

The Wesleyan

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PRAY FOR OUR RULERS.

We are sure that the political changes which have marked the past few weeks in our national history, have entered to some extent into the prayers of the churches, and of christians in their closets. With a very large proportion of our population enlisted on the side of Truth and Righteousness, it cannot be but that God has been repeatedly asked to give all necessary grace to those who enter upon the important duties of governing this Dominion. The late government was often in the prayers of our public services; the present would suffer severe loss if they and their responsibilities were excluded from the petitions of the Throne of Grace. At God's feet there are no politics; but secretly most we always cherish the needs of those who rule over us. Above all, let us seek that the same noble character which distinguishes the Queen of England—the same love of honor, sympathy with distress, detestation of wrong and regard for religion—shall mark the administration of that vice-regal couple who come to us as a gift from Her gracious Majesty. The royal household of England was never so pure and beautiful as it is to-day; and we are assured that the wife of our new Governor-General will bring to us much of the elevated example of her royal mother.

DESponding MINISTERS.

There is always cause to fear that ministers of religion do not set sufficient value upon their office and mission. Trials they have, and the economy of trial is well suited to their character, but greatly overbalancing all difficulties are their privileges and honors, if they but think so. It would cheer many a cloudy day if they but imitated those who, in their loneliness and despondency, turn to their old friends, written in other days by real friends. The commission from the Master includes so much! Turn to His epistles, His sermons, His parables; how tenderly He ever alludes to any who give themselves up to a life of toil and self-denial for His sake! How rich the reward, how glorious the inheritance He pictures for them! Are we sincere? Then is our privilege of the most exalted sort. Ambassadors—authorized to treat for Christ with His enemies and bring them into reconciliation. Heralds—to proclaim His coming, and prepare mankind for it. Preachers—to mould men's minds with and for the Truth, giving them shape and polish for eternity. Are we sincere?—and in this ministry? Then our hypocrisy is but a small part of our misfortune; the only difference between us and the man who earns his bread by hewing wood or breaking stones, is that we earn our money in a more respectable way. This is just the difference between the ministry as a service of conscience, and a calling or profession.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMY AND MARION'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD. By Sarah B. Adams, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 16 mo. 390 pages \$1.25.
This handsome volume, from the pen of the daughter of a distinguished Boston clergyman, is the record of a trip around the world in an East India merchantman, made a year or two since by young ladies, one of whom was the author. Sailing from Boston, the first land touched was San Francisco. From there, after a brief stay, the voyagers proceeded to Honolulu, thence to the Chinese coast, where the cities of Hong Kong, Canton, Singapore, Amoy, Shanghai and Macao were visited in turn. The ship then sailed for the Philippine Islands; and at Manila, one of the loveliest and most picturesque cities of the Southern Pacific, two or three happy weeks were spent. From that port the homeward course was taken, the usual

of the voyage is gracefully and vividly told. The jolly times on shipboard; the sights seen from deck; rough weather experiences; the excursions made at the various stopping places, and the adventures and misadventures attendant upon them; the scenery, customs of the different people visited, together with innumerable incidents of the trip, are described with a freshness and vigor which render every page of the book thoroughly enjoyable. The illustrations which accompany the text are made doubly interesting from the fact that they are engraved from photographs procured on the spot and brought home by the author.
We heartily recommend this book.

THE FEAST OF ST. ANNE AND OTHER POEMS. By Pierce Stevens Hamilton, John Burgoyne, publisher, Halifax, 1878.

The author of this little volume has had much experience in writing for the press, and so was prepared to meet the critical taste of the book-reading public. We wish we could anticipate for his really entertaining pieces a very generous reception. But we fear that Colonial appreciation of native talent has scarcely reached a point which justifies the hope. We say Colonial, for it seems scarcely understood as yet, that we are really a nation, and should cherish everything which may contribute to our reputation as an intelligent and progressive people.

The following description we find in the Herald:
The "Feast of St. Anne," as set forth here, is a grand gathering of the Indians of Cape Breton at Bras d'Or. In the descriptions of the scenery of the Lakes, and the persons gathered on the occasion, the author shows at times a really exquisite taste for the picturesque; and we regret that the small space which can be devoted to a notice of this kind prevents us from quoting some of these descriptions. At this gathering, after the fashion of Longfellow's meetings at a Wayside Inn, the chief characters are made to recite the poems for which the Feast is a good setting.
These poems or legends are "The Benedictions of D'Anneville," "The Heroine of St. John," "The Haunted of Port La Joie," "Bertram and Madeleine," "The Last Witch of Shubenacadie," "Undine—a Domestic Tale," and these are elucidated by copious notes, which form a little body of history in themselves. The versification of these legends is for the most part smooth and spirited.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCUITS.

OPENING OF THE METHODIST CHURCH AT FAIRFIELD.

We congratulate the Methodist people of Fairfield upon the opening of their new church which was dedicated on Sabbath last, October 6th. Rev. Dr. Stewart preached the dedicatory sermon. At 11 o'clock the little church was comfortably filled, and Dr. Stewart opened the service according to the form prescribed in the "Discipline" of the Methodist Church of Canada. The text chosen for this occasion was Matt. xvi. 13-20. Attention was particularly directed to the 18th verse. "And I say unto thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." While the discourse contained a clear and most admirable exegesis of this difficult and much contested passage, it was replete with plain and practical lessons, so earnestly and beautifully put as to claim the attention of the congregation. Dr. Pickard read the Dedication service. Beside the above named gentlemen, Rev. Mr. Kenney, Principal of the Ladies' Academy, Rev. H. J. Clarke, Superintendent of the circuit, and Rev. W. A. Black took part in the service.
At 2:30 p. m., the church was crowded far beyond its seating capacity. Rev. Prof. Burwash, A. M., in opening the service gave out a hymn and offered prayer. Another hymn was sung, after which Rev. B. Longley, B. A., Principal of Male Academy, held the congregation spell bound for nearly an hour by a most eloquent address founded on Rom. xi. 36. The sermon was rich in thought—full of beautiful and simple illustrations,—replete with poetical imagery, and closed with an earnest appeal.
It was feared that the rainy state of the early evening would prevent the congregation from gathering for the third service of the day. But a very respectable number assembled. Some disappointment was occasioned by the absence of most of those expected to attend the meeting. This however, gave more time to our popular friend, Rev. Prof. Burwash, who gave a very interesting sketch of the history of Methodism in Canada. Rev. Mr. Clarke then informed the con-

Allison. The pulpit was presented by Dr. Pickard; the carpet for the altar by Mrs. Josiah Wood; the Bible and Hyman Book by Miss Wood; the circular window in the gable by Mr. Amos Odgen; the stoves, one by O. Fawcett, Esq., the other by E. Fawcett, Esq.; pine lumber for the arched ceiling, by J. Humphrey, Esq., of Moncton. Mr. Clarke spoke of his deeply felt gratitude for the sympathy and generosity of the people of Sackville.
The church will seat about 100 and sixty people, is beautifully situated, and for a country church, is one of the neatest we have seen. Mr. Clarke has been indefatigable in his labors and deserves great credit for his perseverance. To him and to all who assist him in the Fairfield pulpit we wish every success.—Sackville Post.

BATHURST METHODIST CHURCH

The Methodists of Bathurst had a very successful tea meeting on Thursday evening last, Rev. Isaac Howie, pastor, presiding. A sumptuous tea was provided from 5 to 7:30 p. m., which was amply done justice to by the large attendance. From 8 to 9 music and speeches were in order, followed by a supper. The Glee Club officiated in their usual effective style. The Misses Burns rendered in a very tasteful manner the duet "Friendship," while Mr. Holder sang with Mr. Siewright "Give the old man a chance." Mr. Siewright was the speaker of the evening. He delighted the audience with one of his characteristic humorous speeches. The proceeds of the night's entertainment footed up, we understand \$110, a very satisfactory contribution toward the completion of the much needed new chapel. Newcastle Advocate.

RIVER PHILIP CIRCUIT.

A tea-meeting held in the month of Sept. at Williamsdale, River Philip Circuit, by the ladies of the Methodist congregation, brought them the sum of nearly \$180, with which the pastor recently purchased a very handsome fine-tuned Mason & Hamlin Organ for their church. The organ was obtained from J. C. Cole, Esq., of Amherst, who gave, for the benefit of the church, a very liberal discount.
At River Philip, on the 9th inst., the ladies of the Methodist Church held a supper at the Drill Shed; and though the evening proved stormy they realized the sum of \$100 to reimburse them for an outlay upon their parsonage a year ago.—Com. River Philip, Oct. 14, '78.

There is something touching in the following letter:

Our happy home has been darkened by the presence of death. On Sabbath last our dear little Willie passed away to heaven. Yesterday Bro. Wasson tenderly committed his remains to the grave.

Bro. John S. McNeill generously placed his burial lot at our service, and by the side of his own little daughter, Bessie we laid our child to await the glorious resurrection morn.

When tolling for the Master far away from here, it will be pleasing to remember that his little grave is cared for.

The kind attention of the physician and friends could not preserve him to us. Jesus beckoned him away, and at last he quietly crossed the river.

Heaven is now nearer, and Christ is dearer.

Yours truly,
Barton, Oct. 9th, 1878. W. H. EVANS.

MR. EDITOR.—We held two of our missionary meetings on the 18th and 11th of September. The deputation, Revs. R. Weddall, A. B., W. Kirby, gave eloquent and earnest addresses. The collections and subscriptions were in advance of last year. On the 1st of October we had a tea meeting at Jerusalem, to raise funds for repairing our church, we were favored with a fine day, a nice company assembled, many from the adjoining circuit, Welsford. In the evening we held a public meeting, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. E. LePage, S. E. Bell, Mr. J. Sleep, F. Woods, Esq., M. P. P. Gingley, Esq., and others. A very pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent. The receipts of the meeting were fifty-four dollars.
Yours truly, E. BELL,
JERUSALEM, N. B., October 8th, 1878.

CATALINA.

OCTOBER 12, 1878.
MY DEAR BRO. NICOLSON.—Will you please allow me space in your columns to relate my experience during the prevalence of six cases of diphtheria with which our family has been afflicted, but which, under the blessing of God, have been successfully treated and cured?

In about a month after our arrival in Catalina, our appointed station, my second child, a boy of nearly six years, without any apparent cold, or previous feeble symptoms, was seized with acute, membranous diphtheria; in a few days afterwards, my eldest boy was attacked with the same, then the youngest child, Mrs. P.

This rapid succession of cases, as you may well imagine, filled us with dismay, and led us to put to an experimental test the doctrine of divine succour and help in time of need, with which doctrine one has been accustomed to comfort and console our congregations during a number of years in the past. It is not superfluous for me to say, that that doctrine was to us a source of great consolation, and that it was as truly verified in our case of affliction as that of the forgiveness of sins ever was to a penitent sinner who implicitly threw himself into the arms of his Saviour.

Diphtheria is a disease which, until the occurrence of our own cases, I had only known by name, and by the frequent accounts of its ravages, both among the young and middle-aged, which are reported from time to time in the local and other papers.

The gentleman whom we called in—an experienced chemist—proposed, at first, a treatment of canterization, to which I objected, believing rather in the efficacy of Flowers of Sulphur and gargle. In five cases out of six we made a free use of sulphur in several different ways, viz:—as a gargle, swallowing a great part of it: as a powder, applied to the tonsils and throat by means of a small mop and blow-pipe; and as a vapour, produced by boiling water poured on one or two teaspoonfuls, which was inhaled. We found an excellent gargle formed from a solution of Mercuric acid, Tannic acid, and camphor; but the most effective, and less nauseous, was Acetic acid diluted with water. In my own case I made a free and full trial of Messrs. Coult's and Sons' treatment of diphtheria, viz: the application of guaranteed acetic acid to the back of my neck, glands, and down the spine to between the shoulders, also rubbing throat and chest. This was repeated a number of times until the inflammation in my throat and tonsils was exhausted. The effect was, that the entire surface of the parts above named was covered with strong, inflammatory, purulent sores which ultimately issued in a free discharge.

