

The Wesleyan.

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THE "WESLEYAN."

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FROM THE PAPERS.

The Brazilian Senate has honored itself and done a good act in passing a law rendering Protestants eligible to seats in the Chambers.

A woman in Lancaster, Penn., has not lived in vain. She has had nine sons, every one of whom has entered the ministry.

Commissioner Roun, of the Internal Revenue, reports that in one week recently five United States officers were killed or wounded in the South by distillers.

Catholic Sabbath schools have somewhat more miscellaneous libraries than Protestant schools. The *Catholic Herald* says that, "as a rule, you will find Bulwer, Scott, and Dickens, perhaps Thackeray and George Elliot" fully represented in them.

The grounds of the late Mark Firth's palatial residence at Oakbrook have in them six trees planted by members of the royal family of England, two each by the Prince and Princess of Wales, two by Prince Leopold, and one by the Crown Prince of Sweden.

A clergyman stated the other day that at the last three weddings he had attended in Cincinnati wine was used, and that in each case somebody became disorderly. In one case the bride became so boisterous that her friends had to take her in hand.

"The preacher who has to serve a work in the itinerancy where our Church-paper is not read, and never has been read, has to contend with disadvantages that no amount of zeal, efficiency, personal influence, or any thing else, can overcome."—*G. W. H., in Wesleyan Advocate.*

A Worcester correspondent relates an anecdote of the late Father Taylor, of Boston, who not liking a certain Mayor's administration, prayed with his usual directness: "O Lord, give us a better city government. Yes, Lord, give us a considerably better one."

We know—for *The Herald and Presbyterian* tells us—just why the Cumberland Presbyterians cannot be received into the Presbyterian Alliance. It is because they hold to election because of good works, while the orthodox doctrine is election unto good works. This is very important.—*Independent.*

The first Baptist Church of Providence recently broke away from Christmas precedents. Instead of having a festival for the Sunday School children, the officers collected the money for the entertainment, as usual, then apportioned it among the classes, and each class carried a supply of Christmas stores to some suffering family.

Our new Methodist Lord Mayor of London, at the banquet given on Nov. 9, passed what is known as the loving cup to those on either side, without once tasting of the wine himself. This is not going quite so far as the example of Mrs. President Hayes at the White House, but it is a step in that direction.—*Cor of N. Y. Advocate.*

The funeral of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin took place on the 30th ult, at his Church of the Divine Paternity, New York. Many prominent clergymen and laymen, representing different shades of religious thought, were present. Addresses were made by Robert Collyer, Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Thomas Armitage. The remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery for burial.

The assistant masters at Eton College are about to appear before the public in a new character—that of co-operative washermen and bakers. They have, in short, established a company, with a capital of £5,000, for the purpose of carrying on a laundry, bakers', millers', and confectioner's business. The subscribers are all assistant masters at Eton, and four of them are to be directors of the company.

A place of worship was wanted in a populous neighbourhood, called Porth. A well known circuit steward in the South Wales District accompanied his minister to this new place, and as no other suitable room or site could be had, bought a whole block of houses in order to get a piece of land attached to the property for a new chapel site, and paid for them forthwith. This bold step in itself has introduced Methodism to this neighbourhood as "Christianity in earnest," and the people are prepared already to hear what we have to say.—*Methodist.*

Mr. Moody's seminary at Northfield seems to be prospering. The Indian girls mingle freely with their white sisters, there being little social difference. Without an exception they enjoy their Northern home, and do not wish to return to the Territory. They will ultimately go back as teachers of their nation. There are three tribes represented—the Creek, Cherokee, and Choctaw. Fourteen is the whole number.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "If the French want to dig the Panama Canal, let them dig it. We have no more title to the territory around Panama than the French have." The talk about the Monroe Doctrine in respect to the digging of this canal is simply getting up a silly scare over nothing. We hope that the canal will be dug, and this country would profit by it more than any other nation on the earth.

The *Christian Advocate* thinks that the reason for the decline of some important churches is that the official members are without genuine sympathy with the majority of the congregation. People begin to feel that they are ignored; then that they are not desired; then they go elsewhere or remain at home. A little thoughtfulness and brotherly kindness on the part of the men and women of position and leadership would prevent this.

The following advertisement in the *London Times* seems to show the destination of wedding presents: "Lady wishes to sell rich fur trimmings in sable tails, sable, skunk, &c., elegant sealskin paletot, diamond earrings, rings, bracelets, &c.; and exquisitely fitted travelling dressing bag, two fine fur carriage rugs, some lovely electro-plated entree dishes, tea tray, fish and dessert knives and forks, and numerous other wedding presents. Only private ladies need write; no dealers, Apply, &c."

The proposed visit of Moody and Sankey to New Orleans will be postponed for some time on account of the immense quantity of work which they are doing in San Francisco, and which is yet to be done in that city. As they propose to visit England during the coming spring and summer, if they should be detained much longer in California the trip to New Orleans must be postponed indefinitely. In any event their stay will not be long. From New Orleans they will go to New-York and take steamer for England.

We deeply regret the death of the Rev. Myron W. Pinkerton, the leader of the projected mission into Umzila's Kingdom, in Interior Africa. He perished of the African fever, while delayed at the coast. He was an experienced missionary among the Zulus. He was one of those men, not of great natural ability, in whose case now and then the mighty internal force of a great object bursts out beyond what might seem the limitations of their nature and makes them equal to geniuses and heroes.—*Independent.*

At a place called Dinas (Wales) about two years ago, a colliery accident occurred, when some of the men were entombed in the debris, so that their bodies could not be recovered at the time. The other day, one of the bodies was discovered and buried with due respect by the widow of the departed, who by the way, was not a widow any longer; and hence it came to pass that the second husband was present with his wife, at the funeral of the poor woman's first husband, although she had been a widow for about a year-and-a-half.—*Methodist.*

Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, has been one of the busiest members of the British Government during the last eight months. He has four reforms now in progress—the penny saving stamp, the small parcels of consols, the sixpenny telegram, and the parcels post. The measure for bringing about cheap telegraphy will be ready to lay before Parliament at its meeting. Before the end of the coming session, it is probable that the arrangement for a uniform parcels post will be ready for Parliamentary approval. But these great reforms, do not cover the whole of Mr. Fawcett's programme. Some of the department changes which he has made will have no small effect in producing economy and enforcing expedition.

On Friday evening, Dec. 3, the Rev. Charles Garrett, (Wesleyan) invited three hundred of the Liverpool police to tea. A suitable room was kindly lent by the Incumbent of St. Columba's Church. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. Garrett, and the meeting addressed by the Rev. R. H. Lundie, M. A., of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. W. F. Stubbs, M. A., Church of England, the Rev. F. Hughes, Wesleyan, and several officers of the police force. A blessed work of grace has been going on amongst the men, nearly three hundred of them having joined a Bible and Prayer Union. Some of the incidents given by the men were of the most interesting character, showing how wonderfully God has blessed earnest efforts to do good.—*Methodist.*

MISSIONARY PERILS.

The Rev. W. S. Davis, Wesleyan missionary at Shawbury, the mission among the Pondo-mise Kafirs writes:

"Matters have become so critical at Shawbury that I have had to leave the station. Several English traders in the country had taken refuge in the place, for whose blood the Pondo-mise were clamouring, although the chief had given promise to them of protection if they came to the mission station. Then I felt I could not fully trust the station people. We had reason to fear that many of them sympathized with the revolt against the Government, others were openly avowing this, and a few only could be trusted to stand by me. I had also a warning from the Pondo chief, who is friendly to the English, that it was not safe to remain. The headman on the station (who has proved my best friend) also told me he thought the situation very grave and dangerous. There were on the station, besides the mission family, and the Misses Barnley and Mason, the teachers in the seminary; five men and three women who were Europeans, and a number of children. Having so many lives dependent on my movements, I determined to leave Shawbury and seek safety at the Buntingville Mission Station, which is in the territory of the friendly Pondo chief, who, as stated above, warned me of my danger. I accordingly left on the 3rd of November, and, after a journey of thirty-five miles in a waggon, arrived safely at Buntingville Mission Station. We had to flee in haste, and thus leave behind us all our personal property and that belonging to the mission. There was a stock of provisions in connection with the seminary worth £150, and furniture of the value of £60. All the mission furniture also had to be abandoned, and my own personal loss in my library and other effects has been large. My grief is great. I have spent many years, and labours abundant, in preaching to them the Word of Life, and teaching their children in our schools, and in every way serving them; and now they have risen up against me and the Gospel of Christ."

The following is an extract from the letter of the Rev. P. Hargreaves, of Clarkebury: "We have had a terrible time since I last wrote you. Dalasile, the chief, sent to say I must remove, as he wished to destroy the buildings on the station to prevent their falling into the hands of the English as military posts. I pleaded with him against this, but on the 2nd inst., the enemy gathered in force to attack, and I had to leave with the mission family and Mr. and Mrs. Crawshaw, who have charge of the Training Institution for Native Youths; but, from some cause still unexplained, no attack was made. On the next day they took up a threatening position on the hills around. As I saw I must act promptly in obtaining, if possible, some help to prevent the station being looted and burnt, I rode through the night to the nearest English magistracy, and Capt Blyth sent 150 Fingoe militia and 25 European volunteers. These with our people formed a defence for the station, and, as many loyal natives have rallied round the militia and volunteers, we have been un molested since. On Sunday, the 7th inst., the enemy came again, apparently to attack us, but the chief, Dalasile, who had before ordered me to leave that he might destroy the buildings, now ordered them to leave. He said, 'The missionary has brought me up; he is my father, and has no blame in the present troubles.' The enemy then departed again, and we have not since been troubled; and many who are loyal to the government have joined us. There is a large trading establishment close to the station, and this has been our trouble, as the property there is great, valued at £7000. This is a great temptation to the natives, as they know that if the station were destroyed they would get this booty. One morning 400 armed men came and surrounded the shop, and some of the English on the station thought it would be safer to let them take the property, as they would probably then depart; but I went alone to them and spoke calmly to them, and succeeded in getting them to depart. The trader is indebted to the missionary

for the saving of his property. The country is in an awful state; disaffection and rebellion everywhere. Even when the people are quiet there is a kind of pleasure in the difficulties which have overtaken the Government, even on the part of those who were previously our friends among the natives. It is satisfactory to be able to say that on this station I know not one who has taken an active part against the Government; but the faith of men is shaken. This so-called "vigorous policy" has brought matters into a sad state.

IS THERE ANY "HIGHER LIFE."

No, if by "Higher Life" you mean some new phase of life "higher" than that of Christ and his apostles. Yes, if you refer to the decent, respectable, quiet religion of the day. The Higher Life is not a modern invention of some hot headed fanatic. What we want is the good old style which began with the ministry of Jesus. This kind—may God help us!—we intend to advocate.

On the Grand Prairie in Central Illinois, we have watched at night the headlight of the on-coming train more than twenty miles away. For hundreds of miles the country is one dead level. If you should tell a child born on this great prairie about the snowy peaks of California he would think you were dreaming. He has no appreciation of what he has never experienced. The loftiest hills he ever saw were those plowed up by the oxen in his father's corn-field. The idea of mountains thousands of feet high to him is simply absurd.

So, to a large extent, the Church of Christ is content to live upon a plain no higher than the Illinois prairies. Like the farmer's boy, they know nothing and care nothing about the highlands. Let those who doubt this read the history of the Church in the first century. A little band of fishermen and mechanics, their Leader, as the world thought, dead, carried his faith in a few years to the utmost bounds of civilization. Heathen Rome was captured for Christ, and became the centre of Christendom. By and by came a great falling away; then the blackness of the dark ages. But night was not to last forever; the morning dawned of the great Reformation. God raised up men of apostolic zeal and fervor, and the Church was to a great extent reformed from its errors. But the reformation touched more the head than the heart; men were left orthodox and lifeless. The whole Church of to-day is not as strong as a few Galilean fishermen. There is not one man in a hundred who in his lifetime saves the soul of his brother.

What is wanted is a second Reformation. What is wanted is a Higher Life.

WELL-USED WEALTH.

"At Marlin the train was boarded by a prominent citizen. Being an enthusiastic Methodist and preacher-friend, he wanted to say good-by and 'God bless you' to the ministers on their way from the Waco Conference. As he dropped from the train after it was under good headway, a young preacher sitting beside this reporter said: 'I owe every thing I am to that man! He found me down here in the brush on a cow-pony, and said to me: "I want to educate you. Pick your school or college, go ahead and draw on me for whatever you need." I accepted, went to school, and drew on him for two years. He paid the drafts in gold. I went to school five years—managing to pay the other three myself. But it was he who put the ambition to be something into my head and heart. May God Almighty bless him,' concluded the young preacher. If his benefactor could have heard it, he would certainly have concluded that the quality of benevolence is not strained, blessing, as it does, him that bestows, and him that receives."—*Correspondent of Texas Advocate.*

"Old Methodism," says the *Advocate*, "cared nothing for precedents. It was bent on success. It hated ruts. It was flexible. It delivered the water of life from hose, not from iron pipe. It worked with ball and socket joints. It found out what each man was 'good for,' and then kept him at that."

REV. S. COLEY.

The preacher concluded by reading an interesting sketch of the deceased written by his son, the Rev. S. Birt Coley, which stated that at the age of fourteen he was well acquainted with the works of Wesley, Fletcher, Richard Watson and some of the Puritans. When little more than fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver; about the same time he began to be an active worker in Christ's vineyard, and was accustomed to assist in open-air services. When he was about sixteen he began to preach. He was in the habit of telling the story about one of the earliest occasions of his preaching. He felt very anxious that a youth who had been to the same school should be led to the Saviour, and he prayed very earnestly for him every day for a fortnight. The youth came to one of the services—perhaps out of curiosity to hear how his school-fellow would preach—and at the prayer-meeting afterwards came forward to the communion-rail as a penitent, became converted, and afterwards entered the ministry. In October, 1841, Mr. Coley for the first time heard his cousin, Thomas Collins, preach. The text was Jeremiah xiii. 27, "Wilt thou not be made clean? When shall it once be?" In his life of Collins, Mr. Coley told them how the preacher again and again pressed the question, "When shall it once be?" and he was soon enabled to answer; it was not a flash of enthusiasm, but the work of the Holy Ghost. At the next lovefeast at Belmont-road Chapel he arose and said: "I feel the love of Jesus Christ the Son of God cleanse me from all sin," and he came down. Many eyes were turned to him, and "Bless the lad" was the prayer that fell from many lips. In 1844, when nineteen years of age, he became a candidate for the ministry, and was accepted at the Conference. His master required £50 to cancel his indenture; Mr. Coley made it a subject of prayer, and before long a benevolent but eccentric gentleman brought the money to his mother; the difficulty was removed, and he was released.—*Recorder.*

CARE OF THE NEWLY SAVED.

