

in the face which are seen through the glasses of action? Far from it. The skin may wrinkle, the cheeks fade and sink, the brow corrugate, the nose sharpen, the hair whiten, and with all this change the old expression of wisdom, purity, sweetness, gentleness, firmness, or courage may still retain its place, and "love and friend" may be almost unconscious of any change whatever. The great matter, the sum of all beauty, the look and quality of the soul, is still the same. And even when friends have been long separated, and have come together again only after time has wrought great bodily changes, the power, the immortality of expression vindicates itself. At the first gaze the effect of years strikes us, and we say, "How altered!" We are shocked, almost stunned, but when the features are lighted up by discourse, and the all-reverent smile again darts its ray across the countenance, we break out with Waldergrave:

"To each dear face
The changing hand of time may not be kind;
For there it hath but wronged the reverend grace,
And not of beauty perfected the frame."

"And will I know your hearts are still the same,
They could not change—ye look the very way
As when an orphan first you came."

To say that personal beauty is only skin deep is to deny the profound connection and sympathy between the soul and the body—that the body exists for the purpose of exteriorizing the mind, whether in word or work, in art or science. It is to say that when the gilt has been worn from the cover of Milton, and the leaves have become dog-eared, flimsy, and yellow, that its beauty is gone. But the best books are the most used, and the worn worst. So it is with the best people. The keen sword cuts quickly through the frail sheath; the powerful soul, abounding in beautiful action, shakes its tent to its very fastenings, but all the while it peers out through its thin covering. Indeed, the soul is ever young; the expression is its portrait—while a ray of the canvas remains.—*Mohr.*

Obituary.

MRS. TRUMAN, POINT DE BUTE, N. B.
Died at Point de Bute, on Wednesday, the 8th of May, 1867, Enicé, beloved wife of Robert K. Truman, Esq., in the 71st year of her age.

During her earliest years Mrs. Truman was the subject of the Holy Spirit's visitations. It was not, however, until united in marriage with her now aged and sorrowing partner that she consecrated herself to the service of God. That year, the twenty-first of her life, she and Mr. Truman both united into covenant with God, and forthwith gave themselves, by the will of God, to his Church. Of the Methodist Church, the Church of her early and intelligent choice, Mrs. Truman remained for half a century a consistent and attached member; and has now, as we believe, been elevated from the ranks of the suffering to those of the triumphant Church in heaven. For many years she was blessed with a healthy and vigorous physical constitution. In 1846, however, she was subjected to a severe attack by the somewhat sudden removal, in the prime of manhood, of a beloved son. That event, although borne with devout resignation to the will of God, appears to have undermined her system and henceforward decay became manifest. Four years ago, through increasing infirmity she was compelled to forego the privilege of public worship, and during the last three or four months was confined to her bed. No word of complaint, however, appears to have fallen from her lips; her confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God was unshaken, and with great fervour and frequency she expressed her belief that He who had sustained her during the fifty years she had been serving Him would not now forsake her. Amid her sufferings her mind was calm; she contemplated death with composure; and although disposed to deprecate herself, she claimed connection with God through the atonement of Christ and by the witness of the Holy Ghost.

The messenger found her ready. Her end was eminently peaceful, and in her removal we have another exemplification of the Scripture, "To die is gain."

MRS. CAROLINE TUTTLE, WALLACE, N. B.
The subject of this sketch was the daughter of James and Hannah Tuttle, of Six Mile Road, Wallace. She was early instructed in the great truths of the Gospel, but did not make a profession of religion until her 20th year, from which time till her death, a period of four years, she maintained a consistent walk as a follower of Jesus. Her Christian life was unobscured and quiet, yet she prized highly her religious privileges, and when she came upon her death bed, she showed, by her unwavering faith in the Lord Jesus, her great composure of mind, and her joy in her Redeemer, that she had not believed in vain, and that she possessed in her heart the pure love of God. For three months of entire abstinence and suffering she waited patiently for the hour when the cold hand of death should sever the brittle thread of life, and release her from the burden of the flesh. On the evening of the 31st of December last she frequently asked her watchers the hour of the night, and when the clock told that it was the hour of midnight, she said, "Well, the Lord has spared me to see the beginning of the new year, and oh, it is the happiest one I ever saw." She was very anxious for the salvation of her relatives, and earnestly besought them to give their hearts to God, and to pledge themselves to meet her in heaven. She prayed much on their behalf, that the Lord would lead them in the way everlasting; and that for her kindred only, but for others also. She continued in this blessed state of mind till the last, and on the 3rd of January 1867, passed to her triumphant home.

