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THE HIGHER LIFE.

Suggested by Gerry's Picture of "The Land of Beulah."

Past the shadow of the valley,
Where Apollyon's forces rally,
Far beyond the Giant's shouting,
From the gloomy Castle Doubting,
Pass, O worn and fainting Christian!
You have gained
Entrance to a land where never
Sun hath waned.
Day or night it's ever forsaken
Aught its radiant gleam awaketh;
And, with never-ending singing,
Lo! the whole vast plain is ringing!

"Tis the glorious "Land of Beulah,"
And the Bridegroom is its ruler!
Bordering on the city golden;
See the white-winged seraphs holden,
Here to join in holy converse
With the saint!
And to breathe sweet words of comfort,
Lest he faint
With the dark forebodings dreaded,
Ere the narrow stream is treaded;
Ere the distant, longed-for portal
Opens to the long immortal.

Oh! the enchanting glimpses given,
In this border land of heaven!
Yonder, where the sunbeams quiver,
Flows the life-bestowing river;
And the rare foundations glisten
In the light,
Till the eager eye is blinded
At the sight.
And the heart grows sick with longing
For the richer joys belonging
To the beautiful home Elysian,
Never known by mortal vision.

Oh! sweet eyes, whose saint-like glances
Are my very soul entrances,
In this Beulah land you've tarried,
And to hearts without have carried
Strong assurance of the promised
Land of rest.
For your far-off look and rapture
Have contented
All the glorious earnest given—
To the soul just ripe for heaven—
Ripe in all the Christian graces,
And prepared for higher places.

Knowing this, how can I wonder,
That sometimes you with the sinner
O'er clay bonds that cling tightly
Hinder us from seeing rightly?
Yet, dear heart, I cannot
Give thee up;
Daily I pray, "O Father!
Take this cup,
Only this: so bitter measure
Surely cannot be Thy pleasure,
Our sad earth doth need Thy beauty
To refresh its paths of duty."

Yet, unless his heart can duly
Trust His love, and utter truly,
"Not my will, but Thine" forever,
Well I know that I can never
Feast with thee in happy forestate
Of the joy
Waiting in the home where eterneth
No annoy.
So I bow in meek submission—
Praying that the glorious vision,
And the joys of Thy fair Beulah,
Mine may be, O gracious Ruler!
—Congregationalist.

From Central Christian Advocate.
NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN PULPIT
NOTABLES.
BY W. K. MARSHALL.
Brooklyn has fifty been called the "city of churches." You cannot walk more than two or three blocks without coming upon a Christian temple. Most of them excel in plainness within and without, but some are models of architecture. All are spacious and convenient. The centres of pulpit activity in Brooklyn are Beecher, Talmadge and Cuyler. In New York, Hewit, Ormiston, Hall and Chapin. I propose a brief sketch of some of them.

BEECHER AND HIS CHURCH.
Beecher draws more strangers than any other preachers in these cities. They flock to his church before the doors are open. Strangers are not permitted to enter until 10 o'clock. Until that time they stand in rows on either side of the stairway and vestibule, clear out to the street and patiently watch the richly attired peep-holders as they quietly pass into the house. The citizens of the place feel that this is humiliating and will not endure it, but strangers from a distance are so anxious to hear Beecher, that they willingly stand in the line and take their chances.

If one desires to address him he must go to him on the platform, where you are courteously received. At the distance Beecher looks young, but a close view reveals the marks of time and labor. There is an exuberance of good nature beaming from his face, and a twinkling in the corner of his eye indicative of lurking but innocent mischief. While he has doubtless made some mistakes (who has not?) and while he will doubtless still make them (who will not?) yet the historian of fifty years hence will write him down as one of the most remarkable men of the age in which he lived. Every friend of humanity should rejoice that such brilliant talent has been consecrated to the service of Christ.

DE WITT TALMADGE AND THE TABERNACLE.
Talmadge preaches to more people than Beecher, but it is because he has more room. His Tabernacle will comfortably seat 3,500 people, while Plymouth Church will hold 2,500. This Tabernacle is a curiosity as a church structure. Its dimensions are 100 by 150 feet. The seats are arranged in a semi-circle, so that the whole audience faces the speaker. Two or three ushers are stationed in each aisle and all strangers are seated on camp-stools as soon as they enter. When the usher finds that any pew will not be occupied by the family to whom it has been assigned, the strangers on the camp stools are at once conducted to the vacant pews, and in this way all are made to feel at home. It is not so much so at Beecher's. The pews of the Tabernacle are not sold, but are assigned in the order of application, that is "first come first served." The church is wholly supported by voluntary contributions, through the envelope system. The old building known as the Central Presbyterian Church is occupied as a Lay College in which persons are trained for lay preaching and labor. It is said there are five hundred pupils in this College at present receiving instruction for Christian work.

Mr. Talmadge is tall from being a prepossessing man. He is of medium height and slender form; face swarthy-tailed, with long nose and sandy hair and side whiskers. He wears a business suit every day, and when preaching too. There is nothing in his appearance, in dress, that is clerical.

The service of the tabernacle is introduced by the whole congregation singing the long metre doxology, followed by the Lord's prayer. Then a portion of Scripture is read, interspersed with pointed expositions and applications, followed by the singing of a familiar hymn and tune by the whole congregation. There is no choir. The organ, which is the largest in the country, is located in the rear of the platform and directs the congregation in singing, keeping time with his hand. I never heard such singing before in my life. Everybody sings for three reasons. First, everybody has a book; second, everybody knows the time; third, everybody is urged to sing. It may well be supposed that such singing is soul-inspiring. It lifts one up into the very heavens. It is like the "voice of many waters." As the great organ rolls forth its deep-toned harmonies, accompanied by thirty-five hundred human voices, it makes one think of the grand choruses of heaven's harpists. Let all the people sing; yes, let all the people make a joyful noise unto God!