It was the remark of a lady who felt what she said that before she became a professor of religion she had many friends who manifested an interest in her welfare, but that so soon as she connected herself with the Church, their good offices were discontinued. She was told of her danger and duty, and followed by all kinds of benevolent counsel. She was also made the subject of special prayer. It was a real disappointment to her in after days that she had no one to care for her soul. In the Church, devoted to its duties and a Christian walk, she was troubled by her inexperience, and perplexed by constant difficulties that rose in her way. But no one came to her relief. She was more alone than she had ever been in her life. The social sympathy of which she had heard, seemed to be utterly wanting, and without communion, except in a way that was official and formal, she found the first cross she was called to bear to be one of spiritual solitude in the midst of her former friends.

Her experience was more common perhaps than we think. There is a zeal on the part of many Christians in behalf of those who are unconverted or out of the Church that is earnest and hearty, but which ceases when once the point has been gained of a profession of religion. It forgets the subsequent nurture which is just as much needed as the early care. Its aim is to get those to whom it is directed to declare themselves Christians, and when that is done, it feels its work is ended. It is the spirit of one who will seek to get the homeless and outcast into the house, under the shelter of its roof and protected by its inclosure, without thinking of the food and training and companionship, wanting which it must be a prison instead of a place of joy and rest.

It would be too much to say that it is after the profession is made that the chief care is needed. To save a soul from death is the first, as it is the greatest work of all. But closely following

it, and nearly related to it, indeed a part of itself, is the duty of properly assisting those who have committed themselves to the Lord. They need sympathy, warning, exhortation, encouragement, restraint—the care of children who are but starting on their way; and he is a right servant of the Master who properly fosters their faith and warms into expanding growth the germs of grace implanted in the soul.

Many a youthful Christian leads a life of loneliness and bitterness because of this want of sympathy. Many another one, whether feeling the loneliness or not, is yet alone, and failing of needed encouragement passes a starveling life, knowing nothing of the holy joy that comes with a deep experience of the gospel; while others still, unhelped and unrestrained, fall into sin, which brings on them the censure of a Church that neglected its own duty to them.—*United Presbyterian.*

THE SAILOR'S CARD.

A little more than six years ago a friend, who is deeply interested in work for Christ among our sailors, told me that, at the close of a prayer meeting of which he had been the leader, a young seaman, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him, and laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, because as he said, "You will do it more plainly than I can." "What must I write?" said my friend. "Write these words, sir: 'I love Jesus—do you!'" After he had written them my friend said, "Now you must tell me what you are going to do with the card." He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once, I will begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now as soon as I go on board I shall walk straight to my bunk, and nail up this card upon it that every one may know that I am a Christian and may give up all hope of making me either ashamed or afraid of adhering to the Lord."

The young sailor was right. A bold front is often more than half the battle, and many a general has saved himself from being attacked by making what is called "a show of force." So let it be with you in the carrying out of your religious convictions. Meet your assailants, not with retaliation, but with calm fortitude. Give them to understand you have weighed the matter thoroughly, and that as you are responsible for your own soul you mean to do what you believe to be right, no matter what they may say or do. Tell those of your household that you are determined to be as good a son and brother as ever, nay rather better than before; but that in this infinitely momentous concern you know no father but God, and no brother but Jesus Christ. Say to your fellow-workmen that you intend to be as faithful in your employment, and as ready to oblige them as ever, but that you cannot sin against God to show your good-will to them.

Do this with the calm earnestness of one who has looked into eternity; do it with the holy boldness of one who hears his Saviour's saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." Do it with the self-sacrifice of one who has gazed on the cross of Christ until the love of the Lord has constrained him, whatever it may cost, to live to him. Do it thus, and your adversaries will cease to torment you. Nay, haply some even of them may be won by your honest courage to put themselves by your side. When the vessel is pursued by some suspicious craft the captain runs up to the mast-head the flag of our nation, and the would-be assailant steers away in another direction, for he knows whose fires upon the ship outrages the patriotism of the people, and provokes their power. So when men turn on you, hoist your flag, and see in that at once the symbol of your decision, and the pledge of your protection; for while you are beneath that flag he who attacks you touches the apple of the Saviour's eye.—*William M. Taylor, D.D.*

Our Home Circle.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said / But it trembles in the air, / And the faint voice has sped / To vibrate every where; / And perchance far off in eternal years / The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done / To wipe the weeping eyes, / But like dews of the sun / They signal to the skies; / And up above the angels read / How we have heaped the sore need.

Never a day is given / But it tones the aching years, / And it carries up to heaven / Its sunshine of its tears; / While the to-morrows stand and wait, / The silent minutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky, / And the stars are everywhere, / And time is eternity, / And the here is over there. / For the common deeds of the common day / Are ringing bells in the far-away.

A PRAYER HEARD.

On a pleasantly situated country-seat not far from the little town of B— lived Herr L—, a very worthy Christian man. His wife was an estimable woman, who was his true helper in training up their little ones to the same throne of grace where they themselves sought from the Lord wisdom and strength. Those who saw the dear children could not doubt that this up-bringing had borne most blessed fruit. They were obedient to their parents, amiable to each other and kindly and modest to strangers. The house, too, was quite a model household. Everything was in its right place; order and cleanliness reigned everywhere. The servants, though they were strictly admonished to take great care over things, and to use their time, yet knew how to value a good service, and seldom left but under circumstances of absolute necessity. For those who loved and sought after worldly amusements did not suit in Herr L—'s house, and would indeed soon have had warning to leave. The whole family was daily gathered together; the morning's work was begun by prayer, the evening was closed in the same way. These were seasons of real refreshing and strengthening. In such a house the Lord lingers lovingly; and if trials and provings are not wanting, still he does not let there be any lack of the needed strength. It was truly a happy family.

The father took upon himself the labor of instructing his children in all the various branches of knowledge belonging to a good education, while the mother took care that as soon as they were old enough her daughters should be accustomed to all womanly handicraft-work.

Some Christian friends who lived in the neighborhood came now and then to the house, and such visits only passed too quickly.

On a stormy harvest evening a loud knocking was heard at the outer door of this peaceful house. The servant hurried to answer it, opened the door and saw standing on the door-steps two commonly tall men, who handed him a letter, and said with an insolent air, "Give this writing to your master, and bring us an answer as quickly as possible; we will wait for it. But look sharp!"

The servant was not a little amazed at the big strangers and their imperious manner, but promised to obey their orders, and come back as soon as possible. He hurried to the sitting-room and delivered the letter, but remained waiting in order to read in his master's countenance what all this could mean, and what might be the contents of the ominous letter. The mother, too, and the children surrounded the father, and felt not a little anxious when they saw how pale the master of the house became as he read the missive.

"We have a letter here," he began, "the contents of which are far from pleasant. But my love, banish all fear; for in this case, too, we can say, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Arm yourself with courage, and I will read the letter to you."

"Sir: The leader of a numerous band stands before your house with the positive demand that you shall, before break of day, deposit 20,000 thalers (£ 000) at the gate of your garden. In case of refusal, your beautiful house will this night be given up to the flames.—THE LEADER."

"Oh, thou God in heaven!" sighed the mother, when her husband had finished reading. The children wept in great alarm, and the servants, who all had by this time gathered together, trembled as if they already heard the crackling of the flames; only the father was again quite calm. After a little reflection he wrote:

"Sir: Your imperious command deserves a decided answer. I will not comply with your requisition, for it should be according to the

counsel of God's will that my house should be a prey to the flames. I hope to be able to say, 'Lord, thy will be done!' only it is certain that you have no power to accomplish this; God is almighty; but whatever godless designs you may have determined on, he reigns.

At this moment there was again a loud knocking at the outer door, and the servant hastened to take his master's letter to the strangers. They read the writing by the aid of a dark lantern, and in a tone of the utmost menace called out to the servant, "A friendly greeting to your master; we shall soon present our thanks to him in person." With these words they hastened away.

When the servant returned to the sitting-room the master bared all in, and then said, "Let us kneel down and pray to that powerful One without whose will can no hair fall from our heads."

All obeyed, and followed with deep devotion their master's words of entreaty, as he commended himself and his household to the care of his God of strength. They were words that came from the depth of his believing heart, and they could not be unheard. All rose up strengthened, and now awaited their time of severe trial, with their eyes toward the Lord.

"Now let us wait courageously, and see what the Lord will bring us," said Herr L—. "Whatever he sends us is good, and he will not send us what we are not able to bear. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee?" so that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

Midnight has just struck. They could not go to the little town for help, because it was too far off, and they feared to meet the robbers on the way. The great bell, which they generally use to call together the neighbors in case of any unexpected emergency that required their help, had been sent to the town a few days before to be repaired. In short, it was as if God would show them that from him alone help should come. The wind howled from time to time with great violence around the solitary dwelling, and it appeared as if the storm would increase the coming terrors of the night.

But what happened? About two o'clock in the morning loud peals announced a severe thunder-storm. Soon one flash of lightning followed another with great rapidity, accompanied with loud resounding thunder. If any one could have observed the little family now, they would have seen that they all appeared more calm. One danger seemed to have chased the other from their minds, and none of them thought any more of the robbers and their threats.

Then suddenly a bright flash of lightning zigzagged through the air; a fearful crack followed instantaneously, so that all the windows rattled.

"The lightning has struck!" cried one of the servants. "See, see, the hay-shed is burning!"

It was true, and soon they saw the building of which he spoke in flames; it was a happy thing that it stood far enough off to prevent any danger of the house catching fire. That clap of thunder was the last. With distant mutterings the storm died away, and the wind calmed down. But still they did not venture to go out for fear of the robbers. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed a sound was heard outside, and soon they could distinguish the well known voices of neighbors whom the sight of the flames had called together to help extinguish the fire. Now Herr L— and his family hurried out to the burning building. But imagine their astonishment—still unconsumed by the flames, there lay at a little distance the body of a man in whom the house servant recognized one of the strangers who had the evening before given him the letter of which we have spoken. It was in fact, the much feared robber chief, who had been struck by lightning at the very moment when he was approaching to execute his cruel and desperate purpose of setting fire to the house. There he lay, a corpse, forsaken by his companions in evil, who had fled as soon as they saw their leader fall.

The fire was soon quenched by the help of kind neighbors, and Herr L— related the remarkable circumstances to them. Deep astonishment seized them all. When they went to carry away the dead man they found a paper on him which put them on the track of the other miscreants, who had for a long time made the neighborhood insecure.

Thus had the Almighty God made evident that it is to him a light matter to bring to nothing the purposes of men.—Cor. of the British Messenger.

REUNION.

I think, sometimes, when sitting all alone, / What would it be to see the faces blest / Of those who long since entered into rest, / Whose brows with light celestial long have shone; / What would it be to hear again the tone / Of voices that erst filled me through with joy; / Whose music long since joined the choir above, / And left me silent in a wordless moan; / What would it be to hear the light steps steal / Over the threshold of my solitude? / O vain, fond fancies of a yearning heart! / Be patient; and in heaven thou yet shalt feel / That chief among the joys of life renewed, / Are the reunions that can never part.

AN EAST INDIAN STORY.

The following story is perfectly true, and was told by the Colonel of the 91st Highlanders. There was a terrible stir in the barracks of the —th Native Infantry at Sekunderland (Alexander's Town) one bright morning at the beginning of the "dry season." Some money had been stolen from the officers' quarters during the night, and all that could be made out about it was that the theft must have been committed by one of those inside the building, for nobody had got in from without.

The officers' native servants and the Sepoy soldiers, to a man, stoutly declared that they knew nothing about it; and the officer of the day, with very great disgust, went to make his report to the Colonel.

Now the Colonel was a hard-headed old Scotchman who had spent the best part of his life in India, and knew the Hindoos and their ways by heart. He heard the story to an end, without any sign of what he thought of it, except a twinkle in the corner of his small grey eye; and then he gave orders to turn out the men for morning parade.

When the Colonel appeared on the ground everybody expected that the first thing would be an enquiry about the stolen money; but this was not the Colonel's way. Every thing went off the same as usual, and the thief probably chuckled to himself at the idea of getting off so easily. But if so he chuckled a little too soon. Just as the parade was over, and the men were about to "dismiss," the Colonel stepped forward and shouted "Halt!"

The men wonderingly obeyed. The Colonel planted himself right in front of the line (carrying a small bag under his arm, as was now noticed for the first time), and running his eye keenly over the ranks of white frocks and dark faces, spoke to them in Hindoostanee.

"Soldiers! I find there are dogs among you who are not 'true to their salt,' and after taking the money of the Rannee of Inglistan (Queen of England), steal from officers. But such misdeeds never go unpunished. Last night (here the Colonel's tone became very deep and solemn) I had a dream. I dreamed that a black cloud hovered over me, and out of it came a figure—the figure of Kali."

At the name of this terrible goddess (who holds the same place in the Brahmin religion as the evil one in our own) the swarthy faces turned perfectly livid, and more than one stalwart fellow was seen to shiver from head to foot.

"There is a thief among your soldiers," he said, "and I will teach you how to detect him. Give each of your men a splinter of bamboo, and the thief, let him do what he may, will be sure to get the longest; and when he is found let him dread my vengeance!"

