

The Wesleyan,

329

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,
Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXVII

HALIFAX, N.S., OCTOBER 16, 1875.

NO. 42.

METHODIST BOOK ROOM.
125 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, N.S.

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POETRY.

SUMMER DAY IN A WOOD.

"And Jonathan, Sam's son, arose, and went to David into the wood, and strengthened his hand in God."—1 Sam. xiii. 16.

How beautiful is Nature unadorned
By art, and moving at her own sweet will
Within this silent wood, as though she
scorned

Man's vaunted help and skill.
What needs she here to make her charm
complete.

Where all is exquisitely pure and grand?
God's summer wood is this; and all we
meet

His wisdom planned.

The mighty trees are waving overhead
In their rich garb of foliage bright,
While wafts of quiet harmony are spread,
By breezes light.

And choiring nightingales and cooing doves
Join in the concert with their melting
songs.

Echoing through Nature's own self-plant-
ed groves
From adjacent tongues.

See, on this mossy bank wild strawberries
grow,
And ripe and red invite you to partake;
And here, white lilies of the valley blow,
And yearly wake.

A startled pheasant springs from off her
nest
In a low alder stub, and shrieks with
fright;
See the young brood, warmed by their
mother's breast.

A beauteous sight!

Streaming along the vale, a crystal brook
Runs with quiescent music clear and
calm

Into a small cascade by yonder nook.
A living psalm.
The wild clematis, twining with the rose,
And white convolvulus form Nature's
bowers.

God walks in summer woods. His voice I
hear.

And trace his footsteps through the
tangled way,
The great infinitude of love is here.
I own his sway.

And kneel beneath this glorious rural
dome—
The temple God with His own hands
has made;

I grasp my Father's hand, and safely roam
Through light or shade.

—BENJAMIN GOUGH.
Woburn Sands, Beds.

SOUL-SAVING AND ITS REWARD.

BY THE REV. S. V. LERCH, OF THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

Preached at the Fraternal Camp-meeting,
at Round Lake, Friday morning, July
2, and reported in the New York Metho-
dist.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness
of the firmament, and they that turn many to
righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."
—Daniel xii. 3.

A youth in whose veins ran royal blood
was carried a captive to Babylon. Amid
the splendors of this pagan court he was
educated in Chaldean learning. Divinely
inspired he portrayed the doom of mon-
archs and kingdoms as foreshadowed in
visions and inscriptions. Surrounded by
corruptions he maintained his purity. In
honouring God he courted, in a den of
lions, a martyr's crown. As he neared the
close of life as a worker for God he wrote
the text. As he wrote it God opened on
his vision the reward awaiting those who
sow or reap in the moral fields of this
world. By this imagery he endeavours to
outline the glory awaiting those whose
lives are dedicated to the salvation of
souls. He first intimates that those en-
gaged in soul-saving are prosecuting a
work of eminent wisdom. These toilers
he classifies as "they that be wise." The
cultivated pagans regarded the wise as
men of profound knowledge and great at-
tainments in learning; men whose audi-

tion swept a vast compass; men of deep
and solid information in philosophy.
Daniel held aloft a nobler species of wis-
dom. He echoed the sentiment, "He
that winneth souls is wise"—wise because
he pursues the most inspiring work that
can claim the endowments of mankind;
wise because he seeks to confer on men
heaven's richest and most imperishable
boon; wise in that he glorifies God in the
highest form and by the most acceptable
method; wise in reference to time and in
relation to eternity.

The worth of the soul manifests the
wisdom of the work of soul-saving. Un-
saved, it is lost even now. Think of its
endowments in ruin; understanding paralyzed,
memory bruised, imagination con-
fused, will perverted; conscience ossified,
affection abnormal, its grand apartments
all defaced. Think of its capacities for
enjoyment or suffering, the price paid for
its redemption, and of the immortality
with which it may for ever march on in
bliss. Think of these, and then answer
the question, Is the work of soul-saving
wise in its nature? No wonder that the
dying Lyman Beecher said, "Theology is
great, controversy is great, but the great-
est of all things is saving souls." No
wonder that Alleine, Henry, Doddridge,
Welch, and the Wesleyan John Smith
agonized for souls.

In turning many to righteousness it is
important that we understand the forces
by which we can successfully save souls.
We can save them by the power of a holy
example. Jesus held up this powerful
agency when He said, "Let your light so
shine before men that they may see your
good works, and glory your Father which
is in heaven."

In this centre the aims of life must con-
verge. Paul says, tersely, "Show thyself
a pattern of good works." A holy man
or woman is a perpetual sermon. Consis-
tent Christian living is an illustrated Bible
more beautiful than any whose gilded
leaves have ever been bound in sumptu-
ous velvet. Example is the loudest bell
men ring to arouse perilled spirits. The
conduct of professed Christians formulates
the creeds of the masses. Holy living is
the most effective method by which we are
guiding souls to heaven or hell. Hence
even in little things we are to "avoid the
appearance of evil."

Another force in soul saving is the power
of prayer for imperilled loved ones.
In New York they once had a celebrated
detective who never forgot a human face.
Among the crowded streets he would ar-
rest men whose photographs had reached
him as fugitives from justice. But earth
never saw such an arresting agency as
prayer. Mothers and fathers have offered
believing prayers for wild sons far from
home, and quicker than a message passes
along the wire, prayer has hurried them
homeward. It has laid its hand on giddy
daughters amid revival phenomena, and
they have rushed with streaming eyes to
the cross for peace and rest. It gave
Jacob power over the angel. It enabled
Elijah to make the heavens as brass for
years, and at Carmel to bring fire from
above to lick up the water in the trench.
No wonder, as she had read the marvels
wrought by prayer, that Mary Queen of
Scots trembled when John Knox entered
Scotland, and cried, "I fear the prayers
of John Knox more than the swords of a
thousand men." You remember Mr.
Earle, the great Baptist evangelist. At
one of his meetings a lawyer arose and
said: "I don't believe in the power of
prayer. Try it on me." Mr. Earle im-
mediately asked the vast throng to unite
at a certain hour in prayer for the salva-
tion of that gifted attorney. Three even-
ings afterwards he was pleading for mercy,
and to-day he is an eminent minister of
Christ.

Has prayer for others efficacy? Two
holy ladies promised to spend an hour
daily in prayer for the conversion of their
husbands. For ten years they were true
to their covenant. One night one of the
men was found by his wife seeking mercy.
Hastening to tell her friend in the morn-
ing, she found her full of rejoicing. Both
the husbands were awakened and convert-
ed the same night. Does prayer help the
sick? Have you forgotten that scene in
Melancthon's life, when this great reformer
was evidently dying? Luther looked
on his glazing eyeballs, and cried out,
"We cannot save you, Philip!" Then

beside that couch the mighty monk wres-
tled with God and triumphed. Leaving
the room, Luther hurried home, exclaim-
ing as he went, "God has given me Mel-
ancthon in direct answer to prayer," and
the learned theologian recovered.

Parents tending in these imperial groves,
try the power of persevering prayer for
your wayward children. Wives, plead im-
portunately for your godless husbands.
Teachers, test the efficacy of protracted
and believing supplication for your schol-
ars. Get what even savages have called
"the gift of the knees." Surround your
loved ones with mountains of prayer, and
God will give you their souls saved by his
Son's blood. A third potential force in
soul-saving is earnest and repeated per-
sonal counsel. On the subject of personal
salvation a word fitly spoken is like an
"apple of gold in a picture of silver."
Thirty-three years ago a dust-covered and
drunken young man leaned against an
elm-tree in the public square in Worces-
ter. A poor but earnest shoemaker named
Joel Stratton took his hand, and said,
"John, you must go to our temperance
meeting with me to-night." He consented,
went, signed the pledge, and has since
been king over all the oratorical prices
of the platform. A kind word gave Gough
to the temperance work and to the Metho-
dist Church.

When Malcom was a gay student at
Brown University a tutor said to him,
"Malcom, how I long to have you make an
honest effort for your soul's salvation!"
Those words, "an honest effort," pealed
throughout the whole of his spirit ear;
and young Malcom, sanctified by
the blood, became eminent as a revival-
ist of the Presbyterian Church. One sen-
tence did the work. Arise and repeat
advice. Destinies are poised on your
council. Be not discouraged. Wait God's
time and speak to souls. Moody and
Sankey have found souls all over London
ceased in moral adamant, but under faith-
ful bombardment they have surrendered
to Christ and run up the white signal of
submission. Faithfully admonish with
faith in God, and success will crown your
efforts.

