

The Wesleyan,

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HINTS ON GENERAL READING.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

NO. IV. BIOGRAPHY. POETRY.

DEAR BROTHER,—As was perfectly natural, the death of Wesley led to no little haste in placing his Life before the public. There were men who longed for an opportunity to vent against him their chagrin and hatred; Hampson wrote under those feelings. There were others who desired to forestall the market—to secure for Methodism the eulogiums of its founder's biography; Coke and Moore wrote with this end in view. Whitehead prepared a Life which is open to the same objection as Hampson's. Southey's religious education and prejudices, with his poetical cast of intellect, disqualified him for giving a disinterested life of Wesley. Richard Watson's literary and theological implements were always ponderous, and so were unfitted for the light and delicate touches which patiently shape out a faithful life statue. Jackson's life of Charles Wesley gives the most just and minute view of the two great brothers which had appeared up to a recent date; but even that was written by a hand so tenderly affectionate that it left the shadows out of the picture. Tyreman's Life of Wesley, and Dr. Riggs' answer to, or criticism upon, Tyreman, are necessary to show John Wesley in the full outline of a very wonderful character. Those volumes also furnish as ample and correct a view of the rise of Methodism as can be ascertained from books anywhere. You would do well, therefore, to go to the fountain-head in seeking information upon the origin and principles of the church to which you have given your adhesion.

Two Biographies which have recently appeared, are excellently illustrative of another great ecclesiastical organization, of whose history you should have an intelligent understanding.—I mean the lives of Guthrie and Norman McLeod. If you take with these the Life of Chalmers and that of Hugh Miller, you have a good epitome of the History of Presbyterism, with the key to not only the "Disruption," known as a great division in the Church of Scotland, but also several other rents which are now but being healed tenderly by time and Christian common sense. McLeod was in the very breach of the struggle, as were Chalmers and the others mentioned, but on the opposite side. The bombardment for some time was tremendous. There were giants in those days. But the atmosphere is now all the clearer, and the armies are stepping across the lines and shaking hands. If we would know the causes of their conflict, we may find them, as I have indicated, in the details of Biography. Without these you cannot understand the word "union" as applied to the Presbyterism of to day.

These are but samples of what I mean by pointing to Biography as a key to the problems of reform or organization, whether religious or political, moral or social. If you would trace Presbyterism farther back, for instance, than the comparatively recent times alluded to, you may go to Calvin's Life. If you would understand the philosophy of the "Reformation," go to Luther and Melancthon. If you would know the origin of that powerful system which meets us in so many forms in this Dominion—Jesuitism—read the life of Ignatius Loyola. George Fox and William Penn will tell you of Quakerism, and so on round the circle of the creeds.

It is useless to enter upon the arena of statesmanship, and political leadership. The names which rise here to claim attention are legion. Men who have moulded constitutions, made and unmade sovereigns, helped or marred the fortunes of great nations, lie on the face of history by a score. Self-made men, like Franklin, Fulton, Whitney and Greeley in America, and Wast, Stephenson and Arkwright in England, have lives which illustrate not only the success of honest ambition, but also the progress of the arts and sciences through which they obtained deserved abiding fame.

There are a few special Biographies which, before we leave this part of our subject, we would sincerely recommend. Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson is one. Macaulay styled Boswell "the first of Biographers;" and it is a question whether Johnson is not better

known by the pages of this devoted companion than by any of his own publications. The fidelity of his Biography to the facts of life is its most remarkable feature. You have Johnson described from every standpoint, under every possible light and shade, and what is more remarkable, Boswell similarly paints himself, faults, whims, contemptible meanness all included. Withal, the work is an open window through which you gaze upon much of society in England, with its peculiar habits, during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Another is the Life of Walter Scott, by his son-in-law, Lockhart. How a great genius lived, worked, and killed himself—how Scotch and English men of letters envied, hated, loved, and lauded each other—how publishers kept great poets and novelists grinding as the Philistines kept Sampson—and how these slaves of the quill, instead of pulling the house about their ears, built up for these same publishers colossal fortunes, and left enduring fame for themselves and their country—how bubbles are blown and bubbles burst—all this is told in Scott's great Life better than in any work of our acquaintance. But we must leave Biography.

POETRY.

Beware of that utilitarian judge, and that extravagantly practical judgment which condemns poetry because "it seldom says anything which could not have been better said in prose." Poetry is not, by its admirers, read for the information it conveys, though in that respect it demands no sacrifice. When poetry is regarded as veiled history, it would be easy to point to historic books in preference; if Poetry be considered as a species of romance, the actual Novel might be chosen for its own purposes. But poetry is the cream of literature. Into it rise the sublimest conceptions of genius, the most subtle and enduring forms of words—those that survive the ages, and help to strengthen the ages. It is reserved for epicures to sip and enjoy poetry. No gross mind is capable of either making poetry or entering into the spirit of it. All organizations which reach a degree of excellence and prosperity—all nations which gain ripeness and perfection, have their poets and poetry. Our own race—the trinity of stock which has handed down a generation inheriting the best constitution and gifts of England, Ireland and Scotland, has had its rare and numerous poets. You cannot honestly pretend to possess an intelligent acquaintance with the periods into which our history is divided unless you have held at least some intercourse with the poets of those periods. This, however, is the most sordid advantage to be gained. As a professional man you are in quest of forms of expression by which directly to reach the hearts and intellects of your readers. "Poetry," says Matthew Arnold, "is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things and hence its importance." As affording means of conveying your own best thoughts to others, Poetry deserves study. It is principally, however, as an intellectual and spiritual enjoyment that poetry may be read, for until one attains to that condition of mind which takes that condition of mind which takes a good poetry with a keener relish than a connoisseur would take rare old wine; and until it has some such exhilarating effect upon him, he is insensible to its advantages. You will readily see, therefore, that a taste for poetry is to a great extent the result of special culture.

Famous preachers and lecturers have been known to sit down for a half an hour to the perusal of some particular poetical author, before commencing a public discourse. The sympathy between the reader and his subject, and the exercise of what is known as the imitative faculty in man, combine to give the speaker thus some share in the style and spirit of an acknowledged genius. At such a time, when the theme is to be the Fall, or Redemption, or Angelic agency and administration, Milton's sublime imagery in the *Paradise Lost*, will, at least, stimulate the imagination and kindle enthusiasm. A lecturer who is treading upon the social problems of the time, will naturally problems of the time, will naturally turn to Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* or Tennyson's *Princess*. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, which has suggestions of extraordinary delicacy and strokes of keenest reproof and sarcasm upon current doubts and misgivings, would well precede a deliverance of the unrest of the modern intellect. What more suggest-

ive of domestic peace and piety than Burns' *Cottars' Saturday Night*? On the Romance of History Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, or *Marmion*, would wake a long train of suggestions.

This thought will occur to you while following the Poets;—their writings reflect the morals of the particular times and circles in which they lived. Chaucer, the father of English Poetry, writes of queens and kings in allegory, brave knights, beautiful ladies, tournaments, friar's tavern songs,—in short, his characters are a gorgeous, sensual, pleasure-seeking crew. Priors' poems are odes and epigrams, witty and well turned, but less chaste than Chaucer's. Goldsmith and Kirk White begin to emerge from the flippant, irreverent type. Our own Poets have passed the boundary of impiety and sensuality altogether. In fact, a Poet cannot now write for posterity who does not regard the laws of chastity and the refined tastes of the age. Thus, Poets are Historians; if all other literature were blotted out, they show the progress of our race. From Chaucer to Bryant or Longfellow is an upward moral graduation.

GERMAIN ST. CHURCH. LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.

MR. EDITOR:—The following account of the ceremony and address connected with the laying of the corner stone of the Queen Square Methodist Church, as well as the description of the building itself, consists chiefly of clippings from St. John papers.

An important epoch in the history of the old Germain St. Methodist congregation took place on the afternoon of the 8th day of August, when the ceremony in connexion with laying the corner stone of the new edifice to be erected on Queen Square, occurred in the presence of a vast assemblage, that occupied a large platform on the site of the building, a part of Charlotte street and the northern portion of the square. The site was rendered very attractive by its neat appearance, and by the fine display of bunting—one string of flags extending from the site of the building across Charlotte street, another from the large pole on the platform to Queen's Square. The afternoon was delightfully fine—a finer day could not have been had. The space assigned for the clergymen and other gentlemen who were to participate in the event, was set apart by a line extending across the width of the platform.

After the preliminary work of getting the stone into position had been accomplished, the Rev. Mr. Chappell, the pastor of the congregation, announced that the services would be conducted by the President of the Conference of N. B. and P. E. I., the Rev. Joseph Hart, who immediately read from the Discipline of the Methodist Church as follows:—

Dearly Beloved.—We are taught in the Word of God that although the heaven of heavens cannot contain the Eternal One, much less the walls of temples made with hands, yet His delight is ever with the sons of men, and that wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, there is He in the midst of them. In all these His servants have separated certain places for His worship; Jacob erected a stone in Bethel for God's House; Moses made a tabernacle in the desert, and until it was some such exhilarating effect upon him, he is insensible to its advantages. You will readily see, therefore, that a taste for poetry is to a great extent the result of special culture.

Famous preachers and lecturers have been known to sit down for a half an hour to the perusal of some particular poetical author, before commencing a public discourse. The sympathy between the reader and his subject, and the exercise of what is known as the imitative faculty in man, combine to give the speaker thus some share in the style and spirit of an acknowledged genius. At such a time, when the theme is to be the Fall, or Redemption, or Angelic agency and administration, Milton's sublime imagery in the *Paradise Lost*, will, at least, stimulate the imagination and kindle enthusiasm. A lecturer who is treading upon the social problems of the time, will naturally turn to Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* or Tennyson's *Princess*. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, which has suggestions of extraordinary delicacy and strokes of keenest reproof and sarcasm upon current doubts and misgivings, would well precede a deliverance of the unrest of the modern intellect. What more suggest-

Rev. Mr. Dockrill read hymn 697.—
"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," &c.

This hymn was sung by the choir and the scholars of the different Methodist Sabbath Schools gathered together on the platform, there being specially noticeable a large delegation from Carleton. After the singing of the hymn, the very effective prayer of the Discipline was read by the Rev. H. Pope, D. D.

Rev. Mr. Hart, President of the Conference, and the assemblage then read in alternate verses Psalm CXXXII. The lesson from I Cor., chap. iii., from the 9th to the 23rd verses, was then read by the President, after which the anthem, "Glory to God in the Highest," was sung by the choir.

The pastor of the Church then read the Parchment Scroll about to be deposited in

the corner stone. It contained the following account of the Church, its organization, &c.:

On the 24th day of September, 1791, the Rev. Abraham John Bishop arrived in the city of St. John; and on the Sabbath following preached from 1st John, 1, 3. At the close of the second Sabbath a Society was formed. The Class met at the residence of Mr. Kelly, corner of Charlotte and Princess streets, and in the absence of the minister Mrs. Kelly was its leader. By the 1st day of April, 1792, the Society had increased to eighty members and had purchased a church, just vacated by the Episcopalians, situated on Germain street between Duke and Queen streets.

The corner stone of Germain St. Church was laid during the ministry of the Rev. Joshua Marsden, and on Christmas day, 1808, the church, 60x42 feet, was opened by prayer meeting at 6 o'clock, a. m., and two services during the day. During the summer of 1809, George Taylor, school master and local preacher, organized the first Sabbath School in the city, in the church which the congregation had recently vacated. About 1828 the church was enlarged, and later a schoolroom about 28x40 feet was added. On the 20th day of June, 1877, the church was destroyed by the fire which laid two-thirds of the city in ashes. For a time the congregation availed themselves of the privilege of worshipping with the Free Will Baptist Church, and afterwards with the congregation of the Exmouth Street Methodist Church. In March, 1878, they leased for a year from May, 1878, Dr. King's Hall, corner of Germain and Church streets.