By this time every soldier on the ground was looking so frightened, that had the Colonel expected to detect the thief by his looks, he might have thought the whole regiment equally guilty. But his plan was far deeper than that. At his signal each man in turn drew a bamboo chip from the bag which the Colonel held; and when all were supplied, he ordered them to come forward, one by one, and give the chips which they had drawn.

He was obeyed; but scarcely had a dozen men passed when the colonel suddenly sprang forward, seized a tall Rajpoot by the throat, and shouted, in a voice of thunder, "You're the man!"

"Mercy, mercy, Sahib" (master) howled the culprit, falling on his knees. "I'll bring back the money—I'll bear any punishment you please—only don't give me up to the vengeance of Kali."

"Well," said the Colonel, sternly, "I'll forgive you this once; but if you're ever caught again, you know what to expect. Dismiss!"

"I say, C—, how on earth did you manage that?" asked the senior Major, as he and the Colonel walked away together; "I suppose you don't want me to believe that you really did get that idea in a dream?"

getting the longest, bit off the end of his, and so I knew him at once. Take my word for it, there'll be no more thieving in the regiment while I'm its Colonel. And indeed there never was.—Harper's Young People.

SOD HOUSES.

On the prairies, far from the woolds, where log cabins are impracticable, the sod house is made as a substitute. To build one, a man goes on to the prairie with his team and breaking plow, and turns a straight, smooth sod some three or four inches thick. This sod is very tough. When sufficient has been turned over, the sod is cut into squares and laid up in a wall as though it were flat stones. Door frames and window frames are set in as the wall rises. When the height of one story is reached a small timber is set up at each end and a ridge pole placed upon them, and the sod wall built up or into the gable. On this ridge there rest smaller poles for rafters, and on these sod is laid in courses, the courses overlapping each other like shingles, "so many inches to the weather." The only money outlay is caused by windows and doors. If well built, the house will stand for years. Inside, one may "sweeten to taste." In the ruder huts the walls are uncovered. In others some are covered with cheap cloth, some with building paper and wall paper pasted over it, while some are plastered and made as comfortable as any room need to be. Once inside you would not know but you were in a stone or brick house. Then you will sometimes find elegant furniture, the remains of better days; sometimes a piano and the skill to play it; choice books, which indicate literary tastes; the latest papers and magazines, which show that the inmates keep up with the times. Indeed, it is surprising to know how many families of refinement and cultured taste, being unfortunate, make a fresh start in life on the vast prairies.

MRS. CARLYLE'S GRAVE.

A New York editor, travelling in England, made a visit to old Haddington cathedral, and with this interesting and pathetic result: With pride the sexton showed the obelisks, showing also other titled names that decorate the spot. "And there," said he, while moving along as he pointed out a flag-stone bearing two names, one of which was but a few years old, "there is Mrs. Carlyle's grave."

"The wife of Thomas Carlyle?" I inquired. "Ay," said he, "ay ay." And I saw that it was, and that this was the tombstone glorified by that immortal epitaph, the finest tribute ever paid to wife or woman, in which the illustrious literary giant—

Mightiest Titan of rugged mind / Frowning majestic on feeble mankind— after referring to her long years of wise and helpful companionship, says that, by her death, the light of life is clean gone out.

"And Mr. Carlyle," said the sexton, comes here from London now and then to see this grave. He is a gaunt shaggy, weird kind of old man, looking very old the last time he was here."

"He is eighty six, now," said I. "Ay," he repeated, "eighty six, and comes here to this grave all the way from London."

And I told the sexton that Carlyle was a great man, the greatest man of the age in books; and that his name was known all over the world; but the sexton thought there were other great men lying near at hand, though I told him their fame did not reach beyond the graveyard, and brought him back to talk of Carlyle.

"Mr. Carlyle himself," said the grave-digger softly, "is to be brought here to be buried with his wife; ay."

"He comes here lonesome and alone," continued the grave-digger; "when he visits the wife's grave, his niece keeps him company to the gate, but he leaves her there, and she stays there for him."

The last time he was here, I got a sight of him, and he was bowed down under his white hairs, and he took his way up by that ruined wall of the old cathedral, and around there, in here by the gateway, and tottered up here to this spot.

Suddenly spake the grave-digger and paused. Sitter still, in the broad dialect of the Lothians, he proceeded: "And he stood here awhile in the grass, and then kneeled down and staid on his knees at the grave; then bent over and I saw him kiss the ground—ay he kissed it again and again, and he kept kneeling, and it was a long time before he rose and tottered out of the cathedral and wandered through the graveyard to the gate, where his niece stood waiting for him."

SISTER DORA. A woman died in England, a few weeks ago, with a strange history:—Dorothy Patterson was the daughter of a clergyman, a delicate and even sickly girl in childhood, and a member of a family of high social position in a class where women are carefully sheltered from the world as are Easter lilies from the winter wind. When Dorothy reached womanhood, however, she became remarkably beautiful, and developed the strength and energy of a man. She followed the hounds, dressed and danced, and tried to find a field for her enormous vitality in ordinary ways, but in vain.

At last she resolved to devote her life to others. She gave up fashionable life, and took a village school to teach, to discipline herself. Afterward, she joined a religious charitable society, nursed the sick, scrubbed the floors, cleaned gratings, etc., but even this menial work did not satisfy her restless energies.

At last she became a manager of a small-pox hospital, in the Black Country of England, and there she found her proper work and place. Sister Dora's masculine strength, wonderful beauty, keen delight in a laugh, and sound common sense, gained her a commanding influence over the rough miners. Her life was given wholly to their service. Her medical and surgical skill was great.

On one occasion, when the doctors had decided that a patient's arm must come off, Sister Dora declared that she could save it. She was warned that the man would die, but she persisted, and for weeks never left his bedside. She succeeded.

Years afterward, when she lay ill, this man would walk ten miles on a Sunday to ask for her "Tell her it was 'her arm' that rang the bell," he would say, and go back again. She knew no fear when nursing her patients, and often when a man was sinking into the collapse which precedes death from small-pox, she would place her lips to his, and inflate his lungs with her healthy breath, in hopes of restoring vitality.

Her strength was so great that she lifted men and carried them from one ward to another, as other women would babies.

Yet she never lost her womanliness; and it was through this and her tender sympathy that she maintained her absolute control over men of this district. She influenced them to give up drinking and immorality.

When "Sister Dora" died, thousands of the miners came to follow their faithful friend to the grave.

Such a life is not possible to many women, nor is it desirable that it should be. Yet it is stirring to hear of as a trumpet-note in its noble purpose. We are glad, too, to know that on her death-bed she said:

"If I had my life to live again, I should marry. It is better for a woman to love some one to whom she can be in subjection."

Dora Patterson's life shows the power of great energies absorbed in good works, under a sense of religious duty, and contrasts strongly with the lives of many of the fashionable friends of her youth. We cannot doubt that her life in the sick-room was happier than theirs in circles of more selfish amusements and display.

The officers of the ocean steamers, it is said can, from their posts of observation on "the bridge," tell more of what is going on among the passengers—flirtations and elopements—and better judge of their character and characteristics, whether they are fugitives from justice, commercial travellers, clergymen, or grass widows, than the passengers learn below. One of these observing captains declares that he knows whether a young woman has left her lover at one port or expects to meet him at the other. The explanation, like the explanation of many other amazing things is simple enough. If her lover is behind her, she cares nothing for wind, rain, or fog, but gets tanned, freckled, and roughened in a highly healthful and independent fashion. But, if her lover is waiting for her, she takes infinite trouble with veils and other complexion preservatives.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—There never was a time when heiresses were in so great demand, or when worldly mamma's smiled more approvingly on the attentions of prosperous young men to their daughters. This fact has been very plainly shown at all the watering places this summer. In truth, the demand is so active and so manifest that what supply there is grows shy, and wealth is tending to ally itself with wealth, both to strengthen its position and to escape merely mercenary importunities. Where there is money on both sides, it is felt

that matrimony is safer; and perhaps it is. Young men who are on the hunt for heiresses do not deserve to be encouraged; and young women who put a money price on their affections may well be left among the unsold goods.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVEL.

The front yard had a thick coat of snow on, when Lewis put on his greatcoat and comforter, shouldered the new big snow shovel, and went out to clear a path to the street. The storm was over, and as the bright morning sun shone on the snow-capped twigs, rails, and posts, they sparkled with a thousand brilliants.

"See him, mother," cried Mary, who stood at the window watching Lewis, and enjoying his somersets in the snow before beginning the more serious business of shovelling. Mary thought it was delightful; she thought everything Lewis did delightful. Lewis, in her eye, was a hero of heroes, and she never was happier than when she could do some service for him. Lewis knew it, and though he didn't mean to do any serious wrong, he sometimes used his power rather harshly, like too many boys with their sisters.

The sun, the snow, and Lewis proved almost too tempting for the little girl. She wanted to go out too.

"Is it not rather biting for a little girl who is not very well?" asked her mother. "I won't play in the snow, mother," said Mary; "let me have Lewis's little shovel, and go out and help him."

"Perhaps he doesn't want you," said her mother, quite willing to throw a hindrance in the way. "Mary did not believe that, so she said, "Please do, mother."

Mary had been sick, but she was better; and her mother thought, maybe if her little girl was well wrapped up, the clear winter air might be good for her; shovelling, too, would help to keep her warm and glowing. So the mother put on her little red hood, cloak, mittens, and tippet, and put into her hand the small wooden shovel which Lewis had outgrown, and out Mary skipped as happy as a snow-bird.

Lewis was well along with his path; he prided himself on his paths. Down she bounded to him, with the little shovel in both hands.

"I come to help you, Lewis," she cried in loving tones, at the same instant scooping up the light snow. It scattered, and flew back on the clean path.

"Get out!" cried Lewis, hastily. "I don't want girls bothering me. They are more plague than profit."

"Shan't I help you?" asked Mary, timidly. "No," answered the boy, with a boy's unthinking roughness. "You are a real bother. You are always in my way. Stand back, won't you? What are you out here for? and what business have you with my shovel? Always getting my things."

Mary stood back. Lewis took no notice of her, but kept shovelling vigorously on, as if working for a wager. The disappointment was almost too much for the little girl. She slowly backed into the house, and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Lewis doesn't want me," she sobbed, and the tears ran fast and thick down her little cheeks. Mother tried to comfort the little grieved heart.

After a while Lewis came stamping in. Seeing where his sister was, and the tear in her eye half blurring the look of affectionate reproach which she cast on him, "Why what's the matter with Mary?" he asked.

"I am afraid you hurt her feelings," said mother.

"Our Mary is getting to be a real cry-baby," he said, marching off, but with a small twinge in his conscience. Oh, if Lewis had only known it was to be his last chance of being kind to his dear little sister and making her happy! That night the scarlet fever set in, and after ten days Lewis saw her no more.

A miserable boy was he. "If I had only been kind to Mary, if I'd only said, 'So you shall help me, Mary,' and showed her how to shovel," he repeated to himself again, and again. "If I only had; if I only had." This is remorse, conscience biting back again.

The sight of the little shovel quite upset him. Once he took the axe to chop it up, and get it out of his sight; but he could not do it, Mary held it last in her dear little hands; and after a long, long while, when the bitterness of his sorrow was past, he loved the little shovel for her sake. Lewis is a man now, and he would part with everything he owns rather than that; and many a tear he still sheds over it.

Sunday

LESSON

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Sunday School Lesson. LESSON III.—JANUARY 16, 1881.

THE PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAS.— Luke 1. 67-80.

I.—THE COMING OF CHRIST.—Verse 69, 70.

This was spoken of by Zacharias as though he were already come. His own son was the pledge of the fulfilment of the announcement to Mary.

"A horn of salvation." This was a prophetic term for the Messiah (Psalm cxxxiii. 16); it is a very frequent symbol in the Old Testament. In borned animals the growth of the horn marks the development of strength, and arrival at maturity of the animal; it is thus a symbol of power.

II.—THE PURPOSE OF CHRIST'S MANIFESTATION.—Ver. 71-75.

The latter of these verses explain the former. Without them it might be thought that Zacharias was under the influence of the prevailing notions about the Messiah as simply a Jewish deliverer. But it is a spiritual salvation of which he is speaking.

III.—THE RELATION OF JOHN TO THIS GREAT WORK.—Ver. 76-79.

"The Prophet of the Highest."—By the Highest is meant Christ Himself. "John was Christ's prophet, not only as sent by Him, the Master, for so John acknowledged Him to be, but as he predicted His immediate manifestation, discoursed on His glorious character, and the ends of His advent, and pointed Him out as the one object of trust to guilty men. That our Lord is called the Highest shows light upon ver. 35; and the terms of this passage are an unequivocal proof of the Messiah's divinity. He, whose ways were prepared by John, and who beyond all objection was Jesus, is called the Highest, the Lord, and the Jews are styled His people." The terms of ver. 77 are a distinct proof of the spiritual nature of the salvation referred to (v. 71-75). It is a salvation to be obtained "by the remission of sins." There is no salvation without that; it is the introductory and initiatory blessing of a state of salvation; it is the foundation of the holiness and righteousness in which we are to serve God. Thus Jesus Himself sets it forth as the great purpose of His manifestation (Luke xxiv. 46, 47); and St. Paul distinctly states it to be the blessing of redemption (Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 14). Have we realized this blessing of salvation? are our sins forgiven? They may be if we will only repent and believe in Christ. We may have the blessing as a conscious experience, and rejoice in the forgiveness of our sins.

"The Sun of Righteousness" was one of the prophetic names of the Messiah (Mal. iv. 2). At His coming the Church was to arise and shine in the light (Isa. ix. 1); and He was to be a light to them who had sat in darkness and the shadow of death (Isa. ix. 1). The fulfilment of all these glorious prophecies Zacharias sees at hand, as the watcher for the rising sun sees the light of day springing up from beneath the horizon before the sun himself appears.

IV.—THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JOHN.—Verse 80.

He grew—bodily, in physical development—and waxed strong in spirit—in intellectual, moral and spiritual development.

