

# The Wesleyan,

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## 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 and white 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 way: 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-placites) 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-scraper. 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."  
I knew too well what that meant, as she had often said if she 'cotched one of 'er kids in that 'ere school, she'd break their 'eads. I asked the boy where his mother was, and he replied, "She's up at the Red Lion a swearing 'awful." I made my way up the court with difficulty, owing to the rush of people to see what was the matter.

On reaching the top of the court a sad sight presented itself. Sally was the centre of an excited group. It appears that having indulged in a little more than usual of her favorite 'Old Tom,' she had made herself objectionably demonstrative at the public-house where she had been regaling. Then came the tug of war; the barman was called to the rescue, and after a violent struggle, Sally was ejected. Then the strong arm of the law, in the shape of Policeman X410, attempted to argue the matter, and it was as she was struggling in his strong grip that I came up. Truly it was a picture. Sally with her hair dishevelled, her clothes torn and bespattered with mud, her voice raised with passion, and muddled with

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. Another 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 Williams' 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 you 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!

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 palmy 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 their 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 readjustment 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 unbending 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.

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.

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

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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.

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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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 being out to hold its some rural Lower Wo recently by shot striking It is high shamed out ish and irri lic sentiment intelligent

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WESLEYAN' ALMANAC.

DECEMBER 1878.

First Quarter, 1 day, 9h, 22m. Afternoon.
Full Moon, 9 day, 2h, 53m. 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: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets Rises Sets).

THE TIDES.—The course of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parramore, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Turo.
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 24 minutes later. At Westport, 2 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 boy's rough hand engraven.
The words ran thus: 'To Jesus Christ,'
And underneath inscribed, 'In heaven.'

"My Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,
I've lately lost my father dear,
Mother is very, very poor,
And life to her is sad and drear.
Yet thou hast promised in thy Word
That none can ever ask in vain
For what the need of earthly store,
If only asked in Jesus' name.

"So I am writing in his name,
To ask that Thou wilt kindly send
Some money down; what thou canst spare,
And what is right for us to spend.
I want so much to go to school;
While father lived I always went,
But he had little, Lord, to leave,
And what he left is almost spent.

"I do not know how long 'twill be
Ere this can reach the golden gate;
But I will try and patient be,
And for the answer gladly wait."
The tidings reached that far-off land,
Although the letter did not go,
And straight the King an Angel sent
To help the little boy below.

Off to his mother he would say,
"I knew the Lord would answer make
When he had read my letter through,
Which I had sent for Jesus' sake!"
Ah! happy boy, could you but teach
My heart to trust my Father's love,
And to believe where aught's denied
This only done my faith to prove.

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.

Don't flatter yourselves that the worst thing about a mean act is being caught at it or found out. You can't be low, or vicious, or tricky, without somebody knowing it, and it does not take long for a good man to find you out. It takes extraordinary talent and deception to have a good reputation concealing a bad character, and it is never worth trying for. The way to seem to be trustworthy is to be trustworthy. There was never yet a boy who was mean, honest, and worthy of confidence, that people did not find him out and give him his due. You can't afford to trifle with your reputation. If you descend to indecent, immoral conduct it will soil your character, and hurt your prospects, no matter what your friends may do for you or how you try to conceal from good people that you do these. Just so long as you allow yourself to practise the habits that are condemned by pure, upright, straightforward people of integrity—whether you do it openly or on the sly.

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.