At a meeting of the congregation it was decided that a change of site was desirable, and the choice was left to the Trustees and Building Committee. They, by a unanimous vote, decided to purchase from E. L. Jewett, Esq., far the sum of \$11,000, his lot, angle Queen Square and Charlotte street.

The corner stone of the Queen Square Methodist Church was duly laid in accordance with the usages of the Methodist Church of Canada, by Mr. John B. Gaynor, on the 8th day of August, 1878, in the 42d year of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Alexandra Victoria of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith.

The Right Hon. Sir Fredrick Temple, Earl of Dufferin, Viscount and Baron Clanaboyne in the County of Down in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada.

His Honour the Honourable Edward B. Chandler, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick.

Officers of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada—Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D. D., LL. D. President; Rev. Geo. Douglas, L. L. D., Vice-President, Rev. Duncan D. Currie, Secretary.

Officers of the Conference of N. B. and P. E. I.—Rev. Joseph Hart, President; Rev. Charles H. Paisley, A. M., Secretary; Rev. Humphrey P. Cowperthwaite, A. M., Journal Secretary.

Pastor of the Congregation of the Germain St. Methodist Church—Rev. Benj. Chappell, B. A.

Board of Trustees—William A. Robertson, Aaron Armstrong, Joseph Bullock, George F. Thompson, Mason Sheffield, M. D., Edward L. Whittaker, George E. King, Esq., Secretary; Thos. C. Humbert, Treasurer.

Building Committee—Joseph Bullock, Chairman; Thos. C. Humbert, George F. Thompson, Edwin Fisher, James Mason, Stephen G. Blizard, James R. Woodburn. Architect of Queen Square Church—Jno. Welch, Esq.

Contractors—Jas. Thompson, J. Purdy French and D. Wheeler.

Quarterly Board. Stewards—Thomas C. Humbert, Andrew Gilmour, Joseph Bullock, Mason Sheffield, M. D.; Harry G. Jordan, Recording Steward.

Representative Trustee, Aaron Armstrong.

Superintendent Sabbath School, James R. Woodburn.

Class Leaders, Henry Maxwell, Harmon Trueman, Michael Hennigar, David Collins, Capt. Joseph Prichard. Elected by the Society, John R. Marshal, Thomas Bustin, Joseph W. Potts, Edw. L. Whitaker, John Hargraves.

Leader of Church Choir—Samuel Humbert.

So far as now can be ascertained the successive ministers of the congregation were as follows; Rev. Abraham J. Bishop, Joshua Marsden, William Black, William Bennett, M. Knowlan, Stephen Bamford, William Crocombe, Robert Alder, James Priestly, Richard Williams, William Smithson, John B. Strong, Enoch Wood, brisay, Samson Busby, Enoch Wood, D. D., Richard Williams, William Temple, George Miller, Henry Daniel, Richard Knight, D. D., James G. Hennigar, Ed. Botterell, John McMurray, Matthew Stewart, D. D., Henry Pope, D. D., Howard Sprague, A. M., John A. Clark, A. M., Benjamin Chappell, A. B.

CONTENTS OF THE CORNER STONE.
In the corner stone, which weighs three

tons, were placed the following articles: Scroll containing history of Germain St. Methodist Church, its officials, and the successive ministers since the formation of the Society;

Copy of the Scriptures;
Wesley's Hymns;
Discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada;
Minutes of the Conference of N. B. & P. E. I., 1877;

The Wesleyan, 2nd Aug., 1878;
Daily Telegraph, June 21, 1877;
Daily Telegraph, June 23, 1877;
Daily Telegraph, Aug. 8, 1878;
Daily News, Aug. 8, 1878;
St. John Globe, July 12, 1877;
St. John Globe, June 10, 1878;
St. John Globe, Aug. 7, 1878;
Daily Sun, Aug. 8, 1878;
Morning Freeman, Aug. 8, 1878;
Barnes Almanac, 1878;

Photograph of Germain St. Methodist Church.

Album containing list of persons who have subscribed towards the building fund;

Sabbath School hymn book;

Order of exercises;

Current Canadian coins.

(Conclusion next week.)

GEMS WORTH SETTING.

Life is a wonderful gift. It dwells in beasts to go out and never be let in again; but it dwells in man as a spark of God's own kindling, which is never to be distinguished, but to burn for ever and ever.

The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, that he has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into any. For work is the grand cure of all the mankind—honest work which you intend getting done.—*Carlyle*.

No one sails far in life and meets with nothing unusual. Choice pieces of sandal and spice are drifted to us on currents we know nothing of; floated, it may be, to us, as to the early mariners, from out of the west, and the blessed isles where the more blessed live; divinely sent, that their sweet breath might revive our faintness, and keep our hope up.—*Golden Rule*.

To do men good is the great hope of life; to make them true Christians is the greatest good we can do them. Every investigation brings us round to this point. Begin here and you are like one who strikes water from a rock on the summits of the mountains; it flows down the intervening tracks to the very base. If we could make each man love his neighbor, we would make a happy world. The true method is to begin with ourselves, and so extend the circle around us. It should be perpetual in our minds.—*J. W. Alexander*.

Rowland Hill said of some of the speakers of his day, that they had a river of words with only a spoonful of thought. It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only the bads where a cheerful disposition ought to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it is sternly repressed.

If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, don't be anxious to avenge it; let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan, which moves to that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."—*W. Cullen Bryant*.

That which could break a proud man's heart will not break a humble man's sleep.—*Henry*.

If a word spoken in time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.—*Talmud*.

A tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question everyone should bring home to himself is this, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections lean toward God, or away from him?"—*J. J. Gurney*.

Our justification does not depend upon the degree of our faith, but upon the reality of it.—*Davenant*.

If all men would bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take a proportion out of the common stock.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by simplicity and purity. Simplicity ought to be in our inclination; purity in our affections. Simplicity doth tend towards God; purity doth apprehend and test him.—*Thos. a Kempis*.

GENERAL READING.

THE DISCIPLE THOMAS.

A STUDY.

BY JENNY BURR.

There are only four passages in the Gospels which give any account of the disciple Thomas; yet from these brief chronicles a man's entire character has been inferred, and the Christian world has united in giving him the name of "the skeptic." Whether from some inherent quality, or as the result of circumstances, Thomas holds the pre-eminence among the famous twelve for unbelief.

If he had been less out-spoken, he might have escaped the surname he bears. Wherever he appears in the sacred narrative, the characteristic of directness of speech is prominent. He was not guarded in his utterance, and like all impetuous, unguarded people, he fell into trouble. The passage in the eleventh chapter of John shows that he shared in Peter's ardent, impulsive temperament. Though a questioning, reasoning nature, yet there was no coldness in his unbelief.

If Thomas holds pre-eminence among his disciples for doubting his Lord, it is only pre-eminence, for the others doubted too. Three of the evangelists—Matthew, Mark and Luke—agree in saying that the disciples did not believe the report which Mary Magdalene and the other women brought of the risen Jesus. Their stories seemed even as "idle tales." And if the easy credulity of women was to be a matter of scorn, the testimony of the two disciples who had seen Jesus on the way to Emmaus was equally disregarded. Indeed, it is not anywhere stated that the ten believed until they had actually seen. When Jesus appeared in their midst, just as the two returned from Emmaus were telling their adventure, He showed them His hands and feet, and at this ocular demonstration their faith yielded; so that, in demanding to see the wounds in the body of his Master, Thomas asked no more than the others had received.

The trouble with Thomas lay back of all this. His was a melancholy nature inclined to look on the dark side of things. Hope, in him, as with the others, had sunk very low during the dread events of the trial and the crucifixion; but unlike them, he brooded in solitude over the destruction of his hopes. He had no heart to join in the meetings of his companions, and as day after day of the miserable week succeeding the crucifixion passed, the conviction that all had been only a splendid delusion, settled like lead upon his heart. If rumors of the resurrection reached him, he was too filled with the terrible certainty that Christ was dead, to pay much heed to them. His absence from the company was occasioned by his tendency to see the dark side, and the tendency grew by the absence it fed on; so that when he did finally join the more hopeful and sociable band of disciples, he was in the gloomiest mood, and ready to exact the strongest proofs of his Lord's identity.

But when Jesus appeared the second time to the disciples, and singling out the skeptical Thomas, offered him his own tests, the unbeliever was conquered at once, and his reply was the most generous tribute to the deity of Christ which had been offered. He yielded far more easily than he said, or possibly supposed. He was one of those who always overstate, and, as a consequence, are obliged to take back a part.

The connection between melancholy and unbelief is very striking in the brief narratives told of Thomas. When informed of the death of Lazarus (John xii) his sad heart imagined to itself the death of them all. Knowing as they all did that to go into Judea then was perilous to them, he desponded more easily than the others as to the result of that journey. His despondency was so deep that if his Master died, he wished to die also. The object of his love gone, life would no longer have any interest for him.

At another time, when Jesus told His disciples of His approaching departure, and reminded them that they knew the way, Thomas was the first to feel the difficulty of a saying which was no doubt mysterious to them all (John xiv). He exaggerated his own

ignorance, and, as usual, overstated. The idea of Christ's going away was enough. The fact darkened his whole horizon, and there was no room for either faith or knowledge.

Solitude and sorrowful brooding during the long week after the crucifixion confirmed Thomas in his first unbelief of the resurrection as reported by the ten. Cheerful company might have saved him much mental distress, and have encouraged him in spite of himself to believe that Christ had risen, "as He said."

COURAGE FOR GOD.

A poor boy, in a foreign country, about twelve or thirteen years old, became impressed with religion by reading God's word. He was apprenticed to an ungodly master, a tailor, who made his men work on Sabbaths as on other days. Before long, the boy, fearing lest he should be doing wrong, came and asked advice of a pious friend as to what he ought to do—whether he should obey his master when he forbade him to attend the worship of God, and forced him to work instead?

The answer, of course, could be but one—that both he and his master ought to keep the day of the Lord; and that if his master would not obey God's command, he, for his part should follow his conscience, and say to his master, "We must obey God rather than man."

After a time the boy returned to his friend, and with tears in his eyes told him that his master had whipped him because he refused to work on Sabbaths. His friend endeavored to strengthen him, telling him that it was better to suffer on his back than in his conscience, and encouraged him to work on, for that God would not allow him to suffer more than he could bear.

The next Sabbath, the master, with the whip in his hand, came to the boy, who sat reading, and said to him: "Choose, now, which you will; either to work or to taste this whip."

It was a trying moment for that brave little fellow; but after a very short pause he plucked up his courage and answered, "You may whip me if you choose; but my conscience commands me and I will not work."

This answer, one might have thought was enough to soften the heart of the ungodly master; and it had such an influence with him that he did not punish the boy at that time.

This was a truly brave boy! What boy who reads this will be as brave the next time he is called upon to obey God rather than man? This is the sort of courage boys want—courage for God; not to fear anything so long as we are pleasing and obeying Him.

"I WISH I HAD CAPITAL."

We do not know the author of the following, but he preached one of the best practical sermons to young men that we have read this many a day:—

"I wish I had capital." So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in our office. We did want to tell him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him. You want capital do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital, haven't you got hands and feet and muscle and bones and brains? and don't you call them capital? What more did God give to anybody? "Oh, they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and no one can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plough or hoe or jack-plane or broad-axe that you can find, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Ay, but there's the rub. You don't want to work; you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman, and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or want to marry some rich girl, who may be foolish enough to marry you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you will soon make interest enough upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon

what capital you have, you could not make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for some one to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you be sure to do it as Billy Gray did his drumming,—well. Yes, what you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any more to manage.—*Coltage Hearth.*

THE WIFE'S PIN MONEY.