I am thoroughly convinced, that with Artic Acid applied to the neck, etc., as above stated, and used as a gargle, and sulphur applied internally to kill the mucus, very bad cases of diphtheria may be conquered and cured.
It is by no means a spirit of pride or triumph that prompts me to write this letter, but a conscious sense of gratitude to God, which I wish publicly to express, and with a view of furnishing any that may be attacked under similar circumstances, in the absence of a medical doctor, with the benefit—if it may be so called—of experimental facts.

I am, dear brother,
Yours faithfully,
JOS. PARKINS.

TWILLINGATE SABBATH SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

Few events of the year are of greater interest to the Methodist people of Twillingate than their Annual Sabbath School Festival. Young and old anticipate the event with special eagerness. This year the day selected was the 11th of September and no day could have been more propitious for the occasion, an almost unclouded sky, bright sunshine, a fine invigorating breeze, just such a day as gives zest to physical exercise and pleasure. At 2 p. m. a procession numbering 300 started from the Sabbath School room with flying banners, and marched round the principal part of the town. Hymns were sung at intervals, and good ringing cheers given in honor of several of the principal residents. On their return the members of the procession and several scholars who did not walk but were waiting for their companions return, together with a number of friends, sat down to the good things kindly and liberally provided gratuitously by parents and friends. We did not count the entire company, but there could not have been fewer than from 5 to 600 present. After tea the field behind the mission house presented an interesting spectacle. Children and adults engaged heartily in games of various kinds, whilst others who were too sober or too far advanced in life to participate in the merriment looked on with evident interest and satisfaction.
At 7:30 a public meeting was commenced in the church which was filled to the extent of its seating capacity.
The Supreme Court being about to commence its sessions we were favored with the presence of John Benister, Esq., Sheriff of the Northern District, who is ever ready to speak in behalf of, and otherwise advance the Sabbath School institution. His address was attentively listened to and we doubt not that many of his remarks will be treasured up and remembered in future time by those present.
The chair was occupied by Mr. George Minty, whose maiden effort at chairmanship was a decidedly successful one. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. T. L. Eland, of Herring Neck and the writer. Several suitable Hymns were sung accompanied by a harmonium which was well

est of the meeting was well sustained to the last and all seemed to regret its termination. The National Anthem was sung as a finale and then at about 9:30 all dispersed to their homes gratified with the days proceedings. That the Scholars connected with our school may become useful members of Society and of the Church of God is our earnest prayer.
W. SWANN.

MR. CARLYLE'S LAST WORK.—It is stated that Mr. Carlyle has begun what he intends to be his last work. He has already made some progress with his autobiography, which, like his friend, Mr. John Stuart Mill's, is to be published after his death. Mr. Carlyle will have a more than usually interesting story to tell. His youth was passed among all the great literary men of the generation passed away. He was, I believe, one of the members of a club which may yet be as famous as Johnson's. He has done his best to prove the falsehood of the philosophies of men so dissimilar as Mill and Maurice. He was one who declared that Tennyson was no poet, though Tennyson was his friend. He has had the paramount authority over the minds of men so strangely apart as Ruskin, Froude and Tyndall. Amid the great men of the age he has moved for fifty years. I have only one fear for his autobiography. His style of late years has grown more and more mannered, more and more obscure. I sincerely hope that he will conquer his mannerisms in writing his life. Esch.

WEDDING AT THE HIGHLAND CHURCH.

The marriage of Mr. Joshua Clawson of St. John, New Brunswick, and teller in the Bank of New Brunswick, in that city, and Miss Eleanor Annie, daughter of Mr. John Hall, of Boston Highlands, was solemnized at 12 o'clock to-day at the Highland Congregational Church by the Rev. Albert E. Dunning, in the presence of a large number of the relatives and friends of the bride. Messrs. Robert W. Henderson and George S. Stockwell acted as ushers. Mr. Henry Basford, organist of the church, presided at the organ. The bride looked charming in white muslin, and wore a tulle veil with orange blossoms. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the residence of the parents of the bride at Billings place. The bride was the recipient of numerous presents, including a beautiful volume from the teachers in the Highland Sabbath School, of which she was a member, and a costly necklace from friends in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Clawson will leave Boston this evening on their bridal tour, visiting Niagara and Montreal en route to their future home in St. John. Among the guests at the reception was Chief of Police Marshall of St. John, an intimate friend of the groom.—Boston Journal, 10th.

Mr. Clawson is one of the most active and intelligent members of the Methodist Church in St. John. We wish him much joy.—Ed. Wes.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE FATAL FIRE AT ROCKLAND.

A Moncton "Times" correspondent at Dorchester writes as follows:—
"The house of Mr. Robert Smith, near McKelvie's Quarrie, Rockland, was burned to the ground on Saturday evening with all its contents. The fire originated by a lamp being pulled off the table by Mr. Smith's two children—aged respectively 2 and 3 years. Mrs. Smith had left the children in the house alone for a few minutes, while she went across the street to a neighbor's for a pitcher of water. She had not been gone above five or ten minutes, and while standing at her neighbor's she observed the flames through the window. She immediately ran home and found her children's clothes all in flames. The younger one was trying to get out the door when her mother reached the house, her clothes being all burnt off her and her flesh burned to a crisp. She lived for about an hour and a half. The older one, about three years of age, ran into the bed room and rolled herself up in the bed clothes. She is very badly burned, and it is said cannot recover.
We learn this morning that the elder child is not fatally burned, but was only saved from that horrible death by accident. It appears that a neighbor had entered the house, bringing out the younger child, which was near the door. He then returned for the other, but not finding it, started to come out but missed his way, entering the room in which the child had ran, thus undoubtedly saving the little thing's life. This child inhaled considerable of the gas, but is only comparatively slightly burned on the forehead and on one hand. It will probably recover.
The little child burned to death was only 1 year and 7 months of age. Its head and face was burned to a crisp, but the clothes saved the other parts of the body. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of all. Mr. Smith also lost all his

GENERAL READING

PORTRAIT OF THE TOUGHT.

The Grand Esquimaux of the mouths of the Mackenzie and Anderson are rather above than below middle height. There are very tall men among them, but the women are usually of small stature.

They are robust, broad shouldered, active in gymnastic exercises, excellent dancers and thorough mimics; but they are inclined to obesity, have a round and full head, the neck being too short. Their muscular strength is not great. There are among them no half breeds European or Redskin origin—at least, if there are, they pass unnoticed; yet children and the fair sex are not without external advantages. They enjoy a rosy complexion, a plump and agreeable countenance, which has led me to suspect that a little white blood flows in the veins of a certain number. At the age of fifteen or sixteen this carnation and these graces vanish before the dull bistre tint, verging on olive, which is the color of the adults, and the broad and flat features of the Mongol race. I have seen a man of mature age among them with beard and hair as red as those of a Scotchman or Russian. He was evidently a half-breed from the western Muscovite factories.

The character of the purely Esquimaux type, which I have had opportunities of observing in many faces, are not seductive. A broad and almost circular face, broader at the cheekbones than at the forehead, which is receding; the cheek fat, gross, round; a conical occiput, a sign of degradation; a wide mouth, always gaping, having two pretty bars of marble or ivory, ornamented with blue glass beads hanging to the lower lip; a small goatee, thin and dark like their hair, small black eyes, sparkling, narrow and oblique, like those of the Chinese, shining with a snake-like lustre and malice; regular teeth, filed up to the gums; a nose sometimes square, sometimes prominent and strongly aquiline, sometimes absent or reduced to a rudimentary form; a complexion like *café au lait*; coarse flat hair, brittle, and black as ebony, cut square above the eyes and covering the forehead, falling in long flanks on each side of the face; an air silly when it is indifferent, sardonic when it would be loving, hideous when it expresses anger—this is the attractive type presented by the Tehiglerk arrived at manhood, who has already lost the graces of youth.

Fat, corpulent, tidy, the women have a fair complexion, more color in their cheeks, and more delicate features than their husbands. Their upper lip is slightly drawn back, as it is represented among the Cossack and Tartar women, but the lower lip projects, making a by no means handsome blubber lip. Their nose is usually short, their forehead high, their eyes sparkling and less contracted than those of the men. They gather and tie their hair on the top of the head, like the Chinese and Japanese, and fasten it with enormous chignons of which I shall afterwards speak.

On the whole this nation gives assurance of intellect. Its inventive genius, its love of labor, the relative comfort enjoying by its members, are strong evidences to this effect. Apart from this ingeniousness, these Esquimaux are probably the most thoroughly savage of any in America. Thieves, passionate liars, suspicious, faithless, they as it were, envelope you with unbounded pride, treat with you as with inferiors or at the very least as with equals, strut like theatrical kings in feathered tinsel; they are shameless, dishonorable, laugh impudently at what you do or say, ape your actions, look at your book over your shoulder, seize your clothing or furniture even in your house, rummage your effects with inexpressible effrontery, come close to hear what you are saying to any one, destroy or steal everything that does not belong to them, and are always ready to thrust their knife into the first man they meet.

But I must stop. Shall I not be accused of slandering these poor wretches to whom I have devoted my being, whom I love and shall love all my life? I hope not; for, after all, I am speaking of true savages, who do not know the hundredth part of what we have learned, who are destitute of light and of the aids which we have received from eighteen hundred years of civilization and religion. Probably we are no better than many savages, only we conceal our vices under the cloak of civilization, whilst they show us theirs in all their nakedness. In reality, it is very likely that we appear to them as bad as themselves, and more worthy of pity, since they are ignorant of hypocrisy. Their childish cynicism deserves, therefore our indulgence more than our condemnation, and so much the more that they have been trained in this way and know no other. Besides, the Esquimaux have moral qualities and human virtues. They cherish their children, are hospitable, and consider as inviolable every stranger placed under their protection; they are brave, susceptible of rightful emotions, and appear to me to have more heart than the generality of Redskins, for I have seen

attention to the sick. I have not learned that they destroy their children, although these are but little seen. They remember benefits received, jealousy is unknown to them, and they agree with each other. Finally wives are submissive to their husbands.—Translated by Mr. Douglas Brynner for New Dominion Monthly for October.

WHAT MACAULAY NEEDED.

Macauley was all his life a precocious genius, and the sayings of his childhood recorded by Trevelyan are a proof of this perhaps none is more significant than the following: It was his practice to read from the time he was three years old, lying on a rug before the fire, munching bread and butter. When his mother told him he must do without his bread and butter, he only replied, "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter," and so all through his life he seems to have found no difficulty in thus readily renouncing good for evil. Thus while Macauley is a genius "totus, teres atque rotundus," he bears no ennobling scars of the battle, and his character wants that deepened tone that the struggle between good and evil promptings imparts to the world's heroes—at the same time that his nature was far removed from that high atmosphere that clothes and adorns the world's saints. His tone and manner is essentially a happy one. He has never trodden the wine-press alone. The happy, jovial cast of mind is a blessing to him that possesses it, and to those that are thrown into contact with it; but higher, though less popular, is the melancholic temperament of him that is born under the influence of Saturn. "There is nothing real or useful," says Emerson, "that is not a seat of war. Our houses ring with laughter, and personal and critical gossip, but it helps little. But the unavailing man, who is a problem and a threat to society; whom it cannot let pass in silence, but must either worship or hate, and to whom all parties feel related—both the leaders of opinion and the obscure and eccentric,—he helps." Macauley was not one of these. Two extracts from his Diary are interesting in this connection, as illustrating his happy, contented frame of mind. "Oct. 25, 1849—Forty-nine years old. I have no cause of complaint. Tolerable health; competence; liberty; leisure; very dear relations and friends; a great, I may say a great, literary reputation.

Nil amplius oro, Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hoc mihi munera faxis." (Life II., 231.)

He asks of Mercury nothing more, and to the same purpose he writes a few months later: "Went with Hannah to Richmond's studio, to see my picture. He seemed anxious and excited; but at last, when he produced his work, she pronounced it excellent. I am no judge of the likeness, but the face is characteristic. It is the face of a man of considerable mental powers, great boldness and frankness, and a quick relish for pleasure. It is not unlike Mr. Fox's face in general expression. I am quite content to have such a physiognomy." Macauley was clearly not one of those that feel a "dissatisfaction with life and the world,"—that the younger Mill remarks in his autobiography is "felt more or less in the present state of society and intellect by every discerning and highly conscientious mind." He would probably have scorned such a feeling, as unpractical and unmanly, and yet "Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns!" For Nature in her works has set her unfailing mark on what is really great—the mark of sadness, and this law is found to hold when we contrast one type of the animal creation with another—whether we compare the fox with the lion, or the lower type of dog with the mastiff, or of the St. Bernard.

