

# The Wesleyan,

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"Unless Moody and Sankey come to our  
"help, we shall soon be on our beam ends."

DEAR SIR,—Your editorial reference to the above was well-timed. "It is not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts." "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollus, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man." "I have planted, Apollus watered, but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." Moody may preach and Sankey may sing, but the Holy Spirit converteth the heart. It is true these men are very successful in leading sinners to Christ, but only because they are giants in faith and prayer. The warrant of their success is found in the Master's declaration, "Them that honor me, I will honor." God's own word, quoted as such, and quoted with full faith in its truth and power, is their chief instrument of labor, and they find it "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Moody is successful, but he has no monopoly of salvation. There is no patent-right to the God-appointed means for bringing sinners to the cross. All the machinery of salvation and the means of converting power are at the command of all. The same "prayer hearing and prayer answering God" is accessible to all. "Your heavenly Father will give his Spirit to them who ask Him" is not a restricted promise. Moody may claim it, but so may all. The throne of grace is a common inheritance. Moody uses it very much, but there is room for you and me. The praying heart need not want a praying place. From the remotest corner of the earth it may ascend, and swifter than an angel's wing, it will enter heaven and find its way to the heart of Jesus. An open Bible, not of any private interpretation, is spread before us all. Moody is on his knees before it, but there is room for us beside him. There we may learn the secret of his success. There we may learn the military tactics which are leading Moody to victory. The battle-field is charted. The weak point of the enemy's works are marked. The route to victory is drawn plainly in deep red lines with the Saviour's blood. Have we learnt the lesson? Then let us to Ephesians, and getting the key of the armour, let us enter, and buckling on the armour, go forth to glorious war.

"Soldiers of Christ arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his Eternal Son:  
Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror."

In our day too much prominence is given to the servant. The creature is exalted at the expense of the Creator. Because the instrument is worked by an unseen hand it is honored rather than the artist. Too many are crying, send for Moody! Rather, brethren, as some one has lately written, "Send for the Holy Spirit. Date and subscribe to the message, with tears, in your closet, and be sure that the message is endorsed by the name of Jesus Christ, and that the plea is made in his name. We are too prone to run hither and thither for help, and fall back on an arm of flesh. Preaching is impotent till the Holy Spirit makes it potent. Our most fervent appeals are utterly powerless until the Holy Spirit uses them. Then, let us seek the baptism of the Spirit, and, going forth, Pentecostal showers of blessing will attend our preaching. As a church we need to go to our knees. There has been too much-murmuring lately and too little faith. If the time spent in writing caustic criticisms, bilious murmurings, and unbrotherly, uncharitable, and unchristian letters to the

WESLEYAN, was spent in sending up supplications to the God of grace, the cry of "Send for Moody!" would give place to the more blessed one—God is with us, let our hearts rejoice!

JUVENIS.

There is a lunatic in the States who deserves to be presented with a handsome testimonial by a grateful and admiring public, for he has discovered a new way for his fellow-madman to indulge their mania without wanting to slaughter anybody. Hitherto it has been the fashion for the insane to kill some unoffending individual, and the crime could not be punished, for no jury would ever believe that a man who killed another in cold blood was possessed of his right mind. This present lunatic, however whose name, unfortunately is not known to fame, has more peaceful instincts, and revolts at the idea of murder, preferring another mode of enjoyment. He lives "out West," and recently addressed a complaint to Post-Master General Jewell, stating that he had sent out a large number of important letters, not one of which had reached its destination, and of course he wanted the matter investigated. To facilitate inquiry he inclosed a list of two hundred names purporting to be those of persons he had written to. This looked serious, and a thorough search was instituted; the Dead Letter Office was ransacked, but not a single letter, bearing any of the addresses given was found. An official intimation of this painful fact was sent to the complainant, who replied by informing the department that the irregularities were much greater than supposed, and in proof of this he enclosed a further list of four hundred names. General dismay in the Post-Office and renewed search, again resulting as before, in a blank. Again word to this effect was sent to the irate complainant, and evoked a terrible answer accompanied by a list of eight hundred letters which had been posted but never delivered. The case began to look bad for the Department, and orders were given to have the search continued more vigorously than before. At the same time the local postmaster was communicated with and asked for information concerning this mass of strayed correspondence, when it was ascertained that the complainant was as mad as a batter and enjoying a practical joke at the expense of the authorities. Hard, of course, on them, but still it was better the lunatic should relieve his mind in this way than by taking the life of a fellow-creature.—*Chronicle.*

A PLEASANT MEMENTO.—A Bombay journal states: "The English papers chronicled how the Princess of Wales accompanied her husband to France, but with all their vigilance they did not hear about a certain small box being placed on board the *Serapis*. Well, there was such a box, and all that Sir Bartle Frere, in whose charge it was placed, knew about it was that he was to take particular care of it, and not to let the Prince know anything of its existence. When the *Serapis* arrived the box was sent to Parell, and on the next morning, the Prince's birthday, and his first morning on Indian soil, his eye rested upon a large portrait, beautifully adorned with Indian flowers. The portrait was that of the Princess. It had been secretly placed in the Prince's bedroom in order to surprise him, and it is unnecessary to say that this was the contents of the mysterious box which had been so jealously watched by Sir Bartle Frere, and about which Miss Frere was the only possessor of the secret. We may all be sure that the Prince was touched with the Princess's thoughtfulness. In a strange land, amid surroundings of which he had never before seen the like, the portrait must have suggested very powerfully to his Royal Highness the tender anxiety with which the Royal Family, as well as the British nation, regard his tour in India.

## FATHER BOEHM.

Last week we announced the "greatly improved health" of that remarkable centenarian, Rev. Henry Boehm. Before our paper reached its readers, however, Father Boehm was again suddenly stricken down, and as we now write (Monday) a messenger brings us word that "he is dying." We shall doubtless, therefore, in our next record his decease—the first death of a centenarian in the history of our ministry. His life has been as remarkable for its goodness as for its length, and he passes peacefully and hopefully from his friends on earth to his friends in "the excellent glory."—*N. Y. Advocate.*

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The venerable Dr. Brooks, of Fredricton has been ill recently. His congregation give this expression in the *Fredricton Reporter* of last week:—

The whole congregation of St. Paul's Church of this city cannot refrain from expressing publicly their deep sense of gratitude to their Methodist friends, and specially to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who, notwithstanding previous arrangements, so readily consented to supply, last Sunday, the pulpit of the venerable Dr. Brooks, who is just recovering from a severe attack of illness.

The members of that Church do not only feel obliged to Mr. Wilson for his readiness in consenting to preach to them, but also for the very acceptable and effective discourses he delivered on that occasion. If we were not afraid to do him an injustice, we would attempt to give a sketch of each of them, but doing so would be to deprive them of some of their most pleasing features.

It is a real treat to listen to Mr. Wilson, whose fluency of language, clearness of utterance, beauty of illustration, and just appreciation of the text he expounds, render him one of the best of preachers.

Two or three items of interest to many of our readers appear in the Table Talk of the *London Methodist*. That on Mr. Scott's Mission will be specially welcome to them:—

English Methodists who are interested in the oft-told tale of the Rev. George Scott's mission in Sweden will be glad to know that the American Methodists have been so successful in Sweden that there are now over 100 Methodist preachers and 5,000 communicants there, and these are petitioning to have a separate Conference. The preachers who went to Sweden have done well and will do well. Power to them! They have not proclaimed the Gospel in the style of a decayed gentleman who once turned out to sell matches, and cried rather feebly, "Matches! matches!" and then *aside*, "Oh, I hope nobody will hear me!"

A letter appeared this week in a Tory daily paper, from a clergyman advocating a Reform in the Burial-Law, and the admission of Nonconformist ministers to the parish graveyards to conduct the funeral service. He gave several good reasons for his wish—reasons in which we could heartily join. He also expressed a wish for the change because he himself wanted relief, inasmuch as he did not like to be required to read the service over "dogs."