We do not know if it be possible for a man to understand a sensitive, high spirited woman's reluctance to ask for money, because he can put himself in her place. It would require an impossible stretch of the imagination for him to conceive what his feelings would be if he were compelled to ask somebody when he wanted a new hat or a coat, or a pair of shoes. Perhaps he might be able to approximate to something near her state of mind, if he could recollect his abject terror, when, as a boy, he approached his father to crave the boon of a few extra dollars. A lady said to us, "I have lain awake half the night, dreading the stern necessity of asking my husband for money the next day." Another said, "If I was absolute mistress of even the paltry sum of one hundred dollars a year, so that I could spend it without being responsible to any one, I should feel that a great weight was lifted off me." A wife who does her share of work for the family, and by careful management and contributing adds to the common fund, is entitled to her share of the profits, and the division should be justly and cheerfully made by the head of the firm, as any other partner. If woman were so recognized and trusted, many whose souls are now tormented about the vexed question of their "rights," would be contented and happy! "keepers at home."—*Toledo Blade.*

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

There grows a bloom of beauty over the surface of the plum and apricot, more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheeks. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone forever; for it never grows out but once. The flower that hangs in the morning impaled with dew; arrayed as a queenly woman never was arrayed with jewels; once she shakes it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet she can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes and trees, blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by a scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which when once defiled can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost work, and which when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. He who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears.

How to SUCCEED.—Before departing for his foreign home, Bayard Taylor made the following remarks respecting the rules of success, that are worth their weight in gold to any and every young man, as the experience of one whom all delight to honor:

"I have always reverently accepted them; first, labor; nothing can be had for nothing; whatever a man achieves he must pay for it; and no favor of fortune can absolve him from his duty. Secondly, patience, and forbearance; which is simply dependent on the slow justice of time. Thirdly, and most important faith. Unless a man believes in something far higher than himself, something infinitely purer and grander than he can ever become—unless he has an instinct of an order beyond his dreams, of laws beyond his comprehension, of beauty and good and justice, beside which his own ideals are dark, he will fail in every loftier form of ambition, and ought to fail."

A DEBT OF HONOR.

One day, while a dunning tradesman was in the room of a nobleman, vainly endeavoring to extract money, a letter was brought requesting the payment of a very large sum lost at cards. This debt was settled before the wondering eyes of the tailor, who was far from pleased at seeing money which he considered he had a prior claim to going into other hands. "That was a debt of honor," calmly remarked the nobleman. "And may I ask what you call a debt of honor, my lord?" "A debt of honor is one contracted verbally, and one the payment of which cannot be exacted by law." "Thank you, my lord, then from henceforth I prefer to have no claim on your lordship," and the wily man tore his bill in two. The stroke of diplomacy succeeded, and the tailor got his money.

FAMILY READING.

GENERAL FISK ON THE THEATRE.

A lady friend of Mrs. Fisk called on them the other evening, at their rooms at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and requested them to go to the theatre, and hear Mr. Booth in "Romeo and Juliet."

"I cannot go," said the General; "I have an engagement."

"Ah! but you can get released from that engagement," she insisted. "What is it, if it may be so impertinent?"

"It is the evening for my prayer meeting," and I make it a point always to be present when possible."

The lady seized his hand, and tears filled her eyes, as she exclaimed: "General! you have preached me the best sermon I have heard for many a month. I too, am a punctual and faithful in my duties as you are; but I am not. But do you really think it is wrong to attend the theatre?" she added after a slight pause.

"It would probably do me no harm," he replied. "But suppose I was to go for this reason, mindful only of my own pleasure, or of its influence upon myself. I take my seat. Yonder is a young man who has been enticed to the place, not without some misgivings of conscience. He casts his eye up, and says to himself with satisfaction, 'Ah! there is General Fisk. He is a good Christian man. I heard him deliver an address to a Sabbath school the other Sunday; surely I must be all right in Christian company.' No, said the noble Christian man, I cannot lend my influence thus."

CURE FOR TROUBLE.

When disposed to grumble over things that cannot be helped, I am reminded of a neighbor of mine who once surprised me by throwing away an old rusty knife. It was one of a set of silver-plated knives, and had been spoiled by carelessness. I asked her why she threw it away. "It is not worth while to be uncomfortable," she said. "Life is short, and I believe in being as happy as I can, and will be happy so far as I can control circumstances. What's the use of keeping a rusty spoiled knife on the shelf, where it would cut me every time I looked at it by its unpleasant reference to my carelessness? You see, acting on this theory I have thrown it away. I intend to pursue the same course in everything that troubles me. What I don't like I shall put away if I can; I will not eat unpalatable food nor associate with disagreeable people, and when I feel discouraged or blue I put on my things and take a pleasant walk or call on some cheerful neighbor, and come back cheery myself, with a good appetite for tea. People who are unhappy, discontented and who just endure life, don't know how much they miss for want of a little effort on their part to make themselves happy." Is not the lesson which this embodies worth learning?

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—Some months ago a young English woman came to N. York to marry a young man to whom she was affianced in England, and who had come to this country two years before to engage in business. She was to marry him at the home of a friend of her mother's with whom she was stopping. During the time she was making up her wedding dress, he came to see her one evening when he was just "full" enough to be foolish. She was shocked and pained beyond measure. She then learned for the first time that he was in the habit of drinking frequently to excess. She immediately stopped her preparations, and told him she could not marry him. He protested that "she would drive him to destruction, promised her he would never drink another drop, etc.

"No," she said; I dare not trust my future happiness with a man who has formed such a beastly habit. I came three thousand miles to marry a man I loved, and now, rather than marry a drunkard, I will go three thousand miles back again. And she went.

Let all respectable women imitate her example, and all men who love law and order, to see if the passengers who are on the broad road to perdition won't conclude to take the temperance route.

FREDDIE.

Our dear little boy was watching, with his grandma one Sabbath, the people returning from church. She pointed one and another out to him saying, "This is a Baptist lady, this is a Methodist," etc., when Freddie, seven years old, said, "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian Church?"

"No," was the answer.

"To the Baptist?"

"No."

"To the Methodist?"

"No."

"Well, Grandma," said he in his quiet, earnest way, "if I were in your place, I'd get in somewhere."

Dear Freddie only lived a few months longer—a little mound tells the story, but his words live after him—"apples of gold in pictures of silver."—*Interior.*

"SITTING UNDER HIS SHADOW."

Many years ago, one stormy winter day a minister was visiting one of his people—an old man—who lived in poverty in a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedburgh. He found him sitting with the Bible open upon his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort—the snow drifting through the roof and under the door, and scarcely an ember of fire upon the hearth.

"What are you about to-day, John?" was Mr. Young's question on entering.

"Ah, sir," said the happy saint, "I am sitting under his shadow with great delight."

"Oh, wonderful consolation in Christ," the river which, from the beginning of time to the end, "maketh glad the city of our God?"

PLEASURE OF A CHILD.

Douglas Jerrold wrote thus pleasantly of child life: "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind hearted man who showed him kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy and breaking off the most beautiful carnation, which was streaked with red and white he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home, after so many events of many years, the feelings of gratitude which agitated the breast of the boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE A MINISTER.

Eleven ways are suggested by the *Advocate*, by which a minister may be broken down in spirit and ruined in influence. We condense the advice, hoping it may provoke some to repentance:

1. Go to church occasionally, and when you go, go late; take no part in singing, nor in following the Scripture readings, but keep up whispering.
2. Find all the fault you can. Point out his deficiencies before your children and others.
3. Don't aid his work, but despise his lack of good sense.
4. Tell tales to him about the people and their criticisms about him.
5. Tell him how much his predecessors were thought of.
6. Keep away from all week-day meetings.
7. Get up gayeties, particularly some entertainment near the communion season.
8. Require him to be present everywhere.
9. If he preaches at home, insist on exchange; and if abroad, complain that he is never at home.
10. Keep back his salary.
11. Keep talking about "general dissatisfaction."

Patience continuance in these practices will surely drive away both the Spirit of God and the minister of God.—*Church Union.*

WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE CHURCH?

I can give my whole heart to God by faith in Jesus Christ, and thus secure a special blessing for myself and the church of which I am a member.

2. I can set my brethren a good example, and so help them to grow in grace, and that will be a blessing to the church.
3. I can through faith, be courageous and cheerful, and thereby strengthen and encourage the church in its herculean work.
4. I can pray for the prosperity of the church, and God hears the prayer of faith.
5. I can, by a godly life, illustrate to the world the saving power of the Gospel, and thereby lead souls to Christ.
6. I can induce others to attend divine services with me.
7. I can give part of my earnings for the support of the church.—*Trinity Ch. Record.*

THE ROCKET AND THE STAR.

Two rockets stood side by side in a garden. One of them said to the other, "I have been standing here for the last five minutes looking at the stars. I wonder what men see to admire in them! There is that insignificant little speck yonder. I'm sure I could give a thousand times the light of his petty glimmer."

Just then the man came round and touched the rocket with his torch. Up it went with a whizz and a blaze till it came to its utmost elevation, and then it burst itself; there was a pop and a glare and down came the rocket-stick and all was over, and the little star looked demurely down as much as to say:

"Ah, Mr. Rocket! and where are you now?"

There are many firework Christians.

POWER OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Recently two men engaged in an angry dispute on the street, during which one shook his fist beneath the other's nose, and appeared to have worked himself up to a fever heat of passion. Just then a little girl, almost an infant, who had been going by, but stopped apparently paralyzed by the man's fury, moved quite close to him, and looking up into his face, inquired:—

"What makes you so cross mister?"

It was so unexpected that the man evidently felt a complete revolution of feeling. Gradually his countenance cleared, and finally lit up with a smile, as he patted the little peace-maker's head, and remarked as he moved away, ignoring the other man altogether:—

"I guess you're right little pet."

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

One of the most difficult things for our hard hearts to realize is the patient tenderness of Christ towards sinners. In spite of all that the gospel reveals and the Saviour has done, men but very imperfectly appreciate the boundless fullness of that love. And yet our imperfect human nature furnishes us with not a few types that may clarify our visions as we vainly seek to penetrate those unfathomable depths. Some one has said that the tendency of the purest and most disinterested love is always to descend. The affection of a mother goes down toward the dependent child with a patient hovering strength, which neither ingratitude nor forgetfulness can wholly extinguish.

A few years since a wayward boy, an only son, who had been reprimanded for some offence, out of revenge stole a large sum of money from his father's drawer and started with it for California. Although every effort was made by his heart-broken parents to find some clue or trace of the fugitive, their search was unavailing. No tidings came back and the boy was mourned as dead. The heart broken mother lived only a year or two after his departure, and the father too became an invalid and would not be comforted and neither travel nor medicine seemed to promise any hope of cure. One cold December night a telegram, dated at San Francisco, was received by the Postmaster of asking whether a certain person lived there, and stating that a young man had just been arrested for murder and train robbing, and who said that his parents were living in this town. The poor father did not wait for the morning. Dying though he himself was with consumption, no thought for his own life entered his agonized heart. His poor boy was in peril, and by the first train, and as fast as steam could carry him he sped to the rescue. Scarcely alive, he at last entered the courtroom and found the trial already in progress. The meeting of the criminal son with the tender, loving, all-forgiving father, is said to have been affecting beyond description. Lawyers, spectators, judge and jury alike wept like children. But the stern process of the law soon resumed its course. The proof of the son's guilt was overwhelming, and when the terrible word "guilty" fell from the foreman's lips the father, lifting feebly his pale hands, uttered a groan and fell back dead upon the floor!

Such affection as this, patient, long-suffering, inexhaustible, counting no cost, forgiving even the most guilty and dying for the most unworthy, is but a feeble type of the Saviour's love. But it helps us to translate it into the language of our imperfect experience. Would that our hearts could rise to meet it and our spiritual eyes be opened to see it, until our lives should shine with its pure, resplendent, all-transforming light!—Western Rec.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, re-remembering circumstances, prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of the child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall, in a few hours wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate.

