditions.

Let the parties hereby challenged appear with their several Committees, and we shall then see who the parties are that are to be stung by the flames of this Baptist Burning Fiery Furnace.  
D. D. CURRIE.

### NOTES BY A PROBATIONER.

A SABBATH AT THE THOUSAND ISLAND PARK SUNDAY-SCHOOL PARLIAMENT.

#### SERMON BY DR. POTTS.

The morning exercises were opened by an half an hour's exercises, after the plan suggested by Dr. Potts, Presbyterian. The meeting was virtually without a human leader. There was, however, no confusion and no wasted time—although between 1500 and 2000 people had responded to the call of the bell for worship. During the half hour allotted to this preparatory service some 60 or 70 persons had taken part, either by reciting single verses of Scripture or by very brief experimental remarks. In addition to this we had been led in sacred singing more than a score of times. Experience meetings of such interest can not be often expected in regular church work—yet doubtless if the persons taking part in them could be persuaded to speak with more brevity than is customary great good would often be the result. This "before" service was a most blessed preparation for the sermon, which came immediately afterward. Dr. Potts evidently enjoyed the advantage of this glorious feeling. There were elements in the congregation calculated to draw forth the best of what a preacher had within him. It was large, earnest, thoughtful, and devout. The preacher's text was—"He must increase, but I must decrease." Dr. Potts commenced his sermon by saying that John was a man of striking spiritual valor. He attracted the attention of the multitude. Jesus must increase into the splendour of a glorious noon. There was nothing fretful in his testimony. It was with delight that John gave it. My subject is—

CHRIST'S INCREASE—ITS NATURE AND CERTAINTY.

I. The nature of Christ's increase. 1. It is a personal increase. It is not an in-

crease of the divine nature. That has always been complete. And the church still has an unflinching trust in the divinity of its Lord.

2. It is not an increase in the power of Christ. His word stilled the tempest. His word summoned the dead from the invisible state and they retook possession of their bodies. Jesus Christ has not more power to-day in this respect than he had then.

3. It is not an increase of His wisdom. Nor of His love. His wisdom and His love have always been infinite—incapable of increase.

4. It is a representative, an official, an mediatorial increase. The increase spoken of is in the realm of the believer's soul. The revelation for the believer's soul is a gradual one. The revelation of Christ to a penitent sinner, the revelation of the pardoner. But the revelation to one who has walked 20 or 30 years is a revelation of purity and holiness. Until Christ increases in the believer's soul, it does not matter where else he increases.

The increase is seen in the institution of the church. Christ is its foundation. Christ is its head. Christ is its central sun. Christ is its glory. See how the church has increased! When organized it started with 120 members! Let your imagination travel through all the isles of the sea and then look upon those who stand before the throne—a great multitude that no man can number. Has not Christ increased? From the mere element of numbers we do not get an idea of this increase. Christianity to-day controls the commerce, the literature of the world.

The increase of Christ in the church is seen like the increase of a class in its scholars. How it has increased since many sat at the feet of Jesus! In another way we may measure this increase; as a physician in the number of patients whom he cures. Sin is a disease. It is widespread as the mace. The gospel is the only cure for this malady. All that Jesus did in the days of his flesh for the bodies of men he is now prepared to do for their souls.

The increase of Christ in the church is the increase of a general in his army. The world is to be conquered as well as cured. When people are cured they are immediately turned over into the army of Christ and they become soldiers. There was a time when Christ's voice had not been heard; when his person and character had not been known. Look at the power and place occupied by Christ to-day compared with what it was when he was crucified.

Christ is the same high over all in hymnology. All the churches sing his praise. His name is high over all in Christian literature. Jesus Christ is the model of all lives that are worthy of our imitation or admiration. His life is the inspiration of all the lives of his disciples.

Going outside of the pulpit. Here is a hospital, there an asylum, and here a ragged school. Why all this? Because of the increase of Christ. Why has he filled all history with the music of his nature? And the power of his character? All writers are writing of Christ to-day. All men of mind are speaking of Christ to-day. God's people have nothing to fear. The waves of skepticism are breaking against the Rock of Ages. That increase has not reached its climax yet. It is working like leaven in the meal or like the light more and more upon the perfect day. It shall go on, and on, and on, until the gospel reaches its glorious consummation.

II. The certainty of this increase. He must increase. Must is the emphatic word in this clause.

This increase is certain from his character. He possesses a twofold relationship. On the one hand to man; on the other to God. "I and my Father are one." He was the fellow of Jehovah. On the manward side I read that "He was the son of man." He was a working man. He was a suffering man. He was a dying man. Whatever such a being undertook, he must successfully accomplish. Does not scripture, history and inward personal experience assure us of the success of Christ. Then look at the compassability of Christianity to man and to all man's needs. The music we have heard (this morning is not more adapted to our ears than Christianity is to our wants. The gospel of Jesus Christ knows no geographical restrictions. It is not restricted on account of color or caste. Where has this gospel gone without carrying comfort and healing? Call up all the missionaries and let them tell us whether the gospel has not universally banished the ill that afflict humanity. No tribe has been found too low; no people too base, but that the gospel could reach and bless.

The increase of Christ is necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy. Prophecy is fundamental to Christianity. Let prophecy fail and the fair temple of Christianity falls to the ground. There are predictions yet to be fulfilled. Ask of me and I will give, &c. Look at the highly prophetic strain of the 42 Psalm. It seems unnatural—it is against all physical laws for things to go upwards; but Jesus has said "And if I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." This is a mixed state of pleasure and pain of light and darkness. Let

us climb the Alpine heights and look out on the future. There is a time coming when statesmen and learned men shall be ruled by Jesus. There is a time coming when light shall be everywhere and darkness nowhere; when instead of the Koran shall be the Bible; and instead of the Crescent shall be the Cross; when Christianity shall be everywhere and superstition nowhere. What transformations before them! You will look in vain for wars because the Prince of Peace, whose right it is, shall reign everywhere. He shall have dominion from sea to sea.

He must increase; because the increase of Christ is the only hope of humanity. The mission of skepticism is to destroy. The mission of this grand old gospel is to carry hope and salvation to a poor sinful and ruined world. He must increase—if not the devil triumphs. He must increase else—I spake it reverently—creation and redemption are gigantic failures! This effort fully maintained the preacher's well-deserved reputation. From beginning to end the interest of the congregation was sustained. Some declared that they have been the most successful service of the Parliament.

G. S.

### ANOTHER MASSACRE IN MEXICO.

ATEALA, a few miles from Puebla, and where Rev. C. W. Drees lately opened a mission, has been the scene of the bloodiest onsets yet made upon Protestant missions in Mexico. The fanatical and ignorant papists rose against our people and twenty six were slaughtered. The rage of the mob seems to have been excited by the rapid growth of Protestantism, and the mission house at Puebla, where brother Drees resides, was attacked by a mob of fifty men, but they were soon dispersed by the troops. The priests had been declaring against the Protestants, saying "When will you arise and exterminate these Protestants?" Placards were placed at the street corners of the same incendiary character. The whole city was most excited, and our people suffered severe persecution in various forms, standing firm in the faith and profession. A bigoted little abbot, Elmo de la Verdad, devoted its columns to the grossest calumnies of our church, publishing the names and residences of some of our people, and cautioning all true Catholics against either social or commercial relations with them. Mr. Drees more carefully fortified the mission house and warned the authorities, and Dr. Butler being apprised of the danger notified the American Minister and upon the occurrence of the massacre went himself to President Diaz. The President assured Dr. Butler of his deep regret at the recent outrages. He said he would direct special vigilance to be exercised in protecting the free exercise of religious privileges, and would furnish troops to prevent any threatened disaster. He gave Dr. Butler a letter to governor Borella of Puebla and another to General Fernsbo commanding the Federal forces in the region. But for these special orders of General Diaz, our mission in Puebla would probably have been exterminated. The President is not a Christian, nor as we understand, a believer in Christianity, but the people of the United States, and Methodists especially, must bear with as the fearless friend of liberty of conscience, and all liberty.

### Scintillations of Thought.

Falshood always endeavored to copy the men and attitude of truth.—Johnson.

We must not speak all that we know, that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling the glory of one fair and virtuous action is above all escutcheons on our tomb or silken banners o'er us.

Before paper came into use, letters were written on wooden tablets made from box or beech wood, and hence is derived the word book.

Fancy rules over two-thirds of the universe, the past and the future, while reality is confined in the present.

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiseth itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.—Shakespeare.

The history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—Sidney Smith.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding the unites with.—Burke.

—Longfellow.



GENERAL READING

JOSEPHINE.

June 24th, A. D. 1763, was an important day for the inhabitants of Martinique, for on it was signed the treaty which ceded their island home to France.

Great were the rejoicings, and amid the frantic shouts of an excited populace, the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the blaze of bonfires, a new-born babe opened its eyes upon a world which was to bring to it the height of human felicity, and almost the lowest depths of human sorrow.

The parents of the little stranger augured a splendid destiny for her, for not only was she born on a most auspicious day, but her brow was encircled by a transparent crown,—at least so her attendants said,—and this was "an infallible sign that a glorious future was to be hers. Still even a fond mother would hardly suppose that the daughter of a simple citizen of Martinique would one day be Empress of France,—and yet it was so, for the child born that day was Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, first wife of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.

From earliest childhood Josephine gave evidence of a most trusting and affectionate nature. Surrounded by slaves to whom her slightest wish was law, how easily might she have become a tyrannical mistress instead of the true friend ever ready to advance the worthy, and (as far as she could) shield the unfortunate from the cruelty and injustice which invariably attend slavery! When still a mere child she was betrothed to a young Englishman of noble family, whose parents having attached themselves to the fortunes of the House of Stuart, now found England to be no longer a suitable home for them.

The children were deeply attached to each other, and seem to have been quite aware of the arrangement entered into by their parents, for while pursuing their studies together under the same tutor, they often spoke of each other as "husband" or "wife."

Years passed over; Josephine was nearly fourteen when one day she and two of her young companions resolved to seek the hut of an old negress (or as some accounts say, an old creole), who pretended to foretell future events. The result of the interview between the fortune teller and the young girls is so well known that it is almost useless to reproduce it here, and yet a sketch of the life of Josephine would be incomplete without it. To one of Josephine's companions the old woman merely predicted "a husband and a home in another island." A safe prediction, for the inhabitants of the neighboring islands are frequently intermarrying.

To another she said, "Your parents will soon send you to Europe, your ship will be taken by Algerian corsairs; you will be led away captive and conducted to a seraglio. There you will have a son who will reign gloriously."

This was literally fulfilled, and the young creole whose history was thus foretold was the mother of the famous Sultan Mahmoud.

To Josephine she promised even a more eventful future, as the following, which I copy from the *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, will show:

"You will be married to a man of a fair complexion, destined now to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill will not live long. A young creole whom you love does not cease to love you, but you will never marry him. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique, you will separate from him and he will perish tragically. Your second husband will fill the world with his glory, and will subject many nations to his power. After having astonished the world you will die venerable. When you leave this island a prodigy will appear in the air."