Another important question interlarded
with this subject is, Where can we best
work for the saving of souls? In the
home circle. Home is the place of con-
fidence. God has made it the introductory
field of religious labor. To the old He-
brews He said, "Teach these words dili-
gently to thy children, and talk of them
when thou sittest in thine house." There
it was that Lois and Eunice trained Tim-
othy in the nurture and admonition of the
Lord. Men like Augustine, Chrysostom,
Zinzendorf, Edwards, Payson, Doddridge,
Richardson, and John Newton have ascribed
their conversion to the holy counsels
of pious mothers. Burns tells us in his
poems how beautiful was the custom of
the Scotch father, who gathered daily the
home group and read to them God's word,
sang with them the old hymns of Zion,
and pleaded pointedly for the salva-
tion of every child. "I beg you to
maintain morning and evening family wor-
ship." John Howard never allowed the
custom to be interrupted in his home.
Mothers, talk to your children often about
their salvation. Have no delicacy of feel-
ing in this momentous duty. You hold
the key to the soul of the sunny-faced lit-
tle girl, who evening by evening nestles
her locks and folds her hands in prayer at
your knee. Father, you are stamping by
home influences, for time and eternity,
the coin of your son's character. Be true
to your obligations and responsibility.

Another sphere for soul-saving is the
Sunday-school. It presents the magnifi-
cent work of saving the children for
Christ; multitudes of the young secure re-
ligious culture nowhere else. Childhood
is the period of life when they can most
easily be secured to God and the Church.
The memory is then tenacious, the con-
science keen, the understanding teachable,
the will impressionable.

Then I would urge you to greater activ-
ity and interest in the rescue of the souls
of inebriates, and the suppression of the
traffic by which multitudes are ruined.
Oh for the advent of that day when the
Church shall rise in her might for the de-
thronement of Bacchus. Survey the pic-
tures the rum fiend has hung up before
the vision of the people; 200,000 liquor sa-
lons that would form a street from New

York to Philadelphia; 600,000 inebriates,
who, five abreast, would make a procession
equally extended; 4 saloons to every
school in the nation; 4 vendors to every
minister of Christ; 1,200 funerals of
drunkards every week; an amount of
liquors annually distilled that would fill a
canal 120 miles long by 14 feet wide and 4
deep, a vast army of fathers, sons, brothers
and husbands filing into prisons, asylums
and graves; a long procession of widows
and orphans made such by the drink de-
mon; startling statistics of crime and pov-
erty looming up before the drowsy eyeballs
of the people like the pillars of cloud and
flame; an appalling panorama of squan-
dered fortunes, crushed hopes, broken
hearts, desolated homes; and the curse
licensed and protected and defended by
professed Christian men. Oh for the bugle
blast that shall awaken the people to ef-
fort in saving the bodies, intellects, and
souls of those around whom the serpent of
strong drink has wrapped its deadly folds!

Another sphere for Christian exertion
is the camp-meeting. From the heat and
glare of city life yourselves and families
have come to this magnificent encampment,
where evil is outlawed and wrong is under
severe restraint. Instead of seeking re-
creation on the sea beach, or your own
world-renowned Saratoga Springs, where
dissipation and dissolute life prevail, you
have come to enjoy quiet, comfortable
and healthful recreation. Here genial Chris-
tian influences engirdle you, and no dan-
ger to morals is visible. Away from your
professional toils and cares, mingling with
old friends and forming new bonds of af-
fection, stimulated to profound thought
and holy resolve by pointed and pathetic
preaching, inspired with new zeal by con-
tact with an army of Christian workers
converging here from a wide denomina-
tional circumference, with the stirring hymns
of the Church ringing hourly in your ears,
protractedly engaging in solemn worship
calculated to impress deeply your religious
future, I beg you to covenant with God
to win souls by an ever divinely aided ef-
fort. Every visit I make to this forest vil-
lage I learn to love it more. Here thou-
sands have been enriched in experience,
thousands more plucked as brands from
the burning. Give these two weeks wholly
to God. Gather some sheaves here for the
heavenly garner. See to it that every ef-
fort is made for the present salvation of
your children and friends going down to
perdition. Plant stars in the diadem of
Jesus that had not blazed in his crown
but for your fidelity at Round Lake. Go
back to your homes baptized with holy
power. Agonize much in supplication
with God. May the cloud of mercy
this morning begin to roll its folds over
this encampment. God grant that this
meeting may long be memorable as the
greatest spiritual Pentecost this far-famed
camp-ground has ever known.

A holy Church wrestling with God may
accomplish this glorious consummation.
Daniel calls our attention to the celestial
rewards destined to crown successful ef-
fort in the salvation of souls. But in this
life a rich terrestrial reward is given to
those who labor for souls. It comes in
the sweet testimony of an approving con-
science. Terrestrial reward also comes in
the form of the profound gratitude of those
we win to Christ. In South Africa lay a
dying woman, the convert of a devoted
missionary. He had apparently toiled
fruitlessly until his heart had sickened.
As the sweat of death beaded the temples
of this convert she beckoned the disheart-
ened missionary and whispered these
words; "Missionary, I am going to the
Saviour of whom you have told us. I shall
see Him, and then come back to the gates
and wait for you. I shall take you to
Him and say, 'Here is the man that led
me to you.'" Her lustreless eyes closed,
and with words of gratitude on her lips
she saw "the King in his beauty." Grati-
tude is a reward more precious than rub-
ies. But how glorious the reward cele-
stial! They shall shine like stars for ever.
How magnificently the stars shine over
old Babylon where Daniel lived! This
pagan city was as much renowned for its
learned astronomers as for its material
splendour. Babylon is desolate, but the
stars look down on its ruins now as beau-
tifully as when Daniel looked on them
centuries ago. Flooding the dark solitudes
of space with light, roll numberless orbs,
that before powerful glasses seem but gold

dust sprinkled on the dark back ground
of night. So shall shine a numberless
host of the redeemed. From every clime
and land they shall go up. "A multitude
no man can number," washed in the blood
of the Lamb. I doubt if in the moral
conflict of the centuries Satan is to carry
from earth more trophies into hell than
God's slain Son shall bear through the
gates of pearl.

The stars shine too in their individuality
of beauty. Each star that studs the
firmament shines independently of as-
sociates, and all with a light not inherent,
but borrowed from some central sun.
Shining in their individuality it is said of
God, "He calleth the stars by name." In
heaven we are not to be strangers lost in
the myriad host, unrecognised and un-
loved. Each shall wear an individual
crown, each shall shine with a light bor-
rowed from the Sun of Righteousness.
We shall not lose our personal identity in
the kingdom of God.

The stars shine in constellations. They
move in companies, blaze in groups,
sparkle in clusters. That magnificent
constellation called the "Southern Cross"
is made up of one hundred great worlds
variously coloured. Before a powerful
glass it looks like a cross of immense
diamonds. Old Uranus always moves at-
tended by his moons. Eight shine around
Saturn, and four wait on Jupiter. They
do not shine in isolation and lonely soli-
tude; and up in heaven I think several
families shall again gather about each
other, and in perpetual reunion of associa-
tion group themselves together.

Your broken home circles may be re-
formed there where is no death.

We are scattered now, yes scattered,
But we shall meet again.
Meet in a brighter, purer realm,
Beyond the reach of pain.
There, hand in hand, firm linked at last,
And heart to heart unfolded all,
We'll smile upon life's troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

The stars shine in ceaseless activity.
The telescopes find them in perpetual
march with no weary orbs along the track-
less void. He guides their movements
"who slumbers not nor sleeps." So shall
we shine hereafter. In heaven, John says,
the redeemed "rest not day nor night."
Thought and praise never become weary.
Labour is recreation, work is rest, and
toil is luxury. In an eternity of tireless
activity we shall shine like the un-
resting stars that for ever "declare the glory
of God." But when the stars all grow dark
we shall shine "for ever and ever." The
hour will come when the fixed stars shall
fall, the constellations go to their hopeless
burial, the moons of Jupiter and Uranus
desert them, the rings of Saturn drop
from their long embrace, star on star be
suddenly extinguished, and the last watch-
fire of the sky expire in the gathering
blackness; but God's workers—workers in
the home circle, the Sunday-school and
the reforms of the age; humble men,
earnest women, and godly children—God's
workers shall survive the death of sun,
moon, and stars, and shine on for ever and
ever. Charles Wesley well expresses this
thought in his grand hymn:—

Rests secure the righteous man, &c.
Paul tells us that "one star differeth
from another star in glory." How shall
we shine up there? Shall we, by wholly
consecrated lives, be as stars of the first
magnitude, or are we willing to go into the
deep depths of the celestial nebulae?
With the graves multiplying around us;
with voices all about us crying, "No man
careth for my soul," with the heathen
sending over the waters the Macedonian
message, with eternity throwing its shad-
ows along our paths, with splendid oppor-
tunities crowding about us, will we
promise here and now to work for souls
with vigour of will and relentless energy?
"The night cometh when no man can
work." May we so grandly fulfil life's
mission that the Master shall say:—

Well done, good and faithful servant.
Receiving that encomium from the Judge,
then we shall "shine as the stars for
ever."