And was in the desert—It was probably his practice, even in early childhood, to wander away into solitary places, and live much alone, until, as he grew towards manhood, he retired into the desert altogether, and lived the life of the anchorite there.

Till the day of his sheaving into Israel—that was probably not until he was thirty years of age. He then appeared suddenly in the wilderness of Judea, and commenced his mission. Not much could have been known of him before, for those who know of the miraculous circumstances of his birth were but few; and if there had been any widespread excitement about it at the time, it would all have died out in so long an interval. "We have no materials for filling up this brief outline of the thirty years that followed in the Baptist's life. The usual Jewish education, the observance of the Nazirite vow, the death of his parents while he was comparatively young, an early retirement from the world to the desert that surrounded the western shore of the Dead Sea, study and meditation given to the Law and the Prophets, the steadfast waiting for the consolation of Israel, possible intercourse with the Essenes, who lived in that region, or with hermit teachers, like Bananus, the master of Josephus, whose form of life was after the same fashion as his own; this we may surmise as probable, but we cannot say more."

HOUSE AND FARM.

Arrange flat-irons on the stove in two rows, "heel and toe," or so that when ready for a hot flat you can take the next one in order, without loss of time of getting the one that has been heating the longest.

An exchange says: "Kerosene oil will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new; and ruin the leather at the same time. Castor oil is the best thing in the world to use on boots or shoes.

Horses should be watered in the morning before they are fed. A full drink of water immediately after being fed is a sure way of producing indigestion, if not inflammation. When water is drunk by horses the bulk of it goes directly to the large intestines, and little of it is retained in the stomach. Some old and worthless horses, by way of experiment, were fed with split peas and supplied with water immediately before being killed. It was found that the water had carried the peas into the intestines, where no digestion took place at all.

The question of which way milk should be set to raise most cream in the most economical manner has never been settled among creamery managers generally, so that it is rare to find the creameries of one section of country using the same method as those of another. The creameries of Northern Illinois and Iowa get the highest market quotations, and, as a rule, they set in very cold water, often using ice, thus following what is termed the Swedish plan. The old style of shallow setting is probably in use in double the number than any other is. All, however, seem to be working toward setting the milk cold and churning the cream sweet.

Physicians have for a long time known that common table-salt is an efficient aperient in ordinary cases of constipation. In a lecture on a case of nervous affection, Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, said that he had recommended the patient to take each morning on rising a tumblerful of water—cold, to prevent nauseating—in which was dissolved a teaspoonful of table salt. "This simple aperient," the doctor adds, "I frequently employ in cases of constipation, and generally find it efficient. There is great advantage in starting the bowels and keeping them in a state of soluble condition, particularly in cases of nervous disorder in women, as it sometimes clears up obscure points in the case, and at all events eliminates one source of error."

Hall's Vegetable Scillian Hair Renewer is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen and scientists as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results. It is entirely harmless, and a certain remedy for removing dandruff, making the scalp white and clean, and restoring gray hair to its original color. It imparts a gloss and freshness to the hair which all admire.

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and per- who are on not deserve young vo- ice on their left among lks. NOIV thick coat put on his shouldered and went the street, and as the one on the and posts, thousand ried Mary, s watching somersets nning the shovelling, Lewis did eye, was never was could do Lewis knew men to do sometimes shly, like sisters, and Lewis ing for the to go out for a little 2" asked he snow, t me have go out and rant you," willing to way. hat, so she t she was thought, was well winter air shovelling, her warm other put k mittens, her hand el which out Mary ow-bird. with his his paths, im, with hands. Lewis," she the same ight snow, ck on the s, hastily. uring me. an profit." ked Mary, y, with a ss. nor. You stand back, ou out here e have you ys getting vis took no shovelling king for a ment was little girl, the house, r mother's me," she in fast and lks. Moth- e grieved me stamp- sister was, r blurring approach "Why ary?" he to be a real ing off, but e his con- had only st chance ttle sister that night and after to more. e. "If I' d-ome, Mary, novel," he and again, ily had," ce biting novel quite k the axe out of his p it, Mary le hands; ile, when row was how for a novel, and ything he and many it.

THE WESLEYAN.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1881.

A FORGOTTEN FACT.

The further side of the holiday season of 1880-81 has been reached. People generally have resumed the even tenor of their way, and many have looked back with a smile at the enthusiasm to which they so readily yielded. Few, however, can afford to make merry at others' expense; the innocent enthusiasm was too general. Business streets for a time resembled bazaars; a guiltless species of smuggling became the rule; messengers hurried through the streets, hastily leaving their parcels; and on Christmas morning the feelings of regard and affection which prompted the previous stir culminated in widespread joy. The keen air of a Nova Scotia winter forbids Christmas carols in the open air, but, within, childish laughter and exclamations of delight testified in many homes to unusual gladness, in which with less of demonstration, their seniors were happy partakers.

Of all the notices of the holiday season, in which our exchanges abound, none are read with more pleasure than those descriptive of thoughtful arrangements for the happiness of the many whose wants are only made more evident by the plenty surrounding them. No remembrance of the season will be more permanent than that cherished by the aged man or woman who in life's autumn receives from neighbors what others possess in their own right; or of that child who, in hospital, asylum or Home, awakes to find that kindly hands have trimmed for him and his playmates a tree like those which elsewhere form a rallying-place for happy household groups. A single exception only can be made as to happy memories—that in favor of those who have tested the assurance: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

While the pleasant influences of the holiday season yet linger about us, the world, and even Christians, should be reminded that all joy is the fruit of Christianity. Others may look at agencies, and give to them the glory; let us resolve persistently to claim for the Gospel of Jesus Christ its right to be regarded as the basis of all that is real in happiness, or worthy of notice in philanthropy. Not a few have so far severed the teaching of Jesus from its results as to be ready to quote the consequences of Christianity against Christianity itself, and to count all that is beautiful and blessed in Christian lands as so many arguments in favor of a "religion of humanity." The Church herself is deserving of blame for much of existing forgetfulness or misapprehension. In the homes of many of her members, the little ones, at a period when their minds are most receptive, are led to regard an imaginary being as their benefactor, and are too seldom reminded that they owe childhood's sweetest, dearest day to Jesus. Her ministers still expound the great obligations of Christian brotherhood, but too frequently her membership leave the task of putting in practice the lessons taught by Christ and his disciples to benevolent institutions which have sprung up under the shadow of the Church, while having no corporate connection with it. We have no wish to interfere with the work done by these, we rejoice in it as a part of the indirect results of Gospel teaching; but must urge that, unless the membership of the Church of Christ devote themselves more fully to that direct method of doing good which obtained in earlier Gospel days, the glory due to their Head will be given to another. Impelled by anxiety only for her own power and prestige, Roman Catholicism has seen a like danger, and has often, with glaring injustice, placed most praiseworthy institutions under the ban of the Papacy, only because they sought to maintain an existence, free from the interference of her priesthood. The genius of Christianity is opposed to such tyranny, but the spirit of the Gospel demands a more direct and steady aim on the part of the Church, as a collective body, to do good to the bodies as well as to the souls of men. Careful organization for Christian work, and diligent and untiring effort in its prosecution will alone convince the world of the too forgotten fact that the basis of all that is holy and pure and good is not to be found in the impulses of unaided humanity, but in the teachings of Jesus and in the accompanying influences of that Spirit which imparts the light of life. Need we add that only the Baptism of Fire, descending upon the Church of the Lord Jesus, will fit her worthily to show forth His praise.

In the meantime, does the faith of any reader waver respecting the reforming, benevolent, joy-giving power of the

Gospel? Let him while Christmas joys are yet fresh, read of heathen lands in the olden time, where science and the arts flourished, but from whose ruins no antiquary brings home relic, or even tells of trace, of asylum, or hospital, or refuge; let him read of Fiji, and other Southern groups which the navigator scarcely dared approach to land the missionary, or let him look at the semi-civilized countries of the present day, where woman is made a beast of burden, where life is apparently of no value, and he may learn what earth would be without the Gospel, and how home joys, care for the needy or destitute, and even the safety of his own life, are all owing to the life and death of Him who came that our "joy might be full."

COLLEGE GRANTS.

Last week, in the course of his address as Chancellor of the University of Halifax, Rev. Dr. Hill made a statement worthy of the attention of the Methodists of the Maritime Provinces. Said he:

"With the exception of Mount Allison College, we may say that not one of the six colleges, specially referred to in the Act of the Legislature, have considered it wise or advantageous to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them of having their students tested by examiners outside of their own institutions—that not one College, except that already named, has taken any practical interest in furthering the project of trying by one general touchstone the acquisitions of the youths whom they have been instructing."

These words from the lips of Chancellor Hill afford the best possible proof of the absence on the part of the Faculty of Mount Allison College of all fear respecting the testing of their students by examiners outside of their own circle. Dr. Hill, while claiming that the University had done "not alone some good, but much good," spoke under the influence of some degree of depression, not perhaps unnatural, yet we think scarcely warranted. A motion for a conference with the several College Boards was not pressed to a division, but served a good purpose through the discussion elicited. Judge Johnston, in moving the resolution, ventured the bold remark that "Dalhousie College, with a millionaire at its back, was apparently determined to destroy the other colleges, and become the central teaching college." Did Judge Johnston have reference to any offer calculated to entice young men from other colleges—Acadia, for instance—after a two-years residence? We cannot say; but if we have divined his views, would urge him to dismiss his fears. The honor of the young men of our day must not be held at any discount. The *Presbyterian Witness*, with what mingled proportions of irony and truth we are unable to determine, quotes the Judge's utterance as a "wise remark," and makes reference to intimations of aid to the University from Dr. Ross and others of Dalhousie. Possibly the legal gentleman just named might see in such intimations some symptoms of a future offer of marriage. One thing seems clear—that some persons would do little to save the University from falling. Another thing is certain—that with due support to the University on the one hand, and the absence of questionable means on the other, the erection of a central teaching university must be a matter for only the distant future.

During the late meeting of the Senate of the University of Halifax several references were made to the probable policy of the Government in relation to the College grants. On the 31st of December these grants ceased. The question of their renewal or final withdrawal will have to be decided at the approaching session of the Nova Scotia Legislature. While awaiting that action one watches with interest the movements of the Boards of the several Institutions. It has already become evident that earnest efforts from several quarters will be made to secure a renewal of Government aid. A memorial from the Episcopal Synod, adopted in July last, has been followed by a petition from the Governors of King's College, praying the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to continue the grants. The Baptists have so far taken no step indicative of action. The *Presbyterian*, whose aid from public and private sources has placed them in a comparatively easy position, seem, according to the *Witness*, to have been suddenly convinced that "the Province needs every dollar of the grants for other objects." This new interest in the welfare of the general public is not to be lightly treated. Yet, were we convinced that the bottom of the financial chest were clearly visible, we should still claim that retrenchment should begin elsewhere. The interests of higher education are among the first to demand and retain the fostering care of the Government.

Last week the Board of Governors of Mount Allison College presented to the Government a request for the renewal of the Grant heretofore given that Institution. Their appeal is based on ground which cannot well be questioned—that of the important work done by the College in the sphere of higher education. In view of the position taken by men who have gone forth at different periods from their Institutions at Sackville, to fill honorable positions in several branches of the Church, in the State, in commerce, and in the various pathways of life, as well as in view of the honors lately won by Sackville students, the Methodists of Nova Scotia have the best possible reason for urging and expecting aid from the Provincial treasury.

Certain editorial remarks in the *Church Guardian* of last week respecting the continuance of college grants have called forth from the *Presbyterian Witness* a few words respecting "indiscriminate endowment of truth and error," as well as an assertion that the Provincial Legislature "cannot at this time of day undertake to endow any or all religions." These words, it seems to us, may convey a wrong impression. We are not afraid to assert that there are thousands of friends of denominational colleges who, while prepared to use all legitimate means to obtain for their colleges such public aid as they both need and deserve, would not yield one iota to "our Baptist brethren" or to those for whom the *Witness* might more naturally be expected to speak, in regarding "the indiscriminate endowment of truth and error, as an evil to be avoided and contended against." Any proposal, from any quarter, to influence the Legislature of Nova Scotia "to endow any or all religions," would find in us as sincere and determined an opponent as our contemporary could desire. And yet we fail to see on what principle of equity the whole burden of sustaining colleges, which are doing the work of higher education and giving a full equivalent for the public moneys expended upon them, should be thrown upon private liberality and denominational zeal. Surely a college cannot be deemed unworthy of public aid, because it seeks to throw around its students the guidance and safeguards of religious principles, and encourages them to follow Christ the Great Teacher.

A CHANGE IN THE WIND.

Sometimes the secular press registers aid to individuals and the public by leading deserving men from obscurity; sometimes its favors prove deceitful. The *Northwestern Advocate* supplies an illustration of the latter order. There can be but little doubt that the *Chicago Times* did much to promote the out-goings of both Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas by its creation and supply of the demand for gossip concerning both. In relation to its influence over Dr. Thomas a still stronger statement might be made. "We do know," says the *Advocate*, "that Dr. Thomas has subsequently adopted the *Times'* theory of several facts relating to the Rock River Conference and himself. He never dreamed of being 'hurt' and 'outraged' by the first private, not secret, session of the Conference, until the sharp, ingenious *Times* invented that theory for the sensation's benefit. Well known facts in the matter of sending Dr. Thomas to the best appointment he has ever had were never ignored to make room for the theory of 'exile, 'rustification,' and so on, until the *Times* invented that utilitarian theory." Under such nurture Messrs. Swing and Thomas grew—grow until they "waxed fat and kicked." Other papers entered into competition with the *Times*, and finally a single weekly obtained the right to publish the sermons of these wanderers. Then came the copyrighting of the sermons, and the refusal of the *Times* of the right to print them early on the Sunday morning. By some means, however, that paper obtained an advance proof and before daylight issued the Swing sermon for the morning, and thence sprang a prosecution. Concerning these men, to whom it had given such notoriety, and glorified, not as ministers of Christ but as antagonists of the Church, the *Times*, its occupation gone, and smarting under the "sweet revenges" of time, pins this label to the coat-tails of its former "young men."

