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(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)
**UNITY WITHOUT UNIFORMITY;
OR WHY CHRISTIANS SHOULD AGREE TO DIFFER.**

First we must premise that what God has revealed and commanded all Christians are bound to believe and obey, and "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the Saints;" but in the outward form and modes of Church worship and government which are not revealed, but which are observed by the various evangelical Churches, all Christians must agree to differ, if they would promote the peace and prosperity of each other—the conversion of the world and the glory of God. And this is His commandment: "That we believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another as he gave commandments." It is a general and essential principle clearly revealed, "that they who worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth;" that we must pray and sing with the spirit and with the understanding also," but the "bodily exercise" or "of which the essential principle or soul of Divine worship should be developed, is not clearly revealed, and therefore Christians may differ among themselves concerning the outward form of worship—again, the order of Divine worship is not clearly revealed, one Church may first sing, then pray, then read the Scriptures, then sing again, then preach, then sing, and conclude with prayer. Another Church may adopt another order, and a third may differ from both; and certainly there may be diversities of Church operations, and yet the same spirit in all—again, it is clearly revealed that Christians should be baptized and partake of the Lord's Supper, but how they should observe these ordinances is not clearly revealed, therefore there may be different opinions held concerning the modes and forms most becoming to us to fulfill all righteousness;" and most in accordance with the things signified by those outward signs. "While, we all agree in the principle, that ourselves, we should agree to differ in our outward forms if we cannot see alike.

2. If we had intended a uniformity in Christian Church worship and government, he would no doubt have been as particular in the details as he was in those of the Jewish Church, therefore there may be in the Christian Church union without uniformity.

3. In the Apostolic Churches there were diversities of opinions concerning non-essential things, yet did Paul exhort them to "receive one another in the Lord," and to agree to differ, or to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

4. There may be uniformity in a mode without union in Church fellowship—Catholics, Methodists, Greek Christians, and Baptists all baptize by dipping, yet they do not unite in Church communion. High Church, Latin Christians, and Methodists agree to differ, but avoid Church union with each other—again, there may be uniformity of worship in the same Church, and yet many may be more formal worshippers, having not the spirit, so that uniformity itself, without the spirit, is dead; and if the Churches, in their own consciences, necessarily follow that they would be any more spiritual, and therefore as that uniformity is not likely to be effected on this side of heaven, until then we should agree to differ.

5. Creation in all her kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, animal, human, and angelic—were formed without we see unity without uniformity, such as we see, to agree to differ. As in the human body so in the spiritual body, each should agree to differ. "But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him: That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should all have the same care one for another. Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit—differences of administrations, but the same Lord—diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in us:—for by One Spirit are we all baptized into One Body, Spirit." See 1. Cor. xii. Minor differences of opinion and of practice exist in families and communities without creating war; so they ought in the Church. Even in the pattern given to us in the Divine economy, we learn to agree to differ. For the second person in the Godhead, being formed of the same material, have a common centre, and they are governed by the same laws. In many respects they are alike, in more they are alike. One God created them all, differing yet

"Forever singing, as they shine
The hand that made us is Divine."
Shall we question the ability of Jehovah to have formed out of those materials, one body instead of many? Yet who will doubt that His wisdom is more conspicuous in the present arrangement? Now Christ is the centre of the moral system—the Sun of righteousness, and evangelical denotations regard Him as their centre. In Him they hope and believe, and He is to them the object of attraction. Each truly pious denomination may be compared to one of the planets, and they all cause move in their appropriate sphere, revolving about His centre, without interfering one with another. There is no necessity for the inhabitants of this Planet to transfer their relation to another planet, in order to

where be understood that churches are to be enlarged by the addition of converts from the world. It is intolerable that this sect should encroach upon the privileges of that. We can place no confidence in the shepherd who will plunder another's fold. There must not be sought, really or apparently underhand, in the intercourse of the ministry. Is the Lord reviving his work in the parish of one brother—his brethren stand at their usual distance, unless specially and properly invited to come nearer. We are pained at that species of management, which intercepts the work of the Lord, by interfering in the labors of a favored servant. Every shepherd should watch his own flock. Ministers of each denomination should manifest a deep interest in the prosperity of all the Redeemer's friends, without regard to distinction of sects. We know that we are passed from death to life because we love the brethren. If a man say, I love God, and hate his brother (and all the pious are brethren) he is a liar." Bigotry is unbefitting a Christian. We may not be able to approve in every respect the conduct of those whom we are bound to love. Christ does not require us to be pleased with ignorance and prejudice, wherever His image meets our eye it should gladden our heart.

3. Let all denominations seek for greater attainments in holiness than they have as yet possessed. Book after book has been published, the professed aim of which has been the union of true Christians in one denomination, but the writers of such books have generally committed one fundamental mistake. Assuming the correctness of their own views, and of course regarding such as differ from them essentially wrong, they have endeavored to influence Christians within their own communion to come over to their side. In vain are efforts of this kind. The only remedy for the evil of sectarian strife, will be found in the greater prevalence of the Spirit of Jesus. It is idle to think of uniting all Christians into one church congregation; but, if willing an exception, they strive to be like their true Christ, their Master, they will eventually so nearly resemble Him, as not to be displeased with each other. Should every pious person be filled as Stephen, with the Holy Ghost, useless wrangling among sects would cease.

4. Behold the servants of God on the bed of Death. The very far from true Christians, every thing like narrow minded party feeling. The Holy angels departing to bear to Abraham's bosom the departing soul, makes no inquiries of it, respecting its denominational connection. A passport to Heaven, does not depend upon the name by which we are known. The renewed are admitted into the Paradise of God. In the Church triumphant, there is neither Jew nor Greek sect nor anti-sect. There will be found of all Nations and Kindreds and people and tongues all joining with harmonious voices, saying, Behold our God which sitteth on the throne and upon the Lamb—and lastly (for I am already too long) as the pious when uniting in prayer exhibit striking evidence that they are one. Let all the pious adopt the language of the Father of the faithful when an occasion of contention arose between two servants of God. "Such has been his strife, I pray thee between me and thee and between my herdsman and thy herdsman, for we are brethren," and then pronouncing the benediction—The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen. We will love all the Brethren and agree to differ.

Sydney.
THE GOVERNING POWER IN HISTORY.
What is it? Is there any law of influence, that we can distinctly grasp in our conceptions, that holds in subjection all other elements of directive agency in human affairs, and that determines the fortunes of the race in accordance with some supreme idea of existence? Certainly there is, and it is the law of religion, thought, and life, and action. It history evolves one great truth, it is this, that religious ideas run deepest in the human mind, that religion subordinates all other forces to its sway, that the civilizations of different peoples have been the products of their religions, and that every system of religion has aimed at the conquest of the world. Historical studies derive their chief value from the insight they afford into the operations of the human mind as to the fundamental principles of morality and religion. The thoughtful scholar of Christendom find their main interest, in surveying the history of the ancient nations, in the knowledge they obtain of the religions of those races that flourished before the advent of Christ. Max Muller has shown in the products of his varied and beautiful scholarship how the vital interest of us moderns in antiquity centers in those old systems of religious thought, that through the mutations of many generations, are even now affecting the destiny of the unchristianized races of mankind.

From this point of view the sources of history are exceedingly instructive as furnishing elements of civilization. The civilization and governments of the Egyptians were actual emanations of their religious ideas. The under currents of power in Grecian history blended the deepest religious instincts of the human mind with the beliefs of the most wonderful system of mythology the world has ever seen. Greek institutions and manners were a fair reflection of Greek religion or mythology. Even in the great Roman people, the power of religion as ruling the march of events is seen in that the sovereign representative of the civil and religious powers, the emperor, was in theory the high priest of the nation. In history was the high priest of the nation, the ancient nations, such as the Assyrians and Persians, until the researches of modern scholars have thrown so much light on their religious life and institutions, it is obvious that their religions were the very inspiration of their laws, literature, domestic manners, and national character. The history of the ancient Hebrews is the history of their religion. Their very faith is seen to consist in having their religious faith rule all the forces of their national life. Their contests with other nations were

essentially those of religious antagonisms, and when their religion lost its supremacy in their government they went into captivity. The fortunes of all the races of mankind are by the deepest laws of existence made to depend on their religion. As ancient history expounds this idea it becomes of immense service to the human race.

And then the great truth of ancient history is also the great truth of modern times. Old religions were represented in historical personages who became masters of thought and action in the world of mind, and on the broad theater of events. These great names in the history of legislation, in the splendid arena of statesmanship, in the science and art of war, and perhaps greater still in the unmeasured circles of science and philosophy, but the greatest of all names in the world's annals are those that stand as synonyms of the great religious systems that have awayed the destinies of humanity. Christianity is embodied in Christ, and Christ was born to rule. Prophecy laid the world's government upon his shoulder, and made his kingdom co-extensive with the race, and unlimited in duration. When Christ taught his disciples to call him master, he assumed to himself the leadership of humanity, and spoke to all the generations of men to the end of time. Christ is the conqueror, and on his head are many crowns as emblematical of the power of the Cross in all the realms of statesmanship, and science, and art, and philosophy. Christianity aims at the conquest of the world, and is patiently, slowly, surely marching to the realization of its purpose. It has already superseded the old systems of culture and philosophy. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle! These names have lost their proud pre-eminence in the empire of mind. The greater include the less. Whatever in the old systems of speculative thought was in harmony with the nature of man, has been taken up into the life of the God—was as he now exists and operates in humanity through the agencies of his religion. The same is true of the old religions. While Christianity supersedes them it does not antagonize in anything true or good, but appropriates what is divine and beautiful in every pagan creed to its own judgment and growth in the mind of the world.