One feels that Macauley would have been a much greater man if his life had been less smooth, if he had had more difficulties to encounter. Sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity. The soul of a distinguished man, his talents met with ready recognition. He had not to do battle with poverty and neglect, like Johnson or Burke. What Sir James Stephen says of Isaac Milner, another of the "Clapham Sect," is true also of Macauley: "Fortune bestowed upon him the rewards of eminence, such as wealth, leisure, reputation, and authority, without exacting the appointed price." Nature had given him a clear, piercing intellect, and education an easy vehicle of expression. He had never been a prisoner in the cave, but was born beneath the beneficent rays of the sun; never felt the difficulties of sight which beset more slowly maturing intellects.—R. W. Boodle in New Dominion Monthly for October.

SALUTATIONS.

With us the usual modes of salutation consist of shaking hands, removing the hat or curtesying, accompanying the action with the words, "How do you do?" or "How are you?" Hand shaking takes its rise in the ancient custom of enemies seizing each other by the right hand or weapon hand to guard against treachery while treating for a truce. The removal of the hat is a relic of the old custom of

saying, "I dare stand unprotected in your presence." Women formerly knelt before men of rank to plead for mercy and later to acknowledge inferiority. From this we get the courtesy.

The negro kings on the African coasts salute each other by snuffing the middle finger three times.

In Otaheite they rub noses, a custom common with many savages.

The inhabitants of Carimne, when they show particular attachment, open a vein and present their friend to drink.

The Japanese remove a slipper, and the natives of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

Philippine Islanders take a person's hand or foot and rub it over their faces. Laplanders smell of the persons they salute.

In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person addressed, and pass it over the right leg and then to the face.

The usual words of salutation in Cairo are, "How do you sweat?" an absence of perspiration being, in that climate, an indication of fever.

The Dutch say, "May you eat a hearty dinner," or "How do you sail?"

Greenlanders use no salutations, believing all men equal, and none deserving of any special mark of respect.

The Spaniards say, "How do you stand?" and the French, "how do you carry yourself?"

And most absurd of all, young ladies kiss, in public and in private, in the parlor, in the church and home; no place is too sacred, no street too public. But while osculatory refreshment indulged in by two of the fair sex seems sweetness wasted on the desert air, he is a hardened wretch who can witness the operation and not have his heart filled with the most wicked envy.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

If preachers instead of dealing so much in exhortation and reproof, would but present to us a true portrait of Jesus in His meekness and meekness, in His severity and love, if they would but show Him in the depth of His condescension, poverty and self-abasement, it would make a far deeper impression than appeal or exhortation of another kind. Christ set forth to view makes the deepest of all impressions. When I see how He seeks not His own glory, but that of the Father, I am ashamed of my own ambition. When I see how He came not to be ministered to, but to minister, I am ashamed of my pride. When I see how He took and drank the cup which the Father gave him I am ashamed of my disobedience. When I see how He endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself, and when reviled reviled not again, it makes me ashamed of my patience and anger. There is no more powerful discourse on any virtue: none that so melts and humbles, and quickens and inspires, as the example of Christ. "Compare with that," says Luther, "words are as nothing but as the rustling of leaves to peals of thunder."—Tholuck.

HOLD THE FORT.

Everybody sings "Hold the Fort," but few know the origin of this beautiful song. The Chicago Inter Ocean gives the following: "There is a fort at Altoona, about eighteen miles from Kenesaw Mountain, which was being badly pressed by the Confederate forces. When Sherman reached Kenesaw he signalled the Altoona, which was commanded by General Corse, 'Hold the fort, for I am coming.' The message was seen and read by the men at the fort, and as a reply was necessary, General Corse ordered a young officer standing near to send the reply: 'Wave the answer back to Sherman that we hold the fort.' It was easy to order, but while the rebel bullets were flying thick and fast several members of the signal corps declined to signal, until General Corse was impatient, when the young officer referred to above grasped the flag, mounted the dangerous post, and waved the answer back to Sherman. The young man was James W. McKenzie, of Hampton, Iowa, and the war records mention the brave and cool act for which he was promoted."

MATRIMONIAL MISERIES.

ADVICE FROM THE PULPIT ON HAVING AND RULING A WIFE.

The Rev. Henry C. Croin delivered his sermon on "Matrimonial Miseries" some time ago at the People's Church, Twenty-ninth street and Ninth avenue.

He said: "It is best that men should marry—it is a divine institution, and consecrated by all the teachings of Christ; it was ordained by the will of God. 'But there are a great many marriages that do not turn out well. I think one of the reasons is because young ladies think more of making the net that is to catch the husband than how to take care of the cage that is to keep him. Again, a great many men do not know any more how to treat a woman than a cruel farmer does to care for a valuable cow.

Solomon teaches the torturing power of a brawling woman. To dwell upon the corner of a house-top was better than living with a bad wife. Remember what a house-top is in that country that Solomon writes about, The house top of that country was exposed to all the tropic sunlight and torments of the climate. Yet it is better, says Solomon, to put up with all the tempests and storms and scorching heat of the house-top, than to stay in the house with a contentious, scolding woman who makes a hell of a home. Marriage lightens or doubles the cares and happiness of both man and woman.

"Married in law, divorced in heart," is a condition that many men and women occupy to-day—but it is none the less a criminal and disgraceful relation. The danger in married life is marrying too hastily, or from wrong motives. It does seem

acquainted with each other, or even in- tended to be.

"Love does not feed on dislike. A man should see to it that he never gives his wife cause to think that he desires to find fault, or that he has grown weary of her, or that he does not appreciate her suggestions a woman always makes when she takes upon herself the duties of wife and mother.

"American women, particularly, demand too much of their husbands—they step down from their thrones and cast away their crowns, as mothers and wives, for gold, dress, and liberties they call rights.

"When people intend to marry they should take every measure to find out each other's faults, peculiarities and good traits.

"When Socrates was asked how he endured Xantippe, he said he studied with a schoolmaster how to treat a woman, and he found Xantippe kept him studying. He was content to be a student and treat his subject as something worth finding out and understanding, and in trying to learn of his wife's nature, he was sure to treat her with some respect. Study each other before marriage, and never let the study be neglected.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this Island a young girl in a cottage with her father and they loved each other very tenderly. One night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely rock," and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child—humble, poor, and weak—but she said in her heart that while she lived no more boats should be lost on the "lonely rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but at night-fall arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from the sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one extra, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day; and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never been one night without the light of her candle.

How many lives she has saved by this candle, and how many meals she has won by it for the starving families of the boatmen it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending upon it have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down on that lighted window and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

Who is there, pining in uselessness, and longing for a mission, who can take a lesson from this watching one? Many souls are drifting in the darkness, many bodies are in peril and need. Let your light shine so as to guide their course to the harbor of eternal safety in Christ.—Selected.

FAMILY READING.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

If grief in heaven might find a place, And shame the worshipper bow down Who meets the Saviour face to face, "Would be to wear a starless crown.

To meet in all that countless host Who meet before the Eternal Throne, Who once like us were sinners lost, No one to say you led me home.

The Son to do His Father's will, Could lay his own bright crown aside; The law's stern mandate to fulfil, Poured out his blood for us and died.

Shall we who know his wondrous love, While here below sit idly down? Ah no! for then is heaven above, We too must wear a starless crown.

O may it ne'er of me be said: No soul that's saved by grace divine Has called for blessings on my head, Or lifted its destiny with mine.

—Why Do I Live?"

UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

The best and noblest service in life is prompted by love, and love works without consciousness of self. When in the house of Simon, at Bethany, that woman came with the alabaster box and poured the costly and fragrant ointment upon the head of Jesus, it was, on her part, an unconscious act, expressive of the supreme affection of a heart that would give all to Him. Even the disciples were blind to its meaning until the Master hushed their complaint with the revelation that this service of womanly devotion should evermore be remembered as a memorial of her. The fragrance of this simple act could never cease to exhale, because of what it was to her Lord. She knew it not, but her offering of affection had anointed His body for a burial—a deed of devotion

neck with its yoke, where love bears heavier burdens and sings with joy unconscious of its service. Whatever is done, impelled by the supreme affection of the heart towards Christ, is sure to be the right thing. That which for a moment appears to be a blunder, and which a cold, calculating spirit would avoid, proves to be just the right thing. Love has an intuitive perception, and going easily and straight to the accomplishment of its purpose, thinks that its work is so simple as to scarcely merit recognition. The fact that self is not thought of is the reason often why so much real good is accomplished. The word spoken in love by one who is neither great or renowned is received and thought of for its own worth and need, while the same message spoken in eloquence of personal utterance is forgotten in the remembrance of the way and manner of its expression. The unconscious service of love is an irresistible argument that it is done for its own sake, and such words and acts are conquering forces. Men are brave to stand against influences back of which they see obtruding personal pride or planning, but let them be convinced that what is said or done is simply from a supreme desire for their welfare and good and they are broken down. When the Master welcomed His faithful servant the exclamation of glad surprise leaps from his lips, "Lord, when did we these things?" He knew it not until then that those deeds of unconscious service that prompted him to help the lowliest of his fellow men was remembered as if done for the King of kings. It is the unconscious ministry of loving hearts that is held in eternal remembrance.

"BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN."—The day had been dark and gloomy; when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon everything. A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look, papa! the sun's brightening all it can!" "So it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? Tell me how!" "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes. Only be happy and good."—Fencham.

HOME.

Many parents find it extremely difficult to make home attractive to the children. The reason is because they have never tried the refining influence of music. Home can and should be made attractive, regardless of cost, as the early home influences of each child form the foundation of his or her future career in life. Some parents seem to think that, so long as they clothe and feed the bodies of their children, their parental duties are performed; but this is a great mistake. While they are very particular about feeding the bodies, they are utterly neglecting the minds, which are constantly in action, and must be occupied with either good or bad, according to the surrounding circumstances. If you wish your children's minds to expand with a knowledge of the good and beautiful, place pure and beautiful things around them, such as books, pictures, flowers, and above all things give them music.

Who has not been held spell-bound by the sweet and soothing influence of music at some period of their lives? They were melodies perhaps, that were learned in infancy, or sung by beloved voices now silent; and in memory we live bygone days over again, surrounded by images of past affections and past happiness, and awake at last from the play of fancy as from the charm of a romantic dream. There is no place on earth more fascinating than home to the husband and father, tired out with the trials and toils of the day, and as the shades of night gently close, over the earth, hushing the busy hum of industry, and while the spangled heavens, like a benediction sweet, form a grand and glorious canopy overhead, the family circle naturally gather around the music-stand, and drink of the delicious strains until the mind becomes refreshed, and they retire to rest feeling in harmony with the peaceful adornings of nature, perchance to dream, during their undisturbed slumbers of the quiet night, of heavenly music in the higher spheres above.

PARENTS' PARADISE.

We were much impressed lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children, particularly at the table.—We spoke of it to our host, and he pointed to a paper pinned on the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. He said he gave each child who obeyed the rules a reward at the end of every month. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. They were called "Rules and Regulations for Parents' Paradise."

- 1. Shut the door after you without slamming it.
- 2. Never stamp, jump, or run in the house.
- 3. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them go quietly where they are.
- 4. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
- 5. When told to do, or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
- 6. Tell of your own faults, not those of your brothers and sisters.
- 7. Carefully clean the mud and snow off your boots and shoes before entering the house.
- 8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
- 9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
- 10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
- 11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
- 12. Let your first, last, and best compliment be your mother.—Oliver Austin's

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INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS

THIRD QUARTER: STUDIES IN LUKE'S GOSPEL

A. D. 29. LESSON IV. THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS; or, Here and Hereafter. Luke 16, 19-31, October 27th.

EXPLANATORY

Verse 19. Rich man. He is not represented as a wicked man, but a prosperous worldly man, who possesses an abundant portion in this life, and has no care for the world beyond. The only crime laid at his door is a lack of sympathy for his fellow-man, and a neglect of his own eternal interest.