Mr. Talmadge's prayer is a model in every respect. He talks to God not to him; he addresses the Mercy Seat, not the audience; he prays as if he believed that men were needy, and God would hear. There is *unction* in it, and the people evidently feel the presence of the Lord of hosts. His sermons are models of conciseness. He plunges at once into the subject; he uses no unnecessary words. Every sentence is as sharp as a two-edged sword, and flows like a swift arrow to its mark. He uses some plain phrases and terms, but he throws some important earnestness into them, that they seem like dead men risen from the grave to speak. He is poetic, dramatic, incisive, de liberative, impulsive, pungent, powerful as the subject demands. Every blow strikes some where, or some person. He is bold, and even defiant in his assaults upon sin in high and low places. He seems to be no respecter of persons. He copies after no one. He is unique in his manner of presenting and illustrating truth. He is clear out of the old grooves and into the new. You can't measure him with the rule of pulpits. You can't measure him with the books, or criticize him by the schools. He is a law unto himself. He is like a war-horse, leaping out of its orb, flying through his arena, emitting its strange light upon every hand, and there is no telling where it will bring up, or what, or who it will bring down. He paces the platform like a caged tiger, and roars something like a lion. He speaks through his arms, his legs and his head. He reaches a climax, he shakes his head, fearfully, like unto the cracking of a driver's whip, and makes one feel that there is danger of being snapped off. His voice is far from being pleasant, and he is a most miserably poor reader. He violates all the rules of elocution except *it* (metres). He can be heard all over the vast assembly. In short, he is a mystery, a phenomenon, a contradiction of all the rules and books, and a most potent power for good in the city of Brooklyn, and the world. He speaks to more living people in this city than any other man, and his sermons, being published both in this country and in England, his influence is felt by a larger number than any other Protestant minister in the world. May Heaven's blessings rest upon him!

MR. HEWIT.
has recently been brought into unusual prominence before the public by his abandonment of Unitarianism, and his confession of faith in the divinity of Christ. He is a man of fine personal appearance, and is entirely unclerical in his dress. His voice is good, and he speaks with great deliberation and distinctness. I have heard him on the platform twice; first in Cooper Institute at the University of the National Temperance Society, and next in the Academy of Music at the reunion of the American Congregational Union. Both were fine opportunities to try his metal, but he fell far below the reputation the newspapers had given him. While his speeches were passable, they were only ordinary, lacking both brilliancy and profundity. Nor is he an orator. I have heard hundreds of workmen Methodist preachers that are his superiors in this regard. Strip him of

the cheap reputation that followed his late leap from Unitarianism into the lap of Orthodoxy, and he will at once fall back upon a lower plane. He boasts of his intention to build a church in New York, where "the rustling silk and the needless calico shall sit side by side." Many who heard this utterance thought that he would have to lay aside the large gold ring which he sports on his little finger before he would realize the fulfilment of this design. Others thought that the only possible way to carry out his purpose successfully would be to put wheels to his church, and run it as a street car. That is the only place where the "rustling silk and the needless calico" affiliate in this city. There they sit lovingly side by side.

DR. ORMISTON
is a Scotchman imported from Canada a year or two ago, and is now pastor of a Dutch Reform Church in New York. He was formerly a Scotch Presbyterian. He is a very common man in his personal appearance. He looks more like a country "quire," than the distinguished man he is. His hair stands straight up all over his head like the bristles of a swine. But when he speaks, you at once forget his plain appearance and are charmed by the brilliancy of his utterances. His Scotch brogue and his keen wit add fragrance and force to his sayings. He is the greatest man in many respects I have yet heard in New York or Brooklyn. He is a giant in intellect, and possesses uncommon personal force. He will outwear Hewit, and will endure more and be remembered longer than Talmadge. He is the very antithesis of Beecher, and yet he is free from his erraticisms.

DANGERS TO METHODISM—FINE
PREACHERS.
BY C. C. NORTH.
Costly churches create a demand for fit preachers. The church is large and the seats must be filled; or perhaps they are pewed and must be rented. The church debt is crushing the few, and the many must be drawn in to share the burden. How is this to be done? A fine preacher is the only remedy. He must be young—old men are not wanted in these progressive days; they have outlived their usefulness, especially in costly churches. There is still a place, for them in the old churches, in the suburbs, and in mission stations. His personal presence must be attractive and his manner elegant; these qualities will draw the young as well as the old of the better class. He must be cultured, so that the few highly educated members shall be abundantly fed. It is not necessary to stop to inquire about the unclean that accompanies his discourses, about his success in leading others to prayer meetings, nor his adaptation to the Sunday-school; the thing to be considered is, can he draw a congregation? Thus all things are in keeping; a costly church, a respectable congregation, and a fine minister.

But the demand is greater than the supply. The increase of the churches for the year past is 700, while the increase of ministers is 506. It is altogether probable that of the 506 recruits to the ministry, very few are of the sort to meet the demand of the costly churches; some are competition. Competition leads to large salaries, large salaries lead to sore throats, sore throats lead to vacation, and vacation leads to California or Europe.