We are living in a new creation, and it is difficult for us to realize the greatness of our Christian inheritance. To pass from the opulent life of the present to the simple life of the past, to pass from regions of twilight and shadows and decaying emblems to a world of splendid and objective realities, where the law of life produces imperishable bloom; and the perfection of thought and truth into institutions to endure forever. A new sun shines in the heavens of humanity. The old planets and constellations glow with a pure luster now that the star of Bethlehem lights up the vault of our human destiny, and carries the thoughts of poor mortals to the immortals of home and beyond the skies. The astronomer gazes the Milky Way, which features translucent with the sheen of Him who made the world, and whose cross has introduced a new law of attraction into the mortal universe. "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." Christianity cannot be regarded as a subordinate agent in history. You can subject it neither to the sword, nor to imperial science, nor to rationalistic oracles, nor to the patronage of art and letters, nor to the decrees of councils with their infallible popes, nor to forms of government and the agencies of culture and philosophy. Christianity is now a part of God in humanity. It is the life of the world, and the love, and moral force, now have the supremacy in history. The eternal codes of Christendom now reflect the principles of the Christian religion. The most important geographical discoveries have been made by Christian missionaries. There is not a school or college, or university on the face of the earth, truly serving the cause of progress, that is not under the control of Christian agencies. The statesmen and orators and poets whose words and numbers now thrill the hearts of the race, are those imbued with the spirit of Him who offers rest to the weary and cooling to the thirst of mankind. Wars have not ceased, but as they break down false systems of government and civilization, the wrath and ambition of man are made to praise God, and the remainder of wrath will be restrained.—North Western Advocate.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.
Is this the natural condition of human life? Are difficulties appointed in the very condition of things? So it seems. The great sea divides the lands of the globe, and is trackless, treacherous, and full of perils to navigation. Over countries thickly inhabited every year recent rains during a large part of every year, and demands the tribute of diligent preparation. When winter yields to spring, brims and thorns appear as the spontaneous growth of the soil, and are sure to keep possession until displaced by the hand of toil. The shelter and clothing required for every season are found only in their raw materials—in the possibilities of woods, and rocks, and fields. The choicest treasures of the earth, like the fabulous riches of Arabian story, are accessible only to the "Open Sesame" of patient industry. Pearls are concealed in natural cavities beneath the waves; diamonds are on the shore; gold, silver, and among the sands on the shore; and are locked up in the mountains, or mingled in fragments with the soil of the valleys; while the coal which supports and moves the world, and the oil for its machinery and light, must be broken from original packages in the rocks, or drawn from reservoirs far down in the nethermost depths of the earth. But this is only the beginning of labor. The difficulties encountered in the collection of materials are repeated in varying forms through the whole process of manufacture and use—everywhere imposing the necessity of effort and skill.

It might have been quite otherwise. The power, required to make the world as it is, was sufficient to have established an entirely different condition of things. The sea might have been without dangers, and the winter without discomfort or death. Houses, finished and

filled, might have been made to grow like trees; and towns and cities, like forests. Garments of every style and quality, like fruits and flowers, might have been a simple product of nature. Instead of the full corn in the ear—to be gathered and threshed, and ground, and baked—the earth might have brought forth loaves of bread ready for the table. All things precious might have been displayed in profusion upon the surface; and all things necessary, fully prepared for immediate use. It was not impossible for God to make a world in which the inhabitants should be wholly exempt from enforced or difficult exertion.

But this has not been done; and it is well. Even with our limited faculties it is easy to see, in part at least, the wisdom of the present order of things. The sea has always been to maritime nations, a vast gymnasium for the training of their intellectual and physical development. The winter of the temperate zone has its ample compensations in the prostrate vigor and enterprise which it fosters, as is fully attested by the manifest superiority of the inhabitants of such regions over those of the tropics. Forests and rocks may contend with agriculture for the possession of the soil, but the places where such is the case have often become famous for the production of great men, made great by the discipline of early hardship and toil. Necessity is the mother not only of invention, but of all activity and development. The distrustful anxiety concerning food, clothing and shelter, it is this which is harmful, and not the sturdy effort to secure them. Indeed the very effort, which is required in procuring under difficulties the things really needed, is itself our greatest need; for it is indispensable to the promotion of the health and strength of body and mind. Take away the spur of war, withdraw the challenge of natural difficulties, absolve man from all necessity of exertion, thus leaving him to the enervating influence of luxurious indolence, and he would soon be good for nothing. The truth is, the world was made for man, and not man for the world. Human life on earth is a school, and not the least important of its discipline is labor under difficulties.

The practical and successful men of the world accept the situation. Instead of idly bemoaning the inevitable difficulties of business life, they regard it as part of their business to grapple with them and leave them vanquished. They have no toleration for disheartening fears, weak complaints, incoherent efforts and consequent failures. They act upon the sensible maxim, to take things as they are and make the best of them. Indeed they often find the chief zest of their employments in the strength and joy of struggle and triumph, in the perfect mastery of difficulties the most formidable. With such views of life, it is any wonder that they succeed? Laying all their plans and adjusting all their forces with special reference to obstructions, they tunnel the mountains, bring down the hills, fill the valleys, and the rivers, reclaim the arid deserts, hold back the waters of the sea, penetrate the underground world for its wealth, open a way for thought through the channels of the deep, send forth floating palaces in the face of the tempest, and exercise dominion over the earth by the right of legitimate conquest. Such results were evidently contemplated in the first commission given to the representative man, the earth was to be subdued by human agency. The subjection of matter to mind was to be completed when mind should prove its supremacy by an enterprise and skill equal to the task. So after all, the difficulties of our natural condition are only relative; they lose their character as difficulties when met by a sufficient force. Absolute difficulties—that is the insurmountable—are found only in a course of opposition to God, and never when acting under his commission and in accord with his natural and moral law.

And herein is a great lesson for Christian workers. Difficulties, so called, abound over the whole field. They confront every project and beset every undertaking, which has in view directly or indirectly the real spiritual good of ourselves or of our fellows. What then? Are they not found in all labor under the sun? And shall the men of this world always be wiser in their generation than the children of light? Shall we ourselves be wiser in mere worldly business more bold, energetic and skillful than in the supreme work of the Christian life? To resist temptation, subdue self, acquire all possible knowledge, help the needy in body and soul, bear with the infirmities of our associates, overcome evil of every kind with good, and aid effectually in subduing the world unto Christ—this is indeed a stupendous work, far exceeding all physical conquests; but it is not impossible, if God leads the way. To succeed is simply to meet and overcome difficulties.—Pittsburgh Advertiser.

THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.
"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scenes and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought we had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness over-shadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master! Press on, there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist passed away, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the lowest level mist, concealing the world below, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens." O ye over whom clouds are gathering, or who have shivered beneath the shadow of death, if they rise before you! Press on. There is light ahead.

When we call old age the winter of life, we must beware lest we deprecate from the bounty of our Maker, and disparage those blessings which He accords precisely, among which old age is none of the meanest.—Joseph Hall.

EVERY DAY.
I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting of the sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself, so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you shall build up indeed, by art, thought, and just will, and ecstasies of England, of which it shall not be said, "See what manner of stones are here," but "See what manner of men."—Ruskin.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.
(From London Watchman.)
The number of the Wesleyan "Missionary Notices" for the current month, just published, contains items of information of considerable interest. Extracts of letters are given from missionaries labouring in Portugal, Western and Southern Africa, Australia, India, and China, some of which will be found well adapted for quotation and comment in the monthly missionary prayer-meeting. The Rev. I. W. Moreton, with his excellent wife, arrived at Oporto in safety, and he has commenced his labours in Portugal with a pleasing prospect of success. The infant cause already in existence he pronounced most "interesting," and says: "I have seen a number of the members, who are simple-hearted and sincere, and it is a most enjoyable thing to be among them. Mr. and Mrs. Casals, at whose house we are staying, are most zealous and excellent people; and I do not wonder that God has honoured so highly the work they have initiated." From Sierra Leone Mr. Dalton reports progress both spiritual, numerical, and financial; and he gives an interesting account of a Bible-class which he conducts for the benefit of the young men under his charge, some of whom he hopes will in due time prove efficient helps in the work of the mission. With a view to reach vast numbers of the natives who never attend any place of worship, he states his "intention to carry out a regular system of outdoor preaching," so soon as a few of his young men are prepared to take a part in the work. In a climate like that of Western Africa this kind of missionary labour requires to be conducted with great prudence, or the consequences may be serious; but the zeal and enterprise which suggest such expedients for the diffusion of the Gospel of Christ are sure to meet with their appropriate reward.

From Hankow, in China, Mr. Scarborough writes in a cheerful, encouraging strain. He expresses "deep gratitude to Almighty God for the unbroken peace and safety" which the mission families had enjoyed all through the past sad, perilous year. "Our friends will be glad to learn," he says, "that while violence and intimidation have been resorted to by the people on other mission stations, at this place after reporting the favourable commencement of Dr. Harley's labours as medical missionary, in the place of Dr. Smith, who had embarked for Europe, Mr. Scarborough, advertising to the spiritual progress of the work, says: "In one of our quarterly prayers, meeting the native assistants uniformly testified to the good results of our labours, visible in the growing faith of the people in idolatry. Many who have not yet joined themselves to us, who do not do so for fear of persecution, have nevertheless renounced the worship of idols, and confessed themselves to be 'almost persuaded' to become Christians."

In Ceylon the good work commenced some time ago, continues to advance, and Mr. Bangh writes hopefully with regard both to the present and the future. He says, in reference to the late revival: "The total number of 'seekers' in Kandy were about 124, and upwards of ninety professed to find peace. Undoubtedly much good has been done, and we have now to labour and pray that it may remain, and spread, and grow until 'the idols are utterly abolished.'"

The last issue of the "Canadian Methodist Missionary Notices" also contains intelligence of thrilling interest, some of which is of a pleasing, and some of a painful and afflictive character, and calculated to excite our sympathy for the sufferers. In the dreary wilds of north-western America both the families of the missionaries and the people of their charge have been visited by that awful scourge, the small-pox. The pestilence swept over the plains of Saskatchewan with unexampled fury, and vaccination being then unknown, it numbered its victims by thousands. These were chiefly Indians connected with the stations which were formed a few years ago by Methodist missionaries sent from Canada, whose circumstances and habits of life were such as to aggravate rather than to mitigate the power of the fell destroyer. The Rev. George M'Dougall, the zealous chairman of the district, was uniting in his efforts to administer aid and consolation, both temporal and spiritual, to the sick and the dying during the awful visitation. Such was the lack of assistance in the most trying hour, that he had frequently to work with his own hands at digging graves, and carrying the dead to their last resting place, before he could perform his proper ministerial office by reading the funeral service over their remains.