How much of this strange speech was really made at the time of Josephine's visit to old Euphemia, and how much was added afterwards, none can now know, but it is said the Empress and her relations always gave the old woman credit for all of it. How literally the leading events were fulfilled, all students of history know, but to some of my readers it may be new to learn that at the time of old Euphemia's prediction, Maria Tascher, the eldest sister of Josephine, was engaged to and preparing for her marriage with M. de Beauharnais. She died suddenly, and a year after Josephine became his wife. The marriage was an unhappy one, and a legal separation took place, though at the time of his death he was guillotined during the Reign of Terror; they were on better terms, and he left her the sole care of their children. On leaving the Island of Martinique, the ship in which Josephine sailed was surrounded by a phosporic flame called "St. Elmo's fire."

The death of Maria Tascher de la Pagerie was a sad blow to her mother, with whom she had always been the favorite daughter, as Josephine was of her father. Shortly after this family affliction Madame Benardin, a wealthy widow living in Paris, and sister to Monsieur Tascher de la Pagerie, was very urgent that her brother should leave his home in Martinique and share hers. He was inclined to do so, but his wife could not bear the thoughts of ending her days away from her beloved islands, and Madame Benardin's kind offer was refused. Then it was that young Josephine was sent to her aunt, who being struck with the girl's remarkable beauty, determined to secure for her the position which had been intended for her sister.

The Marquis de Beauharnais was quite willing to receive Josephine as his daughter-in-law. Monsieur Tascher was equally willing to receive Monsieur Alexander de Beauharnais as his son-in-law, and as for the young people themselves they were not consulted in the matter. It was nothing to the elder members of the families that both Alexander and Josephine had placed their affections elsewhere—the marriage was "desirable," and all they had to do was to submit?—any wonder they separated after a time?

The married life of Madame de Beauharnais extended over a period of about

one at least, at the monastery of Pantheon. The rest of the time she lived under her husband's roof, though she might as well have been miles distant, they had so little in common; but for the sake of her children, Hortense and Eugene, she calmly bore her loveless lot. The year 1793 was a terrible one to France—in January the King, Louis XVI, was executed, and from that time all semblance of order vanished. The prisons were crowded with members of the best families of France, their only crime being that they were born "aristocrats," but that was a crime which could only be dissolved by death. Each morning the death roll was read, which condemned guiltless persons to a cruel death, and each evening the vacant places of the murdered ones were filled with others equally guiltless. No pen could adequately describe that fearful time which has been aptly termed the "Reign of Terror." From the second to the seventh of September, 1005 persons were said to have been put to death in the prisons, besides she almost countless numbers that fell by the guillotine.

Monsieur de Beauharnais was early marked as a victim. Was he not the son of a Marquis?—did not the objectionable de belong to his name?—and worse still, had he not raised his voice against the murder of Louis? Josephine had been reconciled to her husband shortly before this, and she was called upon to share his imprisonment. Her prison was a house belonging to the Carmelite nuns—which was crowded to its utmost capacity with heart-broken women, whose male relatives were incarcerated elsewhere. There, as Josephine says, the dawn of each day announced to us that new victims had been carried away during the night. Those who remained spent the morning in agonizing reflections. In the afternoon I joined my fellow-prisoners, and hastily ran over the journals, which were then but the archives of death. Thus it was the became aware of M. de Beauharnais' death, and there she received his farewell letter. At this time she too was marked for destruction, and only saved because the death roll being longer than usual, there was not sufficient room for all in the vehicle which was to transport them to the scaffold. This circumstance was taken advantage of by a mulatto, who, having been brought up in the de la Pagerie family, recognized Josephine, and determined to save her if possible. He had influence with Marat and others, and as her name had once appeared on the death-roll, he had but little difficulty in obtaining her release, particularly as owing to some mistake she had been numbered among the printed victims of that day. Next day the tyrant Robespierre was deposed, and soon all the luckless prisoners were liberated.

We now come to the most important period of Josephine's life—her introduction to Napoleon le petit corporal. Many stories are told of their first meeting, but we will listen to her own words on the subject: "Being one day on a visit to a friend, while sitting by a window, I was looking at some violets, when suddenly, the famous Bonaparte was announced. Why, I am unable to say, but that name made me tremble; a violent shudder seized me on seeing him approach. I dared, however, to catch his attention; while the rest of the company looked at him in silence, I was the first to speak to him."

The acquaintance thus commenced was eagerly continued by Bonaparte, who soon made her an offer of his hand. She hesitated at first on account of her children, one of whom, Hortense, had a great aversion to him. But the conqueror of Italy was not to be defeated by a woman; he persevered in "his suit, and two days before leaving Paris to take command of the army of Italy, Madame Beauharnais gave her hand to "little Bonaparte," as she frequently called him.

Josephine was now about thirty-three. Her husband was nearly six years younger, but the difference in age never appears to have been felt by either. They were devotedly attached to each other, her influence over him was great, and always for good, and when his insupportable ambition had decided upon divorcing her, he suffered as keenly as she did.

(To be continued.)

OUR HYMN WRITERS.

Having mentioned the best known hymn of John Fawcett, which is one of the most precious and familiar of English hymns, will not refrain from alluding to the circumstances of its origin. Mr. Fawcett was at first settled as pastor of a humble church in Walsgate, Yorkshire. His meagre salary poorly sufficed for the wants of his increasing family, and when a few years later, he was invited to become the successor of the Rev. Dr. Gill as pastor of an influential church in the city of London, it seemed almost a matter of fact that he should accept. He had preached his farewell sermon and had actually commenced removal by sending forward his library and a part of his household goods to London. His poor people were almost broken hearted; men, women and children clinging to him in affectionate reconciliation. The last wagon was being loaded when the good man and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases to weep. "O John," said the kind hearted wife, "I can't bear this. I don't know how to go." "Nor I either," said Mr. Fawcett, "nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put everything back in its place." The affections of his church were stronger than the attractions of London; and so this noble man buckled on the armor for renewed service on a salary of less than three hundred dollars a year. It was then he wrote this hymn which has come to be known almost as widely as the language in which it was written. He gave up London and became a citizen of the world.

The deepest and most sacred beliefs of the church are better learned here than in the creeds themselves; and the spiritual life of the church is better expressed here than in the liturgies. The heart is often

creed have written hymns truly catholic and spiritual. The hymns of the Galvianistic Watts, Doddridge and Newton sung with no sense of discord alongside with those of the Wesleyans. Hymns from such Unitarian authors as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Adams, Sir John Bowring, Sears and Bryant, are gladly welcomed into the choicest evangelical circles. Such hymns as "Nearer my God to thee," "In the cross of Christ I glory," "How blest the righteous when he dies," and many others which like these, have come from writers not counted as evangelical, but hold their place unchallenged among the choicest hymnic treasures of the church, must be accepted as indicating that there may be a faith of the heart deeper and more spiritual than that of the head. Our deepest convictions are not always expressed in the creeds which we honestly profess. Under a special pressure, which God knows how to apply, and often does apply by his providences, an old faith which had been accounted dead sometimes springs suddenly into vigorous life, thus giving evidence of its real existence even in the years in which its possessor was little conscious of it; even so do these hymns bear witness to an undertone of spiritual harmony which is not silenced by the discordances of the creeds.—*National Repository for November.*

BEYOND THE RANGE OF VISION.

Hitherto man's knowledge of the extent of the universe has been bounded by the limits of vision. During the day, when the range of sight is narrowed by the sun's excessive brightness, we see but a minute fraction even of the little world we inhabit. At night a wider range of vision is possible, and some thousands of stellar and planetary bodies are added to the domain of positive knowledge, thus enlarging man's idea of the magnitude of the universe. But the increase of knowledge which darkness gives, is almost infinitesimal, compared with the wider view opened up by the telescope. The most powerful telescopes enable us to penetrate to the limits of the universe no one imagines. Our positive knowledge ends with the limit of vision. We have supposed that this would always be so. Hitherto science has given no hint of the possibility of exploring the vast beyond, from which no visible ray of light has ever been detected, or is ever likely to be detected, by the most far-reaching and sensitive optic aids. But now there comes a promise of an extension of knowledge to fields of space so remote that light is tired out and lost before it can traverse the intervening distance. This new agent is the tasimeter, by which it is possible not only to measure the heat of the remotest visible stars, but Edison believes, to detect by their invisible radiations stars that are unseen and unseeable. Mr. Edison's plan is to adjust the tasimeter to its utmost degree of sensitiveness, then attach to it a large telescope, and so explore those parts of the heavens which appear blank when examined with the highest powers of the instrument. If at any point in such blank space the tasimeter indicates a vast number of nearer bodies, he does this invariably, the legitimate inference will be that the instrument is in range with a stellar body, either non-luminous, or so distant as to be beyond the reach of telescopic vision; and the position of such a body can be fixed and mapped the same as if it were visible. As the tasimeter is affected by undulations and is without far more accurately sensitive, the probabilities are that it will open up hitherto inaccessible regions of space. Possibly, too, it may bring within our ken a vast number of nearer bodies, burnt out since briefly reflecting planets—now unknown because not luminous.—*National Repository for November.*

FAMILY READING.

A DREAM.

RELATED BY FATHER HICKS, OF ANNA-WAN, HENRY COUNTY, ILL., NOW EIGHTY-THREE YEARS OLD.

My father and family lived on a farm near Lake Ontario, Prince Edward county, Canada. One night I dreamed my father died; they carried him to the grave and buried him. After the grave was filled, I returned to the house and went in, and it looked so lonely that I went out and stood against the house with my head on my hand crying. I heard my father walking toward me, and I saw my father coming, and he said: "Joseph what is the matter that you cry?" "O father I thought you were dead!" "So I am," said he. "You have come back to live with us, have you not?" said I. He said "No." "I will go with you then," said I. "You cannot go where I am going with that body of yours he replied. I then said "I wish I were dead." "Would you be willing to die for the sake of going with me?" he asked. I said, "Yes."

He told me to go and lie down on the ground, I did so, and I had the strangest feelings come over me that I ever experienced; and in a moment of time my spirit left my body and stood by my father; and I saw my dead body lying on the ground, and father said, "Now you can go with me." Everything looked differently from it did before. There was a very high steep mountain, and father said "Follow me," and he went the mountain, and there was a narrow road leading to the top, with small bushes and briars on either side of the path. I saw a great number of men and women going up the mountain before us. And I saw several paths leading from this one to a large broad road on the left, and a number left this path and went to the broad road. And I said, "Father, let us leave this road and go over to the broad one." Said he, "Joseph, all who leave this path for the broad one go up no higher." I said no more to him about it, but when we reached the top of the mountain there was the

They were covered over with carpets, and the carpets were washed over with silver. My father stepped over the carpet, and I stopped. Father said, "Joseph what do you stop for?" And I said, "To wipe the dust off from my feet before I step on the silver carpet, or I shall soil it." There is no dust that can stick to your feet now; follow me."