MRS. LEVERETT MOISE, CORNWALLIS WEST
At Cornwallis West, on the morning of the 20th of April, in the 40th year of her age, Hannah A., the beloved wife of Mr. Leverett Moise peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. Our departed sister had been for some eighteen years a consistent member of the Wesleyan Church, and manifested no ordinary attachment to its services. Sinking under the wasting and corroding influence of consumption, she went quite beyond her strength in attending the means of grace. Her last Sabbath on earth but one found her in the class room, testifying to the preciousness of Christ and His promises. In the midst of suffering the most intense, her murmur escaped her lips, for she felt that her feet were upon the Rock, for she felt that her feet were upon the Rock.

By this dispensation of an unerring Providence, not only has an affectionate wife and a priceless member been taken from an afflicted family, but a truly worthy and honorably useful member has gone from our communion, to join in the ennobling exercises of the Church triumphant.

Church Opening.
The new Methodist Church at Milton, Liverpool, will be opened Sunday, June 16th. The Dedication Service will commence at 3 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. W. W. Perkins, of Yarmouth. D. D. CURRY.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1867.

The Conference of Eastern British America.

The Thirteenth Conference of the Methodist Church of Eastern British America will be held (D.V.) in this city, in Brunswick Street Church, commencing Wednesday, June 26, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Chairmen of Districts will oblige the Superintendents of the Halifax Circuits, and facilitate the arrangements necessary to be made for the approaching Conference, by sending at the earliest period possible from their respective District meetings, the names of the Ministers appointed to attend Conference and of the candidates recommended for examination.

The Committee preparatory to the Conference will meet in the School Room of Brunswick Street Church, in the following order:—

1. Committee for Examination of Candidates—Thursday, June 20, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
2. Stationing Committee—Thursday, June 20, at 2 1/2 p. m.
3. Book Committee—Friday, June 21, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
4. Educational Fund for Ministers' Children—Friday, June 21, at 7 p. m.
5. Theological Institution Committee—Saturday, June 22, at 9 a. m.
6. Missionary Committee—Saturday, June 22, at 3 p. m.
7. Superannuated Fund Committee—Monday, June 24, at 9 a. m.
8. Parsonage Aid Committee—Monday, June 24, at 3 p. m.
9. Contingent Fund Committee—Tuesday, June 25, at 9 a. m.
10. Committee on Conference Statistics—Tuesday, June 25, at 3 p. m.

N. B.—1. The Secretaries of the several Funds are directed to meet in Halifax, on Thursday, June 20, for the purpose of preparing for their several Committees the accounts of their several departments.

2. The Assistant Secretaries are requested to attend at the same time for the purpose of compiling from the District Minutes, various lists, &c., which will facilitate the business of the Committee and of the subsequent Conference.

3. Special Notice to Chairmen of Districts.—They are particularly required to bring, in time for the meeting of the Secretaries of the several Funds, on Thursday, June 20, the necessary copies of their District Minutes, the Circuit Accounts of each Circuit, in their respective Districts, and the Minutes of the Financial District Meetings.

CONFERENCE PREACHING PLAN.

Days.	Hours.	Church.	Ministers.
Thurs. June 20	1 1/2 p. m.	Brunswick St.	Rev. Wm. Wilson
Friday	2 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Sabbath	2 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
	5 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
	7 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
	9 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Monday	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Tuesday	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Wed.	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Thurs.	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Friday	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Sabbath	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Monday	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Tuesday	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Wed.	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Thurs.	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Friday	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan
Sabbath	7 1/2 p. m.	St. John's	Rev. R. H. Duncan

* The Conference Expenses will be made in the Churches on Sabbath June 30th.