This was trying enough, but there was in reserve for the devoted missionary a still more bitter cup to drink. The pestilence at length visited his own family. He was attacked with the disease himself, and such was its virulence, that he narrowly escaped with his life. The man of God had scarcely recovered when two of his daughters with an Indian girl whom he had adopted at the request of her dying father, were all smitten down, and in a few days they were numbered with the silent dead. Assisted by his own son, the missionary had to dig their graves and bury them with his own hands in a land of strangers. What must have been his feelings when with tearful eyes he youth looked up and said, "Father, I find it hard to have buried our own dead!" But the sorrow of the bereaved and afflicted parent was not without

power, Although his dear children were thus suddenly taken from him, it is a pleasing fact that they died in the Lord. Of his youngest daughter, named Flora, he says: "How precious to our bleeding hearts her dying words! Flora loved the Saviour." Of Georgiana, his eldest daughter, he records that "her last words were prayer. A few days before she was taken ill she told her sister that during one of the services in the church her soul was greatly blessed." Then the afflicted father adds: "The great Master was evidently preparing her for a better life." While prostrate with the disease himself, Mr. M'Dougall wrote: "What course the disease will take I cannot tell; but, I bless God, come what will, I feel all is right. I feel that I am an unworthy sinner, but a sinner saved by grace." And when, after an intermission of two months, he again attempted, on November 18, to hold a public religious service, he says: "Our meeting was deeply affecting. Both missionary and people wept before the Lord." "But," he adds with gratitude, "our lovefest was a season of power, and the Comforter was present."

The Rev. M. Robinson reports favourably of the progress and prospects of the work in the newly-formed Province of Manitoba; and accounts of an encouraging character come from California and Columbia, where, it is said, our own beloved Puncheon has gone to bless the people for a brief period with his eloquent and powerful ministry. This is the Canadian conference, a fair daughter of British Methodism, sending forth her missionaries to the regions far beyond, and nobly carrying out the principles and teachings of their venerable founder who declares his motto to be, "The World is my Parish."

INTERESTING STORY OF FATHER TAYLOR.
BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM WELL.
During the last year between England and the United States, there lived in an obscure suburb of the city of Boston a poor but devoted English woman, who, having lost her husband soon after her emigration, depended for subsistence on the earnings of her needle. Her neighbors were of the lowest class—ignorant and vicious. She fell in her poverty and toils that God might have cast her lot in those unfavorable circumstances for some good purpose and began zealously to plan for the religious improvement of her neighborhood. Among other means, she opened her small front room several times a week for a prayer-meeting, and presented the aid of several Methodists in conducting it. Much of the good seed thus scattered with a faith that hoped against hope, and in a soil that seemed nothing but arid sand, produced good fruit. Among the attendants at the evening meeting was a young man, with an intellectual eye, a prepossessing countenance, and the generous susceptibilities of a sailor's heart. Amid the corruptions of his associates, he had been noted for his temperance and excellent disposition. And yet this child of the sea had been a wanderer on his waves for thirteen years. He could scarcely trace the ties of a single family relation on earth, and had known no other friends than the ever varying but true-hearted companionship of the forecastle. A natural superiority of head and heart had raised him above many of the moral perils of his lot. His fine traits interested much the good English woman and her religious associates, and they could not see why God would not make some use of him among his comrades. He had received no education, but could read perfectly. She hoped this Providence would in some way provide for his future instruction; but in the midst of her anticipations, he was suddenly summoned away to sea. He had been out but a short time when the vessel was seized by a British privateer and carried into Halifax, where the crew suffered a long and wretched imprisonment.

A year had passed away, during which the good woman had heard nothing of the young man. Her hopes of him were abandoned as extravagant, in view of his unsteady mode of life, and its peculiar impediments to his improvement. Still she remembered and prayed for him with the solicitude of a mother.

About this time she received a letter from her kindred who had settled in Halifax on business which required her to visit that town. While there her habitual disposition to be useful led her, with a few friends, to visit the prison with tracts. In one apartment were the American prisoners. As she approached the grated door, a voice shouted her name, calling her mother, and a youth beckoned and leaped for joy at the grate: it was the lost sailor-boy. They wept and conversed together like mother and son; and when she left she gave him a Bible, his future guide and comfort. During her stay at Halifax, she constantly visited the prison, supplying the youth with tracts religious books, and clothing, and endeavouring by her conversation, to secure the religious impressions made on his mind by the prayers-meetings in Boston. After some months, she removed to a distant part of the province, and for years she heard nothing more of the youth.

In 18—, I was appointed to Boston. One of the most agreeable circumstances of this new appointment was that it afforded me the acquaintance of "Father Taylor," the celebrated mariner's preacher of the city—a gentleman whose fame for genius and usefulness was general; whose extraordinary character has been sketched in our periodicals and the books of transatlantic visitors, as one of the so-called "heroes" of the city, whom a distinguished critic has pronounced the greatest poet of the land; who through unable to write a stanza, and a mayor of Boston publicly declared a more effective protector of the peace of the most degraded parts of the city than any hundred policemen.

In a spacious and substantial chapel crowded about by the worst habitations of the city, he delivered every Sabbath for years discourses the most extraordinary, to assemblies also as extraordinary, perhaps, as are to be found in the history of the Christian world. In the centre column of the nave, guarded sacredly against all other intruders, sat a dense mass of mariners—a strange

See the American Travels of Miss Martineau, Buckingham, Miss Bremer and Dickens.

medley of white, black and olive—Protestant, Catholic and pagan—representing many languages, unable probably to comprehend each other's vocal speech, but speaking their same language of intense looks and flowing tears. On the other seats, in the galleries, the altar, and on the pulpit stairs, crowded with a vast multitude of people, the family of sailors, and the poor who had no other people of the city—the learned professor, the student, the popular writers, the actor, groups of clergymen, and the votaries of gaiety and fashion—listening with throbbing hearts and wet eyes to a man whose only school had been the forecastle, whose only endowments had been of grace and nature; but whose discourses presented the strangest, the most brilliant exhibition of shrewd sense, epigrammatic thought, melting pathos, and restless humor, expressed in a style of pertinency, spangled over by an exhaustless variety of the finest images, and pervaded by a spiritual earnestness that subdued all listeners—a man who could scarcely speak three sentences in the pulpit or out of it without presenting a striking poetical image, a phrase of rare beauty, or a sententious sarcasm, and the living examples of whose usefulness are scattered over the seas.

During my second year in Boston, an aged English local preacher moved to the city from the British provinces, and became connected with my charge, wife, though advanced in years had the colloquial ease, the motherly affectionateness, and air of tidiness which were often found in the better trained women of the common people of England. I felt a cordial comfortableness about their humble hearts which was not to be found in more stately dwellings, and often resorted to it for an hour of sociability and conversation. I thus became acquainted with her history—her former residence in the city—the evening prayer-meeting—her removal to the provinces—her second marriage, etc.

The old local preacher was mingling in a public throng one day with a friend, when they met "Father Taylor." "A few words of introduction led to a free conversation, in which the former residence of his wife in the city was mentioned. An allusion was made to her prayer-meeting; her former name was asked by "Father Taylor." He seemed seized by an impulse and inquired their residence; he mentioned it and in a short time arrived in a carriage with all his family, at the home of the aged pair. There a scene ensued which I must leave to the imagination of the reader. "Father Taylor" was the sailor-boy of the prayer-meeting and the prison; the old lady was the widow who had first cared for his soul. They had met once more.

Her husband has since gone to heaven; and she resides in humble but comfortable obscurity, unknown to the world, but exerting upon it through the sailor-preacher, an influence for good which the final day alone can fully reveal. Reader, there may be a neglected spirit within in your reach, which, reclaimed by this influence from vice, might be to thee an agency of inestimable usefulness—a gem on the brow of the Church on earth, and a blessed companion in its walks over the "flowery meads" of heaven. Under the aspect of poverty is wrapped a jewel which glitters on the crown of the Redeemer in the heavens, and which an archangel would descend swiftly from the skies to seize and recover. But to angels is denied this honor; yet it may be thine, and it may afford thee more "riches of glory" than could all the diadems of earth.—*The Methodist.*

FATHER TAYLOR GONE!

Father Taylor dead! Impossible, one might almost say. So live a man as he cannot die. That face which every wrinkle was full of life, to be frozen; that eye flashing with power, to be shrouded; that form, like the waves of the sea, ceaseless in motion, to be immovable. Such a miracle of anti-nature cannot be! Yet it is. We saw it so on Good Friday under the pulpit, where he had so often and so mightily preached the Gospel. There he lay, like a warrior taking his rest on the field of his victories, dead, most certainly dead!

On Wednesday morning, between twelve and one, in the first quarter of the ebb tide, on which ebb the sailors say every naturally dying person dies, he floated into eternity, performing in this particular his last duty. The sailors, in whose hands he had been lighted, he has been breaking in powers for a year or two, and his mind was entering the fog which lay along the ocean river of his life. Out of the midst of it occasionally flashes of that rare genius burst forth—the sun struggling through heavy clouds. These grew denser and denser; nature struggled less and less against them, until he dropped quietly asleep on that last Wednesday midnight morning.