There is always a demand for trusty boys. With the millions that are growing, so many of them do not fill the bill that there is a great upper story that has never yet been crowded, and they are wanted for every kind of a good situation, industrious, faithful, honest boys. It is such as these who will grow into men of integrity, such men as are needed for all offices of trust, for all positions of responsibility. Who among you will fit yourselves for the worthiest places? — Mary Hayes Houghton, in Wellington Enterprise.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Concerning the long bow, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland:
" 'T 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.'
" 'Thank you,' said the colonel; adding after a pause, 'I should surely know your face. Aren't you Nathan McCullech?'
" 'Ye're richt, 'deed,' says Nathan; 'it's just me, laird.'
" 'You must be a good age now, Nathan,' says the colonel.
" 'I'm no vera aul' yet, laird,' was the reply, 'I'm just turnt a hunner.'
" 'A hundred!' says the colonel, musing 'well, you must be all that. But the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way! What ever could you find to cry about?'
" 'It was my father lashed me, sir,' said Nathan, blubbering again; 'an' he put me out, so he did.'
" 'Your father!' said the colonel; 'is your father alive yet?'
" 'Leevin' ay,' replied Nathan; 'I ken that the day tae my sorrow.'
" 'Where is he?' said the colonel.
" 'What an age he must be! I would like to see him.'
" 'Oh, he's up in the barn there,' says Nathan; 'an' no, in a horrid good humor the noo, either.'
" They went up to the barn together, and found the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail and tearing on fearful, Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him what he struck Nathan for.
" 'The young rascal!' says the father, 'there's nae dooin' w' him; he's never out o' a mischief. I had tae lick him this mornin' for throwing stanes at his grandfather!'

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.

She was born in the year 1533, and was descended from the royal line of England by both her parents. She was carefully educated in the Christian principles of the Reformation, while her own wisdom and diligence made her a quick student in all she undertook. She early obtained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, as well as of several modern tongues, and became a thorough student of classical literature. Up to the time of her marriage she had devoted herself almost entirely to study. In fact, it seemed to be her only ambition. She had no desire to wear the crown, or to indulge in any of the amusements of the court.

On one occasion when her teacher found her in a retired place reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in hunting in the park—for it was the custom of the ladies as well as the gentlemen to follow the hounds on horseback in the chase—he expressed surprise that she should thus be engaged, while others were enjoying themselves. She answered "that she could find more pleasure reading Plato than others could from all their sport and gaiety."

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.

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 lead 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 shan't 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.

When we consider such a scene may we not well inquire whether we are suf-

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 few doctrines.

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 death by hydrophobia.—Exchange.

BAXTER BEFORE LORD JEFFRIES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS CARTER, D. D.
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 read." 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

his business his daughter made him of the day, window was catch his eye and there was loving word. But one deserted. eager watch the door for Fearing made anxious servants co Martha a garden a li Mr. Eva customed her old-fashion As he ap he fancied sebs; quick erod Laura her head b "Why, matter?" from her p For so only answe lifted her arms arou imploring! "Promis never beco "What Mr. Evans "Why came from boys arou were torm I begged him alone. called my cannot repoor child "Yes, to He sa Evans; I day, that would scoo ter. O, pe me that th How can t noble papa ard?"

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TEMPERANCE.

AN OCCASIONAL GLASS.

When Mr. Evans returned home from his business, he was always greeted by his daughter Laura, in a way which made him forget the burdens and cares of the day, for her face at the door or window would be the first thing to catch his eye as he mounted the steps, and there were always a warm kiss and loving words for him.

But one evening the house seemed deserted. He looked in vain for the eager watcher, and was obliged to open the door for himself.

Fearing that she might be ill, he made anxious inquiries of one of the servants concerning his child.

Martha said "she did not think Miss Laura was sick, for she saw her in the garden a little while ago."

Mr. Evans eagerly sought the accustomed haunts of his daughter in the old-fashioned garden.

As he approached the summer-house, he fancied that he heard suppressed sobs; quickening his steps, he passed through the leafy entrance and discovered Laura seated at the rustic table, her head buried in her arms.

"Why, Laura, my child, what is the matter?" he cried, trying to raise her from her position.

For some time his entreaties were only answered by sobs, but at last Laura lifted her tear-stained face, clasped her arms around her father's neck, and said imploringly:—

"Promise me, papa, that you will never become a drunkard!"

"What do mean, my child?" asked Mr. Evans, filled with astonishment.

"Why papa, this afternoon, as I came from school, I saw a crowd of boys around a poor drunken man. They were tormenting him so dreadfully that I begged the leader, Tom Harris to let him alone. He was angry at what he called my interference, and said—but I cannot repeat the words." And the poor child's tears began to flow afresh.

"Yes, tell me," urged the father.

"He said, you needn't preach Laura Evans; I heard some men say the other day, that if your father kept on he would soon be a drunkard in the gutter. O, papa, was it not dreadful? Tell me that there is no truth in the words! How can they speak of my dear, good, noble papa in connection with a drunkard?"

