

exuberance of joyful earnestness in childhood is an abuser of God of precious moments. Let us give our hearts to Him, and let the whole earnestness of the school be given to bring to Christ true bosoms from the sanctified hearts of believing children, and then will the enthusiasm not be wanted.

Obituary.

Died, of inflammation of the bowels, at Hantsport, July 29th, Joseph Barker, only surviving son of widow Barker. Taken suddenly ill on Friday, 24th July, two doctors were called on Saturday, and on Wednesday next, Mr. J. Barker "the friend of all and enemy of none" was no more. He was a most amiable and intelligent young man—a model in morality—an honour to the community.

During a series of meetings in the Hantsport Wesleyan Church over a year ago, he deeply felt the value of the soul, and the necessity of being saved in his heart to seek the Lord, never took any manly stand for Jesus; a neglect and sin that troubled him in his last days and hung strange darkness over him as he lay on his pillow. Frequently he cried aloud, "Go, O go for the minister." When first we visited him, he said, "O, it is too late. I've put it off too long." We directed him to the Lamb of God—to the Jesus who saved the dying thief. Some time afterwards, a hymn being sung, he joined in crying aloud.

"I do believe, I now believe.
That Jesus died for me."

Then it was that the day of eternal life dawned upon his soul. His evidence became bright—his joy seemed full.

As soon as he realized that his soul was right with God, he called around him one by one, his mother, and sisters, and friends and bade them a last farewell.

It was sad and yet glad, as with his feet in the grave and his head among the angels—as with the light of glory streaming through the windows of eternity into his once dark mind, and the winds from the uplands of heaven, cooling his recently hot and restless soul, to hear him say to weeping friends "I am sorry to leave you, but I am going to a better friends. Will you come to me in heaven?"

After his conversion he spent much time in prayer. He prayed, "O Lord Jesus bless my dear mother, I must leave her now. Put thine arms around her. Bless my dear sisters. Convert them, Jesus. Bless the people of Hantsport—Bless me again just now. I am thankful thou hast saved me. I am sorry I did not serve thee all my days. Forgive for Jesus sake. Amen."

On the day after his happy and triumphant death, we laid his body away in the grave close beside the dust of his father, and near the home of his birth. Going from the cemetery to the house of God, we there addressed the crowded congregation from these words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

PITTSBURGH.

At Hillsburgh, N. S., April 14th, Mr. John Barr, in the 69th year of his age. Mr. Barr was a consistent member of the Wesleyan Church for over twenty years. In former days his house was a home for Methodist ministers, and during the years since Hillsburgh became a Circuit, the stationed minister found in him a true and faithful brother. Though deprived in his last illness of the ordinary means of grace, he possessed his soul in patience. His end was "quietness and assurance." A widow and relatives mourn their loss.

At the same place July 29th, Mrs. Joe Harris in the 77th year of her age, leaving a numerous circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure. She was truly a "mother in Israel." Over forty years since she connected herself with the Wesleyans, and lived and died in communion with the Church of her choice. She exemplified the power of christianity by her steady walk and conversation. May the Lord raise up others to take the place of those departed.

F. W. HARRISON.

Died, at Ingles' Hill, June 11th, 1868, of liver and lung complaint, Mrs. Frederick Taylor, aged 59 years; leaving a loving husband and 4 kind children to mourn their loss. Sister Taylor was converted to God about 30 years ago; and from that time till death, she aimed to adorn her profession by a holy walk and conversation. She truly loved God and his people, and delighted in all the means of grace. The last year of her life was one of great suffering, but she murmured not; the more she suffered, the more fervently she prayed for grace to endure patiently, and at last died in peace with God and a bright prospect beyond the grave.

At Hanly Mountain, June 10th, 1868, our dear aged sister Miss Maria DeLong, departed this life in the 81st year of her age. Sister DeLong was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, under the ministry of the late Rev. Wm. Saffell, about 50 years ago, and by the sustaining grace and comforting presence of her Heavenly Father, she was enabled to hold on her way through all the changing scenes of life, and then died in good hope of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

At the time of Sister DeLong's burial the Circuit minister was away at the Conference, but his place was kindly supplied by Bro. A. Ray, of Granville.

