

# The Wesleyan,

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### LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

We take the liberty of making extracts from an exceedingly interesting letter which reached us recently, under date of 11th inst. It reveals more of Washington politics and general life than the writer imagined.

Whether it is because the WESLEYAN comes from the hands of an old friend, or the intrinsic value of the paper, or that we still cherish fond recollections of the Dominion, or all three combined, I know not, only we appreciate it so much that we should miss it sadly if its weekly visits were to end. We perfectly agree on the fact of its being one of the very best we receive.

We are now having about as cold weather as we Washingtonians care to see and feel. The community are enjoying just now what they very seldom have the opportunity of doing, that is, skating—and it is taken advantage of by young and old, rich and poor. Not having enough cold weather here to justify a skating rink, we would be at a loss for some suitable place if it were not that our Commissioner of Public Grounds has commenced improvements in and around the Washington Monument grounds, (which you may remember were sadly in need of improvements) and the first is the formation of two beautiful lakes, one covering an extent of about four acres and the other three acres—which, of course, as soon as frozen over form a capital rink—and being Government property, is of course, taken possession of by the people at large.

Congress again assembled yesterday noon; we have had quite a lull in our political world for the past three weeks, owing to Congress adjourning over the holidays; but, bless you, this quiet went last, for they have been gathering strength during the recess, and it is only the calm that precedes the storm. There is great opposition to President Hayes, not only from the Democrats, but there are a great many dissatisfied Republicans, and really he has as many Democrats for his friends as Republicans, which is to be attributed to the numerous favours which he has granted the South. How Congress and Mr. Hayes are going to fix matters is purely a question of time—but we look for warm things this winter. They commenced work yesterday up at the Capitol, by the "Women Righters" going up in a body and presenting a memorial to Congress for the right of suffrage for women. Senator Conkling (our Absalom of the Senate) presented it, and Gen. Crittenden opposed it. Some of the newspapers think that before the latter gentleman gets through he will "wish that he were dead."

New Year's day passed off very quietly here; it was noticeable that there were fewer cases of drunkenness on that day than had been for years, owing I believe in a great measure to nearly every lady who received on that day dispensing with liquor from her table. Temperance people seem to be gaining ground, and are having many hardened cases come forward to sign the pledge. The churches are enjoying the privilege of having the great preacher Dr. Muller from England. He seems to impress the minds and hearts of his hearers in such a way as is seldom granted to anyone. When it is announced that he is to preach, it is almost an impossibility to obtain a seat unless one will go long before the hour of service. He uses no thrilling eloquence, no flowery language, only states the plain truth in such a manner that it convinces one beyond a doubt that every word he utters is the truth.

### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP JANES.

BY MRS. JOHN P. EARLY, LAPOINTE, IND.

During a protracted residence in New York city my husband made the acquaintance of Bishop Janes, when he, as resident bishop, won the love and veneration of the great body of New York Methodists. So symmetrical a character as his could only be fully appreciated upon close scrutiny. After we took up our residence in the West, he occasionally, when making his episcopal tours, honored us with a call, and these calls left upon our hearts always the most delightful impressions. At one time he spent a day at our suburban home, which lay upon the shore of a little lake, for the navigation of which my husband kept a small boat. Knowing that Mrs. Ames, the wife of our honored bishop, was staying with a friend just across this little sheet of water, we proposed to cross over and pay our respects to her. The good bishop entered most heartily into the plan, glad of an opportunity of expressing his regard for one so highly esteemed. A few strokes of the oars, in my husband's hands, brought us to a part of the pond where were large groups of those peerless water-lilies which are so often found sitting in such regal beauty on the surface of our Western ponds. The bishop expressed great admiration of their beauty, and upon my suggesting that some of them might prove an acceptable gift to Mrs. Ames, if we could secure them, he immediately set about the endeavor. With coat-sleeves well pulled up, and his immaculate linen cuffs in imminent danger of losing their stiff propriety, he succeeded in wresting from their bed a right royal cluster of these magnificent flowers. This was accomplished not without much effort, for these flowers, like Narcissus, seem so in love with their own image in the water as to stoutly resist all efforts to separate them from their beautiful reflection. Having thus secured the prize, he gracefully insisted that I should have the honor of presenting it to Mrs. Ames, notwithstanding my protest that the hero who had who had won the trophy ought certainly to be permitted to present it to the lady he would honor. The Bishop was amply rewarded by the enthusiastic admiration bestowed upon the gift by Mrs. Ames, and her warmly expressed appreciation of his kindness.

The evening meal, after we had retraced the lake, was taken just before dusk, upon a rich summer evening, to which the affable dignity of the bishop gave an unusual charm, while his simple piety baptized every word he uttered and every action he performed in a rare and imperishable fragrance. At a later period, he came after dark one night, from town, to our home, designing to spend the night and take an early train in the morning. After an hour's chat and the evening devotions, he proposed, upon retiring for the night, to bid us "good by," saying that he should leave before time for rising, in order that he might catch the train, and could not permit us to be disturbed at so early an hour. I insisted that "good-bys" then were premature, and we should be up to say them in the morning, for I should certainly have ready a cup of coffee for him before leaving. Against this he in his usual quiet manner, protested, while I quite vehemently insisted that I should certainly be ready to act the part of the hospitable hostess in the morning; and so we parted at night. The first thing of which I was conscious, in the morning, was the click of the front gate, several yards from the house. Springing to the window, I saw in the gray morning the good bishop had passed out with his face steadfastly

set toward town! I might have known it would be so, for quiet persistency always wins over impetuosity, but I was so sincerely desirous of fortifying him against the fatigues of the day, upon which he was to enter so early, with a breakfast, I did not think I could oversleep that morning. In spite of my intense mortification and extreme disgust of myself, I was impressed with the honor which had been bestowed upon our house by the few hours' sojourn of this holy man of God. I felt as I might have done had an angel folded his tired wings under our roof for the night, and then plumed them for an early flight, leaving a blessing behind, without giving us an opportunity to pay our homage to the heavenly guest.

The time came, all too soon, when the venerated bishop paid us his last visit. A dark shadow had settled down upon the household. The youngest child—the Benjamin of the parents, and the older brother's hearts—had been stricken with disease, and his feet were fast pressing down to the brink of Jordan. The family had assumed a trembling, listening attitude, fearing each hour lest they might hear the rustle of the Death Angel's wing. In such an hour of gloom and sorrow, the good bishop shed again the radiance of his serene piety upon our family circle. Rejoicing with the invalid in his unflinching faith, and his hope of a glorious immortality, he commended him to the Saviour, to whom he had given his heart when a little boy, and whose grace would insure perfect victory; and then kneeling in prayer, he led the sorrowing ones to the foot of the cross, then to the sepulchre of the risen Lord, then to the glorious resurrection morn—when a triumph born of faith seemed to bridge the chasm between the parting which must be here, and the meeting "over yonder," and we were able to say, "It is well." In three weeks the beloved child passed triumphantly to the "Home of the Blest,"—when a letter full of sympathy, but pointing to the glorious future, came to us from the beloved bishop; and two years later he too joined the good and pure of all ages in the city of our God, to "go no more out forever."

Amid the waterlilies on the lake—in the quiet of the family circle—in the midst of a sorrow-stricken household, as well as in the pulpit and amid the rugged scenes and responsibilities of official life, the serene piety of Bishop Janes shone ever with the same warm steady glow. In his dying hour he struck the key-note of the grand, beautiful harmony of his useful life—he had trusted in God and was not disappointed.—*Northwestern Adv.*

DR. GERVASE SMITH, in a letter to the *Methodist Recorder*, gives interesting and amusing details of his voyage to Australia. We quote:—

#### THE SLAVE TRADE.

We have two or three officers of the Royal Navy with us, who have been long and recently employed in the suppression of this accursed traffic. They assure me that on the East Coast of Africa a flourishing trade is still carried on; but as there are 1,500 miles of coast to be watched, the captures are comparatively few. The ports from which they are shipped are small in number. The result is that the poor creatures, kidnapped in the inland villages, are driven in gangs across a larger extent of country than the slaves formerly were. Many thousands, therefore, die before they can reach the slave ships. The Arabs are the great sinners in this dark business, and unblushingly justify their conduct. A little while ago an Arab interpreter on board one of H. M. ships assured the boatswain that the arrangement was providential—that Allah made the white man to be master, and the black man to be his

slave. When reasoned with on the subject of payment for labor done, he savagely retorted, "If you bought a horse or an ass, would you pay him wages? Is it not enough to give him food?"

The Sultan of Zanzibar professes to have put down the traffic in his dominions but this is very feebly done, and even captains who are taken red-handed by our cruisers are rarely punished. It seems, moreover, that much mischief is going on in Madagascar. A slaver from the coast conveys a cargo thither, and an exchange is made for cattle. These are carried off and sold, while the slaves remain in bondage on the island.

The following fact is authenticated by a fellow-passenger: Some time ago a British cruiser knew that a slaver was in a certain port taking in human cargo. It was determined to capture the ship. Nearly 400 wretched beings were huddled together, and the captain put out to sea. He soon discovered that he was watched, and, after making several efforts to evade the cruiser, he determined on this fiendish expedient. He put a heavy chain completely round his vessel, and fastened each end to an anchor, which was placed in an elevated position. Every one of the slaves was brought forth and bound to a link of the chain. When all hope of escape was gone he commanded the link to be cut and the anchor to be loosed, when these hundreds of poor creatures were engulfed in the waters. The inhuman captain at once altered the appearance of the docks, produced false papers, and evading justice, went back to secure another cargo, and, if necessary, to repeat the atrocious act.

Permit a concluding paragraph for the information and amusement of my young friends.

#### CROSSING THE LINE.

The day before we reached the equator I was on the quarter-deck, and heard two passengers discussing the expected event. One of them said with energy, "We will shave 'em to-morrow." The other, casting a sly look at my somewhat rough and neglected cheeks, smartly replied, "Yes, and some of 'em are getting well ready for it." This led to a long conversation, when a gentleman who had frequently witnessed it gave me the following account of "Crossing" in the olden times. Happily the barbarous custom is now illegal, but the old sailors think that they have fallen on degenerate times. On the night before the vessel came to the equator, by a little collusion between three or four persons, of whom the captain was frequently one, a large barrel of tar was fired and thrown into the sea. There was an immediate shout, "Ship, ahoy!" In a few moments a guff inquiry was heard from the pretended vessel, "Have you any of my children?" "Yes, was the reply. "Then, to-morrow," roared old Neptune, "I shall be here." The victim or victims were selected during the night; sometimes one of the crew and sometimes a passenger who had not been there before. The morning came, and the old sea king, dressed in his regal costume, was, by a small sleight of hand, brought on deck, and led to his throne, already fitted up. Two barrels were placed near the spot, one filled with sea water, and the other with an abominable mixture of pitch and all unmentionable impurities. The poor fellow was led blindfold, up to his majesty, whose first question generally was, "What is your name?" As soon as he opened his mouth to reply, a large paint brush, filled with the execrable matter, was thrust into it, amid the shouts and groans of the delighted spectators. As soon as the man had somewhat recovered, another question was asked, and the process repeated.