Every one who knew him will be very grieved to hear of the sudden death of the Rev. William Bunting, of Haslingden. He was seized with apoplexy on his way to the railway station, when he was going to one of his appointments; he was carried home, never spoke again, and died on the following morning. Mr. Bunting was not so widely known as he deserved to be. Shy, distrustful of himself, he shunned the crowd; but he was a man of rare abilities. Some of his poems were printed for private circulation when he was a student at Didsbury, and others have now been allowed to see the light, but he was very unwilling to let his name appear with them. The Church can ill afford to spare such men from her ranks.

Rev. Theophilus L. Williams writes from Hardwick, New Brunswick, to the *Methodist Recorder*, London:—

DEAR SIR.—A few remarks from one to whom Mr. G. Sims refers in his letter recently published in your valuable columns, may make a stronger impression upon any young man who entertains the idea of offering himself for the work than anything that could be said by older brethren, and may also relieve the minds of anxious friends. After a stormy, but on the whole a pleasant voyage of fourteen days, we landed safely at Halifax, where we met with a kind reception from the Rev. A. W. Nicolson and Mr. Starr, the latter of whom takes as lively an interest in young men on their arrival, as does Mr. Joseph Lawrence when he sends them out. We left Halifax for our respective circuits the next day. The Rev. W. J. Kirby for Canterbury; the Rev. W. W. Wass for Florenceville; and the Rev. J. Goldsmith for Prince Edward Island. On arriving at Chatham, Miramichi, which is the nearest circuit town, I was joined by the Rev. R. Crisp, who accompanied me to my future sphere of labor. It comprises four settlements, about ten miles distant from each other. Since then I have conducted service at each settlement several times, and have been well received and treated with the utmost kindness, especially so at the farthest settlement, within ten miles of which only one service had been held in the previous twelve months. Any young man whose heart is in the work, and who feels himself called on to preach the Gospel need fear nothing if, after he has provided himself with books, clothing, &c., he has £20 in his pocket—that is, £10 to pay his passage out, and the remainder to defray incidental expenses previous to the receipt of his salary (board, lodging, &c., being always provided). The climate is far preferable to England. The atmosphere is clear and bracing, and the winter, though long and cold, is both pleasant and healthy.

## BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers  
Between the sunset and the pale moon-rise,  
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,  
And soft grey shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,  
Seen in the light of suns that long have set;  
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,  
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me through the dusk returning,  
I hear the echoes of departed feet;—  
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,  
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet.

Must the old joys be evermore withheld—  
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;  
And yet, from out Jerusalem the Golden  
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer,  
Stifle my love, or give me back the past!  
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are dearer  
Than all thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace, peace—the Lord of earth and heaven  
knoweth  
The human soul in all its best and strife;  
Out of his throne no stream of Lethe floweth,  
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness,  
Old loves, old sunny scenes will he restore;  
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness  
Shall taint thine earth and vex thine heart no more.

Serve him in daily work and earnest living,  
And faith shall lift thee to his sunlit heights;  
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving  
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—*Sarah Dowdney in Sunday Magazine*

## A REMARKABLE CLASS-MEETING INCIDENT.

We find in the *Pacific Christian Advocate* an interesting account of a remarkable incident which transpired at the "Friday-night class" in the Taylor-street Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland, Oregon. Among those present were two converted gamblers and ex-saloon-keepers, who gave in a clear and unmistakable statement of their intention henceforth to serve the only living and true God. One of the men presented the leader of the class with a well-worn dice-box and the dice, stating that for thirty years he had owned that box, and had become so expert in the use of it that he could actually bet a game in which loaded dice should be used while he would use honest dice. A visible impression was made as he handed over this implement of his calling for so many years, stating that he had never failed when he needed money, but now he had found a better way, and proposed to place himself in the hands of the Lord in the future.

Opposite these two (one of whom has been serving the Lord for about three months) sat two Christian ladies, who, in the days of crusade, had prayed in the saloons of these same men, that "God, in his own way, but in some way," would bless these men, and lead them to see the error of their way. Unexpectedly to them they were brought face to face with these men, who have acknowledged that they have never gotten clear of the voices of the crusaders, or of their prayers and songs. It was a precious meeting; the faith of all was increased, and the belief was strengthened that God is working mightily in the hearts of sinners in Portland.

## HARD WORK IN YOUTH.

Many young people are impatient of the hard work to be done as clerks, or in subordinate positions, and are eager to make fortunes without the long and painful toil which is essential to success. They may learn something from the experience of Vice-President Wilson. He says of himself:

I feel that I have a right to speak for toiling and toiling men. I was born here in your country of Stratford. I was born in poverty. Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for

bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years' of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep which brought me eighty-four dollars.

Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard toil! I never spent the amount of one dollar of money, counting every penny, from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles, and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil.

I remember that in October, 1838, I walked into your village from my native town, went through your mill-seeking employment. If anybody had offered me nine dollars a month I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket and tried to get work, without success, and returned home footsore and weary, but not discouraged.

I put my pack on my back and walked to where I now live in Massachusetts, and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling men of my country—aye of all countries.

The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill logs and wood, rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after at night, and I received the magnificent sum of six dollars! Each of these dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks to-night.

A death from tight-lacing at seventy-seven is hardly likely to point the accustomed moral with the usual force. It reminds us of the old story of the two successive witnesses in an Assize case, one of whom illustrated the virtue of never having been intoxicated, and the other the wholesome effects of having always gone to bed drunk. Tight-lacing is very bad, for some constitutions at any rate, when we find an old lady dying within three years of four-score, the discovery being made only after her death that all her vital organs have been terribly cramped by the tight-lacing of her youth. The lady of whom this is reported expired fully dressed for church, in consequence of the breaking of an aneurism, and it is, perhaps, a feasible surgical suggestion that by accident to form into which the interior of her body was compressed may have protected the aneurism, and so lengthened her life rather than shorten it. Still, there are things which are self-evidently bad, and the account given of this poor old lady's internal condition suggested that if her constitution had not been exceptionally excellent, she could not have reached even a moderate old age. The lower ribs were tightly jammed together, the sides nearly touching each other. The liver, intestines, stomach, and other organs were all jumbled up together, and were remarkable for their smallness. Other parts of the interior organism were drawn up in a frightful manner. On the whole, ladies who read this sad account of the effects of tight-lacing on a tall and once beautiful woman will probably not be much encouraged by the longevity to which special circumstances allowed her to attain.

We have heard Camp-meeting John Allen rise at the commencement of religious services in the groves and repeat with great effect a whole Psalm or a chapter from the New Testament. We do not know as we were ever more affected by the Scripture lesson in a public service, than by such an earnest and loving outpouring of Holy Writ, verbally imprinted in early life upon the memory of this excellent minister. Sometimes it becomes a matter of wonderful convenience to have whole chapters of the Bible thus written upon the heart. We note in an exchange an amusing illustration of its advantage, in the instance of an old friend to many of our readers—Rev. John D. Knox, of Topeka, Kansas. Making a visit the other day upon the family of the editor of the "Lawrence Tribune," the latter is reminded of this curious occurrence: "Some years ago this good clergyman held a prayer-meeting in our house, and accidentally Mrs. Spear handed him the *Life of Napoleon* for the Bible, and he held it in his hands, repeated a chapter of Scripture from memory, and the mistake was only discovered after he had left, and *Napoleon* was found on the table where he left it after prayers. We took good care not to make such a mistake on this last call." Who of our readers could have passed so happily through such a test of Scripture memory as that?—*Don's Herald.*

WESLEYAN ALMANAC, JANUARY, 1876.

First Quarter, 13th day, 11h. 30m. morning. Full Moon, 17th day, 2h. 30m. morning. Last Quarter, 23rd day, 4h. 35m. morning. New Moon, 28th day, 9h. 27m. afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and HOURS. It lists the times of sunrise and sunset for each day of the month.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Position gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and other places.