20, 21. Beggar. Literally, "a poor man," though the context expresses the idea of his begging. Lazarus. The Master leaves the rich man's name unmentioned, but notices that of the beggar.

22. Beggar died. His wants reached a climax; his sufferings found their end in the arms of death. Was carried. This death was not the end of his life.

23. In hell. "Hades," the invisible world, the place of departed spirits, with its two widely severed portions, Paradise, the abode of the righteous, and the dreary dwelling-place of the wicked.

24, 25, 26. Father Abraham. "There are many in hell that call Abraham father," descent from a saint will not save a soul. Have mercy. He asks not to enter heaven, for therein he has no congeniality, but only to be released somewhat from the miseries of his lost state.

25. "There is a realm within whose portals prayer has no avail." In this name. Not an actual name, for that would have no power to touch a spirit, but an agony of soul, of which fire is the only expression.

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29, 30, 31. Abraham saith. Abraham's answer justifies the sinner's condemnation. "They have warnings enough, as you had in your own life-time."

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PARADISE. read lately by the large family of the table.—We and he pointed to ll, on which were led. He said he rules a re-moth. We beg- of our readers, and Regulations

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THE WESLEYAN

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

NO. III.

FORCE OF CHARACTER.

One has beautifully said:— "Our little lives are kept in equipoise By opposite attractions and desires, The struggle of the instinct that enjoys And the more noble instinct that aspires"

To control this equipoise so as to ensure the ascendancy of our nobler nature is a work demanding patient effort and severe discipline, and therefore worthy the special attention of our young men. The abject slave, whose only law is the lash, and whose life is a miserable servitude, is infinitely superior to the man who is in bondage to himself, being ruled with the iron despotism of his own passions, and drifting helplessly on the rushing tide of habit and custom and temptation, like a straw floating down a stream. The true royalty of manhood is self-governance, for "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Now force of will—energy of spirit—an indomitable, titanic character—is that which crowns a man a king, giving him a moral sovereignty over himself. Strength of character is the true Prometheus, stealing by venturesome effort, fire from heaven, which infuses vitality into the ideal creations of his own mind. The fabled Atlas himself, with a world upon his shoulders, is but a crude incarnation of a mighty soul, whose thoughts are thews and whose purposes are like the inward motions of volcanic fires, heaving and tossing until they find vent in grand and noble deeds. The virtue of a man has its type set in the willow that bends to the wind, but in the steadfast cliff that frowns defiance to the waves. Temptations assail him in vain. The charmer has no spell for him. Reproaches fall upon him as harmlessly as snow flakes on a river, while he shakes them off as easily as a lion shakes the dew of morning from his flowing mane. Like Samson he is crested with strength, and being careful to keep "clean hands," he shall not only "hold on his way," but he shall "wax stronger and stronger," or as the margin reads, he shall "add strength to strength."

Is not strength the glory of character? And does it not determine its capability? A tiny rill that a pebble can turn out of its course is utterly incapable of tides and tempests and knows no mountainous swell; but the ocean with its mighty waste of waters is little less than omnipotent. So a puny soul is incapable of strong emotions or of gigantic deeds. Great conceptions can come only of great minds, and noble achievements are possible only to noble natures. A labouring mountain bringing forth a mouse is only a fable. Whatever the fact may be in the physical world, the moral sphere is a total stranger to such a monstrosity. A great soul, by the sheer force of its greatness gives worth and moment to all its touches. This is the character we covet for our young men. Surely there are more than enough of dwarfed and craven spirits. Too many of our young men are sadly lacking in a sturdy stalwart strength of character. They are too easily led, and carried away by the forces that assail them. Strong men are needed. Fierce currents require strong arms to stem them, and mighty temptations can only be overcome by vigorous souls.

But the main advantage secured by force of character is, that it presses everything into its service. Our very follies and failures and even our vices are made to contribute their quota to the general result. Under its magic touch the rock on which we have straddled, heaves into a light house whose beacon-blaze reveals our folly and warns us against future danger. More than this: "Men may rise on stepping stones Of their dead selves to higher things." Temyson has borrowed this sentiment from Longfellow who elaborates the same thought in the lines:

"All common things, each day's events, That with the hour begin and end, Our pleasures and our discontents Are rounds by which we may ascend."

And perhaps Longfellow is indebted to St. Augustine who says something to this effect: "That we may make a ladder of our vices, if we will only tread them under our feet, by which to rise to something higher and better and more God-like." Let a man possess this latent power within himself, and from the self that is subdued, there shall sprout out, as in a vegetable organism, a new life upon the old. The "earthly, sensual, devilish," of which the apostle speaks, shall give place to "the divine nature," which is renewed in "righteousness and true holiness."

Will our young men seriously consider this matter? What is gold to this might of spirit? What are all the gilded trappings of intellectual attainments, and social position and personal attractions, compared to a character whose strength defies attack, and whose vital forces are the motive-power of life? Amidst the prevailing scepticism of these times, and in the face of the many seductions that imperil our youth, let our young men cultivate force of character. "I have written to you young men," says the apostle of love, "because ye are strong." Covet this character, and the structure you rear shall not be like an unsightly pyramid covering a crumbling mummy, but it shall be a gorgeous temple enshrining the deity of a man.

A HOMILY ON SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

There are three characters to whom this subject might apply:—The Tramp, who, finding the church-door invitingly ajar, steals comfort as he steals anything else, by appropriating the softest cushion for an hour; the traditional Esthetic, usually a quiet bachelor advanced in life, who follows the fair organist as she proceeds to practice in the gloaming, and subsides into a paradise of dreams under the magic strains of music, and the mellow, many-tinted rays of the setting sun falling from stained windows; and the worshipper who rarely misses a Sabbath service, and a nap, between the second hymn and the collection. The first is a vagrant and an outcast—God help him! The second is apt to be a coward; having lost the last opportunity of bringing music and beauty to his own home, it remains for him only to worship both in sacred places;—for him we have no consolation. The third is a sinner or a sufferer; and to his case we intend to apply this discourse.

"These are spots in your feasts," said the Apostle—blotches on the fair, wrinkled page of the church's epistles, "Known and read of all men." We will divide our subject—to be true to homiletics—under two heads—the cause and the cure of Sabbath sleeping.

Every congregation has its marked men—and women, too, in some cases—whose nods and starts disfigure the services of the House of God. There are four causes for this,—Habit, weariness, Disease, and Pulpit soporifics.

It is difficult to find any plausible apology for the somnolency, for instance, of a man in good health, having a measure of worldly prosperity, and so preserved from over-anxiety and work, professing godliness withal, who yet sleeps through one-half of every other sermon, and so disregards the Truth himself which he insists is a message from God to others. There is but one cure for this evil habit:—either the sleeper must bring himself under discipline, from a consciousness that his example is pernicious, and his profession of Christian self-denial but a sham,

or some Latimer—if there be one remaining in the ministry—must, at the risk of offending a respectable worshipper, and so losing a handsome subscription, take means to "wipe off this blemish from the assembly of God's people, Latimer sometimes reproved the king!

For weary worshippers we have all sympathy. How bravely they smother a yawn, subject themselves to little concealed tortures of the flesh, assume airs of deep attention, only to be beguiled again into forgetfulness; what tension of nerve and desperate purpose of mind have been called into action, to preserve "tired nature" from wooing the "sweet restorer, balmy sleep," will never be fully written. There is but one thought which can be whispered against such martyrdom;—Sabbath weariness is too often the result of a selfish and really worldly ambition. The Lord's day is a bank of rest and comfort for upon which too many Christians draw far beyond the limits of their due credit as intended by the Creator. With the prospect of twenty-four hours of a clear break in business, the merchant and the mechanic linger longer at their toil, and the house-wife later at her duties on Saturday night. Thus, nature over-taxed, is in rebellion on the Sabbath. With a body protesting in every joint, and a temper soured hopelessly, there is a hurried preparation for church, a confused entrance perhaps during the opening prayer, to be followed by numbness and insensibility with the first relaxation of the nervous system. Then comes sleep. Do such worshippers ever meditate upon the awful words—"Yet ye have robbed me, saith the Lord!" For the mean advantage of adding another hour or two to the week, they steal from God and their own souls the precious strength necessary for Sabbath communion. Do preachers preach on the sin of Saturday night robbery among Christians?

Physicians assure us there is a form of brain disease which, though not perhaps fatal in every instance, is sure to superinduce drowsiness. They declare that these patients are not to be judged by ordinary rules. It has been noticed by almost every one that, at a period when old age is drawing near its close, nature anticipates the grave, and God "giveth his beloved sleep." Whether in youth or middle age the sleeper yields to the mastery of a relentless physical law, bringing the body into subjection with all its boasted powers; or whether, as the harbinger of death, sleep mercifully enfolds the aged in its downy mantle—we can but imitate our Heavenly Father,—look on with pity and anticipate the time when these "new rising from the tomb" shall sing and joy with the best of worshippers.

And now, finally, my brethren—for this is a preacher's, not a sleeper's paragraph—there is a sin of the pulpit in relation to Sabbath slumber! Here come in several subdivisions. Long sermons are under the first heading—particularly if not animated. There is but one condition under which a discourse may be permitted to exceed thirty minutes, namely, that it shall grow in intensity of thought and enthusiasm to the close. The second subdivision would bring in monotony. Do you remember the master shipbuilder's comment upon George Whitfield's preaching? "Under my own rector I can lay the keel, raise the timbers, pluck the hull, and launch a splendid ship, during every sermon; but under this man's preaching I cannot strike a blow." Yet Whitfield's sermons, as read in books, were not marvels of eloquence. He had a matchless voice, which he used in all its varied, wonderful cadences. And he had a fervid imagination, that magic wand by which he swayed such influence over the multitude. The rector may not have possessed either one or the other to a marked degree; but at least he might have been natural. For we maintain that it is natural to rise and fall in voice and eloquence with the changing warmth and sombreness of the theme. No man is natural who draws through a repetition of sentences which every one has heard, perhaps a little differently constructed, a thousand times. A gentleman of our acquaintance holds to, or yields, his sermon- nap, as he declares, at the option of the preacher. He avers the pulpit,

and not the pew, must take the blame if he nods unconscious assent to the discourse. And we are inclined to believe him, in part, at least. The son of a prophet, a good judge, and a diligent hearer of sermons all his life, he sees an ordinary preacher fairly into his subject, satisfies himself that there is to be nothing new, takes his bearings, and launches out on the sea of oblivion. Yet it is dangerous to challenge his knowledge of the sermon, for, ten to one, he will put the wakeful hearer to the blush by correcting his memory here and there as to the tenor of the discourse. The fact is that nine sermons out of ten on a given text are so wondrously similar that a shrewd hearer can anticipate, as one has said, "when he sees a preacher going in, pretty fairly where he will come out."

Then there is a monotony of manner as well as of voice and thoughts, which completes the preacher's spell in producing somnolency. In every country, in all ages, the protest of the people against this defect in the pulpit has been heard, in private circles at least. The most expressive, perhaps, is found in the animated conversation of the Ettrick Shepherd, in Christopher North's graphic *Noctes Ambrosianae*.—"The verra attitude o' leanin back, and stretching out your legs, and fixing your e'en in ae direction, is a maist dangerous attitude; and then, gin the minister has ony action,—say, jokin down his head, or see-awin wi his hands, or leanin over, as if he wanted to speak wi' the precentor, or keepin his e'en fixed on the roof, as if there was a hole in't lettin' in the licht o' heaven,—or turnin' first to the ae side and then to the ither, that the congregation may hae an equal share o' his front physiognomy as weel's his side face,—or stannin' bolt upright in the middle o' the pulpit, without sene movin' ony mair than gin he were a corp set up on end by some cantrip (magic spell) and lettin' out the dry, dusty moral apothegms wi' ae continuous and monotonous girth,—Oh, Mr. North, Mr. North, could e'en an evil conscience keep awake under such soporifics, ony mair than the honestest o' men, were the bauns cried for the third time, and he gaun to be married on the Monday mornin'?"