I will answer for it, the longer you
read the Bible the more you will like it;
it will grow sweeter and sweeter, and
the more you get into the spirit of it,
the more you will get into the spirit of
Christ.—Romaine.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

A NEW HYMN.

[The English correspondent of *The Presbyterian* says: "Perhaps the accompanying hymn, which has not yet appeared in print, may soothe some of your readers in days of weariness and trouble. It was a greeting sent me on the day it was written, by Rev. Henry Downton, whose hymns (especially one of the best we have for the close of the year) have won their way into most collections, and who wrote this as 'the utterance of my own feeling under the pressure of much affliction from which it has pleased God since to deliver me.'"]

"O TARRY THOU THE LORD'S LEISURE."

JAMES V.

Lord, I believe; and if thy love
Delay my voice to hear,
I know the end shall surely prove
That thou wert always near.

HAB. ii.

I watch to see what thou wilt say;
I stand upon my tower;
Thou biddest thy servants watch and pray
I wait the appointed hour.

Hast thou not waited off for me?
And, Lord, shall I repine,
If, when my hands I lift to thee,
They meet no grasp of thine?

ISA. xiv; LAM. iii.

Thyself thou hidest! 'Tis that I
May seek thy face the more;
Thou dost not grieve me willingly;
The night will soon be o'er.

2 PETER i.

Soon in my heart the Morning Star
Shall rise with radiance pure;
New every morn thy mercies are;
Thy plighted word is sure.

The needle trembles to the pole,
Though all the skies be dim;
God is my portion, saith my soul,
And I will hope in him.

July 2, 1875.

"HAVE YOU—?"

Service was over, and the congregation were dispersing from the door of the village church. Some groups passed quietly homeward, as if conscious of the solemnity of the Presence they had sought, and the holiness of the day that encircled them in its glad sunshine; others waited for a few minutes' chat with friends and neighbors under the shade of the old lime trees; and while tasteful dresses flutter in the breeze, and playful words and soft laughter fill the air, unthought of, unsuspected malignant spirits are flitting with untiring vigilance from heart to heart, eagerly catching away, in every idle word and wandering glance, some grains of the "precious seed" that had just been sown.

"Come and lunch at the castle, Mr. Vivyan," said a sweet voice as a tall, fashionable-looking young man passed from the door; "you will meet several friends. You cannot? Then join our party to the cathedral this afternoon. Some will ride, and the rest take the boat down the lake, and have the carriage to meet them at the other side. Sir Arthur says it is so naughty of us to take the horses out on Sunday, but I think Selina would die without her Church music in the evening."

"O, we all should," said two or three young voices with great animation, and the brothers and sisters began to arrange their plans with Mr. Vivyan; but, with a courteous "No" to every tempting proposition, he took a hasty leave, and was gone.

Into the deep shades of his own wooded demesne, through the tangled copse where the fern has grown to half his height, and down the broad waste of heather to where the sea dashes against the lofty cliffs, Charles Vivyan wanders on, hour after hour, as though some haunting spirit suffered him not to rest.

And what are the words that ring through his brain, and pursue him from scene to scene? They are those of the text which had that day formed the preachers message: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

How strange that words so well known, so familiar, so oft-repeated, should suddenly have power to raise a tempest in the soul. But though the words were familiar the meaning was new, or at least unthought of. It is wonderful, too, with what novelty a thought or fact clothes itself, when from being a mere abstraction, it becomes, through some change of circumstances, or from looking at it in a new

point of view, a matter of intense personal interest, and this was now the case with the words in question.

"If the announcement is for all, then it is for me," was the oft-repeated thought. Never had he heard words so penetrating. Truly there is no touch so keen, so poignant, as that of the two-edged sword of the Spirit.

And yet it was a very quiet discourse that Vivyan had heard. There had been no bursts of eloquence to captivate the imagination; no impassioned appeals to stir the feelings. It was a scholar-like and finished composition; its theology was clear and perfectly scriptural; its arguments strong and convincing; and although there were those who sighed as they saw how little the truth preached had kindled the preacher's own soul, and who felt chilled by its cold utterance, still they rejoiced that it was preached, and prayed that their pastor's lips might yet be touched by a live coal from off the altar that he served.

It was no sudden enthusiasm or excitement that Vivyan's mind had caught. The words of the text had fastened on his attention, and as he listened to the clear, calm reasoning that followed, he became more and more deeply convinced of their truth. Long did he pace up and down the sandy beach, wrapped in thought.

"How clearly," he said, "how convincingly Mr. Langdale proved the necessity of regeneration for a race so very far gone from original righteousness, if they are ever to be made meet for a world of holiness, the inheritance of the saints in light. And if it be essential for all, it follows that it must be essential for me. There is no use deceiving myself; I had rather look the truth in the face, and most certainly have I never known any such wonderful transformation of soul. They talk of baptism and education; well, no doubt, the thing varies in various cases—Mr. Langdale said so. In cases it may be very gradual, and but slowly progressive. But one thing strikes me, that whenever or however the change takes place, it must be a very real change, something that would introduce a man into a new state of things as regards the invisible world, and give him a spiritual sensibility which I am quite aware I do not possess. Every Sunday I go through the form of deploring my state as a 'miserable sinner,' and yet in point of fact don't care much about it. We call upon God as 'our Father,' and yet entertain no feeling toward him but that of awe; except in church, I fear, we are utterly indifferent to, and forgetful of, his existence; at least, I am sure, it is my own case. Now, if all that religion teaches is true, and I cannot doubt it, this apathy on the subject certainly indicates some great and radical defect in one's own mind. How amazing that the sublime fact of the Atonement, so nearly connected with my eternal destiny, should so little occupy my attention, or command my interest! My mind is quite dead to these things, in comparison with the lively interest which the things of this world excite, short-lived as I well know they must be. That was exactly what Mr. Langdale was pointing out, as an evidence of the distinction between the carnal and the spiritual mind."

"But after all," Vivyan thought as he left the water side and turned homeward through more familiar scenes, "after all," who ever experienced this wonderful transition? That's what I should like to know. If I could meet with any one who would honestly tell me that they knew what it was, who had actually felt the renewing grace of God in their heart, and really passed into a state of mind very different from that of original nature, why, then I should believe it. Of course, being in the Bible, it must be true; but still, somehow, a thing seems so shadowy, so speculative, when you learn it only from a book. I should like to see it carried out. I should like to see a practical example in real life; and as far as my observation goes, I suspect it will not be easy to find one. And then, without this great change, a man cannot see the kingdom of God. Surely, if the words are to be taken literally, that would condemn a vast portion of the community! It would be too dreadful! I cannot understand it; I must think it over."

The Rev. Edward Langdale was in his study, closely engaged in the preparation of an elaborate essay on Faith, when his servant entered with a note. It was from Vivyan, inviting him to dinner on the same day. Mr. Langdale hastily wrote a few lines of acceptance, and then, as the servant left the room, threw himself back and sighed wearily. "What an evening I shall have!" he exclaimed; "what a revulsion after a day of intense study! There will be nothing congenial, nothing to 'refresh the weary brain.' Vivyan is a noble fellow, but his mind is all run to waste. He and his friends seem to spend their lives in 'strenuous usefulness;' and I have not a chance of anything better than the ordinary bald, superficial chat of the dinner table. I do wish empty-headed people would not think it a duty to ask me to dine. The very thought of all the sound and fury, signifying nothing, makes my head ache. Why was I doomed to be cast away upon such an intellectual desert? It is almost enough to make one's own brain stagnate. But what's all this?" he added, turning over the second page of the note: "I have to apologize for offering you only my own company; but I am anxious for an opportunity of talking to you alone on a subject which greatly disturbs my mind." "Indeed, who'd have thought of Vivyan's mind being disturbed about anything beyond his horses or his dogs; and in either case I should be a miserable adviser. What can it be?" and the student indulged in a few turns up and down the room, speculating upon what Vivyan could possibly mean. "Well," he said at last, "if it is a knotty point in theology that puzzles his brain, he has applied to the right quarter, at all events. Poor fellow!" he added, as with a graver countenance he again took his place before his books and papers, "how glad I should be to see him become more serious and thoughtful."

A few hours after and they were at the dinner table, the pale young clergyman conversing on ordinary topics with scholarly grace, and the host cheerfully doing the honors of the hospitable board. At last the dessert was on the table, the servants withdrew, and they were alone.

"Now for it," thought Mr. Langdale as he busied himself with his walnut, and every moment expected that Vivyan, with his usual straightforward frankness, would enter on the important subject. But not a word was spoken, and feeling the awkwardness of the continued silence, Mr. Langdale at last said, "You mentioned in your note that there was something you wished to talk over with me."

"I am glad you have asked me about it," Mr. Langdale said, cordially, with a sigh of relief; "I should never have been able to introduce it myself, anxious as I feel. Yes, Mr. Langdale, the subject of your sermon last Sunday has occupied my mind ever since, and I am exceedingly anxious to discuss it further with you if you will allow me."

