

The Wesleyan.

369

Pickard Rev H. DD

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OUR EXCHANGES.

Roman Catholicism does not prosper in the city of London. The latest statistics indicate a steady decline in interest and numbers.—*Christian Union*.

Thirty years ago it took the Wesleyan missionaries sent to India 116 days to make the voyage from England to India. Now the Indians make the trip in 25 or 30 days.

Dr. H. W. Thomas has accepted an invitation to become pastor of "The People's Church," of Chicago, upon "such a broad and evangelical platform as to you may seem in accordance with the will of God."

A Baptist Sunday-school at Elba, New York, announced a "jug festival." A baby show at Suspension Bridge, for the benefit of St. Raphael's Church was held. These are evidences of exuberant spirit.—*Covenant*.

The Methodist who could not spare four cents a week for his Church-paper, but takes his whole family to every circus and show that comes along, needs reconstruction as a Christian and Church-member.—*Nashville Advocate*.

At a recent meeting of the English Baptist Union Rev. E. H. Brown, of Twickenham, stated that there were 250,000 people in Ireland who spoke the Irish and did not know the English language, while 500,000 knew English very indifferently.—*Messenger*.

"Running after pulpit novelty," says *The Herald and Presbyter*, "is spiritually unhealthy. Every one should, when it is possible, eat his victuals at his own table and worship at his own church. Moreover, spiritual as well as temporal food should be taken regularly."

The Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance held its annual meeting last week. There was a large and enthusiastic gathering, presided over by Mr. C. H. Meldon, M. P. It was stated that the reduction in the amount spent on drink since the passing of the Sunday Closing Act amounted to £3,000,000.

The Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Missouri, complains in his Annual Report, of a falling off in the number of baptisms and confirmations, and finds "the dominating reason" of this decrease, "in the agitation which has been going on for years, in the matter of ritual."

Bowdoin College has just received a gift of \$15,000 from Mr. Winkley, of Philadelphia, in addition to a previous \$25,000, to be used in endowing a professorship. Mrs. Stone, of Malden, Mass., gives to this college \$20,000 for completing Memorial Hall. She has also just given \$50,000 for the aid of Drury College, in Missouri.

Just after the late election, the *New York Sun*, in an eloquent article on the planet Jupiter, described its wonderful brilliancy and beauty, with various illustrative poetical quotations, and closed by advising the Democrats to study astronomy, and seek consolation in the fact that the planets, except this earth of ours, are just as bright as they were before the election.

A novel way of testing the soundness of pork is reported in the case of a Holstein peasant. He was quite guileless of science, but he had heard of trichinosis—probably by some humbler domestic name, and he was accustomed, on killing a pig, to send a ham or sausage to his pastor, and wait a fortnight, when, if no untoward results were heard of, the pig was pronounced sound.—*Recorder*.

Ahmed Teufik, the Turkish professor who was condemned to death for making a translation of the Bible, and had his sentence commuted, is an exile in the island of Chios, where he is free to do as he pleases, except to leave the island. The Turks shun him, and the Christians do not sympathize with him much, for he is represented as being in poverty and distress, and dependent on the British Vice-Consul.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, who has been in self-imposed exile for some time, is again in Boston, and has been announced to deliver three lectures this week in Music Hall, his old preaching place. Perhaps this is the first step toward his return to public life. He has probably learned that there is not much money or profit of any kind (for a preacher) in raising and training horses and making "back-board" carriages.—*Intelligencer*.

The directors of the Ohio Central Railroad passed, two or three weeks since, over their road, from Toledo to Corning, O., and varied the usual inspection forms by subscribing \$12,000, on the train, to build two churches and two school-houses at Corning, one church and one school-house each for the white and the colored miners in their coal field. Geo. I. Seney, of New York, whose gifts to Wesleyan University are so well known, was one of the party.—*Methodist*.

It is estimated that \$40,000,000 of capital, nominally belonging to New York, has been invested in mines producing the precious metals during the past eighteen months, of which not over \$10,000,000 has been used to buy mines, the rest sticking to the fingers of the directors and others connected with the organizations. Probably the properties represented by this great sum would not sell for much more than twenty-five per cent. of the aggregate investments.

A singular and yet very sensible gift was that of Lothar von Faber, the well-known German lead-pencil manufacturer. He has just presented the sum of 125,000 marks to the city of Nuremberg, the interest on which he requires to be paid annually to some intelligent, skillful, and in all respects worthy mechanic, for the purpose of establishing him in an independent business. The recipient must be of respectable family, a resident of Nuremberg or Stein, and must have attended the schools in one of those towns.

In the first service held in Bedford Chapel, after his secession from the Established Church, Mr. Stephen Brooke used the Episcopal service, omitting the Creed, the Te Deum and the Gloria Patri, and substituting for the Commandments the two upon which Christ declared that all the law and the prophets hung. Mr. Brooke justified the step which he had taken on the ground that the spirit of the English Church is unscripturally aristocratic, and on the ground of the inconsistency of miracles and, above all, the miracle of the incarnation, with the teachings of modern science.

The Bishop of Truro had an amusing experience the other day at Perranporth, near New Quay. For the first time he saw the "huers" (i.e., men stationed to announce the shoal of fish on the cliffs, and when he asked a native what they were engaged about, the reply was, "Well, sir, they be like some preachers; much cry and little fish." The Bishop smiled his pleasantest, and passed on, thinking he was being poked at him; but he would have been readily undeceived had he seen the face of the fisherman when he learnt that his interrogator was the Bishop.—*Cornish Telegraph*.

Ground was broken for the new Union Methodist Church in St. Louis by one hundred ladies. A polished brass shovel was handed to the pastor's wife, who took up with it as much earth as it would hold and tossed the earth into a cart which was standing by to receive it. She then handed the shovel to the lady next her, who did in like manner. Thus the shovel was passed from one lady to another until each lady had lifted her share of earth and put it into the cart. A crowd of bystanders cheered the ladies and encouraged them in the performance of their pleasant duty. The cart was not in keeping with the elegant shovel, being of the rough sort generally used in connection with the excavation of cellars.

The following details regarding the family of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the American gentleman who, it is still believed, will marry Lady Barrett-Coutts, are given by the *London World*: "On his father's side Mr. Bartlett comes of purely English descent, one of the oldest and best families of New England. The Bartletts of Massachusetts are equally well known in the United States as any of the older families are in England. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's ancestor, Capt. Bartlett, the name is variously spelled Bartelot, Bartelto, and Bartlett in the documents now existing in the Franklin Library—was one of the band of Puritan refugees that, landing on Plymouth Rock, in 1643, founded the colony. For two centuries and a half his descendants have filled prominent positions as lawyers, politicians, and soldiers."

An aged colored man living in an Illinois suburb of St. Louis had been praying for several months that he might be allowed to vote for Garfield. He was very feeble, and his friends had not thought it possible for him to live until election day; but on the 2nd of November he tottered to the polls, and stepping up to the window, gave his name. The ballot was received by the judges, duly marked and deposited in the box. Satisfying himself that his vote had been properly registered and disposed of the old man turned to go home, but before he had taken a dozen steps he suddenly reeled and fell. The bystanders, supposing that he had accidentally fallen, rushed to his assistance, but the first glance showed that he was dead. His one hope had been fulfilled, and he passed away peacefully, his fealty to his party strong even in death.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE LATE SIR FRANCIS LYCETT.

The following notes are copied from the *London Methodist Recorder*.

Sir Francis Lycett was a native of Worcester, born in 1808. We have, as yet, no precise account of his parentage and education. He was the son of a glove manufacturer, who probably was a member of the Methodist Society, was educated by Dr. Simpson, perhaps head master of Queen Elizabeth's free grammar-school, and afterwards entered his father's glove works. But for some years that staple of the city's trade had been in a condition of decline, and presented nothing adapted to stir the laudable ambition of an aspiring young man. In 1832, therefore, he accepted the invitation of Messrs Dent and Allcroft, one of whom was his brother-citizen, to undertake the management of the large establishment which that firm had opened in Friday-street, London. In the course of years his faithful and efficient services were rewarded with a share in the concern, from which in 1865 he retired upon an ample fortune. Two years later he received from the hands of the Queen the accolade, and never, it may be said, was that conferred upon a worthier knight. It was while he was serving in the joint office of sheriff that he attained this distinction, which he characteristically commemorated by the gift of a piece of land as the site of a new Methodist chapel in his native city.

It is somewhat remarkable that a gentleman so fit and so ready to serve any urban constituency as their representative in Parliament was not successful in gaining a seat. In the providence of God, however, he was evidently intended for a sphere more honourable, and also more useful, than that of being one of a numerous assembly in which nine-tenths of those who compose it, have little to do but to listen and vote. For who can doubt that the Father of the spirits of all flesh put it into his heart to devote a moiety, perhaps, of his wealth to the erection of half a hundred places in which the gospel should be preached among the millions of this enormous metropolis? He goes to the grave from one of the chapels which he may be said to have built, that in which, from its opening till his death he regularly worshipped. No one was more constantly in his pew, or more uniformly went from it up to the Lord's table. Few showed themselves more ready to appreciate those week-evening services, of which such as have cultivated the same habit often speak one to another as, if there be any difference, most conducive to what the old divines styled "soul prosperity."

Our space will not permit us to report all that William Arthur told his brethren about the closing scene.—When he was very near to the last—I believe it was in the last interview, for I was frequently obliged to leave the room—there came a remarkable strength of voice for a moment or two, and he repeated the whole of these lines:—

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide me safe home;
I'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

Very near the last moment he quoted what I do not remember hearing a dying man quote—

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying.
Even in the midst of one of his agonies, just as if he had been sitting side by side at the table in the Mission-house, he said—

"I ought to have thanked you for getting that cheque changed this morning." The last word he said to any human being was to his wife, who had gone through what doctors said they had never seen a wife go through in all their experience; he said to her—"You are an angel." I am not quite sure, but I think the last clear sentence he uttered was—

I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

A very little time before that he had said—

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to try your cross I cling.

For about the last twenty minutes his hand was in mine, and I felt it was parting from a friend with whom for seven and thirty years I had a close friendship, not only without a break, but literally, without a shade. When in the year 1849 my general health first very seriously gave way—so seriously that the doctors thought there was not very much prospect of its ever being any use, at least for any public purpose again—he insisted upon my going to his own house in Milner-square; and there I believe, I was for about five months. Under God, it was in all probability, due to the nursing in that house that I did recover so, as to be able to do something in public. And yet I could not help saying to myself immediately the scene was closed, though I felt I was parting with such a friend, "These moments were some of the happiest moments of my life." I do not know that I ever had happier; and I feel now that the work that God has wrought through Sir Francis Lycett ought not to lead us so much to say, "What a loss, what a loss!" as to lead us to look upon what God has given us through his instrumentality, and ask the Lord to glorify Himself in our friend's death more than in his life, and to make his death to us, and to the Church universally, the seed of many, many labourers, who shall do as much as he, and some a work as much greater as his was greater than that of others whom he followed in the same path.

SAVING FAITH

Dr. G. M. Steele, in his admirable sermon delivered at the late Lakewood Camp Meeting, very appropriately defined saving faith as consisting in one's surrendering himself to Christ as to allow Him, in every respect, to have absolutely his own way with him. This very forcibly reminded the writer of a bit of experience on the part of the late Dr. McClintock. The Dr. had fallen seriously ill at Paris, and being somewhat apprehensive as to results, he called for the services of an eminent physician. The latter appeared and, after a careful examination of his case, notified him that he was upon the point of a severe and, it was likely, a protracted fit of sickness, but he felt confident that if he should submit himself implicitly to his treatment, he could bring him safely through. The Doctor, of course, consented. "Very well, then," said the physician, "hand over your purse." The Doctor was startled. Was his medical attendant a highway robber? His faith for a moment was perplexed—was put to a somewhat severe test. No other alternative, however, seemed to remain to him. Accordingly his purse, watch, valuables, everything, went over into the hands of the physician; and then, quietly, peacefully, he composed himself for sickness and treatment. Presently he lapsed into a state of utter unconsciousness, in which he continued for many days, and during which he was brought down very near, indeed, to death's door. Thanks to a good constitution, however, and the faithfulness and skill of his physician, he was brought up, in due time, to perfect health and strength again.

What a striking illustration we have here of what we mean by saving faith. It means simply, absolutely to let go every earthly dependence—to surrender ourselves wholly into the hands of the Lord Jesus, and thus, as Dr. Steele so well said, allow Him to have absolutely His own way with us. And He, meantime, is the Great Physician indeed. He can heal not merely the body, but the soul as well. We can afford to trust Him. Who will not submit to Him?—*N. E. Methodist*.

CERTAIN CHRISTIANS IN 1880.

Perhaps certain persons in the Churches, whose names are on the roll of members and who appear at the communion table, are Christians. Let us hope that they are; that beneath all the rubbish of worldliness with which they have filled their hearts, there is still a true, although very weak faith in Jesus Christ and a love of God. But they are strange creatures, amazingly inconsistent.

On Sunday morning they have at their breakfast table a daily secular newspaper. As they sip their coffee they read and talk about stocks and bonds, politics, amusements, concerts, theaters, lectures, the last news from the British elections, society news, and everything that pertains to the make-up of an ordinary daily journal. The reading is continued between breakfast and Church-time. After Church the family is summoned to a most elaborate dinner; indeed, the most elaborate meal of the week. Then comes a doze, and a little more secular newspaper. The mind is occupied with the ordinary every-day pursuits of life, and is not calmed, rested, refreshed, strengthened, purified, and made glad by a quiet communion with God through his truth. At the fashionable hour the carriage is ordered, and a drive in the park is enjoyed. If it is in the season, a trip to Coney Island takes the place of the drive. Sabbath evening is given up to a musical display at home or at the house of a friend. It consists, professionally of sacred music, and is sacred in about the same degree as the listeners are religious. The e may be, usually, one or two Moody and Sankey hymns, and perhaps one or two familiar hymns and tunes for the sake of appearances, but the music of the evening is technical, classical, and presented to show off the attainments or the voice of a soloist. "They do this on Sunday evenings in Europe, you know, and it is quite the thing."

Monday morning dawns on a family unrested, as jaded as ever with worldliness, blasé, hungry for something exciting, and absolutely without the freshness, the vigor, and the composure of those who honor the Lord's day and keep it holy. Monday evening, this jaded, worldly Christian group go to the theatre. Tuesday evening, they are to be seen in the best seats at the opera. On Wednesday evening they entertain the club, which includes once a week in a card-party. Thursday evening is enlivened with a dance, at home or in the house of an acquaintance. And so this strange and feverish life goes on.

Are these people Christians? If they are, who are worldlings distinctively? What self-denial, what crucifixion of the body, what pressing on to the crown of life and glory, what fellowship with God, what hungering and thirsting after righteousness, what wrestling with principalities and powers and the god of this world, is there in the lives of such professors? Ought not the Church to warn, rebuke, and exhort them? Although they may be rich, although they put gifts in the place of service, although they enjoy social distinction, is the Church strengthened or commanded by their membership? The devotion of these doubtful Chris-

tians are purely formal. They read the Bible, if at all, coldly, thoughtlessly, and forgetfully. Their prayers are little better than the whirl of a wind-worked praying machine. They do not live in habitual dependence upon and habitual intercourse with the living and true God through Jesus Christ, the intercessor. They often become "liberal," semi-sceptical and loose in their opinions.