We went on, and I looked ahead as far as I could see, and I saw something that looked like a building. We went on toward it; the nearer we came to it the larger it looked. When we came to it, it appeared to be very large and high. All on one side it seemed to be open, and we were going from one side to the other in a circle, and in the center of the palings was a large spot on the inside. When we came to the gate, father knocked, and a solemn looking man came and unbolted the door, and father went in and he bolted it again. He said nothing to me. After gazing a little, I walked to the left, off the silver carpet, and I saw some distance before me a valley surrounded with a high stone wall. On one side was a high hill, and the wall went into the hill on its side, and on the hill was a road, with a number of men and women walking on the top but no children; but when they walked opposite the centre of the valley they slipped and fell, and kept sliding down the hill and fell into a gulch of fire. I saw those who had been there for some time, and they were cursing each other; men were cursing their wives, and wives were cursing their husbands, on account of bringing them there; and parents were cursing their children, and children their parents, and some were cursing God for ever creating them. While I stood looking at this awful scene, I saw the largest man I ever beheld come over the wall; he had a long rod in his hand with a hook on the end of it, and he came toward me, and I came toward me and I ran toward the silver carpet, and he ran after me, and almost caught me before I reached the carpet, when I said, "Satan," (for he was none other), "you have come as far as you can." He said, "Yes, but you have been trespassing on my premises; I did not watch you close enough; but I will watch you closer after this, and if I catch you on my grounds again I shall take you to that place which you have been looking at." I said, "God forbid that I should ever get on your premises again." His hair was very black, and his hair looked like long black snakes squirming around his head. I then left him and went to the gate where my father went in; I knocked with all my might at the gate, when the same solemn looking man came and looked through and said, "What do you want?" And I said, "I want to go in." He then said, "What do you want to go in for?" I said, "My father is there, and I wish to go to him. He then said, "Your father is prepared for this place, and you are not. If I should let you in what would you do?" I said, "I would do as the rest do." He said, "This is the place of happiness." I replied "I wish to be happy." "It is not the place alone that makes the happiness," said he, "but a preparation for the place." He then left me at the gate and went back into the building and sat down in the golden arm chair, and while I stood looking in, I saw a great multitude of men and women, all dressed in white, with little books in their hands, singing, all with their faces toward the man who sat in the armchair. As they sang they bowed their heads. A little above the assembly there was a gallery with a number of old men standing in it; they two were singing and bowing to the two men (for there were two), sitting in their arms. I thought in my mind that the old men were the apostles and prophets. Over them was another gallery, where there were none but children; they all had books singing glory to God and the Lord Jesus Christ. While I stood looking, the solemn looking man and my father came, and he said: "I am going to let your father take you back to earth again, and you must take that body you left on the ground and inhabit it so many years." He told me he had a duty for every one to perform on earth; he said, "I shall lay a special duty and if you perform it faithfully after so many years you can come into this place which you have been looking at." He then said, "For your soul's sake do not be forgotten." He then unbolted the gate, and my father came out and told me to follow him. We went over the silver carpets until we came to the top of the hill where we went up; and we went down and came to the old house where we started from. I saw my dead body lying on the ground where I had left it: My spirit then entered into my body, and I had another strange feeling as when my spirit left it, and I awoke from my sleep. As to the number of years I have to wait before going to that place, I never could remember.

SCRAPS OF TESTIMONIES FOR JESUS.

God hath need of every one of his children. In a regiment of soldiers the general leads and the officers follow, and in the rear you will see a tramp, perhaps a little black boy, with a pail of water and a tin cup. He is doing only a little thing but a very necessary one. God, our General, leads the army, and we may only be the bearer of a cup of cold water to some thirsty soul; but God needs us to do just that thing. He needs us, though we are ever so humble; and we need Him.

Jesus says, "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away." We may, then, be in Christ, yet if we are without fruit we shall be cut off. It is not only our privilege but our duty to bear fruit to the glory of God. Are we doing so? Stop abiding in your love to Christ, and abide in Christ's love to you! Stop trying to keep yourself, and let Christ keep you. These fruits come from abiding in Christ—perfect love to God and perfect love to man—and then we have answers to prayer. The Word says, "Abide, ask, done."

cessity and perfectly satisfy every want. Let circumstances be what they may, we may live without care, for He careth for us.

A brother who believes in taking the little things to God, was deprived of his sleep in the morning by the twittering of numberless little sparrows that surrounded his home. As sleep was a necessity to him, on account of his occupation, he asked the Lord to harmonize the nature to his—other to remove the noise and enable him to sleep more soundly. The next morning he did not hear the sound of a sparrow; they had all gone to the parks and other places far away, and they did not return till some time after he awoke. God doth care for us even in little things! E. J. C.

A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

A young girl was sent by her father, some years ago, from one of the towns of the Lebanon to a convent in Damascus. At home she had been quite serious and religious, so far as she knew her duty; but in her new position she devoted herself with great enthusiasm to all the penances and requirements of the order of which she had become a member. She had heard of the Bible, but had never seen a copy. Often did she ask of her Superiors to be allowed the reading of God's word, and as often was her request disregarded. She was told that there were other things far more important for her to do to advance her spiritual interests. After a time, for some reason, her father took her from the convent and brought her to his home. Not long after she was married. One day she visited the bazaar of her native place, seeking for cloth for a dress. While examining the goods shown her in one of the shops, her attention was directed to the shop on the other side of the street. She very quietly and innocently inquired what was held for sale in the shop opposite. She was told it was a book-shop, and that Bibles were for sale there. She at once put down the piece of cloth she was examining, and crossing the street entered the shop and asked to see a Bible. The bookseller took one from the shelf and handed it to her; she took the book and opened it with eager curiosity. After examining it for a little time she told the book-seller how long she had desired to have a Bible, but had never seen a copy before. "I should like to take this Bible to my house," she said; "I cannot pay you for it to-day; but if you will trust me, I will see that the money reaches you." She then gave the names of her father and husband, as a guaranty that the book would be paid for or returned to the shop. The salesman saw, in the eagerness of the young woman to possess the word of God, that she was to be trusted, and told her to take the book and read it carefully. With rapid steps she hastened back to her home and begun at once to read the precious word. She gave all the time at her command to its study. She became more and more interested in what she read, and persuaded her husband to join her, and he became almost as enthusiastic as his wife in the examination of Bible doctrines. The Lord blessed them both in the study of his truth. They gave themselves to their Saviour in an everlasting covenant, and are now members of the evangelical church at Zahleh, and are co-workers in leading others to the Fountain that they may drink of the water of life from the same source whence their thirst was quenched.

THE HOME.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

True society begins at home. When two young people love each other and marry, they restore the picture of the apostolic church. They are of one heart and soul. Neither do they say that anything they possess is their own, but they have all things in common. Their mutual trust in each other, their entire confidence in each other, draws out all that is best in both. Love is the angel who rolls away the stone from the grave in which we bury our better nature, and it comes forth. Love makes all things new; a new heaven and a new earth; makes all cares light, and all pains easy. It is the one and only enchantment of human life which realizes Fortunio's purse and Aladdin's palace, and turns the Arabian Nights' into mere prose in comparison.

Think how this old story of love is repeated forever in all the novels and romances and poems, and how we never tire of reading about it; and how, if there is to be a wedding in a church, all mankind go, just to have one look at two persons who are supposed at least, to be in love, and so supremely happy. But this, also, is not perfect society. It is too narrow, too exclusive. It shows the power of devotion, trust, self-surrender, that there is in the human heart; and it is also a prophesy of something larger that is to come. But it is at least a home, and become real society, can come true homes must come. As in a sheltered nook in the midst of a great sea of ice which rolls down from the summit of Mont Blanc, is found a little green spot full of tender flowers, so, in the shelter of home, in the atmosphere of household love, springs up the pure affections of parent and child; father, mother, son, daughter; of brothers and sisters. Whatever makes this insecure, and divorce frequent, makes a marriage not a union for life, but an experiment which may be tried as often as we choose, and abandoned when we like. And this cuts up by the roots all the dear affections of home; leaves children orphaned, destroys fatherly and motherly love, and is a virtual dissolution of society.

I know the great difficulties of this question, and how much wisdom is required to solve them. But whatever weakens the permanence of marriage tends to dissolve society, for permanent home are to the social state what the little cells are to the body. They are the commencement of organic life, the centers from which all organization proceeds.







THE WESLEYAN. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

NO. V. AMBITION.

A desire to excel is a very important element in the conditions of success, and no young man can afford to ignore it.

And make us lose the good we oft might win By fearing to attempt."

But ambition, like a light, scatters the gloaming where spectral fears shelter themselves, and sheds the cheerfulness of hope across the midnight of our doubts.

With these examples before us, there is something very forcible and fitting in the Chinese proverb:—"Better not be than be nothing."

"Man is a creature not prone And brute as other creatures, but endowed With sanctity of reason;"

"In our proper motion we ascend Up to our native seat; descent and fall To us is adverse."

Now, it is this high dignity of our nature, this wealth of faculty, and this grandeur of vocation, that makes a proper measure of ambition not only seemly but essential.

"I dare do all that may become a man, Who dares do more is none."

And again, its ardent wish is:—"To fill its odoriferous lamp with deeds of light And hope that reaps not shame."

Objects of genuine worth, and not "shapes of shade," as Longfellow calls many of the fond illusions of life, are the coveted boon of a true ambition.

Now, a man fired with such an ambition cannot fail. Carried forward by the spell of this enchantment he must succeed.

"No endeavor is in vain; Its reward is in the doing, And the rapture of pursuing Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Not to speak of the "pleasures of hope" which beguile the tedious of protracted toil, and which in themselves compensate us for our pains, the very effort that is made develops one's capacity for work, and thus multiplies his chances of success.

young men sink into despair. Be ambitious. Live for something. Catch the spell of your high destiny.

"Men have no faith in fine spun sentiment Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees."

If the common objects of human desire are all that you seek for, then the nobler pursuits of life will have no charm for you.

DAWNING OF THE REIGN OF PEACE.

Do our readers apprehend all that is suggested by the quiet circumstances attending the advent of a new Governor General? A grand nobleman has just taken ship for England, an ordinary passenger—at least in the common-place way of passenger transit.

Rulers are the barometers of history. They stand steadily, or fall, with the condition of the surrounding social atmosphere.

And it is remarkable that Christianity brings this security as does no other religion. The history of Paganism is always one of monarchical disquietude.

Under Christianity itself, history has preserved marked distinctions between advancing epochs, as regards the lives of rulers. Taking England by way of illustration, two of the four Norman monarchs who reigned during the 11th and 12th centuries, fell through violence.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

History as read by him was a succession of bloody schemes for power. His writings reflect, under the almost inspired genius of the dramatist, a shocking condition of things, in which wicked and cunning princes seem to vie with each other in selling themselves to the god of treachery.

Scotland and Ireland have a worse record, if possible, as regards violence to princes, than even England. In the history of the former there are tragic chapters, bloody and base chapters, some of which illustrate the insecurity of rulers under an corrupt form of Christianity.

With Protestantism came a new order of things into England. Had Henry foreseen the effects which were to follow the new religion, in affording security to his successors, he would have welcomed it with

prove its superiority and right to supremacy. Several persons of royal blood came to a premature end in the times immediately succeeding the Reformation in England; but in no instance has a monarch fallen by the hands of his rivals.

European countries which rejected the Reformed faith are, in fact, but little better in this respect to day. Spain and France have repeatedly risen against their rulers within recent times.

Queen Victoria has been frequently fired at while taking her quiet airing, like any ordinary citizen, in an open park; but the culprits have been madmen or fanatics. No single intrigue to supplant an English monarch has come to the light for a long period.

This, we maintain, is an evidence of advancement. It is an earnest, too, of better things. When the Protestant people of the earth shall have reached the height of this ascending ground, where perfection of social and national condition awaits them; and when this pure faith, becoming the guiding star of all other populations, shall lead them also to refinement, to gentleness and love; then shall the end be of which Christ and the Prophets have spoken.

BISHOP, CANON, RECTOR, AND MISTER.