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, 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 3 hours 34 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 30 minutes LATER.

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

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

WHO ARE THE WISE?

A Sermon preached in Music Hall, Boston, Wednesday Evening, Nov. 24th, 1875, by Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., in aid of the Boston Missionary Society.

But he said, I am not mad most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.—Acts xxvi, 25.

(Continued from our last.)

But again, the disciples of Christianity are not beside themselves when they proclaim their faith in the doctrines of sin and salvation.

Festus and Paul are one in the admission that sin is a tremendous reality, but with this admission their estimates of sin widely differ. Sin, according to the modern Festus, is a necessity of our being, founded, it is held, in the universal law which obtains in all worlds of matter or morals,—the law of necessary antagonisms. As, say they, the opposite of light is darkness, the opposite of the acid is the alkali, the opposite of summer heat is the winter cold, so the opposite of virtue is vice, and holiness that of sin. Or, it is sin, sin is founded in the limitation of our being. God alone, the infinite and perfect, is sinless. Man, the finite and imperfect, is sinful. But how does the Apostle smite these false philosophers to the dust by the declaration that "sin is a wilful transgression of the law?" Beginning with the deliberate choice of the will, what mind angelic can tell out the calamity it has entailed? Sin, the mighty vandal, it has swept this world with ruin! Sin, the bandit Ishmael, its hand is against every man;—I would to God that every man's hand were against it? Sin, a spirit more dire than ever came from "vasty deep!" It built hell, created the worm that dieth not, and kindled the fire that can never be quenched. Flinging insult in the face of God it has taken up the scroll of human history and written it within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe.

Turning from the appalling picture of sin, we would ask the modern Festus if it should not be the object of eternal hatred? It was the faith and fancy of the olden medieval times, that sin satanic became incarnated in human form, and came to men as a fair temptress, holding in her hands manifold and seductive charms, but if you drew aside the folds of her robe, she was foul, loathsome, leprous—a whitened sepulchre of death. And now I turn round and ask, Who is the madman, and who is the sane? Is it the impatient Festus, who loves to compassionate with loathsomeness and death? Or is it the penitent Paul, who cries out with pathetic appeal, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver from the body of this death?" Did I say, Who is the madman? Your verdict, I am sure, must be given.

Oh, this penitence! often overlooked by many in these days, we would glorify its excellence! Its tears are the gems of divinity, formed and polished by the Hand Divine. Its cry for moral betterance thrills through the universe and finds a response in the heart of

God. Who is the penitent man? Before the sneering Festus thou canst stand up in thy noblest manhood and face the scorner, exclaiming, "I am not mad, most noble Festus;" and heaven gives its attestation: "For there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth,"—one sinner that begins to climb out of the ruins of sin, and ascend the steep and starry road to the infinite abode and golden hereafter.

And here I ask you to mark the consequences which sin has entailed. As a deliberate breach of the divine law, sin implies guilt,—a guilt which demands a pardon Divine. The universal consciousness of man is a consciousness of guilt. Every heart in this house has thrilled under its influences. This tells of responsibility to higher law, and is the regent of divinity that that stirs within us, which no bribes will quiet, and will not lie down at our bidding.

And tell me, ye mighty masters of the past! ye hoary sons of wisdom! why left ye the myriad hearts wounded and bleeding from the poisoned barbs of guilt? Verily not because you did not try, but because you could not pluck out the barbs, and heal the weary wounded heart.

Like one in stately hall, who looks at dissolving views as they come and go on the canvas of far-off times, telling of human endeavour to escape from the pangs of guilt. There comes up the picture of rude stones built into the rude Druidic altar, surrounded with rude, barbaric men, who with anxious look, place on the altar the wood, the fire, and the victim,—perhaps the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul,—while above the ascending smoke, the handwriting flashes out, "These for sin could not atone!" But this scene has faded, and now there comes in succession a gorgeous tabernacle and splendid temple, with a brilliant array of robed and mitred priests, who with incense and blood of lambs, and fire and water, are seeking to expiate transgression. But over all there flashes out the words, "Only the shadow of good things to come!" Once again the picture changes. On the dark ground there rises a cross and a victim transfixed, with pierced side, and face more marred than that of any man,—the incarnate Son of God. No altar is there. No robed or surpliced priest. No ritualistic forms or sacramental efficacies. Only a cross and a victim. And over that cross the words: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And see you the mighty hosts that are pilgrims to that cross? Tottering age and bright-eyed youth, the splendor of cultured intellectual and rude, barbaric ignorance, royalty and rags, the sick, the dying men, of every age and clime, are coming; and as they stand and gaze, and trust, somehow the eye brightens with a new found hope, and the heart swells with unutterable peace—the sense of sins forgiven,—and warbles its jubilation of praise.

Now tell me, thou modern Festus! Tell me, Herbert Spencer, whose only God is blind force, and unthinkable and unknowable! Tell me, materialistic Maudsley, who knows no spirit but the refinement of matter, and no immortality but atomic dust! Tell me thou pantheistic Emerson, can your philosophies kindle the soul into raptures of an immortal hope, or arm it with triumphant confidence to walk the gates of death? Can, I say, your philosophies do this? Never! a thousand times never! Then we are not mad, most noble Festus, when we take our stand firm, dauntless, heroic, by the cross, and cry out, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

And yet further: sin not only entails guilt, but the ruin of our mortal being. Like a mighty iconoclast, it has transformed the spirit temple of God within, into a temple of depravity,—a cage where no bird of paradise sings,—only the unclean vultures of passion abide. Like a fell magician, it has taken the tender heart and petrified it into stone,—cold, insensible, hard, dead! I have heard of a famous artist, who, standing before a rough mass of marble, with enthusiastic exultation exclaimed, "I see angels in that stone!" and then with mallet and chisel, he hewed out the angelic forms of rarest beauty.

that were a joy to millions. In like manner, but in grander sense, the Spirit of the living God stands to-night and looks at every uncomely, stoney heart in this house, and says, "I see angelic beauty—yea, the graces of divinity there. I will take away the stony out of thy heart, and give thee a heart of flesh. I will put my spirit within thee, and cause thee to walk in my statutes and keep my judgments." All hail this grandest revelation of God! With this we can pronounce the glad Eureka, "I have found it,"—found the way of holiness! Not, O ye modern Festus! not by your vaunted self-culture! no, but by bringing the energy of God to the weakness of man, the Divine Spirit with thy spirit. On, ye fainting ones, whose feet have faltered in the holy way! This is our gospel of hope: by all-commanding faith, the strength of divinity is mine, so become beautiful in holiness. And is this, as John Stuart Mills asserts, only a fancy and delusion? Nay, verily, see the reality of this work! The grandeur of the change which has come over the man made holy! See the transforming energy at work in all his powers! His passions, once like the untrained tiger, greedy of evil, are now hushed into quiet, and ready to dwell with the Lamb. His proud, defiant will, in sweetest union is blended with the will divine. His memory, vagrant and forgetful of good, is now plastic as wax, and permanent as marble, to grasp all gracious thought. His winged imagination, that roamed in darkness, now hovers round the cross. His long slumbering conscience is now awake, and keeps with jealous care the temple of the heart, that nothing unclean enters there. Look, I say, at this man! he is the same, and yet, not the same! A new beauty, softened and gracious,—the beauty of holiness,—has overspread his being, and with everlasting joy on his head, he is going to the mountains of myrrh and frankincense, where the day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

