

# The Wesleyan,

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,  
Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXX

HALIFAX, N.S. DECEMBER 21 1878.

NO. 57

## THE TRUE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

Among the golden tales of youth,  
There's none so vague and yet so dear,  
As that of good old Santa Claus  
Who brings the children Christmas cheer;  
He skims the clear and frosty air,  
He fills the stockings long and white,  
He blinks within the hearth, as a glow,  
Laughs, and is off into the night.

I am no child, yet still I love  
Above all saints old Santa Claus,  
For he has simmered down to one  
The countless ages' many laws;  
"Do good," is all his testament,  
"Be good," is all that he commands,  
He fills the stockings with the seeds  
And leaves the fruit to human hands.

Oh dear, oh kind old Santa Claus,  
We know his moods and methods well,  
But where was born or where doth live,  
No man of many minds can tell;  
But once a year we hear his sleigh,  
But once a year his chirrup clear,  
The good old boy, I've found him out,  
He's born near Christmas once a year.

I peeped one day, not over a roof,  
Nor in a chimney's yawning mouth  
Where blasts of Arctic currents melt  
Before a warm wind from the south,  
I peeped with eye alert and keen  
Into a far-off secret room  
Where gathered silent, quaint-dressed men  
Within a strange and twilight gloom.

There was a table, long and broad,  
Bearing a pot of shape antique,  
Over whose brown and rugged side  
Drooped long dark strands of old Perique,  
Before each quaint man lay a pipe,  
A yard perched in length or more,  
A rooster curled and each man tapped  
His long-stemmed pipe upon the floor.

The long shreds faded into smoke,  
A blue cloud to the ceiling soared,  
A subtle essence tickled all  
The fall-ripe noses round the board.  
It seemed as if a pair of eyes,  
Lack-lustre, dim and without gaze,  
Peered from their overhanging brows  
Out of the shifting, dreamy haze.

And then before each quaint-dressed man,  
As if by magic there appeared,  
A glass of Holland's sweet and white  
That dewed each long and streaming  
beard.

Two rows of eyes turned to the sky,  
Two rows of gurgles stirred the smoke,  
And with the spirit's upward glide  
St. Nicholas through the ceiling broke.

And thus St. Nicholas was born  
Of fragrant Hollands and the weed;  
He sped away, and from each man  
There came a softly-sighed "God speed!"

Then they too left the dim, low room,  
And each one slowly went his way;  
But if they knew what they had done  
There's no man living that can say.

For when at Christmas time the child  
Clasps arms about his father's knee,  
Old Santa Claus's disciple says,  
"Be sure, my dear, it was not me."  
And this disciple is not disesteemed  
In old quaint clothes with nose red ripe,  
Nor does he bear in either hand  
A glass of Hollands and a pipe.

## JAPANESE RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

THE REV. DR. McDONALD began his address by showing how the idea of an over-ruling, all disposing God was universal among men, and that all peoples had an innate desire to express worship in some form or other. He made a beautiful simile of the sun rising in the East, and from thence spreading its warmth and light over the world. Likewise, the Son of Righteousness sends His beams abroad over the dark places of the earth, dispelling the clouds of superstition and error, and causing the sons of men to walk in the light of heaven. The Rev. Dr. then proceeded to give a narrative of the religious customs of the Japanese, and narrated a number of interesting incidents which had come under his own observation. He exhibited a map, or sheet of paper, on which were depicted a number of the Japanese deities. These, he said, were not considered by the cultivated natives as the deity itself, but only a representation; but the common people were inclined to regard the pictured gods as the objects of worship in themselves, and accordingly addressed their prayers and offerings thereto. He had seen hundreds of persons worship their gods in the temples of Japan, but he never saw a person worship without having first made his offering, after clapping his hands three times to call the attention of the God. The man who gave Dr. McDonald the pictured sheet, was converted and became

the secretary of their mission. The pictures represent the Shintee deities, and they were the patrons of different moral and physical qualities. If a worshipper wanted to have the courage of the warrior he made his offerings and prayers to the lion; if for strength he worshipped the bull, etc. The gods of the Japanese become an innumerable host, the people worshipping the spirits of their deceased parents and friends. A man who was distinguished as a scholar was banished, and died. After death his spirit was worshipped as the patron of learning, and he was called the "heaven man." It required seven years to acquire a knowledge of writing the Japanese language; the student had not only to learn the characters of his own alphabet, but also the Chinese characters.

The speaker believed the Japanese language was the most difficult form of speech in existence to master. He repeated the Lord's Prayer in the Japanese tongue. One peculiar ceremony is that called the ceremony of purification. In former times, it was the custom of the priest to take the people to the river side and cleanse them by bathing in the water. But now the custom is more simple and profitable to the priest. He sends around purification papers to the heads of families, and the latter return them to the priest, with the amount of money stated which he is able to pay per head for the performance of the ceremony in his family. The priest then commits those papers to the river's water, utters a prayer and the rite of purification is completed. The religion of the Japanese does not touch the heart with the elevating influences of Christ's teachings. What the foregoing custom was a symbol of, was not understood, but if the ceremony had any reference to the cleansing of the heart, the application of it was utterly lost. As a religion, it is utterly powerless to save man's soul. Another religion of the Japanese is that of

## BUDDHA.

On the 13th to the 16th of June, the followers of Buddha have a festival which is offered to the spirits of departed friends. It is supposed all their ancestors return to the earth to visit their friends in the flesh. They are weary from the fatigue of the long journey from Hades, and must be fed. Nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of their entertainment—even poverty must put on a pleasant face and spread the hospitable board. A fire is lighted in front of the house to light the spirit through the darkness. The master sits in Japanese style in the door of his house, and welcomes the spirits of his departed ancestors. On the third day the fire is re-kindled to light the visiting spirit back to Hades, the fleshly host bids an adieu and the festival is ended. The priests of Buddha tell how their god was transformed from one animal to another to save men, but they have no power to move men's sympathy and cause the overflowing of heartfelt gratitude. When the story of Christ is told, tears roll down the bronzed cheeks and the heart bows in submission, won by the love that the Saviour showed for man. If you passed through Japan you would be pleased with the politeness of the people; but pull back the veil, and corruption and dead men's bones disfigure the whole of their social and religious system. Yet the people are attached to their religion, and observe it until they hear of the religion of Christ. God is blessing the work of the Protestant Church in Japan, and is raising up native teachers and preachers fully competent for the work. Scattered over different parts of the country are three images of mammoth size. One is wood, and is 69 feet high; another is of metal, 59 feet high; and another of metal 50 feet high, has a good deal of gold in its composition. The speaker surmised that this image would be eventually broken up, in order to obtain the gold out of it. The Japanese show great skill in getting up these gods. He had heard of children going to the priest and getting the stamp of Buddha on the forehead, so that when they died the deity might take them by the hand and lead them into heaven. Oh, how these benighted people want the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. There is no doubt but Japan will, in short time, become Christianized.

## A TRICK OF ROYALTY.

The following incident has been going the rounds of the press. Strangely enough some papers have warned their readers that there was nothing very reliable in the description. They could have known but little of the habits of the Queen, for, as any reader of the Prince Consort's life may find, she has always been fond of stealing glimpses of outside affairs and people, dressed in disguise.

After partaking of refreshments and a short rest, following the arrival of the party at the Windsor, Montreal on Friday afternoon, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise determined with her liege lord, to become acquainted with the sights of Montreal, which, of course, could be accomplished with much greater facility in disguise. She was accompanied by a lady in a black dress, and a veil drawn closely over her face, the Royal lady was prepared to saunter forth, and the Marquis had completely disguised himself in very common clothes, his trousers' legs turned up, and a slouching hat drawn over his eyes. Their Excellencies' attendants had been instructed to attire themselves as "cads," but being, perhaps, just a little more proud than the Marquis and Princess, their appearance when they presented themselves for approval was not pleasing to her Royal Highness, who met them with the command: "You look too well for me. You must go and make yourselves less respectable." Amused and astonished, they obeyed her bidding, and finally they all went out. But how could they escape detection in leaving the Hotel? This was the armed guard were in strict attendance at the ladies' entrance; this channel was, then, avoided, and that of the public office and general entrance door taken. Thus they managed to escape recognition, not only while going out, but also while on the streets, where they remained for a long time, admiring Montreal's grand architecture, and finally returned to the Windsor after dark, delighted with the success of her Royal Highness' little stratagem, and with what they had seen.

## A SPLENDID SCHEME SPLENDIDLY INAUGURATED.

We informed our readers a short time since of a grand financial movement about to be commenced by the parent Methodist body in England for the raising of a Thanksgiving, or Relief Fund of one million dollars, or thereabout, to wipe off debts on sundry denominational societies and institutions. Since then the movement has commenced in good earnest, and the aim now is to raise at least twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The work began on the 3rd inst. in City Road Chapel, built by John Wesley, in London. The London Methodists just made a day of it. They began in the morning. They renewed their efforts in the afternoon, and they wound up at night with a subscription list of more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The subscriptions ranged from five shillings to five thousand dollars and upwards. The business was opened by a powerful address from President Bigg and closed by a brilliant psalm from Dr. Punshon. The results of the meeting so greatly exceeded expectation that two million dollars were thought by some of the more sanguine speakers as likely to be secured in the issue.—News.

## SALLY SHAVINGS' THREE CHRISTMAS DAYS.

Sally Shavings, 'Old Shavings,' or, to call her by her right name, Sarah Williams, was not, at the time our story opens, very prepossessing in her appearance. Sally was the wife of a hard working, good-tempered carpenter, and lived with their two children in Paradise place Wilderness-row, Clerkenwell. Sally's occupation was a peculiar one. She was a manufacturer of pillows for use in the commoner kind of bedding, and her materials for stuffing them were collected from the carpenter's

shops far and near. Sometimes she bought, sometimes she begged, and sometimes, if report speaks truly, stole; anyhow, every evening she made her appearance in the court with a huge bagful of shavings, which were speedily ejected on the floor of the room in which she lived. Hence her nickname. But there's nothing wrong in collecting shavings; Sally's weak point was gin; to that she stuck with a determination worthy of a better cause, and every occasion on which she had a run of good luck would find her rolling about the court like a mad thing, the terror of the quieter women.

There seems to me a strange incongruity in the names of many of our London thoroughfares, which is often ludicrous, and sometimes saddening. Here, for instance, was Paradise place! Of course, in an orthodox state of things, the houses should have been pictures of neatness, the inhabitants models of tidiness and cheerfulness, and the 'Place,' on the whole, a little Elysium. But how different was the reality! Just, in imagination, walk with me down the 'Place' on Christmas eve, two years ago. For nearly a year I had carried on (with the assistance of three young women, who had been members of the same Bible-class as myself, and a young man who for some years past had acquired a sort of right away into the consideration of the Paradise-placettes) a ragged school in the evening which had been fairly attended, and I hoped productive of some good to the children and their parents. Many of them scraped acquaintance with Messrs. Soap and Water, the results being highly satisfactory; the proficiency which some of my pupils displayed in reading was exceedingly gratifying, and I felt as proud as Nancy Smudge, who could read words of three syllables, as any head master who had just heard that his favorite pupil had passed as senior wrangler.

On the evening in question the entrance of the Place, or rather alley, was very efficiently guarded by two incipient specimens of the genus 'rough,' who were amusing themselves by alternately constructing wonderful edifices of the mud accumulated on the pavement and razing the whole structure, and saluting the passers-by with its component parts.

I had just crossed the road to enter the court, and one of the boys (whom I had often seen loitering about the school door) had half raised his hand to throw his delicious morsel at my head when his companion, with a jerk of his arm that nearly overbalanced my loitering friend, said:

"Lookout, Bill, that's our teacher!"

"Oh my!" cried the would-be architect, "ain't she got a stunning' tile?"