The "Dominion Churchman," as its name indicates, is the organ of the Episcopal Church in Canada, and is published at Toronto. In its issue of 19th October appears a letter from Annapolis, Nova Scotia, describing certain services held in that vicinity during August of this year.

"On the following day, Thursday, there was a service at 11 a. m. at the new church of St. Mary, Barton, half way between Weymouth and Digby. The Rector said the prayers, and Canon Dart delivered a very instructive discourse on the 'Transfiguration,' and afterwards assisted, as on the previous day, the Dean in the administration of the Holy Communion.

Mr. Fulton has a history which, fairly understood, will place all the foregoing in

Sackville, N. B., always working his way with great credit as a self-supporting student. If not a brilliant, he was a diligent scholar, graduating in due course as A. B. and subsequently taking his A. M. with honour.

Mr. Fulton's character hitherto has been that of an ordained minister of the Gospel. As such he obtained full recognition from both Church and State. He drew marriage licenses as such. If an imposture at all, he has been countenanced by two-thirds of the evangelical churches of the Maritime Provinces, inasmuch as they regard our ordination as perfectly valid.

We are inclined to think that there are hidden links in this chain of circumstances. Our Episcopal friends laud his sincerity. They accept as his motive a desire to be in the New Testament order of the ministry. We who know him better, cannot agree with them in either instance.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK;—A GLANCE AT THE COMMITTEE'S WORK.

It is not necessary to trace the history of this most important movement. Our readers are aware that the old English Methodist Hymn-book, which had, during a century or longer, done so much to mould the religious thought of our people, was last year replaced by a new one.

This work of compilation on both continents, became, however, a great advantage to our Hymn Book Committee. The

ern and Southern States, as well as in the other Christian Churches of both Hemispheres, were now offering the results of their painstaking, prayerful labors, in both selection and versification, for the guidance of those appointed by our General Conference to prepare a new hymn-book.

Four years ago our General Conference appointed a Committee, representing the various sections of its territory, to proceed in the direction of compiling a hymn-book. The Committee reported progress at Montreal at the next session, in September, and after a lengthened, brilliant discussion was reappointed, with full power to publish a new hymn-book within a period of two years.

Of the Committee as a whole we need say but little. The names of its members have been prominently before the public for some time. They comprise many of the most gifted ministers and laymen of the West, while in the Maritime Provinces some of the names will always stand as synonyms for pure, scholarly, sanctified taste in matters of literature.

Dr. Stewart, Convener of the Eastern Section, was at his post. He possesses gifts which eminently qualify him for this particular duty. Skilled in theology, refined and critical in discrimination of the poetic expression of the different periods in ecclesiastical history, and having rare familiarity with our own old hymn-book, he uses his strength for this Committee to the best advantage.

Mr. Lathern was present to sustain a reputation justly gained in this particular department. He could scarcely have known, years ago, when lecturing on Charles Wesley's Hymns, that Providence was leading him in the direction of marked usefulness; but such proves to be the result.

After carefully reviewing the ground already traversed, and agreeing upon certain general principles for future guidance, the Committee proceeded to make notes, each for his own direction, of the sections under which the hymn-book is to be divided.

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Editor

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well as in the results of our labor, in the preparation of the new hymn-book...

the old hymns were to be preserved, they were kept in the old order wherever possible...

It is the intention to examine the new hymns proposed, each member for himself...

NEWFOUNDLAND ENQUIRY.

EDITOR OF WESLEYAN: Dear Sir,—Our "church" folk in this Newfoundland of ours...

Can you, Mr. Editor, reply whether or not this is a true assertion. The precise drift of the remarks used in the above connection we can scarcely see...

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. Currie appears in another column, in reply to Rev. John Brown. The Editor disclaims the figure of the three Hebrew children...

Rev. C. M. Tyler, of Kaye Street, Halifax, has received intelligence from England of the death of a brother. This young man had received a thorough classical education...

Reference to the Inebriate's Home, Dartmouth, has frequently appeared in our columns. Its Third Annual Meeting was held last Tuesday. The Manager reported that there were 78 inmates during the year...

We had the privilege of attending, for a few sessions, the Y. M. C. A. Convention, held last week in New Glasgow. It was refreshing beyond measure to witness the results of this agency among our young men...

A letter from Rev. R. O. B. Johnson has come to hand, in which he deprecates the view which one of our correspondents has taken of certain remarks made in his (Mr. Johnson's) recent communications to this paper...

Extraordinary seasons and unnatural productions of the soil are more frequently noticed in these Maritime Provinces than elsewhere...

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

NOVA SCOTIA CONFERENCE. DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The Missionary Committee of the Nova Scotia Conference met by appointment at Windsor on the 23rd inst.

In order to meet, to some degree, the crisis caused by our diminished grants, the following preamble and resolution received the concurrence and approval of the Committee:

Whereas, the time has come when, in the judgment of this Committee, some method should be adopted to meet the exigencies resulting from the rapid reduction of the grant to dependent circuits:

Resolved, That the Chairman of Districts be requested to arrange for the holding of public meetings, during the coming winter, at which ample information shall be afforded to our people as to the state of the funds of our Missionary Society...

In accordance with the terms of the above resolution the Chairman of the respective Districts will correspond with brethren interested and it is earnestly desired that success will crown this effort to augment circuit receipts and to lessen the number of claimant circuits.

A communication was read from the Rev. A. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, in relation to the reduction of the debt on the Missionary Society, and the action of the General Conference thereto.

Whereupon it was resolved unanimously that the Missionary Committee of the Nova Scotia Conference hereby express its cordial approval of the great desirable course of clearing off within a reasonable period the encumbrance now impeding the operations of the Society...

SOULD ISLAND, PLACENTIA BAY, N. F.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir,—On the 6th of this month we held our Sabbath school anniversary service, at which 24 pieces were recited by the children, and several hymns sung from Mr. Sankey's selections.

As this was the first service of its kind, some doubts were expressed in reference to the propriety of reciting the little pieces; but we were glad to know that such doubts have been made to vanish by the praiseworthy conduct of the children in going through such as we know to be a trying process.

The big Como, of Windsor, Capt. J. B. Tooker, which recently made the quick passage of 17 days to London from Halifax, made the run to the Lizard in 14 days.

DISTRIBUTION OF GRANTS.

MR. EDITOR.—The Rev. Mr. Duncan, in his very courteous answer to my last letter, says, "to his presentation of circuit receipts, &c., in relation to missions within the bounds of the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference I cannot so readily subscribe."

Accepting Mr. Hart's correction in reference to the rent, the case stands thus:—allowing for that purpose \$100 and \$150 a year for the three years named—Fairville received \$2,452, less rent \$800, Nett \$2,152; Sussex received \$2,678, less rent \$450, Nett \$2,228; Point de Bute \$1,721. My statement that these circuits should not have received grants holds good in the case of Fairville, and with a small deduction, in that of Sussex.

In reference to the rent charge at Sussex I learn from delegates to the late meeting of the committee at Moncton that there is a peculiar arrangement by which the funds of the missionary society in the shape of rent is made to pay for a parsonage there. But why the brother at Sussex with circuit receipts of \$7,131 76-7, and \$7,730 in 77-8, should receive each year \$150 for rent and \$127 beside in 76-7, a total of \$1,860 in the two years, simply because the parsonage is yet unpaid for, when brethren on circuits that are so unfortunate as to have parsonages only receive \$555 to \$565, or as in the case of Point de Bute \$1,166 for the two years, is beyond my "astuteness" to discover.

Why should not these circuits out of their abundance pay their own rents when, if you take \$300 from the Sussex income for the two years it still has \$400 more than the Point de Bute? I cannot think that brethren in Fairville, with salary of \$988 and an annuity of \$1,000 for 76-7 would have been badly off compared with others, even though they had paid their own rent.

NEWS FROM 'THE CIRCUITS. MISSIONARY MEETING.—There was held in the Methodist Church, last evening, the Missionary Meeting of the Methodist Church of Canada for Windsor Circuit.

MR. Wm. Robinson, book-keeper for Mr. James Hunter of Halifax, disappeared in a mysterious manner last Friday. He left his boarding house early on that morning and it is feared that he has committed suicide.

NEWS AND NOTES.

NOVA SCOTIA.

MR. Wm. Robinson, book-keeper for Mr. James Hunter of Halifax, disappeared in a mysterious manner last Friday. He left his boarding house early on that morning and it is feared that he has committed suicide.

Two small boys, named Julian and O'Rourke, for stealing \$50 from Messrs. Payzant & King, have been sentenced at Halifax to five years in the Industrial School. The little girl Pilky was sentenced to pay a fine of \$40 or 30 days for picking a man's pocket of a purse and \$16. A soldier arrested for smashing crockery, and assaulting a gentleman residing in Kaye street, was fined \$80 or 180 days.

The folly of the short hair, (no hair in fact) system—(introduced probably by some fashionable coquet from Sing Sing)—was illustrated last week in the case of a young man close to a hair dresser's, and then started for home. On his way he felt the cold strike to his head, and after reaching home was taken with violent pains in his head.

On Monday night a wooden building near the railway station, Truro, occupied by Alex. Chisholm, as a carpenter shop, was accidentally destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$3000, two-thirds of which is covered by insurance.

The big Como, of Windsor, Capt. J. B. Tooker, which recently made the quick passage of 17 days to London from Halifax, made the run to the Lizard in 14 days.

A few days since while Arthur Chisholm, a son of George Chisholm, of Lower Granville, was threshing grain in a barn, a little boy son of Capt. James Morrison, was indulging in the apparently harmless pastime of swinging by the feet from a beam near him...

The New Glasgow Eastern Chronicle reports that on Friday evening, 18th inst., a boy about 10 years, son of Walter S. Fraser, miller, McLellan's Brook, while passing an upright in his father's mill, was caught with it by his clothes and whirled around with great rapidity. At every revolution of the shaft his right arm and left leg struck against the side of a grain hopper which was about a foot distant. The noise caused by his arm and leg striking against the hopper was heard by the boy's father who, on ascertaining the cause, immediately stopped the mill and endeavored to free the boy from his perilous situation.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock on Sunday evening last, some boarders at the Revere House, Pictou, while in the sitting room, heard cries of distress from the harbor. Several ran down to the wharf, while one put a light in the window, which reflected on the wharf and the wharf succeeded in rescuing a man named Robert McDonald from a watery grave. He was found to be in a very exhausted condition, and was taken to the Revere House, where a doctor was called in and the necessary restoratives applied. On Monday morning he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to his boarding house, but congestion of the lungs set in and he died on Thursday night. The deceased was about 40 years of age, and was employed as foreman of the Y. M. C. A. Hall now being erected in Pictou.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.

Mosses, Robert Robertson & Son, St. John, received advices that the barque Mary E. Goodwin has foundered at sea, and that the captain and crew have been landed at Antigonish. The M. E. G. was bound from Carthagena, Aug 7, to Philadelphia. She was 1,110 tons register, was built at Weymouth, N. B., and was owned by Messrs. F. W. Bell, last year, and was owned by Messrs. J. Goodwin & Co., of Weymouth, and Robert Robertson & Son, St. John. She was particularly insured. Capt. Amos Robertson was commander.

Mrs. Brown, of Portland, was instantly killed, recently, by falling between two planks on a platform near Hamray's mill. The was at her husband's supper to him, he being the night watchman at the mill. Coroner Rigby was at once notified.