How careful then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths

which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her child to her covenant God.—Phrenological Journal.

OBITUARY.

MR. ANDREW WILES, Of the Wiles' Settlement, in connection with the Chester Road Mission, died, after a short illness on the 27th July, aged 58 years.

About 12 years ago, he, with some others, moved from Lunenburg Co. to his late place of residence. He was formerly a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, but on coming to this new settlement was deprived of religious privileges, and though he never wholly cast off the fear of God, yet he lived in the neglect of religious duties, and wandered from the Lord. About 18 months since, at some special services, held in that neighbourhood, he was the first one to stand up and declare his purpose to lead a new life. He, in broken language, while the tears coursed copiously down his cheeks, acknowledged his unfaithfulness, and in good earnest he sought the favour of God. At once he began to pray, and though an unlettered man, showed an acquaintance with Scripture which proved that he was an attentive hearer of God's word. The little hymn of "Bliss", sung by us from the Hymnal—

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given," with its chorus, "Jesus loves me," was made the means of bringing comfort to him in his deep distress of soul. The words "Jesus loves me" were in his mind day and night, until he attained to peace and confidence. When taken down by his last illness, and informed that he could not live, he was entirely submissive, and was cheered by the hope of heaven. While one of his Christian brethren read to him from the 40th Psalm, he said, "That is my case. The Lord has taken my feet from the horrible pit, has placed me upon the rock, and has put the new song in my mouth." In this confidence and joy he passed away to the heavenly rest. His remains were interred in our own burial ground, and a discourse preached on the occasion by the writer, from Rev. 14, 13, to a large congregation who gave indication of their deep regret at the loss of a neighbour they had reason to respect, and of their sympathy with the sorrowing widow and family. The happy death of this dear brother is enough to repay me for all my toil on this mission.

J. M. M. August 5th, 1878.

MIDNIGHT DOCTORS are the most unwelcome visitors—even the Doctor himself curses the luck that compelled him to leave his comfortable bed. Suppose you try the method, and keep a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer in the house, and let Dr. Squills stay in his bed and enjoy himself.

NINE NOVGOROD FAIR.—The great market of the eastern world has been held at this junction of the Volga and Olga Rivers in Russia, every summer for hundreds of years. Here the nations of Europe and Asia meet with their products for trade. Cossack, Chinese, Turk, and Persian meet the German and the Greek with every variety of merchandise that mankind employs, from sapphires to grindstones, tea, opium, fur, food, tools and fabrics, and last but not least, medicines. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s celebrated remedies from America were displayed in an elegant Bazaar, where the Dr. himself might sometimes be seen. They are known and taken on the steppes of Asia as well as the prairies of the west, and are an effectual antidote for the diseases that prevail in the yantrits of the North as well as the huts and cabins of the Western continent.—Lincoln Ill. Times.

PRESCOTT, Ont., 24th of June, 1878.

MR. T. GRAHAM.—Dear Sir,—I have long desired to add my testimony to the many others who have regarding the efficacy of your Pain Eradicator, and have only been deterred from doing so long ere now by the difficulty of saying all that I have found it good for in the compass of a letter. I have used it in every kind of pain from a mosquito bite to severe inflammation, and have always found it to give immediate relief. On several occasions suffering from severe pain on the left side, which is almost chronic, and when I otherwise would have had to go to bed and submit to medical treatment, an application of your invaluable remedy has made me fit for work in an hour's time. I take pleasure in recommending it when I see any one suffering, and hope for the sake of humanity that its use may be universal. I shall only be too happy to know that you make use of this in any way you think best.

I remain in gratitude yours THOS. A. ANDERSON. Editor and Publisher of the Prescott "Plaindealer."

In this present age, when the life battle is so fiercely fought, and when upon even the strongest the tug and stress of it tells so heavily, how necessary it becomes for us to provide for the keeping up of our reserve stock of mental and physical stamina by the use of such a nervous tonic and vitalizing agent as Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-phosphate of Lime.

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Impartial readers, not members of the Methodist Church—men of high literary standing—have pronounced this the best History Nova Scotia has ever produced.

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As Methodism in the East and West is now consolidated into one organization, this history of Mr. Smith's is well adapted to make the Methodists of the West better acquainted with the origin and history of Methodism in the East, and thus bring them into closer sympathy with the work of our brethren in the East. A fuller knowledge of that work will be a bond of fraternity and unity. The volume is highly creditable to both the author and the publisher. It is got up in good style. We bespeak for it a wide circulation among the readers of the "Guardian"—Guardian, Toronto.

It would be a means of grace, as well as a source of valuable information to our people; and ought to be in every Methodist family.—Rev. C. Stewart, D. D. Prof. of Theology, Mt. Allison.

Is invaluable as a repository of the annals of Methodism in this country. It opens with a judicious chapter on the Origin and Characteristics of Methodism, and then, chapter after chapter, gives the history of the evangelistic efforts and operations of the Methodists, from 1769 to 1813. Mr. Smith has evidently bestowed great pains on this work. It is minute and comprehensive and appears to do ample justice to the subject. We trust his services will be heartily appreciated and that he will thus be encouraged to prosecute a task for which he seems peculiarly well qualified.—Presbyterian Witness.

It is needless to say that the book is interesting, especially so to our Methodist friends. While the main object kept in view by the author has been to present an authentic and reliable history of Wesleyan Methodism, he has necessarily embodied in his narrative many historical facts of a general character, bearing upon the condition of the country socially, morally and religiously, which are calculated to render it valuable as a history to people generally as well as to Methodists. The book is deserving of a wide circulation and careful perusal.—Chronicle, Halifax.

Its typographical appearance reflects credit upon the establishment from which it emanates. The work is ably written, and the information to be derived from it is invaluable.—Reporter, Fredericton.

We recommend our readers to procure it for themselves. It will do good both their heads and their hearts.—Canada Methodist Magazine.

This book ought to be in every Methodist Sabbath School, side by side with the first books in real merit.—Rev. D. D. Currie.

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THE WESLEYAN

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

THE CHURCH'S VITALIZING POTENCY.

We do well to mark that the Church is more than the repository of revealed truth. It is even more than the exponent and exemplification of christian holiness.

Considered, then, as the instrumentality of God, it will be seen how much the Church's potency depends upon its life. Its life is its power.

Whose bright succession decks the varied year? Shall we be contented with a tidal life—an ebbing and flowing in its prosperity?

The London Methodist gives these interesting particulars: There was a close run in two or three cases for the Chairmanship of Districts.

The tendency of things is to give us more "travelled" men in our ministry. Mr. Coley goes to America, and Mr. Marmaduke Osborn to the West Indies.

Mr. Oliver is said to have declined to accept the fee usually given to Fernley lecturers. It is to be hoped the trustees will insist upon paying it.

Not a single candidate for the home work of the ministry of this year has been allocated to the colleges. The vacancies have all been filled up by men who were probationers or on the President's list from last year.

valiant and invincible band of three hundred cavalry who vowed perpetual friendship, and swore to stand together until the last drop of their blood was spilled; and why should not the Church have its Sacred Battalion? Then might she go forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

The mixed Conference met on Monday, August 5th. Three hundred laymen displaced as many ministers on that day, yet the utmost good feeling prevailed from the beginning. The Conference, after adjusting its huge proportions, seems to have settled down to good work at an early stage.

We have made excerpts here and there from the reports of Conference, which we think will please and instruct our readers.

In the conversation on the work of God, a speaker is reported whom many of our readers will readily recognize.

Mr. Brewster said that as a church they lived in remarkably peaceful times,—they had come up out of the wilderness—they had crossed Jordan—they were brought into a land flowing with milk and honey—God had thrust out the enemy from before them, and was in their midst.

The London Recorder, in introducing the names of several laymen elected to the Annual Conference, says:—

Of the list which follows two of the laymen are over 70 years of age and under 80, eleven are over 60 and under 70, twenty-two are over 50 and for the most part nearer 60, eleven are over 50 and under 60, two are over 30 and under 40.

Dr. Gervase Smith, speaking of a constituency in New South Wales, said:—

In this country a gentleman connected with their body has declined to become a member of Parliament—for his election was sure—because his Parliamentary duties would prevent his attendance at weekly class meetings.

Is Samuel also among the prophets again? Yes, strange as it may seem, the Rev. Samuel Dunn, of "Everett, Dunn and Griffiths," has attended the open session of the Conference, and actually sat on the platform.

BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.—We quote from the proceedings of the session of the British Conference of August 1st: OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

Dr. Punshon said the present was the year for holding the Conference in Canada, and their friends in Canada were anxious we should do them the honor of sending a representative.

On the following day Mr. Coley said he was sorry to ask the reverend assembly yesterday to wait for his reply.

Thus, we are to be honored with the presence of the famed Samuel Coley! Who does not remember that unique Pastoral address which first brought his name before the world?

Mr. Coley will be surprised to find how many admirers he has in British America. We question whether Dr. Punshon himself could anticipate any warmer reception than will certainly be accorded to Doc—we had almost said Doctor Coley.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Germain St. enterprize demands good space this week. But this mother-church deserves all prudent, patient attention.

Rev. J. G. Bond, A.B., resting for this year at St. John's, N.F., has lost an estimable brother, aged 23, by consumption.

Rev. A. E. LePage, Welsford, N.B., writes that he is in need of a Hired Local Preacher on his field, which is very extensive.

Only this can we sing over Rev. John Brown's recent letters. We despair of filtering the ounce of argument from that river of words.

Several subscribers, who are delinquent, and respecting whom no word has reached us, will miss their paper next week.

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Mr. Lathern's Baptisma is securing most favourable notices from the press, a few of which we shall give in due time.

It is powerfully and eloquently written, and no doubt will add to the authors well-earned reputation as a scholar and a man of brilliant parts.

A dreadful event has occurred in Charlottetown during the week, which has caused great excitement and grief. A boy named Kelly was fatally shot by a revolver aimed by a young man who was passing in a wagon.

EXCURSIONS.—An excursion of the Windsor Sunday School to Halifax last Monday ended in disappointment, as the day was very rainy.

We observe that a Grand Excursion is advertised from Albert Co., N.B. to Halifax for Tuesday next, 27th inst., under direction of an enterprising company.

One of the most curious and audacious things we have noticed for some time is the attempt made by a "Great Baptist Organ of Georgia," to place itself before the innocent public by this sea-board.

The last stage of the McCarthy murder case has been reached. Probably before this meets the eyes of our readers, the Jury will have the question of guilt or innocence before them.

DEATH OF A WORTHY MINISTRY.

Yesterday morning at 5.30 or thereabout the Rev. G. M. Barrett died at his residence in Carleton, after an acute illness of several weeks duration.

The professor having been for several years a minister of the Congregational church, and coming into the Methodist church on papers of that church some questions of ecclesiastical law presented themselves which caused considerable discussion.

The association have for some time felt the desirableness of having their grounds enclosed; and they now cherish the hope of accomplishing this object before next season.

OXFORD.—We held a tea-meeting on Thursday evening, in aid of the New Parsonage, which realized \$250.

THE BERWICK CAMP MEETING.

The readers of the WESLEYAN will expect some notice of the camp meeting recently held in Berwick; and in the absence of an authorized reporter, the following glance from memory at the exercises, and their results, may be accepted.

The preaching on the several days was by the following ministers:—Friday, Messrs. Shore and Gaetz; Saturday, Messrs. Sharp and Thurlow; Sunday, Messrs. Shore, Parker and McMurray; Monday, Messrs. S. F. Huestis and Strohard; Tuesday, Messrs. R. A. Daniel and Mellish; Wednesday, Messrs. Wasson and Brettle.

The attendance was quite as good as could have been expected. On the Sabbath it is believed not less than 3000 persons were gathered at the preaching stand.