This reference to my head gear quite enraged the first speaker, who pounced on his companion like a thousand of bricks, sent him flying up the court, with his apology for trousers, which might have been Anak's doing duty as mud-scrapers I recognized my stalwart defender as Johnny Williams, the son and eldest child of 'Old Shavings.' Johnny was very well, and I was greatly surprised and vexed to find him loafing about instead of being at school.

"Well, mum," he said, in answer to a deprecatory remark of mine, "I can't 'elp it, no'ow. The old gal 'as been an' got screwed, and she's awful 'ard when she 'its."

drink, seemed a very devil incarnate. Johnny, who I now saw had followed me through the crowd, shrank back in terror as she whom he called mother glared at him in her sottish imbecility. The policeman behind was endeavouring very mildly to enforce his argument the barman stood looking stolidly on with contemptuous exultation at his victory, though he still showed the marks of his hard-fought battle. A drink-beotted carpenter, with pipe in mouth, just turned out to see what was the 'row' and, to complete the picture a half-starved dog [looking more intelligent, though, than the degraded woman] whined a melancholy refrain which instad of procuring him sympathy elicited from one of the bystanders the exclamation—"Drat the dog!" accompanied by a kick which sent the animal head over heels in dismay.

When Sally saw me she assumed a threatening attitude, bringing her clenched fist in close proximity to my face. I spoke to her gently, but firmly, and she gradually sobered down, and in the end allowed herself to be conducted by the policeman to her own house. I followed her there and then left, telling Johnny that I would call the next morning and see how his mother was getting on.

About nine o'clock on Christmas morning I set out on my promised visit, though not without some trepidation as to the manner in which I should be received. Johnny was waiting at the door, and, on seeing me, ran indoors, saying, "Here's the teacher, mother!" On entering, to my surprise, I saw Sally sitting very quietly on a chair before the fire, with her hands folded on her lap, and a thoughtful look upon her face. I had provided myself with a peace offering in the shape of a few articles of consumption, so I opened my basket and produced therefrom some tea, sugar, bread, butter, pepper, salt, some condensed milk, and that boon of the working classes, some thinned roast beef. When these were placed on the table, which boasted a leg and a half, they made a goodly pile, and the family indulged in a good stare. Johnny having discovered in some unknown region a heap of wood, we soon had a glorious fire, and my factum then went on a personal canvass round the neighborhood to obtain the loan of a cle in saucepan, the family one having been in such constant requisition for the purpose of melting glue, that it was hardly fit to prepare a Christmas meal in.

The stew and every other portion of the feast were pronounced to be excellent, and the Williams's set to work demolishing with wondrous effect. Mrs. Williams seemed none the worse for the previous night's debauch, save a tell-tale ring round the eyes, and an occasional stolidity of expression. This apparent freedom from the consequences of her drinking habits was, perhaps to be accounted for by the healthy outdoor occupation in which she was engaged, giving unusual vigor to her constitution.

We had just finished and I was rising to go, when the bells of an adjoining church rang out a merry peal, and Mrs. Williams asked, "What are those bells ringing for?" "Why, it's Christmas day," I replied. A spasm of horror passed over her face as she said, "Christmas day! Oh! that I should have come to this. Twelve years ago to-day I was married. Don't you remember, John?" she said, turning to her husband, who, strong man as he was, could not prevent the overflowing tears betraying themselves.

"Yes, Sarah I remember it very well," "Ab, Miss," said Sarah, "I was very different then. My father was a respectable farmer in Somersetshire, and had never known the want of a good meal. The lady up at the manor-house had taken quite a fancy to me, and I got a place as under nursemaid to the quire's children. One day the minister spoke to me and asked me to come to his Bible-class on Sundays, and, as my mistress made no objection, I went, and after awhile had a class of little ones of my own. I was always considered neat and industrious, and, in fact, flatterers used to tell me I was the prettiest girl in the village. Anyhow, my John, who was then in a good situation close by, seemed to think so, and as we both went to the same church, we soon became acquainted. After being engaged about a year, we were married, and there n-er could have been a happier couple than we were then."

"Ah, I shall never forget that Christmas. We had determined that the wedding should be in first-rate style, and father had hired four gigs from a friend of his, a livery stable keeper in the town. I felt a bit solemn when the minister asked me; but when, after it was all over, John kissed me, and called me his darling, I thought no woman in the whole world could be happier than me. Well, we had a jolly party. Father and mother, grandma, my two aunts, who had come ninety miles to see 'me spliced.' Cousin Jem, who was working on the railroad; a lot of friends of mother's and my school children made up a merry company. Ah! how different now.

"John's master had recommended him to a foreman's place in Lodon, and two days after we were married we started from home. On getting to the city, we went to a quiet street in the neighborhood of Leicester-square, where John had been recommended by one of his mates. Here we got very comfortable lodgings, and all went on very pleasantly. Eighteen months after we came to London little Johnny was born, and we felt that everything was going well with us. Twelve months after Fanny was born, and a dear little thing she was.

"I don't know how it came about, but after a while everything seemed to go wrong with us. John was out of place for nine months, and at last things got so bad that I had to go out washing. The work was very hard, and when it was over the women used to send for beer and spirits and sometimes got quite drunk. Gradually I got into their ways, and was soon as bad as any of them. I got worse and worse, and at last nobody would employ me, so I had to make any shift I could for a living. John spoke to some of his mates and they let me have the shavings out of their shops, which I made into pillows and bolsters for the cheap beds. But I can't leave off the drink.

"John always kept steady, and when I was sober often used to talk to me and reason it out, but it was no good. I couldn't pass a public house without going in, and then I never left it till I was turned out."

The husband here interposed, and, with tears in his eyes said—

"Sally's always been a good wife to me, Miss. We've never had a cross word, except when she had too much to drink."

"Don't you think you could give it up if you tried, Mrs. Williams?" said I. "Just try for one month, to please me, and if I can help you in any way I will."

"Well, Miss," she said after some consideration, "I will."

I looked at my watch, and found it was almost dinner time, so wishing them both an earnest good-bye, I left, thinking what a sad Christmas was theirs.

Well, Sarah Williams kept her promise. The tide of affairs turned, and a few Sundays afterward Johnny told me his mother had not drunk anything since Christmas, and had got employment at a large laundry in the neighborhood. Gradually they redeemed the articles of clothing and furniture which they had pawned, and before another Christmas came they were comfortably settled in a quiet street a little way off. I still kept on my class in Paradise-place, and by this time had a very good attendance.

I had determined that this year the children should have a real Christmas treat, and told my friends at home that they must excuse me for a few hours in the evening. I mentioned my intention to Mrs. Williams, and, to my surprise, she proposed to co-operate with me. I cheerfully accepted her proposition, and we set to work to make our room look presentable. I bought a good supply of holly and evergreens, and enlisted the aid of two little cousins of mine for the manufacture of paper roses of all the colours of the rainbow. I borrowed some crockery from the matron of the workhouse, whom I knew very well, and John Williams fitted up some first-rate tables for tea; so that, with the very necessary adjuncts of tea, bread, and butter and cake, we were pretty well provided.

Christmas Day last was a memorable epoch in the history of Paradise-place. Our cards of invitation duly announced, 'Tea on the table at six o'clock,' and long before that hour came our doors were besieged by a motley assemblage of children of all shades and sizes, an orderly yet excited crowd. It was very gratifying to see the pains which some of our guests had taken to make themselves 'a bit tidy.'

I think every one present must have undergone a process akin to martyrdom with respect to their faces, for they had all the appearance of having washed and French-polished them by steam-power. Why, you could almost see your face reflected in the happy and highly-burnished countenances of some of the youngsters. Then their clothing was a marvel. One girl had a splendid array of paper flowers adorning her hat which ought to have been obsolescent in the last century. An-

other had on her mother's Sunday shawl, and the wearer being a very diminutive specimen of girlhood, while the owner was a big strapping Scotchwoman, the incongruity may readily be imagined.

The boys were not behind in comicality either. I recognized as foremost in the crowd 'Billy,' whom I mentioned at the commencement of my story. He was now one of my best scholars, and his beaming face, capped by a very high hat of orthodox shape, glistened like a black diamond. Where he got the hat I don't know.

Inside all was bustle; not confusion, though. I had taken off my hat and water-proof, and was cutting up the bread and butter. Mrs. Williams who wore a well-fitting, dark blue serge, looked exceedingly well and comely; her husband seemed the embodiment of merriment and his eyes sparkled as I hung up the mistletoe. Johnny and Fanny, as privileged visitors, were fast friends with a little niece of mine who had begged permission to accompany me.

I would just say a word respecting a very prevalent and reprehensible opinion as to how you should treat a gathering of poor people. Some say, "Oh nothing is good enough for them. I'm not going to spoil my best things by coming in contact with those dirty creatures." Now that is wrong. Certainly my coming guests were not dirty, neither did I expect them to be; but if I had I should have dressed the same. I wore a rich brown repp, trimmed with gimp fringe open at the throat, with a delicate blonde edging and a pair of elegant lace sleeves, which I had received as a Christmas present that morning. I also adorned myself with a handsome bracelet and necklet to match, which had been my mother's, and tried to look as if I felt it an honor to entertain those whom I would make my friends, and not as though I were some parish beadle, doling out a miserable allowance, or some grand lady who gave so much a year for the 'poor creatures' ('so dirty!'), and, when her name figured in the subscription list, thought she had done her duty as a Christian woman. Shame on such half-hearted hypocritical charity!

But I'm forgetting my story. When the doors were opened one might well have been pardoned an expression of self-congratulation; the bright, cheery fire, the holly and mistletoe, the pictures (which I had brought from home), the well-filled tables, and myself, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and their children, looking so happy and comfortable seemed to drive any spirit of moderation out of their little heads. One of the boys shouted, 'Hooray for teacher!' and there was such a shouting and clapping of hands as must have made the neighbors stare. Then a little delicate-looking child, barely eight years old, said, 'I think as 'ow we orter give Mrs. Williams a cheer, too.' 'Hooray!' said the leader of the former ovation, and the walls again resounded to the echo of many voices.

This unexpected and pleasant proof of the children's appreciation of our efforts having been given, we all sat down to tea, and a very jolly tea it was, too. I have not time to tell the various wonderful events that occurred during that meal— suffice to say that 'all went merry as a marriage bell,' and when we separated it was with hearty good wishes all round. I found that Mrs. Williams had personally canvassed all the dwellers in Paradise-place, hence the large attendance, and, what is more, had induced several of the parents to sign the Temperance pledge, and commence another year with brighter hopes and better prospects.

"Ah, Miss Fanny," she said, as we parted at the corner of the Place, 'we have had a grand time. God bless you, Miss, for all that you have done for me.'

I grasped her hand, my heart too full for utterance, and, bidding her, 'Good-bye,' walked slowly home, thinking how differently had been spent Sally Shavings' Three Christmas Days.

YOUR PASTOR'S WIFE.

Remember that your pastor's wife has a woman's heart. Do not be too frank and free in criticizing her face to face. She may keep a calm countenance in your presence, but the flood-gates will give way when you leave the house. Do not be unjust or ungenerous. You have a small church and pay a very limited salary. You think your pastor's wife should do her house-work without the aid of a servant. Some of you have no such assistance. While she is struggling to do this, possibly without your robust health, do not lecture because she visits so little and does not attend all the social meetings. You can readily visit her; but there are fifty families in the congregation to whom she must pay equal attentions. She heard your well meant but sharp criticism the other day, and tried faintly to smile and respond like a Christian woman; but she sank under the weight of it when you left, and her husband found her utterly discouraged, exhausted by weeping, and reclining upon the couch in quite a high fever. Carry balm when you visit her, not an irritant!

—Zion's Herald.

GENERAL READING.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard; In the rough marble beauty lies unseen; To make the music and the beauty needs The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand; Let not 'the music that is in us die! Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let

Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie! Spare not the stroke! Do with us as thou wilt!

Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred; Complete thy purpose, that we may become Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

—Bonar.

TRADE AND TRADE TRANSACTIONS OF 1878.

MR. LATHER'S LECTURE—SUMMARY REPORT.