Bear in mind I am not stating facts, not entering a protest. These results may be only natural and inevitable. But there are dangers in at least two directions—first, in the tendency to create a privileged class, where churches accustomed to a certain order of preachers, will tolerate no others, and where preachers habituated to favored appointments are mortified to accept those of an inferior grade. Is not this a growing evil? Are not some churches liable to the charge of dialyism, who looking no farther than their own wants, and even whims, violently reject certain preachers from fields of usefulness, already in process of successful cultivation, resulting in discord and heart-burning, and leaving among weaker congregations a feeling that "might makes right?" A Church will have only the best, and denied this, is ready for independence, is disloyal, and should at once seek another communion. A preacher who interprets the commission, "Go ye into all the world," as meaning, "Go where the pay is largest and the society the most refined," and ready at the first prospect of opposition to shrink from the itinerant yoke and enter into relations elsewhere, alike easier and more permanent, should be allowed to go. It seems proper in our itinerant system that inferior Churches should be more frequently favored with star preachers, and that star Churches should occasionally enjoy the unction and power of preachers less literary, perhaps, but equally useful.

It seems fair that those who enjoy the highest advantages of the itinerancy should partake of the disadvantages as well. If not, where are the lessons of humility and self denial embodied in the idea of itinerancy? There is danger of antagonism between the favored few who circulate among costly churches and the large body who are excluded from them. Perhaps the remedy can be found only in pressing the work of ministerial education until every itinerant shall be a cultured man, and the distinctions in the ministry shall be those only of natural gifts and spiritual power.

The second danger in this connection is the temptation to maintain ascendancy in the pulpit by elaborate and highly-finished sermons, many of which are written and not a few read. Our fine preachers embody too many ideas in their discourses and mystify them with too many learned words. They attempt to meet the supposed demands of the cultured few in their congregations instead of the simple minded many. Consequently the few praise the preacher while the many go away unfed. Nine tenths of the hearers of such preachers can give no intelligible synopsis of their sermons and for the reason that they are over-crowded with thoughts expressed in language beyond the comprehension of the people. I often wonder while listening to such discourses, what models do such preachers follow. Certainly not Christ and his apostles. Their discourses were simple talks, with few but

clearly defined ideas, expressed in the plainest language of the people. Such, too, was the style of the early Methodist preachers; such most of our fine preachers consented to adopt if they would have "common people hear them gladly."

As to read discourses, they may be tolerated in ministers of other denominations, but ought not to be endured in our own. One secret of our power as a Church lies in extempore speech from the classroom to the pulpit. Our people are educated to it, and few trials are greater to them than to endure a reading preacher. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." A read discourse precludes those outward circumstances which play upon the feeling, as well as those effusions of the Spirit which, affecting the heart, give birth to those reading sermons that defies the flesh and the great body of the preachers be content to preach Jesus and him crucified. Essays on physics, on moral and mental philosophy, on social science and kindred subjects, may be procured at low price either in books or lectures, and with far more satisfaction than the crude efforts of the pulpit; while the truth as it is in Jesus, accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost, is beyond all price, and can be furnished to a waiting people only by the true minister of Christ. There is exception to all rules, and occasions will arise when every reading sermon is justified in leaving his flock and smiting some Goliath that defies the living God; but when the work is done let him go quickly back to his sheep who need to be constantly led into green pastures and beside still waters.

There are no real dangers to Methodism so long as the ministry cling to the old direct methods of preaching a pure Gospel out of the hearts sanctified by Divine grace.—*Christian Advocate*.

DR. GUTHRIE ON THE SUPPORT OF THE GOSPEL.
But whether people will hear or forbear, let me now state two or three ways in which the claims of ministers are evaded. I will give you a case—these are best remembered. There is a story, much to the purpose here, told of Christmas Evans. His biographer says: "It must be remembered among the anomalies of Welsh religious life, that it combines an insatiable appetite for sermons, with a marvelous disregard of the temporal welfare of the preacher."

It is a pity that such anomaly is not peculiar to Welsh religious life. On one occasion, a woman said to Mr. Evans as he came out of the pulpit: "Well, Christmas Evans, I hope you'll be paid for the resurrection; you have given us a wonderful sermon."

"Yes, yes, shak fact," was his quick reply; "no doubt of that, but what am I to do till I get there? And there is the old white mare that carries me; what will she do? For her there is no resurrection."

He might, it was then remarked, have said more, and with great justice. He might have added, "Yes, yes; I know that for my labors and sacrifices I shall be paid there. But what will you do? What will you receive there for your stingsness now?" That is the question that should come home to the hearts of all the servants of God with a marvelous disregard for their temporal wants and comforts.

I pass on to a second, expressed in a remark which looks very pious, and is all the worse for it. It was made by a lady to the wife of an excellent minister, who, as many have been obliged to do kept bracing to eke out a living, that some of the merchant princes in his congregation could have paid out of their own pockets and never missed it. This lady, rustling in silks and in a blaze of jewels, went to pay a visit to her minister's wife—more a lady than herself, with the exception of the dress. She condescended with her on their strained circumstances, and, looking in the pale, care-worn face of the excellent woman, said, as she turned up the whites of her eyes: "But, my dear, your reward is above."

but from silks and satins, how disgusting! The richest cant—enough to make religion stink in the nostrils of the world. Does that saying pay the minister's stipend? Will it pay his accounts? Fancy him going to his baker and butcher, and instead of money, turning up the whites of his eyes to say, "Your reward is above." I fancy they would reply, "Oh, no, my good sir, that does not pay the bill!"

There are two ways in which congregations sometimes display their niggardliness: 1. In their shabby contribution to their minister in the days of his activity. They take all his pay from him and give as little as possible in return. 2. In their miserable provision for him in the days of his infirmity and old age. The pretext of leaving him to be paid at the resurrection, as in the case of Evans, is a barefaced hypocrisy which must be utterly abominable to God.