When at length the man was nearly choked, he was thrown into the salt water to undergo a torture not second to that already endured. Another victim, who had been kept in ignorance of all this, was then led up to pass through this ruthless ordeal. For generations this horrid ceremony has been practised with the general and frequently laughing concurrence of the country. Some time ago a passenger who had been victimised brought an action against the captain of the vessel, and obtained a verdict. "Not too soon," both yourself and your readers will say.

### RETURN OF THE DEPUTATION TO THE EASTERN CONFERENCE.

After travelling upwards of three thousand miles we are glad to announce the safe return of Rev. E. R. Young to his circuit and family. The press, in all places which he has visited, took special and eulogistic notices of the missionary services he attended, and of the work the Society is engaged in carrying on. In addition to the following extracts from a letter addressed to the Secretaries, he states that our people in the Maritime Provinces take great interest in the Japan and Indian Missions.

#### PORT DERRY, Dec. 24th, 1877.

Your letter, conveying the request of the Central Board of the Missionary Society was received in due time. Willing and anxious to do what I could to aid our noble Society, I quickly arranged my home affairs and prepared for the work. I reached Chatham, N.B., Nov. 3rd, for the first of the series of meetings.

I preached or lectured on the subject of missions at the following places: Newcastle, Chatham, Moncton, Charlottetown, Cornwall, Turco, Windsor, Halifax, Lunenburg, New Germany, Berwick, Middletown, Bridgetown, Digby, Yarmouth, Weymouth, St. John, Portland, Carleton, and Sackville. I attended in all, forty services save one, in the Eastern Provinces.

I met with the greatest kindness and received the earnest co-operation of all in the good work. I shall ever remember with gratitude the "brethren beloved," both clerical and lay, with whom it was my privilege to be associated at the different services.

The attendance was always good; in many instances commodious edifices were very much crowded. A delightful spiritual influence pervaded every service. The financial results were very encouraging; in some places the contributions exceeded our most sanguine expectations. While some places are doing very nobly, and others all that can be reasonably expected of them, there are a few that ought to be educated up to a more scriptural standard of giving.

I was surprised to find instances where the missionary Sabbath collections were not allowed to be included in the missionary contributions of the circuit but were appropriated to local purposes. After learning the universal custom of the West, I incline to think in future they will adopt the more "excellent way."—*Guardian.*

### MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The vexed question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which is forbidden by law in Great Britain, but permitted in most if not all of the Colonies, has called forth a strong letter from the venerable African missionary, Dr. Moffat, addressed to the Secretary of the Marriage Law Reform Association. He says that, having translated the Bible into an African language, he has thoroughly studied every verse, and cannot conceive it possible for Biblical scholars to regard such marriages as forbidden by the Scriptures. He adds that he can hardly persuade himself to believe that his dear Scotch countrymen who are proverbially distinguished for their acquaintance with Scripture, are opposed to such marriages, and is convinced that they will be compelled to take a leaf out of the Colonial records and acquiesce in the abrogation of so unjust and tyrannical a law.

GROWING UP.

BY MRS. JENNERMAN WINTON.

Oh! to keep them still around us, baby darlings,  
fresh and pure.  
Mothers smile their pleasures crowning, mother's  
kiss their sores cure.  
Oh! to keep the waxy touches, sunny curls, and  
radiant eyes.  
Pattering feet, an eager prattle—all young life's  
lost paradise.

One bright head above the other, tiny hands that  
cling and clasp.  
Little forms that, close enfolding, all of love's best  
gifts were grasped;  
Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing round  
the winter hearth,  
Bidding all the bright world echo with their fearless,  
careless mirth.

Oh! to keep them. How they gladdened all the path  
from day to day.  
What ray drew us we fashioned of them, as in rosy  
sleep they lay;  
How each broken word was welcomed, how each  
struggling thought was hailed,  
As each bark went floating seaward, love-blest and  
fancy-sailed.

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our  
clinging hold,  
Lo! the brave leaves bloom and blossom; lo! the  
shy sweet buds unfold,  
Fast to lip and cheek and tresses steals the maidens  
hateful joy;  
Fast the frank bold man's assertion tones the ac-  
cent of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them. Soon in other  
shape than ours  
Those young hands will seize their weapons build  
their castle, plant their flowers;  
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes we  
trained to see;  
Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening  
hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so. Fast the river nears the  
main.  
Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning never  
grows again.  
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure  
the links are rent;  
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober  
bloom content.

—All the Year Round.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Mr. John Dixon, C.E., the engineer who has undertaken the task of removing from Alexandria and erecting in London the Cleopatra Obelisk, lately gave an interesting lecture at the United Service Institution, on the subject of his arrangements for the conveyance of the stone to England, and the plan he proposes adopting for placing it upon its pedestal, when a suitable site shall have been determined upon. Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommaney presided, in the absence of General Sir James Alexander, and read a communication from that office, detailing his initiatory efforts to secure the removal of the obelisk.

Mr. Dixon premised his lecture by observing that, as this was his first opportunity of speaking in public since the accomplishment of the first portion of his task, it was only meet that he should place on record a warm acknowledgement of the kindness and liberality of the Khedive, who had afforded him every facility for carrying on the work to a successful issue, and also of the assistance so readily rendered, first by the Hon. Mr. Vivian, our Consul general in Egypt, and then by signor Demetrio, the owner of the land occupied by the prostrate obelisk. Cleopatra's Needle, as it has been termed, was the oldest monument existing which recorded upon its face a history dating from its birth, and as some persons had questioned the utility of taking such pains to possess it, he might, he thought, bring to their recollection a few of the principal dates with which the monolith was associated. Fifteen hundred and fifteen years before Christ, Thothmes III., the greatest monarch of his time, caused this stone to be quarried at Syene, some seven hundred miles up the Nile, and erected in the City of On, in celebration of a high festival, and engraved upon it hieroglyphics commemorating the event. Three hundred years later Rameses II., finding no more honorable place in which to inscribe a record of his achievements and virtues, added other lines of characters. Twelve centuries passed, and On meanwhile became the great university of the world. Joseph, and after him Moses, went there to learn and study all the wisdom and science of the ancient Egyptians; and after them Euclid, Pythagoras, Plato, and other men illustrious in the annals of ancient history. This brought the period down to the Christian era and the time of Cleopatra, with whose history the name of the obelisk was so intimately associated, and who, no doubt, instigated its removal to the Alexandria site, although she was not fated to witness its erection there. For the further history of the obelisk, we were indebted to an inscription discovered in a claw of one of the brass crabs that formerly supported the stone on its pedestal. It related that, during the seventh year of the reign of the Emperor Augustus,

Barbarus, the then Prefect of Egypt, caused the monument to be erected by a certain Pontius—supposed by some to have been the grandfather of Pontius Pilate—to ornament the water gate of Caesar's temple. How the obelisk came to be thrown down was uncertain, but possibly it might have been for the sake of abstracting the said brass crabs. The obelisk suffered no further vicissitudes until the year 1801, when the French endeavored, during their occupation of Egypt, to remove the mass to Paris, but were prevented from carrying out that intention by their defeat at the hands of the British troops. Mr. Dixon then glanced at his own connection with the present effort to realize Mehemet Ali's gift to the nation, and said that some years ago, in conjunction with General Sir James Alexander, whom he had found working in the same field, a plan of transport had been matured, and the preliminaries arranged, and there only remained the sinews of war to be provided. It was at this juncture that Mr. Erasmus Wilson came forward, and if the obelisk was destined to be erected in London, it was to that gentleman that the thanks of the nation were primarily due.

Such being the history of the monument, he thought no one could say that the efforts to preserve it from destruction had been misdirected. Passing to the more scientific part of the subject, namely, the engineering appliances adopted in connection with the transport and erection of obelisks, Mr. Dixon says that the Egyptians left no decisive record of their plan; but in the erection of the St. Peter's obelisk before the Vatican, the Romans employed for a month the united power of fifteen hundred men and one hundred and forty horses. The French method in 1835 was not materially different, although they economised labor better, both consisting in building a timber framework around the obelisk, and hauling it into an upright position. But with the advent of newer and better mechanical appliances, he thought it would not be to the credit of English engineering if he followed a similar plan in the present case. Mr. Dixon then went on to describe the construction of the vessel built to encase the Cleopatra Needle and the calculations involved, and the incidents of the launch, which have been already made public. He argued that the voyage of the vessel had fully borne out the conclusion formed as to her perfect seaworthiness, and that they were running no risk whatever in trusting the obelisk in such a structure. But for the unfortunate shifting of the ballast in the Bay of Biscay all would have ended well, for the ship remained perfectly sound and water-tight. She was now at Ferrol, in Spain, but they might reasonably hope before long to witness the arrival of the needle in the Thames. —*See American.*

The English correspondent in the *Nashville Advocate*, takes up an allusion made by another correspondent to Rev. M. C. Osborn. At the same time he gives two or three interesting particulars from over the sea.

He believes M. C. Osborn should be a D. D. Well, perhaps he ought, and perhaps he may. He is an excellent and eloquent preacher, and Connectionally he stands very high—possibly not far from the chair of the Conference. Ministers less deserving may have been D. D.'s. I could name Wesleyan clergymen who have even stronger claims to such recognition if I correctly understand what constitutes such claims. Mr. Randles, to whose work on the Atonement I referred in a recent letter, would certainly honor a D. D. from any university, and Joseph Agar Beet would enhance such a diploma if conferred upon him. Your readers possibly never heard of this gentleman's name before, but they will hear of it. He has been only fourteen years in the ministry, but has successfully attempted to explain St. Paul's most difficult epistle, that to the Romans. The volume would do no discredit to any theologian or Biblical scholar. It is unique and original. The *London Freeman*, a paper that would not, if it could help it, praise anything bearing the stamp of Methodism, says of Mr. Beet's commentary that it is "devout, fresh, and suggestive." It is really and of a truth a work of rare value.

The table-talkers of the London Methodist are piquant, facetious, and versatile. Mr. Pearse is a writer who is well known and greatly beloved, and deservedly so. He is likely to be rivaled by J. Jackson Wray, who managed Adam and his ass Balaam so well that I, and many others, too, affiliated the authorship of the work on Mr. Pearse. Mr. Wray is writing another very interesting story for the *Methodist* at present. Mr. Bond bears a name which occupies a high place in American Methodism. He is gifted, cultured, liberal, eloquent, but he claimed scriptural authority for class-meetings recently. He, too, would honor a D.D. Then there is Thomas Bowman Stephenson, who would have been elected into the Legal Hundred at the last Conference if he had been present. He was in Canada looking after the interests of his large family. He presented quite a contrast to George Müller. He professed to visit the United States and Canada in the interests of his Orphanage, and to seek aid for it. Mr. Müller disowns all attempts to solicit aid, but just believes and the work is done—whereas, he advertises far more extensively than Mr. Stephenson. It is bosh, pure and simple—the sanctimonious bosh of Plymouth Brethrenism. Why doesn't Mr. Müller stop saying that he solicits no aid for his institution. No institution in the world is more effectually advertised.