A sad drowning accident occurred near Cape Bear, lately. It seems that a boat containing two men and two women, and loaded with fifteen tons of coal, was coming from Cape Bear, lately. It seems that a boat containing two men and two women, and loaded with fifteen tons of coal, was coming from Cape Bear, lately.

A man named Wilson, from Bear River, N. S., who boards in a house on Water St. St. John, was seized with a sudden illness the other morning of so violent a character, that a physician was sent for. Dr. Lawrence, who was summoned, diagnosed the case to be one of irritant poisoning, and administered the necessary antidotes.

The house of Mr. James Johnson, Annandale, P. E. I., was destroyed by fire on Sunday night. Insured in the Canada Fire and Marine for \$2,000. On yesterday week the barn and crop of Mr. Daniel Graham Elmeston, near Alberton, were also destroyed by fire. Several barns have been destroyed lately and farmers should be therefore warned to take every precaution against danger.

A meeting of the Merchant's Bank held at Charlottetown on Friday, it was unanimously agreed that the Directors pay into the funds of the Bank the sum of \$40,000 cash; and that the shareholders, including the directors, pay \$100 on each share, making the total \$80,000. This, it is expected, will be nearly all paid in before the 20th of November next, on which day a meeting of the shareholders is to take place; and it is hoped the Bank will be in a position to resume business the following day.

A singular case is reported from P. E. I. The ship J. Duncan, with a cargo from England, arrived in Charlottetown harbor on Sunday morning, and came to anchor. In the afternoon an attempt was made to seize her on behalf of the creditors of the bankrupt firm of James Duncan & Co., but the officers of the ship refused to allow the official assignee or any other person to go on board.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Captain McLach of the American schooner Landseer, which arrived on Thursday, reports that the schr. Kate, of LaPointe, N.S., left Bonne Bay on the 13th inst., for Montreal, with a cargo of about 600 barrels of herrings. The Landseer left Bonne Bay on the 17th, and on the following day, when about 65 miles W. N. W. from Weeblaw, Bay of Islands, Nfld., saw a schooner dismasted which proved to be the Kate, of LaPointe. Both spars were carried away within 10 feet of the deck, jibboom gone and her decks swept. No boat was visible on deck and the vessel apparently had been abandoned.

Respecting the new copper mine recently discovered in Notre Dame Bay, the Globe correspondent says:—What a sight we gaze upon here! It is simply a great cliff of copper ore that we are looking at, some 25 or 30 feet in height, and undetermined length and thickness, but frontage where work has been commenced seems to be 1,200 or 1,400 feet in length, and we are told that the ore is found 30 or 40 feet back from brow of the cliff. On the face of this copper cliff the great blocks of copper, literally the bottom of the cliff is strewn with these glittering masses small and great, and piles are being piled up for shipment. I noticed one mass which had been brought down by one of the explosion of dynamite and we approached, and it was estimated to be at three tons in weight, and appeared to be full of ore. The quality too, we are informed is No. 1 ore. Nothing equal to such a huge surface development of copper ore has ever been previously found here, or I believe elsewhere. We scramble up the shelving cliff, examining the cavities left by the detached masses. Loud and varied are the exclamations of wonder, and great the excitement among our little group. Nearly every portion of the cliff seems to be charged with ore. Though only a fortnight has elapsed since the ground was first broken a pretty large cargo of ore appears to be ready for shipment. The extent of the deposit is not of course known, but the "costuming" already done has determined that it is immense and is likely to entirely all previous discoveries. Those best qualified to judge believe that this deposit is of far greater value than all hitherto found, if compressed into a single mine. The ease and cheapness with which the ore is mined, or rather quarried, is also an important consideration. Of course the surface development will ere long be exhausted; and then the usual mining under ground will commence, but no such expenditure as at Betts Cove or Tit Cove is necessary.

The English papers are publishing long lists of converts from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic church. Among the names appear the following: Arnold of Ringby, son, Thomas, Burman, author of "Happy Thoughts"; Bellefleur, an elocutionist; Miss Emily Bowles, the authoress; Mrs. Ross Church, (Florence Marryat); Miss Cusack ("The Nun of Kenmare"); Miss Froude, niece of the historian; Miss Gladstone, sister of the ex-premier; Henry J. and Charles J. Karstake, who both were converts to the priesthood; the Rev. E. G. Osborne, son of "S. G. O."; Paley's grandson, a professor at Cambridge; Coventry Patmore, the poet; the architect, Adelaide Anne Proctor, Prof. Pepper; Whately's nephew, J. O'Fallon; Pope, M. A., Cambridge; the Rev. Philip Rose ("Arthur Sketchley"); Mrs. Hope Scott, Sir Walter's granddaughter; Elizabeth Thompson, painter of "The Roll Call"; and Wilberforce's eldest son, an Archdeacon. It is not to be wondered at that there should be many descendants from the English Ritual Church to the Roman Catholic. The latter has age and numbers in its favor, while the distinctions of doctrine between the two churches, to most minds, are not very material. Romanism is any other part of the world those who grew over from Protestantism to its faith. On the other hand, Protestantism, through the silent influences of education and social forces, wins a thousand away from the Roman Catholic church to every one who is converted to Romanism.—N. Y. Ada.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AND SIMILAR MONOLITHS.

Cleopatra's Needle was raised to its position on the Thames embankment without a pedestal. When the signal had been given the monolith began slowly to move on an iron axis, and with no apparent strain on any point, the giant block or stone gradually raised itself until at an angle of ten or fifteen degrees from the perpendicular it came to perfect rest, suspended on its centre of gravity. It was then easily moved into its proper place. Within the pedestal had been placed an earthenware jar containing Bibles in French and English, an Arabic Genesis, Hebrew Pentateuch and verse from the 3rd chapter of St. John in 215 different languages. It has been pointed out that this enterprise is only the second instance since the time of the Roman Emperors of the transport of a colossal obelisk from the shores of Africa to any other part of the world. The first instance was the memorable enterprise of Louis Philippe in removing the Luxor monolith of Ramesses II. to the centre of the Place de la Concorde in Paris. It was set on its pedestal on the 25th of October, 1836, in the presence of the king, the Royal Family and an immense concourse of people. Some sailors climbed to the top when it was firmly in place, and placed the tri-color there amid the shouts of the multitude below. When the obelisk in St. Peter's in Rome, was set up in 1586, it required the joint labor of 1500 men and 140 horses, straining for a month at blocks and tackles. But in a contrast with this, only a dozen men were working at the cranks in London the other day and they raised the obelisk in half an hour. There are only twelve colossal obelisks now standing on the face of the earth. Five are in Egypt, four in Rome, and one each in Paris, London and Constantinople. It costs about £15,000 to remove Cleopatra's Needle to London, and to erect it on its pedestal.



WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER 1878.

First Quarter, 1 day, 5h, 36m. Afternoon. Full Moon, 9 day, 10h, 19m. Afternoon. Last Quarter, 17 day, 1h, 44m. Afternoon. New Moon, 24 day, 4h, 56m. Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. Lists sunrise and sunset times for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position gives the time of high water at Parramore, Cornwallis, Horton, Hansport, Windsor, Newport and Treno.

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

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

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys! The liar's a coward and slave, boys! Though clever at ruses, And sharp at excuses, He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

PLUCK.

Sam was the eldest son of a Welsh family who owned and worked a small hill farm in Central Ohio; then a new country, almost, and spoken of by Eastern people as the West, though it is long way from the West of to-day, whatever it may have been in 1836 or thereabout.

Sam, like many another boy in that country and in those days, longed for an education, and the progress he had made, surrounded as he was with difficulties, gave evidence of this prominent desire as one of the characteristics of his life, which the incident I am about to relate fully proves.

A great drawback troubled him and this was the want of suitable shoes; for as yet he had never been the owner of a pair of shoes that really protected his feet from frost and snow, having only fallen heir to his father's old ones, well worn at that. Now, however, as he saw the year go slipping by and the period drawing near when boyhood and youth would be passed and he would be expected to take up the responsibilities of manhood, he made up his mind that the coming winter's school should find him on hand early and late with a determination to make such progress as he had never made before; and to this end he managed to carry to market by extra work sufficient bark to buy for himself leather for a pair of shoes, and the neighborhood shoemaker had been promising their completion now for weeks. Either from a press of work or for fear Sam might not prove as prompt a paymaster as some others of his customers, the time for the commencement of the usual three months' term came on and the shoemaker's promise was yet unfulfilled, and Sam did not put in his appearance at the school-house. Two weeks of weary waiting had passed and for want of his shoes Sam had not commenced his attendance at school. The morning of the third Monday Sam came into his breakfast with a piece of board about twelve by eighteen inches and a couple of inches thick, and putting it down as close to the fire as he could and not burn it, he answered the inquiring look of his mother with the declaration,

"I am going to school." "Without your shoes?" "Yes, shoes or no shoes, I am going to school, mother," and he explained the proposed use of the board. Having eaten his breakfast and gathered up his scanty supply of books, he took his hat

tant. Half way between his house and the school-house was the house of a neighbor where Sam knew he would be welcome to halt and warm his bare feet and reheat his board.

So, at a good round double-quick, he was off, and when half way to this neighbor's he halted, and, putting his board on the ground, stood on it till his benumbed feet were warm and limbered up for another run, when he took up his board and made the second stage to neighbor Jones's. Here he warmed his feet and board and repeated the same feat to reach the school-house.

When the boys saw him come up with his board under his arm and understood its use they greeted him with a little good-natured chaff on his improved mode of travel and the saving of leather; but there was too much genuine admiration for his pluck to allow any show of undue mirth at his expense while the master was filled with pleasure at his appearance and spirit with which he came to school.

Whether the shoemaker saw in this the promise of pay for his work, or was moved by admiration of the plan for doing without shoes, I can't say; but Sam soon got his shoes and was able to bid defiance to the weather for the rest of the winter.

The boy was but the blossom of the man, and he grew up to take his place as one of the leading men of his country and State.—Early Days.

BETH BLANCHARD'S TEMPTATION.

Beth Blanchard saw a pair of sparkling eyes, clear complexion and rosy cheeks reflected in the mirror which she held in her hand. Then the blue velvet jacket seemed just suited to the short, light curls, which really made Beth very bewitching. "No other girl in our set" can boast such a charming new suit, and will be so much admired next Sunday." Beth was just saying to herself when a peddler appeared at the open window, with a half concealed smile on his face; for any one could read the vanity and self-gratification which Beth manifested in her countenance.

"Some fine jewelry, Miss, an' a bargain it is, to be sure; just one handsome brooch left, the very style an' quality that's suited to your pretty face; I'm sure you'll not let it pass by." The peddler well knew the effect that flattering words would have on Beth Blanchard, for the mirror was soon laid down, and Beth was carefully examining his stock. Aunt Martha didn't trade with peddlers, or like Beth to wear jewelry, but what of that? Beth loved glitter and display much more than she ought to have done, forgetting that she was not judged by mere outside appearances, and that a pure heart is more in the sight of the Father than all the gems of a kingdom. "I gave spending money of my own," reasoned Beth, as she held the brooch in her hand (a pretty affair, but altogether worthless), and I'll spend it if I choose. It is a penny here and a penny there that I've saved, and no one has a right to find fault if I use it.

"Three dollars; worth double the money; never have such a chance again," said the peddler, noticing Beth's hesitation.