Are these persons Christians? Would it not be wise if they should ask themselves the question? Their example is certainly pernicious.

THE ITINERANCY ELSEWHERE.

The Philadelphia Times has the following editorial comments on a sermon delivered by Rev. N. G. Parke, before the Synod of Philadelphia at the recent session in that city:

In his sermon before the Synod of Philadelphia, the Rev. Mr. Parke touched on one of the principal difficulties of church management, and one the discussion of which was unfortunately omitted from the list at the late Presbyterian Council. This was the lack of provision of field of labor for ministers. Mr. Parke advocated a radical reform in the placing of the gentlemen whom the Presbyterian Church welcomes into her ministry. These men are urged and exhorted to become ministers, and are in many cases helped through their course of study in case they are too poor to pay their own way. Then they are set adrift with a vague sort of "God bless you," and bidden to find churches as they can. The very gifted or specially favored ones, or those who have ecclesiastical or family influence, or who stumble into streaks of what the world calls good luck, are they who receive the calls of the churches. Even by a majority of these successful ones a sort of scrub race has to be run, which is repulsive and humiliating to men of any delicacy of feeling. It is a solemn and unpleasant fact that for every decent Presbyterian church which is vacant and can pay a salary large enough for the most slender minister to live on, there are from a dozen to six dozen competing candidates before congregations to exhibit their graces in competitive examination. These men modestly stand aside and employ themselves in some quiet and honorable way. Thus in many cases the services of some of the best men are lost to the Church. While ministers go unemployed, churches go without pastors. Many churches will not take men who apply for the vacant pulpits but prefer to rob other churches of ministers already settled. The Presbyterian Church has often bewailed this state of affairs, but has never taken any action to meet it. Mr. Parke justly calls attention to the fact that, while all this exists the Church is continually adding to the ranks of the ministry hundreds of young men who must take a very slim chance of finding pastoral work and competent support. Synod cannot do better than to spend a session or two on the discussion of this, which is one of the most important questions now claiming the attention of the Church.

THROUGH TICKETS.

A man, starting on a journey, buys a through ticket, takes the car, and considers his part toward the accomplishment of the journey fully performed. In consideration of the money he has paid for the passage, he is carried to his destination with all due speed and safety. On his part there is to be no labor, no care, no looking out for danger; for all this is done for him by the employes of the railroad, as he is to pass the time as best he may, even to the extent of finding fault with the management of the train.

In like manner, men sometimes join the church as though it were a special train for heaven. They pay their pew-rent as they pay railroad fare, regarding it as an equivalent for passage. They seem to have no thought that more than this is required of them. They take no part in advancing the spiritual interests of the Church, or doing church-work, or laboring for the conversion of souls, or in regarding the peace and the unity of the brethren; but they do claim and exercise the right to find fault if the affairs of the Church are not managed according to their ideas of propriety, or if the pastor does not preach to suit their taste, or if they are not promoted to positions of prominence. They pay their annual pew-rent, observe somewhat of the outward forms of church membership, and think this will secure them a through-passage to heaven.

Such persons delude themselves. The church is no railroad train for heaven. No through-tickets can be purchased by the pew-rentals. There is no such thing as being "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," nor as being carried in any other way except by the forgiving mercy of God in Christ; and the sooner all men learn this fact the better for them, for the Church, and for the world. Even God's mercy in Christ will not save a man without his own co-operative action. Christian life is an intensely active life. It is full of duties to be done. It is made up of Christ-like spirit wrought into deeds. There is no place for idlers in the Church. He that doth the will of God alone shall enter heaven.—*M. E. Dunkham*.

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and he became very
recommended me to try
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happy to say the lame-
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edy in the market for
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feath, Sick Headache,
loss of Appetite, a seas-
after eating, a furred
to exercise of mind,
dizziness of vision, or
from Dyspepsia, try
They will give you
cents.

RE OF DROPSY

PLAINT.

B., March 10th, 1880.

gentleness—For over
From Dropsy and Liver
very low; could not
in the meantime I had
around, wherever I was
helped. But still I grew
depaired of; my neigh-
at any moment, when
me a phlegm, in which
fied. He gave me the
No. 2, and 3 LIFE
and No. 1 INVIGORA-
Nerve Ointment and
six bottles and six
cell; in ten weeks I was
and to-day weigh more
I am a wonder to my-
before I commenced
since. I do thank God
case. I can and have
medicine in all afflic-
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THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

BY FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.—Psalm xiv. 14.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour,
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoever befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through his word,
Watching that his voice may be
Clearly heard;
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen and to stay
Where you cannot miss his voice,
This is all! and this to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey;
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.

Just to take thy order straight
From the Master's own command,
Blessed day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect his love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new,
Just to recognize its light,
All enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All upholding.

Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away;
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training of the task
As he will;
Just to take the joy or pain
As he leads it;
Just to take the loss or gain
As He sends it.

He who formed thee for his praise,
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day, and all thy days,
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings;
Just to let Him take the care,
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and set the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

A DROVER'S EXPERIENCE.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away, upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we have not many neighbors, but those we have are good ones.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and drygoods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly; and she never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in a paper and tucked in under my arm, while I had parcels of calicoes and delaines, and tea and sugar, put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning; but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so anxiously expecting.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the wildest bit of road I knew of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain pelted in torrents, five miles, or may be six from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's cry. I stopped short and listened; I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see anything. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass; called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me, and then rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, and at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in men showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that piteous cry, and said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here to die."

I searched again. At last I thought of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that roaned and

sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and it came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart two minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him she said, 'it will kill him.'"

"What is it, neighbors? I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other I had picked up upon the dark drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and doll while her mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.—*Christian Woman.*

WHAT IS THE HARM?

I have heard many young people ask the question, "What is the harm in dancing?" and perhaps some of you may be asking the same question today. I would that I might answer it in such a way as to make you see and understand the danger that lies in the seemingly innocent pastime.

My dear young friends, you have listened to the call of the Saviour, accepted him as your atonement, and have felt a new, blessed love spring up in your heart. You have felt that you must come out from the world, and be numbered among God's people, and so have publicly consecrated yourself to the Lord; but when the first surprise and joy is over you find that the work of grace is not complete in your heart, do you not? There lingers a love of worldly pleasure, and you cling to it; you cherish it, questioning what can be the harm in mingling with the same gay companions in the social dance and other amusements.

Let me ask you a few questions, and will you not candidly consider them, and let your best judgment answer? Do you find that these things tend to draw you nearer to the Saviour? Are you daily growing in Christian grace, and in the knowledge and love of God? Do you think that you can take Christ with you into the ball room? and is it any place for the Christian where his presence is not desired? Do these things help you? If not, they must hinder. And even if you can do it without harm to yourself, which I do not believe, think of the influence it may have on unconverted ones. Perhaps you have some friend whom you would see on the heavenly road; perhaps you have been conversing with that one, and trying to persuade him to accept Christ. Do you think he should meet you next in the dance room the gayest of the gay, perhaps? Would your influence over him for good be deepened by it?

I know of a young lady who, at one time was seriously concerned for her soul's welfare, and was seeking the way of salvation. About the same time the young people of the place commenced a series of dances, to which she was invited, and which she attended. What was its influence upon her? There were several professed Christians—church members—among the number; and led on by their example, and her own love of dancing, she recklessly gave herself up to the pleasures of the season, cast aside the convictions of her soul, turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of her conscience, and to-day she is drifting on the sea of life, with no anchor for her sin-tossed soul. Would you stand in the place of one of those young Christians? And yet you may, by your example, be a stumbling block in the way of some soul. Oh, my dear friends, I would that I might make you see the evil of indulging in these worldly pursuits, as I have seen it!

It draws us away from God, and destroys our relish for purer, holier things. It is of the world, worldly; and are we not told, "Be not conformed to this world," but "come ye out, and be ye separate from the world," being "in the world, but not of the world?"

Does the "world" think the better of us for it? Nay, verily, they look with scorn and contempt upon the inconsistency of such an one—seeking to serve the world and Christ. Ye can not do it—can not serve God and mammon. If we are to serve the Lord, let

us do it with our whole souls; if the world, then let us give our energies to its service. Do not let us be half-way Christians.

Do you realize in any measure what your Saviour has given up for you? and will you not for the sake of Christ, whom you profess to serve, lay yourself at his feet, and give up all—even this?

DIPLOMACY AS A PROFESSION.

Mr. H. S. Northcote, M. P., opened the winter session of the Exeter Literary Society with an interesting lecture on "Diplomacy as a Profession." The true function of a great diplomatist, he said, was to prevent the occurrence of any great question of quarrel. It was his business, being on the spot, to observe when the question threatened to come to a quarrel, and to prevent that quarrel breaking out; he had to avoid the creation of mole hills into mountains; and for that purpose the presence on the spot of a man who had seen the origin of a quarrel, who knew local feeling and opinion, and knew whether the quarrel was a real or a sham one—the presence at a Court of such a man was of incomparably superior value to the presence of the ablest European statesman who had not the same local knowledge. Discretion and reticence undoubtedly were qualities of the first importance.

How to hold his tongue was the diplomatist's first lesson. He would also have occasionally to make a little knowledge go a long way, in which he would not be very singular. But he had never known a case in which a lie did the smallest permanent good. If a man of high moral character were to stoop to use a lie he might obtain a temporary advantage, but his credit and reputation, and his chances of future usefulness, would be ruined. Therefore, on the simple ground of self-interest, a diplomatist, like other men, although he might occasionally hold his tongue and not say all he knew, would always find it the best plan never to say one word that was not strictly and absolutely true.

He defended the service from the charge that it was a "close preserve for the younger members of the aristocracy," by showing that only men with large private fortunes could afford to adopt the profession. A junior secretary, after working two years for nothing, was paid \$750 a year. After four or five years' additional service he became a second secretary with \$1,500 a year, and at the end of twenty years he might be made a secretary of legation or embassy, with \$3,500 a year—just enough for a single man to live on. If the country could get men of ability and intellect to serve it on these terms he did not think that the bargain was a bad one—on the side of the country. After ten years' additional service the diplomatist might at last be made a Minister, with from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year; but after thirty years' service in exile, the prize was not an extravagant one, especially when they reflected that a Minister at a foreign court was supposed to keep "open house" for his countrymen.—*London Times.*

FARM LIFE.

There is a vast amount of sense in the following. Listen:

"On a recent Sunday evening the Rev. Washington Gladien had a talk with the boys of Springfield, Mass. By way of preparation he sent out a circular to one hundred of the most conspicuous business men, inquiring about their homes during the first years of their lives. He received eighty-eight answers, and of these seventy-four replied that they had the training of a farm life. It is a hard life, but it is an independent life; it is favorable to religious growth and a cultivation of Christian graces; and what is of less consequence—it is the coming aristocratic 'profession' of the country. Corporations fail, manufacturing becomes dull, store-keepers cease to do business, and the hum of the factory is stilled; stocks go down and the banking houses close; but throughout panic and disaster the earth yields its fruits to the frugal and industrious laborer. There is a narrow tendency manifested by those engaged in professional life to undervalue the importance of life on a farm; it is considered a half-alive and dead sort of existence, but what can be dearer than the impecunious, hard-worked clerkships in the city, with exacting duties and little or no time for leisure or recreation? The hope of the country next to religion, lies in its small farms, and consequently in bringing up the rising generation to work the farm. Two remarks in conclusion: We have enough high schools and colleges—it is better to strengthen those that remain than to establish new ones, save in a new country; secondly, bring up your children with just ideas of the independence, the resources, the utility of life on a farm. Farm life means hard work, but there is always time for rest and recreation, such as is offered by no other occupation. If we could turn half our lawyers, doctors, clerks, and some ministers into farmers, the country would be the gainer every year.—*Dirigo Rural.*

"GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT GREAT GAIN."

"It is no use talking to me," said a lady to a friend who was urging upon her the duty of contentment with her lot in life; "just see how I have to live in this dingy, dirty street, in this mite of a house, and even this, small as it is, not half furnished. Don't talk to me about going to church and social gatherings; I've got nothing decent to wear, indeed I have not. I should be ashamed to be seen beside my sisters, and you even, kind as you are to call on me and try to get me out, would not like to introduce me as 'your friend.' Thinking how it used to be, and how it is now, comparing my situation with sister Mary's and sister Jane's; is it any wonder that I am discouraged and have lost all ambition? No, I do not think myself to blame; I can not help it, and it's no use to try."

This was a very discouraging case to deal with, but the Christian friend who had searched her out, and called upon her, was not easily discouraged. She had the best of reasons to hope and work, for her heart was strongly drawn toward her, both in sympathy and earnest prayer, and she believed God would answer the prayer he himself inspired. So she labored on, calling often, saying pleasant, cheering words when such seemed to be specially needed, at another urging upon her the claims of Christ, and her great need of having him as her friend and advocate. At last her reward came. Going to the little home one day, what a change was there! Christ had entered in and made the place glorious.

"Oh, my friend," said the now joyful woman, "I can not tell you how happy I am! My home is so comfortable, my husband so very kind and thoughtful; how dreadfully I must have tried him with my fretful complaining. See how my plants are thriving, and how the sun shines into my kitchen in the morning, and how pleasant my little parlor is in the afternoon! Why, it seems as if I had gained everything with Christ! A new heart, a new home, new eyes and new ears!" Yes, contentment came with godliness, and was indeed great gain.—*Selected.*

STORY OF AN ICEBERG.

The following wonderful story of the iceberg comes in connection with the terrible narrative of Captain Hall's expedition in the "Polaris":

One more effort was made to reach the Polar Sea. When that failed, the "Polaris" started for home. A few days later (in August, 1878) she was beset with ice and drifted to latitude 77 degrees and 35 minutes. Here a portion of the crew left her. There seems to be a suspicion that they deserted, but according to their own story they were employed getting provisions out upon the ice, in expectation that the ship must go to pieces in a gale, when the ice broke up and the Polaris was driven from her moorings and disappeared in the darkness. It is a wonderful story of the nineteen persons left on the ice which the telegraph brought out at the time. For more than six months they drifted southward through the Arctic night. Occasionally they launched the boats—they had with them, and tried to pull toward the Greenland coast, but they were driven back to the floe. A portion of their provisions had been saved, and they eked them out by killing occasionally a seal or a few birds. Snow huts gave them a little shelter. The fat of the seals fed the fires and lights. The ice upon which they floated was five miles in circumference when they parted from the ship on the 16th of October. It was reduced in April to a little fragment of twenty yards in diameter, when they were picked up by the Tigriss, forty miles from the coast of Labrador. How terrible this icy voyage had been we may imagine by a glance at the map. They were driven from a ship far up Baffin's Bay, somewhere near the entrance of Lancaster Sound. They were rescued well out in the open ocean, about the latitude of Liverpool. Of the fate of the Polaris, in which were Captain Fuddington, chief navigating officer, and thirteen others, nothing yet is known.

THE BEST PROFESSION.