Here is a good man—good in his way—in a country where the Sabbath and the sermon have ever sustained a first place as the day and the word of the Lord Jehovah, charging directly home upon the preachers much of the blame for this miserable church-sleeping habit—a habit peculiar, we imagine, to Christian worshippers, inasmuch as under any other dispensation or creed than ours, people disposed to sleep would sleep at home, and not among a multitude convened for a most sacred duty. Manifestly, the first exhortation in remedy of the evil, should, therefore, begin in the study, on bended knees, by the man of God to his own conscience. Is a man who cannot keep an audience awake called to preach? If so, does he meet his awful obligations? Euty-chus slept while Paul preached—the only hearer who ever slept under Paul's preaching, so far as we know; but Paul had then "continued his speech until midnight." For this instance there is an apology; there is none for the fashionable sleep in the broad mid-day of a glorious Sabbath. Let us put away this evil from among us!

THE MORRIS STREET SCHOOL DIFFICULTY.

At the close of an article on this subject in last week's *Presbyterian Witness*, we are sorry to find the following expressions:

"Since the foregoing was written we fear we must modify our remarks so far as to admit that the defenders of the young woman in this case have made the matter denominational. We are very sorry that such has been the case. It was and is surely needless. In any matter of this sort we would as readily place as full confidence in a Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, as a Methodist or Baptist; and it is simply humiliating to mention denominational names in such a connection. It is becoming more and more obvious that the Board is not fit to discharge its functions. It is too bad that a woman must be defended at the School Board on the ground that she belongs to a certain church. Are justice and manhood so rare that our respected contemporary the *Wesleyan* is called upon "in behalf of the entire population, especially the Methodists of Halifax," to "tender sincere thanks to those members of the Board who gave their opinions and votes with so much decision in the case?" Surely it is time the Board were so constituted as to be worthy of confidence irrespective of church connections.

Our cotemporary is a little unreasonable. The only sentence in our article having a denominational colouring, is that quoted by the *Witness*. We still feel that the Methodists of Halifax owe something to the members of the Board who sustained Miss McCulloch, for the

reason that the agitation had been proceeding on denominational grounds before we wrote on the subject at all. Mr. Jack is a Presbyterian. His special advocate at the Board, who threw imputations so unjust and ungentlemanly on both Miss McCulloch and Mrs. Manning, is a Presbyterian. The *Presbyterian Witness* itself, so vigilant and able usually in defence of our school interests, said but few words upon this difficulty, and those in a very obscure place, until Mr. Jack was deposed; and now it calls for the reconstruction of the Board, on the ground that "it is not fit to discharge its functions." It had been asserted, moreover, that all the animus of the affair could be traced to Methodist sources;—this was said by Mr. Jack's friends. The denominational bias was given to this subject by others; on our part there is merely the expression of gratitude for an act of justice and mercy to the Methodists as a denomination, acquitting them of originating a scandal.

As to the fitness of the Board. We had no sympathy with any feature of legislation which gave to the School Board of Halifax a denominational character not accordant with our general School Law. But everyone knows that its origin had something of a denominational appearance. We confess that of the qualifications of the Board we have but a limited knowledge. Its members are of Government selection in part, and in part appointed by the City Council. It so happens that some of the members are Methodists, gentlemen of more or less culture, who have succeeded in serving well the public in other respects, and are quite qualified to administer affairs of city education. If the *Witness* knows of members who are really incapable, let it insist upon the fact, for it is a serious one.

But we must remind the *Witness* that the case in point is not one of education, but of morals. The question—as shaped, not by us but by those who called in the "denominational difference"—is, whether a Principal has forfeited his place, or whether two ladies have conspired to ruin his character. And to affirm, in this connection, that "the Board is not fit to discharge its functions," is simply to impugn their common sense and their integrity. Our jurors are selected from among the ordinary populations to decide questions of life and death; and to affirm that the eleven gentlemen composing the School Board of Halifax are not suited to consider evidence in a case of common assault, is to pronounce them incapable of serving on a common jury. Our cotemporary, we know, would not accept this as the outcome of his article, yet we see no other logical inference to be deduced from his reasoning.

Surpassing in zeal if possible for the right in this case the Methodist body, are people of every denomination, who have regard to morality and the efficiency of our public schools. It would be an attitude so unnatural upon the part of the Methodists to refrain from speaking out their views, that the *Witness* might rather condemn them if that attitude were taken. As to the *Wesleyan* espousing Methodist interests, what else can our cotemporary expect? Is not that the purpose mainly for which the paper exists? Our respect for the *Witness* is abiding; but we are astonished to receive a rebuke from it in a cause which any one can see is of general no less than denominational importance.

It seems a very remarkable thing that a Committee of the Methodist Conference should recommend the removal—the casting out—of some of Wesley's Hymns, because of the Calvinism they contain! We have often been struck with the essential Calvinism and Scripturalness of many of Wesley's Hymns; but we did not imagine that they were offensive to our dear brethren in whose Bibles are to be found the Gospel of John, and the Epistles of Paul. We do not, of course, dispute the right of our Methodist brethren to reject any Hymns written by Wesley; we only take the liberty of expressing our surprise at the phenomenon, and especially at the reason given. We have yet to see any hymn book that is without Calvinism; and our excellent brethren will find, after their closest scrutiny, that the thing will be there. You cannot get rid of it.—*Presb. Witness*.

It is something new to us that Wesley wrote Calvinistic Hymns, or that his successors now sit in judgment upon Wesley's Calvinistic tendencies. We had always thought him sufficiently pro-

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nounced on that head! But there were Hymns in the book which Wesley took from other writers, and others which Wesley probably never saw, as the book has undergone changes since his day. As to getting rid of Calvinism, it is possible the denomination will have full satisfaction on that score, though probably our friend may be able to find Calvin in the new Hymn Book just as we find Arminius in Presbyterian pulpits and worship. We Arminians shall always wink kindly while we help Presbyterian brethren to sing "For while the lamp holds on to burn The greatest sinner may return," without even adding—*providing, &c.* And this also, "Free to that sacred fountain all Without a price may go."

But especially those beautiful verses of the 62nd Paraphrase,— "Still all may share his sovereign grace In every change secure; &c." "Condemns reluctant but extends The hope of grace to all." This just shows how much better we can agree by avoiding theological hair-splitting. In judging one another any way, it is well to set aside our forty-power magnifying spectacles.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

As the long winter evenings set in, ministers and officials begin to ponder the question of revival work. At least we assume and hope they do. With the acknowledgment that gracious quickening is much needed in the congregation, comes the enquiry—How is this to be obtained? There is a dread of entering upon special, protracted services, because they involve much labour; and without energy, faith and God's blessing, they cannot succeed; and without success special services mean next to discomfiture. This hesitancy is quite reasonable. Special services are rarely called for, and then only as a kind of harvest season. In extraordinary instances, where means of grace are seldom enjoyed, and cannot be sustained with frequency, a resort to special services, may, probably will, tend to awaken attention, to lead to decision and blessing. But in settled congregational work, special services should only follow as a necessity after a work of conviction has begun, demanding extra attention for broken-hearted penitents.

In our church there is no lack of services. All that other organizations seek in revival times by way of facilities for saving souls, we have in our ordinary economy. Prayer-meetings which can be indefinitely multiplied; class-meetings, for enquiry and counsel; love-feasts, as times of communion, what better can be required? Let the Church's strength be thrown into these—pastors, leaders, members working with one accord, and we have, with the promised grace, a series of special services without the dreaded wear and tear of ministerial voice and nerves.

The extra pressure upon some ministers in conducting special services, may well be a subject of anxiety. From experience we know that while ordinary pastoral work may be but as the toil of a diligent husbandman, protracted meetings bring ten-fold increase of mental and nervous apprehension. Not a few young ministers have been prematurely broken in health by extended and repeated seasons of revival work. It is true that this might follow in very earnest use of the ordinary means of grace, but not to the same extent, for the members of the church are here more ready to co-operate.

Let us look for the promised shower.

Look out for a grand demonstration on the arrival of the new Governor-General. He leaves England on the 14th November. Allowing ten days for the passage, he would land in Halifax between the 23rd and 25th. Several steamers of war will meet the royal party at sea and escort them into the harbor. It would be worth while for those fond of national pageantry to spend a day or two in the city about that time.

"Subscriber," who dates his letter from Yarmouth, though it is post-marked at Hobron, would have given his name. He is astray on one vital point, which we will make clear providing he sends us his name in confidence, if he does not wish its publication.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND CONFERENCE. The Missionary Committee of the New Brunswick and P. E. Island Conference will meet in the Methodist Church in the town of Moncton on Wednesday, the 23rd of October, at 9 a. m. J. J. HARR, President.

CORRESPONDENCE

MEMORIAL

JAMES ENGLAND was born in the suburbs of the town of Homeforth, Yorkshire, England. He was converted to God when 15 years of age, and was appointed a class leader when in his 17th year. Soon after, he was appointed a local preacher and laboured for four years in that capacity with great acceptance. In 1837 he offered himself to the British Conference for the foreign work, was accepted and appointed to Bonavista, Newfoundland, though he himself anticipated going to Southern Africa. The vessel in which he took passage from Liverpool late in the autumn, owing to severe weather encountered near the beginning of the voyage, never reached the shores of America, and after beating about in the wintry storms for more than three months, was brought back sadly wrecked to the shelter of a port in Ireland. The perils and distresses of that disastrous voyage in which God's grace abounded to him, and a special Providence kept him and the ship's company from either starvation or a watery grave, were often referred to by Father England as affording him community of feeling with Paul in his voyage on the Mediterranean.

In the ensuing spring of 1838 he embarked again and safely reached the shores of Newfoundland to enter upon that work of unceasing toil for which Providence had spared his life. Perils of sea were now followed by those perils on land in which all the early missionaries to Newfoundland have shared. Often did our departed brother quote pleasantly to faltering workers the famous words of Nelson, "England expects every man to do his duty." But his own example was the best exhortation to duty. He acted as if toiling directly under the eye and orders of the captain of our salvation. This constant realizing of his Master's presence accounts for his undeviating faith, and energy and integrity.

He has left as a legacy to the church from which he has been taken an example of unchanging conscientious and single-mindedness. His spheres of labor in Newfoundland were St. John's, Island Cove, Burin, Black Head, Ferlicam, and Bonavista. This colony brought him its privations and its pleasures as perhaps no country can so well bring these experiences in the life of an itinerant into such strong contrast. His appointments since he became best known to the Methodists of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, were—Windsor, Halifax, Yarmouth, Portland, Fredericton, Windsor, Centenary Church, St. John, Annapolis, Digby, and Pugwash. In the year 1868 he was elected President of the Conference of Eastern British America, but the Rev. George Scott coming out that year, as appointed by the British Conference, necessarily took the chair, and Mr. England was his co-delegate. In 1861 he visited his native land, and had the great satisfaction of preaching in the sanctuary where he had worshipped with his parents as a child, his brothers and sisters being present on the occasion to hear him.

At the Conference held in Windsor in 1876, he was obliged with great reluctance to accept a supernumerary relation, being completely broken down in health by two severe attacks of inflammation of the lungs, first at Digby then at Pugwash. He selected for his home the town of Windsor, where he had spent five years of successful ministrations. This choice of a home was made at the solicitation of many old friends there who were glad of an opportunity to soothe his last days with personal kindness. Here he continued to serve the interests of the Church of Christ even beyond the limits suggested by prudence. He was never happier than when able to preach, and deemed it his greatest misfortune to be kept from the means of grace.

To those who heard his words of joyful anticipation and thanksgiving to God, expressed so earnestly at the week-night services, it had seemed as if his two last years were spent on the borders of the heavenly world, and that he was ripening every week for the reaping which came so soon. The last of a series of relapses culminated on the afternoon of the 3rd Oct., 1878. At the suggestion of his physician he left the chair on which he sat, to recline on the sofa from which he never rose again. His dying testimony was "All is well." All marks of pain gradually relaxed from his features, and he fell asleep in Jesus. His own favorite hymn is the most appropriate with which we can close this memorial.—

How happy every child of grace Who knows his sins forgiven! This earth he cries is not my place, I seek my place in heaven. A country far from mortal sight— Yet O by faith I see The land of rest, the saint's delight. The Heaven prepared for me. R. B.

Windsor, 15th Oct., '78.