"ALMOST."

Some five years ago I knew a young disciple of the Lord Jesus, who labored zealously for her Master, and won many precious souls. But I have one particular instance to relate:—

She was at school, where she had, by her consistent conduct, won the confidence of all her fellows, and among them she had formed a nightly prayer-meeting. On one of these occasions, her little band were singing the hymn, "One more day's work for Jesus," she noticed a girl weeping bitterly. She drew her aside, and found that a brother of the sobbing girl was very near to death; "And," sobbed the sister, "he is so far from the Kingdom that I weep for his soul; I feel that as he is he will never kneel at Jesus' feet."

My young friend found that the dying man had heard of Jesus Christ, but kept putting off the day of salvation, till, like many another, he was almost lost. She was for a moment perplexed as to the course to be pursued; but she commended her way to her Father, feeling sure that he would open up a means whereby she might aid the sinking soul. And at last it was decided that she and the sister should leave early the next morning, and by midday they had reached the end of their sad journey.

You may think this was nothing wonderful to do; but by leaving school in the term Matty lost all chance of the prize which everybody felt was almost hers. Yet she could have lost the best prize ever offered to gain the smile of her Lord.

Matty entered the darkened chamber, and after a few words began to pray. As she prayed she gained eloquence; her pleading seemed to gain immediate response, and Christ was truly in the room where, before, nothing but groans and despairing sighs prevailed. "Oh," said the young disciple, "there is one Physician that can heal all your wounds, who even now will save you and give you new life." "Ah, I neglected him in my youth, and a short time ago I was almost persuaded, but now it is too late," gasped out the dying man.

Oh, how Matty pleaded for her Master! She showed how that he came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." How that he was tenderness, all mercy to those who should seek him acknowledging their need of him. "Kneek, and it shall be opened unto you," "even now," urged Matty, "even though you have tarried so long by the way, our Father will let you in." Blessed words to the poor weary soul! "I see it all now," he murmured with a radiant smile, "He died for me because I am almost lost; I shall not die now, for I feel he has given me everlasting life. Tell them all I have found the Lord Jesus when I had almost given up." And then trying to sing

"Yet still there is room!—still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late."

he passed from this transitory stage into life eternal.

And Matty went back to school to carry her holy influence among the many young souls to whom her faith was as a beacon light, ever pointing out the way of truth. She lost her school prize by her absence, but she gained a higher—that of knowing there was "joy among the angels over one sinner" saved. She was not strong, and in time she was called to the "Lamb's bright hall of song," able to sing to the last—

"One more day's work for Jesus;  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story, to show the glory,  
When Christ's flock enter in?"

My dear young reader, you may be at school, you may be at home, but depend upon it the Lord has work for you to do. Do it. Do it as unto him, and never be heard saying, "It is almost time I did something for Christ," or "Jesus is almost mine." Never rest until you have changed that word, 'almost' into fully, or at the last day your indecision will have decided for you, and you will be quite lost.

If Matty had not been fully persuaded of the power of her Saviour, do you think she could have spoken so boldly for him to the almost lost soul, which otherwise would have been lost indeed? Do you, my dear friend, ever say a word for Jesus? Do you ever tell or speak to your young companions of the "wonderous love," wherewith he loved you and them to the sacrifice of his own blessed life? It was to the least of you he said, "Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." To-day you are not forbidden by anyone; will you come freely of yourself to him?—*Margaret de Gerde, in the Christian.*

THE UNCHURCHED MASSES.

Perishing and dangerous classes are accumulating in cities; and in cities, therefore, the problem of the right management of these classes is to be solved. It appears to be the purpose of Providence to gather men more and more into cities and to save them there. City philanthropic and religious effort for the masses of plain and poor men in cities is demanded, and will certainly be honoured of God. So far as my knowledge extends, the most important advances that have been made in America, in reaching the unchurched masses in large towns, have been effected through the Young Men's Christian Associations and city tabernacles.

Five things appear to me to be incontrovertible:

1. That the American Church, as organized under the voluntary system, is not reaching the unchurched masses in our large cities with due effectiveness.
2. That the unchurched masses or unseated parishioners in great towns, have, often in many cities of Great Britain and the United States been reached effectively when addressed earnestly in tabernacles and in free halls for evangelistic services by Young Men's Christian Associations, or by the union of churches.
3. That if the American churches can reach the unchurched masses of our cities, they ought to do so; and that to neglect an opportunity, growing wider every year, for the management of the perishing and dangerous populations in a Christian way, is a crime. We have opportunity open in one direction. It does not suit us, or not all of us; but it is the instrumentality which has thus far been most successful; and, until some more fruitful method of labor offers itself, Providence seems to indicate that tabernacles have a mission.
4. That when the masses who do not attend the churches have been reached through the tabernacles, they are more easily reached through the regular churches.
5. That there ought, therefore, to be no more rivalry between the work of Young Men's Christian Associations and city tabernacles conducted with evangelical and earnest leaders on the one hand and the work of the regular churches on the other, than between the fingers and the palm.—*Rev. J. A. Cook.*

NEWS FROM THE CIRCUITS.

WEYMOUTH CIRCUIT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As circuit news is always acceptable to the columns of the *WESLEYAN*, I will improve a few leisure moments by noting two or three items from this busy sphere of toil.

For some years our ministers have preached at Weymouth Mills, but no society was ever formed. On page 65 of our Discipline, a very sensible question is proposed bearing upon this matter, and a reasonable answer given in the negative. Not having any faith in expending time and labor where we cannot organize a Society, I decided in Oct. last to hold a series of services with a view to this object. The interest soon deepened. Night after night the school-house was filled with attentive worshippers. God was pre-eminently present with us. After three weeks siege we closed by baptizing nine of the converts, and forming a class with sixteen members. Subsequently several of the parents brought their children and dedicated them to God in baptism. I shall always have a pleasant remembrance of those services. The people are now talking about building a small church.

"Tis worth living for this, To administer bliss,  
And salvation in Jesus' name."

Our church at Plympton is now being finished. For eight or ten years it has been in process of erection. I need not tarry to explain the causes of delay. We hope to have it completed and dedicated in June next. The whole property will be worth about \$2,500, and will improve the appearance of the village very much.

In November we had a very successful Sunday school concert in our church at Brighton. Proceeds to liquidate a debt on the organ. The recitations and singing were admirable. I think I never heard children recite with greater accuracy and force. The entire performance reflected the greatest credit upon Miss Annie McNeil, by whom the scholars had been trained. The audience showed its appreciation of her untiring patience and energy by tendering a unanimous vote of thanks.

The ladies of this church and congregation had a Christmas Tree on Christmas eve to help to defray the expenses of furnishing the parsonage. They were much pleased at the close to find themselves in possession of \$70.

On Friday evening last some of the members of this congregation assembled at the parsonage, and after a few hours social intercourse retired, leaving tangible proof of their affection and good will.

"I am trying to persuade this generous people to improve their church property, so that we may have more efficient apparatus to do our work. A little enterprise and self-denial, just now, would help greatly to enlarge and consolidate our cause. There is much that is interesting about the work on this part of the circuit. My predecessor (Bro Robinson) laboured with great zeal and success last year, and most of the converts 'continue in well doing.'"

We brought our Missionary meetings to a close in December. My people had not the pleasure of hearing E. B. Young, in consequence of a stormy night. Having been previously disappointed, I thought it better to "run" the meetings myself than to defer them. I am glad to say that the receipts are a little more than double those of last year.

We are now observing the week of prayer. Had an interesting meeting last evening. I want to make them preparatory to other services. I trust that ere we close Jesus will be exalted in the increased purity of his people and in the salvation of sinners.

Yours, &c.,

W. H. EVANS.  
Barton, Jan. 8, 1878.

DON'T GIVE UP.

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try; my boy—try."

The boy's soul aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy—try."—*S. S. Visitor.*

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

FIRST QUARTER: STUDIES ABOUT THE KINGDOM OF JUDAH.

B. C. 914. LESSON IV. JEHOSEPHAT'S PROSPERITY; Or, Observing God's Law. 2 Chron. 17. 1-10. Commit to memory verses 3-6. January 27th.

EXPLANATORY.

JEHOSEPHAT. He appears in character and ability more like David than any other of the kings of Judah, and his rule lifted the kingdom to power and prominence, only excelled during the days of Solomon. Reigned. He ascended the throne B. C. 914, four years after Ahab became king of Israel, and reigned twenty-five years. Strengthened himself against Israel. The vigorous house of Omri now ruled the Ten Tribes, and new perils menaced his northern frontier. Like a wise king, he averted danger by preparing for it. Cities of Ephraim. Though he did not try to increase his dominions, yet he held firmly to the conquests of his father. So effectual were his precautions that Ahab made no attempt at war, but sought alliance, and "proved more dangerous as a friend than he could have been as an enemy."—M. Henry.

THE LORD WAS WITH. Those that seek God's paths will find God's presence. The first ways. Perhaps referring to the earlier and better days of David, before his fall; perhaps meaning "the first ways of his father (Asa) and of David," hinting at the decline of Asa's latter years. Even in good men, not every act and trait are worthy models. He is wise who knows how far to follow and when to avoid human examples. Baalim. The Phœnician form of idolatry brought by Jezebel into the northern kingdom, and spreading with its corruption throughout both realms. It requires a strength of character and earnestness of principle thus to resist the evil currents of the time. Walked in his commandments. Surrounded by godless nations, and at the head of a people always prone to idolatry, Jehoshaphat strongly walked and earnestly led his subjects towards God. [Teacher—urge your scholars to be leaders in good, rather than followers in evil: to stand alone for right, instead of "going with the crowd" to wrong.]

THE LORD ESTABLISHED. Whatever a nation enjoys of strength and stability it receives from the Lord, whose scepter sways above all human counsels. Presents. He was honored by the loyalty, service, and affection of his subjects. People always respect rulers who try to do right. In politics there can be no true, abiding success without uprightness. Lifted up. There is the uplifting of the heart in proud self-confidence, (see 2 Chron. 26, 16,) which ends with ruin; and there is the uplifting of the heart in the ways of the Lord, which brings divine favor. High places and groves. Reforms must be continually repeated. People and rulers need to watch carefully against the insidious advance of sin. Evils should not only be put down, but kept down. So today we have to shut up the grog-shops, and then come the harder task of keeping them shut.

THIRD YEAR. Early in his reign he realized that false religions could not be extirpated unless the people were instructed in the truth. One generation thoroughly taught in the Bible, at home and in the Sabbath-school, will give the world to Christ. Princes. He sent out the noblest in the realm to teach his people. Note the influence of high, social position in extending reform and religion. Levites—priests. Ministers and laymen, princes and priests, labored together in the noble work. It was a great Bible-school, an assembly, held all through the kingdom, to indoctrinate the masses in Scripture truth. We do not wonder that under such training the land rose to a position scarcely inferior to the golden age of David and Solomon.