Oh, the testimony of ten thousand thousand voices, justifies the disclaimer, "I am not mad most noble Festus," when we proclaim our faith in the doctrines of sin and salvation. But finally, the disciples of Christianity are not beside themselves when they labour to prepare for a higher world. But lately, Winnevoode Reed, one of England's literati, died. Among the last things which his hand, palying in death, penned, was this: "I have given up the old gospel, with its immortality, and have accepted the religion of humanity, which is, Love virtuously, honor the planets on which you dwell, and then, first and noblest of animals, die, and go to dust, and that is all." Oh, my soul, come not thou into the secret of such, and with them, mine honor, be not thou united! Every grand intuition of our being is trampled to the dust, and the old Sadducean cry is again heard, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and that is all. But to the Christian this life has a nobler significance. It is a fragment of the higher life beyond; the vestibule which leads into the temple of immortality. Oh, how grand! I have stood on the hills of a southern isle of the sea, and watched the tropic sun, as she marched in splendor to her seeming rest, flinging her radiant shadows on the placid waters; I have seen her dip into darkness, and then, as if an angel's hand had lifted the curtain of the heavens, I have seen her reflected light flash up into a triumphant arch festooned with brilliant blue, and as if furnished with gold, till it seemed as if the everlasting gates had been lifted up, while far in the vista the excess of glory seemed too great, even for the shining ones. It was only for a moment, and then it was gone forever; but I then thought, and I still think, that these failing eyes shall never see aught more resplendent on this earth. Ah, but "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" of the beautitudes of the blest. Heart of man conceive, did I say? No! not when you sweetly pondered of the coming time at "stilly eve, as summer twilight dropped its dewy tears and wept itself away." No! not when you grasped the hand of your dying child, and looked into those tender eyes, which soon would gaze on other skies. No! not when you stood beneath the weeping willow where dust of sainted dead was resting, and thought of them as

"ever with the Lord." Not even when you were almost over the river, and beheld the "gates ajar." Not then did your heart conceive the bursting glory and beatific bliss of that world of glory. And I must add, not in your most terrific dreams could you conceive of that "world of hell." Into this life of mortal destiny you and I must shortly enter. Every throeb of the pulse, every beat of the heart, like a muffled drum, is the signal of our passage onward. Soon, O God! how soon? Will it be for us a world of heaven or of hell? The arrow may be about to fly that will strike some one here to the dust. Oh, for thunder-pealing words! Oh, for a spirit cry that will reach every heart: "Prepare to meet thy God! When the frivolous Festus would fling the taunt, "beside thyself," beside thyself because of this religious solicitude, then, supremely then, you can stand on high, and with life's uncertainty in the present, and immutable destiny in the future,—grand as heaven, terrible as hell,—for arguments cry out, "I am not mad most noble Festus!" And eternity shall tell that they were not mad. Who is this standing at the close of this discourse, with the thunder of doubt on his brow, and despair in his look, wailing out the bitter cry, "Without God, and without hope in the world. Hopeless, hapless, cast off, and utterly forsaken at last.

And who is this, all radiant with blissful anticipations, his face beaming with the light of heaven, exclaiming,—although in a prison he be,—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course and kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." That is Paul, the aged, and at last, triumphant. Be his lot yours and mine. Surely before the universe he stands justified, as not mad! not mad! Amen.

OBITUARY.

MR. GEORGE MOORE OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

In the year 1820, Mr. James Moore, and Sarah his wife, came to Prince Edward Island from England. They resided in Oasumpce for a few years, and subsequently for many years in Charlottetown. They were blessed with a large family of sons and seven daughters. They lived to celebrate their golden wedding in the year 1864, having been then fifty years married. They were both for many years prominent and beloved members of the Methodist Church, and among the sweetest singers of our Israel.

Mr. George Moore, the eldest son of James and Sarah Moore, and the first of their children to be removed by death, was born in London, England, in the year 1817. He came to this country with his parents in 1820. When a young man he removed to California where he remained five years. With the exception of those five years he resided in Charlottetown, or its vicinity, during all his life subsequent to 1820. Mr. Moore was for the last nineteen years the teller in the Bank of Prince Edward Island. He was during the last four years the Treasurer of the city of Charlottetown. In all his secular transactions, in private and in public walks, he has been competent and faithful in the discharge of his duties.

For the last forty-two years he has been a member of the Methodist Church. His ability as a singer; his aptness to teach in the Sabbath school; his uniform Christian consistency; his frank and genial manner; practical common sense; and his strict fidelity to duty in small things as in greater things; brought him into prominence among his brethren. During almost all his days he has been connected with the choir and the Sabbath school. He was several times, with pains-taking solicitude and ability and success filled the office of Superintendent of the school. He was for a long period one of the Trustees of our Connexion property in Charlottetown. And he has, moreover, for a long time discharged faithfully and efficiently the duties of a class leader.

During the last few years he suffered with disease of the heart. He continued, nevertheless, at his place in the Bank, and at his work in the Church, until the last day of his life. He had often prayed that he might "cease at once to work and live;" and his prayer was answered. Among his last words as he lay down to sleep on the last night of his sojourn on earth, were these: "I will think of the home I am going to soon." In a few moments he was not, for that night, December 1, 1875, before it was yet day, the morning of his release came, and in the fifty-ninth year of his age, God took him. He leaves a widow, and three sons and three daughters. D. D. C. December 31, 1875.

NICHOLAS MOSHER.

A sudden gloom fell upon our entire community on Sunday morning, Sept. 5th, when it became generally known that the gentleman whose name heads this article had died the night previous. He had been in good health up to Friday night. Early on Saturday morning he was taken suddenly sick [with cholera morbus, the disease terminating fatally about ten o'clock that night.

Mr. M. was a native of Newport, N. S., born March 15, 1806. In 1868 he moved to Kansas, and not finding congenial surroundings there came to this place in March, 1873, where, on account of his many sterling qualities as a Christian gentleman, he at once took rank among our best citizens. For a number of years he followed the occupation of ship building, in which pursuit he was quite successful, and at one time he was wealthy; but misfortune robbed him of his earnings, leaving him in comparative poverty—but with an uncomplaining heart and industrious hands, and with these he went to such labour as offered an honest support for himself and those dependent upon him. Maintaining in every phase of life the character of "an honest man the noblest work of God."

At 4 o'clock, p. m., on Sunday his remains were carried to the Methodist church, of which denomination he had been a most exemplary member for about forty years. A funeral sermon was preached by his pastor, Rev. O. A. Fisher, from Matt. xxv. 21, to a large concourse of citizens, who had met irrespective of denominational peculiarities, to do honor to one of the best of men. From the church the body was borne in solemn procession to the cemetery and deposited in its last resting place according to the sublime ritual of the church, to await the resurrection of the just. Long will the name of Nicholas Mosher be remembered and honored by the people of San Marcos. The deceased leaves a wife, son and daughter and several grand children here, and relatives in other places.—San Marcos Free Press, Texas.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 3, 1877.

MR. EDITOR.—In the WESLEYAN of the 1st inst., I observe a note from I. N. P., in which I am requested "to mention how many of the brethren" on the list of ministers sent out from this circuit, as published in your paper of the 18th ult., came from England; and he then supposes that the brethren Martin and Slackford, came from thence; and I readily admit that he is right in that supposition, and if it will be any consolation to know, how many exactly came to this Island, from that country, I may tell I. N. P., that there are several others on my list beside those mentioned by him, who came here, at different times, from that land, but no one of the number at the time of his arrival, was a candidate for the work among us. But what has the place of a man's birth to do with the matter, or how can that circumstance affect the general question? As to the brethren Martin and Slackford, it was my happiness to be by their side more than thirty-five years ago, when they received a knowledge of the Divine favor, and afterwards to receive them into the Methodist Church in this city.

My position as stated in the WESLEYAN of the 1st instant, is that the circuit on which a person is brought to God, is that which furnishes the material to keep up, or increase our ministerial staff, and not the place of his birth—unless the two are identical; if I. N. P. disputes the correctness of my position, let him say so, and then adduce his reasons for so thinking; but I hold that if redemption is a greater work than that of creation,—then the conquest of the will, and the subjection of a sinner to Christ, is a greater—a nobler—and a work more worthy of its Author, than the birth of a child, whether born in England or in any other country.