LITERARY NOTES

BY R. W. A. The Right Hon. W. Gladstone contributes a most able article to the *New York American Review*, entitled "Kin beyond Sea," which will be read with great interest on both sides of the Atlantic. He compares the American and British systems of government, and though critical, is written in the most liberal spirit, with great ability, clearness and discrimination. He pays a just tribute to our Federal system in contrast to the centralizing policy which in Britain imposes a host of petty burdens and laborious details upon a

care of an extended empire. He explains with great clearness and force the working of the wonderful system of checks and balances which has arisen under the British constitution. The article will greatly tend to bind the two nations together in sympathy and friendship. The Review is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

George Wm. Curtis, Esq., in *Harpers Magazine* speaks of *Newspaper* lies as follows:—"Almost daily the reader will find some important statement in his paper in regard to some important person which is wholly untrue. It is made generally with detail and precision. It has the air of all the other information in the column. Cr, again, it appears under a slight veil of insinuation." If the rumour be true that Bishop Simpson picked the pockets of Vice President Wheeler on Saturday, 10th inst., then it is evident where the money came from with which he bought the huge piece of taffy that he is said to be sucking as he went to church on Sunday the 11th inst. The mischief done by these two methods of slander is incalculable.

Appleton's Journal which is sure to take the right side on all the great questions of the day, believes that publishing should be included in the learned professions, requiring as it does learning as thorough, judgment as sound, sagacity as acute, skill as difficult of attainment, and resources as varied, as do any of the professions. "It is easier indeed to become a successful lawyer or doctor than a successful publisher."

Arthur G. Sedgewick furnishes a most important paper on Communism in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and whoever reads it will not be likely to embrace the communistic notions so confidently set forth by certain so-called reformers. The Atlantic promises in the October No. an impressive article on "The evil Tendencies of American Life."

The *Electric Magazine* gives its readers an exceedingly rich treat before them, the best thought in the foreign periodical literature. Whoever reads a number of this monthly will feel a consciousness of being a stronger and wiser man.

The *International Review* has no competitor in its department, and for breadth of view and discussion, gives it a value second to none in the whole range of periodical literature.

The *Princeton Review* has taken a new departure, and has arisen at once to a very high position in its department. The other bi-monthlies must look well to their laurels. Its contributors are among the ablest writers of the country. It is a marvel for cheapness. Each number contains about 300 pages, and the six numbers are furnished for two dollars.

MISSIONARY

MR. EDITOR.—On the proper apportionment of the missionary fund depends the amount of its receipts. I admit the business like way that the N. B. & P. E. I. Conference has adopted this year, of publishing in its minutes the amount granted to each mission, and I may here say, that as far as I can judge the minds of our friends on this subject, they hold that in this, as in all charitable institutions, the less secrecy and the more candour that is practiced the more confidence the public will express in its management by liberal contributions. If anything is wrong or appears so, it is in the interest of the Society to meet it fairly in our connexional organ and have the matter sighted, because if there is a wrong many persons know it, and it is far better to have the evil probed, than to allow it to rot the life out of the society, as it surely will if not removed. Below is statement of "circuit receipts" on these missions, and missionary grants to the same for the last three years.

Table with columns: Year, Circuit Rec'pts, Grant, Total. Rows for FAIRVILLE, SUSSEX, and POINT DE BUTE.

Let me here explain that grants are made on a certain estimated deficiency, taking as a basis the circuit receipts of the past year, so that every brother on a dependent circuit will receive the same amount, excepting he can by working up" his mission, add to this salary, and if the deficiency of his mission is not so much as the "estimated deficiency" he is not entitled to any grant; for instance, if the estimated deficiency is \$270 on the \$750 salary, the mission that raises \$480 should not receive a grant.

Now in these three years, according to the rule by which this fund is supposed to be divided, neither Fairville nor Sussex should have received one cent; the money that these circuits received should have been distributed among the brethren on missions where the salary is one third less. The total income of the Point de Bute minister for the three years named is \$247 less than the Fairville and \$218 less than the Sussex Circuit pay, without \$739 missionary grant in the one case and \$484 in the other, when the fundamental principle on which the distributions are made is equal salary to all men on missions. In the three years mentioned the Bro. at Fairville has received \$731, and the brother at Sussex \$957 more than the Point de Bute brother. I have no special sympathy with the Point de Bute Mission, but taking it for the purpose of showing the inequality in

only received a total of \$565, at Apohaque \$580, Salsbury \$555, similar amounts to the Point de Bute, and yet Sussex got \$870. If the statement of this matter will lead the Missionary Committee of the N. B. & P. E. I. Conference to seriously consider this whole matter, my object in troubling you with this article will be accomplished. C. A. BOWSER.

NEWS AND NOTES

NOVA SCOTIA.

Messrs. A. G. Jones & Co.'s brig, Clifford, Capt. McCulloch, which arrived lately at Halifax, made the run from Boston to Sambro Light in 35 hours.

Joseph Smith, of Crow Harbor, N.S., was drowned at sea, on the 22nd ult., from the fishing schr Andrew Leighton, of Gloucester, Mass.

A few days ago a young man named Harris Byers, belonging to Dartmouth, was drowned from a scow at Cole Harbor Dyke. Deceased was about 26 years of age, and unmarried.

Capt. Zwicker, of the Mahone Bay schooner Ralph, which arrived from Placentia Bay recently, reports that the second day after leaving port a seaman named Edward Eisenhaur, died. He had been suffering from pleurisy ten days before, but refused to accept the advice of the captain and remain at Placentia Bay until he recovered. Deceased leaves a widow, but no other family.

The new schooner N. W. White, of Lockport, is reported by telegraph to have been found at St Martin's, W. I., in a dismantled and abandoned condition. There is no tidings of the captain and crew. The N. W. White left Lockport for Barbadoes on the 30th of August, and she is supposed to have been abandoned on the outward voyage. She was a vessel of 95 tons register, launched last April, and owned by J. C. Williams, of Lockport. The outward cargo is insured in the Nova Scotia office of this city for \$6,500, and the vessel for \$5000 in the Ocean Office, Halifax.

The English barque *Gratitude*, McDonald, from Bull River for Liverpool, put into this port the other evening in distress, having sprung a leak. The captain reports having experienced very heavy weather, especially on Sunday and Tuesday last. She will have to discharge for repairs. The vessel is consigned to Messrs. Fickford & Black, and her cargo of phosphate will be discharged on the wharf.

Capt. B. Banks, of Windsor, has just completed for the Ottawa Government six wooden spar buoys, to be placed at the mouth of the River Avon. An iron can buoy has been this summer placed in the channel to mark the entrance from the basin into the river. These spar buoys will be anchored at two fathoms in low water with one fathom chain, and will mark the sand bars from Horton bluff out into the Basin of Minas. For these improvements in river navigation we are under the obligation of the retiring Government at Ottawa and our late member, M. H. Goudge, Esq.

A man named Donald Sutherland, son of Mr. Robert Sutherland, of Barltown, N. S., was killed at that place on Thursday, 3rd inst., by falling among the cogs of the driving wheels of a threshing machine.

On Monday evening the Windsor and Annapolis express coming East collided with a cow lying on the track four miles west of Hantsport, throwing the engine off the track. A train sent down from Windsor brought in the mails and passengers, arriving at North street station three hours behind time. No one was injured by the accident.

A brakeman on the I. C. R. named Frank Kemble, came to his death at the St. John railway station on Monday. He was to be on the night train from St. John to Halifax last evening, he was loitering around the station as No. 3 (Shediac freight) came in. He was walking away from the train when, from some cause he lost his balance and fell off the narrow platform to the track—falling in such a position that, the train being right upon him, his left arm and both legs were severed from his body, which remained between the rails. The unfortunate man died a short time after. Deceased was a young man, unmarried and belonged to St. John. He had been a long time on the line—was formerly a conductor, but was recently put back to brakeman.

James Maxner's house in Windsor was destroyed by fire lately. Insured for \$1,100. An attempt was made to rob the Merchant's Bank Agency a few nights ago, at Weymouth, but was unsuccessful. The same night three hundred dollars worth of goods were stolen from Colin Campbell's store, Yarmouth.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND

On Tuesday evening of last week, about 9 o'clock, the wife of a gentleman in this town was returning to her residence when she noticed that she was being followed by a large black dog. Being afraid of the dog she attempted to drive him back, but notwithstanding her efforts to the contrary the unknown brute persisted in following her home. The lady's husband being in St. John, there was no man about the house. The family retired for the night, at about 4 o'clock, a. m., were aroused by the fierce barking of a dog, and a rapping at the door. The lady of the house arose, went down stairs to the door and enquired "who's there," the reply came, "me,"—all this time the dog appeared to be frantic. The lady thoughtlessly, opened the door when she discovered the dog that had followed her home the night previous, covered in blood, fighting back a rough-looking man. The lady at once took in the situation and relocked and relocked the door. The second rapping then made off. The door-step where the fight took place between the dog and the man was covered with blood, showing the desperate nature of the encounter. The dog left the premises after daylight, but whose he is, or where he has gone to, no one knows. Who can account for the conduct of the noble dog on the night referred to?—Woodstock Sentinel.

A seafaring man named Morris Moriarty, of St. John, N. B., was drowned recently at Rangoon. Mr. George Thomas, of this city, has received a letter from Rangoon, through Messrs. Moran, Galloway & Co. of Liverpool enquiring about the friends of deceased. Messrs. James A. and Ferguson, after a long chase for a

The brig "Mechanic," of St. Andrews, Cape Mahoney, arrived lately at Londonderry, Ireland, making the passage from Chatham, Miramichi, in sixteen days.—This is regarded as almost unprecedented in a sailing vessel. Mr. Gannison, of this town, is jubilant over the "Mechanic's" sailing qualities.

On Sunday morning the body of an old maiden lady, known as "Nannie McVicar," was found in a field near Letang, Charlotte County, N.B. She was 90 years of age, and had evidently been dead some days.

A little girl named Lottie Gillespie, who was returning from school, the other day, was run over by a hack, driven by a man named Hampton, in front of the Portland, N. B. police station. One arm was sprained and she was also bruised.

On Sunday evening last, the house of Mr. Robert Smith, at Rockland, was burned down and, sad to relate, a young child of Mr. Smith's was burned to death in it, and another also seriously burned. We have not been able to learn the full particulars, but we believe the fire was caused by the young children upsetting a burning lamp, and before assistance could be rendered it was too late to save one of the children.

On Tuesday evening of last week, as the night train between St. John and Bangor, which was half an hour late, was passing the Basin Mills station, a young man by the name of Albion Barrows, of Oldtown, Maine, is attempting to jump from the train was thrown under the wheels, which passed over his left leg and right foot, crushing and mangleing them in a frightful manner. It appears that he was on his way to attend a dance at the residence of one Charles Fortier, of Basin Mills, and as the train did not stop, this unfortunate attempt to get off was made. Dr. N. Mayo, of Orono, was quickly summoned, and found it necessary at the proper time to amputate his left leg about five inches below the knee joint. The crushed foot was also skillfully treated.

Stephen M. Chandler, eldest son of His Honor the Lieut-Governor of New Brunswick, was thrown from his carriage at Bulmer's Mill, while on his way from Sackville to Dorchester, breaking his neck and dying instantly. He was alone at the time, and when found was lying as he had fallen. Deceased was a married man and had many friends. The sad event has caused deep gloom in the vicinity and much sympathy is expressed for his family.

As Michael Linihan, of Richmond, Carleton County, N. B., was returning home from Woodstock, on Monday evening of last week, he met with an accident which caused his sudden death. It seems he was in company with two brothers named Smith, and having drunk a little, they differed in opinion, and when near McKenzie's corner the deceased jumped out of the wagon on to the road. It is supposed he was endeavoring to cross two cedar logs that were on the side of the road, when he fell, striking his head against another log and breaking his neck. The Smiths drove away and left him, possibly being unconscious of what happened. William Hailley, who was in company with them a little distance ahead, stopped at Lebec, and when the Smiths came up he enquired where the deceased was, and they told him he was at McKenzie's Corner. William drove back and found him lying on the ground lifeless, with his hands in his pants' pockets. The deceased was a farmer by occupation, about 38 years of age, and bore a good character. He was unmarried, but leaves a large number of relatives and friends to lament his loss.