Of course, the *Times* is not in the habit of playing second-fiddle to anybody, and respectfully declines to play second-fiddle on the motion of a couple of hallooish divines whom it has hitherto been very instrumental in inflicting. Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas are not amongst the ablest of the pulpiteers of Chicago, by any means. Both owe their distinction, whatever it may be, not to any abilities of their own, but to the inflation of them by the press, which has been extravagant. The *Times* certainly will not assist at their further expansion and they are quite likely, as a consequence, to collapse altogether. The *Times* will hereafter print sermons which

shall be worth printing, and none that are not. Possibly Swing and Thomas may occasionally preach such sermons, but oftener they will not than they will. The *Times* desires to say a word to the Methodist church hereabout. Let it not make the mistake of distinguishing Dr. Thomas with trial for heresy. He is substantially out of the church already, and if his exit be in no manner emphasized by the church, he will very quietly subside with little delay. He is not the stuff of which a martyr will grow in natural soil; if left to his own resources, he will wilt as suddenly as he has attained mushroom growth. The one thing the Methodist church should do as to him is, to "let him run." It should learn wisdom in the experience of the expulsion of Dr. Swing by the Presbyterian church. It was that which unduly inflated Swing in the estimation of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and gave him a theater building in which to magnify himself.

This piece of counsel is very wise, though long delayed, and propelled by the influence of a wrathful spirit. The lesson may not be lost upon young ministers, whose personal estimate of their abilities, may at once lessen their usefulness and prompt them to grasp eagerly at the flattery only too readily given to men who step over the shafts.

Nor must we omit the *Advocate's* moral: "This little story, brethren, teaches"—what a perfect substitute daily papers are for church journals and Christian pulpits.

A LINE FROM THE SOUTH—A GRACEFUL ACT.

Bermuda at the South, through several Sunday-school pupils, greets Labrador at the North. Through the assistance thus tendered, many families on that bleak coast may be favored with the ministry of the Gospel. We prize the gifts of these Bermudian Sunday-school girls, and of that "Windsor girl," whose example inspired them, but we prize yet more highly the training they are receiving for future usefulness in the Church. Mr. Angwin's note will be read with interest:

Four of our Sabbath-school girls, Maggie and Bessie Hayward, Lily Inglis and Low Angwin, stimulated by the example of a Windsor girl, held a children's bazaar on Friday, 17th of Dec., and realized \$26.55. I have forwarded this amount, at the children's request, to Bro. Huestis, to be sent to Newfoundland, as their proportion towards the cost of a boat for the Labrador missionary. It is to be hoped their example will be followed by others.

The financial showing of our last quarterly meeting was highly satisfactory. We had an advance all along the line.

In town the large number of troops attending our services, parade and voluntary, is taxing our church accommodation to the utmost. We have not a pew, not even a sitting, to spare. It is our earnest desire that the large congregations which worship with us from week to week may be mightily stirred by the power of the Holy Ghost. Our constant cry is: "Send now prosperity."

Bro. Dawson, my esteemed colleague, who has lately been in labors abundant, is at present slightly out of health. I sometimes think that the constant strain of our Bermuda work is too much for his nervous and physical powers. We hope to see him fully restored in a little while.

Through your columns, very welcome and highly valued in our island loneliness, we would send our Christmas and New Year's greetings to our Northern friends. Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, "Even as it is with you." *St. George's, Dec. 22, '80.*

As we write, many others, among whom we would gladly be found, are engaged in one of the services of the Week of Prayer. With confessions of personal, social and national sin are being mingled petitions for a revival of the work of God. How much is implied in such requests, and what depth of consideration is demanded on the part of human beings who seek to be workers together with God! We have no disposition to criticize the spirit of the worshippers now in our sanctuaries, but may not some, possibly, ask for revivals who have no intention of seeking to hasten them? "The fruits," an exchange remarks, "would be acceptable in a larger membership, an easier treasury, and often more social influence; but the self-denial, and anxiety and toil involved demand too much personal sacrifice." The following clipping from the *Interior* contains questions that may assist in self-examination:

"It might be well to ask, do we really want a revival? Do we want the experience it involves? Are we willing to be 'broken vessels'? Do we want the world renunciation it implies? Do we want to do the work it means? Success we want, of course. But success in spiritual things comes through battles that scar and break and humble us. Now God knows when we pray for a revival precisely what are the contents of that prayer; he knows, when we perhaps do not. And if that general prayer means, 'Oh, Lord, give us more church members, but do not hurt and crucify us, do not make us give up ourselves in any new consecration, but do give us more people, it need not tax our faith very severely if that prayer is put on file."

OUR PAPER FOR 1881.

How far the publisher of the *WESLEYAN* has fulfilled his promise to his patrons, they will have learned from a glance at this sheet. He sends it forth with no little satisfaction to those Methodist homes, where a desire for personal acquaintance with the work of God, or a wish to inspire youth with right principles and denominational loyalty, or both combined, win for it a welcome. That there are so many of these he is glad; that there are not more is to him a matter of regret. No strong expressions, to be construed into harshness, shall be impressed as the first message of the new type: his readers shall not receive lectures pertinent to those who are not readers, after the fashion in some prayer-meetings, but, one fact he desires to place special emphasis upon at the beginning of a new year—the fact that while the promises made to subscribers have been strictly carried out, the condition upon which those promises were made have not yet been fulfilled. Some agents have worked faithfully in the interests of the paper and of the Church, which interests he would fain hope are one. From others no word of cheer, discouragement, promise—in fact, no message of any kind has reached the office of publication. He will not say that all such have not intended to do their duty—he is left in darkness.

Of the importance of the circulation of Methodist reading among our families it seems scarcely necessary to speak. Only the other day one of our most earnest laymen, a devoted worker, remarked that it was scarcely possible to estimate the value of the Church paper in its influence upon families. He himself had learned that fact in a home whence no financial difficulties, however trying, were permitted to close the door against the weekly messenger of the Church. In view, first of all, of the interests of the Church, and then of our Book Room, will not our agents and subscribers aid us in our work. The former may do it by speaking of the matter at some week-night service, as well as in pastoral visitation; the latter by an energetic effort to double our list by sending us a single name in addition to their own. Of course six would be better than one. Renewals are desired as promptly as possible.

We have not yet had time to read a recent publication from the pen of Rev. Louis N. Beaudry, entitled, "Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic." In this autobiographical sketch, Mr. Beaudry, who is pastor of the First French Methodist Church in Montreal, relates the means of his enlightenment, and the steps by which he was set free from the bondage in which Roman Catholicism so firmly holds those who are taught from infancy to regard doubt respecting her orthodoxy as a sin of the deepest dye.

The following from the pen of the Rev. J. C. Berrie, of Murray Harbor, P. E. I., comes to us, unsolicited:

"I have just closed 'Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic,' wishing there were more of it. Enticed by its ingenious plan, one is led on with the keen interest and delight experienced when reading, for the first time, 'Dunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.' However familiar with the workings of the Roman Catholic Church, one cannot help seeing in a new light the great power she has over the minds and hearts of her people. This work is calculated to awaken thought in the minds of Protestants, opening their eyes to the errors and abuses of Rome, and fully meeting them by clear and forcible argument, free from the hard names and abusive epithets so often used in controversy, and, in addition, any earnest seeker after salvation will find this delightful book helpful. May God speed this loving messenger of truth on its way."

Now and then civilization seems to move backwards. Such retrogression, however, is seldom witnessed among our American neighbors. Indeed, after reading the venerable Dr. Prime's statements respecting the liberty, or, rather, license, permitted to American children, one feels disposed to try, "Down breaks!" A flood of Puritan opposition to Christmas, and an attack of dyspepsia in the bargain, must surely have affected the New York official to whom this extract from a leading New York paper makes reference:

As Christmas falls on Saturday this year the school children do not get an extra holiday. In some of the public schools the week's session closed at an early hour, so that the pupils had a beggarly half holiday. The Superintendent of Public Instruction has taken pains this season to break up one of the pleasantest customs of the school year. He has considered it his duty to remind the teachers that one of the by-laws stands in the way of their receiving even the most trifling gifts from members of their classes, and to forbid in advance any violation of the rule. In this way the teachers were placed in a most embarrassing position; for it was not easy to put

aside the free-will tokens of affection and wound the feelings of the children who had brought them. The teachers of the public schools exert, in a majority of instances, the best single influence that is brought to bear on the children of the lower and middle classes. These little courtesies at Christmas time are perfectly harmless, and serve to strengthen the ties between the pupils and their most useful friends.

No Christian worker more nearly imitates the daily work of Jesus on earth than he who, as Christ's agent on earth, goes into the midst of the lost to seek and save them. Some of our friends learned something of such work from a visit to the Joint Mission Church on the evening of Thursday of last week, though these, of course, saw it in its brightest earthly aspect. Only a visit with our City Missionary—Mr. Theakston—through street after street, would make them familiar with all its phases, sometimes sad, very sad, sometimes pleasing. On the evening in question the room presented an unusually attractive appearance. "Ample justice" was done to the food kindly provided by friends for the attendants at the School and Mission services, and then the doors were opened to the public, who listened to songs, recitations and short speeches from the children of the Mission and their guests, the whole under the guidance of Mr. Theakston. To the children—we do not disparage the speakers, we only put ourselves in the children's place—nothing possessed greater interest than the large Christmas tree upon which the teachers had placed the presents for their various pupils. The receipt of these was doubtless to the little folks the crowning pleasure of the evening.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A pressure upon certain columns has obliged us to "boil down" some communications, in order to give them to the public this week.

Applications for clergymen's certificates, for use on the L. C. Railway, should be addressed to D. Pottinger, Esq., Chief Superintendent, Moncton.

A visit to the pleasant Music Ware-rooms of Mr. W. H. Johnson, whose advertisement appears to-day, will prove interesting to our readers.

The Covenant services held on Sunday afternoon in our larger churches in this city, were attended by large numbers, and marked by deep religious feeling.

Rev. S. F. Huestis acknowledges the receipt of \$26.55, less cost of transmission, from Rev. J. G. Angwin of St. George's, Bermuda, towards the purchase of a boat for the Labrador mission.

Harvie's "P. E. I. Almanac" is a neat, compact publication, containing all necessary information respecting the religious and secular institutions of the Island. Residents of other Provinces, by a glance at its pages, might learn not a little respecting an important portion of the Dominion.

Will pastors of churches please forward any notices of deaths they may desire to have placed in our weekly list? The name of the officiating minister is a sufficient guide in the transfer of marriages from our exchanges. Even in relation to these a post-card may prevent omission.

A word to the ladies: Rarely, if ever, does a minister, old or young, send us a notice of festival or picnic without some reference to the active part taken by the ladies. If these references are seldom copied, it is because Methodist women do not work with a view to thanks, and because every one is aware of the active, often self-denying, toil they undertake. Who ever knew a party of men to engineer a tea-meeting?

LITERARY NOTICES.

Gen. Grant is writing an article for the February number of the *North American Review*, advocating the Nicaragua Canal Scheme. The same number of the *Review* will contain a contribution by Judge Tourgee, author of the "Fool's Errand," entitled "Aaron's Rod in Politics," and one by Oliver Wendell Holmes, on "The Pulpit and the Pew."

A package of publications for December has been received from the Wesleyan Conference office, London. We regard all these as worthy of a much larger circulation among our people than they have yet attained. The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, the *Christian Miscellany* and the juvenile serials are surpassed by no similar issues.

The 13th volume of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* opens with a good number. It has four illustrated articles: A visit to Constantinople, with eight engravings; Picturesque Canada; "The Three Copecks," a Russian Story; and the Story of the Catacombs, with two striking chapters and two engravings. "Sister Dora" is a touching sketch of a noble woman; and the strange story of Jerome is that of a man well "worth knowing." Dr. Stewart has an admirable Christmas article on "The Gospel of the Angel." Dr. Ryerson's "Essay on Canadian Methodism," and other articles make up a number of great interest.

Several books recently issued from the Wesleyan Conference Office, London, have been placed on our table. The *Constitution and Policy of Wesleyan Methodism*, by Rev. E. W. Williams, D.D.

is "de- Method- it in suc- the pra- a d dist- coded r- bs at c- and a- men- for the- Synopt- icles and- form a- Princip- and the- has alre- tions in- Talks, a- been ve- desirable- dist pub- have be- ly large- English- "Talks- gative. Story of- House; Story of- are equ- the Sun- to notice- Diary, Kalendar- ference- vance i- publicat- Dr. Job- under b- mer. He- be obtai- FROM- JOVE- Some- bound r- cannot b- the year- rious cir- Mission- culars ex- tributing- with the- will obl- for the- different- receiving- A su- been set- where t- tion. M- siring a- John's- RE- The se- to this E- ly desir- should b- as possi- DE- Writing- York p- sent a- State. "Sin- people h- in the r- can Des- and larg- requires- reason- which a- uncertain- tists tha- rainfall- growing- the Kai- ing of- ways b- vested f- During- could b- but litt- third se- ed in a- Durin- Aid Co- canvass- 25,000- time th- Without- means e- clothin- fuel, cl- buy wit- ters ar- through- cate the- great, a- aid fro- Presid- copal O- and fal- twelve- North- sonal- During- and J- and at- in my b- les of- their t- The pe- often v- sometim- and at- frequent- case of- death, dietage- much o- many o- some c- Late- lies wh- flour, a- They h- eaten c- nation- prairie- the m- there v- born o- to-do f- from f- did no- their- protect- all gon- to tru- ward n-

is "designed to exhibit the system of Methodism as it now is, and to present it in such a form as to afford guidance in the practical administration of circuits and districts." Dr. Williams has succeeded in preparing a volume which will be at once a guide to superintendents and a useful book of reference to laymen. Another useful book, especially for the preacher and teacher, is *The Synoptical Dictionary of Scripture Parables and References*, so classified as to form a "Methodist Summary of the Principles, the Doctrines, the Precepts and the Facts of Scripture." This work has already passed through several editions in foreign languages. *Homely Talks*, a book by Mark Guy Pearse, has been well said to be "homely" in no undestable sense. The number of Methodist publications, in which provincialisms have been extensively used, is sufficient in large; this book is written in the English of cultivated conversation. The "Talks" are pithy, pointed and suggestive. Other issues are *Glencood*, a Story of School Life; *Blending Her House*; *Summer Days at Kirkwood*; and *Story of an Apprenticeship*, all of which are equally suitable for the table, or for the Sunday-school library. We have yet to notice the *Methodist and General Desk Diary*, and also the *Pocket Diary and Calendar*, for 1881. The Wesleyan Conference Office, which made marked advance in the number and style of its publications under the management of Dr. Johnson, is not likely to lose ground under his successor, the Rev. T. Woolner. All the publications named may be obtained at our Book Room.