Petite Riviere Circuit.

MR. EDITOR.—The Wesleyans here feeling that they needed a more comfortable and commodious house to worship God in, resolved, about fifteen months ago, to make arrangements to build a new church.

The work was commenced in right good earnest—the frame was soon brought to the site selected and the foundation prepared, mostly by gratuitous labour. The enterprising builder, Mr. Boehner of Liverpool, was on the ground with his men, and energetically commenced the work about the middle of last August, and would have had the building completed in December, had it not been that the weather proved unfavorable for such a work, and that a disappointment occurred in regard to a portion of the glass for the windows. We began, however, to occupy the School Room under the church in January, and worshipped there comfortably until last Sabbath, when the latter was formally and solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God.

On that interesting and long-to-be-remembered occasion, we were favoured with the very efficient services of Rev. D. D. CURRY of Liverpool, who preached morning and evening, and Rev. F. H. W. PICKLES of Mill Village, who delivered an excellent address to the Sabbath School at 9 o'clock in the morning, and preached in the afternoon. The sermons of these brethren were highly appreciated by, and, we believe, profitable to, the large and attentive congregations who were privileged to hear them.

The business of letting the pews—not selling, I am happy to say—was attended to on Monday morning; and by the fifty-four pews the Trustees had disposed of, fifty-two were quickly retained, until the first of next January, for sums that exceeded our most sanguine expectations—realizing for the whole at the rate of upwards of \$500 a year. By this means the Trustees hope to free the building from debt in a few years, and after that to aid, in an important degree, the income of the Circuit.

The building is 60 x 37 feet. The first story, which gives us an excellent room for prayer meetings and Sabbath School, and two good Class Rooms, is eleven feet, and the second story eighteen feet in the walls. The ceiling of the main audience room runs up to a point making the distance from the floor to the upper part of the angle thirty feet or more. There is a very neat and commodious singing gallery across the end opposite to the pulpit. The pulpit is made of black walnut and butternut, and is very neat also. The pews are built of ash cupped with black walnut, and are in the modern style. The ark used in the front of the church and in it is pews has a very pretty garnish, and is much admired. The tower has a pyramidal top flash, running up about thirty feet, and is surmounted with a crown, making the

distance from the ground to the top of the tower, nearly one hundred feet.

The church is different in its plan and style, in some respects, from any one I have ever seen; and while it is highly creditable to the contractor and those of our people who took so deep an interest in, and contributed so liberally to, its erection, it is quite an ornament to the place. May the Lord "guard these sacred courts in peace."

"And in the great day shall
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here."

The whole cost of the church, including foundation, furnaces, lamps and chandeliers—the latter, lamps and chandeliers, the gift of Mr. John C. Sperry—will not be less than \$4500. The debt remaining on the building will not be \$1600, after the subscriptions now due are paid.

To have been able to accomplish so much in a year of almost unparalleled commercial depression, while it is creditable to all who have been engaged in the work—the female portion of the church and congregation not excepted—it calls for gratitude to "that Being to whom the praise of all the good done upon the earth is due."

Other tokens of the Lord's goodness by which our hearts have been cheered amid trials and discouragements, might be mentioned, did time and space permit.

Faithfully yours,
C. L.

May 30th, 1867.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

The Wholesome Rod.