"I shall be most happy," Mr. Langdale replied, with a gratified air. "Was there any point that was not clear to you, or on which you differed from my view?" he added with much interest.

"What I want to know is this," said Vivyan, with abrupt vehemence, "is it a real and practical thing?"

"To what do you allude?"

"To regeneration, or the new birth, spoken of in your text, and which you so clearly demonstrated to be essential to salvation. I want to know whether this is a mere shadowy theory—a speculative interpretation, a theological dream—or is it, as I said before, a real and actual change?"

"Can you doubt it?" Mr. Langdale said, in some surprise. "There are those indeed, who speak of this figure as a bold Orientalism, a hyperbolic mode of expressing the fact that reformation of the moral life is essential; but the passage itself refutes this theory. The word in the original has the force of 'born from above,' as well as 'born again,' which implies that the soul now enters upon a celestial existence—re-creates as it were its lost sonship in the household of God. And it is obvious that no mere outward reformation ever endowed a man with new powers of spiritual discernment, or, in the words of scripture, led him to 'see the kingdom of God.' Again, the figure is repeatedly changed, but never weakened. It always expresses a complete trans-

sition from one state of spiritual existence to another and very different one. For instance, it is called a passing from 'death unto life,' John v. 24; from 'darkness to light,' Acts xxvi, 18; a 'translation from the kingdom of Satan to that of Christ,' Col. i, 13; and the figure of the resurrection is repeatedly used to illustrate the greatness of the change and its life giving powers to the soul. Eph. ii, 1; Col. iii, 1; Rom. vi, 4. I cannot myself imagine how, in the face of such a mass of Scripture evidence, any one can attempt to support an opposite theory."

"It is, then, a genuine transformation, which the soul of man actually undergoes while in this world?"

"Unquestionably," Mr. Langdale replied, feeling strangely disconcerted under Vivyan's plain matter-of-fact handling of a subject so refined and abstruse, and the deep, earnest gaze of his anxious eyes.

"And how does it take place?" Vivyan asked, with intense interest.

Mr. Langdale shrunk from such close dealing as this. Instantly his sensitive spirit felt keenly that it was experimental religion that was needed here; that without it the most exquisite theological skill was powerless to meet the cravings of an anxious soul.

"There is some diversity of opinion among the school-men," he began thoughtfully; but Vivyan hastily interrupted him.

"Never mind the school-men," he exclaimed impatiently; "books, and theories, and speculations are all humbug when a man is anxious;" then, meeting a look of grave surprise and embarrassment, he added in a low tone of deep feeling:

"Excuse me, Mr. Langdale, but my soul is stirred to its depths. Eternity is at stake, and I am groping in darkness, and can see no light. Tell me, I implore you to tell me, who has known this wondrous change? Is it a thing that really takes place? In a word, Have you—?"

The table shook with the agitation of his strong frame, and his quivering lips refused to finish the sentence. But it needed not. He was answered in the ashy paleness that overspread his listener's face—in the look of anguish with which he turned away, and buried it in his trembling hands.

Inexpressibly shocked, and deeply reproaching himself for his inconsiderate abruptness, Vivyan rose from the table, and stood leaning against the open window. Lost in thought, he knew not how the time passed, till he felt a hand laid upon his arm, and heard a voice whisper, "My brother, let us pray." Vivyan turned quickly. His young pastor stood before him, with so touching an expression in the bowed head—in the pale and thoughtful face—that, strong man as he was, he felt the tears rush to his eyes. He saw it all in a moment. They were to seek together for the grace that both equally needed, to implore the outpouring of the Holy Spirit which alone can change the heart, and which is promised to all who ask it in sincerity. He grasped Mr. Langdale's hands, and said with a choked utterance, "Let us go to the library; we shall be undisturbed there."

They have now entered in and "shut the door," and now none may know what passes between their souls and God. Let us wait until "He who seeth in secret shall reward them openly."

Sabbath after Sabbath passed; and, to the surprise of the congregation, the pulpit was constantly occupied by strangers. It was not that the rector was ill, for he was always present, and took part in the service; and many, as they joined in the fervent petitions of their beautiful liturgy, felt that it came home to their hearts as it had never done before. A little child, as she returned home, said, "Does it not seem like real praying when Mr. Langdale reads now?" and the mother's heart echoed the thought, for she had felt that day that such prayers must be drawing down blessings from above.

At length the day came when the pastor again occupied his accustomed place. But O, how changed was his preaching! It was not less learned, less studied, less finished, than before. No, Edward Langdale was not one who would ever offer to the Lord that which costs him nothing; but now his words glowed with life, and were full of unction and power. His mind was a sub-

reservoir of knowledge; but the fount, though full to the brim, had been valueless, as regarded the strengthening and refreshing of the soul, till a word unheard was spoken, which turned its chill waters to the "best wine." The altar had been heaped with wood for the offering; it needed but a Divine touch to kindle it to a glorious flame. Now with what a realizing sense of the Divine presence, with what intense feeling, with what deep fervor, did he speak of Him whom his soul loved; how earnestly did he invite his hearers to come unto Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life! And like those who, of old, had been thrilled with the sound of his Master's voice, his listeners "marveled at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth."

They felt the deep reality of the truths he proclaimed; they "took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus." And when, at the close, he spoke with deep humility and adoring gratitude, of the change which his own soul had known; how, in past time, he had "uttered that he understood not—things too wonderful for him, which he knew not;" how, unwittingly, he had served the altar of God with a sacrilegious hand, and, in the ignorance of unbelief, had spoken of his Holy Oracles with unclean lips, but now, through redeeming mercy, through sanctifying grace, was enabled to declare unto them those things which he had seen and heard—that in time past he had, indeed, told them of One whom he had heard of by the hearing of the ear, but could now tell them of One whom his eyes beheld, and that now he earnestly invited them to come with him to the precious Saviour he had found, and whom he knew as the "chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,"—then, indeed, were his listeners moved to the soul. Strong men bowed their heads and wept, and many a stout heart trembled, as though its chords had been swept by a seraph's hand.

And Vivyan knelt at his Lord's table—received, for the first time, the memorials of his dying love—and, with a thankful heart, offered himself, soul and body, "a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice" to his Redeemer's service. It was a day much to be remembered; and many, as they left the church, felt that God was, indeed, "a God at hand, and not a God afar off;" and that his word was not a hidden or distant one, but was "very nigh unto them, in their mouth, and in their heart," that they might "hear, and do it."

Reader, do the facts of our story seem strange to you? Do you ask, with Nicodemus "How can these things be?" Then, with him, come to Jesus. Come, though it should be "by night," and soon you will find that he is the "Light of the world." Soon will you sing with joy and gratitude,

"'Twas midnight in my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee."
—From Tract No. 14 Packet Series Published by Nelson & Phillips, New York.

PUTTING IT MILDLY.

A correspondent of the *Herald and Presbytery*, writing from Minnesota tells the following:—"I have picked up a little story which I think too good a reproof for disturbers of the peace in churches to be lost. A presiding elder of United Brethren Church was preaching in the same neighbourhood, and was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: 'I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in Church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat just before me was laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, one of the official members came and said to me: 'Brother—, you made a great mistake. That young man whom you reprov'd is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot. During the rest of that service, at least, there was good order."

In reply to a young writer who wished to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" a contemporary advises "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

New Subscribers will receive the *Wesleyan* from 1st October till 1st January 1877, fifteen months, at \$2, postage paid.

THE FAMILY

GROWING OLD

Softly, O softly the years
Touch thee, lightly with
care;
Sorrow and death they did
night thee,
Yet they have left thee
wear—
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that
Ocean,
Nearer each day to the
light;
Far from the waves that are
motion,
Under full sail and the
Growing old cheer
Cheerful and bright

Past all the winds that
chilling;
Past all the islands that
rest;
Past all the currents that
unwilling.
Far from the port and the
blest—
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or
When the bright faces of
seen;
Never a year from their
thou borrow;
Thou dost remember wh
tween—
Growing old willingly,
Gladly, I ween.

Rich in experience that au
covet;
Rich in a faith that hath
ty years;
Rich in the love that grew
above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and h
fears—
Growing old wearily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy
lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand
Many a face at thy kind words
ened—
"It is more blessed to
receive;"
Growing old happily,
Blest, we believe.

Eyes that grow dim to the ear
glory,
See but the brighter the heav
Ears that are dull to the wor
story
Drink in the songs that fro
flow—
All their sweet recomb
Youth cannot know.

Fourscore! But softly the y
swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with
care;
Sorrow and death they did
night thee,
Yet they have left thee but
wear—
Growing old gracefully,
Graceful and fair.

—New York: O

SUNDAY AT ELDER JO

BY AN OLD POBY.