There is many a Christian student now in our colleges who, if he will deign to enter the "high calling" of a laborer for souls, will keep a hundred thanksgiving days for having chosen the better part. The more a minister loves his work the more he enjoys it. We see the sad and depraved sides, and we are kept in contact with the most rich and soul-elevating truths in the universe. Yes, we are brought into the daily fellowship of the Divine Teacher, the Elder Brother, the Holy Comforter. Jesus comes to us in our studies. His countenance shines on our Bibles. He glorifies by his smile the humblest cabin in which a frontier missionary is preparing his message of heavenly love. To save a soul is a luxury Gabriel might covet. "Your heaven is two heavens to me," said Rutherford to his spiritual children whom he had led to the Saviour.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

The Rev. Dr. Deems relates the following story as illustrating the exhortation "Let your light so shine." He says that the Rev. Mr. Compton, an earnest English preacher at Boulogne, on a voyage to India, sat one dark evening in his cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and he was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of a "man overboard" made him spring to his feet. He heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest he should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. "What can I do?" he asked himself, and instantly unhooking his lamp he held it near the top of his cabin and close to the bull's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time he heard the joyful cry, "It's all right, he's safe," upon which he put his lamp in its place. The next day, however he was told that his little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Dear brother, put your light where it will shine beyond your own little cabin.

When the by-law for abolishing "Shops" or grocers' licenses in Canada was being discussed in this town, preparatory to taking the vote which resulted in its adoption, much stress was laid by those dealers upon there being no provision for compensation. This was evidently having weight at a public meeting called to discuss the question at issue, when a white haired Methodist minister arose and asked, "Who is to compensate the widows and orphans, or the parents made childless by the traffic? Who is to compensate me for my blue-eyed boy?" That settled the question.—*Church of England-Mag.*

Our Young Folks.

CHILDREN CAN SERVE CHRIST.

The boy that carried the five loaves and two fishes was of some service to the benevolent and wonder-working Saviour.

A little boy once said to his mother "I should like to have lived in the time of our Saviour that I might have done something for Him."

His mother smiled, and said: "What could a child of your years have done for Him to prove your good-will?" The little boy thought a moment, and then said: "I would run everywhere doing His errands."

Now this boy could still serve Christ by giving his little savings to translate, print and circulate Bibles and Testaments. The Lord Jesus could still see him do it and still remember all he did for heathen boys and girls.

LITTLE MATTIE.

She was about four years old when I first knew her. A broad forehead, large blue eyes, straight nose, a sweet, quivering mouth, and a skin so transparent that you felt you could look through and see the soul, of which you caught a glimpse in the eyes.

Poor little Mattie had a drunken father. Her mother went out washing and working to support the family, and her brother and eldest sister (for there were seven children) worked in a mill, when the owner could find anything for children to do. Many a time, when out of work, they went to bed without having eaten anything the whole day.

When Mattie's father had been drinking, he would come home and beat his children cruelly. After awhile he was taken ill, and the doctor said he would not get well. He was ill for months and her mother had to stay home and nurse him; so she could not earn money. What her brother and sister earned had to be taken to buy her father medicine. There came a time when the children had been a week without anything to eat, and Mattie, dear little Mattie, cried piteously, "Mamma, Mattie wants some bread, Mattie's so hungry!" The mother, who had sorrowed over her starving children, could not withstand this plaint, and went to a neighbor's to ask for food.

The father died and was buried, and their mother went diligently to work. But it was too late. Mattie, the fair, frail little flower, drooped and faded. Starvation had done its work. "The doctors said she hadn't enough to eat," as her sister mournfully said in relating it. Five years old, and started to death! Think of that, children in your comfortable homes. Little Mattie has slept under a grass-covered mound for five years, but there are thousands like her around you, probably at your very door. "Too proud to beg, too honest to steal," their mothers would be glad to get work.

Children, will you not save the piece of bread you throw away, or wastefully crumb up at the table, to give to such? And at night when you kneel by your mothers to pray, after thanking God for your comfortable homes, ask a blessing for the dear little children whose mothers have no bread to give them.—*MARY F. LATHROP in Christian at Work.*

LESSON VIII.—

JACOB AND PHAROAH

LESSON VIII.—
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Sunday School Lesson.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 28, 1880

JACOB AND PHARAOH.—Gen. xlvii. 1-12.

LESSON-PLAN.

I. Joseph's Reception to his Family.—His meeting with his father is recorded in graphic terms in the previous chapter (v. 29, 30). His outburst of feeling shows the tender affection he had cherished towards his father during all these years of separation. But he was equally glad to receive his brethren, and the whole narrative shows that he treated them with every possible respect and consideration. He was not ashamed of his relatives. They were very humble people compared with his own position, and very rough, uncultured people compared with those with whom he was in constant association; but he did not keep them out of sight, and charge them to say nothing about their being relations of his. He brought them prominently before Pharaoh's attention, and presented some of them, as well as his aged father, to the king, with all due formality. This shows the nobility of Joseph's character. Let us follow his example. Young men sometimes leave the country, and go to London, or some large town, and get on in life, until their associations and surroundings are very different from those of their early life, and those in which their nearest relatives are still found; do they always act like Joseph did when their humble friends from the country call to see them? We are afraid not. But it is a sign of a weak and an unworthy character to do otherwise. It is a false and foolish pride to be ashamed of a humble origin or of humble friends. Never let any of us be guilty of the meanness of despising or slighting our relations or our old friends, because they are poorer, humbler, worse clad, or less educated than ourselves. Joseph was governor of all Egypt—the centre of wealth, civilization and culture in those days—but he was not ashamed to avow that he was the son and brother of simple shepherds from Canaan, and to present them as such, taking pains to make the facts prominent in Pharaoh's court.

II. Pharaoh's Reception of them.—It was what might have been expected from a good and wise king, as this Pharaoh evidently was. He had found in Joseph a prime minister possessing the most distinguished talents combined with the most perfect integrity and sterling worth, and what did it matter how humble his origin was? He was the more to be honored for that; and his relatives were to be honored for his sake. That was no doubt the way the king reasoned; for that was the principle on which he acted. But more than that, he owed a debt of deep gratitude to Joseph, the preserver of his country—a debt which he could never repay—but here was an opportunity of doing something towards it; and so the king felt that the best of the land was not too good for Joseph's relatives, and he acted accordingly. But Pharaoh took his sons from Joseph. Had Joseph not shown how much he cared for his father and brethren, Pharaoh would not have cared for them; had Joseph despised or slighted them, Pharaoh would have done the same. Let us learn that if we would have our friends respected by others, we must respect them ourselves.

III. The interview between Jacob and Pharaoh.—Jacob's appearance was no doubt very venerable. The Egyptians, dwelling in a low, unhealthy country, and leading soft, luxurious lives, did not live to such an age as the hardy races of the bracing hill-countries in western Asia; and probably Pharaoh had never seen so old a man. This led him to ask, "How old art thou?" Jacob's language in reply is very striking. He calls his life a pilgrimage—speaks of years as days, indicating his sense of their brevity—says that his days had been few, and that they had been evil, alluding to the great trials which we know he had experienced. His words are in exact keeping with the character which God led Abraham, Isaac, and himself to assume and maintain—pilgrims sojourners, seeking a better country—and they correspond fully to the description of the patriarchs given us in the New Testament (Heb. xi. 13). The aged patriarch pronounced a benediction on the king both on entering and leaving, which Pharaoh seems to have graciously accepted. It is an impressive and striking scene, full of pathos, and very suggestive of the honour in which old age should be held by us. "The king looked upon Jacob with respect, and awe. There was more than the dignified countenance of true royalty—more than the warm friendliness felt Joseph's father, in the look that Pharaoh bent upon the man before him, whose head was silvered with the sorrows, whose face was furrowed with the wrinkles of more than one hundred years; there was the veneration which all true-hearted men feel for the bonage and there was the majesty of the rank—paid simply to the gratitude felt for many more than the gratitude felt for Jacob bent upon Pharaoh; there was the profound respect and admiration for a prince so unenvied, so commanding, so affectionate, so boundlessly generous, as this Pharaoh had shown himself to be."—Dr. W. Hanna.

IV. The Settlement in Goshen.—Joseph did not rest content with paying his father and brethren every possible respect, and taking care that others did so. He busied himself about their affairs, and took pains to see them comfortably settled in their new home. And then he nourished them supplied all their wants out of the abundance of Egypt, as he had received permission to do. Truly he was a devoted son and an affectionate brother. He furnishes us with an almost perfect example of filial piety and fraternal affection. Let us endeavor to follow it. What a sad and painful thing it is, sometimes, to see sons who have grown rich and prosperous, failing to provide for the comfort of their

aged parents, or to promote the welfare of needy brothers and sisters. Let us take care never to come under such a reproach. Let us be kind and helpful to all; but especially our own, who have the strongest claims upon us.

The House and Farm

Clean oilcloths with milk and water: a brush and soap will ruin them.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water.

When anything is accidentally made too salt, it can be counteracted by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar.

Housekeepers should know that a small piece of paper or linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a chest of drawers or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times a year, is a preservative against moths.

For lemonade that will keep for months, make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a pint of water, and add to it an ounce of tartaric acid and the juice of two lemons. Then strain it off and put it in a bottle, and when it is wanted allow three table-spoonfuls to a quart of water, or more if it is liked stronger.

For oatmeal breakfast cake, take one pint of oatmeal, a pinch of salt, and just warm water enough to stir up into a batter. Pour it into a shallow baking-pan, and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven; or bake it in small cakes on the griddle-iron, first putting in a handful of wheaten-flour and a little more water. The cold porridge will also make delicious griddle-cakes.

Bran is a fertilizer. A series of experiments have demonstrated that bran possesses peculiarly valuable qualities as a fertilizer; in fact, it is claimed to be superior to guano, bone dust, land-plasters, etc. About one-half ton to the acre, applied once in three or four years, is said to be sufficient, while the yield is prodigiously increased. This would make it a comparatively cheap dressing.

An old teamster says he has never had a case of the galls upon his horses, where the following preventive was adopted, namely, to rub the collars inside, every few days, with a little neatfoot oil, and the moment any dirt is found sticking like wax to wash it off with warm soap and then oil. A yoke from oxen, or a collar from a horse, should not be moved when brought into the stable from work, until sweat is entirely dry, and all chafed spots should be oiled.

Dr. Cutter says that the increase of nervous diseases, decaying teeth, premature baldness, and general lack of muscular and bone strength are greatly due to the impoverished quality of flour now in use, the gluten being thrown away in order to make the flour white. He urges the use of unbolting flour and of eggs, milk and butter. He denies that fish is brain food, or that Agassiz ever said it was, and claims that butter, being nearly all fat, is a better kind of brain food than any other.

A breeder of poultry says: "Farmers will feed a bushel of corn to produce six pounds of pork, while the same amount of corn will keep a good laying hen one year, and she will produce at least twelve dozen eggs averaging eighteen cents per dozen, which would equal two dollars and sixteen cents; in addition she would rear a brood of chicks worth as much more, making a total of nearly five dollars, against six pounds of pork at ten cents, equalling sixty cents; or, in other words, the hen will yield seven times as much for the feed."

Fire is the best disinfectant and prophylactic of disease, easy of use and cheap. Build your fires, and raise your windows, and make the house in every part pure and healthful. Many make the mistake that fire is only useful to warm the body when cold, or to do the necessary cooking of the family—when it is one of the best agents to purify and make impossible every form of zymotic diseases known to the profession. Houses at this season should be warmed morning and evening and the cost of the fuel will be saved in the doctor's bill.

Many trees are lost every year for want of a little care at the proper time. Many young trees are destroyed by rabbits, and many almost every winter by the heat of the sun in warm days towards spring. Frequently the rays of the sun, shining on the south side of the trees, will take out the frost, and if near spring, will start the sap, and probably in a day or two it will turn very cold. This sudden thawing and freezing will cause the bark to crack up, and perhaps peel off the next summer, and very frequently kill or cripple the tree. A preventive is to take what is called "straw board," or the thick paper used under the ceiling in building houses, or to take tin, basswood or hemlock bark, and put around the body of the tree, so it will keep the sun from taking the frost out. When setting trees they should be marked, so that the side of the tree that stood to the north in the nursery is set to the north when put in the orchard. This will also save many trees.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

THE BEST.—Of all the family medicines in use there is none to equal GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR. It is the most gentle in its action, and the most effectual in use. It does not contain Opium, Ether, or Chloroform to destroy the sensibility and injure the nerves, nor any Cayenne Pepper, Potash, or Ammonia to burn or blister, as found in so many others that depend on causing so much smart that the sufferer does not feel the original pain. The Pain Eradicator is a purely vegetable Soothing, Healing, Balsamic Magnetic Oil that effectually reduces inflammation and allays irritation of the nerves. Its superiority is evident from the fact it has effectually cured hundreds of cases of Rheumatism, many of whom had suffered for more than twenty years previous to using it; a thing not accomplished by any other medicine. It is equally good for other forms of aches and pains.

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Having been Pioneers in introducing and advocating their use in place of the MISERABLE TRASH very commonly sold in these Provinces as Ground Spices. We were the FIRST, and for many years the ONLY packers of really Genuine Ground Spices in Halifax, and with little or no advertising Avery Brown & Co's

Unadulterated Ground Spices have come to be recognized in most parts of Nova Scotia as THE BEST.

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Still, while most grinders profess to supply Pure Spices, they also offer several inferior grades, thus admitting that they practice adulteration. The recent reports of the analysis of Spices and Foods, by the Inspectors appointed by the Dominion Government, have thrown fresh light upon the enormous extent of the adulteration practiced upon Spices. Reference to these reports will show that

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have invariably stood the test, and been reported

Absolutely Pure Spice.

The only excuse for the adulteration of Spices is that the price is thus reduced; but this really only benefits the dealer at the expense of the consumer. In reality as the value of Spice depends only on its Strength and Flavor

The Best is always the Cheapest.

Our sale of Pure Spices has increased to a very gratifying extent, and as we purchase the whole Spices in large quantities in the best markets of the world, we are enabled to offer our Genuine Spices at little, if anything, higher prices than are demanded for inferior goods of other brands. Be it understood, however, that we will never sacrifice the QUALITY of our goods to the rage for CHEAPNESS, but will always maintain the standard of purity which has given our brand of Ground Spice the preference wherever it is known.

Our Spices are ground by Steam Power, on our own premises, packed in tinfoil packets of 2 ounce and quarter pound, FULL WEIGHT, and labeled with OUR NAME. They may be had of all the leading retail grocers throughout the Maritime Provinces. We request the favor of a TRIAL of them by any who have not already used them, convinced that their own merits will secure their continuous use.

- Ground Allspice, Ground Cinnamon, Ground Cloves, Ground Ginger, Ground Pepper, Mixed Spices.

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THIS SEASON

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In the Maritime Provinces.

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CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

IS A FACT ATTESTED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN THE WORLD.

A careful observance of the laws of health, and the systematic and persistent use of SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA will accomplish this result. This preparation has all the virtues of these two most valuable specifics, in a form perfectly palatable, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach, and we make the unqualified statement that SCOTT'S EMULSION is being used with better results, and endorsed and prescribed by more physicians for Consumption—and the diseases leading to it, Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis, Scrophula, Anæmia, General Debility and the Wasting Disorders of children, than any other remedy known in medical science. The rapidity with which patients improve on this food medicine diet, is truly marvelous.