Prov. chap. xviii. ver. 6; Prov. chap. xvi. ver. 3. There is a limit to forbearance. After so many explanations and truths set forth with unlimited power and plainness, there is an incorrigible individual who has written in the *Examiner*, denying the faith, and also, in the infliction of his spiritual punishment, denying also, the humbling restraints and disciplines of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In the first place, I do not know the person, but I can easily discern, and it requires but a small exercise of the faculty every Christian possesses, more or less, to see that the man, whoever he may be, is a backslider. Such persons are glad to catch hold of something to save them from utter annihilation of Christian character; and you will generally find that they take hold of the rotten part of their creed, which they magnify with a pertinacity (resulting from their obstinacy and unbelief) equally repugnant to all humble followers of their Divine Master. The piece alluded to, has been copied by the *Christian Visitor*, though it does not follow that the latter is answerable for all the sentiments contained in that article. Indeed I do not believe that that paper would endorse any such proposition and unchristian hyperbole. Does the writer of that silly article know the first and great commandment, which all Israel is warned to attend to?—"Hear O Israel—the Lord thy God is one Lord. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." Why then does he dare to put John the Baptist in the place of Jesus Christ the Lord; and the mode of a simple Christian ordinance before the great name into both Baptists, and Pre-Baptists are baptised? Is the water holier than that which sanctifies it, and is the mode of more consequence than the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? Like all formal and nominal Christians, this writer magnifies the scaffolding above the building. To believe in baptism is one thing, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ is another. No mere believer in baptismal ceremonies and their modes, however correct or perfect they may be, has any inheritance in the kingdom of God. But he who believes in, loves, and professes the Saviour, with his heart tuned unto righteousness, "hath eternal life," and he hath a right to the table of the Lord, let him who denies him take the consequences. Who dares to deny the following of the Lord Jesus? The close communion. Who dares to make Roman Catholic like, a God of two? The Bazaar of the water above stamp. Who dares to deny a cup cold water to a disciple of our Lord? This cold water. We would say to him, "Have a care, sir, that you do not, in your proud self-righteous exaltation of that sect of the visible church to which you belong, cast a slur upon the high and holy name which sanctifies all things in heaven and earth, by substituting its stead, a non-essential part of our holy religion. You may belong to a visible church, and have your name enrolled amongst believers, but you will, if non-repentant of such an act, be blotted out of the church of the invisible, whose names are written in heaven." And you will find by "searching the Scriptures," that there are a multitude of threatenings against you for such a presumptuous act. To reply to all his silly and unchristian hyperbole, who writes in the *Examiner*, would be a waste of time, in expiating that which exposes itself, with the most ridiculous logic and absurd conclusions; but if he has ever professed himself a Christian, I am happy to give him a wholesome shaking, and to pierce a gimlet-hole in his understanding, that a ray of vital Christianity may find some entrance.

I am his true friend,
A. V. ENRON.

The Resurrection of the Body.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—Job xii, 26.

There are some who make light of the body. I am not one of them. It is an easy resignation, indeed, when it concerns ourselves; a bitter grief when some beloved being is in question. There it lies, that poor body; there it is that I have looked at so much, the eyes which rested gently upon me, the mouth that spoke to me as no other will ever speak more; there it lies, that I know not—I know not whether it were beautiful or not—whether my sun, which was my life.

If my lips touch that brow so lightly, they meet a marble coldness there. Have you ever felt it sink down from the lips to the heart, that piercing, unnatural chill, unlike any other, that chill upon the forehead of the dead?

That body so fondly cherished; that poor body, heretofore the object of such tender care; they take it from me no! Strangers come who bear it away, dig it, and lay it there; the earth is heaped up over it. The dust, the rain, the winter winds will all sweep over that grave; and while I am sitting, sheltered, beside our hearth, while I am warning myself—be he lying low out there, alone forsaken.

O, this cry that eloquent lips have uttered every funeral procession has extorted it from some heart in its distress. It is not the cry of sadness; it is the protest of nature and of reason.

We were not made for this; God had not created us for this; the image of God was not destined to moulder into dust. We may be submissive, may check the rebellious words that

rise to our lips, but our thoughts will follow those remains, will grieve into that tomb, will open that coffin, and return with tidings which will tear our very vitals.

During that last illness, while I possessed it still, one of my dearest sorrows was to see that poor frame decline. When my anxious look encountered those altered features; when one of those calm, cautious characters that one will not allow to one's self, suddenly burst upon me, I felt my heart sink. At such times, my face buried in my hands, my knees giving way under me, I fell down somewhere out of sight, moaning truly dying than that loved one in his very death agony.

The destruction of the body! There lies the curse, the anguish of one who watches by a death-bed.