I went over to Mason last
see about selling my wheat, an
Jones, who is in the commission
asked me to spend the Sabbath
him and hear their new preach
he be remembered what the Bi
about entertaining strangers a
be he wanted to make sure of
my wheat. But, thinking it w
a great privilege to visit at the
so good a man, and that I ou
something about the best way
ing the Sabbath pleasant and p
at home, I gladly accepted his
tion.

Now, Mason is a railroad town
Great Western and trains are
through it all the time, day and
and Sundays too. It is what
down here a very smart town,
course it must have a smart p
I will perhaps tell you about
mon I heard there some othe
But now I want to write about t
bath at Elder Jones'.

We sat talking pretty late S
night, for the elder seemed to
tell me a great deal about the
Europe—how much better they
usual,—and to prove that it was
sell the wheat at the present low
than to hold it; that the pri
more likely to go down than up
ing that I looked a little sleep
"We don't go to bed very early
nights, for Sunday is a day of
we breakfast late. You needn't
deacon, until you hear the risi
We have it rung half an hour
breakfast."

I went to bed, and slept
When I woke up in the morn
sun was more than an hour
Thinks I, that rising bell mus
rung. So I got up, dressed mys
went down stairs. But the host

THE FAMILY. GROWING OLD.

Softly, O softly the years have swept by thee. Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean, Nearer each day to the pleasant home light;

Past all the winds that are adverse and chilling; Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow When the bright faces of children are seen;

Rich in experience that angels might covet; Rich in a faith that hath grown with thy years;

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened. Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory. See but the brighter the heavenly glow!

Fourscore! But softly the years have swept by thee. Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;

SUNDAY AT ELDER JONES'S.

I went over to Mason last week to see about selling my wheat, and Elder Jones, who is in the commission business asked me to spend the Sabbath with him and hear their new preacher.

Now, Mason is a railroad town on the Great Western and trains are running through it all the time, day and night and Sundays too.

We sat talking pretty late Saturday night, for the elder seemed to want to tell me a great deal about the crops in Europe—how much better they are than usual,—and to prove that it was wiser to sell the wheat at the present low figures than to hold it;

I went to bed, and slept well. When I woke up in the morning the sun was more than an hour high.

as still as the grave. There was no smoke coming out of the chimney. I didn't want to go back to bed, so I went out and took a long walk.

After church, the elder said, "Let us go round by the Post Office. The Chicago mail gets in at half past ten."

The dinner was not such a lunch of cold meat, pie and cheese, as we used to get between meetings when I was a boy, but consisted of roast beef, broiled chickens, vegetables of four or five kinds;

Dinner over at last—and it lasted a full hour—we went into the parlour. Soon the door bell rang, and Elder Jenkins was shown in.

On this tangent they went off from the church and its affairs, and spent an hour in canvassing the propriety of taking stock in Mr. A.'s factory. With pencil and paper they made elaborate calculations, and finally, near tea-time, Elder Jenkins arose and said, "I must go now, but I am glad that we talked this matter over."

After tea, as the bell rang for evening meeting, the elder said: "I don't go out much Sunday evenings. Dr. X. don't care about having us old folks at the second service, as he gets up his discourses expressly for the young."

DO, LIKEWISE.

The Presbyterian has a good reminiscence of Robert Lenox, New York. When the First Presbyterian Church stood in Wall-street, Mr. Lenox, then an eminent merchant, was a member.

"Did I not see you in Mr. Lenox's pew yesterday?" said the merchant. "I don't know, sir. A gentleman gave me a seat in church, and sat down beside me."

"Well, young man, that gentleman was Robert Lenox, and I will trust any young man whom Mr. Lenox seats in his pew."

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

A Massachusetts housewife gives the following recipe for "bottling" apples: Pare and cook the apples as for the table, and after gradually bringing the bottles to a degree of heat which will prevent breaking, fill with the apple boiling hot, and seal immediately as for other fruits.

Life-long discomfort, disease and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to, is to see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diphtheria or fatal sore throat.

A CLOSE, HARD MAN

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray. Nothing of value he gave away; He hoarded and saved;

The hard-earned dollar he tried to gain, Brought him little but care and pain;

Such was the life of Solomon Ray. The years went by, and his hair grew gray;

But he died one day, as all men must, For life is fleeting and man but dust;

They quarreled now who had little cared For Solomon Ray while his life was spared;

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save, Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave;

ONLY A PIN.

Only two or three months ago an overseer in an American mill found a pin which cost the company three hundred dollars.

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"O, no, my dear! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost three hundred dollars!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it is a true story," interposed Susie. "Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much."

Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound and so on till a hundred pieces had been counted off.

Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

Now, it seems to me that when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin.

That pin damaged irreparably forty hundred yards of new print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, "one sinner destroyeth much good," therefore avoid evil companions.

THINGS THAT LAST.

Let us now look at those things that "will never wear out." I have often heard a poor blind girl sweetly sing, "Kind Words Will Never Die."

The Word of the Lord will never wear out. Though the grass shall wither, and flowers fall away, the Word of the Lord endureth forever—1 Peter i: 24, 25.

The life of the righteous will never wear out. They will live in the world to come as long as God shall live; but the death of the wicked will last forever.

The crown of glory will never wear out. The crown of the winner in the Olympic games soon faded; the crowns of kings all wear out; but the crown of glory will never fade away—1 Peter v: 4.

Which will you choose? The lasting, or that which wastes away? The things of time, or eternity? Will you choose wealth, honor, fame? or the joys of heaven, eternal life, the crown of glory, and the "new song?"

BAXTER AND JUDGE JEFFRIES.

When the trial came on, a crowd of these who honored and loved Baxter filled the court. Two Whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth: "Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark upon you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book;"

we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter worthy of a bishopric. "And what ailed the old block-head then," cried Jeffries, "that he did not take it?"

justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Baxter himself attempted to put in a word, but the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of Hudibras. "My Lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops."

Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all." The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. "Snivelling calves!" said the Judge.—Macaulay.

FLIPPANT WORSHIP.

A contemporary calls attention to the irreverent use of God's name by a famous preacher of our church. The matter deserves serious attention. It is sometimes as much as a God-fearing man can do to sit still while, under the forms of worship, the Holy Name is blasphemed. We once counted and heard the name of our Maker used one hundred and fifteen times, without reverence or attempt at adjectival modification, in the space of forty minutes. Every repetition produced upon the hearer the effect of profanity, and, man aside, the sermon would have had much more force, if the name of the Almighty had been used but three to ten times.

An awful familiarity is often characteristic of public prayers, a familiarity without respect much less adoring reverence; coarse, vulgar, profane. A thoughtless man may say "God" in every sentence, and even in the attitude of converse with Him use the third person. The thoughtlessness should be cured. If you are talking with God, you will not need to call him back from some far country. There is, however, a much worse evil, and that is a light and careless tone in using the Name of names. There is no religion without reverence. To you as to Moses there comes a divine order. "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

You cannot make religion attractive by this sort of cheapening of it. It is a blow dealt at the religious nature of the bystander to attempt to play ball with Omnipotence. For other sakes as well as your own try to get near enough to the Father to speak reverently to Him and of Him.

As a people we are not overstocked with reverence; it is the business of Christians to cultivate it; and there is no more dangerous abuse in the land than profaning the name of the Lord in his sanctuaries. These are strong words, but they are deserved. Let us have this preparation for a revival, the awe and fear of the King Immortal, Eternal and Invisible.—Th. Methodist.

THE WESLEYAN.

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1875. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

MISSIONS AND MONEY.

The Church of Christ is essentially missionary in her character. She cannot be otherwise while retaining her vitality.

This unselfish enterprise is the natural outflowing of the benevolence of Jesus Christ, infused by the Holy Spirit into the hearts of true believers.

The church aims at nothing less than universal dominion. All must bow to Jesus. Her faith has caught the prophetic utterance, "The saints shall possess the kingdom."

The providence of God, as well as the power of his grace, have been marvelously displayed in the establishment and success of missions.

As a branch of the Church of Christ, the Methodists should not be elated, but profoundly grateful that God has given them such a conspicuous place in this glorious latter day movement.

Our willing feet In swift obedience move.

Oh, that all who say they love Him were thus influenced. Many in Christendom have correct views of the claims of God upon them, but only a few yield to them fully.

The Methodist Church of Canada requires a large increase in her missionary income this year, to sustain the work already commenced, not to speak of pressing calls for wider extension.

The financial outlook at present is not the most encouraging. With a considerable debt from last year, depression in business generally and an increase of new men recently from England on Mission Stations in the Maritime Provinces, there is certainly just cause for deep solicitude in reference to the early future.

Our hope is that in view of those emergencies our people will manifest increased liberality; otherwise we shall hear and some of us feel a great deal about those uncomfortable realities—"large deficiencies."

Largely thou givest, gracious Lord, Largely thy gifts should be restored; Freely thou givest, and thy word is, "Freely give."