A flush of mingled anger and shame mounted to the brow of Mr. Evans.

"Do they say such things of me?" he exclaimed. "But my darling child," he continued, tenderly, "do not be uneasy; they shall never again have occasion to couple the word drunkard with your father's name. It is true that I have been in the habit of taking an occasional glass of spirits, but I now see the danger into which I was unconsciously falling, and never again shall intoxicating liquors pass my lips."

"Thank you, papa," cried Laura, kissing him. "I am as happy now as I was miserable before."

Mr. Evans kept his word. The opinion that had been expressed in regard to him, caused him to realize, for the first time, that there is danger in an occasional glass. He was also reminded (as every parent should be) that if his own self-respect did not prompt good habits, the fear of causing his dear child to be bowed in shame because of him should do so.

Perhaps there is no habit which gains such a hold upon a person as that of drinking. A first glass, an occasional glass, follow fast upon each other; until a miserable drunkard is the result.

—Youth's Banner.

TEMPERANCE MISCELLANY.

The following characteristic relation of experience by Francis Murphy is from the Murphy section of that lively temperance book published by Nelson & Phillips, entitled "The Temperance Reform and its Great Reformers." There is a great deal more in the book of the same charming spirit.

"I was't very well up in the ways of Yankee farming, but then I was determined to learn. The farmer who hired me was on good terms with all the live stock about the place, and could make them do just what he wanted them to do. One day, when he had the oxen yoked to a stone-boat, he put the stick into my hand, and said:—

"Here, youngster, let me see you drive them 'ere cattle."

"So I took the gad, and began to talk to the oxen as I heard him talk; 'Whish, haw, Buck, come here now!'

Whisking the stick in a highly professional style. But the oxen shook their heads, and kicked up their heels, and started off on a run across the meadows. Then I ran around them to head them off, giving them a crack every time I got near enough, and shouting, 'Whoa! whish! haw! jee! get up! what's the matter with ye?' The oxen all the time on the full jump, the stone-boat leaping and flying through the air, and the Yankee man bent up double with laughing at me.

"Then I began to study the matter, and took notice that when the farmer went round among the cattle, he would often carry the big pockets of his frock full of corn nubbins, which they used to eat out of his hand; and I said to myself: 'Why, can't I get on good terms with them in the same way?'

"There was a long row of ears of corn hanging up along one side of the barn; so one day, when the man wasn't looking, I stuffed my pockets full of them, and went into the yard where the oxen were, and held out a great handsome yellow ear of corn to old Buck. He gave me a queer look out of his great soft eyes, as much as to say he hadn't forgotten about the race we had the other day; but I kept creeping up closer and closer, and holding out the corn till I felt sure I had got his attention, and then I stopped.

"He turned his head a little on one side, gave a shake of his ears, rattled the hoof of one hind leg and inquired with something of doubt on his countenance,

"Is that for me?'

"It is," says I.

"Then he came a step toward me, reached out his great red tongue, half as long as your arm, and I reached out the ear of corn; and after that I never had any more trouble with the oxen."

"Now, my friend, if kindness works, so with oxen, why not try it on men?"

An intoxicated man by the name of Michael Roesiter, threw a lighted lamp at his wife one day last week because she would not give him money. Her clothes were set on fire, and the result was death; but the rum-shops are still in full blast.

JOSEPH BILLING'S ALMANAX.

SOME OF THE GOOD THINGS TO BE FOUND IN THEM.

The man who never makes enny blunders is a very nice piece of maseenery,—that's all.

I never tri to settle other peepel's quarrels; i have seen men tri to do this and git badly whipt bi both partys.

Hunting for happiness is like hunting for hen's eggs away under the barn; after you hav found them, half the time you find they are addled.

There is lots of peepel in this world who say they haint got enny faith in a heaven or hell, yet they hav got faith enuff to invest their last dollar in a lottery ticket, or a bottle of quak meadin.

I kias en even whoze word iz better than their bond, these are the knight errants of honesty.

Mules are like sum men; after you hav studdid their karakter for 5 years class, the best thing you can du iz to git an average on them.