And now as to my letter in the last WESLEYAN, really Mr. Editor, there must have been a strange battle among the types in your office, when that letter was put to press; or a stranger obliviousness to desirable correctness, when your proof reader allowed it to pass into circulation from your office; but I only notice one of the errors which I think it worth while to ask to be corrected. You will see if you will kindly turn to my letter that I say that Jas Buckley belonged to or was from—and not as printed, was "born in" Cornwallis; were that little error allowed to pass I might have him down upon me—in the true Celtic style—with his "hurrah for the Emerald Isle."

Yours as ever, FREDERICK SMALLWOOD. (NOTE.—If writers for the Press will but generously take a share of the blame, we will assume the balance. Words are often so written that one is taken for another; and even corrections sent to us appear, sometimes almost precisely the same as words they are intended to alter.—EDITOR.)

JANUARY

MONDAY  
TUESDAY  
WEDNESDAY  
THURSDAY  
FRIDAY  
SATURDAY  
SUNDAY

TOPIC: Bible Faith. GOLDEN Text: through Christ Phil. 4. 13.

1. The presence of God.  
2. The presence of God.  
3. The presence of God.  
4. The presence of God.

Where in the Bible? 1. Human nature. 2. Human nature. 3. Faith in Christ. DOCTRINE: Text: John 6: 27.

See CONNEXION on 11. David familiar to every man's eye. facts to its great as stated in the through Simple the events of the stated in the O tion of human tin of simple far widow; 4. The To encourage phant faith, we TEXT: "I can which strengthen VERSES show David.

The Occasion years to have ointing. Having court as must though nominal returned (verse three elder brot defense against The encampment south-west of J Elah, which run this point about are sloping hills On the northern On the southern for forty days themselves on t perhaps with twice every day liath advanced f flant challenge o put forth a ma with himself mig 12. 33. 33; Josh. bit at twenty-one half a cubit, he inches in height, portion, and con His coat of mail and fifty-six pound eighteen. His w at two hundred Besides the TAR 45, which his own ried before him a ed his entire p breakfastwork. No and so armed a w el quailed, and n challenge. At th on the scene. He ance, and his wh indignant words a He is soon sent f proud champion.

The preparation tural thought wou pion must be as as completely as Saul equipped him of his own army dence. The praye THEX, pre-suppos skill. Saul did not at home in he been trained to h hamper him, and prey to his fac and appeared in equipmets of ero SLING.

As a shepherd the sling, and upon Saul, a Benjamin fare, Judges 20. It a weapon it was in hurling a stone to ten with force enou helmet. Must wis He could move lig combat, which giv five chances to Gol the rifle against a great thing was n sides this; there w

BEREAN NOTES.

Jan. 16.] LESSON III. DAVID AND GOLIATH. [B. C. 1063.] [1 Sam. 17:38-51.]

HOME READINGS.

MONDAY—1 Sam. 17: 38-54. TUESDAY—1 Sam. 17: 1-11. WEDNESDAY—Gen. 3: 1-15. THURSDAY—1 Sam. 17: 28-37. FRIDAY—Isa. 53: 1-12. SATURDAY—John 19: 13-30. SUNDAY—1 Cor. 15: 50-57.

TOPIC: Blessings Won through Simple Faith. GOLDEN TEXT: I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Phil. 4: 13.

TOPICAL OUTLINE.

- 1. The preparation of human wisdom, verse 38, 39. 2. The preparation of simple faith, verse 40. 3. The taunt of human wisdom, verse 41-44. 4. The triumph of simple faith, verse 45-51.

Where in this lesson may we learn that—

- 1. Human wisdom is not always reliable? 2. Human boasts are not always realized? 3. Faith in God is any man's best equipment? DOCTRINE: The utility of faith. Heb. 11: 6; John 6: 29.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

See CONNECTING LINK at close of Lesson II. David and Goliath is a narrative familiar to every child about us. It should be pushed beyond the mere interest of its facts to its great general lesson, which is, as stated in the TOPIC, "Blessings won through Simple Faith." Considering all the events of this narrative, we see, as stated in the OUTLINE: 1. The preparation of human wisdom; 2. The preparation of simple faith; 3. The taunt of human wisdom; 4. The triumph of simple faith. To encourage each of us to this triumphant faith, we may cling to the GOLDEN TEXT: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." THE SELECTED VERSES show this triumph as won by David.

The Occasion. We suppose a couple of years to have passed since David's anointing. Having spent some time at Saul's court as musician to the insane king, though nominally as his armor-bearer, he returned (verse 15) to his flock, while his three elder brothers joined the army of defense against the Philistine invasion. The encampment was fourteen miles south-west of Jerusalem, in the valley of Elah, which runs north-westerly, and is at this point about a mile wide. On its sides are sloping hills rising five hundred feet. On the northern slope lay the Israelites; on the southern the Philistines. Daily for forty days the two armies ranged themselves on the plain in line of battle, perhaps with some skirmishing; and twice every day the towering form of Goliath advanced from the ranks with a defiant challenge to the opposing army to put forth a man who in single combat with himself might settle the whole quarrel. He was of the race of Anak. Num. 12: 32, 33; Josh. 11: 21, 22. With the cubit at twenty-one inches and the span at half a cubit, he was eleven feet and four inches in height. He was strong in proportion, and completely clad in armor. His coat of mail alone weighed a hundred and fifty-six pounds, and his spear's head eighteen. His whole armor is estimated at two hundred and seventy-two pounds. Besides the TARGET, the SHIELD of verse 45, which his own hand used, another carried before him a large shield which covered his entire person and served as a breastwork. No wonder that before such and so armed a warrior the army of Israel quailed, and none dared to accept his challenge. At this juncture David comes on the scene. He hears the insolent defiance, and his whole soul is moved. His indignation words are reported to the king. He is soon sent for, and offers to meet the proud champion.

The preparation. A warrior's most natural thought would be that Israel's champion must be armed in the same way and as completely as was the Philistine. So Saul equipped him from head to foot out of his own armor. This was simple procedure. The prayer, THE LORD BE WITH THEE, presupposed the use of all human skill. Saul did wisely. But David was not at home in this armor; he had never been trained to its use. It would only hamper him, and so make him the surer prey to his foe. He therefore PUT IT OFF, and appeared in his ordinary SHEPHERD'S equipments of crook, leathern BAG, AND SLING.

As a shepherd he was accustomed to the sling, and upon it he resolved to rely. Saul, a Benjaminite, knew its use in warfare, Judges 20: 16, and how formidable a weapon it was in the hand of an expert, hurling a stone to a hair's breadth, and often with force enough to crush shield and helmet. Most wise was David's choice. He could move lightly, and except in close combat, which he meant to avoid, he had five chances to Goliath's one. It was like the rifle against a sword and spear—the great point was in accuracy of aim. Besides this, there was his preparation of

faith. The defiance was not only of the army of Israel, but THE ARMIES OF THE LIVING GOD, and therefore of God, their captain. The contest was really between Jehovah and the gods of Philistia. David rightly thought that THE BATTLE WAS THE LORD'S, and not his own. God's spirit (chap. 16: 13.) put into his heart the victory to fight, and the belief that his victory would produce a wide conviction of Jehovah's supremacy, and also inspired him with the expectation of success through divine help. This faith had a double action: it laid hold of God, and it also gave him courage, calmed his nerves, steeled his hand, and strengthened his arm.