There is a third way of evading this duty. I want the Christian public to look at it. It is this: Ministers should not be rich. I have no ambition to be rich. But it is a sweet thing to be able to pour blessings into an empty cup, and I want to know why I should be deprived of that pleasure more than others? Have I not a heart as well as other men? Who dare say that ministers would make a worse use of money than others? Was Agur's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," made only for them? Gesteel poverty! Gesteel poverty to which ministers are doomed is one of the worst evils in the world. To place a man where he is expected to be generous and hospitable, to open his hand as wide as his heart to the poor, to give his family a liberal education, to breed them up according to what they call genteel life—to place a man in these circumstances and deny him the means of doing so is enough, but for the hope of heaven, to imbitter existence.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1872.
The Melbourne Conference of 1872 will be regarded as one of the most—if not the most important of the Australasian Conferences. In numbers it was the largest, in time it was the longest, and in the important questions which were considered and decided it has had no equal.

For many years the question of Annual and General Conferences has been discussed, but any decision has been uniformly deferred—"the time had not yet arrived." The late Conference has resolved "the time has come" to make the change in our plan. We are glad that there has been so much unanimity in arriving at this decision. Ninety-nine votes were cast, of which seventy-four were in favour of the change, and fifteen against it. It is determined that there shall be for the present four Annual Conferences, viz.—1. New South Wales and Queensland; 2. Victoria and Tasmania; 3. South Australia; 4. New Zealand. The South Sea Missions are to belong to the New South Wales Conference. A General Conference, composed of representatives chosen from the Annual Conferences, and possessing legislative power will meet once in three years.

Of course, before these changes take effect the consent of the British Conference must be obtained. The "plan," which has been carefully prepared, will be forwarded to the President of that Conference, as well as to the Missionary Committee, by the outgoing mail. It is expected, the British Conference will meet in July sanction the "plan" it may be expected to come into operation after three years.

The question of lay representation in Conference did not occupy much attention. It was felt that until the new arrangements of which we have been speaking came into operation, it would be useless to think of any change as to the constitution of the Conference. Meantime, also, we shall have the experience of the older Wesleyan communities of England and America, since this question is under discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. With Colonial Annual Conferences, we have no doubt that some plan of lay representation will follow.

The question of Sunday schools occupied much attention, and we are glad that a code of rules has been adopted and published in the minutes. We think these rules will be found to supply a long-felt want, and to supply it well.

PULPIT MANNERS.
BY A HEARER.
This subject has recurred to us by listening to distinguished clergymen of different denominations who attract the multitude. It may be said of them that they are men of power, and succeed in doing about what they undertake, notwithstanding any imperfections in their manners. One loves to see them and hear them. They present live subjects, and treat them familiarly and practically, yet with an originality of thought and expression that carries conviction to the heart. Ministers without their attractions would be discarded for their defects. Success, like conversion, hides a multitude of sins, in a way of its own. Mr. A. is a preacher in middle life, and of considerable distinction. From the general appearance of the man, and once hearing him, we judge that he is not disposed to be severe on worldly amusements, and would be more disturbed by earnest and devout piety among his people than by free and easy sociability. His movements in the pulpit seemed to indicate that he intended to do a pleasant thing and please the people, and so he did. Though he took a wide range, and developed many appropriate thoughts and expressions, his attitudes were remarkable; not awkward, indeed, but unmeaning and unimpressive. His clean white handkerchief played a prominent part. Being drawn from his pocket and unfolded before the audience at an early period in the discourse, it was first placed under the Bible, but was soon withdrawn, and passed over the speaker's mouth and nose, which in perfect order without it, and then deposited elsewhere. Nearly every new proposition was heralded by some similar display of this useful article of outfit.

The intervals were filled up with various manipulations of the fingers, indicating nothing connected with the subject, such as adjusting the speaker's hair, feeling of his forehead or cheek, or, what seemed particularly ridiculous, pressing his nasal organ on one side or the other with the fore finger in imitation of snuffy boys on the street when they wish to express triumph or contempt. While we enjoyed the sermon, we could but wonder that some of the preacher's admirers had not corrected these little damaging habits by their kind suggestions.

We next listened to a gentleman of another persuasion, whose thoughts were thoroughly evangelical, whose language was superlatively beautiful. His gestures, too, were admirable, not only tallying with his thoughts, but often expressing them more forcibly than did his well-chosen words, which were sometimes so uttered as to be distinctly heard. Yes that grand discourse was wonderfully damaged by frequent nasal explosions which rang through the house like a trumpet, showing by its clearness that that effort was a mere habit—and a very indelicate one—the condition of things in the speaker's breathing apparatus requiring nothing of the sort. How a gentleman of such high culture could fall into so disagreeable a practice is unaccountable. Could he see it as others do, he certainly would abandon it at once and forever. Let his friends advise him.

The use of a handkerchief as a spittoon on a sick-bed is sometimes very convenient, and even necessary; but such use of it in the pulpit is in bad taste, to say the least. But where, owing to the fastidiousness or neglect of trustees, a minister is forced to this or to still a calling, it may be a question which is the least objectionable? We are satisfied, however, that if the handkerchief cannot be brought into subjection to good taste in the pulpit it had better be left at home. The manners of the pulpit should be in harmony with the purity of its subject.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

LONG SERMONS.
The speaker's time should be measured out by wisdom. If he is destitute of discretion, he will amuse them more than a little. In one house the pudding is burning, in another a child is needing its mother, in another a servant is due in the family; the extra quarter of an hour's prolixity puts all out of order. A country hearer once said to his pastor, "When you hear on beyond half-past four, in the afternoon service, do you know what I always think about?" "No," said the orator. "Well, then—I tell you plainly, it is not about what you are preaching, but about my cows. They would milk, and you ought to have consideration for them, and not keep them waiting." How would you like it if you were a cow? This last remarkable inquiry suggested a good deal of reflection in the mind of the divine to whom it was proposed, and perhaps it may have a similar beneficial effect upon others who ought to confess their long preachings as among the chief of their shortcomings.