In the basement of the Prince Street Methodist Church, lately, Revd. John Lathern delivered a timely and judicious, as well as eloquent, lecture upon "Trade, and the Trade Transactions of 1878." He said:—

The transactions of trade constituted a vast domain. The capitalist, at the present time ruled the world. The Barings, and the Rothschilds, such as they, were the potentates of the money world—princes of the blood in the empire of trade. It was trade which, in early times, built up beautiful Palmyra in the desert and queenly Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile, which, in the middle ages, amidst the marshes of the Po, raised up the rich and fairy structures of Venice; and, at a later period, gathered to the low countries the wealth of the Eastern Archipelago. The greatness of Britain was pre-eminently commercial. Her merchants were princes. Her sails whitened every sea. She was more magnificent than Babylon in its glory, more opulent than Tyre in its palmist days, more commercial than Carthage in the height of its maritime renown, and with wider dependencies than Rome could boast—even when mistress of the world. Of this empire, swayed by the potent and beneficent sceptre of our Empress Queen, the old Spanish vaunt was true, "On it the sun never sets." The transactions of trade were varied as well as vast. There were regions of great mineral riches, valuable deposits of coal, mountains ribbed with iron, and gold stowed away in the rich vein and rifted rock. There were lands of agricultural wealth, plains and prairies; valleys covered over with corn, and pastures clothed with flocks. There were maritime countries with their havens for ships, and treasures to be won from the deep seas. There were tropical lands swept by balmy breezes, and gales laden with the perfume of spices. It was by means of trade that products of British looms, Australian gold, the spices and silken robes of the golden Orient, the costly furs of Siberian steppes and Hudson's Bay, Norwegian fir and the stately pine of North American forests, bales of cotton from New Orleans, and wheat from the deep loams of Ontario, and the ample grain fields of the West, enriched the markets of the world. Transactions of trade would, in the future, more than in the past, more than governments or armies, determine the status of communities and the wealth and well-being of countries. It was a matter of gratulation that, for geographical and commercial purposes, we occupied a central and commanding position. We had territory, which must soon become the homes of many millions of people, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. When the morning sun first struck upon the spires of our eastern commercial metropolis at Halifax, it would be several hours, and one-sixth of the circumference of the globe would have been traversed, before the morning brightness would stream down upon the western slopes of British Columbia. We had territory extending in one direction to the North Pole. We had one end of the axle round which the greatness of the earth revolved—whoever might have the other. Westward the stream of traffic, as well as the star of empire, takes its way, and beyond the bright waters of the Pacific were the empires of the Old World, the traffic of which had enriched successive nations, and which, through the tunnelled gates of the Rocky Mountains, might find its most direct thoroughfare through our land. To some extent the trade of this Dominion had been subjected to restrictions. The Government of the United States, as much to our injury and convenience as to our loss, had adopted a policy of restriction. We were, of course, interested in obtaining cheap markets in the United States. He was in theory a free trader. He would plead earnestly for unfettered traffic; and would not be sorry if, between two countries situated

as these were—if, along the whole boundary line, from ocean to ocean—tariffs and custom-houses were swept away. But if we could not have free trade, or reciprocity in articles of staple production, then, as a measure of self-defence, we should seek reciprocity of protection. The restrictions of the one country should find their equivalent in the tariff arrangements of the other. The necessity for some re-adjustment of the tariff was argued and illustrated from what the lecturer thought might be accepted as a representative case—of which he was specially cognizant. But while pleading for a measure of tariff relief, and for a better vantage ground of negotiation, there was still the conviction that between two countries so situated, each of which in staple production and raw material could supply what the other required, that protection was in principle, and apart from the pressing exigencies of our own case, a vicious system. Might we not hope for the introduction of a nobler policy,—one which would contribute to the wealth and well-being of both nations, which would lead the van of the world's civilization, and which would

"From growing commerce loose her latest chain."

The character, as well as magnitude of trade transactions, would also largely determine the rank and position of the leading mercantile communities. It was claimed by Dr. Chalmers, in an eloquent passage, quoted by the lecturer, that all the renown of British arms, and all the splendor of British policy had been far eclipsed by the good faith which her merchants had thrown around the nation. For ourselves we coveted the same distinction. We could not but feel that our reputation, and the prestige which it commands, are largely in the keeping of our business men. In representative bodies the level of integrity would ordinarily be determined by the dominant elements of society; and, therefore, even the politicians and statesmen of great commercial communities would be representative in this—as in all other respects. They would be made and moulded by the caste and character of their constituencies. We desired above all things that the public transactions of this Dominion, whatever party might, for the time, be in the ascendancy, should reflect the lustre of high and honorable dealing. Then only could we proudly boast of British honor, which we have deemed our own.

"That binds us to the distant sea-girt Isle."

The morality of trade transactions had been seriously impugned. There were developments in the loftier regions of business life, in banking, insurance and wholesale importations, which had thrown their deep, dark shadow over the whole reign of finance. The main facts of failure in the City of Glasgow Bank, which had come so unexpectedly, like thunder from the clear sky, were generally known. As late as June, 1878, at the meeting of shareholders the assurance of the Directors was given that their liabilities were covered by available assets, that their capital of one million was intact, that their reserve of £460,000 was also intact, and a dividend of 12 per cent. was declared. Three short months passed away and there came disclosures of tremendous defalcation—capital gone, reserve gone, and the stockholders confronted by an appalling deficiency of over five millions sterling. Then, in addition to defalcations and fraudulent transactions which were darkening the wider regions of finance, it was also claimed by the *Monetary Times* that in details of business, down to a piece of calico, a case of raisins or a barrel of Labrador herrings, there were frequently "petty frauds and irregularities, which do not amount to enough to startle a community, but are nevertheless very damaging." There was one principle which, though simple, would sweep the whole circle of trade,—by which we ought to be governed: Fair and full equivalent for value received. There was no other safe foundation in which any strong or enduring structure of business life could be based or built up. In the whole business world there was probably not a single firm of fifty years standing which was not conducted on this principle. In the domain of trade, as of government, there were upheavals and reverses. Every few years the business world seemed doomed to disruption and dislocation. Speculation, overtrading, and the vicious credit system, so generally prevalent, and some other things which struck at the very foundations of national honor, closed and calaminated in crisis and panics. The year 1878, in all great centres of business, had been one of collapse, of failure, and of great business prostration. There had been serious shrinkage in values and unbinding of all regularities. Probably in this city of Charlottetown there had never been a year which, upon business generally, had passed so heavily. The year had been a sad record of disaster. But the discipline of business reverses would, in many cases,

constitute a guarantee of future success. There might be a slaughter of innocents; but there would also be the survival of the fittest. In some cases failures in business were unavoidable. They were periodical. They seemed inseparable from the present system of political economy. They were consequent, apparently, upon the immense credit of modern trade transactions. The strongest and most able business men were sometimes dragged down by unfortunate connections. The most sensitive men might be compelled to succumb to a coincidence of circumstances which they could not foresee and could not control. Transactions the most honorable and legitimate might be stricken and paralyzed in a time of general disaster. Cases such as these called not for censure, but for sympathy, and, if possible, for generous aid. Some of the losses, which had come so grievously upon us, might, however, be attributed to causes which could be partially understood. There were a few points which the lecturer wished to make: 1. According to the estimate of the most competent authorities upon this subject there had been extravagance—excessive expenditure—an expenditure which, taking one class with another, had been above our means. It was possible for communities, as well as individuals, to live too fast—above their means. The penalty must be paid. The reckoning day was sure to come. It was a bad sign when a business man spent a heavy sum of money in the erection of a palatial residence, and, as a consequence, had either to cripple his business, or to borrow money at some ruinous rate of interest. 2. A contributing cause of failure was, in some cases, a defective knowledge of trade economy—insufficient acquaintance with business. Young men in the country become dissatisfied with their work on the farm. They were wearied of breaking up the ground, sowing seed, gathering golden grain, and driving their abundant products to market. The farm was mortgaged or sold, or in some way money was raised, and business commenced. Remembering the large proportion of men, on this side of the Atlantic, who began to trade without any sufficient training, it was scarcely a matter of surprise that we had numerous failures—following in some cities the rule apparently rather the exception. It was of the utmost importance to the country, whatever exceptional cases there might be, that a good proportion of thoroughly trained men should embark in the mercantile profession. 3. Another contributing cause of commercial failure might probably be found in the system of compromise and compounding of liabilities which obtained so largely in these Lower Provinces. He did not wish to be misunderstood. There were cases in which justice to creditors demanded prompt action. There were conditions and circumstances in which only a Shylock alone would demand his pound of flesh. But the frequency with which retail traders doing business with our central wholesale houses had to make exhibits of their affairs and to offer compromise—of, say, fifty per cent. with security for payment of successive instalments—made it difficult for large houses to carry on their operations. Reckless importations again, not only led to the necessity of compromise with English and Scotch houses—a bad thing for the credit of our chief commercial cities—and the relief obtained rendered it possible to throw upon the market a heavy stock at less than current prices—a disturbing element of trade, and a great injustice to prudent and legitimate transactions in the same line. 4. Some of our worst losses have been due to a system of endorsement which proved in many cases not only an evil and bitter thing to the endorser, but also an injury to the party accommodation—a temptation to unwisely expansion of business. One could wish that this system, which has done so much to cripple legitimate credit—which has wrought a vast amount of business ruin, which leads the way to treacherous and unsafe ground in business operations—were swept away from the domain of honorable trade. Each man would then find his own in all men's good. Now and then we had exhibitions of business integrity of which any community might be justly proud. It was a noble thing for a man who has retrieved disaster, and consequent success, to liquidate all liabilities and cancel all obligations. There was a business man in this city who, unfortunately, in early life became involved in debt. He went to work early and late, and, by hard, honest toil was enabled in the end to pay every creditor principal and interest. You may be sure that such integrity constitutes good capital—that such a man will command bank accommodation. But what of the man who, with returning success in business and accumulation of wealth, repudiated all such obligations? Bankrupt laws could never, however necessary as a merciful state provision, cancel the moral obligations which such liabilities involved.

403

FAMILY READING.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPERS.

Why don't you take the papers? They're the life of my delight; Except about election time, And then I read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent— Why should we be afraid? For cash thus spent is money lent On interest four-fold paid.

An old newspaper friend of mine, While dying from a cough, Desired to have the latest news, While he was going off.

I took the paper and I read Of some new pills in force; He bought a box—and is he dead? No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once; Backed with a scorching fever, Who swore to pay her debts next day, If her distress would leave her.

Next day she was again at work, Divested of her pain, But did forget to pay the debt, Till taken down again.

"Here, Jesse, take these 'silver wheels,' Go pay the printer now!" She spoke and slept, and then awoke With health upon her brow.

I knew two men as much alike As e'er you saw two stumps, And no phrenologist could find A difference in their lumps.

One took the papers, and his life Is happier than a king's; His children all can read and write, And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and While strolling through the wood, A tree fell down upon his crown, And killed him "werry good."

Had he been reading of the news At home, like neighbor Jim, I'd bet a cent that accident Would never have happened to him.

Why don't you take the papers? Nor from the printer sneak, Because you borrowed from his boy A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers, And pays his bills when due, Can live at peace with God and man; And with the printer too.

STRANGE END TO A FIGHT.

Two skulls of stags, with their horns so firmly locked together that they could not be separated, were found one day in the mountains of Colorado. It is quite plain that they once belonged to a couple of stags who had a terrible fight in the solitude of the mountains. After the combat had been kept up some time, their horns became so tangled and locked together that they could not get them apart. It is very probable that when this happened, they stopped thinking of fighting, and did their best to get away from each other. But this was of no use. Their horns were so firmly interlocked that they could not twist or pull them apart. So they stumbled about, for the rest of their lives with their heads close together. We can not know how long they lived this way. They may have been able to eat a little grass, if both of them agreed to put down their heads at the same time. But at last they died. And how curiously things turned out! Each of them hoped to kill the other, and yet the result of the quarrel was to bind them together as long as they lived, and even death did not part them. And, if they thought no one would ever know of their fight, how greatly mistaken they were! The record of the combat—their two skulls fastened together—has remained for many a long year, and will remain for many a year to come. It was truly a strange end to a fight.