THEY TAUGHT. It was a teaching rather than a preaching service—nearer to the Sunday-school than to the "public worship." The book...with them. Those who instruct in God's word should have it in their hands as well as in their heads; for themselves, that their teachings may flow from God's pure fountain and not from the broken cisterns of human thought; for their hearers who will feel the power of the direct reference far more than of the mere quotation. Throughout all. Not merely the leading cities. The more remote, the greater the need. Let us seek out the people, without waiting to be sought by the people. Fear of the Lord fell. The surrounding nations respected the fortified frontiers of Jehoshaphat, and dreaded the wrath of his mysterious Deity. The world can see and will honor those who are earnest in God's service.

GOLDEN TEXT: And they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the

Lord with them, and went about through all the cities of Judah, and taught the people. 2 Chron. 17, 9.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION: Value of divine truth. The next lesson is 2 Chron 19. 1-9.

A CALL TO PREACH.

The fact that you are called to preach is no reason that you should go to preach now. The call you now hear is a call to get ready to preach. No man is called to preach at once, or if there be such a case it is a very rare case. I know God calls uneducated men to preach, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he does so; but that does not mean that they are to preach without education, nor does it mean that education is not a necessity to preaching, or that the church should thrust an uneducated boor into the pulpit. There are men who are powers for God, who have never seen the inside of a college, and we may find many nuisances in the pulpit who came from the college as well as from elsewhere. The word "nuisances" seems hard, but it is expressive; and you know its meaning.—Bishop Foster.

FINE PRAYERS.

I believe God abhors fine prayers. If a person asks charity of you in elegant sentences, he is not likely to get it. Finery in dress or language is out of place in beggars. I heard a man in the street one day begging aloud by means of a very magnificent oration. He used grand language in very pompous style, and I dare say he thought he was sure of getting piles of coppers by his borrowed speech; but I, for one, gave him nothing, but felt inclined to laugh at his bombast. Is it not likely that many great prayers are as useless? Many prayer-meeting prayers are a great deal too fine. Keep your figures and metaphors and parabolic expressions for your fellow-creatures, use them to those who want to be instructed, but do not parade them before God. When we pray, the simpler our prayers the better; the plainest, humblest language which expresses our meaning is the best.—Spurgeon.

CONSUMPTION.—Many say that this disease cannot be cured, but the proprietors of Allen's Lung Balsam will satisfy any one that it has been cured in very many cases of the worst description. They have hundreds of testimonials from thankful individuals who willingly admit it has saved their lives.

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THE WESLEYAN.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1873.

THE PROFESSIONS.

Our plans are well matured toward publishing a series of articles on the various openings presented for young men in the Maritime Provinces. It is our desire to present, from a standpoint of observation and experience, and by representative men whose writings can command both respect and confidence, such a manual as will serve to guide young men who are looking forward to active life. Hence, the articles, after being published in the WESLEYAN, will be bound in one volume, and sold at the cheapest possible rate.

Our systems of free education have awakened among our young people a healthful ambition, which, though really a cause of gratitude, may yet lead them to build upon false hopes. The youth who would have been content twenty years ago to toil on upon the farm, or, failing there, to become a servant to strangers in some other country, now finds himself qualified by the advantages of our common schools to fill a higher place. He is now exposed to error of two kinds—firstly, to that which meets him in the foolish prejudice against manual occupations, and secondly to the equally fallacious hope that the learned professions afford a sure highway to every young man who qualifies himself by education. There are many favourable and unfavourable conditions connected with the several professions, which outside observers can not detect and, indeed, few inside really understand. Our own conviction is that the professions are, generally, overcrowded; that our surplus young men—those who cannot stoop to mechanical or agricultural industry, which really means "stoop to conquer"—should look beyond the Maritime borders toward the great, British, (though Canadian) territory of the Northwest. Industries will soon open yonder requiring many leaders. The training of our young men, at least of a large class, should therefore have a view toward the enterprises of a new country. Of this conviction, however, the truth or otherwise will be soon clearly seen as wiser writers present facts and figures to the public.

It has been exceedingly gratifying to us to find that several gentlemen whom we have approached on this subject, have expressed a warm approval of the plan and a willingness to co-operate in carrying it to a good issue. We are not in a position yet to say at what intervals the articles shall appear, as our desire is to consult primarily the convenience of the writers, with a view of securing for our young men the best possible information and counsel.

AN ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

Last week we advanced a single thought upon the importance of an Ecumenical Council for Methodism—the advantage which might reasonably be expected to follow in the interests of Missions. Where Christ's great commission is deeply involved, the church striving to accomplish a purpose which is now regarded as within the range of possibility—in fact assured by divine promise—every possible means ought to be used toward husbanding and increasing the churches resources. There is great inequality in the amounts raised for missions by the several Wesleyan branches—in the extent of work done by them compared with their means. Why should the subscriptions in England to foreign missions average \$2.25 per member; in Canada \$1.85 per member; while in the United States it is but 30 cents per member? Surely there is something wrong here; and if so, a general comparison and discussion might help to set it right. But to another thought.

Has the idea of an Ecumenical Methodist Hymn Book been altogether abandoned. Two or three years ago this project was very generally discussed. There was reasonable hope that it might result in something practical. But that which was once thought feasible, and very desirable, has passed out of the range of observation. Had there been a council of Methodist representatives, this would have been a leading ques-

tion. Our existence is one of almost total isolation from each other; there is no opportunity for a broad consideration of the general condition and necessities of Methodism, by men of wise heads and warm sympathies, who would have a clear, dispassionate view of the whole field; so these great, general subjects come to the surface and sink again in little channels of denominationalism. Yet every hope of having one Hymn Book for Methodism need not be abandoned. It would be a bond of connection between Wesleyans the world over. And we see no possibility of agreement upon what ought to constitute such a Hymn Book—no hope of consummating the devout wish of many who look forward to this as an initial movement in Methodist union, save through an ecumenical council. As a financial gain, the publication of Hymn Books will always prove a temptation to each church to keep its own separate. It was the monetary consideration which, during the past year, gave a new Hymn Book to England; and it will as surely give new Hymn Books shortly to the two Methodist bodies of the United States, as well as our own of Canada. Until, therefore, representatives from the several branches of Methodism come together and consider this subject in relation to the spiritual interests of the church, we see not the faintest probability of agreement. It would require, it may be objected, many years to bring about a change, now that so many Hymn Books are bringing in their revenues to church funds. Well, even so. The prospect of such a consummation, even after many days, would be cheering to Christians.

Another fine result which would be sure to follow from such a council, would be constituting of—if not a court of appeal, at least—a board of consideration and advice upon Methodist inter-denominational grievances. At present, little cankering difficulties, which might be adjusted promptly under a comprehensive plan, continue to eat into the heart of the church, leaving perpetual pain and humiliation behind them. Cannot the Church at least walk in advance of the Nation? We have seen how gloriously possible it is for statesmen to arbitrate successfully upon international disputes. England and America, over a subject which fifty years ago would have brought about no little bloodshed, sat down at a board, in the persons of their representatives, and figured the balance-sheet of loss of property by privateering. Among the churches of Methodism how many rounds of pulpit and platform cannonading would be averted by an hour's calm discussion in some private room, with "a word of prayer," (according to our ancient phraseology) to follow.

MONCTON.—Last Sabbath we had the privilege of joining in the Sabbath school anniversaries of this town. From first to last, our visit brought only surprises to eye and ear and memory. Seventeen years ago we embarked from Moncton in a steamer to St. John. It was then an ambitious village. Twelve years ago we left Moncton, after passing a night which chilled each traveller almost to the bone, and spent eight dreary hours, behind a pair of strong horses, in reaching Dorchester. Less than eight hours take us now from Moncton to Halifax, in a car which is luxury itself. We could scarcely find the Moncton of our acquaintance. It is, probably, somewhere in the suburbs or the heart of the new town, but—save a single hotel and a church—we did not remember it. We drove through the town, and round about it, wondering always whether we were in the midst of some magicians picture, destined to fade as it had appeared. New public buildings, new churches—there are four or five of the latter—new banks, new everything meet one at every point. A daily local newspaper on the breakfast table, and full despatches furnished to pipers in St. John, remind us that Moncton is a busy, brave, enterprising little city, having in its present heart the vigour to produce a great centre of trade and travel. We would not encourage ecclesiastical avarice—but merely whisper that the church which secures for itself now a good area in Moncton will be a rich church in the near future. It is gratifying to find the Methodist

church occupying a central place, and holding a fine surplus of land, flanked by a new and elegant parsonage, the envy no doubt of some wary, worn itinerants. Of the church we need only say, after that miracle of subscriptions which brought it into such prominent notice recently, that it is spacious, cheerful, admirably arranged, well filled with appreciative hearers, possessing a good choir, and—prospectively—out of debt. On Sabbath morning Mr. Currie took for his text Judah's remonstrance with Nehemiah—the most entertaining, blessed egotist of the Bible: The burden-bearers were broken down and there was much rubbish; hence the work of rebuilding was hopeless. Having in view some special services, Mr. Currie used the text to illustrate that cowardice and unbelief which vents itself in excuses when any great religious work is contemplated. It was a philosophic, stirring discourse, and must have done good. At three o'clock we visited the Sabbath school. First observation—an architectural mistake! The school was crowded out into the church, and up into the second floor. Plainly the harvest was much greater than the faith of the husbandmen. Next, we count the teachers and officers. There are twenty-one, principally in the prime of life, and representing well the intelligence of the population. What a blessing to any superintendent! Mr. Lutterell is truly favoured in his co-labourers. The school numbers in the vicinity of 200—all told, and is likely to grow very rapidly, if we may judge by the enthusiasm which the teachers and officers carry out their work.

At four, we walked to the Sunday afternoon temperance meeting—now an established institution of the town—and joined with others in public address. The same remarkable spontaneity of effort which has marked the temperance reform everywhere is seen here. The place was over-crowded, the audience being chiefly young men and women, devout, respectful, attentive listeners. The movement here seems to be one of purely local revival and agency. There has been no preconcerted action with other places, or with outside reformers; yet the movement promises to sweep through the community. So mote it be!

At seven o'clock the sight in the new Methodist Church was something impressive. In addition to the ordinary fine congregation, the classes of the Sabbath School occupied the front of the galleries, each having its teacher at its head. The speaker, at least, joyed in the privilege of that sanctuary service, as he looked upon the compact mass of humanity about him, and sympathized with the major portion in their hopes and fears—the young men, of whom the numbers here at every service are very remarkable. How much of future greatness in trade, manufacture, religion and general philanthropy, may be contained in this growing town, the heart, as it is, of so many arteries of public travel! Ministers and churches must needs be wary and energetic here if they would meet the responsibility of creating such a Christian sentiment as shall overmaster the infidelity and vice which are sure to crowd in upon the Moncton of coming years. And, by all appearance, the town is greatly favoured to-day with an evangelical and enterprising ministry.

DOES THE WORLD PROGRESS?