In general, a great sermon is a great evil. Length is the enemy of strength. The delivery of a discourse is like the boiling of an egg. It is remarkably easy to overdo it, and so spoil it. You may physic a man till he is ill, and preach to him till you make him wicked. From satisfaction to satiety there is but a single step. A wise preacher never wishes his hearer to pass it. Enough is as good as a feast, and better than too much.—*Spurgeon*.

GETTING READY TO LEAVE CHURCH.
An exchange says, "If, instead of the closing anthem, some of the ministers should, at the close of the service, give the orders, 'Attention, worshippers! For hats, dive! For overcoats, go! Jerk, twist, plunge! Make yourselves ridiculous all!' the effect would hardly be a variation from the present style of getting ready to go out of church. The singing of the anthem seems to be the signal for a general putting on and adjustment, and when the benediction is about to be pronounced the ruffled congregation look more like jumping out of the windows, or mowing in a crushing and crowding race for the door, than listening to the solemn words of the good pastor. At one of our well-filled churches, on a recent Sunday evening, it was observed that at least

every third man was going through these ridiculous motions while the services were closing, although the sermon had been excellent. Why do not people wait until the proper time to do these things? There is a time for everything, but that time does not always occur during church services."

IRISH METHODISM.
(From the Watchman.)
It has occurred to us that some of the readers of the Watchman might wish to know something of the efforts of Irish Methodism during the Methodist year now about to close, and of its prospects in the future.

We do not forget that many English readers have very little interest in, and are very little attracted by, anything appearing under the designation "Irish." They seem as if disposed to repeat the question once asked, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? We do not wonder at the state of mind thus manifested when we remember the several causes which have long been at work to produce this effect. For it is only the natural effect of causes long in operation, since there are few things in the history of Ireland that present many points of attraction to such readers. Every picture of things earthly, when true to nature, must give a commingling of light and shade. And in pictures of things Irish there must be however to correspond with the reality. However, we are happy to say there is one exception to this in the case of Irish Methodism. The Homeist Church in this land has long been, and still is, the plague spot on Irish society, and to remove the curse England has hitherto tried her skill in vain. The late Established Church and the Presbyterian Church have also in the past been a source of trouble and expense to England. But Irish Methodism has never yet occasioned England any trouble or expense whatever. Her influence has always tended to promote peace in Ireland and good-will to England, and, like the good Samaritan, she has ever laboured to bind up the wounds of our bleeding country.

Hence we think that the labours of Irish Methodism during the year contain elements of interest worthy of the attention of all connected with Ireland and who may wish her well. From the district returns now to hand we have no ground to hope for an increase this year in our church members. We rather fear we shall have to mourn over a slight decrease. However our numerical returns should not be regarded as a test either of labour or of success. At present the Methodist Church, like other Churches in this country, is in a somewhat critical and transition state. It is to hold the extended position she has gained by much toil, she must increase her agency, and afford religious instruction to her people, and revive those she have sown in from the world will be under the sad necessity of seeking pasture elsewhere. This state of things was well understood last year by the Irish Conference, on a careful examination of its financial resources the pressing applications made for additional ministers had to be refused. This was very painful, but under the circumstances it could not be avoided. However, several of the circuits whose applications the Conference had to refuse, themselves made a noble effort to meet the requirements of the times, and grapple with their difficulties. They succeeded in securing the services of intelligent and pious young men as self-denial have been graciously offered of God. In several instances the spirit of revival has been poured out, and there are few circuits in Ireland which have not been favored with the divine presence and blessing. And on a careful scrutiny we think there is reason to believe that Methodism has struck her roots more deeply into the Irish soil than ever, and give us the promise of richer and more abundant fruitfulness. We feel as if Providence is opening up for her a glorious future. May she prove equal to her high destiny, and faithful to her Divine Master.

But it may be asked, if God has so graciously blessed the labors of Irish Methodism, why is not her membership greatly increased? To this we need not go far for a satisfactory reply. Emigration, as in former years, has robbed us of much of the fruit of our toil. Those who are not well acquainted with the state of things in Ireland are not in a position to appreciate the force of this reply. Where the population is large the removal of a few individuals is scarcely noticed, unless by immediate friends. But when we consider that in Ireland the Protestant population is sparse, and that of this the Methodist element is only small, we can understand that the removal of one often creates a vacancy that cannot be filled up. The mere loss of members is, however, only one result of emigration; there are others far more serious still. Leaders, local preachers, and other church officers are lost to us year by year through emigration. Pious young men, the hope of our church, are lost to us by emigration. Methodist families, residing in destitute localities, where the Wesleyan ministers have been accustomed to lodge for a night and preach the Gospel, emigrate to a distant land, and thus we are shut out from many neighborhoods where our presence is most needed. Besides, our financial resources are lessened, and in many ways our aggressive action is hindered.

Many important subjects will demand the attention of the approaching Conference in Dublin next month. But we need not anticipate the action of Conference or guess at its decisions. We will only pray that the Divine Head may be present and direct everything, so as to promote his own glory and to advance the interests of his cause in this and other lands.

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolations of religion; and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart." So said John Howard, who spent his life in visiting the wretched in prisons and in hospitals, wherever he knew of human misery. He was a happy man, and the source of that happiness was found in ministering to the wants of others.