It very often happens in other fights or disputes that the fighters cannot stop and separate just when they wish to. Something is apt to get hopelessly interlocked and tangled, such as goodwill, or self-respect, or fairness, or honor. Still one must not be too peaceable, as the Quaker said when he saw the mad bull coming.—St. Nicholas.

FROM SUCH TURN AWAY.

There is a form of godliness without the power. There is a kind of godliness professed that has never known a deep heart-searching consecration, or the privations of an utter self-denial, or the shame of Christ's reproach, or the pains of persecution for his dear name's sake. It has never heard, or at least has never heeded, God's command to "come out from among them and be separate and touch not the unclean."

It was never learned, like its Master, to be meek and lowly, and to become of no reputation, taking upon itself the form of a servant. This godliness that exists only in form is often blind, so as not to see sin, or dumb, so as not to reprove it. It is too much in sympathy with things that are carnal to be wholly spiritual, and too much in fellowship with the world to be a close friend of God.

Such godliness is not disliked or unpopular. It receives no rebuffs, but is petted and patted as being much in favor with a carnal church and a godless world. But it is the devil's counterfeit of true godliness and his cunningest device for carrying out his specious designs against the work of God and the salvation of souls. The ingenuity of perdition is seen in its disguise, and the fruits of perdition follow in its wake. Christians, beware of such as have the form of godliness, but, practically, by being unsaved from sin, deny its power. "From such turn away!"

HAPPY ANSWERS.—A pretty long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, Captain." "In what regiment, Sir?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier. Napoleon perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my gaid for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvoroff, who, when receiving a despatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant, who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are in the sea?" asks Suvoroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the reply. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your Excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I'd tell them that there was a wagon load of whisky just behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points the Marshal ended with, what's the difference between your Colonel and myself?" "My Colonel cannot make me a Lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now then," answered Suvoroff, "and a right good officer you'll be."—N. Y. Times.

PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPTS FOR THE PRESS.

The following lines are quite worth the attention of "correspondents":— "Write upon pages of a single size; Cross all your f's, and neatly dot your i's. On one side only let your lines be seen— Both sides filled up announce a verdant green. Correct—yes, re-correct—all that you write, And let your ink be black your paper white; For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue. Punctuate carefully, for on this score Nothing proclaims the practised writer more. Then send it off, and lest it merit lack, Enclose a postage stamp to send it back; But first pay all the postage on it too, For editors look black on 'sixpence due,' And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er, 'A shabby fellow, and a wretched bore!' Yet, ere it goes, take off a copy clean— Poets should own a copying machine; Little they know the time that's spent, and care, In hunting verses vanished—who knows where; Bear this in mind, observe it to the end, And you shall make the editor your friend."

RHEUMATISM: YES, AND NEURALGIA TOO, ARE GREATLY RELIEVED AND OFTEN ENTIRELY CURED BY THE USE OF THE PAIN-KILLER—TRY IT.

A large proportion of children who die early are those whose brain development is unusually large in comparison with the body. Why is this? Simply because the functions of the body are too frail to supply the waste going on in the brain consequent upon active intelligence. Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is so prepared that it imparts the vital principle directly to the brain, while it assists in developing a rigorous and robust body.

Ayer's Compound of Sarsaparilla eradicates scrofula and impurities of the blood, cleanses the system and restores it to vigorous health. By its timely use many troublesome disorders that cause a decline of health are expelled or cured.

Ayer's Pills and their effects are too well known everywhere to require any commendation from us.—Tranton (Pa) Times.

DIPHTHERIA has for a long time been very prevalent, and very fatal. Its fatality seems to be greatly owing to neglecting what is supposed to be an ordinary cold or sore throat until its has progressed to its stages, and then when medical aid is procured it has too often been found to be too late. From the fatality attending this disease every family should keep a remedy on hand and use it on first appearance of sore throat. A preparation called DIPHTHERINE has been placed before the public. It is the discovery of an English physician, and has been regarded where it has been used, to be an infallible remedy for that disease. It is placed within the reach of all, put up in bottles with full directions, and sold by Druggists and dealers in medicines at the low price of 25 cents a bottle.

MACDONALD & CO IMPORTERS OF CAST AND MALLEABLE IRON PIPE, With Fittings of every description. BRASS AND COPPER TUBES, SHEETS, ETC.. STEAM AND VACUUM GAUGES, HAND AND POWER PUMPS. Rubber Hose and Steam Packing. MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS ENGINEER BRASS FITTINGS. Also—The heavier description of BRASS and COPPER WORK FOR STEAMSHIPS, RAILWAYS, TANNERIES, ETC. Nos. 166 to 172 Barrington Street, - - - - - Halifax. Dec. 22.

Victoria Steam Confectionery Works WATERLOO STREET, We call the attention of WHOLESALE DEALERS and others to our STOCK OF PURE CONFECTIONS Some of which will be found entirely new to the trade. We invite their inspection and solicit a share of their patronage. WHOLESALE ONLY, J. R. WOODBURN & CO., Victoria Steam Confectionery Works, Waterloo St., St. John N.B., R. WOODBURN. (dec. 15) J. P. KERR

FIRST PRIZE ORGANS. C. E. FREEMAN is now selling and will hereafter sell, the above celebrated instruments at the lowest figures, to match the times. I will also supply any other Organs required. ON REASONABLE TERMS as my motto is SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES. Good discount to Churches, Ministers, Lodges, &c. Circulars with information free. GOOD AGENTS WANTED. C. E. FREEMAN, Amherst, N. S., General Agent July 10—1 year.

AGENTS WANTED. For the Book that Sells! HOME MEMORIES. A work brim full of the choicest reading in the English language. Bright and cheerful throughout. Wise counsel and rare entertainment for old and young. In everything it is varied, pleasant, suggestive "whimsical. A book to create and refine taste. Head and Heart at the same time. Read and hear at the same time. R. S. McCurdy and Co., Philadelphia, Pa. April 6 78 7 DOLLARS a day to Agents canvassing for the FIFESIDE VISITOR. Terms and Outline Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine May 18 78

JAS. & W. PITTS, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS Ship and Insurance Brokers, WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND CORNER GRANVILLE AND SACKVILLE STREETS. NOVA SCOTIA Steam Machine Paper Bag Manufactory THE CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET SEND FOR PRICE LIST. ALSO BOOK BINDING, In all its Branches. T. PHILLIPS JOB PRINTING neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

SAVE THE NATION! For it is sadly too true that thousands of CHILDREN ARE STARVED TO DEATH every year by improper or inefficient FOOD. RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. REMEMBER It is all a great deal more than we have claimed for it. It is a HEALTHY, NUTRITIOUS and easily assimilated FOOD, grateful to the most delicate and irritable stomach, and especially adapted for the INFANT and GROWING CHILD. Invalids, Nursing Mothers, and those suffering from INDIGESTION will find that on trial. RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS is all they can desire. It is carefully put up in four sizes. Constant users will find our No. 4 size (always the most economical size to buy) now much larger than formerly, thus materially lessening the expense. WOOLRICH, Dispensing and Family Chemist Upper Water Street. Depot for RIDGE'S FOOD Pick Me up Bitters, &c., with a well assorted Stock of Pure Drugs.

ECONOMICAL LIBRARY.

Bound in Extra Cloth in uniform style and put up in neat wooden case (imitation walnut). The volumes numbered and ready for use. PRICE \$29.00 Nett. Average number of pages per volume 300. Forty Catalogues Free. Gypsy Breynton. Gypsy's Cousins Joy. Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping. Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent. Geoffrey, the Lollard, by Frances Eastwood. Hubert, by Jacob Abbott. Juno and George, by Jacob Abbott. Juno on a Journey, by Jacob Abbott. Kempton's (The) by H. K. Potwin. King's Servants (The) by Hessa Stretton. Lillingstones of Lillingstone, by Emma Jane Worby. Little Boots, by Jennie Harrison. Lucy's Life Story, by the author of Lonely Lilly. Lonely Lilly, by the author of Twice Found, etc. Little Nan; or a Living Remembrance, by the author of Lonely Lilly. Layman's Son (A); or, the experience of John Lucas and his wife, in a Country Parish by Lyman Abbott. Mornie Carleton, by Mary Belle Bartlett. Mrs. Osborne, by Jacob Abbott. Margaret by C. C. Fraser Tytler, author of Jasmine Leigh. How to Go on, by Rev. Washington Gladden. Draytons and the Davemans; a story of the Civil Wars in England, by the author of the Schorberg-Cotta Family. Doef-Schoemaker, and other stories, by Phillip Barrett. Double Story (A) by George Macdonald. Fanny Lloyd's Last Will, by Hessa Stretton. Early Days; or, Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Golden Times, by the author of the Schorberg-Cotta Family. Familiar Talks to Boys, by Rev. John Hall, D.D. Faith's Gospel (The); Mistress Anne Askew, by the author of Mary Powell. Faint Family; or, Fancies taken for facts, by Susan Peyton Cornwall. Foul Language of the World College, by Margaret L. Teller. Frank Forrest, or the Life of an Orphan Boy, by David M. Stone. Henry Willard, or the value of Right Principles, by C. C. Frothingham. Household of St. Thomas More, by the author of Mary Powell. Happy Land, or Willie The Orphan, by the author of Lonely Lilly. How He Gets in the Ting World. Wonders of Insect Life. With 150 illustrations. Glenvar, or Holidays at the Cottage. Temperance Books. SOLD SEPARATELY. Select Volumes published by the National Temperance Society, New York. Discount 20 per cent. (one-fifth) from the Publisher's price. At \$1.50 each, or \$1.20 nett. Alcohol and the State, by R. C. Pittman, LL.D. Temperance Sermons, by some of the leading Preachers of the United States. The Brewster's Fortune. The Life of Capt. Adams. A Strange Sea Story. Nothing to Drink. At \$1.25 each, or \$1.00 nett. The Dumb Traitor. Hartford Mills. Mr. McKenzie's Answer. Humpty Dumpty. Ten Cents. Ripley Paragon. The Mill and the Tavern. The Temperance Doctor. The White Rose. The Wife's Engagement Ring. The Glass Cible. Job Tutton's Rest. Wealth and Wine. Tom Tibb's Temperance Society. Aunt Duab's Ledger. The Curse of Mill Valley. Nettie Loring. Alice Grant. Best Fellow in the World. How could he escape. Silver Castle. All for Money. At \$1.00 each, or 80 cents nett. In 25 Cents. The Jewelled Serpent. The Brook and Tide Turning. The Old Brown Pitcher. Esther Maxwell's Mistake. A Most Excellent Way. Eva's Engagement Ring, 90 cts., 72 cts. nett. The Little Girl in Black, 90 cts., 72 cts. nett. Three Sets By Joanna Bessie Books. 6 vols. in a box \$7.50 Bessie at the Seaside. Bessie in the City. Bessie and her Friends. Bessie among the Mountains. Bessie at School. Bessie on her Travels. KITTY & LULU BOOKS. 6 vols. in a box \$6.00 Tontou and Pussy. Kitty's Robins. The White Rabbit. Bessie's Goat. Kitty's Visit to Grandmamma. Kitty's Scrap-Book. MISS ASHTON'S GIRLS. 6 vols. in a box \$7.50 Fanny's Birthday Gift. The New Scholar. Eleanor's Pet. Mable's Experiment. Bessie's Santa Claus. For Sale at the METRO ST. BOOK ROOM, HALIFAX, N.S.