We have now no means of ascertaining the number of persons, who, at the various services, in the tents, and at the stand, stood up or came forward for prayers; nor will it be possible, in this world to estimate the amount of spiritual good accomplished at this camp meeting; but we are inclined to think, and we had good opportunity for observation, that this year's effort has not been far exceeded by the most successful meetings of years gone by.

The camp meeting association desire to record their deep sense of loss sustained in the decease of Edward Jost, Esq., of Halifax, who from year to year, gave practical evidence of his hearty interest in this Christian enterprise.

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D. W. JOHNSON.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.) GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

The foreigner in Paris will never realize how much he is beloved until the hour that he is ready to leave the hotel where he has been struggling for subsistence. The keen-eyed chamber-maid and the man who assists her have observed that your papers and books which have been scattered over the room are no longer scattered, and with remarkable forecast say to one another: he is going to leave, those articles are in his valise. All at once they have become wonderfully attentive, and anxious for your comfort and welfare. Want to know if Monsieur is about to sortie, and if he will not return. No matter how much you have neglected during the weeks of your stay, it will all be stoned for now by politeness, in the space of half an hour, and, just as you are ready to turn your back on the hotel, with its landlady, of whom the Theanardiness of "Les Miserables" is not an overdrawn type; with its table de note prelude of famine, and its bankrupting bills,—all the attaches appear around you as instantaneously as the hosts of Highlanders at the blasts of Rhoderick Dhu's bugle. They have come for their pair boira. The table boys who never brought you half enough, and then, till it was cold; the negligent chambermaid and her assistant, the cook's assistant and the boy that did not black your boots. Give them three francs apiece, it is the custom of the country, always something more to pay after you have been overcharged. When I complained of the exorbitance of my bill, my landlady kindly examined it and added for items she had overlooked. I have heard of nothing like it, except that the French courts will fine a man for allowing himself to be run over by a cart on the Boulevard. But to return to the subject: give the servants their pair boira, it is about all they get, their lot is hard. It is a sad thing to be a Frenchman, but to be a French servant is an inferno of abjectness and misery. "Tis sweet to turn from civic revelry to rural mirth,"

and it is exhilarating to turn from the gay, glittering conceits of Paris to the sublime mountains of Switzerland. From Paris to Geneva is a ride of fourteen hours. I got into a little pent up apartment of a car which I found occupied by three other Americans and one Irishman. There was nothing of interest in the long night ride. We had no water to drink and suffered other discomforts from their antediluvian railroad accommodations. Morning dawned upon us in the beautiful district of Savoy, near Dijon. I have never seen any French country that was not beautiful and highly improved, it is a country "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Farm laborers were at work with their primitive farming implements, cutting grain and plowing at a very early hour, while women, with wooden shoes and bare feet, were watching little herds of cows, to prevent their transgressing the boundaries of their fencible farms.

The plows were drawn by oxen, not in yokes as we harness them, but with a pad fastened around their horns, and pressing against their foreheads, they were pushing the resistance from the brain end of the plow. Inasmuch as the bovine race fight by pushing, it being the position that develops their utmost strength, this may after all be the most sensible way of harnessing oxen. Now let some American invent an improved pad for the ox to butt against, and he might develop the idea so far as to utilize the kicking energy of a mule.

We observed from the window a long line of French cavalry horses that were being trained and exercised. Their tails were cut short, a fashion, I observe, quite common in France and England, and coming into use in America. It is a cruel fashion, for horses have a right to their tails to fight flies; besides the ceaseless agitation of the caudal extremity is necessary to the health of the vertebrae. The bolted horse will in time become discouraged and cease to wag his tail, and the disnetude will react upon the health of the animal. No horse should be deprived of the usufruct of his tail. I find that I am at the bottom of the page without having written about Geneva. There is nothing much to write about except fine views of the Alps and Mont Blanc. The city seems about equally divided between watch factories, music-box factories, mosquitoes and hotels. C. A. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSIONARY RECEIPTS.

N. B. AND P. E. I. CONFERENCE.

MR. EDITOR,—in last week's WESLEYAN, in your review of some of the facts brought out by the Minutes of the different Conferences, you state correctly that there is a somewhat serious falling off in the missionary receipts of the New Brunswick and P. E. Island Conference. But, while the case is as stated, I think it is only just to mention certain facts that will show that the falling off is not due to any of the ordinary causes that produce such a result.

The actual decrease is \$1611; but the amount will be more than accounted for by the falling off in the circuits in St. John and Portland, consequent upon the calamitous fires in those places at the commencement of the year.

The following are the decreases in those circuits respectively:

Table with 2 columns: Circuit Name and Amount. Germain St., \$1686; Centenary, 505; Portland, 155.

Making a total decrease of \$2346 in those circuits alone. If, therefore, we deduct the actual decrease in the Conference, from this total decrease in these three circuits, we shall find that the other circuits throughout the Conference have made an actual increase of \$835.

Yours, C. H. PAISLEY. August 12, 1878.

YARMOUTH.

During the days of August, first and second, the beautiful town of Yarmouth was the scene of a great victory, a battle had been fought with the greatest foe of the universe, over the demon Intemperance.

There were present, mothers and wives, sisters and daughters, husbands and brothers (for, sad to relate, there are even women who have not always been satisfied with a cup of tea), their sorrows turned into joy.

The beautiful town deserves all the triumph it enjoyed, for there are many earnest workers in the cause of temperance. But through all this triumph, there was "one thing lacking."

About three years ago, a lady, a native of the town of Yarmouth, having removed, returning with her husband to her native town for a short time, invited the ladies of Yarmouth who were interested in the temperance cause to meet her at Udey's Hall. Then and there the W. U. Temperance Society was organized, among the members were some of the most influential ladies; and these those who had felt "the sting" made the best workers. For two years these noble women, through many obstacles, prayed both in public and private for a revival of temperance in Yarmouth, and the cry "O Lord, how long shall iniquity prevail," reached the ear of the "Lord God of Sabaoth," and He who ever lends a listening ear to the most feeble cry of his most feeble ones, sent Geo. M. Dutcher. God bless the man!

The noble founder, the President, and many, if not all, the members of the W. U. Temperance Society were present at the jubilee, but not by word or action were they noticed.

They have not worked for the approbation of men, so have not been disappointed, but he who despiseth not the "day of small things" has not forgotten them, so they can wait until they hear those comforting words—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, ye have done it unto me."

Dear friends, look a little more after the little ones. Halifax, August 19, 1878.

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

MR. EDITOR,—The Financial Meeting of the Liverpool District was held in the basement of our church in Liverpool, on Tuesday the 13th inst. Laymen were present from the Liverpool, Petite Riviere, and Caledonia Circuits. Upon examination into the income of the several circuits it appeared that, owing to the depressed state of business, Petite Riviere and Mills Village could not promise to raise as much as they had done last year. Port Mouton, however, and New Germany, show an improved financial state, and the aggregate proposed circuit receipts of the District will be a little in advance of last year.

After the usual business of the District was disposed of, the brethren conversed freely upon the financial condition of the several circuits when, on motion of Bro. Rogers, it was

Resolved, That with a view to increasing the interest of our Quarterly Meetings, and urging the missions 'onward towards a state of independency, arrangements be made on each circuit at the December Quarterly Meeting, to hold a preaching service in the morning, the Quarterly Meeting in the afternoon, and a love feast in the evening, and that a minister from a neighbouring circuit be appointed by the Chairman to preach on such occasions and assist at the Love feast.

(An excellent suggestion.—EDITOR.) The spiritual state of our work was then considered. The President's letter, as published in the WESLEYAN of the 10th inst., was read, and, after serious consideration, each member of the District pledged himself to carry out, as far as practicable, the excellent suggestion which that letter contained, of retiring for secret prayer, at noon every Wednesday and Friday, with a view to asking God for a special outpouring of his Spirit upon ourselves and our churches.

In the evening we held a public meeting in the interests of our Educational Society. J. Newton Freeman, Esq., was called to the chair, and presided with his usual ability, after having made a most excellent opening address. A brief report of the purpose, condition and prospects of the Educational Fund was given by the Superintendent of the circuit, after which the brethren Rogers, W. Brown and Shepherdson delivered eloquent addresses, the choir discoursing sweet music after each address. A handsome collection was taken at the close of the service.

W. C. BROWN.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, ITEMS.

As many of your readers are interested in Sabbath School work, they will read with interest of our welfare here in this extreme field of the church. We had a treat, known among you in Nova Scotia as a picnic, on Tuesday, August 6th. Gower Street school turned out with its banners flying, and over 300 children. Then came George St. school with near 300, making in all, teachers and Scholars, near 700. The day was spent most pleasantly and happily by all on the grounds. A new and novel feature to us was the way tea was provided, with provisions cooked by as many different persons, but all the needful was obtained from the bakery, giving, at least, uniformity in kind, and in cooking. Each person received a bun on entering the grounds, and a capital tea at 4 o'clock. At 7 all the children collected, and marched in procession to the school rooms, gathered in a circle before the churches, and sang "God Save the

Queen," and went home highly pleased and pleasantly tired.

This department of our work here is very efficient. We have a fine staff of officers, assisted by good and suitable teachers.

Report reaches us of a gracious revival on the Fogo circuit, and of the addition of a large number of families to our church.

The Academy opens to-morrow after the summer vacation. Our Superintendent of Education is on his tour of inspection, and as he comes up for General Conference in the next steamer, will give you, no doubt, all general information on matters educational in his work.

We are pleasantly situated here. We were cordially received, and as cordially treated. We have got into harness, and while the pastoral work is hard, yet frequent exchange of pulpits make the preaching work easy. We open a third preaching service next Sabbath evening in Temperance Hall. We have not room for the people, and when the busy season comes in, September and up to Christmas, we could not hope to accommodate all the people. We want to form the nucleus of a third church. You would find such congregations on week-evenings as would make a Methodist bluish from some of your provincial cities. It is worth while getting up a good week-evening sermon to preach to the congregations that gather here. Besides, our prayer-meetings are well attended. You cannot wonder that some of the brethren speak of Newfoundland as the Methodist Goshen, not in green fields, but in good Wesleyan fervor.

I hope the records will be made weekly of success financial, and prosperity spiritual in all the circuits of our church.

Yours truly,

J. S.

MILLTOWN, N. B., Aug. 17, 1878.

DEAR EDITOR,—The Rev S. R. Ackman and family are here, and nicely settled among us on their new charge. The reception they met with must have been encouraging to them, they being strangers to all. The ladies met in the afternoon previous to their arrival and had a tea prepared at the parsonage; and if a person might judge by the many smiles and happy faces during tea-time, they would come to the conclusion that a lasting friendship had begun already in the hearts of all present. I think Mr. M. was the right man sent to the right place. The ladies of the social have been to some expense in papering and painting the parsonage to make it more comfortable, and every effort will be put forth by us to meet the requirements of the Circuit as far as possible. Notwithstanding the depression in the lumber business, at the last Quarterly meeting the following resolution was passed unanimously by the Board:

At a Quarterly Meeting held on the 15th August, 1878, it was moved by Bro. James Crosset, and seconded Bro. Ray, and unanimously carried, that, whereas suggestions have been made that the Milltown Circuit should become a dependent Station, the members of the Quarterly Meeting are of the opinion, and therefore resolve, That this Circuit will retain its position as a self-sustaining one in accordance with its long and well earned reputation, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the WESLEYAN.

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT RAY, Society Steward.

FREDERICTON DISTRICT.

The financial meeting of this District convened in "Union Hall," Gibson, on Tuesday, 13th inst., at 9 a. m. Most of the brethren were in prompt attendance, after devotional exercises the financial interests of the various circuits were considered in the most careful and painstaking manner, with but one exception it was found that the proportion of receipts of each mission would be equal to or exceed the receipts of last year.