FROM THE MISSION ROOMS.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY PRESENTS. Some of these being composed of the bound numbers of monthly publications, cannot be obtained till after the end of the year. They will be sent to the various circuits as soon as received at the Mission Rooms. In the meantime circulars explaining the new method of distributing these presents will be sent out with the Annual Reports, and brethren will oblige by sending in their orders for the requisite number of books of the different grades as soon as possible after receiving the circular.

MISSIONARY BOXES.

A supply of Missionary Boxes has been sent to the Halifax Book Room, where they can be obtained on application. Brethren in Newfoundland desiring a supply of these Boxes will please apply to the Rev. Job Shenton, St. John's.

RELIEF AND EXTENSION FUND.

The second instalment of subscriptions to this Fund is now overdue. It is highly desirable that all outstanding balances should be collected with as little delay as possible.

DESTITUTION IN KANSAS.

Writing from Kansas to a New York paper a Methodist minister presents a sad picture of destitution in that State. He says:

"Since the 1st of March, 1878, 80,000 people have settled in Western Kansas, in the region known as the great American Desert, a country destitute of timber and largely so of water, with a soil that requires several years' culture before a reasonable crop can be grown, and in which seasonable rains are exceedingly uncertain. It is the opinion of scientists that in Northwestern Kansas the rainfall never will be sufficient for grain growing. The last Biennial Report of the Kansas Agricultural Society, speaking of that country, says: 'It will always be the maelstrom of all capital invested for purposes of general farming.' During the first season sufficient crops could not be obtained; the second but little if anything was grown; and the third season crops of all kinds have failed in a degree.

During last June and July the State Aid Committee, organized at Topeka, canvassed that region and found over 25,000 people needing aid. Since that time the number has largely increased. Without an income for three years, the means of the settlers are exhausted, their clothing worn out; everything—food, fuel, clothing—to buy, and nothing to buy with. Letters received from ministers and other trustworthy persons throughout that part of the state indicate that the present suffering is very great, and the future outlook, without aid from elsewhere, almost hopeless. As Presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church I have, during the summer and fall, travelled over every part of the twelve counties upon the frontier of Northwestern Kansas, and have personal knowledge of what I affirm. During a trip of five weeks in June and July I lived with the settlers, and ate at their tables, and could hold in my hand at one time all the vegetables of every kind which I saw upon all their tables together within that time. The people generally lived on corn meal, often without either butter or meat, and sometimes without salt. During that and at the present, cases of scurvy were frequent, and although I know of no case of direct starvation resulting in death, I am certain that as a result of a diet against which the system soon rebels, much disease has been engendered and many lives rendered wretched and in some cases shortened.

Later in the season, I learned of families which for weeks together had neither flour, meal nor meat in their houses. They lived on unripe squashes and worm-eaten green corn. I have reliable information of a child born out upon the prairie in a dug-out, where, apart from the mother's own tattered garments, there were no clothes to wrap the newborn child in. Men who had been well-to-do farmers, and who last year sowed from fifty to a hundred acres of wheat, did not reap a grain and must now buy their flour, and have no clothing to protect them from the winter. Money all gone, nothing to sell, nobody able to trust them, they can neither go forward nor back.

A NOBLE WORK.

One of the most remarkable and successful philanthropic institutions of the United States is the Children's Aid Society of New York. With an annual income from voluntary subscriptions of \$45,000 it maintains twenty-one industrial schools, eleven night schools, six lodging houses, a summer home, a sick mission, a crèche, and several reading-rooms. The waifs and strays rescued from the streets are educated, trained, and planted out in homes in the country. Last year 3764 were "placed out," chiefly in the West. Since 1853 no fewer than 69,481 have been rescued from street-arabism and given a new start in life. Upwards of 200,000 boys and girls have been sheltered and partly fed and instructed in the lodging-houses; 100,000 girls have been taught in the industrial schools, and although four-fifths of them were known to be the daughters of drunkards, it is not known that even a score have "gone to the bad." The social effect of such an institution is immense and far reaching. The commitments of female vagrants have fallen off from 1 in 138 in 1860 to 1 in 536 in 1879; of female petty thieves from 1 in 739 in 1863 to 1 in 2893 in 1879. The decrease of male vagrancy and theft is very great, and there has been a general decrease of 25 per cent. in the last five years in crimes against person and property in New York. The death-rate of children has also diminished, and this year it is the lowest it has been since 1870. Of course many other influences have been at work, but the Children's Aid Society is said to have been one of the most potent agencies in operation for the improvement of the moral and material condition of New York.

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

The N. Y. Tribune of the 27th ult., says: The amount of mail matter in the New York Post Office yesterday morning at 7 o'clock was greater than had ever accumulated at any one time in the history of the office. It had been collecting since 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon. Added to the general income were the mails from three ocean steamships, two of which should have been in before Friday. There were also two very heavy extra mails from San Francisco and two through mails from Galveston and the South West. Very little matter was delivered on Saturday, business men having closed their offices more generally than is usual on Christmas Day. Then few persons who hold boxes in the office called for their letters. The boxes became so full that it became necessary to make bundles of the matter and to put cards in the boxes requesting box-holders to call at the windows for packages. There were forty bushels of these packages taken out of the boxes.

The result of the accumulation yesterday morning was that the carriers had for their first delivery, at 7 o'clock, for the district below Canal street, 700,000 letters, besides a very large quantity of newspaper and circular matter. The weight of the contents of the bags averaged 80 pounds. One man took out 176 pounds of matter and it filled seven large collection bags. He went about in a hack. The letters taken out by one carrier, when placed on edge on a sorting table, measured 27 feet. Notwithstanding the great amount of matter, it was all delivered and the carriers were back in the office at 10 o'clock.

THE LATE SIR F. LYCETT'S WILL.

The will of the late Sir Francis Lycett has been proved, and the personal estate sworn under £200,000. Lady Lycett and Messrs. Glover, Riley and Bickerstaff are appointed executors, and the latter two gentlemen trustees. Numerous legacies are made to his wife and his relatives and servants. The testator also leaves £24,000 to the Wesleyan Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, being balance of £50,000 which he promised to contribute to the Fund; and £5,000 to the Wesleyan Provincial Chapel Building Fund, being the amount unpaid of £10,000 which he promised to contribute. The testator is also to pay out of the residue of the testator's estate the following among other legacies: £2,000 to the Leys Wesleyan School, Cambridge; £2,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £5,000 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society; £2,000 to the Wesleyan Home Missionary Society; £1,000 to the Wesleyan Worn-out Ministers' and Ministers' Widows' Fund; £1,000 to the Wesleyan Theological Institution, Richmond; £500 to the Wesleyan Theological Institution, Didbury; £500 to the Wesleyan Theological Institution, Headingly; £1,000 to the Wesleyan Normal Institution, Westminster; £2,000 to the London City Missionary Society; £500 to the Strangers' Friend Society in London. And as to two-thirds parts of the ultimate residue of the testator's estate he has bequeathed the same to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund; and as to the remaining one-third part thereof to the Wesleyan Provincial Chapel Building Fund. Testator has devised all his real estate and his household residence, (subject to his widow's life estate in the latter), to his said trustees upon trust for sale, and to apply the proceeds of such sale in payment of his debts, and satisfaction of his legacies other than charitable legacies.

The Chicago police authorities have devised a way to use the fire-alarm telegraph for calling the police. For a small sum of money any citizen can have the wires brought into his house, to his own bedside, if he chooses. Then if a burglar gets in, all the citizen has to do is to touch the signal wire, which will noiselessly convey to the nearest station the information that a burglar is inside. In from two to four minutes three policemen, with an express wagon, and any reasonable quantity of handcuffs, will be at the citizen's door, clamoring for admission and anxious to bag the burglar.

METHODIST ITEMS.

One hundred and thirty-five dollars were the net proceeds of a supper recently given at Cornwall, P. E. I., on behalf of the organ fund.

Miss Rachel Smith, who for four years has faithfully performed the duties of organist in our church at Brooklyn, Hants Co., was recently presented with a purse by the congregation.

On a recent Sabbath a new church at Hopewell Cape was formally opened for worship. Rev. C. W. Hamlin preached in the morning. Services were also held during the afternoon and evening.

Miss Barratt was presented on Christmas morning with an ice pitcher and cup, in recognition of her services as organist of the Carleton Methodist Church.—News.

The *Chignecto Post* says: "The revival in the Methodist Church at Baie Verte continues, over 50 persons having professed faith in Christ." This pleasing intelligence has since been confirmed by a note from Rev. R. Wilson.

New Brunswick local papers note the trimming of Christmas trees for the pleasure of our Sunday-school pupils by several congregations. Successful Sunday-school concerts are also reported from several quarters.

The annual Sunday-school festival took place recently at Sackville, N.B. About 160 children and a number of guests were present. Addresses were given by Rev. W. W. Percival, Mr. Josiah Wood and others.

Rev. A. D. Morton was recently presented by the River Philip friends with overcoat, driving gloves, and other equipments for winter travel. Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Mt. Allison College, filled the appointments on the River Philip Circuit, on a recent Sabbath, much to the edification of his hearers.

On the 21st ult., at a meeting at the residence of Capt. John Roy, Margaretville, N. S., Rev. Joseph Gay was presented with \$155 in cash. We infer from a note in the *Monitor* that adherents of several churches were included in the list of contributors.

Rev. J. M. Fisher writes from Musquodoboit Harbor: "Our Tea-meeting and Fancy Sale was held on the 28th ult., and realized the handsome sum of \$72. This pays the balance of expenses incurred in re-painting the church, leaving a good margin for furnishing our parsonage."

At a donation at the Bedeque parsonage on the 23rd ult., Mr. David Rogers on behalf of the ladies of the different congregations of the circuit presented the pastor—Rev. E. Harrison with a superior overcoat. A new sleigh has also been purchased for his use. Mr. Harrison makes grateful reference to "many acts of kindness" on the part of his people.

At the close of the Watchnight service, in Charles Street Church in this city, Miss Dempster the organist, was presented with a purse by J. W. Smith, Esq., on behalf of the congregation. At a pleasant Sunday-school gathering on Thursday evening last, at Cobourg Road, presided over by Mr. J. S. Belcher, Master John Short received a similar gift.

Unfavorable weather interfered to some extent with the success of the Tea-meeting held at Bridgetown on the 23rd ult. The curiosity shop—a notion of the pastor—is well worth more general adoption, though it would not be an easy matter in some neighborhoods to secure an equally good list of such curiosities as were displayed at Bridgetown. Nearly 800 were gathered during the evening.

Rev. C. Williams, of Stanley, N. B., writes that the work on the circuit is prospering. A tea-meeting and bazaar were held at Stanley, on the 26th ult. In the evening Rev. W. W. Brewer, of Marysville, gave a very interesting lecture, which was followed by music, recitations and dialogues. Rev. L. S. Johnson, the respected superintendent of the circuit, and his wife were present. About \$100 were gathered to be devoted to purposes connected with the church.

On the 27th inst. a Christmas tree was given the scholars of the Newcastle Sunday-school. Tea was first served to about 70 scholars, and afterwards to their parents, friends and a few visitors. After recitations, dialogues and songs given by the children, presents were distributed to each scholar. Rev. G. Steel makes special mention of Mrs. W. C. Anslow, the organist, and Mr. J. J. Anslow, the superintendent, who bestowed much time and pains in the training of their scholars.

Rev. A. E. LePage, of Welsford, N. B., reports that his usual annual donation came off on the 15th inst. Although the afternoon was somewhat disagreeable, a number gathered to spend a pleasant evening. After Miss May Johnson and others had entertained the company with music, various presents of cash, produce, etc., were made to the pastor. Our people at Cooles Hill, who generally lead off in this movement are taking measures to replace their old and dilapidated church by a new one. One hundred and eighty dollars towards the expense of its erection were raised at a tea-meeting held last September. A subscription list, lately opened, is receiving some generous and cheerfully given subscriptions. As the expense of the new church will fall upon a few, any outside aid will be welcomed.

A report of the Moncton Sunday-school has reached us through the kindness of the Secretary, Mr. W. B. Knight. There are four schools, one meeting at the church, a second at Cherry field, a third in Dominion Street, and a fourth, closed during the winter, on the Irish Town Road, with a total average attendance of 300 scholars. Financial receipts amounting to \$316, have enabled the

treasurer to pay off last year's balance, purchase an organ, pay all necessary expenses, and then have a balance in cash nearly sufficient to purchase 427 volumes of new books for the libraries. It seems evident from the report that Moncton Methodists render generous financial aid to their Sunday-school workers. An interesting anniversary service, in which Messrs. Duncan and Tweedy and the scholars took part, was held on the 27th ult.

The *Carleton Sentinel* of the 1st inst. contains several notes respecting Methodist movements in Carleton Co., N. B.—A new parsonage is to be erected at Jacksonville in the spring.—A sociable, to aid in paying off a church debt was held on the 21st ult., at G. W. White's, Centreville.—Sixty dollars were presented to Rev. E. Mills on the 28th ult. Several speeches followed.—On Christmas Eve Rev. W. W. Colpitts received a purse worth \$32.50 from members of the Woodstock church and congregation. Mrs. Colpitts also received a handsome Bible, and elegant toilet set. At the close of the Christmas morning service, the members of the Woodstock choir presented their leader, Mr. R. Smith, and the organist, Miss Baird, with valuable tokens of respect.—The annual Sunday-school festival was held in the basement of the Woodstock church on the 29th ult. After the superintendent, Mr. James Waits, had been a medium of interchange of presents between teachers and scholars, he was in turn presented by Rev. W. Colpitts, on behalf of the school, with a handsome plated ice pitcher.