MACDONALD & JOHNSON, BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public, &c. 152 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S. CHARLES J. MACDONALD JAMES W. JOHNSON GOSPEL HYMNS, No. 3. By Sankey, McGranahan & Stebbing. JUST PUBLISHED. The songs in No. 3 are for the most part New, but very few of them having been issued in No. 1 or No. 2. The price is the same as No. 1 & 2. Music and Words, stiff covers .035 Music and Words, paper .030 Words only paper .006 Mailed post at these prices. METHODIST BOOK ROOM, Halifax. Agents Wanted for Dr. March's Works. No. 3. Home Life in the Bible, and our Father's House. No Books ever published have received such universal approval from the Press, Ministers and leading men everywhere. The etching readings, fine steel engravings, and superb bindings, make them welcome in every home. ONE SAMPLE SELLS ALL. Send for one. Being a pay, no business at once. J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Feb 16 78

JUST PUBLISHED. BAPTISMA: A new book on Baptism. EXEGETICAL AND CONTROVERSIAL. By Rev. J. LATHERN. Price 75 Cents FOR SALE AT METHODIST BOOK ROOM, 125 Granville St., Halifax, N.S. "Decidedly the most original book on baptism which has appeared in recent years."—Halifax Wesleyan. "Searching and trenchant."—Toronto Guardian. "A becoming spirit with cogent and powerful argumentation."—Presbyterian Witness. "Scholarly style, closely reasoned argument and elegant diction."—Editor of Canadian Methodist Magazine. "Yare laws of interpretation are sound and cannot be overthrown; your deductions sober, pertinent and conclusive."—Dr. Isaac Murray. "Powerfully and eloquently written."—Argus. "Exhibits accuracy of scholarship and extensive research, and although when defence or assault is required the blows fall with iron strength and firmness, there is displayed withal a devout and Christian's wit."—Argus.

HOLIDAY MUSIC BOOKS!! CHRISTMAS CAROLS Now is the time to begin to practice Christmas Music. We recommend—Dressler's Christmas Chimes, 20 cts., Twenty beautiful and easy. Anthers, or Howard's Ten Christmas Carols, 20 cts., or Howard's Eleven Christmas Carols, 20 cts., or Christmas Voices, 15 cts., Fifteen Carols by Waterbury; or Christmas Selections, \$1 per 100, containing Five choice pieces. A valuable book is Christmas Carols, Old and New, 40 cts.; also 100 other Single Carols, 5 to 10 cts. CHURCH OFFERING. \$1.25, by L. O. Emerson, has 6 Christmas Anthems, and also a complete set of Anthems and Chants for all the Festivals and Services of the year. A fine book. NOEL. By Saint Saens, \$1, is a Christian's Oratorio. The School Song Book. 60 cts., by C. Everett, is an excellent book for Girls' High or Normal Schools, or for Seminars. Good instructions and very good music. Enliven your fingers for Christmas playing by practicing Mason's Pianoforte Technique, \$2.50 the best Finger Gymnasium known. Any book mailed post free, for retail price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. C. H. DITSON & CO., J. E. DITSON & CO., 843 Broadway, Successors to Lee & Walker, New York. Paris, 1878 GOLD MEDAL at Paris Exposition, 1878 CO-LABORERS' do. do., 1878 GOLD MEDAL Sweden & Norway, 1878 GOLD MEDAL Association, Boston, 1878 SILVER MEDAL (for cases) do., 1878 MASON & HAMLIN Have the honor to announce the above awards for their CABINET ORGANS the present season. The award at Paris is the highest distinction in the power of the Paris Exposition, and is the ONLY GOLD MEDAL awarded to American musical instruments. THIRTY-ONE leading manufacturers of the world were in competition. At Every World's Exposition ORGANS EVER ATTAINED HIGHEST AWARDS AT ANY WORLD'S EXPOSITION. Sold for cash, or payments by instalments. Latest CATALOGUES with newest styles, prices, etc., free. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont Street, BOSTON; 25 Union Square, NEW YORK; 260 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

We have heard but from very few... We have heard but from very few...

THE WESLEYAN.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep prayer...

There's a tumult of joy! O'er the wonderful birth, For the virgin's sweet boy...

In the light of that star Lie the ages unpearled; And that song from afar...

We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song. Th' it comes down through the night...

CHRISTMAS.

The season of the Nativity—the Nativity—is again upon us. Are there any causes why it should not be observed as reverently, gratefully, sincerely as before?

Within the past twenty years there have been more than that number of lives of Christ written and sent out among the world of readers.

And why have those books failed to set the subject at rest? Are they not eloquent, learned and exhaustive? Surely less than twenty biographers would have wearied the world, and drained the market, with their descriptions of any other character, or leader, or philosophy.

What, then, is the secret of this perpetual freshness in Christ as an object of study? Surely, the Divine in Him—a supernatural something, which defies the philosophers and scholar's pen to-day, as it has eluded the painter's brush in ages gone by.

As with Christ's character, so with His teachings. Instead of wearying of them, the hungry-hearted multitudes continue to listen to them and live by them.

tes, brought down, as Cicero said, from the heavens to the earth" has ceased to charm, or if its charm, ceased to astonish and move mankind. The Platonic dialogues are dead. Christ's words alone, of all the wisdom of the past, continues to influence the human mind in the sense of controlling it.

Our Christmas may well be joyous, inasmuch as it takes us by a pathway of mediation and confidence which leads from the manger to a Throne;—from the cradle to a universal and united kingdom and conquest. Christ reigns, shall reign, "must reign till he hath put all enemies under His feet."

CAPTIVITY TO THE OBEDIENCE OF CHRIST.

"The noblest study of mankind is God," and not man; for while "other men are lenses through which we read our own minds," the human manifestation of the Deity, in the person of Jesus Christ, is both a picture and a prophecy of what we ought to be.

Now, it is the sublime character of our Pattern which gives to his person a matchless pre-eminence, lifting him up above all that is merely human, and magnetizing him before the vision of the mind. It is his character that lifts him up from the earth and that draws all men unto him.

There is a tradition in the Northern Highlands of Scotland of a saintly old elder, the admiration of the parish for humble, consistent godliness, one of the typical men whose lives preach to the ages sermons more convincing than whole treatises on Christian evidences.

It follows, therefore, that all growth of soul is simply a conformity and subordination to the character of Christ. It is a "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Christ, whose service is freedom. It still wears a yoke, but the yoke is easy and the burden is light. And why should not the soul be subject to law? Now, the fact is, there can be no true development or activity without respect to some superior law.

And is not this "captivity of obedience," as the Apostle phrases it, the very soul of piety? We are Christs. Our life is hid with Christ in God. Each can say: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

A HOMILY ON DREAMING IN CHURCH.

There are churches which predispose to dreams. To a contemplative mind there are endless suggestions in the play of variegated light, as it streams from stained windows over pillars and alcoves and cornices, especially if the sonorous notes of an organ sink and swell in muffled echoes among the recesses overhead.

The truth is, the spirit of trade is all the time crowding out the spirit of devotion, and only the presence and power of Christ shall drive it away. There are causes for this Sunday reverie. It will be found that it varies with the constitution of individuals, with their position in life, their mental habits, but particularly with their religious character.

1. Church dreams are often due to distractions of business. When commerce is agitated as it is now, stunned and baffled in its favorite pursuits, it makes stouter efforts to maintain its hold upon the minds of men.

Reader, have you ever found yourself pondering over that seeming anomalous circumstance in the life-work of our Lord—the expulsion of buyers and sellers from the Temple! There is, firstly, the amazing contradiction which such an event appears to offer to all that we have ever read of Jewish habits and inclinations as regards the house of God.

stand. Every possible means was used, by instruction and example, to communicate from parent to child a supreme regard for the Deity, and for the Temple as His chief dwelling-place. So deeply has this principle sunk into the minds of the race, that a photograph of the ruins of that sacred edifice is said by Madame de Gasparin to have drawn tears and cries of mingled sorrow and admiration from wandering Jews in Poland within a few years past.

But is not that same bit of history being repeated in all the ages and in all the churches of Christendom? What marvel, when the same laws are at work, and the same elements are operated upon? Good man or woman, having anything to do with worldly responsibilities, what is thine own experience? Has it never happened to thee that, sitting in the sanctuary, dressed in most respectable Sunday wear, and brought hither with the best possible intentions, the preacher was scarcely fairly launched on his second proposition, when thy soul and intellect went back in the business of the past, or forward in the plans of the coming week?

Flatter not thyself, complacent preacher, that all the fixedness of gaze, the quiet, meditative demeanour of the congregation, is solely due to the sermon—is a compliment to thy eloquence! Much of it may be. Thank God there is a charm in the Gospel. That which could woo the martyrs from their pain, can guide the mercenary from their worldly plans to sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

The truth is, the spirit of trade is all the time crowding out the spirit of devotion, and only the presence and power of Christ shall drive it away. There are causes for this Sunday reverie. It will be found that it varies with the constitution of individuals, with their position in life, their mental habits, but particularly with their religious character.

1. Church dreams are often due to distractions of business. When commerce is agitated as it is now, stunned and baffled in its favorite pursuits, it makes stouter efforts to maintain its hold upon the minds of men.

2. Dreaming in church is a temptation to some minds. They are bound down to trade, to the love of money, which is "the root of all evil." They are never at liberty, and do not particularly desire to be. All of pleasure to them in life is comprehended in the rules of addition and multiplication.

outside of actual commercial affairs have but faint ideas of the reality. Every second or third sermon now, and every alternate paragraph in the other forms of discourse, ought to aim at helping them to meet their difficulties and overcome them.

2. Dreaming in church is a temptation to some minds. They are bound down to trade, to the love of money, which is "the root of all evil." They are never at liberty, and do not particularly desire to be. All of pleasure to them in life is comprehended in the rules of addition and multiplication.

3. It is quite possible for Sunday dreams to become a sort of dissipation even with good Christians. The exhilaration of wine, the mental stimulus of tobacco, the yawning indulgence of a novel, these passive flights of the mind into Sabbath cloud-land—what are they all but elements in our modern habits of dissipation? They betray an absence of vigour. They could be effectually driven from the soul by a firm Christian will.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

PRINCESS ALICE, we intimated last week, was lying dangerously ill of Diphtheria. Last Saturday she died. The blow must have fallen heavily on the Queen, who loved all her children devotedly, but this Princess with special affection.

PANSIES growing in the open air of Nova Scotia in the middle of December! That wonder have we seen this very week.

As to the New Discipline. We are informed that nothing has yet been done to prepare it for the press. This intelligence comes from Toronto. So that the book need not be expected very soon.

Lunenburg is to be congratulated on having a newspaper. E. L. Nash, Esq., has started a weekly called the Lunenburg Progress. It is a very creditable little sheet. We wish it prosperity.

Friends of City Mission work in Halifax should patronize the Musical Entertainment to be held next Monday evening in the Brunswick St. Mission Church. The object is to furnish a library for the children.

THE Annual Missionary Report from the Mission Rooms, we should have acknowledged before. It shows great care, and not a little cause for thankfulness in its information. The year which has been distressing in the matter of finance, has been prosperous spiritually on the missions.

We call attention to Dr. Woodbury's Card in this issue. He is a first-class Dentist. What ought to be an extra recommendation, he is a good, useful, true man. As a local preacher, the Doctor ranks specially high. He has come to a sphere of great influence for good, though in New York he need not have wanted in that regard.

AMONG the painful revelations of commerce is the rather startling fact that the Banking business returns of the Dominion show a shrinkage of six millions of dollars, by decline in stock, since last September. No wonder that public confidence comes up but slowly, while even shrewd men of business cannot judge the condition of trade from one day to another.