And now that years have worn away, with their good days and their bad, do you know what it is that suddenly lights up the widow's face? Do you know why she sheds these happy tears? She has seen again—yes, like a lightning flash, some smile, some trick of feature, has appeared before her; some gesture, some intonation, a stray note dying away as suddenly it passed.

With passionate energy she clasps one of her sons in her arms; he has looked at her in the way his father used to look; he has said, as he used to say, "I am cold;" he has shivered as he used to shiver, or else it is some dream, a ray of light from Paradise which has visited her in the darkness of her night. Yes, it was his very self; only were both walking along some familiar walk in their little garden. There was nothing extraordinary about it, no transports. In fact, it was as if they had never been separated at all. They chatted about one thing and the other, with a smile, a jest, as they might yesterday, as they might to-morrow. And when the widow waked, her lips do not part with a groan of desolation; no, she has repossessed herself of her loved one's image; she will meet his own self again ere long; she has gained strength to do her solitary way.

The resurrection of the body strikes you, you tell me, as unuseful! I feel it sublime. It not only makes my heart beat with joy, but perfectly satisfies my moral sense.

The annals of past ages show me Christians who have left some mark on the face of their faith. I see martyrs stepping the Roman arenas with their blood; I see the fearful torches, and lit the feasts of Nero; I see funeral piles, and on them human forms slowly consuming; from out the torturing flames I hear hymns of joy and praise to God; may, at the very moment I am writing, the veil of obscure circumstances cannot quite hide the privations, the watchings, the long vigils, the hard labour, that humble believer cheerfully undertakes for the loss of his soul. And shall the body which has suffered, sacrificed itself thus, have no portion in the kingdom of heaven?

O, yes! its sure place is prepared there; no power can reverse the decree. He who will raise the whole creation, will raise the body.

Resurrection! Admirable word! Any other word would have left some deep, unimpaired; this word meets my most secret fears.

Who is it that rises? The dead man they laid in the tomb. However dark, however suffering my night may have been, each morning I rise. That morning my beloved will rise, he himself, and not another. It is no new creation; it is a resurrection. In the place of the beloved dead, I shall see him, he will keep his face fully, God will not give me some unknown being, no, God will raise up the one I love; my hope will not be deceived. Amidst that dust and ashes—O, omnipotence of the divine compassion!—a germ, visible to my God alone, incloses the vitality I believed forever extinct.

As a grain of corn, buried deep in some furrow, rises as a green fresh blade to cheer my eyes and heart, so, clothed upon with a body glorious, incorruptible like to that of Jesus, who rose long before—so will the body of my loved one rise.

April is smiling at the earth. Come stoop down. Close to the old wall, do you see a broad leaf spread itself out like a canopy, beneath it a blue vase filled full of spring-tide fragrance? It is the violet. Take hold of that branch and break it; wood, mere dead wood, you say. Look closely; it reddens; it swells, here pink buds, crests of balmy stamens; it is the blossom of the apple tree. Take that other branch, dead, too, like the other; a cluster springs from it, golden, butterfly-winged, it is the laburnum. This other is burst open by a white candelabra, with scarlet touches—it is the horse-chestnut. Death made these three branches much alike. Infinitely varied in life; each with its own special scent and sheen, their open out to the sunshine, and cast their sweetness on the merry breeze.

During one night, one shower, the brown field is transformed into a meadow, rilled by the bee, the butterfly, myriads of lately-tranced and crawling things have changed into the winged messengers of the air.

What do these miracles say to you? To me they say that a God of love will raise the dead. "But how? with what semblance?" St. Paul will tell you, "Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption; sown in dishonor, raised in glory."

It was frail and abject once; now Jesus clothes it with immortality and beauty. Beauty! But those who were ugly, irredeemably ugly. And at once some luckless faces come and grin before our minds eyes. Yes, when we come to think earnestly about the matter, is there indeed such a thing as irredeemable ugliness? Do features only make the face, or is it not rather the soul that shines through it?