No man has ever yet becum so wize as to kuo how much he loves himself, and how little his nabor.

It is quite common to meet peepel whohav more relijon, and even moraliti, than they hav common sense.

Yung man, study politeness, even if you ask a man for his tooth-pik, after he haz got dun using it, dont fail to thank him politely for it.

Lasting friendships can only exist between equals, superiority insists upon respect, and inferiority is too often apt to excite pity.

If you want to find out a man's the karakter, examin him at home bi tru fire side; here he iz the hero of the okashun and iz angelick, or devilish in spite of himself.

There aint no such things as inenshuns, all things that we have are diskoovers.

Virtew iz the only standard to mezure men, or things bi; it iz possible to be grate, and devilish at the same time.

There iz only one kind of person who iz fit to liv in solitude, and he iz the one who is capable of adorning enny poishun in his society.

Those who hav real merit at the last ones to see it in themselves, and the fust ones to see it in others.

If thar iz a perfectly happy person found in this world, it will be the one who haz got but little, and dont want enny thing more.

Lasting reputashuns are of a slo growth, the man who wakes up famus some morning iz very apt to go to bed some night and sleep it all off.

Man was kreated a little lower than the angells, and he has been gitting a little lower ever since.

A man with a very small hed on him iz like a pin without enny, very apt to git into things beyond his depth.

Guessing and lying are fust cuzins. The man who gets into the habit of guessing at all things will soon get into the habit of lying about many things.

How can you expect to find two peepel in this world who are alike when you cant even find one who is alike half the time.

I am no profit, nor the sun of a profit, but I prophesy this—the man who matches himself against the devil, at enny knd of a game, is allwus a going to git beat.



MILLER, BROTHERS, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N.S., or Charlotte Town, P. E. I. NOW HAVE THE AGENCY OF THE CELEBRATED RAYMOND Sewing Machine

being transferred (four months ago) from William Crowe, of Halifax, to them, (excepting the County of Halifax.)

THE RAYMOND MACHINE

is too well known to require any puffing; and there have been some important improvements put upon it of late, which render it, by far, the best family machine made.

The following are some of the kinds kept in stock by us, viz:—

- Singer, Webster, Empress of India, Household, Wood, Wilson A, Wanzer, Champion, Osborne, White, Royal, Howe, &c., &c. SECOND-HAND MACHINES

taken in exchange for new ones.

8. MACHINES IN PRICE FROM - - \$5 to \$100

Sewing Machine Attachments, FIRST CLASS OIL AND Needles of all kinds in Stock

All S. Machines warranted to give good satisfaction. Also importers and dealers in several

FIRST-CLASS MAKE

PIANO AND ORGANS

PIANOS IN PRICE FROM - - \$225 to \$1000 ORGANS " " 75 to \$400

Instruments guaranteed for five years, and sold on very easy terms

Liberal reduction made to Clergymen, Churches and Sabbath Schools

Second-hand Pianos and Organs taken in exchange. As we have now been in the sewing machine business for ten years and import all our stock direct from the manufacturers on

Cash Principles.

and our expenses being much less than would be in the city, we are prepared to sell on the very best terms.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF Sewing Machines,

promptly attended to by a First-class Mechanic. Charges Moderate.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the

Throat and Lungs,

such as Coughs, Colds,

Whooping Cough,

Bronchitis, Asthma,

and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired.

In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use.

All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections.

CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

WHOLESALE BROWN & WEBB, Agents, Halifax.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

WE ARE OFFERING TO-DAY Ex Steamship NOVA SCOTIAN FOUR CASES

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Which are now ready for inspection.

DAVIDSON & CRICHTON, 155 HOLLIS STREET.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1878-9 1878-9 WINTER ARRANGEMENT

ON and after MONDAY, the 18th November 1878, Trains will leave Halifax as follows:—

At 8.30 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou, and intermediate points.

At 1.30 p.m. (Express) for Riviere du Loup, Quebec Montreal, and the west.

At 5.30 p.m. (Express) for St. John and intermediate stations.

WILL ARRIVE:—

At 8.20 p.m. (Express) from St. John, Pictou, and intermediate stations.

At 9.15 a.m. (Express) from St. John and intermediate stations.