MESSERS PALMER AND TUCK, of the New Brunswick Bar, have greatly distinguished themselves in connection with the McCarthy murder case. Dr. Tuck for the Crown, and Mr. Palmer for the prisoner, have afforded, by their skill and eloquence,

of an accus suffer thro crime escap are both M

THAT no Tom, called to hold its some rural Lower Wo recently by shot striking It is high shamed out ish and irri lic sentiment intelligent

Mr. W. returned a European c four or five life in all i on the sub wonder? education, things cha very muc richer, str their wont

IN the being out agree, an The cou case. Joh his own b mitted to Osborne v have anot obester on which wil It is said tien, five

If the r Mechanic are to be was, Pres cies as re is too bad has been John, sho for seopti scholar, s are surp such libe

Christi forward pleasure use every the little the ties Megars. Street h require and hav in their Christi Games, is most search o

THE discrim allowed ing it n some of Contere breathes trans-at Dr Rye tion of t abolish bership, thing a veneral subject question essential dispose both st trench in oppo next w

THE amusia day:— On T Ottawa deputa dist bo ral Co Church Method Rice an enc. of the whose Bishop man at dually reply M respon Lord E Metho this w Presid propri have t dress The ge ship, a to his found gravity repres may e object irrevet



WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1878. First Quarter, 1 day, 9h, 22m. Afternoon. Full Moon, 9 day, 2h, 35m. Afternoon. Last Quarter, 16 day, 10h, 49m. Afternoon. New Moon, 23 day, 5h, 10m. Afternoon. First Quarter, 31 day, 9h, 43m. Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets Rises Sets), and SM (Sun Merid. Moon Merid.). Rows include SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY.

THE TIDES.—The course of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrishore, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Tyne. High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes later than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes later, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 29 minutes earlier than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes later. At Westport, 3 hours 54 minutes later. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 30 minutes later.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE CRISS' LETTER TO JESUS.

A postman stood with puzzled brow And in his hand turned over and over A letter, with address so strange As he had never seen before. The writing cramped, the letters small, And by a boys rough hand engraved, The words ran thus: 'To Jesus Christ,' And underneath inscribed, 'In heaven'

THINK A MOMENT.

Boys do a great many thoughtless and foolish things "for fun," that mortify them very much in the remembrance. To have been caught in somebody's melon patch, or stealing a neighbor's choice fruit, or taking a gate off its hinges, or crawling under a showman's tent, or playing any kind of a trick to the injury of another, and that has to be accomplished in a sneaking way, won't seem very smart if you ever grow to be a man of sense. You will hate it, and wonder that you could ever have thought it sharp.

you will make no progress in the formation of a fine character, or in building up a good reputation. So when you are tempted to any low, tricky, dishonest, mean, or unworthy act, stop long enough to think what the effort is going to be upon your soul, your own mind, your own reputation, if that is your strongest motive, and don't do it. The writer of this cares too much for the good of every boy that lives, not to be pained that any one of you should endanger his future by any vile practice, by any bad habit, by anything that is weak, or low or enervating, that will hinder you from making the best and noblest man of yourself that is possible for you to become. Don't make any excuses about lack of talent. If you have brain enough to make you a rogue, you have enough to make you a power for good. Don't complain of any hindrance of circumstances. There is almost no obstacle to him who wills, certainly none worth mentioning.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Concerning the long box, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland: "It was told that Colonel Andrew McDowall, when he returned from the war, was one day walking along by the Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greetin' on a muckle stane at the roadside. When he came up, the old man rose and took off his bonnet and said: "Yere welcome hame again, laird."

LADY JANE GRAY.

Lady Jane Gray is truly said to be one of the most beautiful and lovely characters in history. Her goodness during her short life, and the Christian fortitude, with which she bore her persecutions and met her death have endeared her memory not only to Englishmen, but to the readers of history throughout the world.

It was the unfortunate lot of Lady Jane Gray to early in life fall a sacrifice to the wild ambition of the Duke of Northumberland, who brought about the marriage between her and his son Lord Guilford Dudley, and raised her to the throne in opposition to Mary and Elizabeth.

At the time of her marriage she was about eighteen years of age, and her husband was also quite young; so they were too young and weak to oppose the views of artful and aspiring men, who, instead of exposing them to danger, should have protected them from it. Lady Jane was contented and happy, and willing to devote herself to literature and to the love of her young husband, even refusing to accept the crown, pleading the better right to it of Mary and Elizabeth. But she was overcome by the entreaties of her father and father-in-law, and yielded to their desires.

She wore the vain pagantry of a crown only ten days, when England declared in favor of Mary, and Lady Jane retired again to private life with no small degree of satisfaction, though she was expected to have the vengeance of Queen Mary upon her in some way. As soon as Mary got into power, she began to show her bigotry and hatred for those who had opposed her in any way. She had no feeling of generosity or forgiveness within her, though she knew that Lady Jane had not opposed her willingly. Lady Jane was notified to prepare for death. Her husband, and all who had in any way aided in placing her on the throne, were to share her fate.

On the day of her execution her husband asked to see her, but she declined to see him, saying that a meeting would so overcome their feelings as to unfit them to bravely meet the end. The separation, she said, would be but brief, and then they would meet where their affections would be forever united, and where life's disappointments would no longer have access to them, or disturb their love.

It was originally ordered that Lady Jane and her husband should be executed together; but the council fearing the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence and noble birth, ordered Lady Jane to be beheaded within the Tower.

She saw her husband led to execution, and saw his headless body brought back, yet bore up, and calmly waited her own fate. The constable of the Tower, who led her to execution, requested from her some small present, which he could treasure up as a memorial. She gave him her note-book, in which she had written three sentences, one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but Divine Mercy would be favorable to his soul; and that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence were worthy of excuse, and that God and posterity she trusted, would show her favor.

She made a speech on the scaffold, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame entirely on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said it was not through ambition that she accepted the crown, but it was through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to obey, and that in obeying them she had infringed upon the laws of State, and that she would show by voluntary submission to her sentence that she was willing to atone for her false step. She then calmly laid her head upon the block, and with one blow of the cruel axe it was severed from the body.

The simple prayer that she made in her note-book, that "posterity would show her favor," has been answered by the historians from her time to the present who have spoken of her nobleness of life and her shameful death, while none have a good word for Queen Mary, who caused her execution, but who all agree, was the worst ruler England ever had, and that she well deserved the name that she got of "bloody Queen Mary."—Young Folk's World.

BAXTER BEFORE LORD JEFFRIES.

Few works have had a greater circulation than "Baxter's Saint's Rest" and his "Call to the Unconverted." Of the last twenty thousand copies were known to have been sold in a single year. It has been translated into all the European languages. Written two hundred years ago, they are still standard works, and their author is yet preaching to the world through their pages. Baxter was a great orator, an eminently pious man, and a fine writer. The total number of his publications exceeded one hundred and sixty. The well-known Isaac Barrow said of him that "his practical writings were never mended." A bishop could not tempt him to swerve from the path of duty, for, when offered the See of Hereford, he refused to accept it and prayed that he might be permitted to return, even without salary, to his beloved flock at Kidderminster. But these were the days of persecution, and Baxter did not escape. Under the frivolous charge of

sedition for some remarks in his "Paraphrase of the New Testament," he was brought before Judge Jeffries, the infamous and brutal instrument of James II., in the year 1685. These remarks were simply a complaint of the sufferings which the Dissenters had undergone. Macaulay, in his history of England, gives a graphic description of the trial. Baxter, on being brought before the court, begged that he might be allowed some time to prepare for his defence. It happened to be on the very same day on which the noted Titus Oates was standing in the pillory, that the illustrious chief of the Puritans, oppressed by age and infirmities, was arraigned at Westminster Hall. Jeffries sitting on the bench as judge burst into a storm of rage:

"Not a minute," he cried, "to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on side of the pillory; and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together."

The trial came on at Guildhall, and a crowd of Baxter's friends filled the court. Dr. William Bates, one of the most eminent of the Nonconformist ministers, accompanied him. Two barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared to defend his case. The former had hardly begun his address to the jury when the Chief Justice (Jeffries) interrupted him:

"Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book." Here Jeffries stopped a moment and "then" in the language of Macaulay, "his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric.

"And what ailed the old blockhead then," cried the Chief Justice, "that he did not take it?" His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Wallop interposed, but fared no better than his associate counsel.

"You are in all these dirty cases, Mr. Wallop," said Jeffries. "Gentlemen of the long robe ought to be ashamed to assist such factious knaves." The advocate made another attempt to obtain a hearing, but to no purpose. "If you do not know your duty," said the Judge, "I will teach it you." Wallop sat down and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word, but the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of "Hudibras."

"My lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops." "Baxter for bishops!" roared Jeffries, that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops—rascals like yourself; Kidderminster bishops—factious, snivelling Presbyterians!" Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffries belittled, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book is full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And there," he continued, fixing his savage eyes on Baxter, "there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. By the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all."

Baxter held his peace; but the junior counsel for the defence made a last effort, and undertook to show that the words of which complaint was made would not bear the construction put on them by the information. With this view he began to read the context. In a moment he was roared down. "You shalt turn the court into a conventicle." The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. "Snivelling calves!" said the Judge. Witnesses to character were in attendance, and among them were several clergymen of the established Church. But the Chief Justice would hear nothing. "Does your Lordship think," said Baxter, "that any jury will convict a man on such a trial as this?" "I warrant you, Mr. Baxter," said Jeffries; "don't trouble yourself about that." Jeffries was right; for the sheriffs were the tools of the government and had selected the jury from the fiercest zealots of the Tory party. It is said that Jeffries proposed that Baxter should be whipped through London at the cart's tail, but he was overruled by the three other judges on the bench, and the sentence was a fine equal to about \$1,500, and, in default, to lie in the King's Bench Prison until it was paid. After a confinement of nearly eighteen months, the great divine was at length released, and died six years afterward in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

ficiently grateful for the liberty of conscience which we enjoy in the present happy era of the world's history?

MONGRELS.

It is really refreshing to meet a pure-bred Methodist, who believes with all his heart in all the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Church, and is not the least ashamed of his faith. The pure-bred believes in blood redemption, the resurrection of the body, eternal death, as well as eternal life, the judgment, instantaneous justification and sanctification by faith, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and revivals of religion in answer to prayer, resulting from the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, who is God, and not from magnetism, affinity, electricity, or the exercise of the emotional nature. He also believes in going to the altar to seek religion, and sees nothing in that, or shouting either, to "shock the sensibilities of a refined mind." He feels it his duty, yes, his duty, to go to class, pray in public, and seek the salvation of souls every day; and so he lives in his old-fashioned way for the glory of God, and makes the world better by being in it.

But there are mongrels among Methodists as well as among ducks, and though we prefer a mongrel duck to a pure-bred, we can not feel the same toward the mongrel Methodist. He is a Presbytero-Episcopo-Universo-Scientifico Spiritualistico-Methodist mongrel, who believes a great deal of everything, and nothing in particular, and while he is a Methodist, he wants to be broad and take into his creed and practice everything but Methodism. The mongrel is sometimes found in the pulpit. His sermons are wonderful, perfectly wonderful. New sermons, full of new discoveries, and possibly he will throw in, now and then, just by way of variety, you know, a new doctrine.

The mongrel of the pew regards going to the altar improper, as it is making a display of yourself, and it under a red-hot Gospel sermon mourners come forward, he doesn't know what to do with them; he feels as an old bachelor handling a young baby. The revival will come in its own time in a quiet way, and persons will be intelligently converted, and nobody hurt. The class is out of his creed altogether, and mentioned only as a thing of the past, while the pulpit should do all the public praying as well as preaching, and the pew should be edified, beautifully, eloquently edified, only and always edified. Responding Amen to the sermon is rather strange, and shouting out of the question. He is a Methodist in name, and thinks he is at heart, and in all things, but he is only a mongrel. We would not have any man pin his faith down to a form or an exercise without exercising his intelligence and best judgment in his religion; but if he is a Methodist, we would have him a pure-bred, intelligent, convicted, convinced, whole-souled Methodist, in the full exercise of all his spiritual and mental powers; a Methodist with all his heart, with all his mind, and with all his might. If a man drifts away from Methodist doctrine and Methodist usage, he should drift away from the Methodist Church, and not try to adulterate it with his new notions or way, which can do him no good, and certainly do it harm.