Take for example any misshape face you will. Deprive it of mind, it is hideous; you turn away from it at once. But when you shine through that ugly mask, you look at it without repugnance. Let it be animated by noble sentiment, the flame rises, lights it up, you are irresistibly attracted, you contemplate it with pleasure. Let love, a pure generous love, cast its radiance over that face—do you smile—I tell you that face will become beautiful.

You must surely have seen this most wonderful transfiguration of what we speak of. Yes, there comes one hour, the only one, perhaps, during a whole lifetime, when the ugliest man or woman among us grows beautiful. An hour of strong passion, elevating excitement; an hour when the soul rises supreme. And if that soul be beautiful, why the face is beautiful too. You read eternal redemption on the brow, in the rays of sacred fire.

Again, death has revelations such as this.

You who have seen a beloved one die, you who are familiar with a transfiguration that yet did not interfere with his identity, that left him still your own, are you able to pay?

We freely and entirely assent to the position mentioned above, that church arrangements should make the least possible distinction between the rich and the poor. There is nothing more beautiful, more in accordance with the true spirit of worship, more calculated to correct what is wrong in the mutual relations and feelings of different classes of society, than to have the rich and poor meet together upon a common level before God, and feel their equal relations to the Great Father of all, and their equal interest in the common salvation.

All the Jews in a church, whether invited or free, should present the same appearance; at least, should not so differ as to force on the attention the distinction between free and rented pews. Neither it is in expression of extreme humility blended with gladness of hope; a serene brightness; as the ideal straightening of the outline, as if the Divine finger, source of supreme beauty, had been laid there. You cannot take your eyes away. Dead, your loved one consoles you for the agony of having seen him suffer. His face, his inexpressible grandeur, his smile—all say to you, "Believe; yet a little while, and thou shalt see me again."

I am about to refer to you one of the strong emotions of a church at Palermo. My friends and I had gone down into it without exactly knowing where we went, and walked, with more of surprise than terror, between a double line of skeletons. And yet the spectacle was ghastly enough. Those perpetual dead bodies, dressed in brown garments, that hung loosely around their bony shields, with their names written on it, had fallen into dislocated attitudes over some sort of horrible. The portals of our Gothic cathedrals have no representations that equal this. And yet we were not conscious of any terror. Death presented us, indeed, with his material aspect, his sad, repulsive aspect, but the likeness of humanity is still there.

With one word, we felt God could call these dry bones to life again.

The next chamber had a more appalling spectacle in reserve. All along the walls—in the cabin of some great ship were arranged berths of equal length, and on these, dressed in gorgeous attire, hands gilded, by the corpses of women, with discolored faces, empty eye-sockets, sunken features, hollow mouths, and wreaths of roses on their heads. There were hundreds upon hundreds of them, in all the pomp of their court dresses, and a nauseating smell, the cold, faint smell of death, rose from the vaults where they lay.

In the presence of these faces with their beauties so incalculably destroyed, of this ghastly satire on worldly vanities, I felt my blood congeal. But when at the end of the passage, lit by our guide's torch, a wall yawned before us, and he lowered the red and smoking light he held to show it better; when I saw that nameless detritus, damp, pestilential, which overflowed the well's mouth, and when our guide said, "This is the case of Italy, must be built especially for the poor. Of course there ought to be mission churches in such cities—and there are as true missionary fields in cities as in Africa—but the design of these is only TEMPORARY; the Gospel idea, the only religious idea, for the rich and the poor to meet together—let the churches never provide for the permanent separation of the rich and the poor. Oh, how good is it for the arbitrary conventionalisms of the world to be modified and mollified by the Gospel!"

The sum of all is, the spirit of the Gospel must control and correct all purely worldly considerations. Religion must be supreme, not subordinate. It reveals things heavenly; it gives to things earthly their only real value. It refuses to minister to the illusions of egotism or vanity. It tells men that their value before God is not that they *have*, but that they *are*—it tells them that the poor may be made rich as the richest. In the small interests of time, in the temporal circumstances of different men, there must of course, be distinctions of a temporal character; but let these disappear in the HOUSE OF GOD! We are not fanatical; these views would injure no real temporal interests; but they are made imperative by our true spiritual relations to God, and to each other.