On Good Friday his church was filled with a great multitude, met to do him honor. Large, fragrant lilies, standing on either side of the pulpit; an anchor of roses hung over his coffin; a wreath of evergreens lay at his feet. His strong features, fixed in serene sleep, rested on the pillow; a white cashmere dressing-gown gave the gentlemanly air that ever marked his dress and manners. Rev. Dr. W. R. Clark conducted the exercises, with rare propriety. Rev. Dr. Lincoln, of Hingham, read the Scriptures, Solomon's poem on life, in the last of Ecclesiastes, Paul's poem on his own life, in the last of Timothy, and his greater poem on the resurrection, in the last of Corinthians. Father Merrill made a fervent and effectual prayer. Rev. Dr. Upham gave some facts of the early life of Father Taylor. He knew him in 1815, when he received a license to exhort, and drew great crowds by his remarkable oratory. He joined Conference in 1819, and was stationed in Scituate Circuit, comprising all the towns on the South shore, and which had not in it a single Methodist Church. His fame filled all that region to this day. He was stationed at New Bedford, Cape Cod, and the Vineyard, ever begging the shore, until in 1829 he was read off for Minister's Charge, Boston, whose name has ever since been announced by the Bishop, until the last session. Rev. Dr. Watson described his earliest knowledge of him, first in the little chapel in Methodist Alley, when, unknown to fame, he was thronged by great crowds of sailors, and of the poorest poor. The first sermon he heard him preach was remarkable in its oratory, poetry and piety. Often since had he listened to him, and always with amazement at the fertility of his fancy, and the scope of his thought. He said that when he was begging money for this Church, in a rich congregation, he said he "wished for no pillared temple, but only for the chips and shavings that fell from their Corinthian carvings;" that "if they dropped a dollar into this ocean, it would raise a wave that would strike the shores of Europe, reach to the Spice Islands, and wash every day return thence to your Northwestern coast. He portrayed his character and capacity, his breadth and tenderness of heart, with a warmth of words that few had ever heard was his in

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1871.

METHODIST UNITY.

Every intelligent Methodist of a liberal and comprehensive way of thinking must deplore that the aggregate Methodism of the world is split up into so many different and unconnected organizations. English Methodism is divided among Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, New Connexion Methodists, Free Church Methodists, and Bible Christian Methodists. In Australia, we believe, the Methodist divisions of the Mother country are reproduced on a smaller scale.

In Canada proper, there exist Wesleyan Methodists, Episcopal Methodists, Primitive Methodists, New Connexion Methodists, Bible Christian Methodists, British Episcopal Methodists, and possibly some others besides. In Prince Edward Island there are Wesleyan Methodists and Bible Christian Methodists.

In the United States, there are the two great bodies, the Methodist Episcopal Church North and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and Protestant Methodists. True Wesleyans, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and we believe some less important Methodist offshoots. Besides the respectable and pious body known as United Brethren may for ought we see be also classed as being virtually Methodist.

We cannot but think that the policy of tendency which in different countries split up Methodism to the extent pointed out was a most insane one. That policy of tendency ought to have been definitely arrested long ago. The division of Methodism into so many different sects has proved a fruitful source of mischief. It has been the cause of a great loss of moral power to Methodism in the world. For but for these divisions Methodism would be immensely more influential for good than it is. And the wasteful, senseless competition in restricted fields of labor between different branches of Methodism has been the means of frittering away, to little purpose a vast amount of religious force.

There are indications appearing on every side that the era of Methodist disintegration is coming to a close. Right views and proper feelings on this subject are spreading rapidly throughout the great Methodist family. There is a yearning, ever growing more deep and tender, in the hearts of separated Methodist brethren for union with each other. Retaining their devotion to all that is essential in the Methodist economy, and their firm attachment to Wesleyan theology, the different branches of Methodism are growing oblivious of past family quarrels and tolerant of divergent opinions on matters of mere prudential arrangement. There, there is a more cordial recognition of each other as nearest of kin in the Christian brotherhood than ever before, and a laying of heads together and a comparing of notes with each other on the question of union. These are auspicious signs of good things in store for the Methodism of the future. These signs are with more or less vividness coming into view almost all round the Methodist horizon. Blessed are the eyes that see the welcome, promise-bearing light. Princes in our Israel who longed for the vision sleep in the dust without ever having beheld it.

They who are spared a little longer will see greater things than the signs described. Their eyes will rest on the freshened verdure of our Hermon bathed in the blessed dews of heaven on every side; and in the courts of our God they will scent the fragrance of the holy oil which will descend from the anointed head of our Divine Aaron. They will see the breaches in the walls of our Zion filled up, and the middle wall of partition in our temple levelled down, amid the plaudits of more distantly related brethren. They will see the Methodist Ephraim join hands with the Methodist Judah, forgetting that they ever vexed or envied each other in their work for the common Master. Raising their voices on high, they will break forth into singing in their joy. Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to see brethren dwell together in unity! It is and we mean while may fittingly pray, Lord, let it come to our time!

We should not be surprised if, when the Methodist Union movement fairly sets in, its progress should prove to be very rapid. Much preparatory work is already done, and no apparently insuperable obstacles stand in the way. The example of a good beginning in any part of the Methodist field will be powerfully felt in every section of it.

It is not at all unlikely that the first great Methodist Union achievement will be won by Canadian Methodism. The readers of the *PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN* are already apprized that earnest and good men among the various Canadian Methodist bodies have been taking counsel with each other on the Union question. We of Eastern British American Methodism ought to feel deeply interested in the progress of the affair. Some day in all probability we shall be included within the same Confidential organization with our brethren of the Canadian Methodist Conference, who like ourselves are connected with the Parent Methodist Body in England. Of course before we seriously think of merging our now almost independent ecclesiastical organization in a larger one including Canadian Wesleyan Methodism, we shall want to know what form that Canadian Methodism will be led to assume while passing through the Union process. We cannot but hope that that form will be one not distasteful to us. We cannot but desire also that the union movement among the Methodists of the Upper Provinces may be most skillfully conducted. Clearly nothing should be forced. Make haste surely if ever so slowly, should be the motto of those whose hands are engaged in the

work. The Union required is one that will gather within its embrace all the real Methodism of the country, and that will be based on principle and affection, a union not to be followed by discord and disastrous secessions. May the Lord everywhere join together in one fold those whose oneness in doctrine, polity and spirit ought to forbid their being kept asunder.

J. R. N.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your Ontario correspondent has not troubled you with any of his lucubrations, for some time past, but you have not had much luck, seeing you have such a vigilant correspondent in Montreal, who, on some occasions, has given you news from Ontario as well as Quebec, all right, so long as your readers are satisfied.

We have just got nicely through the turmoil of our Provincial Election. Some professed to be much offended with the Sandfield Macdonald ministry, for giving the country so little notice of the time when the election was held, but there can be no doubt, but that "the opposition," have gained several constituencies, but, whether Mr. Blake and his party will be able to out the present occupants of the treasury benches, may possibly admit of some doubt. While the ministry hold the purse strings, and retain the control of the earth, which they are to expend for Railway purposes, they will be sure to command a vast influence in the country. The members of the opposition are men of ability, the leaders, are unquestionably, first-class men, but their strong opposition to the E. P. Canal Bill, and the evident personal hostility to the venerable Chief Superintendent, and some other questionable proceedings, for mere party purposes, has not been pleasing to some of their friends.

As to the results of the election, different opinions are held, but there can be no doubt, but that "the opposition," have gained several constituencies, but, whether Mr. Blake and his party will be able to out the present occupants of the treasury benches, may possibly admit of some doubt. While the ministry hold the purse strings, and retain the control of the earth, which they are to expend for Railway purposes, they will be sure to command a vast influence in the country. The members of the opposition are men of ability, the leaders, are unquestionably, first-class men, but their strong opposition to the E. P. Canal Bill, and the evident personal hostility to the venerable Chief Superintendent, and some other questionable proceedings, for mere party purposes, has not been pleasing to some of their friends.

The members of the Wesleyan church, have never, like some that we could name, voted either for or against any particular party, but think that we do ourselves an injury by reason of not doing so, but, doubtless, it is better to allow our people to vote as they think proper. Instances however do occur, when excellent men of our church are kept out of Parliament just by the votes of certain unwholesome, but, nevertheless, they occur, simply because the persons happen to belong to different political parties.

Wesleyan Methodists are strong in Ontario, and yet very few of their number are in the Local Legislature. There are constituents which they are by far the most numerous class of voters, and yet, even in such, candidates of their own religious sentiments, have been defeated. Such a state of things, to say the least, is very anomalous. If we do not see an attempt to increase the number of members this year, in respect to finance, there is no doubt, but that the Missionary Exchequer will be greatly augmented. It will need to be, as no help can be obtained from England, and some serious unforeseen expenses have been incurred. Pressing calls are coming from Manitoba, for a reinforcement of men, and when the President of the Conference returns from British Columbia, no doubt there will of necessity, have to be another reinforcement to the staff of devoted men who are toiling there, amid many discouragements.

Speaking of the President of the Conference, reminds me of those admirable letters, which have been published in the *Globe* (Toronto) respecting his tour in the "far west." On the Proprietors of that journal becoming acquainted with the fact, that Mr. P. was to visit the "far west," he immediately agreed with one of the party (Rev. H. Johnston,) to furnish them with an occasional letter, to which they promised a good remuneration. Nine or ten letters have already been published, all of which have been read with great eagerness. The account of his tour, the travels on the Pacific Railway, the sojourn among the Mormons, and the stay in San Francisco, have all been detailed in the most graphic manner. Of course, our eloquent President, has been greeted everywhere, just as he is wherever he goes, with crowded houses. While he is in the "far west," he will be surrounded by a host of strange objects, we think he should have his good sense, by refusing to go to pay his respects to the *Iron Salt Lake City*—Brigham Young.

You have no doubt, seen the account that has gone the round of the papers, about the President of the Canada Conference, being invited to succeed the Rev. W. Arthur, as President of the Methodist College, Belfast. Our friends of the Emerald Isles, are proverbial for their begging propensities, and they never seem to think, that any of their requests are at all disproportionate to their bodies, but surely, their presumption must be boundless, when they can prefer such a petition as the above. No one would surely for a moment, think of shutting Mr. P. out of the city of Belfast. Nevertheless, we fear, that we will soon have to lose our honored and distinguished President. "Coming events cast their shadows before." A correspondent in England, writing to one of the *Christian Advocates* in the United States, expresses a hope, that in two years hence, at the most, they may see Mr. P. on shore, once more a resident of England. Some other Ministers have given utterance to similar sentiments, and, that, doubtless, far we stray. Politicians in one country do so and say, "I will be in your country, and you may do it too—thus moving in mass men do not know they have drifted to, until we bring conduct to the test of God's Book. Now that standard runs thus: Right is right and cannot be made wrong; wrong is never right. What is right to-day cannot be wrong to-morrow—what is wrong in one party cannot be right in another. This unchangeable standard carries its own authority, it is the one we would set up, and all violation condemned by the popular displeasure.