The Combat. Look on the scene. The two armies arrayed, and Goliath, advanced in front, shouts anew his defiance. Forth from the ranks of Israel steps a lightly moving youth, apparently armed only with a shepherd's crook. It looks like the veriest buffoonery of war. What possible chance has this young man for his life? The Philistine, not dreaming of the sling, takes it as an insult that he should come to him with a stick to strike him, as he would his dog, and swears at him in his rage. They scold and threaten each other roundly after the fashion of their time, and Homer's heroes often do. But note the great difference: one is bold and confident because of his armor and his prowess as a warrior; the other trusts in Jehovah of hosts, who SAVETH NOT WITH SWORD AND SPEAR, but as pleaseth him. They approach each other, Goliath, heavy armed, moves slowly; but David, unencumbered, starts on a run to strike the first blow while yet out of the reach of his spear. He hurls his stone, which, crushing through helmet and skull, is imbedded in his antagonist's brain.

The Victory. The Philistine fell senseless. But David will make sure, and he has a right, according to the then usage of war, to his adversary's head as a trophy. With Goliath's own sword, till then unsheathed he finished his work. Then the Philistines, refusing to surrender according to the terms of the challenge, turned and fled down the valley, pursued by the Israelites as far as Ekron.

Lessons. 1. Each of us has his own giant to fight, and with only God to help and make victory certain. It may be pride, or bad temper, or covetousness, or indolence, or appetite, or some other sin. Gal. 5: 16, 19; Rom. 7: 19; Psa. 51: 10; 1 John 1: 7, 9; John 13: 9. 2. We ought, like David, to forget self, and put God's honor and glory first. Jer. 9: 23, 24; 1 Cor. 6: 20; Matt. 6: 33; Phil. 1: 20; 1 Kings 18: 36. 3. Nothing is too great for him who truly believes God. While he is trying to obey, he has a right to trust. Mark 9: 23; Acts 16: 31. Psa. 30: 7, 44. 6: 7; 1 John 5: 4; Phil. 4: 13; Eph. 6: 13, 18.

A very strange story is told in Toulouse of an unsuccessful attempt to rob the branch of the Bank of France in that city. The offices are close to an old bell-tower, now used as a shot tower. A distinguished stranger paid many visits to the tower—his ostensible object being the pursuit of archeology—and he was accompanied by a secretary who assisted him. One day the workmen in the tower heard a heavy fall, and running out found the stranger and his secretary lying on the ground, the former dead, the latter dying. The secretary, previous to giving up the ghost, revealed the fact that his companion was a talented engineer, who had planned a robbery of the bank, and had actually bored a tunnel to within a few inches of the coin vaults. The two accomplices had ascended the tower to have a last look round previous to completing their operations, had quarrelled about the division of the spoil, fought and fallen over. On investigation being made, it was discovered that the statements of the secretary were perfectly correct, the subterranean gallery reached to within a few inches of the strong-room.—Chron

A CONNECTICUT WEDDING FEE.—The Hartford Courant narrates the following ludicrous incident:—"A clergyman who was formerly located in this city, but is now in New York, married a little over a year ago, a couple who at once started for Europe, and have recently returned. The bridegroom was a gentleman of wealth, and before he presented himself before the bridal altar he placed a \$100 green-back in his vest pocket to give the parson for the marriage fee. While crossing the ocean he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket where he had placed it, and could account for its presence there only on the theory that he must have had another bill of a different denomination, which he had given to the clergyman by mistake. On getting back to this country he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman and inquired if on a certain date he did not marry a certain couple. The clergyman remembered the occasion perfectly. "I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor, "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for performing the ceremony? The clergyman said he would, of course, gratify him. "I received," he went on to say, "a very small quantity of finest chewing tobacco, folded in a very small piece of paper." The only thing remaining to be done was to apologize, laugh heartily, shake hands, and make the \$100 deposit good.

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A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. PHILADELPHIA, June 28th, 1867. SEW HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, who was cupped and bled several different times. I was generally attacked without any preliminary symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would all winter long be, or would have been occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was so generally attacked that I lost all confidence in myself. I was attacked in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1866, I commenced to use your Pills, and only had two weeks' attack. The last one was April 6th, 1866, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, our medicine was made this institution by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 286 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. WILLIAM ELDER.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY? The subjoined will answer. GREENSBORO, N. C., June 30th, 1867. SEW HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: You will recollect five dollars which I sent you for a box of your Epileptic Pills. I was the first person to use your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote for and received two boxes of your Pills. He took up a box of doctor's pills. He has never had a fit since. I was very much surprised that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. He was a very bad case; he had fits nearly all his life. Persons have written to me from Alabama and elsewhere in regard to your Pills. I have always remained true to them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect, have they failed to cure. Yours, etc. C. H. GUY, Greensboro, Talabasco County, Miss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 29th, 1867. SEW HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had fits at intervals of two to four weeks, and sometimes two or three days. On several occasions they lasted until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which state he would continue for a day or two after the fits ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physician, but without success. Having seen your advertisement I concluded to try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a healthy man, about 30 years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, five years since. He was my principal workman, and has since that time been engaged in communicating with me the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours, respectfully, etc. W. F. LINDSEY.

STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Greensboro, Mississippi. SEW HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in relating a case of Epilepsy, cured by your Epileptic Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first, but as he grew older they would increase. Up to the time he commenced taking your Pills he had been very often and quite severe, prevailing him, body and mind. His mind had suffered severely, but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of the disease. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months. His mind has also returned to its original brightness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours, respectfully, etc. W. F. LINDSEY.

SUI GENERIS. PALMAM, AQUILA, MERUIT, FERAT. MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS. UNEQUALED ESTIMATE, UNAPPROACHED in capacity and excellence by any others. Awarded THREE HIGHEST MEDALS AND DIPLOMA OF HONOR AT VIENNA, 1873; PARIS, 1867. ONLY American Organ ever awarded any medal in Europe, or which present such extraordinary excellence as to command a wide sale there. ALWAYS awarded highest premiums at Industrial Expositions, in America as well as Europe. Out of hundreds there have not been six in all where any other organs have been preferred. Declared by Eminent Musicians, in both hemispheres, to be unrivaled. See TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, with opinions of more than One Thousand (sent free). Insist on having a Mason & Hamlin. Do not take any other. Dealers get LAMEN COMMISSIONS for selling inferior organs, and for this reason often try to sell some cheap one. NEW STYLES never made. New Solo and Combination Stops. Superior Stagers and other Cases of new designs. PIANO-HARP CABINET ORGAN. An extraordinary combination of instruments. EASY PAYMENTS. Organs sold for cash; or for monthly or quarterly payments, and rent pays for the organ. CATALOGUES. Organs sold with full particulars, free. Address MASON & HAMLIN, 221 N. 3rd St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK; or 50 & 52 Adams St., CHICAGO.

Important Announcement. A new book for Conventions, Singing Classes and Churches. "THE CHOICE," By JAMES McGRANNAN & C. C. CASE. The Best and Only The Teachers' The Pupils' Everybody's CHOICE. Containing 192 pages, embracing entirely new Singing School Department; original and striking exercises and examples; stirring Part Songs and Choruses; beautiful Solos; Rousing Rounds and Gracious Glees. Everything Choice. An Important Feature wanting in most works of the kind. The CHOICE contains a large collection of standard Church Tunes for the use of Choirs and Congregations, and sixty pages of Anthems. Price 75 cents; \$7.50 per dozen. Single specimen copies sent post paid on receipt of retail price. Published by JOHN CHUMOCK & Co., 68 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O. Sept 15 ly

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THE WESLEYAN. The only Methodist Paper published in the Maritime Provinces. \$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE POSTAGE PREPAID.

If you have not renewed your subscription, do not wait for the agent to call. Post Office Order for two dollars will cost but two cents.

THE MAYOR OF HALIFAX AND THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

It is refreshing to find the highest civic dignitary of the city turning his attention to questions of moral and spiritual interests.

The subject on that day, Saturday, 8th, was Prayer for all nations: for the maintenance of peace; for the cessation of tumults, wars and civil strife;

We were met on the last day of the week of prayer, in which the united supplications of the Christian Church had been going up to God for specified objects; to petition Him at this time for all nations.