Died, at Nietaux Falls, 1st inst., of Consumption, Celia, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Barteaux, aged 18 years and 5 months. Our dear sister was brought under the influence of saving grace when quite young under the successful ministry of the Rev. A. B. Black; and by the help of Divine grace graciously given her in the diligent use of the ordinances of God's Church, in connection with the good advice and prayers of her pious parents and other friends, she was enabled to maintain her confidence in her loving Saviour to the last. Sister Celia was a lovely young person, truly pious—and womanly beyond her years. Hence she was the delight of her family—and a favourite with all who knew her. During her sickness (which lasted 6 months) she was calm and peaceful, and fully resigned to her heavenly Father's will. No regret at the loss of health (no murmur at the approach of death) was heard from her lips.—Just before death she bade farewell to each member of her family, and asked them to meet her in heaven; then, raising her hand and eyes upward she prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly," and in three or four minutes afterwards she fell asleep in Jesus.

"Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die;
Gone to be with Christ their head,
They from all their toils are free."

G. M. BARNETT.

SACKVILLE DISTRICT.

The Financial Meeting of the Sackville District, will be held in the Wesleyan Church, Amherst on Wednesday, Sept 9 at 9 o'clock, a.m. Ministers and Circuit Stewards are requested to be in attendance.

ROBAM SUTCLIFFE, Chairman.
Amherst, N. S., August 6, 1868.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1868.

The Wesleyan Conference of 1868.
In our English Correspondence will be found some particulars of the opening proceedings of the British Conference. We plan, in addition, the following from the Recorder's Conference Notes:—

The Wesleyan Conference assembles this year in one of the most magnificent and important towns of the kingdom. Liverpool owes its greatness to its commerce with all nations—the ancient Tyne, it goes down to the sea in ships, and does business in great waters. Its ships traverse every sea, and visit every port of the world, while the flags of all nations float in its harbours. For miles along the bank of the noble river on which it stands, its magnificent docks present to the eyes of the spectators a forest of masts—Birkenhead on the other side seeking to emulate, if not to rival, the parent port. The two banks of the Mersey, more than half a million of people on the commerce of the sea, and who are linked together by one common interest. Its merchants are princes, and its Exchange may be seen the trader of almost every land.

In the midst of this vast enterprising community the Conference meets; and here, homes, and friendly boards are all open to receive the five hundred ministers expected.

Liverpool Conferences already occupy a distinguished place in Methodist history. It was the Liverpool Conference of 1813 which, in a sense, impressed on Methodism a permanent missionary character, when it sanctioned Dr. Coke's mission to the East, henceforth making the direction and support of these missionary enterprises connexional and universal, which had hitherto been individual and partial. Dr. Coke was a sanguine man; but his ardour was kindled and sustained by faith, and it is to a faith like his that the Church owes its greatest triumphs and the world its greatest blessings. Methodism cannot have too much of this spirit. It owes its origin to it; it is its present life; and should it outlive it, its vitality and power to bless the world will be lost.

That admirable compendium of pastoral duty and practical religion known as the "Liverpool Minutes" forms the Liverpool Conference of 1820. Those Minutes are a striking memorial of the care with which the preachers of that day discharged their duties; and they are in no time applicable to the present day as to the time when they were written, though, since then nearly half a century has passed with all its changes.

To Liverpool also belongs the distinguished honour of the Centenary Conference. That celebration which was not only memorable in itself, but especially so because its services were characterized by an almost Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit of God. Liverpool has generally been happy in its Conferences, and we anticipate that of 1868 as happy and interesting a meeting as any of its predecessors. Never did the ministers appear more firmly attached to the distinctive truths and principles of Methodism; never was the Connexion more united and powerful. Never were there such liberal and generous contributions to the use of God more manifest than in this town and country commodious sanctuaries are built and new congregations of worshippers gathered, and of this Liverpool is a noted example. God also has granted a measure of prosperity during the year, as indicated in the numerical increase, which, if it does not satisfy the cherished desires and hopes of the labourers, serves to encourage and cheer them in their work. The progress of the Church during the last few years has been steady and general, while some few places have been visited with remarkable prosperity. The great want of our Churches is undoubtedly a mighty baptism of the Spirit, and an increase of holy self-denial, which should chase away our worldliness, lukewarmness, and all other hindrances to a universal revival of religion among us.