The Christian people of this land have this matter in their hands. Look over this

and endeavored to form a plan of union. As no report of their decisions has yet been published, it would not perhaps, be considered proper for me to make known any of their recommendations, but so far as we can judge of what we have heard respecting them, we do not think, that there ought to be any insuperable difficulty experienced in forming a union; but, from one or two articles that have been issued in some of the church organs, we infer, that the union of the Methodist bodies in Ontario, will not be quite so soon as some of us had fondly hoped. Some of the writers, to whom we have referred, seem to imagine that some of the peculiarities of their Church are essential to the well-being of Methodism, and that without them, the existence of the body really seems to be questionable. We regret to find, that an idea has got abroad, that the Wesleyan denomination wants to swallow up all the minor bodies, and that nothing will be conceded on the part of the Wesleyan Conference; whereas, we believe it will be found, that the Wesleyans are willing to make arrangements, such as will be prepared to do all that can reasonably be done, in order that a Methodist union may be effected. We hope, notwithstanding the fears of some, that still a union will take place, and that Methodism, shall we say, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will become one undivided whole.

Your old friend, the venerable Dr. Evans was one of the Committee on union, and has been held by some of the members from the other churches, that the Committee was much indebted to him, for the wise counsels which he from time to time gave, while also, when there was an occasional doubt, he was ready to give his aid, and the urbanity with which he acted, that it was evident to all, that his heart was set upon union, and some who had never seen him, before, became greatly attached to him. Dr. Evans, and some others of the fathers of our Church, are, for instance, Dr. Byers and Green, &c. are amongst the most earnest advocates for Methodist union that the Conference contains. Blessed men, may they see the desire of their hearts, before they are called to join the assembly of the Church of the first-born.

Our farmers are busy casting in their seed. Snow has disappeared, and though we still have cold nights, and abundance of mud on the roads, yet we rejoice that the time of the singing of the birds has come. Reports speak favorably of the appearance of the "fall wheat," so that all are sanguine for the future, why should we doubt, seeing that the promise is while the earth remains, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.

ONTARIO.

April 22, 1871.

AN ELECTION SERMON.

(The *Presbyterian Witness* of last Saturday publishes the report of a sermon which was delivered on the previous Sabbath, in Chalmers Church, by the Rev. Edward Annand.)

As the sermon seems to be reasonable and the doctrines sound, we take the liberty of transferring a considerable portion of the latter part of the discourse to our columns.)

The text is—Matt. V. 7.—Ye are the salt of the earth.

The main point in the text is the positive assertion that the gospel is the salt of society; the pervasive, the seasoning, the conserving medium which shall spread over the world and run its influence through all classes, sanctifying art, science, philosophy, literature, giving life to dead forms, adorning and sweetening the social life, giving immortality to nations and endless bliss to the soul.

I might call attention to the need of a Christian salt for the social and business life of the day—to the questionable practices in business—to the extravagance in food and dress which characterizes the social life of to-day, and show the call for Gospel salt—but this at another time. I want to refer to politics, and show how far as may be the call for Christian activity in that direction just now.

To one standing apart from the excitement of party faction, and looking at matters free from prejudice it seems clear that our political life is not absolutely pure—that the standard of politics is not as high as it should be, and that while in the present and platform we have plenty of *Acta* we have but little *Christi*—that moral law and Christian principle are to a large extent ignored—that we have political accounts and inconsistencies approved of which in some lands would not be in every land ought, to drive a man from public life. All this will be admitted by public men of all shades and grades in politics. In these days of representative institutions bribery and corruption in varied forms are practiced, and this will be admitted on all hands. And when we realize the extent of the evil when we call to mind that not less than £20,000 sterling was spent on one election in Ireland—the thousands and tens of thousands spent by rings in corruption at different seats of Government—when I call to mind the grossness of the bribery and fraud in connection with the last election in Hanover when we remember the revelations which have been made of late in our own city—when we remember all this, I hold that the time has come when for the pulpit or the religious press to keep silence is to prove false to our country, religion and God.

When every Christian great or small should rush himself to use every possible effort to purge the land of these vile abominations which now cry to heaven for vengeance.

And over this city, and as a rule you will find that the leading men in the churches are the leading men in society. The avowedly infidel portion has comparatively little social or political influence. Hence, look at the power we exercise. I hold that if every Christian would but be faithful to himself, to his country and God, the evils of which we complain would be swept away. A moral sentiment would be awakened so strong, a political conscience would be educated so keen, that political corruption would die in its presence. God expects every man in this matter to do his duty.

1. The pulpit should exercise its influence in this field. But some one objects, and says—"The pulpit has nothing to do with politics—mind your own business and preach the Gospel. Well, if by politics you understand party politics, political faction, then you are right. But if you mean those general principles of morality and religion, which underlie all conduct, then you are wrong. The pulpit should not be identified with any political party, but occupying its lofty stand, should deal with principles, and denounce corrupt practices in every party. Divorce politics from religion! hand (deliberately) over our political rights to the tender mercies of the devil! Separate the salt and the leaven, mortal and decay? Never! God never made two codes of morality, one for the church and one for the world,—but just one code,—world-embracing in its length and breadth, and depth and height. The gospel contains that code, and no man can preach the Gospel fully and faithfully without positing Bible truth into every department of life and conduct, denouncing sin in high places and in low,—and when the pulpit does come out and assert boldly the place God has given it, deal with the living questions of the day, and lay its influence across every department of life and conduct, then shall its waning influence be regained. And now I answer my friend, who says mind your own business, and say, "I am minding my own business when minding you."

2. Christian people should exert their influence. Each man to whom the state has granted civil rights, owes a duty to the state, which he ought conscientiously to discharge. But some one says, the Christian should keep out of politics altogether—there is such temptation—so much corruption, that every one ought to keep away from temptation and do nothing to do with the matter. We meet such statements often. We repudiate such doctrine. We declare it weak-kneed and cowardly. I hold to the right of moral principle; to the right and power of the higher principles to control the lower. I hold to the omnipotence of Bible truth and gospel grace.—Instead of giving way to Satan, we should compel him to give way to us. I hold that a man can discharge his duties as a citizen and carry his religion with him. I believe real genuine religion can stand the fire of temptation and come forth purer for the trial. Christ went to the wilderness to be tempted. He was led—He followed and conquered. If duty calls us forward we have the assurance that in His strength we will come off more than conquerors. So long as we remain citizens we should be ready to discharge the duties of citizenship, and when the mass becomes so corrupt that there is no hope of its being restored to love and purity, then every Christian Lot should get himself out of that Sodomy as quickly as possible. But while we remain we should be faithful to our duty. Then let every Christian feel that he has something to do to salt the mass, and let every one awake to the duty to do a moral sentiment, whose strength will uphold the hands of the few who are struggling against abounding evil, and aid them in holding fast their integrity.—Ye are the salt of the earth, and it is yours to salt society, by doing your duty in the strength of principle and in the fear of God.

I feel much the importance of this subject. Our civil rights are at stake. I prize constitutional rights and glory in the flag that protects them and in the lands that enjoy them. I hate tyranny, and sympathize with the oppressed of every land. But if we come to that stage where individual independence is sold for money or place, when men are dragged to the booths, like fools to the correction of the stocks, when the longest purse shall lead the poll—then welcome the greatest despotism rather than that. What becomes of representative institutions? They are a farce, pure and simple. Those privileges have cost the world too much in toll and blood and treasure through the dark and tremendous centuries of the past to be tamely surrendered now.

Our civil rights are at stake, and every one who loves his country and the thrill of patriotism should hear the call of duty. We have proclaimed the failure of art, philosophy, legislation and forms, to set society and have claimed that Christianity alone can give immortality to nations. Shall the claim be made good? Shall Germany, Britain, and America stand forth as proofs? If Christians do their duty, they will.

Facing another election, the excitement of whose canvass has begun—addressing those whose influence will be felt in the coming contest all over the land; with truth on my side, with your profession, Christian, on my side, with the Bible on my side, and with God on my side, I beg you each one in the name of truth, patriotism and religion, that you do all you can to put down political corruption, bribery and fraud and the nameless abominations which cling to that department of life. Carry your religion with you in every act; so shall your light shine before men, and the four-footed beasts and creeping things of corruption be shamed into vile and everlasting retreat.

I am not conscious of having said one word to day promoted by partisan feelings. Every one hearing me with common sense in his head and a sense of justice in his breast will admit all might have been said in any other pulpit in any other country with equal propriety. If any party more corrupt than the other, I have not been offended. Is any individual more guilty? That man have I offended. Have I sought notoriety or partisan feeling? Then my Master in Heaven have I offended. But if I have simply done duty in the fear of God, then my cause is His and my words with you and thus I leave it.

Circuit Intelligence.

DIGBY COUNTY.

Bro. Brown writes as follows.—April 27, 1871.—I have been unable to fulfill my promise of sending you an article or two for the *Wesleyan*, except you an apology, though your columns have been some times poorer through my lack of service. My excuse is that in consequence of the gracious and spreading revival of the work of God in this Circuit and on Digby Neck, I have been so constantly employed and so much away from home, as to render my

writing for the paper quite impracticable. During the past eight or ten days I have been scarcely a day at home. My time was divided between St. Mary's Bay, Weymouth and Digby Neck, and in each of these places as well as in Digby we have been permitted to see a gracious work. Not fewer than ninety (90) persons have professed to find pardon, and receive the regenerating grace of God. Many backsliders have been restored, and our church in every part of the circuit has been greatly quickened. The work still progresses. I have just returned from Sandy Cove, having spent eight days with Bro. Giles. There as well as at Trout Cove I witnessed many conversions.