Christianity is well illustrated by its benevolent institutions. Let any reader look into the latest history of any provincial town, and see for himself whether religion makes headway. Within twenty years what forms of benevolence has Christianity assumed in Halifax—taking it as a single specimen. A school and home for Deaf Mutes, one for Orphans, one for Aged Women, one for the Infants of the Poor, one for the Blind, one for poor and incorrigible boys, one for fallen women; a Night Refuge for penniless strangers; a society for relieving the condition of the poor; a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—with several others not familiar to us. Besides these, each church has one or more organizations for helping the poor. Then there are the Temperance societies, having their own benevolent projects; the Free

Masons, with other social bodies, looking to the interests of the poor and the stranger.

Is there not too much male of the seeming religionism of Roman Catholics as compared with Protestants. Their churches are usually crowded, and this fact is used as an evidence that they are more loyal to their own means of worship than their fellow-citizens. We have it on good authority that Protestantism in Halifax has—and St. John had, up to May last—church seating sufficient to accommodate all the Protestant population capable of attending public worship; while Romanists cannot find room for three of every five of its people. The proper argument is, that Protestantism is more thoughtful and generous in looking to its peoples' interests than Romanism:—that, consequently, the former has room enough to hide its worshippers within doors, while the latter allows them to crowd each church from the doors into the street, thus giving observers an unfair inference by comparison.

On another page will be found an advertisement of the St. John Telegraph. At this advanced hour any compliment to the Telegraph would be superfluous. We were in St. John when it first saw the light, and have always watched its history with interest. Though it has changed hands since that time, so far from deteriorating, it has continually been gaining in strength and dimensions. It is now a splendid specimen of provincial journalism. Our readers will have noticed by extracts often made by us from its columns, that the articles of the Telegraph are always first class.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS have our best thanks for their prompt response to our call for subscriptions. This paper will be sent to any subscriber—new or old—with Scribner's Magazine, for \$4 a year. The subscription of the Magazine itself is Four Dollars a year. It is offered to us at a reduced price, and we give all the money advantage to our subscribers who desire to have the Magazine. Several circuits yet remain to be heard from. We ask our brethren to remit or report promptly, as we are delaying a revision of our lists for a few days only.

THE WINTER PORT question has been brought partly to an issue by the report of Mr. G. P. Black, just returned to Halifax from a visit west in the interests of this as a grain-shipping port. There seems to be at length an opportunity to test the advantages of Halifax by the shipment of at least two cargoes of grain. Much has been written upon the opposition offered by St. John and other ports; but any candid reader of the daily papers must decide that Halifax has received from all quarters a very fair share of sympathy and countenance. If it fails in its very reasonable ambitions, the fault will certainly not be due to any rival interest.

We notice the recent death of the Rev. Mr. Annand, a few years ago Pastor of Windsor (Presbyterian), more recently of Halifax. He had been for some years a Pastor in Boston, and seems to have been the victim of some one of the many forms of fever which haunt the crowded cities. Indirectly Mr. Annand was injured by hard work. We say this from what we have known of that good, conscientious, devoted Minister of Christ. He was just another instance of the sword cutting away its scabbard.

Where should economy begin, even if the times are hard and trying? Not with the church paper, surely. Any one who belongs to a Christian church, especially one having a family, ought to have a good religious paper, a paper that will afford an intelligent view of what religion is doing among mankind, and particularly of the movements in his own branch of the great Christian family. Less than half a cent a day is required to keep the church paper in the home; and if the economy of that half cent is really a matter of necessity, there must be surely a way by which it can better be saved, than by cutting off

what is a means of instruction and grace. There a few to whom this view of the subject may well be presented.

WAR NEWS.

The following alarming telegram came this week to the attention of the press:—

NEW YORK, January 14. A London special says that the crisis in the East is near at hand. The situation has become greatly complicated within the past few hours. Italy and Germany have suddenly brought England face to face with a new issue more startling to her people than any event since the beginning of the war.

The unquestioned dominance of the Russians in the field has forced England to order her fleet from Malta to its old anchorage in Bosika Bay, with the presumed intention of entering the Dardanelles at an early day. Germany and Italy suddenly declare they have interests in the East as well as the Britons. Perhaps Spain, having a tolerable navy, may have something to say. At any rate, the action of the German and Italian Governments is unequivocal. Bismarck's policy is made clearer. He is determined that England shall not perform any acts really warlike unless she arrays herself as before, as Russia's open enemy. She shall not go to Gallipoli except as an active ally of Turkey. The importance of the action of these two nations cannot be exaggerated. This sudden reappearance of Italy as a Mediterranean power, indicates that the Government of King Humbert is disposed to assert Italy's claims to a controlling influence in Eastern politics.

On this the St. John Telegraph remarks:—

A London despatch, which we publish to-day, in regard to the action of Italy and Germany with respect to England sending her fleet to the Dardanelles, has an alarming look about it, and, if it could be implicitly believed, would no doubt portend a speedy rupture between England and these powers. When, however, its origin is considered, it does not look quite so bad. It is doubtless one of those specials which the lively London correspondent of the New York Herald sends every Sunday to that paper to keep the Irish element in New York in good spirits at the prospect of the early downfall of British power. This element has been waiting so long for the consummation of their hopes and for something to turn up, that it is only an act of common charity for the New York Herald from time to time to give them a sensation that will elevate their spirits for a few brief hours. We presume, however, that there are some few grains of truth in the story, and possibly the correspondent who sent the despatch gauged pretty well the feelings of Germany and Italy towards England, even if these feelings are not expressed openly. Germany is undoubtedly jealous of England's naval power, and no doubt her rulers are foolish enough to entertain the absurd hope that some day or other Germany will be able to meet England on the sea. Italy has recently been making tremendous naval preparations and constructing vessels of a huge size to carry the largest kind of guns. Unfortunately the crack ship of Italy, the *Dulio* will not float with her armour and armament on board, so that her usefulness as a cruiser and a check to the British navy is likely to be somewhat impaired. We do not know that an enemy of Germany and Italy could hope for a worse thing than that they should send their fleets to the Dardanelles to oppose the English fleet. It would teach these powers a wholesome lesson and take out of them some of that conceit with which they have become so saturated from one or two successful campaigns. Before the Italians undertake to rival England on the sea they would do well to put down brigandage at home, and make it possible for a man to pass through their country without being in danger of having his throat cut.

The Morning News makes this just comment on recent reports of the situation:— The poor Turks are sorely bested. They have been badly beaten on every side. There is no hope for them save in the mercy of their conquerors. It was from the very first a foregone conclusion that, if left to fight out their quarrel to the bitter end unaided by foreign help, they must at last be utterly crushed. The odds against them now is something tremendous, and they are anxious enough to stop the fighting. But the Russians are evidently desirous of dictating peace from Constantinople. They will feel sorely balked in their career if compelled to stop short of that point, by interference from without.

Very active operations are not reported at present. The Turks have bombarded Theodosia, south coast of Crimea, and Anapa, on the Black Sea. Other towns have also been shelled. Two Paschas have left for Kesanlek, to negotiate with Grand Duke Nicholas, who says he has full powers on the question of conditions of peace. Russia has ordered 42 more torpedo boats from Stettin.

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NEWS FROM THE CIRCUITS.

Rev. Mr. Phinney, pastor of the Fairville Methodist Church, and wife, both of whom were laid on beds of sickness a very short time ago, have met with an additional affliction in the loss of their son, aged 22, a most promising young man and one beloved by all who knew him.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment given by the Methodist Sunday School at this village on Friday evening last was quite a success. The attendance was quite good although not as large as if similar have been.

PRESENTATION TO CARLETON METHODIST CHURCH ORGANIST.—A happy event occurred in Carleton, recently. On the occasion of the return of Mr. and Mrs. Baskin (Miss Thompson) from their bridal tour, the lady, who has been the organist of the Methodist Church, Carleton, was the recipient, from that congregation of a beautiful silver tea service valued at \$60, as an appreciation of her valuable services.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—The Sabbath School of the new Church, without having depleted the others to any appreciable extent, is a decided success. Indeed the attendance in the older school is better than ever.

ARCADIA.—Interesting meetings this week. Enthusiastic Temperance meeting last evening. Three brethren from town gave capital addresses; the good work goes on.

HANTSPOUR.—We have succeeded in clearing off the debt upon our Church. Through the kindness of G. A. Fuller, Esq., the church has been furnished with a very excellent eight day clock. We are hoping that generous friends at home or abroad will supply us with a Communion Service and a bell, both of which are needed to our proper equipment.

BURLINGTON.—It affords me great satisfaction to inform you that God is pouring out His Spirit upon this circuit. After holding a series of meetings at Cogman and Riverside of five weeks duration, Bro. Miller, my assistant, and I had the pleasure of receiving forty five on trial, forming them into classes, thirteen of them heads of families. We are led to believe that this is only the beginning of the work of God upon this Circuit.

GRAND LAKE EAST.—About the close of last Conference we found ourselves suddenly and unexpectedly appointed to this Mission. Trusting in an over ruling Providence we entered upon our newly assigned labours, but on seeing the requirements of the circuit our heart almost failed us, the field being so large and in many respects discouraging; yet, by the blessing of God, we have seen a few brought to the Lord and added to the church. The outlook on some parts of the circuit is still dark, but we are hopeful for a richer outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

On Dec. 27th., we were literally taken by storm when about sixty persons assembled at the Parsonage. The ladies, however, soon gave proof of their kind intention by inviting us to partake of an excellent and sumptuous tea which they had provided; and after an evening spent with music and social intercourse, the friends gave further evidence of their kindness by formally presenting to Mrs. James \$16 in cash, and other useful articles which amounted in all to \$42. Two fractions of the circuit only were represented, viz: White's Cove and Jemasseg.

NASHWAAK. DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A few lines from this one of the oldest fields of Methodism in the Lower Provinces, may be interesting to your readers.

During the summer the interest taken in our church was evidenced by large and attentive congregations on all parts of the Circuit. In the winter months we feel the decrease of population, incident more or less to all lumbering communities. The large majority of the men are now engaged in their winter employment where we suppose, the preaching of the word reaches them through the authorized agent of that department of our Mission work. Our Sabbath School interest dur-

ing the summer months was better sustained than for a number of years previously. Three schools were held, and we trust the result of the interest taken will be manifested, in "the life that now is and that which is to come."

We have suffered by that fearful disease Diphtheria. One family in two or three weeks lost four children. The home of our excellent Circuit Steward, Bro. Wm. Munroe, has lost its youngest member, James, aged 14 years, who died with the words "blessed Jesus," upon his lips.

Rather more than the ordinary number of young men have said to the Minister, "Have you any engagement on such a day? I have a little job I want you to do." What that was you may see by glancing among the marriage notices.