Rev. L. S. Johnson writes: "Our new Church at Upper Nashwanak was dedicated on the 20th ult. The President of the Conference, Rev. E. Evans, and Rev. W. W. Brewer, delivered very interesting and profitable discourses to three crowded congregations. The building, which cost about one thousand dollars and is capable of seating nearly two hundred persons is a model of chaste beauty and convenience. On the morning of dedication about ninety dollars of debt remained against the church, but with collections during the day amounting to \$38.14, and subscriptions at the close of the evening service, over one hundred dollars were received. The church is therefore free of debt. Never has it been my privilege to be engaged in church erection when the building committee and friends generally labored more harmoniously and with better success.

Although stormy, a goodly number assembled on Monday evening to attend the missionary meeting. Efficient addresses were delivered by Bros. Brewer and Williams. The financial results are in excess of last or any previous year.

ABROAD.

The Chinese Methodist Episcopal Mission in San Francisco, Cal., Dr. Otis Gibson, pastor, has 97 full members and 10 members on probation.

On Dec. 19, at the morning service, Christ Methodist Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia, the Rev. J. Richards Boyle, pastor, took a subscription of \$12,000 covering the entire amount of the debt upon its Church property!

The Rev. Henry Hurd, died at Canton, Cardiff, on Sunday, Dec. 5. He was for forty years a missionary in the West Indies. The service at the grave was read by a former missionary colleague.

At the funeral of the late Rev. Jas. Allen (A), who died recently in London, the Rev. Dr. Osborn spoke of his lifelong friendship with Mr. Allen, and dwelt on his habitual seriousness, his consistent and useful ministerial career, and his victorious death. Dr. Osborn also read extracts from letters received from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Llandaff, which bore witness to Mr. Allen's character and worth. Mr. Allen entered the Methodist ministry in 1826.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

A new Protestant chapel was opened in Charleroy, Belgium, on the first day of November. It will hold 600 people, but twice that number got into it, and on the edges of it, on the day of dedication.

The Australian churches are complaining of a scarcity of candidates for the ministry. The Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, after existing in the country for many years, now has only one divinity student.

The Thames Church Mission of England visited more than thirty thousand vessels in 1879, and had 90,124 attendants at 3216 religious services. It also distributed Bibles, Testaments, prayer-books and tracts in great numbers.

The Rev. J. D. McMillan has been commissioned Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions for Utah and Montana. He was formerly a missionary to the Mormons, and was publicly cursed by Brigham Young and his Twelve Apostles.

It is reported that the statistics of the Reformed Episcopal Church show a greater addition to its membership during the past year than in any preceding one, not excepting the first year of its organization.

A memorial has been presented to the King of Sweden in behalf of Baptist and Methodist missionaries and ministers who have been persecuted. One of the most recent cases was that of Carl Palmblad, a Baptist preacher, who was arraigned in court and fined 1000 crowns for preaching publicly in the town of Skofde.

In Boston, since 1840, the number of Churches has advanced as follows: Baptists, from 15 to 26; Congregationalists, from 19 to 30; Unitarians, from 24 to 27; Methodists, from 10 to 32; Roman Catholics, from 5 to 29; Episcopal, from 6 to 23.

SECULAR GLEANINGS.

MARTIME PROVINCES.

J. B. Snowball, Esq., M.P., left Chatham on Friday for England.

The bark Denbigshire is to take a cargo of apples from Annapolis for London.

Several accidents are reported in Halifax in consequence of the icy streets.

Lockport fishing vessels have done well this season, upwards of 100,000 qts. having been caught.

A company is about being formed at Granville Ferry for the purpose of establishing a steam ferry.

A drove of caribou, containing about 100 head, was recently seen in the northern portion of New Brunswick.

The New Brunswick Government has decided to call the Legislature together on Tuesday, the 8th of February next.

The Roman Catholic Glebe House at West Arichat was destroyed by fire on Saturday night last. Nothing was saved.

The election on the Scott Act took place in Queen's Co., N.S., on the 3rd inst., and resulted in a sweeping victory for the Act.

Mr. Snowball has purchased a locomotive for the Chatham Branch Railroad from the Credit Valley R. R. Company, Toronto.

The Sailors' Home in Halifax is doing a good work. The report read at the late annual meeting showed a satisfactory state of affairs.

A large number of flat and box cars for the Canadian Pacific Railway have been turned out at the railway works at Moncton.

The New Brunswick Historical Society has received a donation of \$125 from Mr. John M. Putnam, of London, a former resident of Fredericton.

A large golden eagle was shot at Barrington, N. S. on Thursday last by Mr. A. Morton Wilson. It measured 7 ft. 5 in. from tip to tip of wings.

Horton proposes to start a model farm to utilize the labor of paupers, and to do away with the present barbarous plan of letting them out to be kept.

The barque Nellie G. Troop, owned by J. V. Troop & Son, of St. John, N. B., was totally wrecked at Amland, on her way from Baltimore to Bremen.

The Halifax Sugar refinery will not commence operations before about the 1st of March. There has been some delay in portions of machinery ordered.

The Charlottetown *Patriot* of last week reported the ice in Summerside harbor broken up and gone to sea, and the harbor open to vessels to go in and out.

Passamaquoddy Bay is actually swarming with herring, and upwards of one hundred fishermen are there with their craft from Eastport all the way to Boston.

Albert Crowe was found dead on the track of the Londonderry Steel Company's Railway, on Friday morning last, with body mangled almost beyond recognition.

A mass meeting was held in the Academy of Music, in this city, on Tuesday evening, in opposition to the Pacific Railway contract. Hon. T. W. Anglin was the chief speaker.

Alexander McKenzie was killed in a tavern at Chepstow, King's County, P.E.I., on the evening of the 17th ult. Three persons have been arrested as being implicated in the crime.

A letter from the pen of Rev. A. W. Nicolson, with reference to steam communication between Annapolis and Britain, first published in the *Annapolis Journal*, has been read with much interest by the people of the Annapolis Bay.

Experiments made with the Jacksonville and Magserville iron ore amalgamate by Prof. Sjostedt have proved entirely successful. The Woodstock furnaces are to be started about the 1st of March.

Hon. George E. King was sworn in Judge of the Supreme Court by Chief Justice Allen at Fredericton on the 28th ult. Judge King will have his first sitting with the Westmorland Circuit, which opens on the 11th inst.

The schr. *W. H. Brookfield*, of Port Medway, sailed from that port on Saturday, 4th ult., bound for Boston, having on board a cargo of lumber, consigned to parties there. As there has been no account of her arrival at Boston, much anxiety is manifested for her safety.

As the express from Bangor for St. John was nearing South Bay on Monday evening, the forward axle of the baggage car broke, throwing the engine and baggage car completely off the track and displacing the forward end of the smoking car from the rails. None of the passengers were hurt.

Two men, adrift in a dory, and nearly dead from exposure, were picked up a few days ago, by the "Sardinian" and brought to this port. The American fishing schooner *Waldo Irving*, to which vessel the men belonged arrived home at Gloucester, Mass., with her flag at half-mast and the men mourned for as lost.

The barque *Hoppy Home*, owned by E. Churchill & Son, Hantsport, to which place she was bound from Hamburg in ballast, struck Trinity Ledge, on Monday evening at seven o'clock, during a thick snow storm. She came off and the captain headed for Yarmouth as she was leaking badly. At two o'clock on Tuesday morning she reeled over on her beam ends and filled. The captain's wife and daughter and the steward perished from cold. The captain and several of the crew are badly frozen. They were taken off by boats from Sandford and High Head.

UPPER PROVINCES.

An important movement is being inaugurated for running a new line of steamships between Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, Sydney, St. Pierre, Miq., and Havre, France. The line will commence early next season. The principal freight from this side will be grain and produce which will be shipped from Montreal in summer, and Halifax in winter.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The General Assembly will meet for the despatch of business on the 17th February.

The *Chronicle* learns that the herring fishery at Bonne Bay is giving good signs of recovery, and that there is fair reason to hope that the people of the Western Shore will be relieved from their apprehensions of poverty during the winter.

No hopes are entertained of the safety of the schooner *Typhus*, which sailed from Blanc Sablon, Labrador, last August, bound to Jersey, with a cargo of dry codfish. The *Typhus* was owned by Messrs. Simon Brothers of Jersey, and one of the partners was on board. This vessel had over twenty men, including passengers and crew, and was commanded by Capt. Simon, brother of the owners.

ABROAD.

Four Turkish ironclads have been ordered to Syria to convey troops to Thessaly.

The public debt of the United States decreased during December over five and a half millions.

Broadway, New York, is to be lighted with electricity from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth streets.

A large and very exciting meeting of students was held in Berlin on Tuesday, at which the Jews were severely denounced.

The Propaganda has received a communication from Ireland stating that only three-bishops and sixty priests have joined the Land League.

There are now in Ireland 250 officers, and 6,000 men, 1,000 horses and 16 guns, the flower of the British army, besides strong bodies of constabulary.

The crusade against the Jews in Berlin still continues. A crowd of students made an organized assault on New Year's Day upon a cafe frequented by Jews.

Business was suspended a few days ago in Indiana, on account of the cold. Many horses and cattle and other domestic animals were frozen to death.

The War Office has issued a circular to officers commanding volunteers in London and the provinces, advising them to take precautions against attacks on their armories.

Arrangements for the establishment of an experimental tea farm have been completed in South Carolina. The place selected is twenty miles from Charleston.

The dykes between Nieuwkuik and Vlymen, in the Province of North Brabant, (Holland) are broken, and eighteen villages flooded. The damage is immense.

Diphtheria has existed as an epidemic in the provinces of Kharkoff (Russia) during the past year. The governor-general reports that 7,000 died during the twelve months in that province alone.

A large quantity of timber is being washed ashore near Westport, Ireland, supposed to be a portion of the cargo of the ship *India*, of St. John, N. B., from Quebec for Liverpool, abandoned Oct. 29th, 500 miles west of Fastnet.

Some fear of a small-pox epidemic exists in Chicago. The superintendent of schools has ordered the re-vaccination of all pupils who have not been subjected to that prophylactic against one of the most dreaded diseases, within seven years.

The *Daily News* remarks that beyond a few beleaguered parties the Transvaal has passed out of our hands, and if the Union Jack is flying at Pretoria in April, we shall not be able to accuse the troops of sloth.—It is reported that if troops are sent from England to fight the Boers the Dutchmen in the Free states will side with the Boers.

Particulars of the massacre of the captain and four of the crew of the *Sandfly*, in the South Sea Islands, state that the natives of Rita surprised the boat's crew while bathing, and pursued them into the woods or killed them in the water, mutilating the bodies of the slain and torturing those captured alive by roasting at the stake.

During the past year, through the "Always with You" column, the *New York Herald* received over \$4,000 in small sums in aid of destitute persons, which was distributed among 218 applicants for assistance. The dispensing of this charity was conducted without cost, and every case of sickness or want demanding assistance was investigated by *Herald* reporters.

The *Daily Telegraph* says "that a thousand guns are sent to Ireland, from Birmingham, weekly, and that within the last three weeks five thousand Enfield rifles have been sent there from Birmingham workshops."—The *Daily Telegraph* says: "The Government proposes the virtual re-enslavement of the Peace Preservation Act, with more stringent power to search for and remove arms."—The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* says: "A more repulsive and terrible year has never come upon the country. Its history may be written in two words: Distress and Disturbance."

Correspondence.

YARMOUTH NORTH.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The work of Sunday-schools claims very full recognition, and it may be fitting that "Wesley Church" celebration should be noticed in the columns of the WESLEYAN. Under the direction of S. A. Crowell, Esq., assisted by an efficient staff of officers and teachers, the Sabbath-school of Wesley Church has been gradually growing in interest and usefulness. In many respects it may be regarded as a model school. The subject for the Anniversary meeting, on Monday evening last, was chiefly a review of the year. We have, in addition to the organ, the advantage of Professor Williams as leader in Music. The room was skillfully decorated for the occasion. Wreathed pillars, arched mottoes, woven flags, and evergreen nothings, in beautiful combination, met the eye, and ministered to aesthetic taste. The recitation of the Apostles' Creed, the Gloria Patri, and a ringing song of welcome, with a refrain of "thrice welcome," formed the opening exercises. "As we meet here," said the superintendent, "in this Anniversary service, our thoughts go backward over the past year, and the question arises,

What have we done?"

Then followed in succession five banners for Spring, Summer, Autumn, winter, the year; and on the reverse side, Faith, Patience, Joy, Hope, Work and Trust. Each banner bearer was accompanied on the platform by two others—one of whom had a brief address and the other a recitation opposite to the subject. In spring seed had been sown. Through summer there had been patient and prayerful culture. There had been autumn fruitage, and some golden sheaves had been gathered for the heavenly garner. But the year had not been all sunshine, and hence a banner for winter days was borne upon the platform. Responses from scholars singly, and sometimes from the whole school in concert, added very much to the general impression. Hymns, duets and choruses were all selected with special references to the subject. Interspersed with the several parts were grand passages from the Word of God. Following this comprehensive and impressive review a few minutes were devoted to a dialogue, by three boys, rendered in a most characteristic style. The touching interest deepened, towards the close, when the infant class, under the direction of their gifted teacher, with "little things" closed the programme. I cannot think of anything more exquisite than some of the late-like voices of that class. Many an eye was moistened while we listened to "little things" and to little ones. The raised platform, gradually elevated to the rear, on which all the younger scholars were grouped, presented as lovely a sight as one might wish to look upon. Dec. 21, 1880. J. LATHERN.

HAMPTON STATION, N.B.