"Well, I guess I'll take it—that is, if I have enough money. I'll go up stairs and see," said Beth, wondering if she could have the heart to rob the missionary-box, which sat on her own little dressing-table, of its last penny. For "missionary and charitable purposes," said the letters on the box, written in Aunt Martha's plain, round hand. "Oh dear! oh dear! why couldn't Aunt Martha have turned some other text card up; and that little frame on the bureau never did stare at Beth so provokingly.

"That's always the way when one wants to do something that no one wants them to do; but I might as well count the money, and not keep him waiting any longer." So saying, Beth took down the box and turned its contents into her lap. "One dollar, two, three—three dollars and five cents." The five cents rattled unpleasantly as it went back by itself to the bottom of the box, and Beth's eyes involuntarily rested on the text, Aunt Margaret's favorite, and that was the reason it was turned out so often: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Beth had promised herself that half of that money should go toward buying Grace Long a Sunday dress. Grace was the washer-woman's daughter, and was near Beth's age. She was coming now, Beth saw her through the window, with a heavy basket of fresh-ironed clothes, and Beth paused at sight of her pale face and clean but well worn frock. Grace was at the door when Beth reached the sitting room. "I guess I'll not take the booch. I can do without it, and my Aunt don't approve of much jewelry," said Beth, hesitatingly. "As you like, Miss," returned the peddler; "I can sell my jewelry where people know their own minds sooner, and will pay better than you." So say-

ly, for as Aunt Martha's gold-mounted eye-glasses were missing, he was searched after, but could not be found. They had been presented by a brother who lived in California, and were greatly prized as a keepsake.

Although Beth took all the blame on herself, it did not bring them back. I am to tell you that Beth, under the direction of Aunt Martha, spent her money for Grace Long's benefit, and no happier girl than Grace took her seat in Daleville school on the following Sabbath morning.

WILLIE'S PEACH.

Now, little ones, if you were all together, and I should ask how many of you love stories, how many hands would go up? I think there would be just as many hands as there are children. Our Advocate family is large, and there are many bright eyes looking for stories every week. I can not tell you a long story this week, but perhaps I will some other time. I love good children, and love to please them, and would not tell them an untrue story, for I think that is wrong. I will tell you about a little boy I once knew. We will call him Willie. Willie's father was dead, and his mother, although not wealthy, was comfortable. Willie loved his mother dearly, and would make any sacrifice to make her happy. He was on his way to school one morning when a kind lady gave him a peach. Now, all boys love peaches, but Willie thought of his mother, and how glad she would be if he should take her a large, nice peach. So he put it into his deepest pocket, and kept it hid all day; but after school closed it was discovered that Willie Brown had a peach.

"Come, now, let us have a piece," said a boy much larger than Willie. "No, no," said Willie, "this is for mother."

"For mother, indeed!" said another, in a taunting tone, which showed plainly that he had but little regard for his mother, if he had one.

"But, come boys, we will have some fun; we will take it from him." But the boys did not care to help him, perhaps some of them at least secretly admired Willie's manliness.

"Well, I'll take it," said he, starting at Willie. But Willie was a brave little fellow, and succeeded it getting away with his peach.

Now, children, how do you like that kind of boys? Don't you think the peach was sweeter when he told his mother how hard he had resisted, just because he wanted her to have it? S. J. K.

NANCY WHITE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Nancy White was only a washer woman, yet she sat near the splendid coffin where lay in sweet repose together young mother and newborn babe.

Most lovely was the face which death had altered so little. The stately parlor draped in black, the beautiful things she had so delighted in, gleams of marble, glimpses of rare color and exquisite drapery, lent a strange and solemn brightness to the scene.

Long and earnestly Nancy White looked on the two pure faces. Her lips trembled, eyes glistened; but a smile fought with the tears.

"After all, God knew best; he hasn't parted them," she said softly.

Nancy White was known all over town for an honest, blunt, and kindly creature. She told homely truths over the wash-tub that many a lady would never have borne from an ordinary acquaintance.

Brown, too, stood at the grave, in her scarlet gown and the somber plaid ribbon over her bonnet. Her heart bled for the suffering husband, and when she saw him standing there, white and rigid as the marble shafts on either side, she whispered "Poor body! there's a cloud between him and the Master."

This thought haunted her, and the next day old Nancy toiled up the steep hill towards the rich man's house.

"Tell him a poor, mean body has come to give him a comfort," she said; "tell him I have brought a message from the Lord of glory."

Presently Nancy was ushered into a dark room, where sat the mourner. Nancy had often comforted his pretty wife before her trial—he knew that, and so, while all his intimate friends might have been blunt creature was admitted.

It was the room where the beautiful young wife had been wont to sit, and he had gathered a few precious mementoes of her busy, happy presence, and sat there with bowed head and sobbing breath. Nancy came quietly in and sat beside him, her faded locks combed back from her hollowed cheeks, her seamed face lighted with unearthly radiance, as she exclaimed in a sweet, solemn voice, "The Lord comfort ye!"

"Nancy, I am in utter despair, was the choked response.

Nancy looked at him pitifully, her heavy hands working one over the other, and at last she said, as if soliloquizing: "My man was drowned in the river. He was good husband and strength, and was brought home to me that loved him so dead. Within the month my two children died, and I was left alone with a blind mother to support. I have seen poverty and sickness, but found God's word true. I begged it to my heart, and it grew dearer than husband and bairns

"Its dark, Nancy, all dark; I have buried my happiness." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," said Nancy softly.

He looked up at her. There stood, rugged, homely, and humble, and it seemed to strike him all at once that her visit was entirely unselfish, so that his heart warmed towards her.

"That's a promise, sir," she added. "Yes, Nancy, that's a promise," he quietly responded.

"From One who never broke his word, sir. He has taken the two sweet angels to himself, to save your soul, sir. You were rich, and easy, and prosperous, and may be, forgetting him."

"Nancy, I would give all the world if I could feel a Christian's comfort," he said sadly.

"And that's a brave speech, sir, to give what isn't your own—a pretty gift, I'm thinking, the Lord would think it. Would I thank you if you said, 'Nancy, I'll give you the house over yonder,' when I know it belongs to Capt. Nash? No, no; give God what belongs to you, your own poor, broken, sinful heart, and he'll make it clean, see if he doesn't. He'll comfort you so that you'll say, in all her dear life you never had such comfort. O my dear man, mourn before God with this sorrow, and you'll bless the day my Master ever sent his poor old servant to say a word to you of him."

The truth struck home. Then was his mourning mingled with contrition. The sweet promise was verified—at the grave of his wife, or surrounded by remembrances of her in the room where she died—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

As for Nancy, she watched him on Sundays from her seat in the corner, or sometimes she met him in the church door, and it was all the reward she needed to hear him say, "God bless you, Nancy; I am trying to get on."

WHY HE COULDN'T.

Lately we read of a boy, called John, who ran into the house one evening and said—"Mother, Willie played the truant this afternoon, and he wanted me to go too, but I couldn't."

"Couldn't? Why not, my son?" "Because," said little John, throwing his arms most lovingly around his mother's neck, "I thought it would make you sorry, and that is why I couldn't."

THE BOY'S DREAM.

One summer evening a little boy was sitting on the threshold of a neat little cottage, in a country village, and as the shades of night descended upon him he fell asleep and dreamed. In his dream he was an old man, with gray hairs on his head; and upon thinking over his past life, he said to himself—"I have lived these years, and not known God, the great Father. I have never thought anything about religion. O that I had my time to live over again! I would learn to live for some good purpose. I would strive to make myself useful in the world, and to know the great Being of whom the Bible speaks."

THE PANSY.

There is a fable told about a king's garden, in which, all at once, the trees and flowers began to pine and make complaint.

The oak was sad, because it could not yield flowers; the rosebush was sad, because it could bear no fruit; the vine was sad, because it had to cling to the wall, and could cast no cool shadow.

"I am not of the least use in the world," said the oak.

"I might as well die, since I yield no fruit," said the rosebush.

"What can I do in the world?" said the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which all this time held up its glad, fresh face, while all the rest were sad.

And the king said, "What makes you so fresh and glad, while all the rest pine and are sad?"

"I thought," said the pansy, "that you wanted me here, because here you planted me; so I made up my mind that I would try and be the best little pansy that could be."

Reader, are you like the oak, the rosebush and the vine—doing nothing, because you cannot do all that others do? Then, rather be like the pansy, and do your best in that little spot where God's hand has placed you.

GIVING OUR HEART TO GOD.

One day a lady was teaching a class of little girls. She was talking to them about giving our heart to God. "My dear children," she said, "how soon may we give our hearts to God, and become true Christians?" They did not answer at first. Then she spoke to them one by one. Turning to the oldest scholar in the class, she asked, "What do you say, Mary?"

"When we are thirteen." "What do you say, Jane?" "When we are ten." "What do you say, Susan?" "When we are six." At last she came to little Lillie, the youngest scholar in the class.

DOMESTIC.

STEWED OYSTERS.

Place fifty oysters on the fire in their liquor, as soon as they boil withdraw the stew, skim it well, add to it a pint of boiling milk, a pat of butter, white pepper and salt, and serve at once with crackers and pickles.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Wash thirty double extras in their liquor, wipe dry and dip in fine white bread-crumbs, then in beaten eggs, then in the crumbs, again with a broad knife shape them oval and quite level. Ten minutes before dinner-time, place them on the wire lining of a deep frying-pan and immerse them in plenty of lard made smoking hot for the purpose. A golden yellow; dress them on a folded napkin in close circular order, fill the centre with fried parsley and send them to table.

CODFISH WITH OYSTER SAUCE.

Trim and boil a piece of codfish in plain salted water, until sufficiently cooked, withdraw, drain, and dress it on a hot dish, and send to table with a bowl of either white or brown oyster sauce.

PARIS LETTER.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE AMERICAN MECHANICAL COLLECTOR AT THE EXHIBITION. AMERICAN INVENTORS, THE TYPE WRITER, THE ELECTRIC PEN, A MACHINE THAT WILL MAKE A PAIR OF SHOES FROM THE HIDE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN MILITARY FIRE ARMS, ETC., ETC.

(From our regular Correspondent.) PARIS, 1878.

Though the American section in Paris is not large compared with those of other manufacturing nations, there are present so many of the contrivances which illustrate the subtle mechanical genius so well recognized already that "Yankee" is almost a synonym of inventor, that the little rail-off spaces of the American collection is, to amateurs in mechanism, a most fascinating stroll. Few of these contrivances occupy more than a few square feet, but many of them are already widely known. The writing machine, by which the operator touching a series of keys, like those of an accordion, prints his thoughts, or anything that he may desire to copy, more rapidly than they can be written legibly with a pen; the sewing machines, whose name is legion, and which here are illustrated by new variations for special work, a little device attached to one, making an embroidering machine. The telephone and phonograph are here, and besides them an electric pen by the same inventor—a pen which, carrying a tiny electrometer at the top drives a needle through the paper 10,000 times per minute, forming a stencil sheet through which, with an ink roller, copies may be produced more rapidly and economically than with a lithographic press, and of an excellence that must be seen to be appreciated.