Among the subjects of deliberation at the Conference will be the appointment of suitable men to fill the varied offices of most of our great institutions. It so happens that the changes in these several departments are more numerous than common. To some of these offices a prospective designation was made at the last Conference, which will no doubt be confirmed. The unexpected death of the Rev. John Scott obliges the appointment of a new principal to Westminster. Then the transference of Dr. Oestrom to the theological chair at Richmond leaves a vacancy at the mission school to be supplied. The nomination of the Rev. John Farrar to the Government of the new Theological Institution at Headingly involves the appointment of a successor to him at Woodhouse Grove School. Dr. James resigns the Government of Wesley College, and his place has to be supplied. Considering the vast influence which these great institutions, singly and combined, exercise upon the spirit and progress of Methodism at home and abroad, including as they do our missionary theological colleges, the schools for "the sons of the prophets," and education for the children both of the rich and the poor amongst us, it is almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of these appointments.

THE PRESIDENT.

Of the newly-elected President, the Rev. S. Romilly Hall, it is said:—

Mr. Hall is not novice in Methodism. Of an honourable Methodist ancestry, he is one with by birth and education, as well as by personal conviction and choice. For more than thirty years he has been engaged in the work of the pastorate, and has discharged its duties with eminent ability, with unremitting zeal, with a purity of intention which admitted of no question, and with an adherence to his convictions of duty which admitted of no compromise. His many independence, his great power in debate, his intense anxiety for the preservation of the spirit and forms of old Methodism, have combined with other and yet higher qualities to secure for him the honourable position of President of the Wesleyan Conference. We only give utterance to a universal feeling when we express the hope that his year of office may be the best and the most prosperous which our churches have ever known.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEES.

We take the following from Sketches of Conference Committee business:—

On the question of national education, now agitating the public mind, the Ex-President confessed himself to be in a difficulty, out of which as yet he could not see his way. Perhaps that is the wisest position he may. With so many theories abroad it is not prudent for a man to declare that in a matter of expediency, such as the mode of national education, he has definitely assumed a position from which nothing will make him move. The other side of the question was of course represented; for the Methodists are not by any means prepared as yet to jump at the proposal of a secular education for the people. But at present it does

seem to men to watch and wait. The denominational system would be a great sacrifice; but even to give it up would be a small price to pay for the avoidance of some evil. It is well that we have amongst us men who are not determined to maintain their pet theories at any cost. If a man will set his back against an example will go on, and he will be—mashed!—But if he stand at the points, he may be able to direct its force into the proper and safe direction.

The discussion at any rate showed that the time has come when the utmost difference of opinion can be held and expressed in Methodist meetings with perfect good temper and entire mutual toleration. There was Mr. Holden, talking the extreme Liberalism; there was Mr. Vasey, asserting the strictest Conservatism; and between the two were almost all shades of opinion, and yet there was not a discourteous word or an angry feeling, and when the meeting was over, men went off to their dinners, loving each other, men of note and the less for the honest free speech of the morning. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

There was not much time to speak of Sunday-schools, and as much as was desirable, and was wished by the meeting, for a deepened interest appears to exist every year in reference to this department. But Mr. Waddy made time at the last to express his indignation at the tyranny of equity and person, which in so many places is trying to crush Methodist schools out of existence. Mr. Chamberlin, from Norfolk, related two or three shocking instances of clerical intolerance and prejudice in his own Church. How long is this to go on? And these Episcopals are the men who are ready to bid almost anything to buy the support of Methodists! Suppose, instead of baiting their hooks with nauseous proposals for "absorption," they were to try towards us the uncommodious devices of a little gentlemanly behaviour, a little British fair-play, a little true Christianity, might they not succeed better? Every year the Methodist are sending farther and farther aloof from the Establishment! The Church itself is doing its very best to make Dissenters of us all.

In the Chapel Committee we had, of course, a wonderful report; that is usual now. But it is really astonishing that in a year of such commercial embarrassment, and after an expenditure last year of a quarter of a million, the Methodists about this year have spent 248,000 for chapel purposes. It is to be hoped, however, that some such money is being spent in the erection of chapels, the Methodists will go back to the square Italian style. One is continually hearing complaints that in the new Gothic buildings the preachers cannot speak with comfort, nor the people hear with profit. Gothic buildings are suited to prayer, not to preaching, and for preaching would be a delusion and a farce. If the Methodist people are determined to have in their worship a long succession of prayers and a brief spate of exhortation let them build these Gothic erections. But if they want their Ministers still to be "Methodist preachers," let them have a chance to deserve the name.

And to another point in the construction of chapels Mr. Frost and Dr. Osborn called attention—viz., the provision of suitable seats for the poor. Nothing can be more important. Seats conveniently situated, and without any invidious distinction in their form, are a prime necessity with us. Methodism can never be killed by persecution, or destroyed by poverty. But it may die of respectability. And if we do not care for the poor, it will die, and the sooner the better.