The contract for building the foundation of our new church here has been taken. It will be of stone and brick, and will be commenced as early in the spring as possible. Some of the material is already on the spot. The building will stand on a corner lot on the west side of the square, having its front entrance and towers facing the East, and an ornamental side to the North. It will be about 32 feet by 60, with finished open roof. There will be a spacious vestibule, which being taken off, will leave the building inside a little over 60 feet in length. There will be two aisles and four rows of pews. The platform for Communion, desk &c., will be only slightly elevated as the floor of the building will have a rise towards the entrance. The windows on each side nearest the communion will be a recess and this will give a considerable space on one side for choir and organ. There will be a room on the western end, from which there will be another entrance into the church, and which will serve for week night services, classroom &c. Mr. Dunham, of St. John, is the architect by whom the plans are prepared. The building when finished will certainly be by far the most ornamental of any in these parts. The undertaking is very heavy considering our numbers and circumstances, but we hope with God's blessing, and some little help from friends outside to get it successfully through. Will not some of your friends help us at once by sending a small donation? S. W. SPRAGUE. Dec. 25th, 1880.

MINISTERIAL CONSECRATION.

Can we, without this full consecration, "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ?" We have to encounter much that is difficult and arduous. These are days of rebuke and blasphemy. Some smile at us as weak enthusiasts, the adherents of a worn out and effete superstition. Others in proud contempt or bitter scorn flout us. Some among our hearers are chilled by the skepticism that is in the air; more are steeped to the lips in worldliness or sunk in spiritual slumber. Ours is no holiday task. Richard Cecil rightly spoke of "the rough and hard work of bringing God into his own world." Who can be true to his Master that cherishes not for Him an adoring, reverent, passionate, all-consuming love? Without it, how can we be efficient preachers and pastors? No stream rises higher than its source. No one will affect others with enthusiasm unless it burn in his own breast, nor prevail with them to perform toils,

to make sacrifices, undergo hardships from which he himself shrinks. Oh, if only we should all become from this day forth, and remain to the end men wholly consecrated to God, what blessed results would follow! Our preaching would be instinct with power; not "the mechanical lifeless declamation by parrot lips of unfeeling truth," but the earnest real pleadings of men who believe and therefore speak; in whose bones the word of God is as fire; who come out as from the presence of the living God into the parlor, the schoolroom, the vestry, the pulpit; whose countenances betoken the deep seriousness and intense glow within; whose eyes gleam with the light of heavenly love, or are suffused with pity like Jesus'; whose tones thrill with the earnestness of conviction; whose lives speak for God; who allure to brighter worlds and lead the way; and who, when at length they are dismissed from their toil, are welcomed home to heaven by children whom God hath given them, the seals of their apostleship in the Lord.—Rev. J. Hartley.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.

An English paper, in describing the late fatal colliery explosion in the Athol Valley, furnishes this interesting fact:

A strange incident occurred on Saturday, when a collier, 51 years of age, named John Morgan, who lives close by with his wife and family of eight children (most of whom are at home) was found buried alive. Mr. David Evans, colliery manager, Bodringalt, Mr. Wales, Government inspector, and others were at that time in the down-cast shaft with relays of men pursuing the work of exploration. When near the right-hand heading of the north side of the workings they heard a voice coming from below. The sound became more distinct, and the party heard some one call out "Bring a light here." It is asserted that the horror which attached to the surroundings, combined with the deep tones of the voice, frightened some of the men, and they began to hurry off. Be this as it may it was with bated breath that the explorers watched one of their number go on the rubbish heap and peer down into what appeared to be a black abyss. "Take out this lamp," urged the voice which had already spoken. The explorers perceived at once that there was a life to be saved and in less time than could be conceived possible the lamp had been caught and its owner's form grasped. The man was John Morgan, feeble and famished and yearning for light. He had been underground for nearly forty hours. During the greater part of this time he had been wedged in a crevice with the body of a dead comrade by his side. The intelligence spread above ground with lightning like rapidity; it passed from mouth to mouth, and in ten minutes there was a sea of eager human faces at the mouth of the pit. The scene was strange and striking. Presently the pit carriage came up with Morgan in it, Mr. Thomas, junior, Brynhamel, and other gentlemen by his side, supporting him. A thrill passed through the crowd as the rescued man tried to walk towards the lamp-room. This was all he could do. Policemen guarded the door and kept everybody out except officials. Medical men were sent for, and Drs. Hamilton, Idris Davies, and Nantun Davies, administered restoratives to the exhausted man. Morgan's son-in-law, who was at the pit-edge when he was brought up, ran home at once to tell his mother-in-law and the family the good tidings. The window blinds were down at the house owing to the father's supposed death; nobody had had any hopes of Morgan's survival in the workings. So much was this considered to be beyond the range of possibility that the Prudential Insurance Company, which had insured Morgan's life for £30 10s on three policies, had directed their local agent to pay off one policy to the family. What then was the happy revelation of feeling when mother and children were told of his rescue may be better imagined than described. Morgan's son, a young man of about twenty, had come from Bristol to console his mother, and was returning from the local post office, when he met two men who informed him of his father's rescue. Morgan was afterwards conveyed home in a chair, followed by a sympathizing crowd. His daughter, a young woman in Bristol, was telegraphed to after the explosion, and asked to come home. She did not know the reason, but with forebodings of evil started by train; on Sunday morning, between Cardiff and Pontypridd (Rhondda) Junction railway stations, she heard of the fatality. Her fears were confirmed at the junction by acquaintances, who told her that her father was among the dead. A gentleman however who was in the crowd told her that he had just heard that her father was alive. The girl was at last convinced, and with her eyes full of tears poured forth in broken words her gratitude for the welcome information. The circumstance intensely affected those who stood on the platform.

STOPPING ONE'S NEWSPAPER.

You can never make any money out of the man who raises the same crop that you do, since what each of you has produced the other already has. So you can never get any knowledge out of a newspaper that agrees with all your opinions, since all that it offers you already have. But if some other man produce cloth while you produce iron, directly or indirectly you have got to trade with and enrich each other; and so if some other man's ideas differ from yours, it is your own fault if you do not learn something

from him. The least you can learn, if you study him well, is how his ideas came to differ from yours, and this often is as valuable as to learn which of you is right. Our ability to maintain a commerce of ideas depends upon our fertility in the production of those which others do not grow. The highest organization of society is found in the most active intellectual commerce or exchange of thought. A man who stops his newspaper because he differs with it in opinion is like the Moabite median chief who destroyed the Moabite library. "If these books," said he, "agree with the Koran, they are superfluous, and need not to be preserved. If they differ from it they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." Let us not make our opinions a Koran by rendering the little learning we possess an incentive to the sacrifice of the vast treasures of learning which wait upon inquiry.

THE JUMPERS OF MAINE.

These people were called, in the language of that region, "Jumpers," or "Jumping Frenchmen." It was claimed that all, or most of them, were of French descent, and of Canadian birth, and that their occupation was mainly that of lumbering in the Maine woods. Many strange things are done by these jumpers. One of those with whom I experimented came very near cutting his throat the day before I reached the lake. He was shaving, and the door slammed suddenly behind him; he jumped, and, had the razor been held in a different way, he might have inflicted a severe wound. One of these Jumpers being surprised by an order to "strike," while standing before a window, struck his fist right through the glass, cutting it severely. These Jumpers have been known to strike their fists against a red-hot stove; they have been known to jump into the fire, as well as into water; indeed, no painfulness or peril of position has any effect on them; they are as powerless as apoplectics or hysterics, if not more so; the absolute victims of the orders that are given them, or of the surprises that are played upon them; they must do as they are told, though it kill them, or though it kill others. I can find no evidence that the presence of water or of fire will interfere, even in the slightest degree, with the motions which they are compelled to make. As has been made apparent by the above description, it is not necessary that the surprises should come from any human being; it is not necessary that they should be ordered to strike or to jump; any sound, from any source, that comes upon them with sufficient severity and suddenness, for which they are not forewarned and forearmed, may cause them to jump and to cry. One of those on whom I experimented told me that the falling of a tree in the woods, when unexpected, would have the same effect upon him. He said that one time he was so alarmed by the sudden crash of a tree that he not only jumped, but was perfectly entranced, so that he could not move, although the tree did not fall upon him. The explosion of a gun or pistol is almost sure to excite these Jumpers. The screech of a steam-whistle is especially obnoxious to them, few of them, so far as I have been able to learn, having been able to withstand it. One of the lake steamers in which I returned from the hotel, there was a jumper, who, when the screech was heard, jumped right up so that he nearly hit his head on the upper deck. As the steamer neared the landing and came to a place where he knew the whistle would sound again he was warned to prepare himself, and he did so with such success that, on the first screech, he jumped scarcely any, on the second, however, despite his care, he raised his shoulders perceptibly, but did not jump. In many of these cases, it may be observed, a simple raising of the shoulders, a sudden impulsive movement, is all that is done, there being no cry and no movement of the hands to throw or strike. Although called "Jumpers," they only jump in a minority of the experiments, the word jumping really including all such phenomena as lifting the shoulders, raising the hands, striking, throwing, crying and tumbling. Jumpers have been known to fall head over heels over an embankment on which they were sitting, on suddenly hearing the whistle of a locomotive; they have been known to tumble head over heels over one another, when a number of them were sitting near each other.—Dr. G. M. Beard, in Popular Science Monthly.

Some Italian physicians have been investigating the peculiar condition of the miners who worked in the St. Gothard tunnel. They have discovered that the labor in remote galleries engendered in the intestines of the workmen animalcule resembling trichinae. "The general appearance of the St. Gothard miners," says the London Times, "particularly those of them—and they are in the majority—affected by the malady in question, is described as deplorable in the extreme. Their faces are yellow, their features drawn, eyes half closed, lips discolored, the skin is humid and the gut difficult. If they eat with appetite they cannot digest, and when wine is taken it is invariably ejected. Let a man be as strong as he may, three or four months' work in the tunnel seriously injures his health, and at the end of a year, or a little more, he is a confirmed invalid." The investigators have given the worm the name of *anemia ankylostomi*, and the malady arising from its presence is said to be epidemic in Egypt and Brazil.

Did the Eternal fulfill his gracious promises on the instant, where would be the trial of our faith, and our confidence in prayer?

A lady made some very practical remarks at a Sunday-school Convention in Kingston, N.Y., a few days ago. She spoke strongly against the demoralization of tobacco, and remarked she might be treading on somebody's toes, but there was no doubt it there was less smoking among the male superintendents and teachers their influence would be greater. She said one of the greatest hindrances to school work was the excessive dressing of children for the Sunday-school. It seemed somewhat to her like a dress parade. Many mothers, she thought, who sent their children to Sunday-school spent more time in dress and furbelows and fixings to make them shine off than they did in studying their lessons. She was afraid the women were much to blame for this evil. If they wished to dress their little girls so much, it would be better to do it for some other place than for the Sunday-schools.

WIT AND WISDOM.

So be it, then! We may not say. Whether this thing be worse or best, But God knows. Let it rest. Yes, let it rest, and in our place Let each do well some worthy deed Whereof the sickly world hath need; So much, no more, our hands can do. So much, then, let us do and wait— Though bitter be the heart's debate. —Scribner.

The time that a boy begins to think his mother does not know enough to select his clothing for him is a dangerous period in his history.

An old judge is credited with the remark: "I don't know which does the most harm, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best."

A young lady who lately gave a milliner an order for a bonnet said: "You must make it plain, but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in the church."

"Men women," is the way some of our exchanges speak of female aspirants to the pulpit. It might be profitable to turn our attention to the women men who in many cases now occupy it. Of two evils choose the least."

A liquor dealer in Norwich, Conn., on being prosecuted for selling liquor illegally, said to the prosecuting agent: "You did not send your officers to my place any too quick. It is a miserable business. You came just in time to save me. I am obliged to you."

An Arab, when one day the question was put, "How do you know there is a God?" turned with apparent indignation upon the questioner, and replied: "How do I know whether a man or a camel passed my tent last night? His own footprints are the best evidence of the existence and character of Jehovah."

A little girl in the Church at Ashland Va., has been one of a band of workers to raise money to complete their church building. She had earned by her own work a considerable sum for a child, when her friend heard her express a great desire to own a canary bird. It was suggested to her that she could easily purchase one from her own purse. "Oh," she replied, "I can't get a thing for myself while I have that church on my shoulders."

A German, in a conversation upon the state of modern society, made the following very forcible remark: "Excitement is disease. Man does not need it. He ought not to have it. What a healthy mind most craves is placidity: to do its work in perfect calm without any stimulus except that afforded by perfect bodily health. Mind and body healthy, each will give all the stimulus the other needs without resort to artificial means."

We have somewhere seen it stated that Schuyler Colfax was once taunted by some friends on refusing the wine cup, at a fashionable table. He was silent for a moment, and then replied, "Yes, I am afraid to drink." It would not take any of us long to make out a list of public men, who to-day would have been added to the rich stores of literature, art, science and politics, instead of sleeping in premature graves, had they "been afraid to drink."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her lecture on "Modern Society," strongly portrays the supremacy of the dressmaker of to-day. "The fashionable woman say to her: 'Do how you will with me. Make me the modest or immodest. Tie up my feet or straighten my arms till the use of them becomes impossible. Deprive my figure of all the drapery, or upholster it like a window frame. Nay, set me in the middle of a movable tent, but array me so people shall look at me and say I look well.'"

A London newspaper tells a curious story of a gentleman who proposed to the lady who is now his wife at a dinner party. He had been a lover for some time, but never quite persuaded himself up to the point of popping the question. During the eventful dinner he learned from the person sitting next him that a rival intended that evening to make an attack upon his Dulcinea's heart. She was sitting some distance from him at the table, and the rival was at her side. He was equal to the emergency, however, for, tearing a half leaf from his note book, he wrote upon it: "Will you be my wife? Write your answer, yes or no, upon this paper, and return it to me."

Calling a waiter, the ingenious lover sent the initiative to "the lady in blue at the end of the table—be very careful." The servant did as directed, but the lover in his anxiety forgot to send his pencil. The lady had presence of mind, however, and—tucking the note into her bosom—said to the waiter: "Tell the gentleman yes."

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