It was against the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, with which the Christian faith of to-day had chiefly to contend. The men of science were ever boasting themselves of their demonstrations—not one of which had ever yet demonstrated a contradiction between the word and the works of God;

For the advent of that day we should pray, and until it dawned, we were to offer our supplications, that, in accordance with God's design, and His providential workings concerning our race, He would give peace in our time;

We were also asked to pray "for the removal of intemperance, immorality and infidelity from the land; and that the fruits of the earth might be brought forth in their season."

"Intemperance, immorality, and infidelity." Alas! these were not unknown. Intemperance showed its shameless front. Its evils were everywhere visible, and they roused the benevolent heart to action—for the purpose of restraining its deadly and destructive course;

Infidelity never, since the tempter first assumed the serpents form, and breathed through the ear of Eve into the heart of humanity the lying hope, "Ye shall not surely die," presented itself in more insidious shapes than now.

What then could the people of God do but pray? His name be praised, they could also trust.

Infidelity in its object and means of attack, whatever might be its animus, really presented nothing new—however it might vary the mode. It only returned with old weapons to a new position on fields from which it had already been driven with discomfiture.

It was against the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, with which the Christian faith of to-day had chiefly to contend. The men of science were ever boasting themselves of their demonstrations—not one of which had ever yet demonstrated a contradiction between the word and the works of God;

There was a demonstration of the Spirit; "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," far superior, in the fulness and perfection of its assuring power, to the demonstrations of science—

DR. CUMMING'S prophetic spirit has again been revived. The ensuing year is to be full of astonishing events. The millenium is just at our door—so he predicts—and the world is to witness marvellous things.

UTAH—the city of the false prophet—may yet become the dwelling-place of a true king. It is certain that its delusions are falling before the exposures of its fugitive sons and daughters, the legal investigations consequent upon suits brought by one of his wives against the prophet, but particularly through evangelistic agencies throwing light perpetually upon Mormon fallacies.

A COMPLAINT FROM A WITNESS.

The "Presbyterian Witness" makes this charge:— We have a serious complaint to make against Methodism, or if not against Methodism, against a part of the Methodist system.

We know where to find them on every point of public importance. In short, they are just as good, and just as well liked, and just as hard to part with as if they were Presbyterians. But here comes the WESLEYAN announcing in the coolest manner possible,—"Rev. Mr. Lathern is to go to Charlottetown next summer."

Aye! and there is the compensation of Methodism! Pray, is it not possible to make a counter-charge against Presbyterianism? Why does it presume to confine the brilliant talent to a few congregations—and compel all others to—well we shall not suppose there are any "muffs" in the Presbyterian ministry either.

REV. LEONARD GAETZ has written to the Halifax "Reporter"—as our readers will see in another column—a letter which tells its own story. We are glad to see that Montreal loses nothing by his addition to its ministerial staff.

REV. G. M. Grant of Halifax has been replying to Prof. Hind—rather making the Prof. reply to himself. As we fully anticipated, it appears that something lies behind the scenes which has not yet appeared in Prof. Hind's letters.

THE BAPTIST YEAR BOOK.—We are indebted to the "Christian Messenger" office for a copy of this interesting and instructive manual. The information therein embodied of the various interests embraced by the Baptist Church, is very valuable.

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J. T. Mellish, M.A., Principal of Albro Street School, was presented at Christmas with a handsome piece of silver plate and an address. In replying Mr. Mellish stated that it was the ninth time he had been honored publicly by an address and

JULY is the month for ministerial marriages—in the Wesleyan fraternity at all events. An exception is reported this week. We welcome from the cold region of bachelorship a beloved and popular brother; and to the ministerial family a youthful daughter of St. John's best laymen of former days.

In England it is nothing surprising to hear or read of altercations and lawsuits between Church ministers and Wardens respecting crosses and other adornments. Bermuda had such a case not very long ago. And now we have to record an instance in the quiet, exemplary town of Windsor. The Christmas and New Year's decorations in the Episcopal place of worship became offensive to one worshipper, it would appear, owing to the conspicuous use of the cross, which the aggrieved party proceeded to remove.

THE newly elected "Rt. Rev. Bishop Disney," editor of the "Christian Messenger," organ of the B. M. Ep. Church, (Coloured) calls upon his brethren to redeem a note of \$200 necessary to carry on the work of publishing the paper.

SERMONS, alternately by Revs. A. W. Nicholson and J. Lathern, are being preached to young men in the Brunswick St. Church of this city, on Sunday evenings. The first of the course was delivered last Sunday evening on "The relation of young men to society."

A new wheel skate has been introduced into England. It is said to work admirably on concrete floors, requiring but little more force than the ordinary skate on ice.

PERE HYACINTHE has been hidden from American view for a short season. His life, nevertheless, has been one of diligent and eloquent influence among the masses of Europe.

REV. J. LATHERN delivered his Lecture as announced in Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening last. We have seldom seen an expression of more general appreciation and even enthusiasm at any Lecture.

WE have but time and space to say that Rev. J. W. Hunter and his zealous congregation at Ottawa, have seen their church project in part accomplished. The basement of the Dominion Church was opened for divine worship a short time ago—preaching by Revs. Jas. Elliott and J. W. Hunter.

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PREACHER'S PLAN, HALIFAX.

Table with 2 columns: Time and Preacher Name. Includes Rev. Ralph Brecken, Rev. John Lathern, Rev. W. J. Johnson, Rev. Wm. Purvis, Rev. John Lathern, Rev. John Lathern, Rev. J. Read, Rev. J. E. Thurlow.

OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS, considering the times, hold on well. New ones have also come in liberally. It has been specially cheering to us amidst much anticipation of shrinkage in our lists, owing to the money pressure, to receive encouraging expressions from almost every quarter.

WE cannot avoid the conviction, however, that much might be done for the paper where nothing is done at all. Till ministers and people see the denominational value of a weekly organ, they will not study their best interests.

JOURNALS AND LEAVES are sent from the Book Room only to those ordering. Periodicals are continued only when requested. This saves all complaint and confusion. We have still Journals and Leaves on hand.

FANCY SALE AT CANNING. The Methodists of Canning held their annual sale on Friday evening, Decr. 24th. It was well attended and more successful than the most sanguine could have expected.

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FESTIVAL NIGHT. Thursday evening of last week might certainly be so designated, as upon that evening no less than three Festivals were held in Woodstock.

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DEAR M... ligious and... time, and... lation to... verb "Wh... devil has his... Vicar, and... zine which... out town... starts by dis... apply the... chapels, but... self, and co... article as m... readers can... pitiable and... and as the... ed by clergy... its statemen... all sections... finds himsel... as a few of... try have alr... ipation in h... reflect upon... more interes... happens to... within the... and has for... fested some... work. On t... present at ou... ing, in the... shadow of h... aided on his... duality, and... greatly plea... of the reb... burst of col... of one who... and pretenti... ly regard to... thy member... Primitive M... Parish; who... accept him a... truth is out... estimati on... at least one... church.

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DEATH O... The name o... lady is insep... rise and prog... mission in Ch... began her lab... the condition... ful in the ext... immoral as the... and was even... compelled in d... ture within its... ed change has... the first the... foremost in w... godly zeal. S... useful life, an... Jesus, to enter... owned not on... Wesleyan at

Our English Letter.