SEE WHAT PHYSICIANS AND THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.

Messrs. Scott & Bowne: 66 West Thirty-sixth street, New York, Sept. 2, 1876. GENTS—I have frequently prescribed SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES during the past year, and regard it as a valuable preparation in scrofulous and consumptive conditions, plethoric and effluviolous. C. C. LOCKWOOD, M.D.

Messrs. Scott & Bowne—Gentlemen—Within the last year I have used in my own family, or in my private practice prescribed very extensively SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES and found it a most valuable preparation, especially in diseases of children. It is agreeable to the most delicate stomach; which renders it a very reliable agent as a nutritive remedy in consumptive and scrofulous cases. October 12, 1879. Yours respectfully, A. H. SEXTON, M.D. Baltimore.

Messrs. Scott & Bowne—Gentlemen—Within the last two months I have fairly tried SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES, and I candidly declare that it is the finest preparation of the kind that has ever been brought to my notice; in affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we consider it our most reliable agent, in a perfectly elegant and agreeable form. December 10th, 1878. Very truly J. SIMONAUD, M.D. New Orleans, La.

Messrs. Scott & Bowne—Gentlemen—In September 1877, my health began to fail and my physician pronounced spinal trouble; under his care I got some relief from pain, but my general health did not improve, and early in the winter, I began to raise blood and rapidly grow worse. In May last I was taken with a violent bleeding which brought me to my bed and my life was despaired of for many weeks; violent symptoms appeared, night and morning coughs, night sweats, short breath, and a return of the spinal trouble. My physician stopped the bleeding, and then ordered Cod Liver Oil and Lime: and I used various preparations, but they did me no good. I lost all hope of life, and was an object of pity to all my friends. Last September I purchased a bottle of your Emulsion, before it was all taken I was better. I then bought a dozen bottles and have taken all with the following results: Cough subsiding, night sweats stopped, appetite returned, pains in spine disappeared, strength returning, and my weight increased from 115 to 140 pounds in six weeks. I have taken no other medicine since commencing with your Emulsion and shall continue its use until I am perfectly well. I frequently meet some friend on the street who asks, what cured you and I answer SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, &c. I have a friend who has not spoken aloud for 15 months and he is getting better. I gave him a bottle, and he bought two more, then got a dozen and says that it is food and medicine for him. He was given up to die a year ago; but he is improving now wonderfully. My recovery is exciting the surprise of many people, and I shall do all I can to make known your valuable medicine. Very truly yours, H. F. SLOCUM, Lowell, Mass.

About the 25th of last April I got a bottle of your Emulsion, and at that time I was so prostrated that no one who saw me thought I could live but a few days at most. I could retain nothing on my stomach and was literally starving. I commenced the use of the Emulsion in small doses; it was the first thing that would stay on my stomach; I continued its use, gradually increasing the dose; and from that hour I commenced mending, and now am able to ride and walk and am gaining flesh and strength rapidly. I have advised other parties to try it, and some two or three have already tried it. I am sure I shall entirely recover. I am yours For Sale by all Druggists at \$1 per bottle. R. W. HAMILTON, M.D.

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CORNER GRANVILLE AND SACKVILLE STREETS.

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Feb 6-ly

SHINE.

elates the following the exhortation shine." H. Compton, at Boulogne, one dark evening thoroughly un- fast, and he Suddenly the made him heard a tramp not to go on here with the ve the poor ?" he asked unhooking his pp of his cabin window, that e sea, and as e. In half e joyful cry, upon which e. The next that his little of saving the by the timely him that the brown so as to

light where it a little cabin. or abolishing ses in Canada his town, pre- which re- ch stress was n there being at a public the question red Methodist "Who is to nd orphans, or ss by the traf- ate me for my t settled the land Mag.

oiks. EVE CHRIST. the five leaves me service to onder-working

to his mother ved in the time ght have done ad said: your years have our good-will?" ght a moment, here doing His

ill serve Christ ags to translate, dies and Testa- could still see mber all he did rils.

TIE. years old when I road forehead, e nose, a sweet, skin so trans- ou could look l, of which you eyes.

and a drunken out washing the family, and sister (for there rked in a mill, nd anything for a time, when to bed without the whole day. had been drink- ne and beat his ill for months stay home and not earn mon- and sister earn ay her father a time when the e without any- tie, dear little. Mattie's so hun- had sorrowed ren, could not no went to a ad.

was buried, and gently to work. Mattie, the fair, ped and faded. is work. "The enough to eat," ly said in relat- ed, and starved to children in your Little Mattie has ved mound for re thousands like bly at your very beg. too honest s would be glad

not save the piece way, or wastefully , to give to such ? ou kneel by your r thanking God for nes, ask a blessing dren whose moth- give them.—MARY an at Work.

THE WESLEYAN.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1880.

HEAVENWARD.

Broad black lines on the editorial pages of our English Methodist exchanges arrested our attention as we tore off their wrappers on Monday morning. In a moment we learned of the double bereavement sustained by our fathers and brethren at home, in the death of a well-known Methodist minister, and a Methodist layman of perhaps equal renown.

The first of the two to exchange earth for heaven, was Sir Francis Lyett. His death was a surprise to many, for, although nearly seventy-seven years of age, he had so maintained his health by regular and temperate habits, that few suspected him to have passed three score and ten. Sir Francis had gone to London poor, but by industry and perseverance, combined with energy and will, had won for himself a high position among the citizens of the immense metropolis. While serving in the office of Sheriff he received his knighthood. Methodism owes much to his enterprise and munificence, and to that tact by which he bound others to maintain the course of aggression in which he led them. For a number of years his name has been foremost in the list of those engaged in the great movement for the erection of Methodist churches in London. If ever, in the somewhat dogmatic spirit of men who have fought their way up, he pointed out duty to others, he also said "Come" in the most emphatic mode—that of example. But a few days before his death, Methodist journals announced an additional gift from him of £5,000 towards the erection of ten new metropolitan Methodist churches. Even Christian service, as all Christian workers know, has its dangers, which sometimes illustrate the vision of the immortal dreamer, who saw "a way to hell close by the gates of heaven." Happily, Sir Francis avoided these, and while building temples did not, like some of old, "forget his Maker." The secret of this fact doubtless lay, in part, in his regard for, and attendance at, those week-evening services which, in greater degree than many suppose, tend to "soul-profit." His last illness, short and painful, terminated on Friday, the 29th ult., when he passed peacefully to his reward. In another column we copy part of a sketch of his life from the *Methodist Recorder*, and an account of his latest moments, as given by Rev. William Arthur to his brethren, assembled in Convention at City Road Chapel. Through these we hope to impress our young Methodist brethren with two important facts—that an energetic business career need prove no hindrance to a Christian life, and that well-used wealth, and fulness of home-comforts do not, in Christian experience,—to use Johnson's phrase to Garrick—"make a death-bed terrible."

Just after William Arthur had told the story of Sir Francis Lyett's departure, the President of the Conference announced, what many of his hearers already knew, the death of Samuel Coley, late Theological Tutor at Headingley, which took place on Saturday, the 30th ult. "Very peacefully, though somewhat suddenly," said Mr. Jenkins, "that spirit so gifted, and leaving the fruits of labor which will not die for many years, passed away." Mr. Coley had only reached the age of fifty-five. In his life and that of his lay-brother, who preceded him heavenward, there were parallel lines. Both worked their way up from comparatively humble positions, and both became prominent in Christian work; the one devoting his intellectual gifts to the preaching of the Gospel, the other his financial and administrative ability to the provision of places for the publication of that Gospel. As the *Methodist* remarks: "The quaint preacher originated many a train of thought which retentive memories will reproduce, and has added to the literature of his Church a biography which will have its place and its influence for many years; and the chapel-building knight has left his

name literally inscribed on many a sacred house, and has practically given existence to a department of Methodism which is fraught with immense aggressive force." A happy illustration, we may add, of that spiritual power which takes consecrated souls, sanctifies their peculiar faculties, and uses them in those "diversities of operation" which have a common end.

To most of our readers, Samuel Coley is known by repute; to a few of them by the seeing of the eye and the hearing of the ear. His style, William Arthur once remarked, was essentially "Coleyian," as those who have read his "Life of Thomas Collins," and have also heard him in English pulpits, or at the General Conference at Montreal in 1878, will have observed. For "neatness of style, for facility of illustration, and for suggestiveness of exposition," he had few superiors in the pulpit.

If we remember right, Mr. Coley's health failed soon after his visit to Canada. After that period he did little in the pulpit, or at Headingley. His brethren who had already honored him evidently intended to do him greater honor, but declining health quite unfitted him for the duties of the Presidential chair. The lessons of his life, when told as they doubtless will be, must be rich in encouragement to the young minister struggling upward and onward.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK—CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

The members of the Committee to whom, in 1874, was entrusted the preparation of the new "Book of Praise" for Methodist Churches in the Dominion of Canada, have reason to find pleasure in the reception accorded to the book now published. The editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* has been looking through it, and giving his impressions to the public through that paper. He says of it:

The Methodist with this book in his hands has undoubtedly one of the richest, purest, and best collections in the language. He will meet with the new as well as the old. He will find the very best of all that the Wesleys wrote, and such hymns as "God moves in a mysterious way," "Brief life is here our portion," and a great variety of the best hymns by Newton, Cowper, Montgomery, Bonar, &c.

Respecting the absence of some hymns, which have long held a place in the old collection, he remarks:

The great bulk of the book is identical with the old collection, and is dominantly "Wesleyan"; but some 300 newer hymns are added—hymns such as are used in all the Churches. The revision of the old collection is highly conservative, as was to be expected under the circumstances. We venture to think that the next revisors will omit and trench with a much freer hand. All Charles Wesley's hymns are admirable; but a very considerable number even of those in the new collection will seldom if ever be used in public worship. So at least we judge. The Methodists in the United States have cut far more deeply into the old collection than our Canadian brethren have done.

A comparison of the size of our new book with those in use in Presbyterian Churches, including the Hymnal now being introduced, leads to this statement:

As we have said, the Methodist Hymn-book contains 954 hymns. It would not probably be quite so large had not the Committee to deal with a venerable and beloved legacy from the past. But large as it is, the present authorized Psalmody of the Presbyterian Church is only a little behind in bulk. We have now 14 Psalms in Metre, equal to at least 350 hymns. We have 67 paraphrases equal to at least 150; and then the new Hymnal with its 360,—making the total of, say, 850.

In reference to the sale of the new book the *Christian Guardian* remarks:

There will evidently be no need to solicit orders for the new Hymn-book for some time to come. Every mail brings orders from east and west. Two Montreal churches have, we believe, already introduced the book. No doubt the cities and towns will lead off, and the country congregations will not be far behind. In the olden time, the Hymn-books were supplied to the people solely by the agency of the itinerant ministers; and even now, on the great majority of circuits, congregations will be supplied through the same agency. The Special Committee on the Publication of the Hymn-book did not deem it expedient to exclude the book trade from participating in the advantages of distribution; though from the peculiar character of the demand, the Book Steward is not dependent on the trade, as in the case of ordinary books. The people will be sure to get the book, through some channel.

The Special Committee of the Nova Scotia Conference, assembled last week in Windsor, after some conversation upon the new Hymn-book, reached these conclusions:

1. In view of General Conference action and authorization, and of the impossibility of obtaining any further supply of the former book, now no longer published in England, it is considered that business arrangements should at once be made for the immediate and general introduction of the Hymn-book, prepared and published under direction of the authorities of the Church.
2. The commencement of the year 1881 is

recommended as a suitable date for effecting this important and necessary change in our Church-psalmody. But, for the purpose of avoiding, as far as possible, any confusion through such a change, we also recommend that due deference be paid to the judgment of official boards and congregations concerned; and that, in Sabbath and social services, the numbers of hymns be announced from both books, until families generally shall have become supplied with that just published.

THE STELLARTON HORROR.

The terrible accident which took place on Friday last in the Foord Pit of the Halifax Mining Company at Stellarton will not soon be forgotten. Attention was fixed upon that fatal spot a month ago by a discharge of water from old works which cost the lives of six persons; this time, through the agency of fire, a far greater destruction of life, and also of property, has taken place.

Down in the depths of the pit, hundreds of feet under ground, not less than four and forty miners met death on that fatal morning. Apart from the suddenness of the accident, and the suspense which survivors of the first shock may have felt—a fearful thought to friends—is the fact that to the families of such men their death generally includes a two-fold element of sorrow. It not only, with a startling surprise, snatches which are not less strong than elsewhere, but it robs wives and children of those upon whom they depend for existence. In this case forty women and one hundred and ten children are left destitute, just as a Nova Scotia winter is upon us. Nor is the whole story of destitution yet told, for the loss of the pit and the damage to others, throws out of employment seven hundred other laborers, representing a population of two thousand persons. Already the managers and others have appealed to the charitable in the United States and Canada to aid in relieving the destitute, for whom fully \$20,000 will be needed. The loss of property is roughly estimated at \$100,000, but in case of slow extinction of fire will be much greater. Successive explosions have rendered it necessary to use all possible haste in flooding the pit.

Help for the living is the first point to be aimed at. Far behind that in importance, and yet of great importance, is the enquiry into the cause of such a sorrow. No inquiry can bring back the dead, but it may save their successors in toil a like terrible fate. We are told that no cause can be given. It seldom can. Death generally seals the lips of those who might tell the tale. It is generally conceded that the Davy safety-lamp, if properly used, may be trusted, but familiarity breeds contempt of danger as well as of men. An inquest called upon a recovered body was adjourned until Wednesday. Its verdict may throw no new light upon the cause of the spark which has destroyed the lives and wrecked the earthly happiness of so many scores of human beings.

Since writing the above we have received a few lines from Rev. I. E. Thurlow, of Stellarton, who says:

The last four days have been fearful days here. Smoke is still pouring from both the Foord and Fan shafts, and fire raging in the mine. We hope in a few hours the trench connecting the river with the mine will be completed, and before many days the mine will be flooded. We have lost heads of our supporters, nearly all of them heads of families. Among them Job Skinner, Record-keeping Steward, and Lewis Thomas, Society Steward.

We buried the remains of Job Skinner on Sabbath last. It is a sad and trying time.

DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

Workers in a common cause may cheer each other by exchange of thought, and statement of purpose. Many a wearied worker has talked with his brethren, and gone back to his toil under the inspiration received through united prayer; to regard the time of some convention as a new era in his life-work. We observe that Rev. E. E. Jenkins—President of the English Conference—has lately presided over two such gatherings—one in London, at City Road Chapel, and the other in Liverpool. Both were seasons of deep religious interest, which will not be of a mere passing kind. These are to be followed by others. The convention at Granville Ferry, a few weeks since, was specially designed for the promotion of holiness, as was that held last week at Windsor. Need it be said that the importance of this topic cannot possibly be over-estimated. Rev. J. M. Pike writes respecting the meeting at Windsor:

According to previous announcement, the "Convention for the Promotion of Christian Holiness" met at Windsor on Wednesday, Nov. 10th, at 9 a.m., and continued its session two days. Twenty-five ministers were present, and nearly all joined in the exercises. A programme previously prepared by a committee of four ministers, and approved of by the President of the Conference, was fully carried out.