Advertisements and notices on the left margin of the page, including names like "Fancy", "Goods", "Shirts", "Attention", "CO.", "ine.", "theroo", "Fish", "Hatway", "obd", "gent.", "BERT", "DOORS", "SASHES", "VING'S", "ROOM", "N. S.", "RING", "added to the", "others on trial", "Bermuda", "options for", "and in advance", "the close of the", "the insertion of", "accompanied", "p. 10", "by", "his", "Print", "where", "NTING".

CONFERENCE PUBLIC SERVICES

SUNDAY, JUNE 23RD 1872.

Brunswick St. Church, 11 a.m. Rev. H. Pope; 7 p.m. L. Gaetz.
Charles St. 11 a.m. J. Phinney; 7 p.m. J. D. Teed.
Kaye St. 11 a.m. S. F. Teed; 7 p.m. S. F. Teed.

GRATON ST. CHURCH, 11 a.m. D. D. Currie; 7 p.m. J. A. Taylor.
Dartmouth 11 a.m. J. G. Angwin; 7 p.m. Thos. Harris.
Waverley 3 p.m. J. G. Angwin.
Montague 3 p.m. C. H. Paisley.
Mount Hope 3 p.m. A. W. Nicolson.

BRUNSWICK ST. CH. PRAYER MEETING 7.30 p.m. Rev. S. F. Huotier.
GRATON ST. CH. PRAYER MEETING 7.30 p.m. Rev. L. Gaetz.
Tuesday, June 25th.
Brunswick St. Ch. 7.30 p.m. Rev. E. Brettell.
Graton St. Ch. 7.30 p.m. Rev. S. F. Huotier.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27.
Brunswick St. Ch. 12 a.m. Cont. Pr. Meeting.
7.30 p.m. Home and Friends.
Friday, June 28.
Lecture in Brunswick St. Church at 8 o'clock, by Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.

RECEIPTS FOR PROVINCIAL WELFARE.
To June 18th, 1872.
From Rev. F. G. Willey, John T. Butt, Mrs. M. Evans, \$12.16.

LECTURE BY THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A., LL.D.
IN THE BRUNSWICK ST. WESLEYAN CHURCH, ON FRIDAY EVENING, 28th JUNE, at 8 o'clock. Subject: 'The Men of the Mayflower.'

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Principal and interest in Gold, and the holders exempt from United States tax.

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The Family

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

By MARY HAINES GILBERT.

THE LESSON PRIMER—GEORGE LEARNED.

The countries of Africa are the Barbary States, Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Zanguebar.

Here a little fairy popped in at the door, and at sight of her the young student threw down his geography, frowning.

"Prince Dorge, won't you turn to my party?"

Prince George drew his eyebrows together.

"I told you so. What do you come interrupting a fellow for? Do you think I can study with you bothering me every minute?"

He looked so cross that the fairy retreated without another word.

Prince George took up his geography again.

Mozambique, Caffraria, Senegambia, Liberia, Upper Guinea, Lower Guinea, Cimbabue, Kabin.

The door again flew back on its hinges.

"Dear, dear George, please turn. I have cakes an' ev'ing—tea too."

"I'd like to see myself," said George loftily.

A sponge and dough cut in fifty bits, and milk and water for laves. That is a least worst disturbing one's self about! Feed your dolls."

"If they teed only eat, it'd be no nice," said the fairy.

"Now, Clarry," said George, "you mark right straight down stairs, and don't you come in my room again to-day."

"All day!" cried Clarry. O dear! 'oo won't turn, an' it's Saturday too. 'Oo might play just fifteen minutes."

"Only babies play," said George. "An' I ten years old now!" He turned his back to Clarry, and began to eat his lesson again.

Clarry descended slowly to the front basement, and sat down with folded hands while she viewed her gold-bound dinner service, on which cakes and roy apples glistened. Only two guests were present, and they were still enough. Clarry looked at them and tried to smile, and they seemed to look back smiling, but somehow they were poor company.

"Dood day," said Clarry presently, bowing very low to her two guests. "I 'spose 'oo'd like some tea. Help 'oo'selves to cakes."

She proceeded to do the honors, but while she poured out the tea, the corners of her rosy mouth twitched.

"O dear!" she said sighing, "I can't! I don't like to eat up ev'ing an' lose 'oo."

She pushed her chair away from the table, back against the wall. Just then a giant stalked in. That was Uncle George. He was just six feet and six inches high!

"Why, fairy, mooping?" cried he. "Why art thou cast down?"

"O Dicky Dorge!" cried Clarry, "did 'oo ring the bell? I never heard it. I had a party, but Prince Dorge wouldn't turn."

"The door was open," said the giant, "and Bridget came near pouring a pail of water over me. So Prince George wouldn't come to your party! What's his excuse?"

"Oh! he 'tudyin' all the time for the pize," answered Clarry. "He is so cross. I wish there was no pize."

"I am sorry the pize makes him cross," said the giant. "We'll, I'll come to your party instead of Prince George. Will that do?"

"Splendid!" cried the fairy, laughing gaily.

The giant escorted the fairy to the table, and the party began in earnest. The tea had got cold, but that did not matter. Clarry poured out six cups, one after another, for the thirty giant, who said that he was sorry to give her so much trouble, but that the tea was so good. The other two guests played the part of wall-flowers, but seemed to enjoy themselves notwithstanding. At last the party was over, for all the goodies were eaten up.

"Fairy, put on your bonnet," said the giant, "and we will go forth to see what can be seen."

Half an hour later, the two came in at the door, followed by a boy bearing a pitcher in one hand, and a basket, containing sundry parcels in white paper, in the other hand.

"Now we've had a stroll, we must have another party," said the giant, "for I am hungry again. Fairy, I'm afraid that my appetite is so large that your plates will prove too small. We must borrow from Bridget, and give her ice-cream in return for her trouble."