Arrangements for holding the annual Missionary and Educational meetings on the various circuits and missions were duly made, and in view of these very important interests of the church it is felt that every proper and legitimate effort should be made to increase the funds of the missionary and educational exchequers.

In the evening a public religious service was held and addresses delivered by several of the brethren, on the necessity and means of a revival of religion throughout the District. The meeting was one of true spiritual profit, and was devoted to the consideration of the spiritual state of the District and the means to be employed in the promotion of the work of God. It was thought advisable, as far as possible, to hold special religious services in connection with the Quarterly official meetings, assisted by one or two of the brethren from the adjoining circuits. It was also resolved to hold a District Convention, at Richmond, beginning on 10th of Dec. next. Such conventions in the past have proved to be sources of intellectual and spiritual profit.

The next annual District meeting will be held in Woodstock, on Wednesday, June 17, 1879.

By order of District, L. S. JOHNSON.

Nashwaak Village, Aug. 15, 1878.

SPECIAL RATES FOR EXCURSION TICKETS.

have been secured for persons attending the Methodist General Conference, Montreal, Sept. 1878, as follows:

Per International steamers, From St. John to Boston and return, clergymen and their wives, \$5.50 each; laymen and their wives, \$3.50 each. Tickets may be purchased on board steamers at any time, good to return until Dec. 31st. Clergymen should get certificates from Capt. Chisholm, agent, St. John. Steamers leave St. John, Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Per Eur and N. Am. Railway.

St. John to Boston and return \$11.00. Tickets can be purchased at Railway Ticket Office, St. John, good to return until Oct. 1st. Trains leave St. John, daily, at 8 a. m. and 8.40 p. m.

Per Montreal and Boston Air Line.

(Via Concord, Wells River, Newport, &c.) Boston to Montreal and return, \$14.00. Tickets can be purchased, August 23 to Sept. 12, at Company's Office, 240 Washington street, Boston, good to return until Nov. 1st. Passengers may step off at any point along the route. Trains leave Boston daily, at 8 a. m., due at Montreal at 9.20 p. m., same day; and leave Boston at 5.35 p. m., due at Montreal next day at 9 a. m.

Central Vermont Railway.

Will sell tickets "to delegates, their wives and others from the Provinces only," attending the Gen. Conference, as follows:

(1st.) Boston to Montreal and return via Central Vermont Line (White River Junction, Montpelier, St. Albans, &c.) returning to Boston by same route \$14.

(2nd.) Boston to Montreal, via Central Vermont Line (White River Junction, Montpelier, St. Albans, &c.) returning to Boston via Central Vermont line to Bellows Falls, Springfield, New Haven, to New York, and from New York to Boston, via Fall River Line, \$20.

Tickets for both the direct route, going and returning, and for the round trip, good to go until Sept. 9th, and good to return until Oct. 1st. Parties going by either of these routes must have a certificate from the Secretary of the General Conference, for each ticket wanted. Tickets can be obtained on presentation of certificate, at the Company's Office, 322 Washington Street, Boston. Trains leave Boston at 8 a. m., and 5.30 p. m. daily for Montreal.

A certificate has been sent to each elect representative to the General Conference residing in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, with "special rates" printed on the back thereof. The rates, as here published, are, to some extent, a modification of those published on the certificates, and must take precedence of those.

Persons from the Provinces, proposing to attend the General Conference, can obtain certificates, by which they can avail themselves of the advantages of these rates, on immediate application to me.

D. D. GERRIE, Secretary to the Gen. Conf.

Moncton, N.B., Aug. 19, 1878.

NEWS AND NOTES.

NOVA SCOTIA.

On the 14th inst, a man, whose name was not ascertained, was mangled to death on the I. C. B. track, near Thompson station. It appears that the unfortunate man was lying, either drunk or asleep, on the rail, at the commencement of a curve, and was not seen by the engine driver until too late to avoid running over him. His body was mangled altogether beyond identification, and so far as we could learn his name had not been ascertained up to the time the train left Truro, whither the remains were taken; but it is said that he was a labourer named Urquhart, from Londonderry mines.

A boy named Arthur Moore, of Westville, sixteen months of age, was badly injured at the Drummond Mines on the 18th inst. In attempting to cross the road, one of the slopes he was caught by the rake and one of his legs badly fractured. It will have to be amputated.

A party of five young men were crossing Bradley's Lake, Caledonia, Queens, on Sunday last, in a canoe, and when five rods from where they intended to land, the canoe sank. Two of the party, Michael and Cornelius Conway, aged 14 and 16 years respectively, were drowned.

A man named Maffitt dropped dead on Monday afternoon, while mowing hay in his field at Chezzetcook. Heart disease.

Mr. Dellaney Oakes and family, who live in Dresden Row, Halifax, have been absent from the city for some time. On Wednesday night Mr. Oakes returned to town, and on visiting his house next morning found that it had been entered by burglars from the back and ransacked from top to bottom. About a hundred dollars worth of property had been carried off and a large number of articles taken from the upper part of the house to the lower floor for convenience of removal. He complained to the Police and Sergt. Power, after making enquiries and visiting the premises, arrested two boys named Robert O'Brien and James Murray on suspicion. They confessed to being the thieves and all the property was recovered.

A colored man named Wm. Lawrence was drowned at Guysboro' on Saturday, having fallen into the harbor from the rail of the Archibut packet.

The Truro "Sun" says that Matheson's steam saw mill at Thompson's station was burned on Tuesday.

A handsome and correct lithographic view of Halifax is about to be published.

Windsor, N. S., has decided in favour of incorporation by a vote of 135 to 97.

Frank F. Ryan, or Regan, of Sydney, C.B., a seaman of the Parrsboro' brigantine, Ivanhoe, fell from aloft and struck on the fluke of the anchor, on the 10th inst. and died on the 13th. The vessel was on the voyage from Glace bay to St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

On the morning of August 15th, a fire broke out in a wooden building on Union St. known as Dockery's block, St. John. The lower floor was occupied by Finley & Dougherty, grocers; Durham & Hickson, dry goods; James H. Kettie, groceries and provisions; and C. Staples, clerk and watchmaker. The upper portion was used as an opera hall, and had no occupants but the family of the janitor, Wm. Warrell. The fire had made considerable progress before it was discovered, and the stairway was burning briskly when the occupants of the house, who lived in the third story, were alarmed. As escape by the stairs was cut off from them, ladders were raised against the windows, and a truckman mounting soon returned again with an inflammable fluid, the apartment was filled with smoke, in which breathing was almost impossible, and it is a mystery how the inmates remained so long without becoming

conscious of their danger. The other members of the family (consisting of two women and Mr. Warrell) made their escape down the ladder. The building was gutted, but the fire was confined to the block. Dockery had \$2000 insurance on building in the Imperial; Kettie had \$1,200 insurance in the Hartford; Durham and Hickson had \$2,000 in the Imperial; Finley and Dougherty were insured.

A St. John man named Moynihan carried \$2,768 in large and small notes in his shoe, on his foot. One day last week, after informing a friend of the treasure he had and where he kept it, he lost his money—but he has no reason to suspect his friend.

Wm. Savage, of Emigrant Settlement, Sackville, N. B., fell from a cock of hay on the 15th inst., breaking his neck, and dying instantly. Deceased was between 50 and 60 years of age.

Bishop Medley, of Fredericton, is to sail from England on the 29th inst., by the Circassian, and is expected to return about September 9th. The members of the Church of England are to give His Lordship a cordial reception on his return.

The Germain Street Wesleyan Sabbath School held their annual picnic at Porter's Landing on Tuesday, 13th inst. The grounds were all that could be desired, and consisted of beach, grassy plot and a beautiful grove, composed principally of tall cedars. The grounds run along the shore and are as available to the steamboat landing as it is possible to have them. Games, swings, &c., were provided in abundance. Sailing, rowing and bathing was indulged in largely, and the three hundred persons who attended enjoyed themselves largely.

While excavating for the gas works at Charlottetown the other day the workmen tapped an inexhaustible spring, which, it is believed, will yield a continuous supply of 700,000 gallons of water a day. The idea of utilizing the water has got abroad, and it is proposed to erect a reservoir from which the city can be supplied.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

During the last fortnight the reports from the fisheries have been most encouraging. The last steamer from Labrador brought the account of a good season so far. The figures are not at hand, but the general fact is, that the yield will be far better than last year. The prospect is encouraging, as you in the provinces can scarcely understand the suffering that must necessarily follow a bad year in the fishing business. The people cannot turn to farming, or to lumbering, as many can, and do, in Nova Scotia. However, many are turning their attention to farming, so that they will not depend upon the uncertainties of the deep.—Hx. Herald.

We learn by letter from Tointnet of the 26th ult., that the schr. "Flash," of Harbor Grace, went ashore and became a total wreck at Wild Cove during the gale on Saturday night, the 20th July. All the crew were providentially saved.—North Star.

A Mr. Ellis was run over in Water-street by a horse and wagon driven by a man named Kenna. The driver has been in custody awaiting the result of the affair, which we are also glad to hear without grave serious consequences. How soon are we to have a law passed for the restraint and control of our hackmen!

A lad named Bolan, of about 13 years of age was drowned on Wednesday last in Quidi-vidi lake whilst bathing. According to the "Chronicle," the lad appears to have got beyond his depth, and to have immediately sunk. Molloy, one of the prisoners in the penitentiary, jumped over the fence surrounding the prison, and dived after the child, but only to rescue a corpse. Neither Bolan nor his companions could swim. In this connection we think it our duty to direct the attention of the police authorities to the very unseemly practice of bathing in the rivers near town. Great numbers of half-grown men and boys are continually in the habit of bathing in Rennie's mill river, quite close to the road, and within close view and proximity of those who pass over it. These proceedings are by no means pleasing or agreeable, and the presence there occasionally of a policeman might have the effect of doing away with much of the indecency so commonly practiced there. Star.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Baltimore "American" of the 20th inst., says: The most remarkable birth ever known in the history of accouchement occurred at or near Salesville, Ohio, on last Monday night. Mrs. McCormick gave birth to five healthy children, four boys and a girl. The medical works have but few instances of such wonderful births, and when they do occur the children have scarcely been known to live. In this case the mother and children, in the common language on such occasions are, "doing well." The community there is excited, and the famous father is the hero of all the country round about. His home is the object of pilgrimage from all the old women of the region. Two births of four children have occurred within the last fifteen years near this region.

By the grace of Queen Victoria, Benjamin Disraeli, K. G., is now a member of that small but select circle which comprises the King of Italy, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Portugal, the King of Denmark, the King of the Belgians, the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Brazil, the Shah of Persia, the King of the Hellenes, half a dozen German Princes, fifteen British Dukes, and a dozen Earls or Marquises. The order was instituted by Edward III, five hundred years ago, and is the most ancient and honorable in the British Empire. It was conferred on Wellington shortly after the victory of Salamanca, Parliament having previously voted him £2,000 a year, and £100,000 outright. Malborough also obtained the honor on being appointed Captain-General of the force in the coalition against Louis XIV. Nelson received the Order of the Bath for prodigies of valor at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, but never attained the distinction conferred upon Lord Beaconsfield.

The Jews in Jerusalem now number 13,000. The Christian population is something less than half that number.

A swarm of bees took possession of a church recently at Frome, in England, and prevented service until some means should be devised for dislodging them.

A farmer near Fairbault, Minn., shot and instantly killed two tramps who had caught setting fire to a harvesting machine in his wheat field. He gave himself up but was instantly released.

Prague the Bohemian city, forbids by ordinance the wearing upon the streets of dresses with trains, "because of the dust injurious to public health raised by them."

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

AUGUST, 1878.

First Quarter, 5 day, 9h, 5m, Morning. Full Moon, 13 day, 8h, 2m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 20 day, 11h, 53m, Afternoon. New Moon, 28 day, 1h, 45m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Setting gives the time of high water at Parrisboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE OLD PROVERB.