The following papers were read by the ministers named: "The nature of Christian holiness," by Rev. B. Brecken, A. M. "The difference between sanctification and entire sanctification," by Rev. T. Rogers, A. M. "Entire sanctification an instantaneous work," by Rev. W. H. Evans. "Testimonies, as to the experience," by Rev. J. Gartz. "Entire sanctification, how obtained?" by Rev. J. M. Pike. "Holiness in relation to the ministry," by the Rev. J. Mc-

Murray. "Holiness in relation to successful Christian work," by the Rev. R. Wasson. Rev. Richard Smith, President of the Conference, preached on Wednesday evening from 2 Cor. 7: 1; and Rev. John Lathern on Thursday evening from 1 John 1: 8. Four social meetings were held; deeply interesting conversation took place after the papers were read; and the services were followed by very profitable prayer-meetings. During the progress of the meeting on Wednesday evening, a telegram was received from the "Canada Association for the Promotion of Holiness," then in convention at Georgetown, Ontario, conveying "greetings to the convention at Windsor." "All hail the power of Jesus name" was heartily sung, and Christian greetings returned to the brethren at Georgetown.

The above is an outline of the proceedings, but the holy unction that rested upon the meetings cannot be fully described. From the opening prayer of the first social meeting, down to the close of the Convention, the Divine presence seemed most powerfully to rest upon us. The testimony of several of the ministers present was, that although they had attended camp-meetings in this country, and in the United States, and had, at other meetings, witnessed remarkable manifestations of the Divine presence, personally they had never realized more gracious power from on high. In several instances the brethren, in speaking, found it almost impossible to control their feelings.

Fears had been entertained lest a slight difference of opinion might start a discussion that would interfere with the harmony of the meeting; but the Divine Spirit had so melted all hearts, that there was no disposition for debate. The brethren had come together for the living, anointing, and were all of one accord and of one mind. Nearly, if not all of us, will look back upon the Convention at Windsor as marking a new epoch in our religious life. As ministers we have been brought into more loving sympathy, and more earnest prayer in each others' behalf will be offered, as a result of the Convention. In response to an appeal made at the prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening, quite a number of the members of our Church stood up, signifying their desire for, and their determination to seek, the blessing of perfect love. For the past four weeks a special meeting has been held for the promotion of holiness, which has already resulted in great spiritual profit to those who have attended. This meeting will be continued on Monday evenings through the winter. We are glad to learn that a meeting having the same object in view is held weekly at Halifax. Windsor, Nov. 15th, 1880.

An esteemed brother, whose name appears in our "Personals," and whose record abroad has been honorable to the Church which first introduced him into the ministry, writes some forcible words, which a friend permits us to copy. They were written in reply to a pleasant allusion to certain temptations which sometimes prove a snare to itinerants:

I have had several invitations and first-class opportunities to enter other denominations. I am well satisfied with the Church of my fathers. Methodism is the grandest and most successful form of Christianity in the world to-day, in my estimation. She is doing more for God and humanity than any other Church in existence. Her theology is more Biblical than that of any other. The Methodist Church—and I say it on good authority—owns more than one half of the country to-day. Why should I leave an honorable position in such a Church for a questionable one in any other? Here is an extract from one of our weekly papers—the *Gazette*. It contains one of my reasons for remaining where I am. The minister who preached the sermon commented on it is the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this town. His church and mine are on the same street, within a stone's throw of each other. These are his convictions, and they are the convictions of the great majority of ministers working under what may be generically called the Congregational polity. It is only a question of time when the itinerancy in some form will be adopted by all the denominations. Their ministers move, on an average, more frequently than ours. Ours move on wheels, theirs are dug out with a crowbar.

This conclusion respecting the itinerant system may seem hasty to some, but frequent conversations with ministers and members of other denominations have convinced us that at no very distant period all sections of the Church are likely to find common ground in Church polity by the adoption of a more or less modified system of itinerancy. The clipping alluded to will be found on our first page.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Special regard is being paid to the wants of this important department of our work by the Book Steward. New and attractive books, separate, and in libraries, are being received and sent off in different directions.

The *New Lesson Commentary* on the International Series of Lessons should be in the hands of every Sunday school teacher. Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and Rev. J. L. Hurbutt, M. A., are the editors. Its readable table for notes and memoranda, and its blank page for the names and residences of the pupils, with two other pages for autographs, are new, yet valuable, features in Lesson Helps.

International Lesson Books, in three grades, are also ready for sale.

An excellent selection of Sunday-school papers may be made from the list already published in our advertising columns.

WEEK OF PRAYER.—The Evangelical Alliance has issued the usual programme for the Week of Prayer, January 21—29th, 1881. It is suggested that on Sunday, January 22d, sermons be preached from the text, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" January 3d, the general topic is praise and thanksgiving for all blessings; January 4th, humiliation and confession for personal and national sins; January 5th, prayer for the Church of Christ, that it may be fruitful and united; January 6th, prayer for the young and their instructors, for parents, colleges, Sunday-schools; January 7th, prayer for all nations and rulers, for universal liberty, for the cessation of wars; January 8th, prayer for Christian missions and all engaged in promoting them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The notice of the Week of Prayer for young men, sent us from the Y. M. C. A. rooms, reached us too late for insertion last week.

Rev. Robert Tweedy, by special arrangement, takes charge of *WESLEYAN* interests in the Moncton circuit. He and Rev. John Prince, who performs the same duty in the St. John circuits, are working faithfully and well. Both have been faithful ministers, and now, in retirement, by their advocacy of the *WESLEYAN*, are doing good, the extent of which eternity only can reveal.

"The good men do lives after them," or in the always more appropriate language of Scripture: "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." About sixty years ago that staunch old loyalist, Rev. Jas Mann, whose name is yet as eminent poured forth, on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, was borne to his grave beneath the pulpit of the old Shelburne church, and today we record the death of an aged woman converted under his ministry—probably the last of his spiritual children to cross the flood.

PERSONAL.

Mayor Ray of St. John, N. B., was in Halifax last week.

Rev. T. M. Albrighton, formerly stationed in New Brunswick, was appointed at the last English Conference a member of the missionary deputation to Ireland.

Rev. J. Lathern's lecture on "An outside view of national trade, policy and finance," was listened to with close attention by a Yarmouth audience a week or two since.

We observe that C. H. B. Fisher, Esq., retires from the post of associate-editor of the *N. B. Reporter*, which will hereafter be under the sole management of Mr. G. F. Fisher.

The Rev. S. C. Fulton, trained in the Nova Scotia Conference, is now pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittston, Pa. In that city are five Methodist Churches.

We are glad to learn that Revs. E. R. Brunyate and C. W. Swallow, who have been laid aside—the first by fever for a few weeks, and the latter for several days by measles—are again able to attend to their circuit duties.

Diphtheria has re-appeared in our parsonage at River Philip. Three of the children are ill, and the parents are nearly worn out. We sincerely hope that Mr. and Mrs. Merton may be spared a repetition of their late sorrow.

The funeral of the late Mr. Allan Crow took place on Saturday afternoon. Through his extended business relations, prominent place in civic affairs, and high official position in the Masonic fraternity, Mr. Crow had become widely, as well as favorably, known.

The New York *Advocate* of the 11th instants describes the golden wedding of Mr. John W. and Mrs. Anna B. Burnham, of Brooklyn. Mr. Burnham is a native of Falmouth, N.S., and a brother of P. S. Burnham, Esq., of Windsor. Their children, and sons-in-law, and daughter-in-law, and grand-children, were all present. The congratulatory address of the occasion was made by a son-in-law, Rev. A. K. Sanford, Presiding Elder of Poughkeepsie District. To the venerable pair, whose hospitality we enjoyed during a visit to Brooklyn, we tender our congratulations and best wishes.

The November number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* contains an interesting life sketch and good portrait of David Allison, Esq., M. A., LL. D., Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia. This sketch is from the pen of Rev. John McMurray. The Special Committee of the N. S. Conference has concurred in the proposition of that of the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference—that Dr. Allison should represent both Conferences at the Ecumenical Council in London, and that W. E. Dawson, Esq., Mayor of Charlottetown, should be his alternate. As our readers may know, the arrangements for the Council contemplate but one lay representative from the Maritime Provinces. Either of the gentlemen named will represent us with credit at that important gathering.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *American Agriculturist* for November, comes to us very finely illustrated, and seems better than ever.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly is a cheap, but beautifully illustrated and interesting, magazine. With the departure of summer it loses none of its interest.

The *Guide to Holiness* should have a large circulation. The perusal of the November number will benefit all into whose hands it may go.

Messrs. I. K. Funk & Co., New York, have just published *The Life and Work of Spurgeon*, by Rev. W. H. Yarrow. No 46 *Standard Series*, octavo form. It is illustrated with portrait of Spurgeon; a full page drawing of the London Metropolitan Tabernacle; the *Punch* cartoons; and a facsimile engraved copy of the "Notes" of a sermon which Mr. Spurgeon presented to Dr. Patton, of the *Baptist Weekly*. This book is wholly new, having been prepared especially for this publication. Price 20 cents.

Messrs. Funk & Co. have in press *These Stayings of Mine*, by Joseph Parker, D. D., London, and published through special arrangement with the author; and *Dickens's Christmas Books Complete*, illustrated with 16 full page engravings. The latter will soon be issued in the numbers of the *Standard Series*, as well as bound in a holiday book.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Proceedings of the 14th Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of the Maritime Provinces.

Quarterly Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

Our subscribers may paper by telling their name and address on this date Two Dollars.

THE STELLARTON HORROR.

The correspondent of the *Chronicle* gives some interesting particulars regarding some of the victims.

James Lannon is more than any other, and was known as a prophecy that he would be so worked up, he remained to leave a dictum might not be arranged to go to work to have left for Saturday, to take a route for his new work one day's more was a last look at the worked since it was leave of his fellow-workers went down the Cummings was a young man, who was the funeral of it was to be his burial again in this life, are, indeed, sorely blow. The venerable noble sons were easily of young Ew their loss very deep away from them for Pennsylvania called turned home on a temporarily in the times mourn the had scarce more. The Dunbar family bereavement, father was borne and with him came their two sons, C. lost. William D. died on Monday Wednesday. Alex name is in the county man and a McDonald, P. P. John Morrison (2d) of Rev. J. V. McD Mrs. McKinnon's hardest of all. Sit in the Cage pit coal crushed him second son, who his widowed mother prime, and the poor to face the world's assistance. Hector lad of 19, who sup now goes to join beloved old mother charity of strange. His father was a co by a fall of coal in. It seems a strange son should now in same place.

But in a far d filled with mournin a boy 10 years of home in Sweden. lands and passed a ing at many trades in none. Fate to way and he got Here his bright eyes had not seen no years. He talked workmen of that h which showed his. Finally he resolved was answered by h too, was still livin regarded his letter grave. Words of showed that the re find a warm welco deserted so many heart was touche see the old folks a toddling child strong that he be with a view to u Sweden. The r honored him and the man who didu going to take bi old folks. His a mine. The true when his purpose. He wrote home to the 7 of his part return of the pro Now, alas, has it a warm friend, that home, crushi piness and braki pectant parents w of the terrible di and that John J who died at his p

Subscriptions are fevers. Manchester St. John, send \$10 Company, \$250; C treat, President Company, \$150. from various quart ceived. The *Suss x Boo* warded a quantity ton colliery suffe reported on the 16 butions will at ou

Every family City, Village, and highly useful to *American Agriculturist*, practical, re valuable for huds work and comfort Original Engravings both pleasing and respect it is pre e and it should have hold, no matter ho are taken. Its for Youth and C information as w Hungab exposure classes. The cost from now to the copies for \$5. Si One specimen, 6 s and subscribers n Orange Jail Co Broadway, New Y

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Our subscribers may help to improve our paper by telling their friends that it will be sent from this date to the end of 1861 for Two Dollars.

THE STELLAKTON DISASTER.

The correspondent of the Morning Chronicle gives some interesting information regarding some of the lost miners. James Lannon had been longer in the mine than any other man employed there, and was known as the captain. The prophecy that he would be killed in the Flood had so worked upon his mind that he determined to leave the works that the prediction might not come true. He had arranged to go to Providence, R. I., and was to have left for Halifax the next day, Saturday, to take the boat for Boston en route for his new home. He decided to do one day's more work before he went, take a last look at the pit in which he had worked since it was first opened, and take leave of his fellow-workmen, and therefore he went down that fatal Friday. Daniel Cummings was a promising and popular young man, who was to have been married the last day of this week, but she, who was to be his bride, can never see him again in this life. The Roberts family are, indeed, sorely stricken at one fell blow. The venerable father and two noble sons were carried away. The family of young Edward Savage, too, feel their loss very deeply. He had been away from them for a long time in the Pennsylvania coal fields and had just returned home on a visit. He went to work temporarily in the pit, and now his relatives mourn the loss of him whom they had scarce more than welcomed home. The Dunbar family have suffered a terrible bereavement. The husband and father was borne home to them dying, and with him came the news that one of their two sons, Charles, was among the lost. William Dunbar, the old man, who died on Monday night, was buried on Wednesday. Alexander McDonald, whose name is in the sad list, was a Pictou county man and a nephew of Rev. J. J. McDonald, P. P. of Mabou, C. B., and John Morrison (2nd) was a near relative of Rev. J. V. McDonald, P. P. of Pictou. Mrs. McKinnon's case is among the hardest of all. She had one son working in the Cage pit when, in 1873, a fall of coal crushed him to death, and now her second son, who was the only support of his widowed mother, is cut off in his prime, and the poor old lady is left alone to face the world with no means of subsistence. Hector McLean was a bright lad of 19, who supported his mother, and now goes to join his father, leaving his beloved old mother dependent upon the charity of strangers for her daily bread. His father was a coal cutter and was killed by a fall of coal in the Flood pit in 1866. It seems a strange fatality that his only son should now meet with death in the same place. But in a far distant land is a family filled with mourning. Twenty years ago a boy 10 years of age ran away from his home in Sweden. He travelled in many lands and passed a pretty wild life, working at many trades but perfecting himself in none. Fate turned his footsteps this way and he got work in the Flood pit. Here his thoughts went back to that home he had not seen nor heard from for twenty years. He talked to some of his fellow workmen of that home in a tender way, which showed his longing to hear from it. Finally he resolved to write. His letter was answered by his mother. His father, too, was still living, and the old couple regarded his letter as a message from the grave. Words of tenderness in the letter showed that the recreant son would still find a warm welcome at the hearth he had deserted so many years ago. The man's heart was touched, and the yearning to see the old folks and a sister who was but a toddling child when he left became so strong that he began to save his money with a view to making his way back to Sweden. The roughest of his comrades honored him and spoke with respect of the man who didn't drink because he was going to take his earnings home to the old folks. His story was the talk of the mine. The time was fast approaching when his purpose might be accomplished. He wrote home to say he was coming, and the joy of his parents at the anticipated return of the prodigal may be imagined. Now, alas, has it become the sad duty of a warm friend to write another letter to that home, counselling that new-found happiness and breaking the hearts of the expectant parents with the melancholy tale of the terrible disaster of November 12th, and that John Johnson is among those who died at his post. Subscriptions are coming in for the sufferers. Manchester, Robertson & Allison, St. John, send \$100; Spring Hill Mining Company, \$250; G. A. Drummond, Montreal, President Intercolonial Mining Company, \$150. Smaller subscriptions from various quarters have also been received. The Saxe Boot and Shoe Co. has forwarded a quantity of shoes to the Stellakton colliery sufferers. These shoes were reported on the 16th. Many other contributions will at once flow in.