A Wesleyan church in Plymouth, England, as we learn from a communication in the *London Witness*, has lately been built, with seven hundred or six hundred sittings free, without any offensive distinctions between the rented and free pews. The success of the experiment was every way instructive. It received the approbation of all denominations; it secured the attendance of large numbers who had never gone to church; it produced in church members a primitive zeal for God; and it produced confidence, life, activity, in all departments of the church's work.

The Gospel in its true sense, in its true sense of character, be distinctions of a temporal character; but let these disappear in the HOUSE OF GOD! We are not fanatical; these views would injure no real temporal interests; but they are made imperative by our true spiritual relations to God, and to each other.

As I fled in haste from that fatal crypt, and mumbled with unsteady step the stair that led me back into the nave, just where the daylight began to appear, I suddenly saw four letters carved on the wall. N. R. L. Then a voice sounded very near my heart, "Believest thou I am able to do this?"

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, you verily thou do it!

From that day I have never for a moment doubted of the resurrection of the dead.—*Madame Gasparin.*

The Pew-Renting System.

A good deal of attention has been drawn, of late, to the question whether the modern principle of charging pew-rent is favorable to the interests of religion. Influential men in different Churches, but more especially in the Church of England, have declared strongly against it, and, in consequence, a number of churches have been built with all the seats free, and some of those which have no right to rent, or sell, seats in the house dedicated to God; that it is contrary to the idea of a free Gospel for all; that it makes a distinction between the rich and poor, in the house of Him who regards both classes with equal eye; that it encourages pride and display, and is therefore inconsistent with the spirit of true worship; and especially, that it prevents the poor from attending, and thus gradually tends to alienate the masses from Christianity.

When the whole amount of the cost of a church remains a burden upon it in the shape of debt, the interest on which must be regularly paid, it is not to be wondered at that the only way of meeting this annual demand. But the necessity of a large debt for building is, in a great many churches, a ready-made excuse. Sometimes churches are built altogether gratis. Sometimes, beforehand by raising the amount in the congregation. This course cannot be too strongly commended. Often the debt remains an embarrassment, and a dead weight, for many years, injurious to every interest of the work of God.

Traverse, in this case, the virtual exclusion of the neglected and the neglected classes, and drive away the poor. Every possible endeavor should be made to provide for the cost, before commencing to build, in order that the debt, if debt is unavoidable, may be as small as possible.

It is often urged that pew-rents are the most obvious and easy means of meeting the ordinary expenses of a church, indeed, in many churches the minister's salary is partly, or wholly, raised from this source. Without stopping to inquire whether this is the most excellent way, it must be admitted that it is desirable that the pew-rents should not be so high as to be burdensome to a large number. Above all, it must be admitted to be wholly *undesirable* to rent every pew in a church, and thus exclude the poor altogether. No plea of necessity, or of necessity, can ever justify the virtual exclusion of the poor from the House of God, from the preaching of that Gospel which is sent especially to them.

But it is pleaded further, and with some force, that families will attend the services of the sanctuary more regularly, and that the younger portion of families will give more quiet attendance to the services, when the pews are separated, and occupying different seats each Sabbath. We grant, and it is not to be denied, that in this argument, and it is not to be denied, that most people will be more likely to attend, and improve what costs them something. Why might not those families who cannot afford to rent their sittings, but who are regular attendants at church, also have the advantage of this argument? Would it not be proper and

wise to set apart a certain proportion of the free pews for such families, each family having its own permanent place in the house, as well as those who are able to pay?

We freely and entirely assent to the position mentioned above, that church arrangements should make the least possible distinction between the rich and the poor. There is nothing more beautiful, more in accordance with the true spirit of worship, more calculated to correct what is wrong in the mutual relations and feelings of different classes of society, than to have the rich and poor meet together upon a common level before God, and feel their equal relations to the Great Father of all, and their equal interest in the common salvation.