One of the finest types of American invention is the flexible shaft for transferring power round corners, and to out of the way places. One sees the operator holding what, at first sight, seems to be a small hose, but furnished with an auger at its extremity, with which he thrusts and bores in every direction—over his head, under his feet, to the right to the left—it upsets all one's ideas of regularity in machinery. Pharoah could not have been more surprised at seeing Moses's rod turned into a serpent than some of the operators were to see this rope-like device eating into the planks set on all sides for it to work on. It is as good as a piece of leg-iron. It is really a "flexible shaft," a cable of steel wires wound coat over coat, each successive coating in the reverse direction of the preceding, until the strength required is attained, and in which longitudinal flexibility is combined with circumferential rigidity.

Close by stands a "wire cork screw machine" which catches a straight piece of steel wire and throws it out a cork screw of such temper that it may be driven through an inch deal plank and not yield a hair's breadth. The deftest waiter will take as long to pull a cork as this machine to make a half dozen cork-screws of an exceptionally good quality. Here is a screw cutting machine. One tool cuts the rod down to the dimensions of the screw, another cuts it off, having the head the full size of the rod, another takes it from the lathe and passes it on to have the thread cut, a cutter passes by and leaves the head slotted, another with four iron fingers takes and trims it to a fifth cutter, when the head is finished, when still another tool comes to push it into the pan placed to receive it. No intervention is need until another rod is introduced.

A set of shoe making apparatus in another enclosure, takes the leather in the hide and turns it out with slight manual application, a pair of shoes, sewed, pegged, or screwed in about fifteen minutes.

A novel planing machine shows a revolving cutter fixed in a disk which is by means of an elbow, arrangement of hand and pulleys, moved in any direction over the board to be planed, giving a very remarkable finish to the surface. In general, however, the wood working apparatus is not so interesting and by far less extensive than at Philadelphia.

It is a little remarkable, since necessity is the mother of invention, that we who are not a warlike people should excel these old bellicose nations in the construction of their arms. The Remington Company exhibition new forms of military guns that are obviously an improvement on simple breach loaders. The breach block in one is the same as in the Martini Henry rifle, but the opening is effected by the hammer, and can be worked by the thumb of the right hand. The motions are fewer and the action simpler than in a Henry rifle. But a more interesting arm is a breach loader on the pattern of a Remington auxiliary magazine so arranged that a reserve of seven cartridges may be held until a critical moment when, by pushing aside the key of the magazine, the reserve is brought into

OCTOBER

DARE TO SAY "NO!"

Dare to say "No!" drink, Pause for a moment Think of the w For answering the cost Think of the t rain. Think of her he Think of her "No."

Think of the bow Think of the snow. Look at them! Think of a n breath. Think how the death. Think of the with wo Might have been "N

Think of the lo unknown Hiding fair b own; Think of pro low. That still migh to say "I Think of the bowl. Driving to ruin Think of all th And when you say "No"

ACTION OF Some v ment directed to inquire into on the human the commissio demy, states diseases of the heart, not affected with p to be regarded cessive indulg article, and it seems primaril nervous system and influencin body, the circ the number of blood. Attent bad digestion, and clouded m tobacco to exee

DRUNKEN Attention has of late to drunk facturers and drinks, that / come to be deal ness. Sometimes a drunk in his ral tone of him rather than of love and justice in the Inter-Ocean People have speaking of the placing "all th drunkenness on we place the r drinker, and le crime against h for which he w we will begin to mision young me clusion that it is a few wild cats, or less will not a respectability, and best society. D and the drunkan fails to murder o under of crime, it stances do not f cause he has not work. Young r responsible if you reap in the price scaffold the harve

"IT DON'T Don't hurt most frequently are remonstrated use of tea, tobacco ful practice. Th quor does not tobacco user, "h harm." Save the mince pie and pie per sauce, rich p ay, visits theatre parties, and in sappers, when re the reckless man ders her health, and it doesn't hu It is easy eno sons to see that t fairly injurious t they will not adm in their own esse every day of his and soul, for bot next, which hanc his chin, a fool f wasting his time. The young lady e



DOMESTIC.

BROILED OYSTERS.

Oysters on the fire in their shells as they boil with water...

FRIED OYSTERS.

Try double extras in their shells and dip in fine white sauce...

WITH OYSTER SAUCE.

Boil a piece of codfish in water until sufficiently cooked...

THIS LETTER

THE AMERICAN MECHANIC AT THE EXHIBITION.

OF THE AMERICAN MECHANIC AT THE EXHIBITION. THE AMERICAN MECHANIC AT THE EXHIBITION...

PARIS, 1878.

American section in Paris is crowded with those of other nations...

There are present so many devices which illustrate the subtle...

is almost a synonym of inevitable little railed-off spaces of the section...

to amateurs in most fascinating stroll. Few of us occupy more than a few...

many of them are already familiar with the writing machine...

by touching a series of keys, an accordion, prints his writing...

ly than he can be written on. The sewing machine, the...

region, and which here are illustrated by variations for special work...

attached to one, making an automatic machine. The telephone and...

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may be held in a critical position, pushing aside the key of...

the reserve is brought into action. The young lady sees many of her yo...

TEMPERANCE.

DARE TO SAY "NO."

Dare to say "No," when you're tempted to drink.

Pause for a moment, my boy, and think.—Think of the wrecks on life's ocean tossed For answering "Yes" without counting the cost!

Think of the mother who bore you in pain, Think of the tears that will fall like the rain,

Think of her heart, ah! how cruel the blow, Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl, Think of the sad lives once as pure as the snow

Look at them now and at once answer "No!"

Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath, Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death,

Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe, Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."

Think of the lone graves both unwept and unknown, Hiding fair hopes that were fair as your own;

Think of proud forms now forever laid low, That still might be here had they learned to say "No;"

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl, Driving to ruin both body and soul;—

Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

ACTION OF TOBACCO ON THE SYSTEM.

—Some years ago the French Government directed the Academy of Medicine to inquire into the influence of tobacco on the human system. The report of the commission appointed by the Academy, states that a large number of the diseases of the nervous system and of the heart, noticed in the cases of those affected with paralysis or insanity, are to be regarded as the sequence of excessive indulgence in the use of this article, and it is remarked, that tobacco seems primarily to act upon the organic nervous system, depressing the faculties and influencing the nutrition of the body, the circulation of the blood, and the number of red corpuscles in the blood. Attention is also called to the bad digestion, benumbed intelligence, and clouded memory of those who use tobacco to excess.

DRUNKENNESS A CRIME.

Attention has been turned so much of late to drunkard makers, the manufacturers and sellers of intoxicating drinks, that the drinker's crime has come to be dealt with in undue tenderness.

Sometimes a speaker or a writer on the subject of temperance puts the drunkard in his true light, but the general tone of him is one of pity of him rather than of blame. There is point and justice in the following language of the Inter-Ocean Chicago.

People have made many mistakes in speaking of the "poor drunkard," and placing all the responsibility of his drunkenness on the saloon keeper, when we place the responsibility upon the drinker, and let him know that it is a crime against his family and society for which he will be held accountable. We will begin to check the vice. A great many young men have come to the conclusion that it is a good thing "to sow a few wild oats," and a few drinks more or less will not militate against their respectability, and their entering into the best society. Drunkenness is a crime and the drunkard is a criminal. If he fails to murder or run through the calendar of crime, it is because the circumstances do not favour it, and not because he has not fitted himself for work. Young man, you yourself are responsible if you become a drunkard and an outcast. You sow in the saloon and reap in the prison yard and upon the scaffold the harvest of your ruined life.

"IT DON'T HURT ME."

"It don't hurt me," is the rejoinder most frequently made when individuals are remonstrated with regarding the use of tea, tobacco, or liquor, or respecting the continuance of any other habitual practice. The drunkard says, "Liquor does not hurt me." Says the tobacco user, "Tobacco does me no harm." Says the young lady who eats mince pie and pickles, mustard and pepper sauce, rich pastry, and confectionery, visits theatres, attends fashionable parties, and indulges in fashionable suppers, when remonstrated with in the reckless manner in which she squanders her health, "Oh, it's so charming and it doesn't hurt me."

It is easy enough for all these persons to see that the things they do are fatally injurious to other people, though they will not admit any such influence in their own cases. The drunkard sows every day of his life the ruin to his body and soul, for both this world and the next, which liquor works; and he calls his chum a fool for getting drunk and wasting his time as well as his health. The young lady sees many of her yo...

CONTRIBUTION

FOR NEW GOV.-GENERAL

ORNE,

L WIFE

LOUISE,

witness the welcome which Halifax who wish to prepare at once for following inducements.

Ladies Under Clothing.

Bies Chemise.....50c each

Bies Embroidered Chemise 60 & 65c each

Bies Embroidered Drawers 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, per pair.

Bies Embroidered Night Dresses 75c, 90c, and \$1.00 each

SKIRTS.

New Stripe Skirts at.....\$1.00 each

New Felt Skirts at.....0.50 each

New Felt Skirts at.....1.50 each

New Felt Skirts at.....2.00 each

CORSETS.

American Steam Moulded Corsets 75c each

Best Protecting Patent Corsets

Unsurable Wove Corsets

Extra Moody's Corsets in Drab and White

A SPLENDID STOCK OF THESE GOODS IN ALL STYLES.

CRICHTON,

5 STREET.

BLIMYER MFG CO

BELLS

Church Bells, Foundry, Fine-tuned, low-priced, warranted. Catalogue and 100 specimens, price, etc., sent free. Blimyer Manufacturing Co., Chatham, N.S.

MENEELY & COMPANY

BELL FOUNDERS

WEST TROY, N. Y.

fifty years established. Church Bells and Chimes Academy, Factory Bells, &c., Improved Patent Mountings, Catalogues free. No agencies.

July 1 1878—ly

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Magnificent Bran New, 600 dollars Rosewood Pianos, only 175 dollars Must be sold. Fine Rosewood Upright Pianos, little used, cost 300 dollars only 125. Parlor Organs 5 stops, 45 dollars; 8 stops, 65; 12 stops, only 75 dollars. Other great bargains. "Mr. Beatty sells first-class Pianos and Organs lower than any other establishment." "Herald." You ask why? I answer. Hard times. Our employees must have work. Sales over 1,000,000 dollars annually. War commenced by the monopolists. Battle raging. Particulars free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J., U. S. A. Jan 5—ly

JOYFUL NEWS

FOR THE AFFLICTED.

WOODVILLE, CORNWALLIS, May 3, 1877.

Messrs C. GATES & Co.

Gentlemen—This is to certify that three years ago I was troubled with a bad cough accompanied with pain and soreness of the lungs for some time. I took one bottle of your No. 1 Bitters, and happy to say have had good health ever since. My wife was afflicted with biliousness and sick headache for two years, and six bottles of your Medicine effected a complete cure, and she had better health now than ever she had for some years. I believe your medicines are the best ever sold in the Province of Nova Scotia.

Respectfully, CALER WHEATON.

WAVRELY GOLD MINES, Halifax Co., Aug. 22, 1877.

C. GATES & Co.—Gentlemen.—This is to certify that after suffering for four years of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, coughing and spitting of blood, daily anticipating death, that one bottle of Dr. Gates' Life of Man Bitters cured me effectually.

I sincerely recommend it to any one that is suffering from the same disease. JOHN MCKENZIE. (Aged 73 years.)

Any worker can make 12 dollars at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Feb 9. 1 year

GOODS.

DRY GOODS!!

RETALE

of our Fall and Winter Stock.