Every family without exception in City, Village, and Country, will find it highly useful to constantly read the American Agriculturist. It abounds in plain, practical, reliable information, most valuable for indoor as well as outdoor work and comfort, and its 800 to 1000 Original Engravings in every volume are both pleasing and instructive. In this respect it is pre eminent and stands alone, and it should have place in every household, no matter how many other journals are taken. Its Illustrated Department for Youth and Children contains much information as well as amusement. Its Humbug exposures are invaluable to all classes. The cost is very low, only \$1 50 from now to the end of 1861, or four copies for \$5. Single numbers, 15 cents. One specimen, 6 cents. Take our advice and subscribe now for volume 40 (1861). Orange Judd Company, Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York.

FROM THE MISSION ROOMS. BELIEF AND EXTENSION FUND.

Subscribers to this fund are respectfully reminded that the second instalment is due on the 15th of the present month. It is important that all outstanding subscriptions should be collected at once, so that they may not interfere with the regular fund. Circuits or individuals who have done nothing thus far, have now a good opportunity of sharing with the rest of the Connection in the honor of bringing up the fund to the full amount contemplated—\$150,000—and avoiding the dishonor of falling short. Please, brethren, don't neglect this matter because the debt is paid, unless you want the Society to get into debt again, which Heaven forbid!

FREE PEWS.

An effort was made at the Protestant Episcopal Convention to provide a canon prohibiting the sale of pews or sittings in consecrated places of worship. The Free Church Association which had the matter in charge, in its memorial maintained three points: that Churches should be free to all who wish to worship in them; that distinctions based on wealth and social standing ought not to prevail; and that consecrated houses should be free from all personal ownership. The proposed canon did not find favor and was voted rejected. It did not receive, perhaps, the attention that it deserved, but the subject is one which demands serious thought. That the voluntary principle represents the spirit which ought to rule in Christian churches, scarcely anyone can doubt, and it ought to prevail. The sin of every church should be rather the rich and poor alike to its services, and the system of free seats certainly contributes to such a result. At one of the most fashionable churches in New York City, some of the members, of the highest social standing, have taken sittings in the gallery as a matter of Christian principle. This is a practical method of showing that class distinctions ought to be dis-ouraged, which other churches would do well to imitate. —Central Advocate

EATING—A LAW CASE.

A singular action is pending before the Imperial Royal Tribunal at Marburg. An Italian commercial traveller sues the Sud-Bian Company for injuries sustained by him through a railway accident which recently happened upon their line. The plaintiff, at the very moment in which the collision took place, was introducing a junk of Bologna sausage into his mouth on the point of a penknife, and the shock imparted to him by the accident caused him to widen that feature by an involuntary slit, some two inches in length. For the pain and disfigurement thus incurred he claims a large pecuniary indemnity. The railway company, however, refuse to admit any obligation to compensate a person for injuries incurred by his own indiscretions as of conduct and evil manners, pleading that "no decent person eats with his or her knife, and that the plaintiff, having hurt himself in the very act of committing a social delict, must bear the consequences of his offence." We should suppose that he might set up the custom of commercial travellers to eat in that way. The case resembles that of the dentist who was injured by a jolt of the cars while he was biting off a cigar. —London Telegraph.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

There was a funny scene in the Central Church, Chicago, Sunday morning. This church, which is pastored by the Rev. David Swing, who left the Presbyterian Church for his own if not for that church's good, meets every Sunday morning in the Central Music Hall, on State street. The interior is of most gorgeous pattern, and its organ is the largest in any public hall in the country, and is played by a lady, too, at the Sunday services. Mr. Swing has always had a pet religious hebdomad, called the Alliance, and some of the worldly young men on it thought to turn an honest penny by securing the MS. of Mr. Swing's Sunday morning sermon, setting it up in advance, printing copies of the Alliance, so that they might reach points outside Chicago early on Sunday morning, and thus furnish the rural pious with an opportunity of joining in spirit with the Central church flock. Last Saturday, they set up the type and struck off the copies. A Times reporter with a very long nose (for news) discovered what had been done, secured a copy about midnight, and on Sunday morning out came that paper with a report of the sermon to be delivered by Mr. Swing. There was a howl, to be sure. But the funny scene was to watch the people in Swing's church follow their pastor as he read the sermon. Before commencing Mr. Swing said he supposed some of them had already read his sermon, and there was considerable that sort of indignation which is not so violent but that it can cause occasionally and laugh at the audacity which would do such a thing. —Montreal Gazette.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Chinese New Testaments are sold in San Francisco at forty cents per copy. A colporteur in Japan recently sold over 1,000 Bibles in one week. The Methodists have sixty-five churches with about 150,000 members in America. Presbyterian statistics in the United States show a steady decline, since 1876, of members received on profession of faith. There were 43,240 in 1876, and in 26,835 in 1880. The Rev. E. T. S. Dant, vicar of St. Stephen, Lunenburg, stated at a Liberal banquet at Lunenburg, that some time ago, having previously informed his bishop that he believed there was no law against it, he had asked Mr. Spurgeon to preach in harvest a festival sermon in his church, but he had declined owing to ill-health.

The Southern Baptists have just organized a church of Chinese students in San Francisco.

The Congregationalists stand next to the Church of England in the city of London, providing nearly one-eighth of the whole religious accommodation.

The whole number of converted Chinese on the Pacific Slope is about 1,200. Most of these will return to China, and will do great good there in spreading the Gospel.

METHODIST ITEMS.

Rev. J. Davis and family are about to take possession of the new parsonage at Samba, N. S.

A piece of land, at the south of the Methodist Church, Wolfville, has been purchased by the trustees and added to the church property, thus increasing its value and improving its appearance. The whole space is now being enclosed in a new and neat fence.

The Young People's Institute, connected with the Methodist Church in Fredericton, has resumed its meetings. We understand that the financial aim of the Institute, and of the sewing-circle as well, is the purchase of a new organ for the church at an early date.

Work on the exterior of the new church at Portland, N. B., is now completed. The interior is also ready for the pews, but these, we learn from the News are not to be put in position until the spring. Till then, the usual services will take place in the school-room, as at present.

At a dinner and entertainment, held in the new church at Hopewell Cape, N. B., on the 3rd inst., about \$30 were collected. S. G. Morse, Esq., took the chair, Miss Tingly presided at the organ, and the Rev. Messrs. Chipman, Walton and Hamilton gave speeches. The money is to be expended in furniture for the church.

Rev. E. Bell and wife, of Montague, P. E. I., were recently invited to the house of D. McLeod, Esq., where they met a number of Methodist and Presbyterian friends who had made arrangements for a "pound party." A number of useful articles and a sum of money were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Bell.

Nearly \$200 were gathered at a tea-meeting and concert held in Logan's Hall, Gibson, N. B., on Thanksgiving Day. Young ladies from several places adjacent assisted at the tables, and our Fredericton friends, as usual, gave valuable aid at the concert. Miss Laura Wood presided at the organ. The proceeds of this successful effort become a part of the parsonage fund. Rev. J. S. Allen is the Methodist pastor at Gibson.

Rev. J. Gee reports that \$225 were collected at a tea-meeting and sale of work at New Germany, N. S., on the 16th of September. An old debt was paid off and the remainder was used in plastering and painting the unfurnished parsonage. This building is now one of the best ministers' residences in the Liverpool District. The untiring efforts of zealous women are thankfully recognized by Mr. Gee. He also reports a similar effort at Northfield, by which \$100 were raised, and remarks that great praise is due to our people there for this timely effort toward the completion of their much-needed church.

The Missionary Committee of the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference met in the committee-room of the Centenary Church, St. John, on Wednesday, the 10th inst. The President—Rev. E. Evans—took the chair, and Rev. P. Thos. Marshall acted as Secretary. Among other grants from the Central Board is one of \$50 in aid of the Lumbermen's Mission. The total grant to the Domestic Missions in the Conference, including rents and removal expenses, amounts to the sum of \$6,835. The scale of salaries to ministers on dependent circuits, as fixed by authority, allows each unordained minister \$350, each ordained, but unmarried, minister \$400, and all married ministers \$750 each. The estimated deficiencies for the year, based upon the most trustworthy data, to be borne by these three classes of ministers will be \$180, \$175 and \$335 each. Their only hope for relief is in increased contributions from their circuits. Captain Pritchard presided at the annual meeting, held in the evening in Centenary Church, and Revs. H. P. Cowperwaite and Howard Sprague gave interesting addresses on appropriate topics.

ABROAD.

Judge Alvin W. Hawkins, governor-elect of Tennessee, is a Methodist, and was a member of the General Conference which met in Cincinnati last May. He is a gentleman of many sterling qualities, whose talents are only surpassed by his modesty.

The new Methodist Episcopal church in Tokio, Japan, built to replace the one destroyed by fire last year, was dedicated on Sept. 13th. Dr. McDonald, of the Canada Methodist Mission preached in Japanese, and several Japanese made congratulatory speeches.

Special religious meetings are soon to be held in all the Meth dist churches of Staten Island. The ten churches have been grouped into two sets of five each, and the pastors of each of the two districts are to work together, holding, in succession, meetings of ten days' duration at each of the five churches. Local preachers, exhorters and others are to be invited to assist in the new movement.

Mr. Danks, of the Wesleyan New Britain mission, has removed from the Duke of York Islands to Katakada, New Britain, and finds that he has to learn a new language widely different from the one he has learned in New Britain. One, Elijah Tokagimara, is a chief of position, who has held to his profession under trying circumstances, and has been received as a local preacher on trial.

The London Watchman reviews the Wesleyan Tamil Mission in Ceylon, and shows how it has grown in the past ten years. In the period between 1869 and 1879 the chapels have increased from 7 to 21. Several of these chapels are fine, large buildings. Of other preaching-places there are 89, against 44 in 1869. The English missionaries employed have increased from 4 to 8. Of native ministers there are 16, against 11; of catechists, 20, against 15; of day-school teachers, 197, against 139. There was, also, a gain of 7,299 scholars in the day schools. All this among a population of about 400,000. The number of communicants is now 1,101, against 400 in 1869. Not less than 95 adult baptisms took place during the past year.

SECULAR GLEANINGS.

NOVA SCOTIA.

New colors were presented to the 97th Regiment on Monday last. The presentation was made by Lady MacDougall.

A woman named Helen Fraser, sixty years of age, committed suicide by drowning, at Upper Falmouth, on the 13th inst.

Yarmouth has a "Lecture Association," of which Hon. L. E. Baker is President, and W. H. G. Temple, Secretary-Treasurer. Ten lectures and entertainments are to be arranged for immediately.

A short time ago \$1,000 worth of liquor was seized near Barrington. It had been brought into the county by a vessel from unknown parts. The liquor was stored away on the edge of a small island near that place.

Mr. Aretas Wright, a former student of Mr. Allison, son of Mr. Horatio Wright, of Paganash, who has been living at Illinois a number of years, returned with his young wife some two weeks ago, and after a few days illness fever died, on the 5th, only 29 years old.

At Springhill Junction, on the 10th inst., the express for St. John ran over a boy named Fowle, son of Mr. Alex. Fowle, car inspector at that junction, cutting off both legs below the knee and breaking his left arm. The lad was nine years of age and hard of hearing.

The Normal School at Truro was opened on the 10th inst. Eighty or ninety students were enrolled. Dr. Allison's closing address to teachers is said to have been excellent—plain, practical, pertinent and pointed. So also were Principal Calkin's remarks in the same direction.

The brig, Victor, of Lunenburg, N. S., was wrecked on the Bahamas, Oct 26th. Captain Outerbridge and the steward were drowned. The first and second mates and one seaman are on their way home to Lunenburg. The vessel was bound to Boston, where the cargo is insured.

A solid body of gold weighing 77 oz., taken from a boulder 12 inches long, 19 inches wide, 7 by 8 inches thick, which was found on the property of Mr. Wm. Bruce, at Cariboo, Upper Musquodoboit, was exhibited in town on Tuesday; also from the same place some very rich quartz.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

For some days past the Hon. Francis Hibbard, M. L. C., has been lying dangerously ill at his residence in St. George.

Mr. Alexander Gibson has purchased from Hon. Mr. Beckwith all his interest in the Gibson Tannery, for the sum of \$19,500.

The capacity of tow boats and the energy of those engaged in the rafting and transportation of logs from the banks on the St. River are being severely tested.

F. T. Bridges, Esq., Mayor of Woodstock, died on the 11th inst. He had been in poor health for some time, but was confined to his house only three weeks before his death.

Benjamin Evans was convicted in the Fredericton Police Court, on Monday, of violating the Canada Temperance Act, and fined \$100 or two months in jail; this being the second offence.

The formal opening of the Normal School at Fredericton, took place on the 12th. The opening address was delivered by Principal Crockett, on the work of the term. He was followed by Dr. Rand, and Dr. Jack, and Hon. Mr. Lindry. The proceedings were more than usually interesting.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Diphtheria in a malignant form is prevalent in Charlottetown. The disease is not confined to any class or locality.

About forty young men left the Island per steamer St. Lawrence, on the 9th inst., for New Brunswick and Maine, to look for work during the winter.

The Charlottetown hospital has now been established for twelve months. The year's work has been highly satisfactory, and its review shows that its institution has been most beneficial.

During the past few weeks one hundred and thirty tons of potato starch have been shipped from the starch factory at St. Peter's Bay, the greater portion of which has been sent to England, though a few trial orders have been filled for Quebec and Ontario. A starch factory, at Belfast, is also running.

UPPER PROVINCES.

The Eastern Association of Congregational ministers, in session in the city of Ottawa, having had under consideration the condition of the law relating to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, have passed a resolution in which they express a hope that last winter's bill may be reintroduced and speedily become the law of the land.

Mr. Walbr, of Ottawa, a Roman Catholic, says that he intends to continue his children in the public schools and present them to receive the sacraments as usual. If they are refused they will not be present again until the Bishop sees for them, and on him will rest the responsibility of any injury which their morals may sustain in the meantime.

It is said the Imperial Government is in communication with the Dominion Government for the maturing of a scheme to assist the emigration of poor families from Ireland to the North West, the Imperial Government to pay their way out and the Dominion to provide them with homesteads, under conditions of repayment after a certain number of years.

Messrs. George Stephen and others left Ottawa for New York on the 16th inst. for England. The object of Mr. Stephen is the promotion of a scheme of emigration in connection with the Canada Pacific Railway, which has been discussed with the Minister of Agriculture, with a view to united action on the part of the Government and the Syndicate.

Three ocean steamers, lately sailing from Montreal with cattle for Britain have been singularly unfortunate. The "Ayrton" and the "Harworth," which sailed on the 29th ult., experienced very heavy weather; the former vessel losing 75 cattle and 152 sheep, while the latter had her whole complement swept overboard. The "Scotland," which sailed about the same time, lost some 120 head out of 150 shipped. —Montreal Times.