The Christmas and New Year's Seasons have been unusually pleasant to us. Our friends have been almost unanimous in giving tokens of friendship. The day before Christmas we were presented with a very nice Buffalo robe, the gift of three young ladies, members of our church. On the same day a gentleman, of generous impulses, among other articles presented us with Twenty dollars in money. On New Year's Eve, returning from a distant part of the Circuit, we found the Parsonage brilliantly lighted and upon entering were greeted by a company who had taken possession. We soon discovered the object of the visit, and became the possessors of many of those articles of farm production so necessary to good living. Owing to the severe cold many who intended to be present were prevented, but their donations, came in good time. May God bless these kind friends, and may He grant the richest favours of his presence and love during the special services in which we expect soon to engage.

Nashwaak, R. W. W. Jan. 8th., 1878.

BAY VERTE NOTES.—Last week a concert was given in the Bay Verte temperance hall, the proceeds to go towards paying a debt against the organ in the Methodist church. The attendance was large and all appeared well pleased with the entertainment.

Diphtheria still lingers round and appears to be more fatal to grown up people than formerly.—Martin's Satin!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bridgetown, Jan. 9th, 1878. To the Editor of the Wesleyan. SIR.—At the last Conference we were promoted some information from the Supernumerary Committee, bearing on the future prospects and present position of the Supernumerary Fund. I think that the time has arrived when the promised information should be forthcoming, and it is important also that the information be as explicit and full as possible.

On Wednesday evening last while Mr. Rupert Foster, son of Oliver, was showing a revolver to a gentleman in the shop of Mr. Murdoch in Bridgetown, it went off accidentally and the bullet striking him in the palm of the hand lodged in the wrist.

It is gratifying to learn that the past year, which was one of continued depression in most industries, was marked by a revival of activity in gold mining. As an instance of the enlarged operations in this field of labor, we may state that the district of Goldenville yielded 8,200 ounces in 1877, being 3,000 ounces more than the yield of 1876.

The Halifax "Chronicle" says: Recent advices from the West Indies are very favourable to the fish trade, several of the vessels of the New York Tribune, for the solution of a series of arithmetical, algebraical and geometrical problems, the competitors for which it was necessary should not be over fifteen years of age.

Early in the evening of the 8th inst., Mr. David M. Whiting dropped dead outside of the house of his son-in-law, Mr. G. H. Whiting, Fort Howe, Portland. Deceased had gone into the yard and on attempting to open the door on his return to the house, dropped down. Assistance was obtained and he was taken indoors, but he never spoke afterwards.

A man named Stinson was drowned at Le-preaux on the 6th. He was fishing with three others, and in hauling in the net they upset the boat. The three others were rescued, but Stinson, who belongs to Pinarcoo, was drowned.

Elisha Peck's, Jr. barn on Hopewell great marsh was burned on Sunday night week or early Monday morning. It contained 30 tons English hay. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

case. It also the Central Board reported to the Conference no estimates for circuits, but simply grants for Conferences. At the meeting of our Conference Missionary Board, the notes taken by the representatives were indeed bad, and were even used as suggestions. They had no further value. The committee having no fuller data than could be had at the Central Board disbursed to the circuits in accordance with its best judgment.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

MR. EDITOR.—A letter from the Rev. E. R. Young appears in a late number of the "Guardian" referring to his visit in the Eastern Conferences, in which he says of the meetings attended by him:—

I was surprised to find instances where the missionary Sabbath collections were not allowed to be included in the missionary contributions of the circuit but were appropriated to local purposes. After learning the universal custom of the West, I incline to think in future they will adopt the "more excellent way."

This paragraph surprised me not a little. Who will rise to explain?

Your's truly, AN OBSERVER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The custom is new to us. We have known cases in which the "average collection" was deducted from other funds; but never from the Missionary. Surely this could not have happened at any meeting where the West-end delegate himself gave his services. Can any one explain!

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NOVA SCOTIA. A little girl, six years of age, daughter of Mr. Edward Spencer, Cow Bay, C. B., was so badly burned on Saturday, 29th ult., by her dress catching fire while she was handling a red hot poker, that she died in eight hours after the accident.

The only paper published more frequently than once a week, outside of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, is the "Berwick Star," now issued semi-weekly. The proprietor is to be congratulated on this evidence of prosperity.

Four poorly clad and apparently half-starved children have been begging from house to house during the past week. The youngest—a little boy—had no boots on, and was tramping about in his stocking feet. It is said that these children belong to parents who formerly lived near Mill Village and are now residing at Broad River, and that they clothe the children in rags, and send the children forth begging.—Liverpool Advertiser.

A Halifax correspondent, under date of 15th December, writes to the Liverpool, England "Mercury"—Here is something worth chronicling. The freight (quite a large quantity) that was brought to Halifax by the Allan steamer, which commenced discharging at 1.30 o'clock the same afternoon, and was delivered in Montreal this morning. The "Mercury" says—The Peruvian arrived in Liverpool on Monday 24th; landed at 3 p.m., on that day her passengers, which had left Toronto at 7 a.m.; and Quebec at 7 a.m. 15th. These passengers speak well for Halifax as the winter port for Canada.

Schr. Heires, laden for the West Indies, was totally burned at Digby on the 9th inst. No insurance on vessel or cargo.

The schr. Albert L., of this port, Hackett, master, from Sydney for Gotzenburg, Sweden, laden with herring, is a total loss at Mira Bay, C. B. She was a vessel of 108 tons register, built at Spry Bay in 1874.

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There was no truth in the report that the barque Era, of and bound to St. John's, Nfld., from this port, had been lost with all hands, on Jeddore Ledges, in the gale of Friday night last.

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and one, unfortunately, (a native of Cape Breton) got a blow on the face from one of the handles, smashing his jaw-bone and knocking most of his teeth out and otherwise injuring him.

A few evenings since, a woman, having with her a four years old child, went into a store on Gottingen street and, watching an opportunity, caught an article of female wear and rushed out with it. The proprietor seized and detained the child. This kind of embargo had the desired effect, for about midnight the culprit, in whose nature the mother predominated after all, came penitently back, gave up the plunder with many protestations of regret and was allowed to take her offspring and depart.

The schr. E. L. Hammond, of Boston, has been purchased by Capt. J. A. Watt, of this city. The schr. Bobbie K. to 53 tons, built at Sheer Harbor last fall, has been purchased by Supt. William McConnell, of St. Mary's, for \$2,550.

Sunday night while the family of Captain Woods, who lives in Lockman street, were out at Church, some one broke into the house through the cellar hatch, but as the door leading from the cellar to the upper part of the house was fastened, the thieves could go no further. They carried off a few coconuts which were in the cellar.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.

Capt. Samuel Nicholson, of Orwell, P. E. I. another successful Islander abroad, left on the 5th inst., to rejoin his ship at London. Both he and his brother are in command of fine vessels and are highly thought of by their employers.

The Charlottetown "Examiner," 5th inst., says: Nearly one half of the breakwater at Souris washed away last night, and the remaining portion is fast breaking up.

Mr. J. R. Brecken, Cashier of the Bank of P. E. Island, presented each of his clerks with the sum of fifty dollars on Christmas Day.

Another of the "Oldest inhabitants" of Fredericton has passed away, in the person of Mrs. Wm. Morgan, aged 80 years. The deceased lady was a native of Pembroke Co., South Wales. She emigrated to this country in 1817, and has been a resident of this city for nearly half a century. She was much respected and beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Mr. George Taylor furnished some very useful clothing for the needy in Carleton at the beginning of the year. This is not the first time that Mr. Taylor has remembered the poor by substantial gifts.

The man Doherty, of South Bay, who received injuries to his vertebral column by a heavy fall from the loaded wagon, four months ago, died on Tuesday week at the hospital, St. John. He had been a great sufferer.

Richard Ball, while in the woods near Harvey Station, York Co., working for A. Robinson & Co., got his leg broken last week by a tree jamming it against another tree. He was taken to his home at Fredericton Junction.

The good people of Woodstock have sent a request for Mr. McKenzie to visit that enterprising town, with some of the Fredericton Reformers. Sussex has also sent in an invitation of a like character.

The New Brunswick Railway have just procured from the Baldwin Locomotive Works a magnificent six driving wheel locomotive for heavy work on the road.

One of the largest bears that the people of Kentore ever remember having seen has been killed near the settlement by Mr. Green. The animal had gone into winter quarters and traces of him were observed. A shot was fired at him in his place of concealment when he came out. Mr. Green attacked him with an axe, giving him a number of hard blows, and killing him with another shot. He measured seven feet in length, four feet in height, and after the skin was taken off and the animal dressed, the carcass weighed 400 lbs. The skin is very large and has been bought by Mr. B. Kilburn, of Manic station.

There are several very severe cases of whooping cough at present in Carleton. One death has already been caused by this disease.

Latest advices report the total loss of the barquentine "Morning Dew," of St. John. The "Morning Dew" sailed from Gloucester, England, for Duboy, on the 13th November, in ballast, and was wrecked at Binini on the 6th inst. There are no particulars regarding the crew. The "Morning Dew" registered 328 tons and was owned and commanded by Capt. Samuel Stockton. She was insured in St. John agencies and English offices for about \$11,000.

Intelligence has reached St. John of the safety of Captain Michael Driscoll and crew of the schooner "Glanville." The vessel was damaged in collision off Cape Hatteras, December 5th, and the crew which had taken to the boat, were picked up by the barque Jessanda and landed in England on the 25th.

Melbourne Mealey, a son of Mr. John Mealey, Fairville, 13 years of age, has received one of the prizes offered in the "Our Young Folks" department of the New York Tribune, for the solution of a series of arithmetical, algebraical and geometrical problems, the competitors for which it was necessary should not be over fifteen years of age.

Massey Mealey was seventh in the list of prize winners, there being probably between 2,000 and 3,000 competitors, from various parts of the United States and Canada. He attends the Superior School, Fairville.

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UPPER PROVINCES.

The steamer "Ontario," on her recent trip to England, encountered such bad weather that of 1028 head of live stock on board 220 were washed overboard or injured so that the poor animals had to be destroyed. A valuable horse that was cut loose from his fastenings, and allowed to take care of himself, escaped without a scratch.

The Dominion Alliance, for the suppression of Intemperance, has determined to ask Parliament, at its approaching session, for the enactment of a General Permissive Bill, by which every county, town or incorporated village in the Dominion, shall have authority to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors within its borders.

At a meeting of the Ontario Agricultural and Arts Association recently, a resolution was passed to the effect that the Dominion Council of Agriculture be requested to endeavor to procure from the British Government the admission to the ports of the United Kingdom, of Canadian cattle when shipped from Canadian ports, on the same terms as cattle shipped from other British ports.

There is at present a movement on foot in Montreal to organize a band of Protestant settlers to proceed to Manitoba in the spring to take advantage of the Government grant (there of 100 acres to single men, and 320 acres to married men. There seems to be a general desire among the mechanics, store-keepers and labourers to get to a place where, if they do not make much money, they will have at least the happiness of owning their own land, and will always have plenty for themselves and families. The intention at present is to have a minister and schoolmaster with them, and to have their own blacksmith, shoemaker, tailor, &c. The settlers are to assist each other as much as possible for the first two years.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Uter, of Burford, were a few days since, surrounded by a happy family of eight children, but five have succumbed to that terrible disease diphtheria. On one day three coffins and their little occupants were carried out in one funeral cortege. The other three children are prostrated with the same disease.