NEWFOUNDLAND

NEW COPPER MINE.—A new and very rich mine of copper has been discovered at Bay of Notre Dame, Nfld. The mine is at Little Bay, about 14 miles S. W. of Bett's Cove, on property owned by Mr. Ellershausen and others. The discovery was made by a poor fisherman. Work was soon commenced, and it is expected that before the season ends from five to ten thousand tons will be shipped. Gangs of men were taken from Hall's Bay and Bett's Cove to work the new mine, which is likely to prove a "big bonanza" for its owners.

Whilst the brigantine "Susan," of this port was on her passage recently from Carboneau to Sydney, one of her crew, a young man named William Geary, belonging to St. John's, leaped overboard, and despite every effort to rescue him, sank to rise no more. *Delirium Tremens* is assigned as the cause of this melancholy occurrence.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

The Allan steamship *Sarmatia* has been chartered to convey the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise to Canada. They will sail on the 14th of November, and will be met at Sea by the North American fleet and escorted into Halifax.

A shocking Railway accident occurred at Quincy, Mass., to an excursion train of 22 cars, containing 1,000 people, on Tuesday evening. 18 persons were killed, and 100 more or less seriously injured. Cause undecided.

THE WESLEYANS.—The Minutes of the recent Wesleyan Methodist Conference have just been issued. The book is official and gives a large amount of statistical and other information about Wesleyan matters. In Great Britain there are 380,867 church members, 24,096 on trial for church membership; 1,412 ministers, and 209 on trial for the ministry; supernumeraries 249. In Ireland and Irish missions there are 19,950 members, and 506 on trial for church membership; 186 ministers and 36 on trial for the ministry; supernumeraries 41. In foreign missions 83,959 church members, 10,227 on trial for church membership; 288 ministers, and on trial for the ministry, 150; supernumeraries 15. In the French Conference, 1,888 church members, on trial 64; ministers, 24, on trial 3; supernumeraries, 2. Totals—486,083 church members, 34,892 on trial; 1,910 ministers, 397 on trial; supernumeraries, 305.—Mont. Witness.

EVENING PASTORAL VISITS.—Rev. Dr. Newman, of New York, makes his pastoral visits in the evening. The plan is in many cases commendable. The Methodist says of it: "It has one great advantage in cities—the husband and grown-up sons are at home; it is the restful part of the day; and this seizing upon the hour when all the family are at home makes the pastor's visits more effective. It is a small gain, too, that this plan closes certain

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

OCTOBER 1878
First Quarter, 3 day, 2h, 56m, Morning.
Full Moon, 11 day, 4h, 55m, Morning.
Last Quarter, 19 day, 2h, 55m, Morning.
New Moon, 27 day, 6h, 44m, Afternoon.

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

THE TIDES—The ebb and flow of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Farn.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

JOHN MILTON AND JOHN BUNYAN.

BY LUCY CRELL WHITE (MRS JOHN LILLIE).

Milton was at once recognized as a republican and Puritan, and he was made Foreign Secretary to the Council.

Not long ago I walked through one of Cromwell's houses and saw its oak wainscoted walls and ceilings, its carved stair cases, and its innumerable small rooms, opening one into another.

Milton, we may presume, often attended these, for he was highly honored by the Protector, and was certainly devoted to his cause.

In 1650 Milton's eyesight began to fail, and an assistant named Andrew Marvell was engaged for him. Later the same Marvell became well known as a poet.

Up to this time Milton had continued to perform his duties as Secretary, at Whitehall, aided by Marvell; but when Cromwell died and the new King, Charles II., ascended the throne, in 1660, the poet's life was in the greatest danger.

He now turned all his attention to literature. In 1658 he had begun to

a copy of the agreement between Milton and his publisher made in that year. Twenty pounds (about one hundred dollars) was all that he or his family ever received for the copyright; and in eleven years from the date of its publication three thousand copies had been sold.

Milton had finished Paradise Lost in a little cottage at Chalfont; but later he established himself in a small home near Bunhill fields. He had married a third time by the advice of friends who felt that his household needed a mother's care.

We know from records just how Milton spent his time during his last days. Early in the morning a chapter of the Bible was read to him, in Hebrew, after which he remained an hour in meditation.

Milton's third marriage had not made his home happy for his daughters. Deborah, who was her father's favorite, was finally obliged to leave home; she went with a friend to Ireland and was afterwards married to a Mr. Clarke, and had a family of ten children.

Milton's famous works are the following, arranged according to their merits: Paradise Lost, Samson Agonistes, Allegro, Il Penseroso, Paradise Regained.

Among the specially known writers of the era ending with Milton's death, are John Bunyan, author of The Pilgrim's Progress, and Jeremy Taylor, a noted preacher and scholar, the author of Holy Living and Holy Dying, and many other works of a religious character.

hated sin, he tells us, dreaded and feared eternal punishment, yet continued in a careless mode of life. Certain verses and striking passages of Scripture were always ringing in his ears; the Puritan influence of the time affected him strongly, but he did not join any of the various sects until his thirtieth year.

He married early in life, as he tells us, a good woman, who was the child of godly parents. When they were married, Bunyan says, they had not so much as a fork or a spoon between them, but the wife possessed two religious books, or tracts, and these Bunyan read eagerly.

The day was lovely, and the girls, contrary to orders, ventured to take Poll from his accustomed place in the sunny corner of the sitting-room (or keeping-room, as it was then called), placing him in his outdoor nook, in the sweet-brier bush under the windows.

THE MINISTERIAL PARROT.

MR. EDITOR.—The following story of a wonderful parrot was compiled from authentic documents by Mrs. N. B. Hall, of Providence, and published in the Providence Journal last June.

The "Reminiscences of the Third Baptist Church," with the more recent notice of its new departure, has led to many urgent requests for an account of Father Dod's parrot, that used to speak in the meetings. We do not propose to send to the Journal a memoir of a full record of this wonderful bird, but merely a selection of his most characteristic sayings and doings.

August 22nd, 1789. Poll was found on a wharf near where the post office now stands. Mr. Dods going from his home on Westminster street, near Turk's Head, to get a breath of fresh air from the water, heard the pitiful cry of "Polly's hungry!"

Poll was supposed to be a fugitive (to use the words of the record) "from a Guinea vessel which had set sail that day from bold water."

Poll was removed from the room by a member of the family, much to the chagrin of the young people, who believed he should be allowed full liberty to exercise his gifts.

At this time Poll was not receiving the training and nurture of a professedly Christian home. Strict attention had, less cultivated and less disciplined, returning love for love; needing only gentle reproof for wrong-doing.

open in the centre, and looped on either side of the window or only on one side; how much fringe, which was Mrs. Dods's own setting, should be used, &c. Poll was grave and quiet, watching all the doings with grave interest, but this manifestation of extreme worldliness was too much for him by long, improving a pane in the cooperation, he spoke out in his sharpest manner: "Mother Dod, you're a deal, all outstains and no religion to day!"

In age and increasing feebleness Poll did not lose his remarkable memory. A beloved sister in the Church ("Sister Ross") who was a frequent visitor at the house, and very fond of Poll died very suddenly.

It was not strange that so intelligent a bird as Poll should be impressed by these strong religious influences, and after a few years become so accustomed to the evening services and fraternal greetings as to really give evidence of being a good Christian parrot, speaking in the conference and prayer-meetings whenever an opportunity offered.

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE OFFICE OF PERSPIRATION.

A writer on hygiene for the "Prairie Farmer" makes the following allusions:—The amount of perspiration that exudes from the surface of the skin is graded very differently by circumstances. As for example, it is large when the body is surrounded by hot, dry air, even to the extent of five pounds in 24 hours, while in a cold and moist one the amount in the same time may be but one pound.

Another fact is worth a passing notice, namely, that the dryness of the skin retains the heat generated within the system and so creates a fever. Believe the skin, help it to do duty by warm baths or in some other way, and the fever disappears. No moisture comes upon the surface and so no evaporation and cooling could occur.

The English engineering papers are seriously considering the practicability of a scheme of a very novel character designed to ameliorate the climate of Canada. This involves nothing less than the closing of the Straits of Belleisle, which separates Newfoundland from Labrador.

A new explosive said to be 7 per cent more powerful than nitro-glycerine has been discovered. It is called "explosive

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TEMPERANCE.

HOW A CLERGYMAN WAS CURED OF USING TOBACCO.

About forty years ago Mr. John Tappan, one of those genuine philanthropists for which Boston was noted a half century since, lived in an elegant mansion on Summer street. He had retired from active business, but had fitted up an office in his house, where he received business calls. He was a scrupulously neat man and had a particular abhorrence of the use of tobacco in any form. He was as strong in his antipathy to its use as he was to the use of ardent spirits. The surroundings of his office were to the minutest particular indicative of the individual man. One of the leading avenues through which went out his benevolence was that of aiding indigent churches and helping impecunious clergymen. On one occasion a well-known clergyman of Vermont came to Boston to obtain aid for his church. He called on good old Deacon Proctor then a leading hardware merchant, and made known his wants. The good deacon took him to the residence of Mr. Tappan introduced him and left. On being invited to take a seat, the clergyman put into his mouth a huge quid of tobacco. Looking around to see where he should expectorate, he saw an open coal fire, but the bars of the grate were polished steel. This wouldn't do. Next his attention was directed to a copper coal-scuttle, the outside of which shone like burnished gold, and it was heaped with camel coal. Here was his opportunity, and he discharged his stream of saliva, making a perfect cascade over the coal. Being relieved, he commenced to state his case, stopping frequently to discharge his tobacco-juice. Meanwhile Mr. Tappan sat fidgeting in his seat, and finally interrupted the good clergyman by stating that he made it a rule never to give anything to an intemperate man, and rising, bowed the clergyman out.

Overwhelmed with grief and mortification, the good man sought Deacon Proctor, and burst out with the exclamation: "I have never been so insulted in my life!" Deacon Proctor asked him to give an account of his interview with Mr. Tappan, which he did, not dreaming that the tobacco had anything to do with his sudden dismissal.

"Sit here," said the Deacon; "I will go and see Mr. Tappan."

Arriving at the office, he found the windows wide open and a girl scrubbing. Mr. Tappan," said the Deacon, "you have hurt the feelings of one of the best of men, a devoted Christian, and a faithful pastor. What does it mean?"

Mr. Tappan repeated what had happened, and pointed to the coal scuttle. "Why, sir, it will take a week to get this room purified."

The deacon returned and smoothed over the matter as well as he could, and the clergyman took his leave.

In just one year from that day the clergyman again made his appearance at the store of Deacon Proctor, and asked him to accompany him to the house of Mr. Tappan. Arrived there, the clergyman, looking hale, hearty, and clean, extended his hand to Mr. Tappan, exclaiming: "My dear sir you have been the means of breaking me of a vile habit, which I thought innocent, but which had got a hold on me I little dreamed of. From the day of my last interview with you I have never put tobacco in any form into my mouth, and, by the blessing and with the help of God, I never will again."

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

By the Rev. James Bickford. Preached by request, on the 25th of August, at the Temperance Hall, Blackfriars-road, Lambeth Circuit, London.

"And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations: and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy."—Lev. x. 9-10.

But we have to deal with strong drink upon a broad and universal aspect. We take it in its odious sense; the being un-naturally excited, or so overcome by it, as that all moral feeling and Christian character are destroyed by its potent influence. Let us look at a few passages of Scripture bearing upon this point of conduct:—"Noah drank of the wine and was drunken." The sin of inebriety followed upon this melancholy indulgence. "We unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and make him drunken." Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clear."

The New Testament is equally explicit in its censures and denunciations of this pernicious habit. "Take heed," saith the Saviour, "to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness." "Let us walk"

of the flesh," drunkenness is included, "of which I tell you before that I have also told you in time past, that they that do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." These are indeed solemn words and ought to be deeply pondered by all British Christians.

Probably lest of drink—"strong drink"—is the damning sin of the present age. The consumption and waste connected therewith is perfectly appalling. The following calculation has been made of the yearly consumption in Great Britain alone—40,000,000 gallons of spirits; 39,000,000 of wine and cider; 1,000,000,000 of malt liquor. The value of these has been put down at £150,000,000 sterling. This gives £4 for each person in the kingdom, and £20 for each family. But this estimate is only part of the case. We must add £15,000,000 for the waste of grain; £80,000,000 for labor lost through intemperance; £25,000,000 for police, prisons, and asylums; making the awful aggregate of £300,000,000, as the drink bill of the United Kingdom.