ABROAD.

Lucretia Mott, the eminent philanthropist and friend of freedom, died in Philadelphia on the 11th inst., aged 88.

Thirteen sardine factories are now running in full blast at Estpnet, employing 800 hands and turning out 5,000 cases per week.

The general opinion is that it will be necessary for Boycott to leave the county, as he will have to be protected if he remains in Ireland.

The news from Basutoland is unchanged. The intelligence from Griqualand is cheering—there will be no farther extension of the rebellion.

A construction train on the Dallas and Wichita Railroad, Texas, went through a bridge on the 16th inst. Thirteen laborers were injured, three of whom have since died. Half the injured will die.

A land steward, residing near Mullingar, was fired upon by masked men and badly wounded. Mr. Wheeler, land agent, Pola, Co. Limerick, was shot dead on the 12th inst.

The great race between Hanlan and Trickett for £200 stg., and the obsequy-ship, was rowed on the Thames on Monday last, and resulted in an easy victory for Hanlan.

Lord Clonoury has taken a house at Melton Mowbray, England, for the winter. The effect of his leaving Ireland will be to deprive labor of employment to the extent of £4,000 a year.

The Longmans have paid £10,000 for the manuscript of Lord Bunsford's new novel "Eadynton." It is said that the first edition will be of not less than 20,000 copies.

The Court of Appeals at New York have affirmed a previous decision of Justice Barrett that the structures of the elevated railroads in that city are taxable as real estate.

Capt Young, of the steamer Stomington, which collided with the ill-fated Narragansett, was held on the 12th, in \$4,000, charged with manslaughter. It is alleged the collision was caused by his mismanagement.

A Constantinople despatch says that in a protracted interview, the Sultan assured the Ambassadors that the surrender of Dulcigno would be speedily accomplished, and all further trouble in that direction ended.

Samuel Smiles, the well-known author of "Self Help," "Character," and other popular works, has written a new book "Duty," of which 14,000 copies were subscribed for by less than a dozen book sellers at Mr. Murray's annual trade dinner.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that persons contemplating removal to that city in search of employment are warned by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor that there is already a glut, and that much destitution exists.

A son of the manager of the Western Union office at Elmira, N. Y., lost an eye from epizootic poisoning, and the other eye is endangered. He wiped his face with the handkerchief he had used to remove the spittle his horse had coughed on his coat sleeves.

The ladies have won the chief successes this year in designing English Christmas cards, but one publisher has paid Mr. Augustus Luntley £500 for two designs. The opening afforded for the industry of women is now very great in London, especially in the various fields of art.

It has been deemed expedient to retain an extra regiment of cavalry in Ireland throughout the winter, but if affairs improve in the spring it will be withdrawn. The Cork Land League have ordered all farmers to poison the fox coves, thus preventing hunting during the coming season. The Government have filed their bill of particulars for prosecution of Land Leaguers.

In the Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday, M. Ferry replying to Buffet's interpellation, declared to explain M. Dreyfus's resignation, but said it was the unconnected with the foreign policy of the Government. M. Dreyfus said his Government favored a waiting policy respecting the Congregationalists which would have effected a friendly settlement.

A despatch from St. Peter, Minn., reports the burning of the Insane Asylum. There were over 500 patients in the building. No one knows how many perished, but quite a number must have been burned alive. It will be difficult to tell the exact number for some days as some of the patients probably ran away, while others wandered off aimlessly, and perhaps have perished from cold.

Memorial Notices.

CAPT. JOHN SKALING.

The Barling-nc count has attained a great loss in the death of this good man. The standard bearers are falling; and sometimes we are discouraged in reference to the cause of G. d. But our rising fears are checked by the cheering thought that Jesus, the head of the Church, ever lives, and lives to look after the interests of His cause on earth.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since our departed brother experienced, in connection with Methodist services in Kempt, a work of grace, which has proved its genuineness ever since. Though for many years exposed to the peculiar temptations of a sea-faring life, he remained faithful to his G. d. and his vows. He was greatly beloved by other denominations, as well as by the Methodists. He had too much religion to be a bigot. He was a straightforward, reliable man, and such features of Christian character appear prominent in this age of crooked christians.

His removal leaves us without a Recording Steward, the duties of which office he discharged with great punctuality and faithfulness. His prayerful and upright life, as well as his dying testimony, respecting the felt religion of Jesus, was all that his relatives and friends could desire, in order to remove doubt respecting his future welfare.

He died October 27th, aged sixty-six years; the last of his father's family. Less than a year ago, his brother, a very excellent man was called home, and only a few months previously the partner of his married life was very suddenly hurried to the "house not made with hands."

The happy re-union has doubtless been realized. "We shall know each other there."

G. O. H.

Burlington, Nov. 2, 1870.

ELIZA MACGOWAN, OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

"Methinks I live as much of heaven as I can hold."—These were the last words of the Rev. John MacGowan, whose works including his "Shaver" and "Dialogues of Devils" have been published in two octavo volumes, and who died in London in the year 1781.—Last words, though not always the index of the soul's aspirations, nor prognostic of its destiny, are nevertheless frequently dwelt upon by the immediate descendants of a much loved ancestor.

John MacGowan was a native of Edinburgh, and had been intended for the Presbyterian ministry, but at the age of nineteen he joined the rebel army of the Pretender; fought at Culloden, then retired to Durham, but afterwards settled at Stockton. He was converted to God by the agency of John Unthank, a zealous local preacher among the Methodists of that day, and young MacGowan soon joined farmer Unthank in his disinterested labors,—being appointed to the same office,—and for a time he stood up for the truth as then preached by Wesley, the founder of the body; but MacGowan was a Calvinist, and for that reason he soon broke away from the church he had but recently joined, and became the minister of Devonshire Square Chapel, London. He was a man of much ability, had a ready wit, was a laborious student, a popular preacher, and his works during the latter part of the last century were held in great repute.

Peter, the third son of the Rev. John MacGowan, was a student of Law in London. In early manhood he emigrated to New York, but was afterwards induced by Mr. John Cambridge, then a prosperous Methodist in this neighborhood, to remove to Prince Edward Island. He arrived here in 1792, and in four years after that event he was made Attorney General of the Province, which office he held up to the time of his death in 1810.

Eliza MacGowan, one of the senior members of the Methodist Church in Charlottetown, and lately deceased, was the eldest of the eight children of the forefamed Peter MacGowan, and granddaughter of the author of the "Shaver"—of the once celebrated "Dialogues of Devils"—and other books. She was born on this island in the year 1789; but little is known of her early habits of thought and modes of living, but the timely instruction of a pious grandmother is believed to have had a restraining influence upon a naturally gay, and misanthropic disposition. But the death of a beloved sister in the year 1811 was the means of awakening her religious sensibilities; and though she still faltered, for a time, upon a matter of such supreme importance, yet, in 1837, she sought membership in the Methodist Church in this city—after which her highest joys were found in company with the pious—and saved herself, through faith in the blood of atonement, she became at once solicitous for the salvation of others, who at the time were also anxious to obtain an interest in the Redeemer's merits. She was soon recognized by her pastor as a suitable person to fill the office of class-leader to a number of youthful disciples of her own sex—some of whom remain to the present with us—and though under the watch-care of other leaders, remember with thankfulness their early teacher, and are still striving for the same heaven.

It is now more than thirty years since I became acquainted with Sister MacGowan, (at that time being appointed to the office of leader to a large class of female disciples. I took her to be a person of decided opinions—of high religious attainments—and of deep solicitude for the prosperity of the church of her own salvation and vows. She was plain in dress, frugal in her expenditure, and in many ways an example to professors in general. Her final sickness came upon her in September of the present year. She was visited by the Superintendent of the circuit and other friends. The first time I saw her after she became unwell, she was in her own room, not to say very sick, as I supposed, but greatly distressed in consequence of the sudden death of a beloved niece, who had formerly lived with her for several years; but her heart was right with God, and in my subsequent visits

made to her sick room I found her calmly waiting for her coming change. Her words were "No doctor can do me good—I can't continue long."—"I am waiting the Master's time."—"The body will not submit as yet to the force of the maledy;" and then, shortly after I last saw her, her brother raised her to a sitting position on her bed. She breathed with difficulty for a few moments, and in that position of body her spirit left it and passed to the mansion of light. She departed this life on the 23rd of October, 1880, and in the 83rd year of her age. And thus died one, the vigor of whose womanhood was consecrated to God, and who with unusual fixity of purpose, continued her endeavors, and up to the end of life, to rise to the abiding, increasing and perfect light in which the sanctified live labor and die.

FREDK. SMALLWOOD

NEW CHURCHES.

LINCOLN N.B.

Rev. H. J. Clarke writes:—"Our old propensity—church building—has shown itself again. It had proved a 'thorn in the flesh' so many times, and caused so much physical and mental lassitude, that we came to this Mission with a strong and confident hope that it would never trouble us again, but alas, it proved to be chronic and incurable. The appearance of things in Lincoln brought all its subtle forces into full play again, and we had to 'arise and build.' At the two first meetings we called to discuss the matter we could not get any money promised, but we said to the friends that if they would go into the woods and get out a frame we could get help from abroad, and they went to work in good earnest in the month of March last; and now it is the general impression that we have the handsomest church in any country place in this province.

Some time since the St. John Sun gave a description of it which we copy—"The church, which is being erected from plans prepared by Mr. Henry N. Black, architect, is a handsome structure, 24 by 28 ft. with sharp pitched roof and a highly ornamented front. The interior has been laid out with care, as regards seating capacity and light. It has a 25 ft. ceiling and the roof, which is ceiled well up to the ridge pole, is supported by five neat iron bolted truss rafters, the intention being to finish the whole so as to bring out the natural colors of the wood. A gallery will run across the end of the church, opposite the pulpit and communion rail. The church is lighted by three large windows on each side, and by three windows in front. The front windows add greatly to the appearance, especially a large circular one, which pierces the wall directly over the entrance, and lights the gallery and upper portion of the church. The front is also further relieved by an ornamental arch in relief, with its base resting, on either side, on brackets at the junction of the side wall and rafters. The chimneys will be surmounted with ornamental terra cotta caps, and the crest of the roof in front will be crowned with a tatty device in galvanized work. When completed, the church will be one of the most chaste places of worship in the rural districts of the Province."

It has cost about \$2,000, \$400 of which remain as a debt which we hope soon to reduce. Mrs. Stephen Glazier, was appointed collector; and with a large circle of friends around her, and a heart in full accord with the undertaking, she did nobly. Too much praise cannot be given to Mrs. John Lipsett, who so generously provided for the men during the framing of the church. The beautiful site upon which the church is built, was given by Frederick Smith, Esq., J. P., who also did a good share of gratuitous labor. Mr. Stephen Glazier, although approaching his three score years and ten, labored with a zeal that called forth the admiration of the whole community. Mr. John Lipsett and J. W. Payne labored very assiduously to bring this important undertaking to a successful issue, so indeed did all the members of the committee. The ladies of Lincoln, both Methodist and Baptist, were indefatigable in their efforts in getting up two teas during summer, which realized over \$200. Every heart was filled with gratitude to A. Gibson, Esq., of Marysville, for his generous and noble donations. The following are some of the principal subscriptions, A. Gibson, Esq., \$200; Steph. Glazier, J. W. Payne, \$50 each; Henry Mitchell, \$20; James Mitchell, Sr., Mrs. Judge Wilmot, Lamont and Sons, LeB. Smith, Albert True and wife \$10 each; and many others of a similar or smaller amount. Mrs. Judge Wilmot, of Halifax, gave the Organ which is a handsome present, and highly prized by the congregation. Three eloquent sermons were preached on the day of dedication, in the morning by our President, and in the afternoon and evening by the brethren Currie and Brewer, to large and delighted congregations. The most harmonious feeling has existed throughout—Church building would be rendered comparatively easy if men of the same stamp as those of Lincoln could be found on all our committees. I am delighted to see so many churches going up this year; if this thing had been attended to years ago we should have occupied a better position to-day than we do.

We have marked off the ground for our new church at Lake George. Subscriptions and labor have already been promised. Will some friends kindly help us in this undertaking? I should like to have said more upon the prospects of this part of our Mission, but I fear I have already said too much.

SHEDIAC, N.B.

Rev. Thomas Hicks, the pastor at Shediac, sends the following:—"The Methodist Church recently built at Shediac was formally dedicated for public worship on Sunday, the 31st ult. The building is situated in the most central part of Shediac, and directly opposite the Railway station. The site was purchased five or six years ago at a cost of \$600.

The church is a neat structure, built in the Gothic style, being 55x38; with 20 feet post and is painted white. At the north-west corner is a tower 70 feet high and 12 feet square, heavily buttressed at the corners and pierced with four large windows with Tudor Gothic heads. On each side of the building are four narrow lancet windows, giving to the outside a neat and ecclesiastical appearance.

The inside is neatly and elaborately finished. The walls and roof are of a beautiful white. Over the windows is a heavy-corniced label, from which the roof rises into an arch. The pews are made of ash and walnut, with octagon posts and richly ornamented scroll arms of walnut. They are arranged in circular shape and afford a sitting accommodation for 300. The pulpit is made of ash and walnut and is a fine piece of workmanship. The platform and inside of the communion rail present a very neat appearance, being carpeted with tapestry given by the ladies of the congregation. Worthy of mention are the handsome walnut chairs which came from the factory of Mark Butcher of Charlottetown, and were presented by Mrs. J. W. and Miss Eliza Henderson.

The principal feature about the church however, is the beautiful triplet memorial window—the gift of Alexander Tait, Esq., in memory of his brother. It stands sixteen feet high and is richly ornamented. In the centre is a life-size figure of Christ as the good shepherd, immediately under which is the text "I am the Good Shepherd." On each side portion in the centre is an angel with a harp, and surmounting one is a bible, and the other the cross and the crown. The window bears the inscription—"In memory of Adam Tait, died Oct. 17, 1871."

We cannot speak too highly of the efforts of the Shediac people in erecting what is generally conceded to be one of the prettiest churches in the county. Great praise is due to Adam Tait, Esq., who from first to last has labored most indefatigably.

The total cost of the church is about 2500 dollars. Mr. John Ward, the builder and architect, in everything has given the utmost satisfaction to the building committee.

The services on the day of opening were well attended, despite the rain storm which swept over the vicinity. The Rev. Dr. Stewart conducted the dedicatory service, assisted by the Rev. W. B. Thomas and the pastor of the church. It took place at 11 A. M. The Doctor preached a masterly sermon from John 7: 37-39. The Rev. W. B. Thomas preached in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, from Jeremiah 6: 16, and the Rev. E. Duncan delivered an admirable sermon in the evening from Col. 1: 27-28. The choir, assisted by several friends from Moncton, furnished excellent music. Miss Deacon presided at the organ.

NARROW ESCAPE OF METHODIST MISSIONARIES.

A few weeks since, tidings of the loss of fifty British officers and men, and other Europeans at Naini Tal, in India, reached us by telegraph. Naini Tal is the seat of the Government of the Northwest Provinces during the hot season, and also the health resort of the American Methodist missionaries stationed in North India. The following account of the fatal land-slide, and the narrow escape of a party of the latter is condensed from a letter in Zion's Herald.