All the Jews in a church, whether invited or free, should present the same appearance; at least, should not so differ as to force on the attention the distinction between free and rented pews. Neither it is in expression of extreme humility blended with gladness of hope; a serene brightness; as the ideal straightening of the outline, as if the Divine finger, source of supreme beauty, had been laid there. You cannot take your eyes away. Dead, your loved one consoles you for the agony of having seen him suffer. His face, his inexpressible grandeur, his smile—all say to you, "Believe; yet a little while, and thou shalt see me again."

I am about to refer to you one of the strong emotions of a church at Palermo. My friends and I had gone down into it without exactly knowing where we went, and walked, with more of surprise than terror, between a double line of skeletons. And yet the spectacle was ghastly enough. Those perpetual dead bodies, dressed in brown garments, that hung loosely around their bony shields, with their names written on it, had fallen into dislocated attitudes over some sort of horrible. The portals of our Gothic cathedrals have no representations that equal this. And yet we were not conscious of any terror. Death presented us, indeed, with his material aspect, his sad, repulsive aspect, but the likeness of humanity is still there.

With one word, we felt God could call these dry bones to life again.

The next chamber had a more appalling spectacle in reserve. All along the walls—in the cabin of some great ship were arranged berths of equal length, and on these, dressed in gorgeous attire, hands gilded, by the corpses of women, with discolored faces, empty eye-sockets, sunken features, hollow mouths, and wreaths of roses on their heads. There were hundreds upon hundreds of them, in all the pomp of their court dresses, and a nauseating smell, the cold, faint smell of death, rose from the vaults where they lay.

In the presence of these faces with their beauties so incalculably destroyed, of this ghastly satire on worldly vanities, I felt my blood congeal. But when at the end of the passage, lit by our guide's torch, a wall yawned before us, and he lowered the red and smoking light he held to show it better; when I saw that nameless detritus, damp, pestilential, which overflowed the well's mouth, and when our guide said, "This is the case of Italy, must be built especially for the poor. Of course there ought to be mission churches in such cities—and there are as true missionary fields in cities as in Africa—but the design of these is only TEMPORARY; the Gospel idea, the only religious idea, for the rich and the poor to meet together—let the churches never provide for the permanent separation of the rich and the poor. Oh, how good is it for the arbitrary conventionalisms of the world to be modified and mollified by the Gospel!"

The Family

A Bird in the Hand

In the hand, fluttering feebly, Lonesome and helpless—poor little thing!

A Little Child shall Lead Them

Johnny Winter was an only son in a family of six children. His father was an industrious man, his mother a care-worn, dispirited woman.

Opinions of a Farmer

I am nearly fifty years old, was always a farmer, as were my ancestors as far back as I can trace them.

Temperance

Nothing but Water to Drink. When the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing.

Barley

Of all the cultivated grains, it is, perhaps none which comes to perfection in such a variety of climates as barley.

Suppression of the Menstrues

Dr. RADWAY'S PILLS. NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10th, 1880. My daughter's life, in June, 1878, was saved by your pills.

Loss of Appetite

Loss of Appetite—Melancholy—Nervousness—Bad Dreams—Sleeplessness Cured By Dr. RADWAY'S PILLS.

SELLER'S HAIR LIFE

SELLER'S HAIR LIFE. NEW YORK, Feb. 20th, 1880. Dear Sir—I have been using your "Hair Life" for some time.

Let all Clergymen do Likewise

Rev. John Griffiths, of Wales, thus relates the effect of his example in becoming a total abstemious man.

Sober for Once

A correspondent tells a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to get into intoxication.

Dr. Radway's Pills

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS. ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, BILIOUS FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, AND ALL DERANGEMENTS OF THE INTERNAL VISCERA.

The Great Want Supplied

It is a well known fact that Physicians have long sought to discover a vegetable purgative as a substitute for Calomel.

Dr. Sydenham's Treatment of Cure with Radway's Pills

Dr. SYDENHAM'S TREATMENT OF CURS WITH RADWAY'S PILLS. Information—Bleeding Fever—Dyspepsia—Constipation—Stomachic—Cholera.

Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food

Dr. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD. Every one who has Mother's Milk, and I wish to speak in favour of Dr. Ridge's Food.

Dr. Ridge's Sarsaparilla and Iodine of Potassium

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