The Pacific Railway is now metallated eight miles East of Red River.

Mr. Hespeler, immigration agent, and Mr. Pierce, Dominion land surveyer, have been sent out by the Government to try and arrange the difficulty between the Montanites and the squatters at Pembina mountains.

All the wheat and flour in the interior of British Columbia has been purchased, and is now held by one firm in anticipation of a rush to Cariboo in the spring. Flour has advanced to \$12 per barrel at Barkerville.

Collector Caven and officer Elwood seized three illicit stills in the county of Huron, one of which had just been in operation, and the other two were just being got ready to start.

The "Agricultural Gazette" says—The very fine Canadian ox which was sent to England for sale and exhibition, and which was entered at several shows, succumbed at Warwick to the prolonged troubles of the road, and had to be slaughtered. Its carcass proved to be far more of yellow fat upon ill-looking lean than of the well-marbled beef the butchers seek at Christmas time. America may send a good deal of fat meat, but very considerable changes of breeding and feeding must become established before the best Scotch or English beef will decline.

Mr. Morrison McBeath, one of the old Red River Scotch settlers and now of Prince Albert, N. W. T., states that he had never better returns or superior quality of grain during the many years that he farmed in Manitoba. Mr. W. Miller, an Ontario farmer, also declares his returns both in quantity and quality unexcelled by any former experience of his as a farmer. All the settlers have harvested heavy crops of barley, wheat and oats.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lynn is said to be losing its trade in boots and shoes, which used to be almost a monopoly. Western manufacturers are getting a large share of the business.

To fight the oil refiners, the petroleum producers are about laying a pipe from the Pennsylvania oil regions to Baltimore.

The highest income tax in Germany was last year paid by Krupp; this year by a Rothschild.

A fire at Honolulu in December, devastated the esplanade, a portion of the city, destroyed Government war houses opposite Custom House wharves, and sheds devoted to the use of ocean mail steamers, and a number of private buildings, including houses, lumber yards, manufacturing establishments, etc. Loss \$250,000; insurance \$63,000.

D. R. Macgregor & Co., merchants and steamship owners of Leith, have failed. The liabilities are a million to a million to a million and a half; assets are not over \$50,000. Macgregor, who is a member of Parliament for Leith district has resigned.

Mrs. Hayes, on the occasion of the celebration of her 25th wedding day, was presented with a model of a log cabin in silver. It was given by the members of her husband's old regiment, and commemorated the winter of 1861, which she passed in a log cabin with him near Kanawha Falls, Va., while he held a command in the army of the Potomac.

At New York, Mrs. Hicks, a noted widow, of fashionable society abroad and at home, was married secretly at Cardinal McClosky's to Thomas Lord, aged 83, one of the wealthiest retired merchants in N. Y. city, and said to be worth from one to four millions. His children will endeavor to have the marriage annulled. Mrs. Hicks is the widow of a merchant who failed, but left her real estate which became valuable. She is a convert to Roman Catholicism. Lord is a Protestant.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, died at Rome on the 9th inst. The sickness to which he succumbed must have been sudden and severe, as he was apparently in good health on New Year's day. He was a much younger man than the Pope who outlives him. It is not likely his death will add anything to existing European complications. His son, Prince Humbert, succeeds him and the affairs of the kingdom will probably be carried on as usual.

It is stated that president Diaz has signified a desire of Mexico's resuming diplomatic relations with France, and participating in the approaching Exposition.

The announcement at Philadelphia of the official decision of the Court to hang Pat Heister, king of the Molly Maguires, has raised intense excitement among the lawless element of the Shamokin region. The Molines are organizing and arming themselves for desperate work. About 500 members of the gang have rendezvoused in the mountain, and trouble is feared. Capt. Alderson chief of the coal and iron police, has increased his force, and the local authorities have prepared for the worst. Those who are acquainted with the situation are apprehensive of a general and fearful outbreak.

Mrs. B. G. Tanner, direct descendant of King Henry VIII, died at Piermont, New York, a few days ago, at the age of one hundred and one years and eleven months.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC  
JANUARY, 1878.

New Moon, 3 day, 9h, 32m, Morning.  
First Quarter, 11 day, 2h, 32m, Afternoon.  
Full Moon, 18 day, 7h, 56m, Afternoon.  
Last Quarter, 25 day, 1h, 35m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises South Sets, HOURS.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's setting gives the time of high water at Farnboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hanisport, Windsor, Newport and Tyro.  
High water at Pison and Cape Tormentine, 3 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.S., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 3 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 3 hours 30 minutes LATER.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,  
If we had but a day;  
We should drink alone at the purest springs,  
In our upward way;  
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,  
If the hours were few;  
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power  
To be and to do.  
We should guide our wayward or weary wills  
By the clearest light;  
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills  
If they lay in sight;  
We should trample the pride and the discontent  
Beneath our feet;  
We should take whatever a good God sent,  
With a trust complete.  
We should waste no moments in weak regret  
If the day were but one;  
If what we remember and what we forget  
Went out with the sun;  
We should be from our clamorous selves set free  
To work or to pray;  
And to be what the father would have us be,  
If we had but a day.  
—Mary Love Dickenson.

THE PASSWORD.

During the late war a noble band of Christians, called the Christian Commission, at the head of which was Mr. Stuart accompanied the army wherever it went, and, amidst the sick, wounded and dying, did much work for Jesus. Late one night Mr. Stuart had to pass the lines of the two armies, and before starting he asked the colonel of the regiment for the password. 'Chicago' was given him, and away he rode, feeling all safe. At the line a sentry challenged him with the usual 'Who goes there—friend or foe?' 'A friend,' said Mr. Stuart. The sentry presented his rifle and demanded the password. 'Chicago' was the confident reply. Without moving, the sentry said, 'Mr. Stuart, it is my duty to shoot, for you have given the wrong password. Ride back to the headquarters and get the right one, for it would be death for me to give it to you.'

the password for heaven, which will only be asked for once?

The sentry replied, 'I thank God I do, sir. I learned it from your lips in a New York Sabbath school. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' that is the password, sir.'

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY IN COLORADO.

A Colorado correspondent of the Chicago "Times" reports that a gold seeker who was exploring the San Miguel and Dolores valleys in search of gold last year, discovered on the west bank of the Dolores river the ruins of what had once evidently been a large city. Ancient ruins and fragments of Pottery were scattered in every direction, and the foundation walls of some of the principal buildings were still standing in a good state of preservation. In the centre of the ruins and standing in a clear open space, were the remains of a temple which had evidently been devoted to the worship of the sun. The walls were of hewn stone, and so closely laid together that it was hard to detect a joint. The plaster on the walls inside was still bright and fresh looking. The temple measured three hundred feet in length and one hundred and twenty feet width, and the walls were adorned with rough representations of men and animals, with no perspective, while over one of the windows was the rude figure of a dove bearing a twig or branch of some kind, and flying toward a mountain in the distance. The explorer found the ground covered for acres with cut stones and broken crockery-ware, and houses and walls of solid masonry, showing marks of skilful workmanship, having withstood the ravages of time for unnumbered centuries. A wall fifty feet thick, apparently several miles in circumference, was visible in many places. In places houses were found completely covered in the earth. In one of these houses the explorer found an opening, and by means of a rope let himself down into what he considered the upper story of a building of enormous size. There were at least a dozen different apartments, some of them very large. The floor was of solid cedar logs, hewed and fitted closely together.

ONLY ONE AMONG MANY.

'Won't you please buy this, missus?' In the cold, biting wind of yesterday, a thin-faced, poorly-clad little boy knocked timidly at the door of a Prospect street residence, and thus addressed the lady who came to answer his summons. He held in his hand a little frame enclosing the motto "Home, Sweet Home," worked with coloured worsted upon perforated paper. The lady was touched by the pitiful appearance of the lad, and kindly invited him to come in and warm himself before the fire. His face beamed with a look of thankfulness as he sat down rubbing his hands together. His eyes wandered about the apartment as if surprised at the many comforts he saw around him, and then turning to the window, he gazed wistfully out at the falling snow, and appeared suddenly sad and thoughtful. "What are you thinking about, my little boy?" quietly inquired the lady, who had taken a seat opposite him. "About my mother and little sister," answered he, bursting into tears and quickly drawing the sleeve of his ragged coat across his face, as if to hide his emotion. After quieting the little fellow, the lady placed her chair close up to his, and putting her arm around him in a motherly way, drew from him his pitiful story. His father, who had been a hard working carpenter, had died some time ago, leaving a sickly wife and two small children to carry on the battle of life as best they knew how. They were

strangers in the city and the small means which had been left them were soon gone. The cold weather came on and the little boy was taken from school to earn what few pennies he could by running on errands for neighbors. But this brought in scarcely enough to buy a loaf of bread every morning. The mother became so downcast with sorrow that she could not leave her bed, and the work of providing for the family was placed entirely in the hands of the two little ones. From a neighbor lady the girl obtained enough worsted and material to make three or four home mottoes, and the lad went from house to house trying to sell them at 40 cents apiece. He met with small success, as nearly every one at whose door he knocked, seemed angry at his bothering them, and turned him off with an uncharitable word. It became so that he was almost afraid to ask any one to buy his little frames, and he would go around to the back doors in order to avoid those whom he thought would treat him unkindly. He said that his little sister and himself had eaten no full meal for nearly two days, and he was afraid they would have to die if he did not sell a frame before night.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

Among all compositions these alone deserve the name of sacred lyrics. These alone contain a poetry that meets the spiritual nature in all its moods and all its wants, which strengthens virtue with glorious exhortations, gives angelic eloquence to prayer, and almost rises to the seraph's joy in praise. In distress and fear, they breathe the low, sad murmur of complaint; in penitence they groan with the agony of the troubled soul. They have a gentle music for the peace of faith; in adoration they ascend to the glory of creation and the majesty of God. For assemblies or for solitude, for all that gladdens and all that grieves, for our heaviness and despair, for our remorse and our redemption, we find in these divine harmonies the loud or the low expression. Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amid the courts of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn spaces of the temple. They were sung with glory in the hills of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the Church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that Church, from the hymn which first was whispered in an upper chamber until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotees and ennobled its rituals. And that has been not alone in the august cathedral or the rustic chapel. Ceborused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled through God's own temple of the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits; they have run through the deep valleys of the Alps in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldenses; through the steeps and caves of the Scottish Covenanters; through the woods and caves of primitive America in the heroic hallelujahs of the early pilgrims.—Scottish American.

THE BROOKFIELD HARVEST.