G. O. H.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY AT THE CHURCH AND PEW DOOR.

The continuance of the pew system for some years we take for granted. It has long been used by our churches as a crutch, and crutches are not hastily flung away.

The satisfactory performance of this duty, let it be remembered, pre-supposes a willingness on the part of all pew-holders to welcome to a vacant seat any one who may be presented.

Let a pleasant face and a proffered book greet him who comes to occupy a vacant seat, however humble may be his garb. The opening of a pew-door may lead to the salvation of a soul, and may set in motion a wave of influence, to roll on with ever-increasing volume, until it shall break on the eternal shore.

We did not, when we took up our pen, intend to write so much about pew-rentage. But what we have written, we have written, and are not inclined to draw the pen through a single line.

neighbouring Province, rents its pews for the morning service, but throws them open to the public in the evening. We have no wish to advertise the church in question, we are not sure whether it is not a place where—to borrow a witty remark—the Gospel is "dispensed (with)," but we are at liberty to learn from all quarters, and to learn this lesson could do no harm.

Where from circumstances neither of these plans can be adopted, an earnest effort on the part of official members to accommodate all who present themselves, may attract many to our churches.

An American gentleman on speaking to a friend a short time since, respecting a visit to one of our churches in this city, dwelt particularly upon the kindly manner in which he was greeted at the door by a member of the church, and led to a comfortable seat.

There was but little of incident upon our journey during the first thousand miles. Dr. Stewart, Pickard, and Allison, with Messrs. Milligan, Huestis, Lathern, and the writer, composed the company from St. John, west.

A dignitary of the New Brunswick Conference would doubtless have been of the number, but for the appalling fact that he was announced to preach a missionary sermon Sunday morning at Cobourg. This intimation convinced him that he had important business requiring his attention during an additional day or two in New Brunswick.

This subject is worthy of serious thought. There are crises in the lives of all men, and when the voice of the Spirit is heard above the din of the world; when a resurrection of childhood's lessons has taken place; when the prodigal is on the point of saying, "I will arise and go to my Father," however dissolute his life may have been, he instinctively moves toward the church door.

sensitive, a kind word may help heavenward; a cold word, or quiet neglect may give an impulse hell-ward. We once knew a man-of-war sailor enter the door of a church, walk up the aisle, and then walk down again, to return with a large stone on which he sat throughout the service. He was "one of a thousand," Under the same circumstances men have walked out never to return.

Editorial Correspondence.

If indications are to be relied upon, business begins, in these Eastern States to look up. Boston is wonderfully active once more. Streets lined with cases of Goods and shops crowded with purchasers, seem to be a part of the cities-life today.

Dr. Fulton—the Justin D. Fulton of Tremont Temple fame—who went to Brooklyn, New York recently, has again fallen into difficulties with his people. His deacons were disposed to dismiss him. Dr. Fulton summoned a meeting of the Church members—presided himself—put it to vote as to his remaining in his present charge—counted a vote of 185 in his favor and 153 against him.

Thus far our reflections upon subjects brought out by the daily papers as we pass along. There was but little of incident upon our journey during the first thousand miles.

Speaking of negroes—the celebrated Tennessee Jubilee Troupe were with us from Montreal on Saturday morning. Their history is a strange one. Every one of the ten or twelve have been in slavery, though yet quite youthful.

Company arisen that they are educated, and, what is better, thoroughly redeemed from the selfishness of human nature. During two tours of singing for the public they have turned in for the benefit of their College, fifteen thousand dollars.

A minstrel troupe is capable of greater things, however, than making money—Everywhere the whites are awakened into sympathy with those who had been degraded by generations of toil and bondage.

Take these specimens:—"O some say John the Baptist: Is nothing but a Jew; But the holy Bible tells us That John was a preacher too."

There is no mistaking the preferences of a company that sing "I'm a Methodist bred and a Methodist born There's meetin' here to-night; And when I am dead there's a Methodist gone."

Leaving the choice company, two of us diverged toward Ottawa. A fair city, in a virgin country. But more of this again.

SPECIAL DAYS OF PRAYER FOR OUR CHILDREN AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

To Wesleyan Methodist Ministers, Sunday School Superintendents, Officers, and Teachers.

By authority of the Conference, the Committee of our Sunday School Union are empowered to make such arrangements as will enable us to join with other Sunday School organizations at home and abroad in the observance of Sunday, October 17th, 1875, and Monday, October 18th, as days for Special Prayer on behalf of our great work.

The Committee therefore most gladly invite your earnest co-operation in the movement, confident that in answer to fervent pleading, the God of all grace and the Lover of the little ones will pour out richly of His Spirit upon the workers who seek to gather and feed His lambs, and upon the myriads of those of whom He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me;" nor may we doubt that the result of such intercession will greatly bless the parents of our Scholars and other members of our families.

While the Committee hope that many local arrangements will be made in various circuits, they would respectfully suggest that the following order should as far as practicable be observed:—

That on Sunday and Monday mornings, October 17th and 18th; between Seven and Eight o'clock, all Teachers should engage in private prayer for God's blessing on their labours, and for each of their scholars by name;

That before the Sunday Morning School and after the Evening Service, Special Prayer Meetings should be held;

That on Sunday afternoon, instead of the ordinary school exercises, the Teachers, Scholars, and Parents should be assembled at a Special Service for singing, prayer, and address;

That on Monday Evening general Sunday School Meetings should be held for the purpose of uniting School workers and other members of the Church in sympathy and prayer, to be conducted in such a way as local circumstances may indicate to be best.

The Committee further hope that our Ministers will be good enough to assist in this important work by preaching at least once on the Sunday, with particular reference to Sunday School work and the conversion of children.

GEORGE SMITH, President of the Conference. CHARLES H. KELLY, Secretary. WILLIAM BINNS, Asst. Secretary.

Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, London, E.C. September 1st, 1875.

BY TELEGRAPH (Special to the Wesleyan.)

COBourg, Ont., Oct.

Missionary Deputation for the Provinces—Rev. William W. Secretary of the London Conference. Wm. Gibbs, Esq., of Oshawa, Ont. J. B. Morrow, Esq., of Halifax, will go East shortly.

Enthusiastic missionary meeting last night. Principle of appropriation of not decided, but probably the of the Eastern Conferences was adopted.

Next meeting of the Board will be held in St. John, N.B., and will then visit both Provinces for Missionary Meetings.

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE

FLORENCEVILLE CIRCUIT.—The of our missionary meetings was in Waterville last Wednesday evening when Rev. Messrs. Taylor and I gave interesting addresses. The scriptures were largely in advance of former years. Owing to the extreme wet weather we have been compelled to postpone the rest of our meetings, people have taken in hand to fix the sonage, which was in a somewhat idated condition. In this matter people of Williamstown have been pecially forward. At Summerice have commenced to finish the in our church. We will expend about upon it. The appointment before last, at Peel, was a season of un solemnity and profit. On the oc I baptized a lady and her dau. The power of the Spirit was manifest to impress the congregation. C. H. PA Florenceville, Oct. 8, 1875.

Letter from the United States

The WESLEYAN has come to his new dress, bright, beautiful—thing about it in matter, arrangement and mechanical execution, deserving highest praise. Success to its new departure, and may many be attend its editor and readers.

About sixteen years ago we commenced corresponding for it over the nature of "Cecil," and during years it has come regularly to our to cheer and encourage us, and in its new dress, we shall prize it than ever. And though never territory in which it principally lates, yet I somehow have come quite well acquainted with its pe and readers, and I hope some enjoy the privilege of shaking the of some of them. Most of our

ANNUAL CONFERENCES

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C. H. PAISLEY.

Florenceville, Oct. 8, 1875.

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inspiring and encouraging to all heaven-bound travellers.

"The Theistic Conception of the World," by Rev. B. F. Cocker, D.D., and just issued by the Messrs. Harpers, is a book for the times, and will be read with more than ordinary interest by all thoughtful readers, especially by all interested in the leading theological questions of the day. It meets the assumptions of the Pantheistic and Atheistic writers, and shows whether their teachings are tending, and shows that Christianity as taught in the Bible is the only hope of the world. The work is just what is needed to arrest the influence of the teachings of some of our modern philosophers. It is a book in season, and we should be grateful to the author and publishers for its publication.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., are issuing several excellent works, among which are "The Vest Pocket Series," consisting of choice poems from our most popular writers of poetry; a new "classic edition of Hawthorne's works;" volume of sermons by Rev. Frederic Brooks, selected and prepared by Rev. Philip Brooks, of Boston, which will be a volume of choice reading, and the "Life of Jesus of Nazareth," by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., a work of rare interest in its department of literature.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will greatly delight their readers in two volumes just issued from the press—"Library Notes," containing an entertaining and suggestive collection of notes upon literature, in which are presented the character and experience of distinguished men of letters; and the "Doings of the Bodley Family," one of the most entertaining volumes for youth issued, which cannot fail to excite a general interest among youthful readers. This enterprising house are making special arrangements for the Atlantic Monthly, and no doubt its coming numbers will attract unusual interest. CECIL.