We have not written the above with an eye upon any individual or upon any particular congregation, but looking upon the general Church everywhere, we see that the Methodist Church cannot live without Methodism, and that real, spiritual, glorious, old-fashioned Methodism, is not in blossom and beauty as it used to be. There is too much sermon and not enough class. Too much church and not enough closet. If we cannot be Methodists, let us go where we can be something definite, and know ourselves, and be known of men as representatives of some great truths and practices. But if we love the old ways still, and want to be Methodist in all that word means, let us stop criticising our own Church, know what we really believe, find out what Methodism is by studying history and the Bible, get the fullness of the blessing of peace, in the sanctification of the soul, and blaze for the glory of God in practice and spread of Methodism.—Methodist Protestants.

"If," says a writer, "you enter a lot where there is a vicious dog, be careful to remove your hat or cap as the animal approaches you; hold the same down between you and the dog. When you have done this you have secured perfect immunity from attack. The dog will not bite you if this advice is followed. Such is my faith in this policy that I will pay all doctor's bills from dog bites and funeral expenses from deaths by hydrophobia.—Exchange.

AN O... When M... his busines... made him... of the day... window w... catch his e... and there v... loving w... But one... deserted... eager watch... the door fo... Fearing... made anxio... servants co... Martha... Laura was... garden a li... Mr. Eva... customed h... old-fashion... As he ap... he fancied... sobs; quic... erod Laura... her head b... "Why... matter?"... from her p... For some... only answe... lifted her... arms aroun... imploring!... "Promi... never beco... "What... Mr. Evans... "Why... came from... boys aroun... were torm... I begged... him alone... called my... cannot rep... poor child... "Yes, t... "He sa... Evans; I... day, that... would scoo... ter. O, pe... me that th... How can t... noble papa... ard?"... A flush... mounted t... "Do th... he explain... he contin... easy; the... casion... with your... that I hav... an occasi... see the d... consciously... intoxicated... "Than... kissing h... I was mis... Mr. Ev... ion that h... him, caus... time, that... ional glas... every par... self-respec... bits, the... to be bow... should do... Perhaps... such a be... drinking... glass, fol... fill a mis... —Youth... TEM... The fo... of expec... from the... temperan... & Philip... Reform... There is... of the sa... "I wa... Yankee f... mined to... me was d... stock ab... them do... do. One... yoked to... into my... "Her... drive the... "So I... to the... "Whish... fessional... their bea... and star... meadow... head the... time I g... "Whos... what's t... all the ti... boat leap... and the... with lau...



PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1878.

11 a.m. Branswick St. 7 p.m. Rev. S. F. Huestis
11 a.m. Grafton St. 7 p.m. Rev. W. H. Heartz
11 a.m. Key St. 7 p.m. Rev. A. W. Nicolson
11 a.m. Charles St. 7 p.m. Rev. Jas. Sharp
11 a.m. Cobourg St. 7 p.m. Rev. S. H. Dunn
11 a.m. Dartmouth 7 p.m. Rev. G. Shore
11 a.m. Beech Street 3 30 p.m. Rev. C. M. Tyler

MARRIED.

At Port La Tour Parsonage, on Dec. 5th, by Rev. R. McArthur, Mr. Horace Swain of Port Clyde, to Miss Sarah Boyd of Port Clyde.
By the Rev. Isaac N. Parker, December 2nd, at the Wesleyan Parsonage, Richibucto, N.B., Mr. Robert F. Stohart, of Weldford, Kent Co., N.B., to Miss Emily Campbell, of the same place.
On the 17th of November, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. D. W. Johnson, Mr. Thomas S. Mattinson, to Seraphine Mattinson, both of Mount Pleasant.
At West Shore, North East Harbour, December 4th, by Rev. James Scott, Mr. Anthony Perry, of Blanch, to Miss Hannah Shelds, of Port La Tour.
At the Parsonage, Middleton, Dec. 5th, by Rev. Joseph Gatz, Jeremiah Northrup Whitman, Esq., of Lunenburg, son of Hon. William Whitman, to Miss Amelia, daughter of late Francis Stephens, Esq., Halifax.
At the Methodist Parsonage, Brooklyn, Dec. 1st, by Rev. E. Brette, Harris H. Foley, of Belmont, Hauts County, to Arabella Parker, of Walton.
By the same, December 11th, at Mr. Fader's residence, Brooklyn, Lewis W. Macomber, of Newport, to Mary J. Sanford, of Burlington.
At the Parsonage, Hantsport, Dec. 14th, by Rev. A. D. Morton, A.M., James K. Currie, of New York, U.S., to Florence E., daughter of Mr. James Harris, of Wolfville, N.S.
At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. K. King, assisted by the Rev. H. Tweedie, John Moore, Esq., of Cardwell, Kings Co., to Fannie P., youngest daughter of Mr. George Cochran, of Church Hill, Elgin.
At the residence of the bride's father, Warren, Cumberland Co., on the 3rd inst., by the Rev. H. Alder Temple, the Rev. John W. Shepherdson, Methodist Minister, Kittery's Cove, Lunenburg Co., formerly of Sheffield, England, to Ella A., daughter of John Glendinning, Esq.

DIED.

At St. John, N.B., on Thursday, 12th inst., Mary Elias, beloved wife of Gilbert Bent, aged 65 years.
At Wentworth, December 9th, after a lingering illness, Maria, youngest daughter of William and Margaret Swallow, in the 22nd year of her age.

THE MERRY YULE TIDE.

For the better exhibition of our CHRISTMAS GOODS we have devoted the use of one of our extensive warehouses to this purpose, we invite the attention of all who wish to increase the happiness of their children and friends at this joyous Season of the Year.

Toys! Toys! Toys!

This is the time to replenish the Stock of TOYS which has been reduced by breakage during the year. Our show rooms exhibit an endless variety of this pleasure giving Merchandise.

- Pop Pistols, Rubbers, Toys, Dominoes, Colored Balls, Locomotives, Drafts, Wash Setts, Tea Sets, China Setts, Races, Chess, Stakes, Watchers, Pairs, Accordion, Harlequins, Shins, Spring Tops, Noan's Arks, Hunting Horns, Lanterns, Concertinas, Race Games, Building Blocks, Shamights, and many others all of which are so numerous to mention.

Dolls, Dolls, Dolls,

At 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, 75, cents and \$1.10, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00 each.

USEFUL ARTICLES

In the selection of Christmas presents we should remember that articles of utility are of much more value to the recipient than the high priced trinkets made up for the sake of show.

Dress Goods, Wool Squares, Silk Ties, Silk Squares, Woolen Wrap, Kid Gloves, Lace Goods, Handkerchiefs, Japan Goods, Tea Trays, Table Mats, Silver Jewelry, Jet Jewelry, Games, Black Silks, Millinery.

DAVIDSON & CRICHTON, 155 Hollis Street.

WOODBURY BROS., DENTISTS, NEW YORK.

Dr. H. Woodbury, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, OFFICE OVER CONNELLYS BOOK STORE, CORNER OF GEORGE AND GRANVILLE STREETS, HALIFAX, N.S. Entrance No. 97 Granville St. dec 21

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY 16th Inst. THE NIGHT EXPRESS TRAINS

Will be DISCONTINUED until further orders C. J. BRYDGES, Gen. Sup. Gov. Railways, Railway Office, Moncton, Dec. 9th, 1878.

MENEELY & COMPANY BELL FOUNDERS WEST TROY, N. Y.

fifty years established. Church Bells and Chimes Academy, Factory Bells, &c., Improved Patent Mountings, Catalogues free. No agencies. July 1 1878-ly

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY.

Manufacture the celebrated Bells for Churches, Academies, etc. Price List and Circulars sent free. Henry McShane & Co.

The CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1879.

A Series of VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES Will be given on the following subjects:—Methodist Missions throughout the World, Historic Methodist Churches throughout the World, Methodist Educational Institutions throughout the World, Jap and the Japanese, Pictures of Bible Lands. Several papers on each of the above subjects. The Switzerland of Canada. Picta-eseque Montreal Hunting in Canada. Education in Canada. A new set of the Andes. Mountain travel in the Old Dominion. The White Mountain. 'anyons of the Colorado. Underground Jerusalem. House and Foreign Travel. Popular Science and Fine Art Papers.

A Serial Story of the War of 1812-14, by the author of 'The King's Messenger,' will run through the year. Great Preachers, Ancient and Modern, by the Editor, will give sketches of the most prominent pulpits high in Origin to Whitfield. Old Characters, by a City Missionary.

Also, valuable papers by the leading minds of Methodism at home and abroad; reprint articles from the foremost writers of the world; Papers on Practical Religion, the Higher Life, Religious Biography, Popular Science, Choice Poetry, Current Topics, Book Reviews, Religious Intelligence, and Approved Music.

PRICE, post free, \$2; or \$1 for Six months; single numbers, 20 Cents.

A Premium to each Subscriber. For every subscription to the METHODIST MAGAZINE, old or new, at the full price of \$2, sent direct to the office of publication, will be given as a premium a copy of 'The Wave of Sunday-School Songs,' containing 210 pieces of new and approved music. Price 50 cents. This premium will be delivered at Toronto free of charge. If desired to be sent by mail, 4 cents must be added to the subscription to prepay postage.

For \$3.50 sent direct to the office of publication, will be sent, post free, the Methodist Magazine and Christian Guardian. Price 24.

For \$6.00, will be sent the Methodist Magazine, Christian Guardian, and Scriber's Monthly; price \$8.00.

Specimen and premium lists sent free on application REV. S. K. KING, Methodist Book Room, Toronto. Subscriptions received at Methodist Book Room, Halifax.

HARPER'S BAZAR. 1879. ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS. To dress according to Harper's Bazar will be the aim and ambition of the women of America.—Boston Transcript.

As a faithful chronicle of fashion, and a newspaper of domestic and social character, it ranks without a rival.—Brooklyn Eagle.

This paper has acquired a wide popularity for the freiside enjoyment it affords, and has become an established authority with the ladies.—N.Y. Evening Post.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

Harper's Periodicals,

HARPER'S MAGAZINE ..... \$4.00 HARPER'S WEEKLY ..... \$4.00 HARPER'S BAZAR ..... 4.00 THE THREE publications, one year ..... 10.00 Any TWO, one year ..... 7.00 SIX Subscriptions, one year ..... 20.00 Terms for large clubs furnished on application. Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Annual Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for \$7 each. A complete set, comprising Eleven volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of \$5.25 per volume, freight at expense of purchaser.

Cloth cases, for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1 each. Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.—ADDRESS—

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

NO DISCOUNT will be allowed on American Invoices until further notice. J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs may 11

Mount Allison Wesleyan College and Academies.

THE Second Term will commence in all these Institutions on THURSDAY, JANUARY, 2nd 1879.

and will close on WEDNESDAY the 4th of June Catalogues containing full information in regard to Courses of Study, Expenses, &c., will be forwarded on application to Dr. Inch, President of the College; Dr. Kennedy, Principal of the Ladies Academy; or Rev. B. Longley, B.A., Principal of the Male Academy. Sackville, Dec. 3rd, 1878.—4w

Provincial Building Society

St. John, N.B. \$125, 288 07 SSETS 31st December, 1 57 \$125, 288 07 RESERVED FUND to Rest same date 5,000 00 Deposits Large or Small taken and interest at 6 per cent allowed, withdrawal on 30 days notice Monthly Investing Shares yield 6 per cent compounded monthly. Paid up Shares give 7 per cent compounded half yearly. Capital Stock has thus far paid from 9 to 10 per cent per annum. Shares mature in four years. The Society offers first class inducements for Depositors, Shareholders and Borrowers. For full particulars send Circular.—

THOMAS McE, A. A. STOCKTON, President, Treasurer.