On the evening of Sept. 16th, rain began to fall in torrents, and continued until the afternoon of the 20th, at which time thirty-three inches had fallen. On the 19th it was observed that the hill above the Royal Victoria Hotel was loosening, and later some of the servants' houses fell. The people in the hotel immediately began to leave. The European magistrate and a squad of soldiers and their officers came and commenced rescuing the poor people buried in the servants' houses, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the side of the mountain to the distance of half a mile above cracked off, and the whole mass of mountain, rocks, trees, together with this hotel and all its surroundings, slid about forty rods into a lake below. In its course it carried the "Assembly Rooms," a large building used for club, dancing and library purposes, into the lake with it, and moved a two-storied store one hundred and fifty yards from its base where it fell down a ruin.

So suddenly did this occur, that all the rescuing party perished; and a native nurse, following her mistress from the hotel and bearing in her arms a babe, returning for some article of clothing, was with the child swept away, while the mother escaped. Among others passing on the street twenty rods below the hotel and carried down to swift death, were eight boys just returning home from one of our native schools. Our own mission premises are in close proximity to the site of the hotel. They are still standing, but so full of shale, earth, stones and debris from a small slide above as to be uninhabitable. It is feared that the whole mountain in the rear of our premises, extending up to the site of the new Government House, will slide down, carrying with it all our property. Even if this should not immediately take place, it is extremely doubtful if ever it will be a safe habitation.

The preservation of our missionaries was most wonderful and providential. There were, at the time of the disaster, in the two Mission houses and Sanitarium the following: Rev. P. Buck, wife and two children, Rev. D. W. Thomas and wife, Rev. N. G. Cheney, Rev. Mr. Kastendiek, Mrs. Mudge and two children, Mrs. Amanda Smith, and Misses Swain, Sparks and Layton. They left their houses in the midst of the rain, and sought shelter in the chapel lower down the hill. While here they arranged to go to Ivy Park, the seat of the new boys' school under Dr. Waugh. Their coolies would not come promptly, but delayed some time. Had the coolies come promptly,

ly, the whole company would have been destroyed by the land-slide, as their path lay just under the ill-fated hotel. Among the escapes is that of General Sir Henry Ramsay, an old friend of our mission. Two men were swept away from his side, but he was spared. H. W. Gilbert, Esq., a member of our church, was going to the banded store to make purchases. Brother Buck saw him, and asked his help in moving to the chapel. He assisted Brother Buck, and was thus saved.

It is impossible to describe the gloom that has spread over the community, and the fear of those living on that part of the mountain. All the houses have been vacated. It is too early to surmise what effect this calamity may have upon the "station." The Government House is a new building, completed in April last. If that should be endangered, and many other sites destroyed, the Government may abandon the station as a summer resort. In that case Brother Cheney's English congregation will be scattered, and he will not, probably, build the proposed new church. In any event, it seems likely that the mission premises, if not utterly destroyed, may not for a long time to come be safe as a residence.

At a later date, another writes from Moradabad:

"There is little more to write of Naini Tal, except to say that our entire mission property is condemned. Col. Brownlow says that there was but one step between our folks and destruction on that awful Saturday. He says our houses must come down and be removed to a safe place. Bro. Thomas is taking charge of things at Naini Tal, and will do whatever needs to be done. Cheney's church is, of course, postponed for a time, and all Naini Tal is a problem. They fear, even for the bazar and all that bill.

"The flood this way is the worst ever known. Thousands of villages are down. There is no estimating the loss. The people were saved in trees, where they stayed two days, or on the roofs of their houses, where they kept their position, or on some high land. Cattle by the hundreds and thousands are gone, and scores of bodies of men, women and children are lodged in the grass in the river. They saw over a thousand bodies lodged in the branches near Rampoor. The railroad is washed away between here and Kundaki, between Anis and Bareilly, and between Baijoi and Alighur, and the bridges are all injured. Jumna bridge at Delhi is gone. Our trains will hardly run for a month, and all mails are stopped."

WIT AND WISDOM.

Never stop to argue the matter with an indignant hornet. Admit the correctness of its remarks right on the spot, and get away from there.

Seven doctors gathered around a man who fell on the walk. Four called it a case of sunstroke, and the other three said it was a fit. Along came a small boy and proved it was banana peel.

There is a profound truth in the seemingly paradoxical words of Sir Matthew Hale: "We perish by permitting things." And is not the whole course of human society an illustration of their truth? Man perishes by the evils that man permits.

Prof. Phelps tells of a burglar who could not plunder a room till he had turned to the wall the face of a marble bust of Jesus. The Catholic versions make it a picture of the Virgin Mary which looked the robber out of countenance. In either case the lesson is the same.

A Pittsburg minister has a very stubborn little five year old boy. The boy's mother was determined to conquer him, and having administered a severe chastisement, she said: "Will you mind me now, Johnny?" With sobs and cries he replied: "Yes, mamma, I will, but I hate to awfully."

The newspapers tell about a kind of whiskey they have out in Omaha, that is so bad it will make a man go off into some secluded place and rob himself. Texas whiskey will make a man rob himself in a public place—rob himself of health, and wealth and honor, and respectability.—Texas Paper.

Two ladies went to see Clara Morris. In one of the most affecting passages of the play, when the whole house was hushed in stillness, one lady who had been using her opera glass attentively remarked to the other: "Pooh! the triumphant on her dress is nothing but Hamburg edging."

A German priest was walking in procession at the head of the parishioners over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing upon the crops. When he came to one of unpromising appearance, he would pass on, saying, "Here prayers and singing will avail nothing: this must have mature."

A curate who had adopted a monotonous whine in his prayers, on being remonstrated with by his diocesan, pleaded that such a tone was proper to acts of supplication, because beggars always as samed a whine when they asked for alms. The bishop replied: "Yes, but when they do I always know that they are impostors, and give nothing."

When a man asks me a question, I look him in the face. If I see no inquiry there, I cannot answer him. A man asked me about the coldness of this winter as compared with others, last night. I looked at him; his face expressed no more curiosity or relation to me than a custard pudding. I made him a random answer. I put him off until he was in earnest. He wanted to make conversation.—Thoreau.

"For we have need of patience." When do we need it? Every day; and all the day! Why do we need it? Because every day brings something to try us. It asks Deilah's question, "Tell me where thy strength lieth?" and puts on the strain to find out the where. And we "have need of patience" to stand firm and steady and true amidst the revealing process!

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RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN"

Week ending November 10, 1880. Rev. J. M. Pike for Joseph Malcolm \$2.00. Rev. E. Slackford for Charles Kelso, 1; Mrs. John Hobbs, 2; 3.40. Mrs. W. A. Patterson 1.00. H. L. Mauer 1.00. Mrs. J. A. Brown 1.00. H. Theakston 1.00. S. C. Deane 2.00. Rev. H. Penna 2.00.

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MARRIED

On the 9th Oct., by the Rev. S. F. Huestis. Henry Mack, Esq., to Miss Amanda Mack, both of Mill Village, Queens, Co. At Newcastle, N.B., on the 2nd inst., by the Rev. George Steel, Mr. Henry McLean, of Newcastle, to Miss Annie Hare, of North Esk. At Roslin, on Nov. 4th, by the Rev. E. E. England, Miss Mary A. Wood, of Mount Pleasant, to Robert D. Dixon, of Port Phillip.

At the Methodist Church, Salisbury, N.B., on the 11th inst., by the Rev. W. Penna. John W. Parsons, Esq., Crown Land Surveyor, of Salisbury, to Miss Mary, second daughter of James McNaughton, Esq., of Salisbury. At the Methodist Parsonage, St. Stephen, N.B., on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Howard Sprague, M.A., Amasa A. Mitchell, of Prince William, York Co., to Saida H. Harner, of Fredericton.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 3rd inst., by the Rev. C. W. Butler, Mr. Willard H. Pike, of Calais, Me., to Miss Helen M. Harmon, of St. Stephen. Nov. 2nd, by the Rev. T. Szolgaick, Mr. J. H. Treen, of Malagash, to Maggie, daughter of Mr. James Thompson, New Anson. At the Methodist Church, Lawrenceton, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. R. Smith, President of the N. S. Conference, the Rev. James Sharp, of North Shields, England, to Lucy S., daughter of Cooper Beals, Esq., of Inglisville, Lawrenceton.

On the 2nd inst., at the Methodist Parsonage, Nappan, by the Rev. J. B. Giles, Mr. William M. Fletcher, of Joggin Mines, to Miss Ada S. Bryan, of Philadelphia. On Sept. 20 h, by the Rev. E. Evans, Mr. David Colwell to Miss Minnie Cameron, both of Fredericton. At the residence of Capt. Spague, Port Elgin, on the 4th inst., by Rev. R. Wilson, Mr. Alexander Reid to Miss Sarah E. Ross, both of that place. At Westfield, N.B., on the 9th inst., by the Rev. James Duke, Mr. Albert L. Taylor, of Indianton, to Miss Mary A., daughter of Capt. Saml. Bonnell, of Westfield.

At the Methodist Parsonage, Brunswick Street, on the 16th inst., by Rev. R. Brecken, Sergeant George Robbins, H. M. 97th Regt., to Alice Mabel Ross, of Boston. At Hunt's Point, on Wednesday, Nov. 10th, by the Rev. J. W. Shepherdson, Mr. Harding Hoffman, to Miss Ella F. Doggett of White Point. At the Methodist Parsonage, Advocate Harbor, Oct. 27th, by the Rev. C. W. Swallow, Mr. Louis Knowlton, to Mrs. Caroline Knowlton, both of Advocate Harbor. At the same place, by the same, Nov. 8th, Leander Allen, to Emily A. Grant, both of Parrboro Shore. At the Parsonage, New Germany, Oct. 16th, by Rev. J. Gee, Nathaniel Lowe, to Cassandra Dorey, both of New Canada. At the same place and by the same, Oct. 30th, James Matthew Varner to Endivellor Beach, both of New Germany.

At the residence of the bride's father Grand Pre, Kings Co., N. S., on Nov. 3rd, by Rev. Thomas Rogers, Captain W. H. Gilmore and Miss Jennie Stewart, both of Horton. At Malagash, Oct. 27th, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Edward Studivan, to Jane, second daughter of Stephen Parly. At the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 4th, by Rev. A. D. Morton, G. A. Lawrence of Southampton, to Olive E., daughter of James N. Schurman, Esq., of River Phillip.

DIED

At Gardner, Me., on the 2nd inst., of diphtheria, Florence A., eldest daughter of Homer J. and Frances M. Davis, and granddaughter of Thomas Bliss, Esq., of Kentville, in the 7th year of her age. At Granville, on the 14th inst., Matzena Mand, daughter of H. W. and Florella G. Dodge, aged 1 year and 9 months. At Scilly Cove, N. F., Sept. 25th, Lemuel Hancock, aged 82 years. Oct. 14th, Joseph Pearcey, aged 83 years. Oct. 18th, Martin George, aged 78 years, all of whom died resting upon the stone-ment.

REPEAT ORDERS

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, ST. JOHN, N.B.

HAVE JUST COMPLETED OPENING FIFTY-EIGHT PACKAGES NEW AND FASHIONABLE

DRY GOODS

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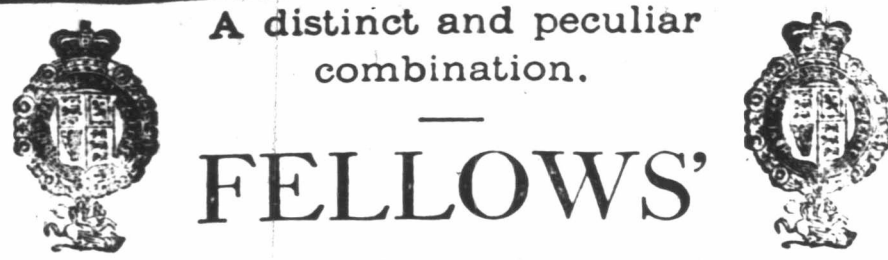
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FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE

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It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste is pleasant, and its effects permanent.

Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly effected by a copious expectoration of mucopurulent mucus. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-back exercise, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalants, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of energy, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed their power. Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vascular corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly, so that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonics and moderators, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them before my efforts were crowned with success. I can speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefit derived from the composition.

As my appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, digestion better; the faces became more copious and less frequent; cold chills ceased; night-sweats lessened; I gained in weight; the hacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spirits became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued taking the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-two above my usual. I have no symptoms left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months was the exp. tation. Now that he stopp'd, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, How do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from ulcerated or tubercular lung? I answer, In the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, half the size of a pea, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest authority in Lung Diseases (Laennec) states is the result of tubercle, which has been cured. Added to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experienced all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, and have successfully combated them, so that I do not despair of any case where there is left sufficient lung tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary consideration of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whose misfortune I believe it villany to trifle.

Respectfully, JAMES I. FELLOWS, Inventor of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

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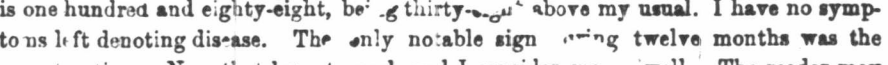
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Prep. a specialty for the subs. river, and warranted to keep indefinitely, and full measure in each bottle. It contains no alcohol—and is free from adulteration. Imported and sold by HENRY A. TAYLOR, at his Drug and Prescription Store, No. 69 Barrington street, Halifax, nov 12

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Sworn to before me at Sackville, N.B. this 10th day of March 1880. JOHN FORD, J.P. Sold throughout the Maritime Provinces.

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Yours truly, THOMAS F. F. TAKE ADVICE. If you are troubled with Indigestion, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Bad Breath, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Loss of Appetite, a sense of fullness or oppression after eating, a furred tongue, languor and aversion to exercise of mind or body, dejection of spirits, dimness of vision, or any other diseases arising from Dyspepsia, try Fello's Dyspepsia Bitters. They will give you instant relief. Price 25 cents.

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VOL XXXII.

OFFICE—125 GRANVILLE STREET.

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All Articles to be inserted in this paper must be sent to T. WATSON SMITH.

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The Baptists in Jamaica and school for the poor valued \$80,000, by the late Island.

Mr. Farnham writes the first sheets of "China in Chinese are off the first Sunday-school books.

The Citizen states Burdett Counts, in addition of the poor men of the United Kingdom ed over £160,000.

The electric light is into the reading-room, and if the expense reading-room will be o'clock, and possibly to evening.

The New York Herald article on European debt ten million persons the shores of the United last century, seeking of the free."

The first Protestant was baptized by Dr. V. Reformed Church at He had read a New Testament the Bay, probably from a man of war.

Dr. J. G. Holland, of the enlargement of the bed by his physicians with literary work. With "Topics," in Scribner's likely to write anything come.

Among the members of the Church in Atlanta, viz.: The Governor, Chief Justice of the State, the State Senator, the Secretary of the General, and two members of the Legislature, besides has his hands full straight.—Georgia Ad

The Daily Sun says the Canada Temperance is steadily gaining in and the liquor interest is inevitable.