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

MR. EDITOR.—

Pressure of work has prevented us sending you a communication for the WESLEYAN before. The demands upon one's time and strength incident to a removal to a new country, and entering entirely upon a new field of labour, interfere with anything like systematic correspondence; but now that our anchor is cast we will endeavour to have a little chat with the readers of our eastern organ as in days of yore. We hope our musings will be none the less welcome on account of location. As Methodist Ministers we are as rolling stones. We roll hither and thither according to the will of "the powers that be." The action of the Transfer Committee relieved us of further service in Newfoundland, and sent us rolling up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. We left the capital of Her Majesty's Ancient Colony in the good ship Roma of the Montreal and Acadian Steamship Company's Line. On the fourth day we entered the harbor of Pictou, N.S., and were at once transferred to the Venesia a fine boat of the same class, just ready for sea. On the sixth day we entered the current of the river St. Lawrence and from that time unto the close of the eighth day we were feasting upon the scenery of this truly magnificent sheet of water. Three days steaming up a river the waters of which scarcely ripple; with pretty thriving villages and towns on either hand, containing churches handsomely built, ornamented with tall spires neatly covered with tin, and shining in the sunlight with silvery radiance; the river at one point barely wide enough for two ships to pass each other, and at another sufficiently expansive for the evolutions of a fleet; with large flocks and herds feeding upon pasturage within a stone's throw of the ship; land that had been irrigated by the rise of the river in early spring; to pass government lightships, numerous steam tugs, steam dredge boats, large ships of many nations, and the splendid river palaces hurrying along their freight of living beings for their destination; is a pleasure one does not often enjoy. We had gone down the river previously, but under cover of night, and were not prepared for the surprises that awaited us. A traveller that takes the night boat from Montreal to Quebec, or vice versa, can form no idea of the natural and cultivated beauty of the scene. To take it in to perfection one requires to be on board of some inward-bound passenger ship on a bright day in July, with the ship's awning over your head, an intelligent friend at your side, and a map of the river upon your knees. With these advantages there scarcely "breathes a man with soul so dead" as to be insensible to the charms of the situation. Passing the

island of Orleans, the old historic city of Quebec appears in the distance, its wharves surrounded with ships, its streets alive with sight-seers and men of business, its citadel frowning defiance upon all foes. The ruthless hand of modern innovation is fast destroying the distinctive features of Quebec. Its gates and walls made venerable by time, and famous in the military history of two great nations, are fast disappearing before the utilitarianism of the times. Before long students of history will find little but the monuments of the heroes who fought and died upon this celebrated battle ground. We hope our fast age, upon whose head the bump of destructiveness appears with such extraordinary development, who would by cremation add swiftness to the work of death upon the human body, will spare the monuments of the dead warriors. Directly opposite Quebec is Point Levis, a rising town showing signs of earnest life, and evidently destined to rival the old mother city. After landing some passengers we steam on. On Tuesday evening the city of Montreal is recognized snugly nestled at the base of the mountain, the tall towers of Notre Dame, and the dome of the Hotel Dieu being conspicuous among the numerous buildings. Our friends were on hand to receive us, and we were soon enjoying life in a comfortable home, a pleasing sequel to "life on the ocean wave." Montreal is a fast growing city, and presents many attractions to the traveller. Its progress is said to be more rapid than that of New York, and it is worthily called the commercial capital of the Dominion. Being behind time, and having done a great part of the city before, we hastened to depart, taking train for Richmond Junction, part of the charge confided to our keeping by the Montreal Conference.

MELBOURNE CIRCUIT.

The Village of Melbourne is 77 miles from Montreal, and opposite to the village of Richmond, the two being divided by the river St. Francis about three hundred yards wide, and connected by a covered bridge. The St. Francis is a beautiful stream running up about 100 miles above Melbourne, and emptying into the St. Lawrence some sixty miles below. The Grand Trunk line of railway runs for some considerable distance along its northern bank and crosses it at two different points. Richmond boasts of an unsectarian college, bank, town hall, post-office, and the fine suite of buildings forming the railway junction; we have also a town hall, post office, &c., in Melbourne. The different branches of trade are well represented in both villages; numerous stores offer a well-selected, multifarious stock. The country round is well cultivated, extensive farms appearing in all directions, while the scenery from different stand-points is very good, forming a mixture of the quiet and romantic. Our Church property will bear the application of the Church phrase, "beautiful for situation." We have the finest site in the village. From the parsonage there is an enchanting view of the St. Francis, east and west, and of the Richmond uplands. Melbourne circuit takes in Richmond and its suburbs. We have three Churches, and five other preaching places. Myself and colleague are assisted by a Staff of six local preachers, who take appointments according to plan. Our roads, in the absence of rain, are good, and the drives pretty, the foliage in some parts arching the road, and forming avenues of rare beauty. The produce of the locality in addition to field offerings such as wheat, oats, barley, corn and potatoes, is lumber, slate, bark, sugar, butter, cheese, honey, &c., &c. Our people are exceedingly kind, and are striving in various ways to promote our comfort. They send us presents of the nice things of the season, particularly fruits and vegetables. At our regular Quarterly Meeting in August our officials devised liberal things in the matter of salary; and we look forward to the end of the year with confidence.

COMPETITION.

There are here the usual number of denominations. Besides our own, there are two Presbyterian congregations, a Congregational Church, an Episcopalian, and a Roman Catholic Church. Each pastor works hard to keep his congregation together. The people make a special demand for pastoral visitation, and the minister who fails in this department of his work will see his church thin out rapidly. The people don't care to listen to a man they don't know. Good preaching is appreciated; but folks would rather have mediocrity in this and good pastoral habits, than brilliant pulpit services and the absence of them. To come up to popular expectation one requires to be nearly one half of his time on the road. Men of an extra studious manner of life cannot, as they think, lose so much time; and as the result their circuits retrograde, while some other church is the gainer. Eastern brethren, whose purpose letting their light shine in these regions, would do well to note this.

COUNTY S. S. CONVENTION.

Some time since a Sabbath-school Convention for the County of Richmond, was held in the Richmond Presbyterian Church. Delegates, ministerial and lay, assembled in good numbers. On nomination, your correspondent was elected President, an honor quite unexpected. The sessions were marked with brotherly kindness and Christian charity, and a total absence of that snobbery, on the part of ministers of other churches, to which the writer has been accustomed in past years. Essays were read by a Presbyterian brother of Danville, a layman of the same place, a Methodist minister of Windsor, P. Q., and the writer; while addresses were delivered by ministers of other Churches. After each essay an instructive discussion took place. The public showed their interest in the proceedings by attending in large numbers, so that the church in some meetings was filled to its utmost capacity. The Convention will doubtless give an impetus to Sabbath-school work in the country. The gathering is an annual one, and takes place next year at Danville, P. Q.

FINANCIAL DISTRICT MEETING.

The F. D. Meeting of the Quebec District was held in the village of Sawyerville. Our esteemed Chairman, Rev. H. F. Bland, of the city of Quebec, filled the chair with ability and gracefulness. On the evening of our arrival we were summoned to a public meeting to discuss the subject of "Evangelistic work in its method and promise." After the opening of the topic by the appointed speakers, Messrs. Scanlon, Forsey, and Ward, the audience took part in the discussion. It was a most profitable service. After disposing of district business, we were pressed on the second evening at a "Class Leaders' Convention." Two essays were read, one by an M. P. P., an efficient class leader, and another by a local preacher whose scholarly, incisive sentences were generally admired. A discussion followed, the audience being very attentive and remaining to the close. We scarcely supposed it possible to invest the class meeting with attractiveness sufficient to hold the interest of an audience for three hours; but experience shows what can be done when the right method is adopted. In our Districts and Conferences we need to get out of a rut. We appear to think no good can be done without the usual sermon, &c. If we were less formal, and studied variety a little more, the public would manifest greater desire to be present at our connexional gatherings.

But it is time we stopped our scribbling. Our notes, we fear, are already too lengthy, and there is a limit to the patience of the readers of the WESLEYAN. We leave other items for a future letter. G. FORSEY.

Melbourne, P. Q., Oct. 1875.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NOVA SCOTIA.