BY EFFIE JOHNSON. "The boy is father to the man."

Such talk seems very queer to me. But I suppose they mean to say, If I am true, brave man would be.

I must not be a sneaking boy. But in my work and in my play, Whatever I may say or do, Be true and honest as the day.

"The boy is father to the man," I wonder how it is with girls! If all they care for is to be Pretty and fair with glossy curls.

And handsome dresses will they grow To noble women good and true? Or will they be like pretty dolls Which please us for an hour or two.

"The boy is father to the man." Then boys and girls suppose we look For the best pattern we can find, And take him for our copy-book.

Then looking backward we may see A pleasant pathway clear and bright. And looking forward we may hope To reach the world of light.

STORY OF A CELEBRATED SAILOR.

In a humble cottage, six miles from Stockton-on-Tees, there lived, early in the last century, a worthy rustic couple of the condition of agricultural labourers.

came quite evident that James was one of those British boys meant by Providence to do business on the mighty waters.

James got an honorable discharge from the haberdasher's, and then, with the consent of his parents, bound himself apprentice on board a collier, where of course hard work, hard fare, and plenty of other hardships and perils were his portion.

Those were the times when, on collier or merchant ships arriving in the Thames, the press-gangs were sent to seize the able bodied among the crew and compel them to serve in the navy.

From this time his rise in the service was steady. He found the benefit of his studious habits; for though his schooling had been very scanty, he had added to it in his leisure by studying navigation, astronomy, and map and chart drawing.

Now, my young reader, here are capital lessons for you. Instead of murmuring over his small list of school acquirements, or, what is worse than murmuring, being satisfied with them, he set himself to add to them; and when, by great exertion, he had won friends and a respectable station, instead of doing as many did and do—smoke and drink away their leisure, drying their blood with tobacco and dulling their brains with alcohol—he was bright and busy with book, pencil and compasses over mathematical problems, and fitting himself for the scientific departments of his profession.

The voyage and discoveries of this great commander have filled volumes, and remain an enduring monument of his genius and energy, and a mine of information for all who love narratives of adventure and discovery; but I am only penning an outline for you, my young readers, and I want you to see not merely what the scientific discoveries were, but what the man, Captain Cook, was.

Captain Cook discovered many islands in the South Sea, and always set an example of being just to the natives, paying honorably for everything his crews required from them.

many bad and cruel actions. Oh, how we should rejoice that now in the British army there are 8,000 officers and men who are abstainers from all strong drinks, and that the boys in all the training-ships but one are reared in a wholesome freedom from the drink that at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

It is to be feared that Captain Cook's men were not so kind and careful as their commander. On the third voyage to the South Seas there was some dispute with the natives of Owhyhee. One of the ship's boats was stolen. Captain Cook and a party went to demand restitution. A panic seized the poor savages, who believing that vengeance would be taken on them for the theft, rushed down in great numbers to the beach, and closed, armed with their clubs and knives, round the small company of the crew.

In England, when the tidings were known, there was a universal groan of sorrow, that was echoed throughout the civilized world. The virtues as well as the talents of the captain were so well known and honored, that from the king to the peasant there was mourning for his death, and sympathy for his widow and three sons.

It is now nearly a hundred years since the great discoverer and circumnavigator met his sad death in that distant island; but his name is ever dear to his countrymen, and not many years ago a monument was erected, the ground being given by the sister of the King of the Sandwich Islands, on the very spot where he was killed, Karakakoa Bay.

Commander Long suggests that if it should be desired to erect a better memorial, the addition of a "Captain Cook's Ward" to Honolulu Hospital would be an appropriate arrangement, and well fitted to perpetuate the memory of the distinguished discoverer of the islands, one of whose greatest cares was the health and comfort of his men.—C. L. Balfour, in Band of Hope Review.

NED'S RUDDER.

"And so you mean to follow the sea?" said old Dr. Williams to Ned.

"Yes. Father says I may sail with the 'Osprey' on her next voyage," answered Ned, with pleasing look.

"And you sail your yacht meanwhile to keep your hand in," said the Doctor, looking at the toy he had taken from Ned.

"It is a pretty little craft, and well put together; but it lacks a rudder, Ned."

"I know that, but it's going to have one all right. You don't suppose I'd put to sea without a rudder, do you? The yacht isn't finished yet, sir."

Ned looked at the doctor with a very confident air, as one who knew quite well what he was about; and the doctor looked back at him with a grave smile.

"I see you understand what your boat needs, my boy. I wonder if you know as well what your own outfit should be."

"Well, I guess I do." And Ned rattled over a list of things that belonged to a seaman's chest. The doctor listened to him attentively.

"There's a rudder lacking, I'm afraid," he said, when Ned had finished.

"A rudder! How can you carry a rudder in your kit?"

"What is the use of a rudder?" asked the doctor.

"Why, to steer by, of course."

"Just so. And a man wants something to steer by, as well as a ship. The Bible's a rudder, Ned, and chart and compass besides. It is an anchor, too, of hope and dependence. They that go down to the sea in ships, and see the wonders of the great deep, can't very least of all afford to do with-

out it." Ned looked down and blushed a little. "I s'pose I can take a Bible along," he said, rather uneasily.

"I thought I would bring you one," said the doctor, taking out a neat pocket Bible. "I've put your name in it, and I want you to promise me that you will steer by your rudder. The ship that doesn't mind her helm is in a bad way; but that boy that drifts about here and there, with nothing to shape his course, is in a much worse one. Remember that, Ned."

It was a word in season, fitly spoken. The boy had heard the same before; but it reached him now with a different meaning. He took the doctor's Bible and gave his promise; kept it too, in spite of many a sneer and many a temptation. The Osprey went on a long voyage. She met storm and disaster; and often, in the face of hardship and danger, Ned's "rudder" served him well; strengthened his courage; renewed his hope; led him to believe that all would be well, since God was at the helm.

On land or on sea, there is no soul that can keep in the right track without the same blessed guide.—The Little Sower.

PASTORAL ADDRESS.

OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH UNDER ITS CARE.

Dear Beloved Brethren:—Again assembled in Annual Conference, we joyfully greet you in the name of our Great Head and Lord, praying that Heaven's richest blessings and purest joys may be imparted to you, and that the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, may fill your hearts and regulate your lives.

We are cheered to know that, during our deliberations for the good of Zion, we have had your sympathy and prayers; while thus necessarily separate from you for a time, we have daily pleaded that in the absence of the servants, the presence of the Master might be continually amongst you.

We are one with you,—"yea we are one body in Christ;" hence the relationship between us is important and clear. Your religious advancement is our spiritual joy, while your declension from your present faith and hope in God would be our sorrow. May the "very God of peace sanctify you wholly," and may your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We are again called to lament the death of one of our brethren in the ministry,—the Rev John Gibson Currie,—who, after about four months' illness, endured without a murmur, fell asleep in Jesus. On each of his Circuits he had endeared himself to the hearts of his people, and his ministry had been blessed to many precious souls. May he, being dead, yet speak both to pastors and people.

Some of our aged leaders and oldest members, having long witnessed for Christ by word and work, have entered into rest during the year. Others, in youth's prime and manhood's vigour, have joined the glorified hosts. Some of these had but just tasted of the life-giving water here when they were summoned to re-drink it above.

We went to our different Circuits at the close of last Conference determined to do battle with the powers of sin, and win souls for Christ, and praying that multitudes of sinners might be convinced and converted to God. The statistics now before us prove that in the conflict many glorious victories have been won, and trophies of divine grace brought with rejoicing to Christ. The Lord has triumphed gloriously. The sword of the Spirit has lost none of its sharpness to pierce hard hearts, nor the balm of Gilead any of its virtue to heal the wounded. Revival influences have been felt in many of the Circuits, resulting in the quickened spiritual life of the church, and the salvation of many hitherto strangers to the joys of pardon.

Cases of backsliding have been few, compared with the very large number which united in church-fellowship with us during the extensive revivals of the last year. For this we praise God.

We have now a membership of six thousand one hundred and ninety-one, (6191) being an increase for the year of four hundred and one, with 1829 on trial. For this we do rejoice, yea and will rejoice. Unite with us, dear brethren, in ascribing the praise to Him who has so blessed the labours of his servants. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name, give glory.

Ten brethren, having completed their probation, during which they have shewn themselves workmen that need not be ashamed, and having passed the required examinations, have at this Conference been admitted into full connexion and ordained to the ministerial office, and two candidates for our ministry have been received on trial.

Our Sabbath School work continues to increase in efficiency and power. Officers and teachers are earnest in their labour of love, while a very large majority of them, led by example and precept, are zealously striving for the salvation of the young, and are being rewarded by seeing the seed sown springing up, bearing fruit to the glory of God.

Hundreds of our scholars are living in

conscious acceptance with God, and are exhibiting by their daily walk that religion is beautifully adapted to the morning of life. Their attendance at the class-meeting is regular, and their experience clear. We recommend to your sympathy and prayers this part of the great vineyard. See to it that by your parental counsels and example, you help to form and maintain a love for the pure and holy in your children. You will best fit them for the duties of life by bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Under the able and indefatigable superintendence of the Rev. G. S. Milligan, M. A., our day-schools are showing signs of considerable improvement; and many of the teachers are studying to increase their educational acquirements, so as to be the better fitted to perform their important duties.

As Methodists it is important that you be acquainted with the work of God in the different parts of our General Conference territory. Our connexional organs will supply you with the requisite information. We desire that, if possible, you take one or more of these in your separate homes.

The Covenant Service, in which our fathers found strength and blessing, is still a means of grace of highest importance. We urge you to enter solemnly into its sacred obligations.

Sabbath observance is still a privilege and a duty. The Methodist Church has always declared for the sanctity of the whole day. In this old path and good way we urge you to continue to walk. Under no circumstances, and upon no consideration whatever give up the opportunities of the day of rest. It is a God-given heritage; let not man or the world take it from you. To meet the requirements of the Bible on the Sabbath, it is not enough that you rest from labour; the day must be used not for your own ease, but God's glory and your soul's good.

The curse of intemperance is still abroad in the land, blighting fair prospects, destroying home-happiness, and impeding the progress of the Lord's work. An agency so powerful for evil must be met with an increasing protest by the church. As a people we must be clear of this sin; and while we pity its victims we must hate its curse, and by every godly means seek to save others from falling.

The present financial position of our church calls for increased liberality in each department; but we specially urge upon you the duty of well providing for the sustenance of the work of God in your own circuits. The period has now arrived when every circuit and mission must make a determined effort to provide for its own ministerial claims. Year by year the expense of our ministry is increasing, hence the great necessity of enlarging your contributions to your own ministers. Believing that you have the interest of Christ's cause at heart, we have confidence that you will cheerfully do your utmost to meet the monetary needs of your circuits, and that as the Lord prospers you, you will show your gratitude by liberal giving.

And now, dear brethren, we exhort you to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. Remember that Christ not only died for you, but left an example that ye should follow in his steps. Compliance with this will bring strength to your souls and discomfiture to the enemy. It will open to you spheres of usefulness, and lead to a more thorough consecration of yourselves to the Master's service. Copying your Divine Exemplar, you will live for noble purposes: your religion will be no mere sentiment, but a grand power which will make itself felt in every walk of life. Christianity demands, the Church claims, and the world needs this whole-hearted devotion. Determine, therefore, to do something for Him who gave his life for you; do not wait, however, to accomplish some great deed or tarry till some splendid opportunity offers, but

"Go and till in my vineyard, Do not fear to do or dare; If you want a field to labour, You can find it anywhere."