In five minutes everything was arranged, and now I must go up for Prince Dorge's, said Clarry.

The giant shook his head. "But he has no time for such nonsense."

"Oh! but he loves cream an' candies," said Clarry. "He'll turn right now."

"Hum!" said the giant, "Well, you may make him come down if you can, but you are not to tell him I am here, nor what good things we've got. Only say, 'Please come down to the party'—not a word more."

"Yes," said Clarry, and she ran up-stairs so fast that she was all out of breath when she reached Prince George's door. The door was locked.

"Dorge," whispered the fairy through the key-hole, "turn down right 'way to the party."

"Self-denial! Self-denial! Self-denial!"

"Do let me in, Dorge. There's a splendid party—Um—No!"

Clarry remembered the giant's commands just in time. She drew a deep breath, and then began coaxing again.

"Go away," said George. "I don't want any of your parties. Go away, baby."

"Please turn down," pleaded the fairy, all in tears. "It's splendid. 'Oo don't know what there is. Ev'ing—'tast tea!"

The young student answered not a word. Clarry turned to go down stairs again—then she turned back. "I can't," she said to herself. "Then she thumped at the door again."

"Turn down an' I'll dive 'oo any'ing I've got."

"Go along," said George, angrily.

"Unky Dorge down 'airs, an' there's ice-cream an' ev'ing."

The door flew open in a moment.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" asked George, and he ran down stairs full speed, without waiting for an answer. The fairy with a tear-stained face followed slowly after.

Prince George and the giant shook hands. "So the claims of princes haven't made you forget the claims of the fairy of the household, after all," said the giant, with a beaming smile. "You deserve your name yet, Prince George."

"I don't—understand," faltered George, frowning.

George had borne the title of "Prince" ever since he could remember. He had won it by his princely way of bestowing gifts. Everybody said that he was the most unselfish of boys.

The fairy, her eyes red, sidled up to the giant, whispering: "Oo won't be cross, Unky Dorge. I had to tell. He wouldn't turn down 'airs for me."

"Ah!" said the giant, with a disappointed look.

"I am studying so hard, you know," said Prince George. "She teases me so. I wouldn't come down till Clarry told you were here."

"Yes," said the giant, "it is a good thing to study hard; but—you can spare time for this party?"

"Yes, certainly I can," said George, laughing; but at that moment conscience gave him a twinge or two.

The second party was as successful as the first, and what more could be said? The giant noticed that Prince George piled up his sister's saucer with cream three times, while he piled up his own saucer but twice; but he kept silent about it.

That evening, after the fairy was tucked into bed, the giant and Prince George had a long conversation about her. It would make the story too long to tell all that was said; but you must know the result.

The following Saturday, George got up quite a wonderful party, and sent cards to Clarry and her dolls, and up to this day, he has tried hard never to forget these closing words of the giant: "A student should have the manners of a prince at all times and in all places, but more especially he should study to please the loved ones at home."—From the Methodist.

I THOUGHT IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

Many are the instances in which the memory of a mother's love, in which the mere mention of a mother's name, has struck the heart of an erring youth like a dart from heaven, and summoned him back to the walks of piety and peace.

A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking-aloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man into the street. He was very young and very pale; but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged on the man who had so excited and blinded with passion that he did not see the lady, who stood near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first word of the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly around, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice; it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had, then," said the lady, "a mother who loved you?"

With sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost! Lost to good society, lost to honor, lost to decency, and lost forever!"

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had long been untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a boat of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way, the young man followed her. He marked the house which she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door-plate in his little memorandum-book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger seated up his card and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great services you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the young man, "that you have forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too, is so much like my mother's."

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in the room of the drinking-aloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat and told the lady how these few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went," said he; "and it always seemed as the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb! I repented of my transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God, I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolution."

"I never dreamed that there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely, ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."—Zions Herald.

THE PASTOR IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

By W. WATKINS HICKS, D.D.

It is a lamentable fact that, in many places, the pastor is regarded as a sort of stranger in the Sunday-school. If he goes there at all, it is by special invitation, and frequently he feels a delicacy in taking any part in the exercises.

Instead of stopping in his walk up the aisles among the children, or from the desk speaking once, he is found apart, cold, formal, and apparently waiting for an invitation to do his duty.

The truth is, there is too often between the pastor and the superintendent a wall of ice, which not even the breath of charity or prayer seems able to melt.

All this is wrong. The minister should visit the Sunday-school as pastor of the school—as the head of it; and, at any moment, should feel at liberty to touch the bell and call the atten-

ACCURACY.

Accuracy should be considered a cardinal virtue; it necessarily involves being precise. Many a patient has been pushed back to the grave from which he was escaping by the indefinite advice of the physician to "Live light; be careful in your diet." "Don't expose yourself;" "Dress prudently."

A patient might live so light as to starve himself to death. Carelessness in diet would be interpreted as carelessness in the judgment of the individuals.

A "little" piece of copperas dissolved in a "little" water is an excellent thing to heat up a sore, yet a piece of copperas as large as a bean, dissolved in a teaspoonful of water, and applied to a sore, would burn it like fire, and keep it from healing.

Every child should be early educated to habits of accuracy of statement; to leave a margin, a liberal margin, instead of outrageous exaggerations. Let all statements be within the truth.

If you called to see a friend three or four times, don't call it a dozen. If you rode fifteen miles in the country, don't call it twenty, but say at least a dozen. Learn to reduce all your statements, as far as practicable to facts, figures and forms. State a fact just as you saw it, without comment; if you learned it from another, say nothing positively. Give the exact numbers whenever you can, and in describing a thing put it on paper if possible. In fact, if every child was taught to draw and sketch with a free hand from the first month of going to school, very great advantage and amusement could be drawn from it for life.