Exhausted by labour and longing for a little repose I have returned home, only to attend our Home Missionary meetings which were delayed by the uninterrupted revival. Last evening we held our meeting in Digby, and although the attendance was not large, yet the collection was much larger than the amount raised by the whole circuit last year. Mr. England is with us, and gave a loud and forcible speech last evening on the design and importance of the H. M. Fund.

Bro. McCarty says, April 20th.—"Last week I went by earnest invitation from the preacher in Digby Neck, to assist him in promoting the work of God. My brother Giles the pastor, was engaged in a blessed revival of religion. The time I spent there was a week, less one day, including Sabbath.

There was a meeting every day and preaching each morning, except Saturday. Sabbath, 16th inst., we held three services, the amount raised being \$100.00. The Methodist Church, and several others were publicly received into our church. In the fellowship meeting in the evening 25 persons stood up and testified in the presence of the congregation their willingness to serve the Lord. Most of these were new converts, who within a few days had obtained peace with God.

The Temperance Reform has effected much good at Sandy Cove. I speak from personal knowledge of the place and people, being accustomed to minister the word of life to them when I was appointed to the charge of Digby Circuit in July 1859. May the temperance men be encouraged to go forward. Some remarkable changes have taken place for the better which appear to be permanent.

Rev. Michael Pickles very acceptably supplied my appointments in my absence from my Circuit.

KNOWLESVILLE, N. B.

The Circuit Steward, Bro. E. M. Boyer, writes, April 20th, in very high terms of commendation of Brother Edwin Mills, who, since certain portions of the Woodstock and Florence Circuits were detached from these Circuits and made to constitute the Knowlesville Circuit, three years ago, has been laboring on it by appointment of the Conference.

Bro. Mills has labored very diligently, faithfully, acceptably and successfully; and the relation of pastor and people on the Circuit has been mutually pleasant and profitable.

"During the three years our church has been built, another repaired; two new classes have been established, which are well attended, enjoying seasons of grace and sweet delight; altogether the membership of the society has been increased, and the public congregations are well attended, and crowned with the presence of God, the Spirit. Many souls have been converted, believers have been strengthened, some of whom have gone to Heaven.

The financial condition of the Circuit is said to be, considering all things, encouraging; the income having increased materially each year. In each of the two preceding years friends met at Bro. Mills' residence and presented him a special deputation of \$20; and on the 29th of March last his friends met at the house of the Circuit Steward and made up a purse of \$40 as an evidence of their esteem for their minister. The Circuit Steward says, in concluding his note, that they feel that they are about to sustain a loss in the necessary removal of Bro. Mills and express a hope that a man of a similar character may succeed him.

MARGARET, P. E. I.—Bro. R. Tweedie writes 19th of April. "I think there are indications of religious improvement. Light seems to be breaking upon us; and we are looking for the brighter days. O how greatly we need the promised Spirit. May His coming be hastened!"

BATHURST, N. B.—Bro. R. Weddall writes, April 22. "A very gracious work is now in progress at New Bedford, over twenty have been received on trial for church membership. To God be all the glory!"

Miscellaneous.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

The following "gleans" will be read with interest:—One of the most beautiful and appropriate gifts to the Princess Louise of England, on the occasion of her marriage to the Marquis of Lorne, was made by 4,765 young ladies from various parts of the realm, each contributing one shilling for its purchase. It was a Bible, the title-page, inscription, &c., on vellum, illuminated with exquisite taste, all done by hand. The following is the inscription:—

LOUISE CAPOULE ALBERTA. With the Lord, loving, and prayerful wishes of the maidens of her native land, on the occasion of her Royal Highness's marriage. The binding is in morocco, with gold mountings, and it was enclosed in an oaken casket, beautifully carved. It was presented with the following address:— "May it please your Royal Highness—We, maidens of Great Britain and Ireland, desire to approach your Royal Highness on this deeply interesting occasion, with the expression of our respectful, but heartfelt congratulations. The feeling of lively interest with which the maidens of these Islands most regard the daughter of their Queen, is further increased by the circumstance that your Royal Highness is to remain among us, and while continuing to be a comfort to our beloved Sovereign, will also adorn the position in which it has pleased Providence to place your Royal Highness in this, our highly favored country. The memorial which we are permitted to offer for your Royal Highness's gracious acceptance, is unostentatious as a gift. Nevertheless, its value is priceless. It contains the pearl of great price, and is a mine of wealth to those who search within. We desire that this gift to the path may continually shed its bright rays upon your Royal Highness's way, and we pray that your happy lot here may be crowned with every blessing and glory by your name being written in the Book of Life." The Princess, in accepting the gift, replied as follows:—

The Family.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little child one day,
And by a chair she knelt.

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
Forth she passed with the light

THE ROCK OF AGES.

The southern coast of England has been
the birthplace of the greatest hymns in our
language. Within that belt of land, sacred to
divine poetry, Charles Wesley caught the inspira-

tion of many of his hymns, and there, we
believe, he composed that delicious melody of the
heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul!"

On the shores of Hampshire mused and sang good
Isaac Watts; and in the same county modest
Anne Steele breathed forth her tender songs of
consolation. In old Kent lived Edward Par-

sonnet, who struck that brilliant note, "All
hail to the power of Jesus' name!" In beautiful
Devonshire the Rev. Henry F. Lyte chanted
his last sweet melody, "Abide with me; 'fore
falls the eventide."

A few miles from him
dwelt Charlotte Elliott, the sister of a clergy-
man; she went about doing good; but the
greatest work God ever put into her hands was
to write, "Just as I am without one plea,"

Devonshire is certainly honored above all
shires in Britain, for on that poetic soil Angu-
stus Toplady gave birth to the most glorious
hymn of modern times, the "Rock of Ages."
The "Dies Ira" is the king of modern hymns,
of the modern songs of Zion the "Rock
of Ages" wears the crown.

It is a curious fact that the spiritual birth-
place of the heart which fashioned this hymn
was a barn. Augustus Toplady was the son of
a British officer. After Major Toplady's death
his widow took the lad Augustus on a visit to
Ireland. While at Coddymain the boy of six-
teen found his way into a barn, where an ear-
net but uneducated layman was preaching on
the text, "Ye who sometimes were afar off
made nigh by the blood of Christ." The homely-
ness of the speaker, and the fact that he was
a soldier, converted the soul, which gave to
the Church of God the "Rock of Ages."
Let no man feel that he is doing a small thing
when he is proclaiming Jesus and the great sal-
vation even in a cow-house, or to the sailors on
the docks. Probably that obscure Irish preach-
er has overseen ten thousand copies of his
sermon in the heavenly world.

Toplady was ordained to the ministry in 1762,
and began to preach on the banks of the Ouse.
His career was a short one, for he died at the
age of thirty-eight. He lived fast and worked
fiercely. James Hamilton says of him, that,
"like a rubeolose, all nerve and fire, his life
was on tiptoe, and his delight was to get over
the ground." He composed in hot haste. Cer-
tainly some of his sharp controversial papers
against Arminianism were thrown off as from a
form, for they scorched terribly.

Even when he wrote his magnificent master-
piece, the "Rock of Ages," he could not resist
the temptation to give a "ly thrust at those who
he insisted were believers in "Perfectionism,"
so he entitled his hymn when he wrote it, "A
Living Prayer of the Holiest Believer in the
World." This was as much as he said. "The
most sanctified soul in the world must come
down and confess that nothing in my hands I
bring, and that I live in this fountain of life."

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vation even in a cow-house, or to the sailors on
the docks. Probably that obscure Irish preach-
er has overseen ten thousand copies of his
sermon in the heavenly world.

The essence of the Gospel is in this matchless
couplet. It has wrought itself into ten thousand
prayers for pardon; it has been the condensed
"Confession of Faith" for ten thousand penitents.

Two slight changes have been made in Top-
lady's hymn. The word "acts" has been
superseded by "words" in the last verse. In
the same verse the author also wrote,

"When my agonies break in death,"
Perhaps he had learned the medical fact that
at the moment of dissolution a delicate tendon
near the eye sometimes breaks and causes a
flow of tears. But the allusion was more an-
ticipatory than poetic, and the word heart-strings
is substituted in our common version.

This glorious hymn yet wets a few weary
drops of the highest order. Some master of music
ought to compose an "air" which shall de-
scribe the majestic onward and upward move-
ment of the thought to its sublime climax. The
whole hymn is a fervent outcry of a broken
heart to Jesus. It begins in a plaintive confes-
sion,

Not the labor of my hands
Can fill Thy law's demands.
Then the suppliant whines that he is naked, em-
pty-handed, and helpless, and foul, and calls out
implorely,

"Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"
Then his burning heart begins to yearn and
stretch onward. It reaches on to the dread
hour when the heart-strings are snapped at the
touch of death. It sweeps out into eternity.
It soars to the judgment seat. It beholds the
great white throne. And casting itself down
before that throne, it pours forth its last
piercing but triumphant cry,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

HUMAN ENDURANCE.

THE PERILS OF A WINTER WILDERNESS—
REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM STARVATION.

[From the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.]
We have been glad to see in our city Mr. T.
C. Everts of Helena, Montana, who is visiting
his brother, our townsman, Miles A. Everts,
for a few days. Mr. Everts is the hero of one
of the most remarkable escapes from starvation
in a wilderness that we have ever heard of—
an escape achieved by a display of endurance
almost without parallel. Our readers will re-
member mention of Mr. Everts's case in our
paper last fall, but we did not then begin to re-
alize its remarkable features. These we
have learned afresh from Mr. Everts's lips, and
they make a story surpassing in interest any in
fiction. Mr. Everts was one of

AN EXPLORING PARTY
last September in the wild regions about
the sources of the Snake and Yellowstone rivers,
in Montana. It was a high region, over eight
thousand feet above the level of the ocean—one
never visited before by a white man, and which
the Indians never inhabited. It was a wooded
country, its trackless wilds covered with fallen
timber, making travel very slow on horseback.