To carry out this holy resolve you must drink deeply into the Saviour's spirit, and must put on the whole armour of God. Holiness unto the Lord is here your privilege and power. Use every means of grace to keep your hearts aglow and zeal fervent. In the interest of your souls you cannot afford to neglect these. Not to use them is to abuse them. Let an attendance at all the sanctuary-services be at once your desire and delight. Make your closet the place of sweetest communion with God, and class-meeting that of holiest association with your brethren. Gather your families around the "altar of the household"; here, as nowhere else, you can plead for that grace and blessing specially needed in your own homes. The performance of this duty never fails to bring reward.

As ambassadors for God, we have anew consecrated ourselves to the service of the Great King, praying that we may go to our different spheres of godly labour in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. Pray for us, "that as we preach Christ Jesus the Lord," the word may be in demonstration of the spirit and of power." Unite with us in beseeching God that the year upon which we are entering may be marked by rich outpourings of the Holy Ghost on every circuit, resulting in a glorious ingathering of souls and the building up of believers.

And now, dear brethren, we commend you to God, praying that he may comfort your hearts and establish you in every good word and work.

The God of peace be with you all. Amen. Signed on behalf and by order of the Conference.

G. S. MILLIGAN, M. A., President. JAMES DOVE, Secretary.

In a nice n... With his gi... And his gi... Jane... Bright a...

There was... John... There wa... It was thri... Save for...

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"I'll pledge... John... If you w... I never wil... If you w...

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A WORD

There sh... tion betw... —between... wealth, and... ous respect... in this traff... reputation... drama in se... than himse... the same, t... them bea... er they tr... der whatso... den they ar...

The prin... vendor are... tion; but w... accept the... the former... sions of th... seeks to e... escape it, a... would prev... abound, in j... disgrace of... principal d... bleter associ... John Wesse... al." Alexan... only by bei... blushing ro... with the hal... him, and the... sage or sord... pretensions... rectitude, w... by the world... they can eve...

TEMPERANCE.

FARMER JOHN.

In a nice new cottage lived farmer John, With his boys so trim and neat, And his girls just patterned by mother Jane.

Bright and womanly sweet. There was love in the cottage of Farmer John.

There was reverent household prayer, It was thrifty without and bonny within, Save for one failing there.

The ample storehouse of Farmer John Was packed from sleeper to peak, His purse was rounded out full and deep, But for a single leak.

One sorrow there was for Farmer John; His neighbor over the way, Was one who tarried long at the cup, And he tarried day by day.

Now it moved the heart of friendly John, To a kind persuasive word, He pleaded as man may plead with man, Till the drunkard's soul was stirred.

Said neighbor Nat: "You're a good man John, Or I wouldn't bear your speech; Your sermon—it has a right, true ring, But I in turn must preach.

"Say you the bottle that makes me mad I must to my thirst deny, The weed that smirches your Christian face Is never denied say I.

"I'll pledge your honor, my good friend John, If you will but pledge me too; I never will drink another dram, If you will never smoke or chew.

It touched the marrow of Christian John And he dare not now be loth, He quickly answered; "It shall be done; And may God help us both.

And now he reckoned, good Farmer John The cost of a vice so dear; How health and sweetness had dribbled away With the dollars year by year.

He wanted more acres—ambition John For the boys and girls to share; But quid and pipe had drained and smoked The acres into the air.

"We've scotched our tyrants," cried earnest John; "By the grace of God we'll kill!" Now Neighbor Nat is a sober man, And John is a victor still.

A GRECIAN LEGEND.

When Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxos; and the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxos. He took it up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot he feared that it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand, the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of it withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it, into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the ass's bone, and thus made his way into Naxos. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and lion's bone and ass's bone, and as he could not take it out without damaging the root, he planted it as it was, and it speedily grew, and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But, behold, a miracle! When men first drank of it, they sang like birds; and after drinking more, they became vigorous and gallant, like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.—Central Baptist.

A WORD MORE ON THE SUBJECT.

There should be but one slight distinction between high and low in this matter—between that man who, gilded with wealth, and varnished over with a spurious respectability, takes a wholesale part in this traffic, and the one who, reckless of reputation or responsibility deals out his drams in secrecy, to men more miserable than himself. Selfishness and vice are the same, though the heart permeated by them beats under rags or ermine; whether they trudge afoot, or ride in state, under whatever disguise they may be hidden they are the same.

The princely dealer and the beggarly vendor are both open to severe condemnation; but while the latter, in some degree, except the odium of his unworthy pursuit, the former, mindful of his dignity, and desirous of the favourable opinion of society, seeks to escape it. He does not desire to escape it, and every word by which he would prevent it from resting on his head should, in justice, be rent away; that the disgrace of such evil may rest upon the principal doer. He differs from his humber associates in wrong, it being what John Wesley termed a "destroyer general." Alexander differed from Thracian only by being a more influential and unblinking robber. Let the one be content with the halo of false glory that covers him, and the other with his baser advantage or sordid gain; but let neither make pretensions to exalted goodness or moral rectitude, which shall be laughed to scorn by the world they have injured more than they can ever benefit.

There seem to be two sources of vast wealth to a few individuals, peculiar to this nation—the stock-market and the rum-barrel. Behind them come the traders in female shame, and in obscure and deleterious literature, and other scourges of mankind; but the former are the most potent leaders of commercial and social immorality. Which of the two outstrips the other in the race for fortune I cannot decide; but the scale of evil and human degradation turns on the side of the latter. May heaven send us speedy relief from each of these abuses, and grant that both the gambler and the rum-seller may cease from amongst us.

In a city, whose streets I have often trodden, dwelt in palatial magnificence, not long ago, one of such men of his thousands, who would scorn now to peddle liquor over a bar—though he might have done it once—not for shame of any fault,—O, no! But his mercantile genius is far too exalted, and his station (alias blood-colored dimes) too commanding. Yea, he turns up his aristocratic nose and puts it away from the vulgar fumes of a low groggery; and yet the saloons and cell are greatly indebted to him, as he furnishes them with supplies.

But oh! can the genius of sincerity be sometimes deaf, and blind, and blunderingly ignorant—knowing not that there are some shameful prayers that God will not hear? See this feeder of two hundred rum-shops at his devotions! He has taken refuge in a sanctuary that has been a dwelling-place of saintly men. Recollect what right has he there? The slime of his immorality will get on your surplice. He closes his prayer-book, and clasps its covers together with an unctious affectation of reverence; whereby he imprisons the principles of religion—which should rather find a lodgement in his heart—until he shall come from the work of their violation, to take a hypocrite peep at them again. He enters his warehouse, and beneath his eye the casks and barrels are rolled out. A fresh flood of fiery abomination is let loose upon the town, and from his deadly reservoir, forever replenished, the smaller channels are set running full again. Evening comes, and having been "diligent in business," he proposes again to be " fervent in spirit," and returns to his prayer-book. Observe how lightly the matters of this life sit on him; how little he is really concerned with matters of faith and conscience. He is hearty and cheerful; and like the hopeful of early retiring habits, he is "healthy, wealthy and wise" (for this world). His piety seems to agree with him, and is of peculiar kind serving, doubtless, to regale his appetite, as do the nuts and wine, taken at desert.

The idea, that it very nearly concerns his life and conduct, is one very remote—so much so that he rarely gets a glimpse of it. His religion must accommodate itself to circumstances, and give him as little trouble as it can.

But while this Pharisee—we will not say hypocrite, as that might savor of judgment—is at his devotion, what is the rum-bend doing that is stalking into every lane and avenue of the city? The showman acts loose his merriment; that lion and panther, and she-tiger may spring and rave in every street, and goes home, tired, to—pray! Heaven, I suppose, that has so long endured the contradictions of man against his Maker, will endure more of it, but it may cease at last. The mildest person of right views and feelings, if he has the faintest spark of sympathy with his poor fellow mortal, when he sees such a one on his knees, without penitence,—must exclaim: "God grant that this man's faith may be as saving to himself, as his works are damning and destroying to others!"

As I stand in the street and look at the house of brick, stone fronted, and the garden with its radiance of blooming trees, and many colored flowers, and listen to the "Clink of silver waters,"

as the fountains sparkle in the sun; or think of that elegant villa in the country, I have no heart to enjoy their worth or beauty. Very fair, I grant you; but it dims its gliding to reflect that *Bum* built it. It costs too much. The brilliance of its bloom has been nourished by the corruption of mankind, and there is a curse on every flower. "Eh?" says the proprietor, "well,—yes,—It did cost a trifle. A trifle! Only the shoes off the little, blue, perishing feet of infancy; only the bread out of the famished mouths of miserable children; only the coat off the backs of ruined men, and the thatch of their cottages; only the tears, and agonies, and life-blood of wifehood and widowhood,—only these and much more! Yes, sir, yours is indeed a costly house; for the mortar was mixed with weeping, and every stone was a weight laid upon some human creature's pained heart!"

O house of wrong! Houses of most relentless selfishness! Houses of blood! Great will be the fall when you are overthrown,—as you will be. O, I tell you, in the name of Him, who sees not us as doth man, there are hands that seem now as white as innocence to earth blinded eyes, but in the day of eternity, the day of wrath and judgment, they will be guilty—red with the blood of bodies,—red with the blood of souls!

Then woe to you who minister to this appetite for strong drink, in high and low places alike, when you shall meet the victims who, at your hand, or by your influence, have drunk death temporal and eternal! For while the Word of the Living God endures, and while you continue to debate his image, there is no place for you in his Heavenly kingdom.

POWER OF SPEAKING RESTORED.—NEWASH, Ontario, D. C., March 30, 1870. Jonat Forthingill, writes:—Some two months ago my son lost his voice. None of the physicians could do him any good. Two hours after taking the second dose of Fellows' Hypophosites his power of speaking was perfectly restored.

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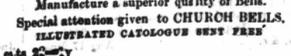
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MARRIED.

On Wednesday, July 17th, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. W. Swann, assisted by the Rev. James Nurse, the Rev. W. Jennings, to Miss Ann Sophia Osmond, eldest daughter of Mark Osmond, Esq., Moreton's Harbor, Newfoundland.

DIED.

On the 4th of August, 1878, Walter E., the youngest son of Charles and the late Sarah Ann Hardacker, of Lower Horton, and grandson of the late Daniel Foster Boyd, of Halifax, aged one year and fourteen days.

TEA MEETING MIDDLETON.

The Ladies and friends of the Methodist Church, Middleton, intend holding a TEA MEETING, in the Basement of the Church, on WEDNESDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1878.

FREDRICKTON DISTRICT.

The following is the arrangement for holding the Education Meetings in the Fredrickton District for the year 1878-1879.

FREDRICKTON DISTRICT.

The following is the arrangement for holding the Missionary Meetings in Fredrickton District for the year 1878-1879.

TRURO DISTRICT.

The following are the appointments for the Annual Missionary Meetings.

Missionary Central Board.

In accordance with the resolution of last year, the Central Board of the Missionary Society of Methodist Church will meet in Dorchester Street Church Montreal, on Tuesday, September 3rd, 1878.

RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN," FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 21.

- 1.—When sending money for subscribers, say whether old or new, and if new, write out their Post Office address plainly. 2.—See that your remittances are duly acknowledged. 3.—Post Office Orders are always safe, and not very costly.

PREACHER'S PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH.

Table with columns for location (Halifax, Dartmouth), time (11 a.m., 7 p.m.), and preacher names (Rev. S. F. Huestis, Rev. C. M. Tyler, etc.).

MARKET PRICES.

Table listing various commodities like Butter, Firkins, Mutton, Lamb, Hams, etc., with their respective prices in Halifax and St. John.

Intercolonial Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 29th April, 1878 TRAINS Will leave Halifax as follows:— At 8.50 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou and Intermediate Points.

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We are now opening from New York—Ladies' FANS The New Metal Top Back COMB, Side Lace and Extension CORSETS, Silk and Pearl Dress BUTTONS.

White Shirtings, Satin Linings, AMERICAN PRINTS!

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JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

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