A love for rough sketching from nature were inculcated and encouraged and cherished it would in after years afford an infinite source of amusement, of interest, and oftentimes of profitable employment: the habit of drawing cultivated close and accurate observations; it strengthens the memory. Moreover, to observe accurately and quickly, is often of incalculable advantage in business matters.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

How touching is the tribute of Hon. Thomas H. Benton to the memory of his mother: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in the games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever usefulness I have attained through life, it is by having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink; and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it owe to my mother."

ADORN YOUR HOMES.

Some one writes gracefully and forcibly: "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they invest money judiciously to improve and adorn the house and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible and enjoy it; but when they spend it in fine clothing and jewelry for their children they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display."

"Our Minds" says Raskin, are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different kinds—limbs of mind, which if you don't exercise you cripple. The blacksmith's arm is strong and large because of its exercise. So with the limbs of the mind; as curiosity, sympathy, memory, invention, wit, &c. The way to bring out the powers of the mind is to concern yourself attentively with the subjects of each faculty. It is the mind that makes the man; not external circumstances of place, power, wealth or honors; the inward virtues and not the outward appendages.

In making a new apparatus-bed, it is always best to put in a good spring; but should this be impossible in any case, then the old one should be enriched with a good portion of party's decomposed manure. If the soil is stiff, it should have some river-sand added, as it will materially assist the roots to spread, and thus increase the vigor of the plants. At the same time, manure must bear in mind that where the subsoil is not very stiff and wet, the drainage is unnecessary; but the ground should be well trenched, some two feet deep, mixing with it during the process plenty of manure, and give a top-dressing of salt when finished. The surface of the bed should remain rough, when it should be again trenched and have a considerable quantity of manure added, giving at the finish a top-dressing of salt, as before recommended.—Prairie Farmer.

GATES' ACACIAN LINIMENT.

For inflammatory pains seated in any part of the body, Chills, Rheumatism, &c. Price 25 cents a bottle.

GATES' EYE RELIEF.

For Soreness or Inflammation of the Eyes. Price 25 cents a bottle.

NOW IS THE TIME TO TRY OUR INVIGORATING SYRUP.

WHICH REGULATES THE BOWELS AND PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

The following certificates describe a few of the astonishing cures which have been made by the use of these remedies—

This is to certify that Foster W. Rhyland of Wilmett, the county of Annapolis, with cash and faith, that about two years ago he was taken quite ill, and applied to, and took medicine from, different Doctors, and received but very little if any benefit from their treatment. Had a very severe and distressing cough with pain in his left side, he kept continually sinking all the time until he thought he was advised by his friends to take Dr. Caleb Gates' Life of Man Bitters and Syrup. He yielded to their entreaty, and after using two bottles he found his health improving, and thus being encouraged he continued on until he had taken two bottles more, when the pain in his side completely subsided, his strength was restored, and he found his general health very much improved, and by the healing and restorative virtues of the medicine, and the blessing of God, he considers himself a sound and well man.

Foster W. Rhyland.

Sworn to at Middletown, this 4th day of December, 1871, before me.

JAMES WHEELOCK, J. P.

CALEB GATES & CO.

Gentlemen,—I take this opportunity of testifying to the value of your Invigorating Syrup. My daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, was afflicted during the past winter with loss of appetite followed by general debility and weakness of the stomach to the extent that she could not retain food upon the stomach, the consequence of which was that she became a mere skeleton, and was fast wasting away, while the doctors could do nothing.

N. Coleman happened to call at my house, and seeing the pitiful condition of the child recommended the Syrup. We gladly took his advice, and immediately procured a bottle, which gave great relief, and a second one made an entire cure.

WALTER WHITE.

Personally appeared before me the undersigned, W. White, and made oath to the above certificate.

J. N. COLEMAN, J. P.

Lakeville, King's Co., N. S., June 14th, A. D., 1871.

BITTERS—50¢ per Bottle.

For sale by dealers generally.

Parties ordering either of the above remedies, will address

CALEB GATES & CO.

MIDDLETON, ANNAPOIS CO.

RESTORE YOUR SIGHT.

Old Eyes Made New!

All diseases of the Eye successfully treated by Ball's New Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

Read for yourself and restore your sight. Spectacles and surgical operations need not be resorted to, and the cure will be purely natural by the use of the new

Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups.

Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists and surgeons, have testified to the efficacy of these cups, and their use has permanently restored to life, and cured of the following diseases:

1. Impaired vision; 2. Presbyopia, or Far Sight; 3. Dimness of Vision on, commonly called Blurring; 4. Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; 5. Sore eyes—especially those of the Oculist; 6. Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages; or Imperfect Vision from the effects of the use of Spectacles, or Intolerance of Light; 7. Over-acted Eyes; 8. Myopia, or moving specks or floating bodies before the eyes; 9. Strabismus, or Squint; 10. Catarrhs, or Inflammation of the Membrane of the Eye; 11. Corneal Opacity; 12. Pterygia, or fleshy growths on the eye; 13. Membrane of the Eye; 14. Membrane of the Eye; 15. Membrane of the Eye; 16. Membrane of the Eye; 17. Membrane of the Eye; 18. Membrane of the Eye; 19. Membrane of the Eye; 20. Membrane of the Eye; 21. Membrane of the Eye; 22. Membrane of the Eye; 23. Membrane of the Eye; 24. Membrane of the Eye; 25. Membrane of the Eye; 26. Membrane of the Eye; 27. Membrane of the Eye; 28. Membrane of the Eye; 29. Membrane of the Eye; 30. 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