- Thanksgiving Day 28th inst.
—Old Sydney Mines are in full operation.
—The Fishery Commission is to sit at Halifax shortly.
—On one day lately there were forty-two vessels entered Halifax Harbour.
—A bear was trapped on the Guysboro' Road last week.
—Provincial Fruit Growers' Association meets this week at Annapolis Royal.
—Pictou has tried its new fire engine and is satisfied.
—Michael Spence, of Fenwick, died very suddenly last Saturday morning.
—A Grandump visited Halifax Harbour last Sunday.
—The passage from St. John's to Sydney and back has been made in eight days.
—The mackerel fleet now in port at Sydney, report the mackerel as very scarce.
—A Sword Fish was caught at Ingonish recently, which was 10 ft long, the sword measuring 4 ft 3 in.
—Halifax has been the scene of several mysterious burglaries of late, and no clue to the guilty parties has been discovered.
—The Local Government have offered rewards for the persons guilty of setting fire to a Saw Mill at Waterloo, Lunenburg, and the Victoria Bridge, Inverness.
—Halifax, and other parts of Nova Scotia were visited by a heavy rain-storm on Sunday last, very serious damage is reported from Sydney.
—Dr. Muir, of Truro, has been appointed Clinical Clerk of the Halifax Hospital in the place of Mr. Lindsay who was implicated in the late scandal.
—Mr. W. McAubrey, was thrown out of his carriage at Aylesford, and was so severely injured that he died in a few hours.
—There was a narrow escape of an accident on the I. C. R. near Aulac, caused by the truck of one of the freight cars smashing, a brakeman saw it in time and stopped the train.
—A house at Chezzetcook was entered by a burglar the other night, but was heard by the inmates, when he decamped, he was fired at, and from blood-marks it is believed the shot struck him.
—A woman severed one of her great toes from her foot, a man had the forefinger of his left hand jammed in a cog-wheel, and a youth his skull fractured in the neighborhood of Kentville last week.

Yarmouth has been holding an Agricultural Exhibition, and the display of animals and goods was very creditable.

7,955 tons of coal were shipped from Pictou during the week ending Oct. 2nd.

An American fishing schooner from the Banks reports that two Nova Scotians named Powers and McLeod were lost, it is supposed by the upsetting of a boat in which they were.

A Nova Scotian has been earning a most unenviable notoriety for himself in Mexico, after murdering several he has at last been so severely wounded that his life is despaired of.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND

- Mrs. West, dropped dead at St. John the other evening.
—The Presbyterian Synod has had a very pleasant Session at St. John.
—The Charlottetown Methodists have the project of a new church before them.
—Several cases of typhoid fever are reported from Sunbury and Sackville.
—A St. John man had \$3000 taken from his pocket the other night.
—A St. John pilot has been suspended for going to Halifax for a vessel.
—They have had six inches of snow at Metapedia.
—All the Caraquez rioters but two have been found guilty, judgment reserved till after appeal has been tried.
—The St. John Branch of the Bank of B. N. A. has been swindled out of \$3,000 by means of a forged letter of credit.
—Thirteen vessels registering 2,308 tons were registered at Charlottetown during the month of September.
—The Rev. H. M. Parsons, of Boston, has received a call from the St. John Congregational church.
—Mrs. Narraway gained sixteen prizes for fancy work at the recent exhibition at St. John, her table was one of the pleasantest in the building.
—Allan Goderidge, Esq., has been presented with a silver plate service by the St. John's (Nfld.) Union Marine Insurance Company.
—The Rev. Mr. Pearson of Fredericton has been the recipient of a very handsome present on the occasion of his leaving that city for Toronto.

UPPER PROVINCES.

- Chiniquy has been lecturing at Ottawa.
—The epizootic is prevalent at Montreal.
—One of the Toronto rioters has been committed for trial.
—Montreal is to have a monument to O'Connell valued at \$10,000.
—A true bill has been found against Davis the abortionist at the York Assizes.
—They have been holding small meetings in Manitoba to talk about annexation.
—There is a foot of snow on the mountain north of Ottawa.
—Quebec has been visited by the bank raiders.
—Two steamers were burned at Hamilton last Friday, loss \$80,000.
—Yorkville, Ont., has had a shock of earthquake.
—Two Montreal Frenchmen have had a duel across the border, and having drawn a little blood are happy again.
—Montreal has had a cat show, 141 felines were exhibited, an 18 pounder took the prize.
—A union between the British & American Good Templars has been entered into at Cobourg.
—During the month of Sept., 1,832 Immigrants were reported at the office in Toronto.
—The corner stone of a new Methodist Episcopal Church in London, Ont., has been laid with Masonic ceremonies.
—The body of Mr. Hoskins, night editor of the Toronto "Mail," who had been missing, has been found in the bay.
—The fifth daughter of Sir Hugh Allan has been married to Alfred White, of Quebec.
—The prize list of the Toronto Fall Exhibition fills seven columns of the Toronto Weekly "Globe."
—For the month of Sept. there was an excess of revenue over expenditure amounting to \$88,000.
—The Toronto police force have received a present of \$7,000 from the Catholics of that city for their bravery during the recent riots.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The bishop of Brechin, Scotland, is dead.
—Alderman Cotton has been elected Lord Mayor of London, G. B.
—Dr. Cumming is to lecture on "Moody and his place in Prophecy."
—Gladstone is engaged in a fresh pamphlet on Social Reform.
—There is a threatened rising of negroes at Mississippi.
—A severe outbreak of cholera is reported from Mysore, India.
—£500 is to be given to Mrs. Stokes, wife of the captain of the Mistletoe, and £400 to Mrs. Turner.
—Affairs in China have taken a more peaceful turn. Servia also has decided for peace.
—An enthusiastic meeting to protest against Vaticanism has been held at Glasgow.
—President Lejadar, of Mexico, has congratulated his people upon their peaceful prospects, and holds out to them the hope of important reforms.
—A most terrible murder has been committed at Pembroke, N. H. A young lady, after being most brutally treated, was decapitated. The authorities have arrested a man to whom suspicion strongly attaches.

Receipts for "WESLEYAN," for week ending October 9th, 1875.

Instructions as to Remitting Money. 1-Post Office Orders are always safe, and not very costly. Next to these, is the security of registering letters. Money sent otherwise is at the risk of the sender.

Table of receipts for the Wesleyan newspaper, listing names and amounts.

MARRIED.

On the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Pictou, by the Rev. Cranwick Jost, Mr. Hugh G. McDonald, of Tatamouche, to Miss Melville, daughter of Mr. Charles Pope.

DIED.

At Sheffield Mills, October 2nd, suddenly from hemorrhage, Miss Sarah A. North, aged 44 years. She was found ready.

MARKET PRICES.

Table of market prices for various goods like Butter, Eggs, and other commodities.

New Books at the Methodist Book Room.

New Manual of Sabbath School Addresses, \$1.00. The Gospel and Modern Life, 1.50. Fifteen Years of Prayer, 1.50.

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX.

Table of Preachers' Plan for Sunday, October 17th, listing names and times.

NEW BOOKS! NEW SUPPLIES.

Thomas Binney: a biographical sketch, personal reminiscences, addresses and sermons. By Rev. John Soutington, D.D. \$1.00.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned at Moncton, and endorsed, "Tender for Agent's Dwelling," will be received until 6 o'clock, p.m., on Saturday, 10th inst., for the erection of a Dwelling House.

SEWING MACHINES.

or will furnish any Sewing Machine required, in price from \$10 UP TO \$100.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

Being a Full Description of Palestine, its History, Antiquities, Inhabitants and Customs, according to the Great Discoveries recently made by the Palestine Exploring Expeditions. It sells at 75 cents.

MACDONALD & CO. IMPORTERS OF CAST AND MALLEABLE IRON PIPE.

With Fittings of every description. BRASS AND COPPER TUBES, SHEETS, ETC., STRAIN AND VACUUM GAUGES, HAND AND POWER PUMPS. Rubber Hose and Steam Packing. MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS ENGINEERS' BRASS FITTINGS.

Halifax Medical College!

THE REGULAR WINTER SESSION of this Institution will commence on TUESDAY, October 20th, 1875.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPOSITORY.

14 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B. THERE is now being received at the Depository the Spring Supply.

FRESH ARRIVALS AT THE "BEE HIVE."

My Fall Stock of Tweeds, Cloths, Coatings, Beavers, Pilots and Doerings, all of which will be made up to order in the most fashionable styles and best workmanship.

One Thousand Dollars WANTED.

By the Ladies of the METHODIST CHURCH, AMHERST. To pay for the New Church now being built.

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will leave Halifax for St. John, at 8 a.m. and St. John for Halifax at 7.30 a.m.

LOCAL EXPRESS TRAIN.

will leave Pictou for Truro at 3 p.m. and Truro for Pictou at 11.00 a.m.

MIXED TRAINS.

will leave Halifax for Truro and Pictou at 10.00 a.m. and Pictou for Truro and Halifax at 6.45 a.m.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

will leave Truro for Halifax at 7.00 a.m. Halifax for Truro at 9.00 p.m.

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VOL. XXVII

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SMITH BROS.

By the bye, while we are at the Mission House, there is another whose name is buzzed in Table-talk—one who will always figure prominently in the history of Wesleyan Missions and in the records of the Mission House.

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