WHOLE and AMERICAN Markets

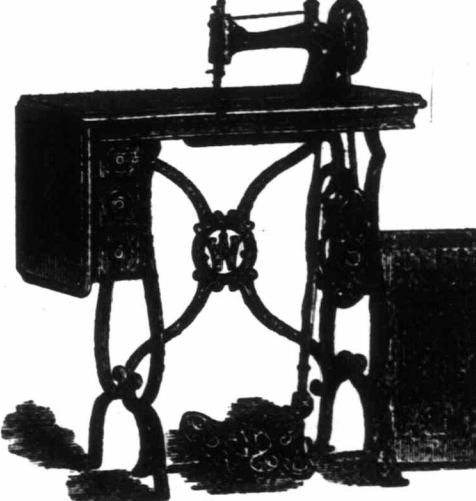
of the Firm, and our Stock

(LINES) secured at very low

price at a very small advance.

INVITED.

SMITH BROS.



MILLER, BROTHERS,

Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S., or Charlot-

town, P. E. I.

NOW HAVE

THE AGENCY

OF THE CELEBRATED

RAYMOND

Sewing Machine

being transferred (four months ago) from William Crowe, of Halifax, to them, (excepting the County of Halifax.)

THE RAYMOND MACHINE

is too well known to require any puffing; and there have been some important improvements put upon it of late, which render it, by far, the best family machine made.

The following are some of the kinds kept in stock by us, viz—

Singer,

Webster,

Empress of India,

Household,

Weed,

Wilson A,

Wanzer,

Champion,

Osborne,

Abbott,

Royal,

Howe, &c., &c.

SECOND-HAND MACHINES

taken in exchange for new ones.

S. MACHINES IN PRICE FROM - - \$5 to \$100

Sewing Machine Attachments,

FIRST CLASS OIL AND

Needles of all kinds in Stock

All S. Machines warranted to give good satisfaction. Also importers and dealers in several

FIRST-CLASS MAKE

PIANO AND ORGANS

PIANOS IN PRICE FROM - - \$225 to \$1000

ORGANS " " " \$75 to \$400

Instruments guaranteed for five years, and sold on very easy terms

Liberal reduction made to Clergymen, Churches and Sabbath Schools

Second-hand Pianos and Organs taken in exchange. As we have now been in the sewing machine business for ten years and import all our stock direct from the manufacturers on

Cash Principles.

and our expenses being much less than would be in the city, we are prepared to sell on the very best terms.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF

Sewing Machines,

promptly attended to by a class machinist.

Charges Moderate.

PARKS' COTTON YARN

Awarded the Only Medal Given at the Centennial Exhibition.

FOR COTTON YARNS OF CANADIAN MANUFACTURE.

Numbers Five's to Ten's.

White, Blue, Red, Orange and Green

Made of Good American Cotton with great care. Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

We would ask the purchasers of Cotton Warp to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throats Frames, which make a stronger Yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American Yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 less of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without less—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP,

MADE OF No. 10 YARN, 4-PLY TWISTED

WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.

All fast colors.

Each 5 lb bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

WM. PARKS & SON, New Brunswick Cotton Mills. ST. JOHN, N.B.

JOB PRINTING

REPORTS, PAMPHLET

Posters, Handbills,

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Custom and Mercantile Blanks,

We are now prepared to execute all Orders for the above well

AT MODERATE RATES.

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

AT THE WESLEYAN OFFICE.



PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

11 a.m. Brunswick St. Rev. James Sharp
11 a.m. Grafton St. Rev. S. B. Dunn
11 a.m. Kaye St. Rev. S. F. Huestis
11 a.m. Charles St. Rev. C. M. Tyler
11 a.m. Cobourg St. Rev. W. H. Heartz
11 a.m. Dartmouth Rev. J. G. Hennigar

RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN" FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 9th.

John A Stafford, 2 Rev R Duncan
J B Harlow, 2 Rev W Purvis
George Squires, 1; Bishop Carrill, 2; A Simonsen, 2; John Savage, 1; Alonzo Taylor, 2
John Ryan, 0.50 Rev T D Hart
D B Mosher, 1 Rev R Daniel
Stephen Harmon, Esq, 2.00 Rev S Ackman
Richard Clarke, 2 Rev W H Evans
Sgt Allen, 2; W F Dawson, 2; F Lepage, 2 6.00 J L Lathern
Geo Black, 3 Rev G W Tuttle
Wm Wilkinson, 3; Henry Allen, 4; H B Lyon, 5 Rev C Lockhart
Rev D O Parker, 1 20 D Caldwell, 2 3.20 Rev R McArthur
Geo A Crowell, 2
T J Scoble, 1; Rev W Webb, 1; Jas Sutcliffe, 1; C H M Black, 4; J C Duder, 2; Capt John Skaling, 2; R Pipes, 3 65; Rev F H Wright, 2; Rev C B Pitblado, 1

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Oct. 10th by Rev. E. Slackford, Moses S. Woodside and Teresa Tuplin, both of Margate, P.E.I.
At the Methodist Parsonage, Margate, Oct. 22nd, by Rev. E. Slackford, Mr. Robert Bodd, to Mrs Sarah J. Bodd, of Charlottetown.
On the 22nd ult., at Montreal, by the Rev. H. Johnson, assisted by the bride's father, Mr. J. H. Moore, Merchant, of Hamilton, Ontario, to Charlotte Louisa, daughter of the Rev. E. Botterell.
At the residence of Mr. Richard Hurst, Oct. 21st, by Rev. R. W. Weddall, Mr. Hamilton Gordon, to Mrs. Matilda Jackson, all of Carleton, St. John.
By the Rev. Isaac N. Parker, October 15th, at the residence of the bride's father, William R. Payne, Esq., Station Master, I. C. R., to Miss Anna Elmina Carter, daughter of Charles Carter, Esq., Bathurst, Gloucester Co., New Brunswick.
On the 9th inst., by the Rev. E. C. Turner, Mr. Oliver Roulston, of Northampton, Carleton Co., to Miss Susan Armstrong, of the same place.
At Hanport, October 22nd, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Peter D. Shaw, to Lavina, daughter of Mr. James Davis, all of Mount Lenson.
At Apohagui, on 9th ult., by Rev. Wm. Tweedy, William McCleod, Esq., to Sarah, daughter of the late Stephen Trueman, Esq., of Westmorland.
At Havelock, N.B., on October 7th, by Rev. A. Lucas, Mr. Geo. Lockhart, to Miss Maggie Sharpe, both of Havelock.
On Oct. 22nd, at same place, Frederic Cameron, to Mary E Hayward.
At Grave Settlement, on Oct. 23rd, by the same, Levi M Graves, to Martha J. Coste.
At Petticoatic, on Oct. 23rd, at the residence of the bride's father, by the same, Mr. Jonas Cutler, to Miss Sarah Fleetwood.

DIED.

At Five Islands, Colchester Co., October 1st, Mrs. L. A. Morse, daughter of Silas and Sarah Taylor, aged 27 years. Her end was peace.
At her residence, Melancton, County of Dufferin, Ontario, on Tuesday, October 16th, in great peace, Christiana Anderson, beloved wife of Mr. Richard Black, deeply regretted by her sorrowing husband, a large family, and an extensive acquaintance.
Mrs. Slack was a native of the County of Fermanagh, Ireland, and for over half a century a member of the Methodist Society.
These are they that bore the cross, Nobly for their master's good, Suffered in his righteous cause, Followers of the dying God.
At his residence, near Bridgetown, on Friday last, after a short but severe illness, Mr. John B. Currell, aged 77 years.

MARKET PRICES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Lard, Mutton, Pork, etc.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY.

Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, etc. Price List and Circulars sent free.

W. & C. SILVER.

Have opened at No. 11 George Street, next door to their General Warehouse, a full and well selected stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING & OUTFITTING. to which they invite special attention.

CANADIAN, SCOTCH AND ARTIC FLEECED LINED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, of extra value—fine long cloth.

Fancy Flannel and Oxford Shirts. A choice lot of WINTER COATINGS—Beavers, and Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, made up to order by first-class workmen.



DOMINION OF CANADA.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 8th Oct., 1878.

NOTICE is hereby given, that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an order in Council bearing date the 2nd of October instant, has been pleased to order and direct that the privilege granted by Order in Council of 3rd August, 1871, permitting the free admission of Canvas for the manufacture of oil cloth, but of not less than 18ft in width, be so extended as to include widths as low as four feet ten inches, on condition that the said canvas be not pressed or calendered.

By command, J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

CONCERNING NEWFOUNDLAND.

If any of our readers visit St. JOHN'S, NEW-FOUNDLAND, and need to buy Watches, Clocks, or Fancy Goods, Advise them to patronize EARLE, Jeweller, 216 Water Street. Oct. 19, 78, 17r

NEW BOOKS FOR SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES FOR SALE AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM, 125 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.

FROM LONDON TRACT SOCIETY. "LITTLE DOT" SERIES. With Coloured Frontispiece, cloth boards, gilt lettered.

- The Book of Books: The Story of the English Bible
Springfield Stories
Little Dot
John Thomson's Nursery
Two Ways to begin Life
Ehbel Rippe, By G. E. Sargent
Little Gooseberry, and other Stories
Fanny Ashley, and other Stories
The Gunstoper's Daughter
Fred Kenny; or, Out in the World
Old Humphrey's Study Table
Jenny's Waterproof
The Holy Well; an Irish Story
The Travelling Spiceman
The Three Flowers
Lost and Rescued
Lightbeavers and Beacons
Little Lottie; or, the Wonderful Clock
The Dog of St. Bernard
Isaac Gould, the Waggoner
Uncle Rupert's Stories for Boys
Dreaming and Doing
Many Ways of being Useful
Rachel Rivers; or, What a Child may do
Lessons out of School
Setna, the Turkish Captive
Show your Colours
True and False Friendship
Always too Late, and other Stories
School Pictures drawn from Life
Soldier Sam
Stephen Grattan's Faith
David the Scholar
Tired of Home
Setting out for Heaven
The Stolen Money, and other Ballads
Helen's Stewardship
Pat Riley's Friends
Olive Crowhurst. A Story for Girls;
The White Feather

FROM LONDON WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM Cloth, Illuminated, and Coloured Frontispiece A Kiss for a Blow: Stories about Peace and War Louis Henrie; or, The Sister's Promise The Giants, and How to Fight Them Robert Dawson; or, The Brave Spirit Jane Hudson, The American Girl The Jewish Twins. By Aunt Friendly The Book of Beasts. Thirty-five Illustrations The Book of Birds. Forty Illustrations Proud in Spirit Althea Norton Gertrude's Bible Lesson The Rose in the Desert The Little Black Hen Martha's Hymn Nettie Matheson The Prince in Disguise The Children of the Plains The Babe in the Basket Richard Harvey; or, Taking a Stand Kitty King; Lessons for Little Girls, Nettie's Mission Little Margery Margery's City Home The Crossing Sweeper Roy Conroy's Lessons Ned Delan's Garret Little Henry and his Bearer Little Woodman and his Dog

FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. My Dear, Dear Saviour The Unseen Hand Going Home Grapes and Thorns Chapters from a Family Circle Charley Smeaton The Child's Last Prayer Sacred Through the Children Under Suspicion The Model Son Helen Lindsay Labors of Love Willie's Good Bye Work in Waste Places Bread Found after Many Days in the Cornfield. The Story of Ruth My Mother's Prayers The Legend of a Life's Work The Martyr of Scotland

JUST PUBLISHED. BAPTISMA: A new book on Baptism.

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