The lust "was against the soul," St. Peter puts it among the fleshly lusts; and enjoins abstinence therefrom. His words are tender but authoritative: "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul." The same principle of abstinence he enjoins in the words: "Be sober" (more correctly, "Do not drink, or do not gulp it down," "be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.")

The observance of the law of abstinence as laid down by God Himself in the 10th verse of the chapter before us, was to be a test of discrimination before all the people: "And that ye may put a difference between holy and unholy; and between clean and unclean." In the best interests of the priestly order, as well as for the credit of religious worship, this prohibition from "wine and strong drink" was to be rigidly observed. And that people might have their confidence restored in the character and functions of the priesthood, it was further enjoined that this special enactment of abstinence should be generally known. "And that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses." Thus the specific conduct was guarded by a publicity, which would effectually prevent it might be hoped, a repetition of the sin of Nadab and Abihu in their quasi successors.

The existence of an official human priesthood has ceased to exist; and now Christ alone is the priest—"the high priest of our profession"—for the whole race of mankind. But under Him, nevertheless, there is an order of ministry whose sole business it is to "wait at the altar"—that is, Christ. The office of sacrificing is abolished; whilst that of serving continues. And his office must continue in the world so long as the Redeemer occupies the mediatorial throne, and therefrom administers the kingdom of his grace. He "hath the seven Spirits of God and the seven stars." Hence, the whole efficacy of the Spirit and the whole preaching power of his church are in his hands for the world's good. And he designs to convert the human race by the efficient use in his own "times or seasons, which the Father hath put into his own power." To be fitting instruments for so divine a purpose—"workers together with God"—we must be habitually free from unnatural excitability—be "sober-minded" or "sober-bodied"—and ever possess our "vessel in sanctification and honor."

Among many of the most devout and earnest followers of Christ the conviction is beginning to be deeply felt, that at least one reason for withholding of those "showers of blessing" promised to the churches is found in the drinking customs which obtain in tens of thousands of the outside, ungodly world. And what about this yearly leakage—number many thousands in all churches—to do with this, and other causes equally to be deplored. Certainly, the principle of self-denial, as enjoined by Jesus Christ is ignored by this terrible, wasteful habit; and on the assumption that money is an entrusted talent from God, will it be possible to justify such an employment of it to Him, who will yet say to each of us, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward?" O that God would arise in his great mercy and power, and remove all the obstacles which impede the salvation of the unsaved multitudes around us, and eventually fill the world with truth and holiness! Amen.

PROF. WM. WELLS says: "The great curse of Scotland is strong drink. As we passed through the principal avenue of the old town of Edinburgh, on Saturday afternoon, which is a sort of general holiday previous to the strictness of the Sabbath, it was almost difficult to walk on account of the drunken men who encumbered the pavement or reeled against the passers by. Men, women and children seemed to be engaged in one wild revelry—others standing at the doors and bars of grog shops with children by the hand or in their arms.

Grace Greenwood thinks the English workmen take too many holidays and consume too much beer and gin so that their brains are befogged and nerves unsettled. She says, "I am convinced that England's heart of oak is being eaten out by the fire of intemperance. If no check is put on this fearful vice, no restriction on the multiplication of ale-houses and gin-shops, those crystal palaces of Satan, republican France will yet surpass imperial England in material prosperity as in art. She is surpassing her now in spite of the fearful hindrances and humiliations, the burden and drain of wars and revolution."

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JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.
TONEY RIVER, N. S., Nov. 15, 1877. C. Gates & Co., Gentlemen,—Some time last winter one of my children—a little boy about eighteen months—was badly frightened and his health became seriously affected. On the least alarm he used to go off in a kind of fit, becoming motionless and black in the face, his heart at the same time palpitating in the most alarming manner. Each fit was worse than the preceding one, causing us to fear heart disease. Hearing of some of the numerous cures effected by your medicines in this and other localities, I procured from your agent, Mr. E. A. Gile, a bottle of your No. 2 Bitters, and before it was half gone I noticed a marked improvement in the child's health. A second bottle completed the cure. The little fellow is now perfectly well and I am perfectly satisfied that Gates' Life of man Bitters saved his life. You are perfectly at liberty to publish this certificate if you wish so to do.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS, We are now opening from New York—Ladies' FANS The New Metal Top Back COMB, Side Lace and Extension CORSETS, Silk and Pearl Dress BUTTONS. White Shirts, Satin Linings, AMERICAN PRINTS! Our Stock is now well assorted in every department. Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse, 111 and 113 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX ANDERSON, BILLING & CO.,

Meneely & Kimberly, BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y. Manufacture a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE. SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL, & Co., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing costs of advertising.

DRY GOODS. DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!! WHOLESALE We beg to advise the completion of our Fall and Winter Stock. The ENGLISH, FRENCH and AMERICAN Markets have all been visited by one of the Firm, and our Stock (including many SPECIAL LINES) secured at very low figures, which we now offer at a very small advance. INSPECTION INVITED.

Intercolonial Railway. 1878. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 29th April, 1878 TRAINS Will leave Halifax as follows:— At 8.50 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou and Intermediate Points. At 6.10 p.m. (Express) for Riviere du Loup, St. John and Pictou West. At 4.40 p.m. for Pictou and Intermediate Stations. WILL ARRIVE: At 10.40 a.m. (Express) from Riviere du Loup, St. John and Intermediate Stations. At 8.40 p.m. (Express) from St. John and Intermediate Stations. At 9.15 a.m. (Accommodation) from Truro and Way Stations. At 3.00 p.m. (Express) from Pictou and Way Stations. Moncton, 29th April, 1878. may

BEATTY ORGANES Superior \$340 Organs, only \$95. Manufacturers \$500, only \$350. Beautiful \$550 Pianos, \$175—brand new, warranted 15 days' test trial. Other bargains than introduced. PIANOS Agents wanted. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington N. J. March 9 78

66 DOLLARS A WEEK IN YOUR OWN TOWN. Term \$60 and \$6 out free. H. HALLET & Co. Portland Maine. Provincial Building Society St. John, N.B. ASSETS 31st December, 1877 \$125,288 07 RESERVED FUND to Rest same date 5,000 00 Deposits Large or Small taken and interest at 6 per cent allowed, withdrawal on 30 days notice. Monthly Investing Shares yield 6 per cent compounded monthly. Paid up Shares give 7 per cent compounded half yearly. Capital Stock has thus far paid from 8 to 10 per cent per annum. Shares mature in four years. The Society offers first class inducements for Depositors, Shareholders and Borrowers. For full particulars send for Circular. THOMAS M. GILBERT, President. A. A. STOCKTON, Treasurer. July 20th

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MILLER, BROTHERS, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S., or Charlotte-town, P. E. I. NOW HAVE THE AGENCY OF THE CELEBRATED RAYMOND Sewing Machine

being transferred (100 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. 8. 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 \$25 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 Throstle 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 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—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. July 20—3m

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PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20th. 11 a.m. Brunswick St. 7 p.m. Rev. S. B. Dunn. Rev. S. F. Huestis. 11 a.m. Grafton St. 7 p.m. Rev. G. Shore. Rev. W. H. Hearts. 11 p.m. Keys St. 7 p.m. Rev. A. W. Nicolson. Rev. C. M. Tyler. 11 a.m. Charles St. 7 p.m. Rev. W. H. Hearts. Rev. James Sharp. 11 a.m. Cobour St. 7 p.m. Rev. C. M. Tyler. Rev. S. B. Dunn. 11 a.m. Dartmouth 7 p.m. Rev. S. F. Huestis. Rev. G. Shore. BEECH STREET 3 30 p.m. Rev. James Sharp.

MARRIED.

At Point de Bute, on October 8th, by the Rev. E. Mills, Miss Ada Mitten and Mr. Arthur Snowden. At the residence of the bride's father, North Wilshire, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, Mr. James S. Seaman, of New Glasgow Road, to Judith, daughter of George Godfrey, Esq. At the same time and place, by the Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, Mr. John H. Payne, of New London, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of George Godfrey, Esq. On the 28th ult., at 118 Orange Street, St. John, N.B., by the Rev. Edwin Evans, of St. Stephens, assisted by the Rev. H. Pope, D.D., the father of the bride, J. Olive Thomas to Fannie M. S. Pope. On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Job Shenton, assisted by the Rev. C. Ladner, Stephen B. March, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. S. March & Sons, St. John's Newfoundland, to Alma Agnes, eldest daughter of the late William Bulley. At Shinimicus, on the 10th inst., by Rev. C. W. Swallow, A.B., Henry S. Fisher to Annie E. Smith, both of Shinimicus. By the same, at Malagash, August 13th, Alexander Swallow, of Wentworth, to Eliza McNeil, of Malagash. On the 14th inst., at Halifax, by Rev. J. W. Howie, Mr. John Suckling, of Halifax, to Miss Annie S. Thorley, of England.

DIED.

At Pictou, Thursday, the 28th, Hannah, aged 10 months and 25 days, only daughter of Christopher and Mary J. McLean. We loved this tender little one. And would have wished her stay. But let our Father's will be done. She shines in endless day. At St. John's, Newfoundland, on October 4th, Julia A. C. March, the beloved wife of John Pye, Esq. On Saturday, 14th ult., at the residence of Mr. T. W. Simpson, Garrison Hill, St. John's, Newfoundland, Emily Bottrell, aged 23 years, second daughter of the late William Bulley.

MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

The Meeting of the Missionary Committee of the Nova Scotia Conference will be held at Windsor, (N.S.) on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., at half-past nine, a.m. JAMES TAYLOR, President.

CONCERNING NEWFOUNDLAND.

If any of our readers visit St. John's, Newfoundland, and need to buy Watches, Clocks, or Fancy Goods, Advise them to patronize EARLE, Jeweller, 216 Water Street. Oct. 19, 78, 1yr

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Johnson's Method for Singing Classes By A. N. JOHNSON, is a book of admirable simplicity and clearness of explanation, and is endorsed by practical Singing School teachers as of the best. 77 Airs for practice, 40 Hymn Tunes, 16 Anthems, and 24 Glee and 4-Part Songs, all immediately united with the instructions, forming a perfect and easy Method for teaching the Notes. The moderate price is in its favor. Price 60cts., or \$1 per dozen. Clarke's Harmonic School for the Organ By WM. H. CLARKE, is a new and magnificent instruction book for those who wish to play the Organ (Pipe or Reed) in Church, is full of fine music for practice or enjoyment, forms a taste for the best kind of Organ Music and has the unique and special merit of preparing the learner to compose and extemporize Interludes and Voluntaries, as well as to play them. Price \$3.00. The Musical Record The Weekly Musical paper of the country! Directed by SMITH, Editor. All Music Teachers need it. 5 cts. per copy, \$2 per year. 312 pages of music per year. Any Book mailed Post Free for Retail Price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. C. H. DITSON & CO., J. E. DITSON & CO., 843 Broadway, Successors to Lee & Walker, New York. Sept 28

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FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. My Dear, Dear Saviour Grapes and Thorns Chapters from a Family Circle Charley Smenton The Child's Last Prayer Saved Through the Children The School Class The Model Son Helen Liddell Labors of Love Willie's Good Bye Work in Waste Places Bread Found after Many Days In the Cornfields: The Story of Ruth My Mother's Prayers The School Class The Reward of a Life's Work The Martyrs of Scotland Noddy Bruce Favorite Animals

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Which formerly belonged to the late Sunday School Union of St. John, N.B., consisting of Two Mahogany Lanterns with latest improved apparatus, with Lime light attachments, gas bags, rotors, perforators, 16 feet screen and pitch pine fixtures, etc. Two Single Tin Lanterns, with lamps, etc. complete, together with a very large variety of views, a microscope attachment, with cases and boxes complete. Altogether cost \$1000; will now be sold at a bargain. For Sunday School Entertainments, Public or Private Exhibitions, no better apparatus can be obtained for a party that wishes to make money without any expense being added. Apply to Wm. WARWICK, Larranecotown, Annapolis Co. Oct. 19-31st.

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