The Rev. Mr. Sawyer, of West Brookfield, Vt., possesses a unique treasure in the person of a small boy, whose inventive powers and devotion to his parents have rarely been paralleled. "He is not precisely what you would call a good boy," remarked his father on one occasion, when his son was led home by the ear by an irate Minister of the Methodist denomination, and charged with having fastened thirty-two distinct cats in the ministers study, but his heart is full of love for whatever is just and right. This eulogy was fully merited, for although Master Sawyer was in no respect like the good small boy of literature, he lately did a wise and noble act for which the language of ordinary praise is far too feeble. In northern Vermont that peculiar form of social outrage formerly known as a "surprise party," but of late commonly called a "Bulgarian atrocity," is still lamentably frequent. On a cold evening in the first week of the present month, Mr. Sawyer and his family were seated quietly by their social hearth, enjoying one another's society. The clergyman was reading aloud the bishops' pastoral letter; his wife was busy calculating how to cut up her husband's old overcoat so as to supply him with a new waistcoat, herself with a new overskirt and Master Sawyer with a new pair of trousers, while that excellent small boy was reading the improving adventures of an eminent pirate, and wondering whether he would ever be able to emulate them. Not one of the family was prepared to receive visitors. Mr. Sawyer had on his dressing gown and slippers; Mrs. Sawyer had let down her back hair to give freedom to her mental processes, and Master Sawyer had temporarily slipped off his trousers to supply his mother with a pattern, while he wrapped the hearth-rug about him. Suddenly, and without the least warning, more than four dozen people of all kinds and sexes, including men, women, reformers and theological students, burst into the room, carrying cake and devastation with them. Master Sawyer fled howling; the clergyman pushed back his spectacles and tried to smile; and his heroic wife, by hurriedly twisting her back hair with both hands, and holding her comb between her teeth, managed to avoid uttering the welcome which the invaders expected, but which her conscience forbade her to express. The marauders conducted themselves after the usual custom of their kind. They conversed with one another with great hilarity, ignoring the suffering of

WOULDN' MARRY A MECHANIC.

A well-dressed and well-behaved young man began visiting a young woman. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young girl to enquire where he had been. "Had to work to night."

THE PASSWORD.

"What! do you work for a living?" she asked in astonishment. "Certainly," said the young man, "I am a mechanic."

THE BROOKFIELD HARVEST.

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the clergyman and his wife. They spread their cake upon the table, and devouring it without plates, scattered the crumbs over the new carpet. One young man, having laid a large piece of jelly-cake on the sofa, subsequently sat down on it, and Mrs. Sawyer felt that she would gladly join the Church of Rome on condition that the medieval tortures of the inquisition should be revived. And she herself delegated to apply them to that particular young man. After having reduced the furniture to that state of grease that it was no longer safe to sit down, the miscreants gathered around the piano and sang, "What shall the harvest be?" until Mr. Sawyer, mild as he was, regretted that he could not take a scarp ayche and reap an immediate and bloody harvest.

THE BROOKFIELD HARVEST.

The moon was at the full, and shone brightly when the first pair of miscreants—the young man who sat on the jelly-cake and a heavy young lady to whom he was affianced—issued from the front door, and instantly sat down with tremendous emphasis. Close behind them came the rest of the raiders, who with one accord, strewed themselves over the ground, until in some places they were collected three or four deep. The shrieks of the ladies and the stronger remarks of the men filled the air. No sooner would a struggling wretch regain his feet than he would sit down again with renewed violence. The afflicted clergymen and his wife gazed with wonder at the appalling spectacle, and the good small boy never ceased to sing, "What shall the harvest be," at the very top of his lungs. It is generally believed that there will never be another surprise party in Brookfield, and it is under contemplation among middle-aged house-holders to present Master Sawyer with a service of marbles and life membership in the Foreign Missionary Society, as a testimonial of their gratitude and esteem.—New York Times.

THE BROOKFIELD HARVEST.

Those who get through the world without enemies are commonly of three classes: the subtle, the adroit, and phlegmatic. The leaden rule surmounts obstacles by yielding to them; the oiled wheel escapes friction; the cotton sack escapes damage by its impenetrable elasticity.—Whately

Never trust this heart of thine that it will be well ordered, and kept in good frame, if thou carry not always a strong hand and a narrow eye over it. If once thou let go the bridle of watchfulness, it will run out so far that it will be hard to bring it back again.—Dyke.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrestled from the gods their thunderbolts, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted into steam, and created a giant that turns, with tireless arm, the countless wheels of toil.—Ingersoll.

"How long does it take to be converted?" said a young man to his father. "How long" asked the father, "does it take the judge to discharge the prisoner when the jury have brought him in not guilty?"

"Only a minute."

"When a sinner is convinced that he is a sinner, and is sorry for it: when he desires forgiveness and deliverance from sin, and believes that Christ is able and willing to save him, he can be converted as speedily as the prisoner can be discharged by the judge. It does not take God a long time to discharge a penitent soul from the condemnation and power of sin."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

JOHN'S FIRST PARTY.

There was a fire on the broad hearth, and that, with the tall candles on the mantle piece, made quite an illumination in the room, and enabled the boys who were mostly on one side of the room, to see the girls, who were on the other, quite plainly. How sweet and demure the girls looked, to be sure. Every boy was thinking if his hair was slick, and feeling the full embarrassment of his entrance into fashionable life. It was queer that these children, who were so free everywhere else, should be so constrained now, and not know what to do with themselves. The shooting of a spark out upon the carpet was a great relief, and was accompanied by a deal of scrambling to throw it back into the fire, and caused much giggling. It was only gradually that the formality was at all broken, and the young people got together and found their tongues.

John at length found himself with Cynthia Rudd, to his great delight and considerable embarrassment, for Cynthia, who was older than John, never looked so pretty. To his surprise, he had nothing to say to her. They had always found plenty to talk about before, but now nothing that he could think of seemed worth saying at a party.

"It is a pleasant evening," said John.

"It is quite so," replied Cynthia.

"Did you come in a cutter," asked John, anxiously.

"No; I walked on the crust, and it was perfectly lovely walking," said Cynthia, in a burst of confidence.

"Was it slippery?" continued John.

"Not very."

John hoped it would be slippery—very—when he walked home with Cynthia, as he determined to do, but he did not dare to say so, and the conversation ran around again. John thought about his dog and his sled and his joke of steers, but he didn't see any way to bring them into conversation. Had she read the "Swiss Family Robinson?" Only a little ways. John said it was splendid, and he would lend it to her, for which she thanked him, and said, with such a sweet expression, she should be so glad to have it from him. "Not very."

John asked Cynthia if she had seen Sally Hawkes since the husking at their house, when Sally found so many red ears; and didn't she think she was a real pretty girl.

"Yes, she was right pretty," and Cynthia guessed that Sally knew it pretty well. But did John like the color of her eyes?

No; John didn't like the color of her eyes exactly.

"Her mouth would be well enough if she didn't laugh so much and show her teeth."

John said her mouth was her worst feature.

"Oh no," said Cynthia, warmly; "her mouth is better than her nose."

John didn't know but it was better than her nose, and he should like her looks better if her hair wasn't so dreadful black.

But Cynthia, who could afford to be generous now, said she liked black hair, and she wished hers was dark. Whereupon John protested that he liked light hair—auburn hair—of all things. And Cynthia said that Sally was a dear, good girl, and she didn't believe one word of the story that she only really found one red ear at the husking that night, and hid that, and kept pulling it out as if it were a new one.

And so the conversation, once started, went on as briskly as could be about the parn-bee and the spelling-school, and the new singing-master who was coming, and how Jack Thompson had gone to Northampton to be a clerk in a store, and how Elvira Reddington in the geography class at school, was asked what was the capital of Massachusetts, and had answered "Northampton," and all the school laughed. John enjoyed the conversation amazingly, and he half wished that he and Cynthia were the whole of the party.—St. Nicholas.

The Devil Fish, from the New York Aquarium, which was placed on exhibition in Horticultural Hall, yesterday, is one of the most surprising monsters of the deep ever captured. It seems, indeed, to be the realization of Victor Hugo's dream, and no one while contemplating the shrivelled but still massive form could doubt for a moment that the strongest swimmer in the clutches of such a creature would disappear like a snowflake in a river. This huge cephalopod was captured near St. John's, Newfoundland, in October last, and its measurements were then as follows: Total length, 40 feet; length of body, 10 feet; length of each of the arms, 11 1/2 feet; length of each of the tentacles, 30 feet. When seen by Prof. Verrill of Yale College, some two weeks after its capture, all of which time it had been kept in strong brine, he found its length about 37 feet, and pronounced it the largest and most perfect monster of the kind ever caught. When first found its eyes measured eight inches in diameter. The devil fish is now in an excellent state of preservation, although considerably shrunken, and it is prepared in a manner to make the examination very easy. A tank, 17x5 feet and about four feet high, contains the creature, which is spread out on a shallow false bottom to the tank, only about a foot below the glass top. A bath of alcohol serves to keep everything in good order. The body of the creature looks like that of a huge gray halibut, and the tail fluke is a couple of feet across. The head and beak are hardly comparable with any familiar object, being misshapen and almost hideous to look upon, the huge, staring eyes and branching arms and tentacles seeming to give it a particularly sinister appearance. Most visitors will probably be surprised at the small diameter of the tentacles, but it seems that a couple of feet of their extremities are the principal parts used by their owner, which finds in them an instrument not unlike the hand in man. A large number of people were in attendance yesterday, and, doubtless, the hall will be crowded much of the time during the stay of this wonder in Boston.—Boston Post.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

The standard remedy for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, hoarseness, asthma, whooping cough, croup, sore throat, diphtheria, difficulty of breathing, quinsy, phthisis, pain in the side and breast, spitting of blood, liver complaint, bleeding of the lungs, and all diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest, including even consumption. It seems hardly necessary to dilate at length upon the virtues of this favorite remedy for all diseases of the lungs, throat and chest. It was introduced to the public by Dr. Wistar nearly a half a century since, and by the wonderful cures which it performed, gained an immediate an enviable reputation, which to this day it has fully sustained. From the gulf of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Pacific, and in many countries abroad, there are few villages or hamlets without "living testimonials" to the rapidity and certainty of its curative effects. The proprietors, mindful of their responsibility to the afflicted, exercise the utmost care in the selection and compounding of the various ingredients of which the BALSAM is composed; and the sick are assured that the high standard of excellence on which its popularity is based, will always be maintained. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

EXPOSITION OF 1876.

Wandering through the United States section of this truly wonderful Exhibition, hyperornamented and over-displayed as the most of it is, I came upon an elegant glass case, whose modesty was the more conspicuous from its neighbors' finery, and displaying, in neat packages, the medical preparations of the house of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

I was aware of the world-wide reputation of this eminent firm, for the character and quality of their goods, and remember well their agents in London, Messrs. NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Having a leisure hour, I determined to examine the contents of this case, myself, and I was surprised to see the delicate perfection to which they have brought their household remedies. I was chagrined at the reflection that, while we have at home the most skillful and pre-eminently, the best physicians in the world, these Yankee doctors distance us so far in the line of popular medicines for family use. They have the sharpness to take advantage of the high scientific discoveries among us and make pills and potions as palatable as they are salutary. I was told by a leading druggist in Philadelphia that Dr. AYER'S manufactory was the largest in America, giving employment to hundreds. I must go to Lowell and see it, on my way home.—Correspondence of the London (Eng.) Telegraph.

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