At 1.30 p.m. (Express) from Riviere du Loup, Quebec Montreal, and intermediate stations.

C. J. BRYDGES, Gen. Supt. Gov't Railways. Moncton, N.B., Nov. 13th., 1878. nov 28



JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

WOODVILLE, CORNWALLIS, May 3, 1877.

MESSES C. GATES & Co. Gentlemen—This is to certify that three years ago I was troubled with a bad cough accompanied with pain and soreness of the lungs for some time, I took one bottle of your No. 1 Bitters, and happy to say have had good health ever since. My wife was afflicted with biliousness and sick headache for two years, and six bottles of your Medicine effected a complete cure, and she had better health now than ever she had for some years. I believe your medicines are the best ever sold in the Province of Nova Scotia.

Respectfully, CALB WHEATON.

WAINSBURY GOLD MINES, Halifax Co., Aug. 22, 1877.

C. GATES & Co.—Gentlemen,—This is to certify that after suffering for four years of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, coughing and spitting of blood, daily anticipating death, that one bottle of Dr. Gates' Life of Man Bitters cured me effectually.

I sincerely recommend it to any one that is suffering from the same disease.

JOHN MCKENRIE, (Aged 78 years.)



DOMINION OF CANADA.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 8th Oct., 1878.

NOTICE is hereby given, that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an order in Council bearing date the 2nd of October instant, has been pleased to order and direct that the privilege granted by Order in Council of 3rd August, 1871, permitting the free admission of Canvas for the manufacture of oil cloth, but of not less than 18ft in width, be so extended as to include widths as low as four feet ten inches, on condition that the said canvas be not pressed or calendared.

By command, J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

Oct 26 21

W. & C. SILVER,

Have opened at No. 11 George Street, next door to their General Warehouse, a full and well selected stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING & OUTFITTING,

to which they invite special attention.

CANADIAN, SCOTCH AND ARTIC FLEECE LINED

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

of extra value—fine long cloth.

Fancy Flannel and Oxford Shirts.

A choice lot of WINTER COATINGS—Beavers, and Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, made up to order by first-class workmen. Nov 2 4w

JOB PRINTING

REPORTS, PAMPHLET

Posters, Handbills,

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Custom and Mercantile Blanks,

We are now prepared to execute all Orders for the above work

AT MODERATE RATES.

WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

AT THE 'WESLEYAN' OFFICE.

CARD.

Russel, Chesley and Geldert,

Attorneys-at-Law, &c., &c.

OFFICE: 54 GRANVILLE STREET.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL, SAMUEL A. CHESLEY, JOHN M. GELBERT, Jr.

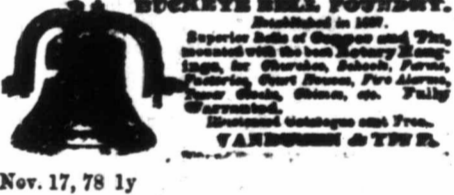
DRY GOODS. DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS!! WHOLESALE

We beg to advise the completion of our Fall and Winter Stock.

the ENGLISH, FRENCH and AMERICAN Markets have all been visited by one of the Firm, and our Stock (including many SPECIAL LINES) secured at very low figures, which we now offer at a very small advance.

INSPECTION INVITED.

SMITH BROS.



W. BLYMYER MFG CO BELLS CO

CUSTOM TAILORING!

H. G. LAURILLIARD 19 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX N.S.

Agency for New York Fashions April 1876

PIANOS

Magnificent Grand New, 600 dollars Rosewood Pianos, only 175 dollars Must be sold. Fine Rosewood Upright Pianos, little used, cost 200 dollars only 125. Parlor Organs 3 stops, 40 dollars; 5 stops, 60; 12 stops, only 75 dollars. Other great bargains. Mr. Beatty sells first-class Pianos and Organs lower than any other establishment. "Herald." You ask why? I answer, Hard times. Our employees must have work. Sales over 1,000,000 dollars annually. War commenced by the monopolists. Battle raging. Particulars free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J., U. S. A. Jan 6-17

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. S. F. Huestis
11 a.m. Key St. 7 p.m. Rev. W. H. Heartz

MARRIED.

At Port La Four 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.

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.

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