SANTA CLAUS CAN BUY BOUND PERIODICALS AND ANNUALS AT THE BOOK ROOM, DURING DECEMBER AT THE FOLLOWING VERY LOW PRICES

CHATTEBOX 74c 90c For 90c Usual Price 74c 90c PEE SHOW 37c 45c BRITISH WORKMAN 37c 45c BRITISH WORKWOMAN 37c 45c COTTAGE & COMPANION 37c 45c CHILDREN'S FRIEND 37c 45c FAMILY FRIEND 37c 45c FRIENDLY VISITOR 37c 45c BIRD OF HOPE 24c 30c CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE 24c 30c

These are the prices for the latest (1878) Editions. Other years—fresh looking and good as the new—at the following

Extremely Low Prices, Good Words. Golden Hours. Family Treasury. Leisure Hour. Sunday at Home, at \$1.50.

Workman. Workwoman. British Juvenile. Cot-tager. Artisan. Infant's Magazine, only 30 Cents each. Band of Hope Review, 20cents.

Orders from the country with Cash, promptly filled by post. For postage send one cent for every Ten cents of the price of the book wanted.

EVERY BOYS ANNUAL, 1878. The most popular of boys books, \$1.75.

THE BOOK ROOM.

Corner Duke and Granville St BEATTY ORGAN'S Superb \$340 Organ, only \$95, \$100. Piano Retail Price by other Manufacturers \$300, only \$260. Beautiful \$600 Piano, \$175—brand new, warranted 15 days test trial. Other bargains waitment introduced. PIANOS Agents wanted. Paper free Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N.J. March 9 78

NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM, 125 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.

Nimmo's List.

Little Crowns and How to Win them.—Collier. Little T. Legends History of a Life Boat Four Little People Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia Benjamin Franklin Out Sea Twyford Hall, or Rosa's Christmas Dinner The Dairy's First Dinner Grey Ribs Barton Ladd Perils of Greatness The Right Way Graditude and Probity

From Call and Ingis List.

The Cord of Love Ellen's Passion Frank Harper, or Beginning Life Early Duties and Early Dangers Edith's Story, or Which Do I Love Best Breathe on the Waters Agnes Leith, or the Path and the Lamp Bertie Corrie the Fisher-Boy Huan Nohki Lucy and Her Friends Fanny Raymond The African Trader Ned Turner, or Wait a Little Without a New Zealand Story The Trapper's Son Janet McLaren, the Faithful Nurse Mary Liddiard, A Tale of the Pacific

Althea Norton Gertrude's Bible Lesson The Rose in the Desert The Babe in the Basket Martha's Hymn Nettie Mathieson The Prince in Disguise The Children of the Plains The Babe in the Basket Richard Harvey, or Taking a Stand Kit y King; Lessons for Little Girls. Nettie's Mission Little Margery Margery's City Home The Crossing Sweeper Rosy Conroy's Lessons Ned Nolan's Gigant Little Henry and his Beaver Little Woodman and his Dog

FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

My Dear, Dear Saviour The Unseen Hand Going Home Helen's Lullaby Labors of Love Willie's Good Bye Work in Waste Places Bread Found after Many Days In the Cornfields: The Story of Ruth My Mother's Prayers The Saved Class The Reward of a Life's Work The Martyrs of Scotland Noddy Bruce Favorite Animals

W. P. NIMMO'S LIST.

Cloth, neat red edges, Coloured Frontispiece. Fergus; by Jacob Abbott Gilbert and his Mother do Stories about Dogs, by Mrs. Store The Olden at Wilton The Grateful Negro Little Henry and his Beaver Edith's Christmas Great Lessons for Little People The Hermit of the Hills A Visit to Grandmother Reason in Rhyme Story Pictures from the Bible

Valuable Gift Books.

IN HANDSOME BINDINGS, Shakespeare, a complete new edition, in handsome and durable binding, half morocco, excellent clear type, Six vols in a box Shakespeare. The same as the above in cloth, gilt lettered, very pretty, 4 vols in a box Dawn to Daylight, or Gleams from the Poets of Twelve Centuries, with above 200 illustrations. A beautiful gift 6 25

The Birthday Book of Flower and Song the handsomest book of the season, containing extracts from the works of the best English Poets, beautifully illustrated and printed in color. Dedicated by permission, to Her Royal Highness the Marchioness of Lorne 4 50 Ballads and Songs, Historical and Legendary, Uniform with "Dawn to Day-light." 6 25 Keble's Christian Year, elegantly bound and printed and illustrated 6 25

Nimmo's Standard Library.

In large demy 8vo., with Steel Portrait and Vignettes; handsomely bound, roxburgh style, gilt clasps Price \$1.50 each.

Shakespeare's Complete Works. Whiston's Josephus. The English Essayists. Treasury of Modern Biography. Xenophon's Works. Cicero's Life and Letters Mrs. Heman's Poetical Works The Teller and Guerdan. The Scottish Minstrel; the Songs and Song Writers of Scotland subsequent to Burns. Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson

Thirty Cents Each.

FROM LONDON BOOK ROOM. The Tarnside Evangel. Eight Illustrations. Robert Dawson; or, The Brave Spirit. Four page illustrations. The Meadow Daisy. By Lillie Montfort. Numerous Illustrations. The Royal Disciple: Louisa, Queen of Prussia. By C. H. Martineau. Six Illustrations. No Gains without Pains: a True Life for the Boys. By H. C. Knight. Six Illustrations. The Railway Pioneer; or, The Story of the Stephenson, Father and Son. By E. C. Knight. Fifteen Illustrations. Peeps into the Far North; Chapters on Iceland, Lapland, and Greenland. By S. E. Scholes. Twenty-four Illustrations. The Giants, and How to Fight Them. By Dr. Newton. Fifteen Illustrations. "Ill Try" or, How the Farmer's Son became a Captain. Ten Illustrations. Tiny Tim: a Story of London Life, Founded on Fact. By Francis Horner. Twenty-two Illustrations. Stories of Love and Duty. For Boys and Girls. Thirty-one Illustrations. John Tregonowth; His Mark. By Mark Guy Pearse. Twenty-five Illustrations. Vignettes from English History. By Rev. J. Yames. First Series. From the Norman Conqueror to Henry IV. 22 Illustrations. Margery's Christmas Box. By Ruth Elliott. Seven Illustrations. Lessons from Noble Lives; and other stories. Thirty-one Illustrations. Ancient Egypt: its Monuments, Worship, and People. By the Rev. Edward Lightwood. Twenty-six Illustrations.

Forty-five Cents each.

Little Ray and Her Friends. By Ruth Elliott. Five page illustrations. Ned's Motto; or, Little by Little. By the author of 'Faithful and True,' 'Tony Star's Legacy,' Six page illustrations. Broken Purposes; or, The Good Time Coming. By Lillie Montfort. Five page illustrations. The Break-up Half-hour, Addresses on Religious and Moral Topics. By the Rev. H. R. Burton. Twenty-five illustrations. Cleanings in Natural History for Young People. Profusely illustrated. The Story Road: A Tale of Humble Life. By Donald. Sequel to 'Stony Road.' Stories for Willing Ears. For Boys. By T. S. E. Stories for Willing Ears. For Girls. By T. S. E. Thirty Thousands Pounds; and other Sketches from Daily Life. An Old Sailor's Yarn; and other Sketches from Daily Life. The Royal Road to Riches. By E. H. Miller. Fifteen illustrations. David Livingstone, Missionary and Discoverer. By the Rev. J. Marratt. Fifteen full page illustrations. The Father of Methodism. A Sketch of the Life and Labors of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. For Young People. By Mrs. Cosslett. Numerous illustrations. Chequer-Alley: a Story of Successful Christian Work. By the Rev. Frederick W. Briggs, M.A. With an introduction by the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A. Eleventh Edition.

Above the Breakers Florrie Ross The Old Oak Farm Fannyman's Family Little Knott The Exiles Cecily Brown's Trials Grace's Visit Margaret Browning Down in a Mine. Miss Irving's Bible Breaking the Rules Bertie's Birthday Present Corrie; a Story for Christmas.

PRICE 15 Cents each.

FROM LONDON TRACT SOCIETY.

"LITTLE DOT" SERIES. With Coloured Frontispiece, cloth boards, gilt lettered. The Book of Books: The Story of the English Bible Springfield Stories. Little Dot. John Thomson's Nursery. Two Ways to begin Life. Ethel Ripon. By G. E. Sargent Little Gooseberry, and other Stories Fanny Ashley, and other Stories The Gamekeeper's Daughter Fred Kenny; or, Out in the World Old Humphrey's Study Table Jeany's Waterproof The Holy Well; an Irish Story The Travelling Sirpence The Three Flowers Lost and Recued Lightbearers and Beacons Little Lottie; or, the Wonderful Clock The Dog of St. Bernard Isaac Gould, the Waggoner Uncle Rupert's Stories for Boys Dreaming and Doing Many Ways of being Useful Rachel Rivers; or, What a Child may do Lessons out of School Netma, the Turkish Captive Show your Colours True and False Friendship Always too Late, and other Stories School Pictures drawn from Life Soldier Sam Stephen Grattan's Faith David the Scholar Thed of Home Setting out for Heaven The Stolen Money, and other Ballads Helen's Newarship Pat Riley's Friends Olive Crowhurst. A Story for Girls The White-Feather

FROM LONDON WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM Cloth, illuminated, and Coloured Frontispiece A Kiss for a Blow: Stories about Peace and War Louis Heurie; or, The Sister's Promise The Giants, and How to Fight Them Robert Dawson; or, The Brave Spirit Jane Hind-on, the American Girl The Jewish Twins. By Aunt Friendly. The Book of Beasts. Thirty-five Illustrations The Book of Birds. Forty Illustrations Proud in Spirit

MARKET PICES.

Reported weekly by J. H. BERT, Agent King County Produce Depot, Halifax, N.S. MARKET ON SATURDAY, NOV. 22d, 1878.

Table with columns for Butter, Eggs, Lamb, Mutton, Pork, Beef, Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys, Hams, Hides, Calfskins, Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, Onions, Apples, Beans, Yarn, Straw, Hay, etc. with prices.

CONCERNING NEWFOUNDLAND

If any of our readers visit St. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, and need to Buy Watches, Clocks, or Fancy Goods, Advise them to patronize EARLE, Jeweller, 115 Water Street. Oct. 19, 78, 79



For several months past I have used FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES in phthisis, chronic bronchitis and other affections of the chest. I have no hesitation in stating it stands foremost among remedies used in those diseases. Z. S. EARLE, M.D. St. John, N.B.

I strongly recommend FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES to all who suffer in any way from disease or weakness of the lungs, bronchial tubes, or from general debility. J. H. W. SCOTT, M.D. Gagetown, N.B.

Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites acted with expedition and entire satisfaction in a case of apoplexy, which failed to yield to regular treatment. S. JACOBS, M.D. Lunenburg, N.S.

No hesitation in recommending Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites for general debility, or any dis-eases of the lungs. H. G. ADDY, M.D.

In restoring persons suffering from diphtheritic prostration and coughs following typhoid fever Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is the best remedy I ever used. EDWIN CLAY, M. D. Pugwash, N. S.

Amongst the diseases overcome by the use of this remedy are the following:— Chronic Constipation, Chronic Dyspepsia, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Consumption, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Laryngitis, Melancholy, Nervous Debility.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

The power of arresting diseases displayed by this preparation is honorably acknowledged by the medical faculty in every section where it has been introduced; and the large sale is the best guarantee of the estimation in which it is held by the public.

This Syrup will cure Pulmonary Consumption in the first and second stages will give great relief and prolong life in the third. It will cure Asthma, Bronchitis, Laryngitis and Coughs. It will cure all diseases originating from want of Muscular action and Nervous Force.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name no other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstance. Lock out for the name and address J. I. Fellow's, St. John, N.B., on the yellow wrapper in water-proof which is seen holding the paper before the light. Price \$1.50 per Bottle, Six for \$7.50. Sold by all Druggists. July 1

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS

EX S. S. "NOVA SCOTIAN." Black Dress Silk Buttons, Black Velveteens, Colored Satins, Winceys, Fancy Flannels, Hosiery, Etc.

1000 3-Bushel Grain Bags.

Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse, 111 and 113 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX ANDERSON, BILLING & CO.