Tuesday was in every sense a remarkable day at Conference. The Home Missionary Committee has partaken for some years of a semi-sole feast character, and its spirit was the same on Tuesday. Statements of the condition of the work of God, with its discouragements and its triumphs, are made by laymen, who speak with the more earnestness and fervency because of their intense local sympathies. Sometimes, indeed, an opening is seized for what appears to be a personal attack on the preachers. But considering that these have at least fifty-two opportunities every year of lecturing the laymen, I do not know why they should grudge only once in a twelve month of returning the favour.—And if all laymen have the same excuse for their strictures as Mr. Stephenson, of Newcastle, who comes full of the fire of the glorious revival which has visited the preachers. 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The Family.

No Baby in the House.

No baby in the house, I know, No fat too nice and clean; No tops, by careless fingers thrown, Upon the floor are seen;

Deacon Gray.

Deacon Gray was seated carefully into his chair, then his wife mounted beside him. Things were reversed since his long illness—she took the driver's seat and then the reins.

So Deacon was stopped, and the poor child gladdened with a kind word and a handful of coppers that set his face shining.

Gray asked her husband, "Deacon, but Deacon in her voice, cover very musical."

"Well, yes, guess we might as well get out at old Joe's in the lane."

"I don't care about stopping anywhere, do you father?" asked the deacon's wife, as the horse joggled along.

"Well, yes, I guess not, Marthy, he's a poor critter, and—and you know I feel different now about such things. Forty years of health goes right to hardening a man's heart, Marthy, and he sighs as he sighs."

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The Drunkard's Cure.

Some months ago a gentleman advertised that he had discovered a sure specific for the cure of drunkenness. He would not divulge the secret of what compounds he used, but furnished the medicine at so much per bottle.

He did not have so many applicants for cure as he expected, considering the extent of the disease. In fact the more malignant cases did not seem anxious for relief.

"I've heard him say many a time he'd rather die than go there. Poor Tom!"

"Yes, it's very hard."

"We'll drive there, Marthy."

There was another reful of the show, after the good woman had turned Deobin's dull head in the direction of the poor house.

Tom looked askance at the deacon, from whom he had taken many a long sermon—for Tom was as near an infidel as that other godless man, poor Joe—then at the sight of his pale, mild countenance; and the old man faltered, he put up his hand, turned aside his face and burst into tears.

"Tom, I'm sorry to see you here," said the deacon, placing his withered hand on the old man's shoulder.

"I'd rather you'd seen me in the grave, deacon Gray," sobbed the old man.

"I don't want to see him," said Joe, moving uneasily on his bed.

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Excelsior Spinner!

Look out for the Agents of TAYLOR'S PATENT EXCELSIOR SPINNING MACHINE.

DO NOT buy until you see this beautiful Spinner. It is small, neat, and convenient for child or man to manage it.

It is an indispensable to quarrels and household. Drunken Alexander killed Cilla, for whom sober Alexander would have killed himself.

It is a wee to itself. "Who hath we? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause?"

All in no sobriety in England, more than on the Continent, nor in this country, if one may judge from the tenor of the annexed paragraph.

Here is the same general assertion of countenance and dispositions that you meet in New York. Paddy is here in his wit and unthrift, his careless pipe smoking, and his utter indifference as to who it is that accepts his invitation to tread on the tails of his coat, and the Shark Brothers of the Saxon race have several branches here.

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LIFE IN A PILL BOX

Extraordinary Effects FROM MAGGIE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS! One Pill in a Dose!

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FOR SALE AT THE PRINCE ALBERT STEAM MILL

ONE hundred thousand feet Superior Clean Finished Mouldings, of various patterns, manufactured from best Kiln dried Lumber, for Parlor Doors, Counters, Windows, Book Bindings, Base and other finish.

Also, on hand—100 Panel Doors, made from Kiln Dried Materials of the following dimensions: 7 x 3 feet with 1 3/4 inch thick.

Also—Grooved and Tongued Spruce Flooring, Wall Linings and Shavings.

Also—A lot of Window Frames and Sashes, 12 lights, 8 x 10 and 9 x 12 inch.

Also—Will make to order 1-4 inch veneered Oak or Walnut Doors of superior description, not liable to rent, warp or split, as those made in the mill.