The party scattered in search of game one day,
and Mr. Everts followed a deer's trail till, at
nightfall, he realized that he was lost in the
woods. He camped out that night, not doubting
that he could retrace his steps and rejoin
the party next day. Starting early the next
morning a little too early to see clearly, he dis-
mounted from his horse to see his trail more
closely when the beast frightened by something,
started away on a run, and he saw no more of
him. Attached to his saddle was his carbine,
pistol, ammunition, fishing-tackle, matches—
everything in fact, of his equipment except the
clothes on his body. Of course he realized his
position now.

A SERIOUS BUSINESS
Thinking, however, that some of the party
would be back to look for him, he remained in
that vicinity for a day or two; but his friends
knowing that he was mounted on a good horse,
did not doubt that he would soon overtake
them, and had pushed on two days' journey
before they stopped to make search for him.
In the meantime, the first snow of the season,
two feet in depth, fell, making all following
of trails or journeying on foot impossible for Mr.
Everts, and perilling his life from exposure. It
was saved by a provision of nature not known
in these parts—the hot springs. He remem-
bered that they had passed some of these five
or six miles from the spot where he became sepa-
rated from his party, and succeeded in find-
ing them. He lay by there, keeping his way
back to them, and succeeded in find-
ing them. He lay by there, keeping his way
back to them, and succeeded in find-
ing them.

MEANS OF KINDLING A FIRE
for the nights were too cold to be without a
fire. How to get the first spark was the prob-
lem. Fortunately he had with him his field
glass, and, using its lenses as a burning-glass,
he succeeded on a bright day in lighting a fire
with some rotten wood. Then he started on
the track of the party, using his burning glass
to make a fire in bright weather, and carrying
brands in his hands from one stopping place to
another in cloudy days, burning his fingers ter-
ribly in the process, in spite of all his precau-
tions. Two nights he had to spend without fire,
and with the utmost difficulty kept himself alive
by constant motion and rubbing of his stiffening
limbs. A single small bird and a small fish or
two gave him all the food he had during those
thistle roots. His boots gave out, and his feet
became worn to the bone. In spite of all, he
pushed on, and thirty-eight days from the day
he was lost he met a party coming to find—
not him, but his lifeless remains; for they had no
hope of finding him alive. He had made his
way over a hundred miles toward civilization.
He had become reduced in weight from 160 to
80 pounds; but he was alive, and is a living and
a healthy man to-day, though his feet have not
yet fully recovered from the terrible wear of
that month of foot travel. We remember no
instance of endurance surpassing this, and we
should be glad if Mr. Everts, who is a Ver-
mont, born in Bolton, and a former resident
of Burlington, would write out for our columns
in fuller details the interesting story of his
struggle for life in the wilderness.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT
It is curious to trace the manner in which
this peculiar spirit—that of the devout, or, as
our ancestors would have termed him, the God-
fearing soldier—has been transmitted from one
generation and one country in Western Europe
to another, and what an enormous share it has
had, relatively to numbers and to external re-
sources, in determining the fate of battle fields
and of political causes. It was this which ani-
mated that race of heroes, the French Huguenots
of the sixteenth century, men of whom, as Nie-
buhr expressed it, France has unhappily lost
the seed. They never amounted in number to
one-tenth of the Catholic enemies whom they

had to combat. They had against them all the
prestige of Royal authority, all the ordinary
resources of government, all the power of the
priesthood, all the auxiliary wealth of Spain.
They never were strong enough to hold for any
time the open field; they were beaten in one
battle after another; and yet, by sheer valor
and zeal, and that stern discipline which their
enemies grudgingly admired, they maintained
their post for a generation of civil war, and
conquered a peace at last. It was in the main
a similar spirit—though more modified by other
elements and less military in its character—
which won for the Dutch Calvinists their inde-
pendence of Spain. It was the same which
inspired those short-lived intrepid, in the ranks
of Gustave Adolphus, the prince and model of
soldier-states. It was the same which assumed
its most marked character in the armies of
Cromwell, and all picturesque exaggeration
apart, were his history to show the equals of
the men who, having made themselves masters
of England, laid down their weapons and resumed
their ordinary humble occupations in the
same orderly fashion in which they had march-
ed to the charge or the breach? It was the
same again—the assertion will seem paradoxical
only to those who are imperfectly acquaint-
ed with the subject—which gave additional
force to the Spartan training of Frederick the
Great; for though that sovereign himself cared
for none of these things, very many of his offi-
cers were strongly imbued with the strict and
semi-mythical Lutheran sentiment. It was the
same which reconquered India for us from the
muitinies only a few years ago. And now we
meet with it again in the camp of the conquer-
ors of France. The very genius of Luther is
there, although purified, we may reasonably
believe, from much of the arrogance and bitter-
ness which it has derived from the evil days of
the great Reformer's lot was cast.

And it is surely matter of deep satisfaction
to those who have at heart the progress of our
European community, so far as that progress
depends on religious freedom and steady mor-
ality, and on stout hearts to maintain them, to
be thus made certain that this rich vein is not
yet exhausted among us; that the little leaven
which leaveneth the whole lump" shows as yet
no sign of wear. If any great national danger
were to assail our country, probably we should
all of us look, unless our hearts were absolutely
preoccupied by partisanship or by the spirit of
envy, to men of that peculiar earnest religiosity
of type which we have been speaking, whose
in whom we should feel special reliance; those
who would exercise the strongest influence on
others, and breathe, perhaps the most of Mil-
ton's "deliberate valor" in themselves.—Pall
Mall Gazette.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.
"Carl Marsh is sold into slavery," said a
man to me one day.
"Sold into slavery!" I cried. "Is there
anything like that nowadays?"
"Indeed there is!" was his answer.
"Who bought him, pray?"
"O! it is a firm; and I make bold to say,
they own a good many slaves, and they make
shocking bad masters."

"Can it be so in these days? Who are they?"
I asked.
"Will, they have agents and runners every-
where, who tell a pretty good story, and so I dare
say you have heard of them—are Rum and To-
bacco."

I had heard of them. It is a firm of bad re-
putation; and yet how extensive are their
dealings! What town or village but has felt
their influence? Once in their clutches, it is
about the hardest thing in the world to break
away from them. You are sold, and that is the
end of it—sold to run sooner or later. I have
seen people try to escape from them. Some, it
is true, do make good their escape; but the
greater part are caught, and go back to their
chains.

To the young I would say, Have nothing to
do with them at all. Fight them, give them
no quarter; and do all you can to destroy their
influence. It is in your power to take a firm
stand against them; and be sure that you do
take it.—Young Pilgrim.

"NO DANGER; I'M USED TO IT."
It was a beautiful evening that I stepped from
the street cars to No. 43—Fort street in the
City of Detroit, to attend my friend's wedding.
Willford Mitchell met me at the door. He
was looking unusually well that evening and
was a fine specimen of a man, five feet seven
with curling brown hair, which hung in wavy
ringlets around a high and noble brow. He was
an old schoolmate and a friend I prized very
highly. Was one of the leading lawyers of
the city, and esteemed by a large circle of
friends and acquaintances generally. He con-
ducted me into the room where the guests were
already assembled, among whom were many
familiar faces of friends whose memory will
long be held dear in my mind.

After the ceremony was over which gave to
Willford the prettiest girl in the city, for his
bride, we assembled at the table to partake of
the feast prepared for the occasion—Willford
and his beautiful bride sitting opposite me. She
was indeed beautiful, with a tinge of red play-
ing over her sun-brown cheek, as she leaned so con-
fidently toward my friend, with the smile which
she thought came into my mind, will she always
be so happy, without a cloud to shadow her
bright smile, without a cloud to shadow her
bright smile, without a cloud to shadow her
bright smile.

"Well, said he, "I am going now."
"Are you," said the gentleman, "Well
good-by, sir."
"Will, I suppose you know I'm your wife's
cousin."
"Ye, said the merchant, "I know you are,
but your horse is not."

The hard times in this country are indicated
by various distressing signs. The people can-
dly toward a religious newspaper, and they
thought came into my mind, will she always
be so happy, without a cloud to shadow her
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Far in advance of all others.
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Obituary.
DIED, at Stanley, New London, on the 4th
inst., of Consumption, aged 37 years, George
son of Henry and Catherine Squarbriggs, leav-
ing a wife and three children. Upwards of a
year ago he deliberately "counted the cost"
and "chose that good part." Therefore his
path "was that of the just." During his long
affliction he was graciously sustained and com-
forted. When the "Master" called for him his
cab and bore him to the place they told me he
lived—up three flight of stairs in the worst part
of a city, in a little eight by ten foot room. As
I entered I saw his wife, a mere wreck of what
she used to be. On the bed lay a little boy of
three summers gasping his life out. I laid
Willford beside the dying child and hastened
for a physician but he came too late—he was
already dead. The agony of that fond mother,
and still living wife I shall never forget. I
ordered some things that were needed for the
present, and left.

At my next call I found Willford raving
with the drunkard's own disease, delirium trem-
ens. All that night I watched by his side;
Margate, P. E. Island,
April 20th, 1871.

the struggle between life and death was severe
but at last the loving wife's prayers, to spare
her husband and give him one more opportu-
nity to reform and become a Christian man, were
answered. When he recovered and heard
that his little boy lay in the cold grave, he wept
like a child. I talked to him and pointed out
the position he was then in, contrasting it with
his position five years before, and received his
promise that by the help of God he never
would touch liquor again, which started his
child, almost killed his wife and was burying him
in a hastily-dug grave with no hope of a better
life hereafter. I took him in with me and he
once more stands far up on the ladder of fame.
His trials were severe and he was often tempted
but he put his trust in God and prayed for help
from on high. He has once more gained the
confidence of the citizens, and now instead of
saying "No danger I'm used to it," he pro-
claims the cause of temperance openly, and has
led many to quit the intoxicating bowl. His wife
has regained her wonted beauty, he is blessed
by two beautiful children, and indeed it is a
happy family. The past only makes their love
for each other the stronger, and together they
labor in the temperance field, aiding the dis-
tressed and praying for the fathers, sons, hus-
bands and brothers who are indulging in ex-
cesses which prostrates everything that has any
connection with them.—Temperance Review.