Also—on hand 60—Southern Pine Timber and 3 in Plank, common Ranging Timber, Oak, Birch, and Pine Boards and Plank, Sawed Pine, Split Pine and Cedar Shingles. Also—Weather Boards.

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THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH

Every Man his own Physician HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, And Holloway's Ointment!

Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. The Stomach is the great centre which influences the health of the system; and if it be diseased or bilious by excess—indigestion, offensive breath and physical prostration are the natural consequences.

It is equally strange & true. This medicine is a powerful purgative, and is equally adapted to the treatment of all the above disorders.

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It is an indispensable to quarrels and household. Drunken Alexander killed Cilla, for whom sober Alexander would have killed himself.

It is a wee to itself. "Who hath we? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause?"

All in no sobriety in England, more than on the Continent, nor in this country, if one may judge from the tenor of the annexed paragraph.

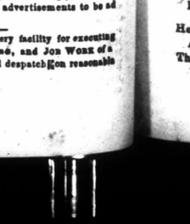
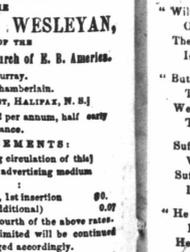
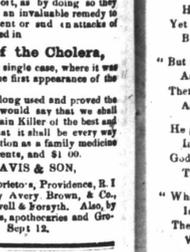
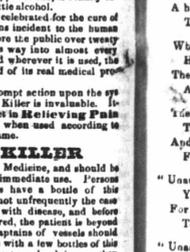
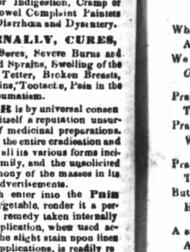
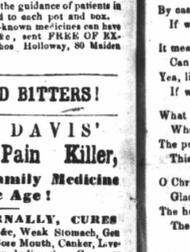
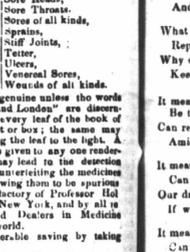
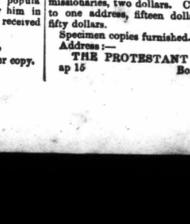
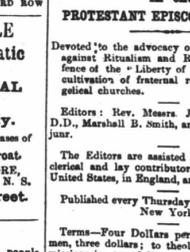
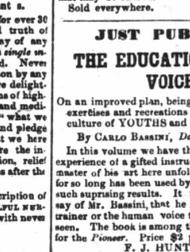
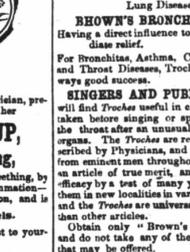
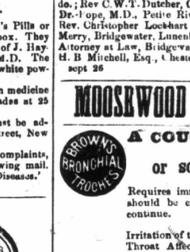
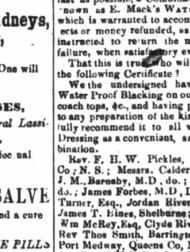
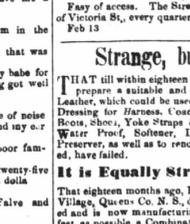
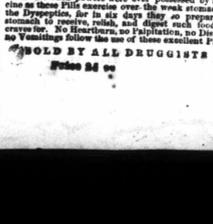
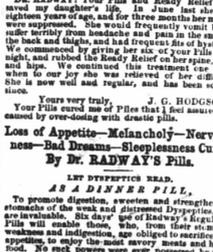
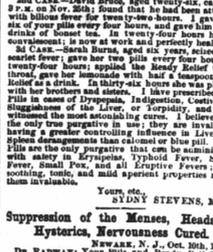
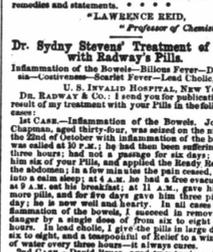
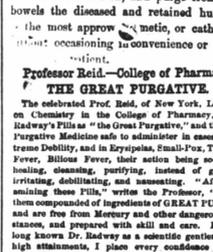
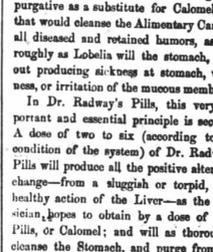
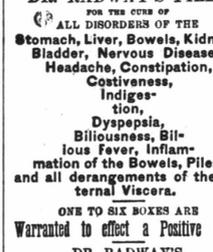
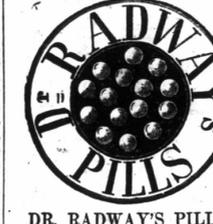
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