VERY SUGGESTIVE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
When a brother preaches for you thank him
face to face, if at all; you need not thank him
five thousand times to ten thousand people in
the Recorder. It overdoes the thing. As much
as possible omit the phrases, "Permit me to
say," "We would inform our friends of Zion,"
"The good Lord," (of course he's good and all
the Methodists know it without the printing.)
"I desire to report through our excellent Re-
corder," "occupied the stand," "I take my
pen in hand to say," etc. Get at the subject
with the very first sentence. Give us kernels.
We have no time to hull and crack. Con-
dense! We are crowded. Give everybody a
chance. Follow the models in every week's
paper as to address, place for date, name, etc.
Let every writer be an editor for himself.

So says the Methodist Recorder, and so say
we with a little amplification. In filling up
our dedication notices don't say "dedicated to the
worship of the Almighty God." Omit the words
which we have italicized, as unnecessary either
to the fact or rhetoric. Mention all dates in
the briefest form, thus: instead of saying on the
twenty-eighth day of February, say, "Feb. 28."
In an obituary omit the words "the subject
of this brief memoir," and say "aged 75."
In writing such a notice for the Christian Ad-
vocate observe this order at the beginning:
name, date, place, age, etc. Rarely name the
disease. But we need not particularize fur-
ther. Having begun with an extract we close
with another. Last week's Christian Recorder
organ of our African brethren) closes a brief
humble thus:

We will always be pleased to hear from our
correspondents who observe the following rules:
Write short, write plain, write facts.
On this last we say always give ten facts to
one opinion. Lastly, write on one side the paper.

THE ART OF COUSINING.
A country gentleman lately arrived in town,
immediately repaired to the house of a relative,
a lady, who had married a merchant. The
parties were glad to see him, and invited him
to make their house his home, as he declared his
intention of remaining in the city only a day or
two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show
his wife's relative every courtesy that he could,
took the gentleman's horse to a livery-stable.
Finally his visit became a visitation, and the
merchant found, after the lapse of five days,
beside lodging and boarding the gentleman, a
pretty considerable bill had been run up at the
livery-stable. Accordingly he went to the man
who kept the livery-stable, and told him when
the gentleman took his horse he would pay the
bill.

"Very well," said the stable keeper, "I un-
derstand you."
Accordingly, in a short time, the country
gentleman went to the stable and ordered his
horse to be got ready. The bill, of course,
was presented to him.
"O," said the gentleman, "Mr. S., my
relative, will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper,
"please get an order from Mr. S. It will be
the same as the money."

The horse was put up again, and away went
the country gentleman to the store of the mer-
chant.
"Will," said he, "I am going now."
"Are you," said the gentleman, "Well
good-by, sir."
"Will, I suppose you know I'm your wife's
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Margate, P. E. Island,
April 20th, 1871.

UNION MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company, of Maine.

No Stock or Guarantee Capital drawing interest, but in lieu thereof
1,000,000 Surplus.

Directors' Office: 27 Court Street, Boston, Mass.
HENRY CROCKER, President; W. H. HOLLISTER, Secretary;
B. B. Corwin, Manager for Canada P. Island, and New-England.

ASSETS JANUARY 1st 1870 \$4,411,380.55
Liabilities exclusive of Re-insurance Fund 3,467,400.00
Surplus Available to Policy Holders in Dividends 913,980.55
DIVIDENDS PAID IN 1869, 382,508.65

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Esq. Jeremiah Harrison, Esq., Messrs. J. Pritchard & Son.

The interest earned by the Company in 1869 was nearly 3 1/2 per cent more than sufficient to pay
all its losses for the same period.
The rate for claims and expenses is income is on the lowest grade.
Proof of loss submitted to the undersigned will be forwarded, and the loss paid without expense
the Policy holder.
Parties desiring Agencies or Settlement of Policies will apply to
THOMAS A. TEMPLE, St. John,
General Agent for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New-
foundland.
W. H. BELDING, General Solicitor,
Ans. 4, 1870.

WOODILL'S
WORM
LOZENGES.
After 12 years trial have been proved to be the
only
Certain, Safe and Effective
Remedy for Worms in Children and adults dis-
eased.
They contain no Mercury
For sale everywhere.
Factory and Wholesale Depot,
Long feet St. and Warren,
Halifax, N.S.
sep 21

100 CASES
FELT BOOTS, MOCCASINS, &c.
FOR THE
WINTER SEASON.
Just opened at the
BRITISH SHOE STORE.
CONSISTING OF
Ladies Fancy Felt Boots, Butt need,
Do Arctic Over Boots, warranted to
keep feet dry and warm.
Do Felt Slippers and House Boots of
all descriptions.
Do Misses & Children's Long Rubber
Boots.
Do Men's Plain and Fancy Felt Over Boots,
Do Arctic Over Boots, warranted to
keep feet dry and warm.
Do Black and Grey Felt Slippers,
Do Heavy Gait and Walking Boots,
Do Kid and Patent Leather Dress Boots.
—ALSO—
The Latest New York Styles, in Ladies Boots
and Slippers.
A. J. RICKARDS & CO.,
145 Granville Street.
Dec. 14.

REMOVAL.
AMERICAN HOUSE,
Kept by Misses Campbell & Bacon.
THE subscribers have removed from Wind-
up House, No. 12 Jacob Street, to that new and
convenient House,
195 Argyle Street.
Opposite Salmon Church. They are truly thankful
for the patronage they received while keeping a
(Windows) and shall do all in their power to
keep their new house, a happy, pleasant and com-
fortable home for either permanent or transient
boarders, and hope by strict attention to merit a
continuance of the public patronage in the American
House.
Halifax, N. S., Oct. 24, 1870. 1 year.

IF
You wish GOOD, wholesome and Nutritious
Biscuit, Buns, Tea Cakes,
Pastry, &c.
Woodill's German
BAKING POWDER.
In its use you save
Time, Trouble and Expense.
Diploma and honorable mention awarded
at Provincial and Industrial Exhibition 1868
For sale everywhere,
Factory and wholesale depot,
City Drug Store, Halifax, N.S.
sep 21

SMITH'S
AMERICAN ORGANS
The manufacturers take pleasure in announcing
that in addition to the great improvements in me-
chanism and in quality of tone, with which their
agents and friends have, at great expense, made
such changes in the terminal appurtenance of their
organs as will place them
Far in advance of all others.
In particular they would call attention to the first
five styles in their catalogue, which, with greater
skill and true mechanics, they are able to get,
and do get, more tangible results for the money ex-
pended than any manufacturer in the country.
Every instrument warranted. No inferior work
permitted.

A Model Instrument.
to maintain and to increase its solid excellences, and
its attractiveness.
To do this is simply to retain the precedence
they have gained—a course preferable, in their
judgment, to reducing price and quality.
At the same time it cannot be too often repeat-
ed, that with their long experience, their ample re-
sources, their labor-saving machinery, their corps of
skilled and true mechanics, they are able to get,
and do get, more tangible results for the money ex-
pended than any manufacturer in the country.
Every instrument warranted. No inferior work
permitted.

Obituary.
DIED, at Stanley, New London, on the 4th
inst., of Consumption, aged 37 years, George
son of Henry and Catherine Squarbriggs, leav-
ing a wife and three children. Upwards of a
year ago he deliberately "counted the cost"
and "chose that good part." Therefore his
path "was that of the just." During his long
affliction he was graciously sustained and com-
forted. When the "Master" called for him his
cab and bore him to the place they told me he
lived—up three flight of stairs in the worst part
of a city, in a little eight by ten foot room. As
I entered I saw his wife, a mere wreck of what
she used to be. On the bed lay a little boy of
three summers gasping his life out. I laid
Willford beside the dying child and hastened
for a physician but he came too late—he was
already dead. The agony of that fond mother,
and still living wife I shall never forget. I
ordered some things that were needed for the
present, and left.

At my next call I found Willford raving
with the drunkard's own disease, delirium trem-
ens. All that night I watched by his side;
Margate, P. E. Island,
April 20th, 1871.

THE ART OF COUSINING.
A country gentleman lately arrived in town,
immediately repaired to the house of a relative,
a lady, who had married a merchant. The
parties were glad to see him, and invited him
to make their house his home, as he declared his
intention of remaining in the city only a day or
two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show
his wife's relative every courtesy that he could,
took the gentleman's horse to a livery-stable.
Finally his visit became a visitation, and the
merchant found, after the lapse of five days,
beside lodging and boarding the gentleman, a
pretty considerable bill had been run up at the
livery-stable. Accordingly he went to the man
who kept the livery-stable, and told him when
the gentleman took his horse he would pay the
bill.

"Very well," said the stable keeper, "I un-
derstand you."
Accordingly, in a short time, the country
gentleman went to the stable and ordered his
horse to be got ready. The bill, of course,
was presented to him.
"O," said the gentleman, "Mr. S., my
relative, will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper,
"please get an order from Mr. S. It will be
the same as the money."

The horse was put up again, and away went
the country gentleman to the store of the mer-
chant.
"Will," said he, "I am going now."
"Are you," said the gentleman, "Well
good-by, sir."
"Will, I suppose you know I'm your wife's
cousin."

"Ye, said the merchant, "I know you are,
but your horse is not."

B.W. BOOKS.
Just received at the Wesleyan
BOOK ROOM.

- 1. Climbing a Manual for the Young, price \$0.15
2. Faria's Biblical and Theological Dic-
tionary, 1.50
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Regulations of the Wesleyan Methodism 1.50
5. William's Exposition of Romans, 1.50
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7. Benson's Commentary on the New Tes-
tament, 4 Vols. 6.50
8. W. B. Pope's Kingdom and reign of
Christ, 1.50
9. Wesley's Christian T. eology arranged,
By Rev. Thornley Smith, 1.10
10. Wayland's Moral Science, 0.97
11. Kidder's Homiletics 1.25
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Halifax, N. S., Feb. 29th, 1871.

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