DEVIL'S CHAPELS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The papers, religious and secular, are having a lively time, and copious correspondence in relation to an article upon a familiar proverb "Where God has his church the devil has his chapel," from the pen of a Vicar, and published in a Parish magazine which is widely scattered throughout town and country. The writer starts by disclaiming any intention to apply the proverb to Nonconformist chapels, but speedily contradicts himself, and contrives to infuse into the article as much of slander, misrepresentation and uncharitableness as your readers can possibly imagine. It is a pitiable and most ungentlemanly attack, and as the magazine is widely circulated by clergymen of the Establishment, its statements have been challenged by all sections of Dissenters, and the vicar finds himself in no ordinary difficulty, as a few of his brethren in the ministry have already disavowed any participation in his sentiments and, strongly reflect upon its appearance. I feel all the more interest in the matter, as the vicar happens to reside in my parish, that is within the boundaries of my circuit; and has for nearly three years manifested some degree of interest in my work. On two occasions he has been present at our Foreign missionary meeting, in the chapel almost under the shadow of his Parish church. He presided on his first visit with great cordiality, and expressed himself as being greatly pleased at the whole proceeding of the evening. It is a strange outburst of religious bigotry on the part of one who has been somewhat loud and pretentious in his feelings of kindly regard towards the honest and worthy members of the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist societies in his Parish; who far outnumber those who accept him as their minister. But the truth is out at last, and we know in what estimation our sanctuaries are held by at least one clergyman of the national church.

METHODIST WORK

at home upon our circuits, is being most earnestly carried on, and all the vapouring of the enemy and the would-be oppressor does not in the least retard our movements or weaken our faith in the real goodness of our cause. It is in very many quarters a period of gracious revivals, and numerous accessions to the societies. In these extra efforts some of the most distinguished and talented of the laity are taking an active part. The men of wealth and learning are rendering most valuable service, and Methodism has certainly put on renewed strength in the form of revival effort, and special mission work among the people.

LAY DELEGATION

is not being discussed much at present, and it cannot "move along" for some months to come. The report of the large committee was not completed, and it has to meet again. The whole body of the ministers will have an opportunity of discussing its provisions in the May District meetings, and various other processes have to be gone through before the important measure receives another full discussion in the Conference. But delay in English Methodism does not indicate defeat. It expresses regard for existing regulations, and unwillingness to risk much by sweeping changes, yet the feeling is strengthening surely, although it finds expression somewhat slowly on account of our numerous courts, committees and precedents.

THE NEW HYMN BOOK

has met with a tolerably fair reception from its reviewers and the public, as far as opportunity has been given for our people to obtain a glimpse of its contents. The first edition was speedily exhausted, but a very few copies reached the country circuits. In a few weeks several editions in various sizes and styles will be on sale, and a few of the principal chapels will at once bring it into use. In a vast majority of cases, it will not be introduced until the end of another year, and many congregations will cling to the old books for years to come. Another Sabbath school hymn book is promised, and a tune book for congregational use, so that we are in for change and transition in hymns and tunes for some considerable length of time.

DEATH OF MISS M'CARTELY.

The name of this devoted Christian lady is inseparably connected with the rise and progress of the Methodist mission in Chequer Alley. When she began her labors some thirty years ago, the condition of the district was fearful in the extreme. It was as dark and immoral as the worst parts of London, and was even a terror to the police when compelled in discharge of duty to venture within its precincts. A very blessed change has been wrought, and from the first the deceased lady has been foremost in works of holy charity and godly zeal. She has lived a long and useful life, and has fallen asleep in Jesus, to enter upon an eternal rest, renowned not only by the distinguished Wesleyans at the City Road Chapel,

but also by the poor and lowly for whom she had so long toiled and prayed.

MR. STEPHENSON'S ORPHANAGE

has greatly extended its work throughout the year. Its record is one of great success and favor from God and man. The outlay has been heavy, and urgent appeals are made on behalf of the orphans within its sheltering walls, and specially for the 120 still without, who have pleaded for admission in vain. They cannot be received until more help is forthcoming. The appeal is not made without evoking hearty responses, and the work will not be stayed. "B."

Dec. 24, 1875.

THE OKA INDIANS.

To the Editor of the Daily Reporter and Times:

SIR,—Allow me to acknowledge, through the columns of your paper, the receipt of \$11 for the suffering Indians of Oka—an offering from a few Christian friends at Windsor, by the hands of their pastor, Rev. S. F. Houston. This gift, for its own sake, and much more as an expression of sympathy towards an object so remote from them, is peculiarly grateful to the hearts of many of their Christian brethren in the city of Montreal, who have been so much exercised over the outrages recently perpetrated upon the inoffensive Oregois, whose only crime was that they had left the Church of Rome.

do not deem it necessary to express any opinion personally upon the matter just now, but would ask the author of that article or any other misrepresentation of facts to examine the names of the men who have publicly spoken upon the subject, and the sentiments they have uttered—men who stand in the front rank as Editors, Educators and Ministers of the Gospel, and indeed leading men in all departments of society,—men who have spent their life time in the city of Montreal, and know the history of Oka, and the seminary of St. Sulpice perfectly, and judge if these are the men who would be likely to give vent to rapid sentiments or untruthful utterances. Let him further call to mind the fact that in less than ten days after the Indians had been trodden upon by the Agents of the Seminary, some six hundred dollars were contributed to feed them, and upwards of two thousand dollars were subscribed and paid by members of all evangelical denominations with the promise of any further amount that might be found necessary to defend the rights and secure justice to the oppressed; and judge if it is like human nature to squander money in hard times upon a worthless cause. And if this is not sufficient, I beg him to note the fact that already the pressure in public opinion, has extracted from the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice the offer of twenty-five thousand dollars as a compromise, to buy off the Indians, and stop legal proceedings; and let him say if he ever knew Ultramontaniam to give the precious coin to heretics for nothing.

Yours sincerely,  
LEO. GAETZ.  
Montreal, Jan. 3, 1876.

DARTMOUTH, Jan'y. 13, 1876.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan:

DEAR SIR,—When the lists of ministers sent out from our most prolific circuits were first published, I did not take sufficient interest in the subject to read them carefully. Having since had my attention drawn to the subject, I have been working my way backward through the several letters and articles upon the subject, and I have observed one omission, important in my eyes, which I wish to correct. In the list of ministers sent out from Bridgetown circuit, and subsequent references to it, I find no mention of the name of my late father, Rev. Robert A. Chesley. Born within three miles of Bridgetown, converted on the circuit, led into public work on the circuit, and passed by both Quarterly and District Meetings held on the same ground, he was certainly a son of Bridgetown circuit, both naturally and spiritually.

Yours truly,  
SAMUEL CHESLEY.

MR. P. T. BARNUM told the following in his lecture in Chicago: "In his museum a gentleman and daughter stood gazing at the Siamese Twins. The showman said they were the most remarkable phenomenon in the known world, were born in Siam, etc. 'Brothers,' I suppose," remarked the gentleman, interrogatively, still looking with wonder at the tiecup. 'Yes, sir, brothers; natural brothers, too,' said the showman. 'My dear,' said the visitor, religiously, turning to his daughter, 'think of the goodness of Providence in linking two natural brothers together instead of two strangers.'

SYDNEY SMITH once said that clergymen might be divided into three classes—Nimrods, Ramrods, and Fishingrods. It was not a bad epigram, but it has been beaten by an American, who says that railways are built upon three gauges—broad gauge, narrow gauge, and mortgage.

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.

A friend writes:—  
HAVELOCK, N. B.—Mr. Mills is suffering from a severe attack of diphtheria; is now a little better, but his throat is in a very bad condition yet. May God spare him!

The President of the Newfoundland Conference writes:—

This week I go to Cupids to take part in the dedication services of their new church, and may visit Carbonear for the same purpose.

We are holding the week of prayer. On Monday night we were at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Last night at our Gower St. Church, at which about eleven hundred were present; and the remaining meetings are to be held in the Congregational Church, Free Church, and George St. Wesleyan. Our Watch-night Services and the Covenant Service were remarkably successful and blessed.

APOHAQUI, N.B.—DONATION.—Our friends made us a visit on the evening of the 30th ult., presenting us with \$75.37 in cash besides other useful articles. A very timely offering, and an excellent way to assist in settling that too much discussed deficiency. We hope all "fellow sufferers" may receive a similar visit from generous Methodists and friends. The deficiency this year may prove a blessing and not a curse—for our people must be greatly changed for the worse—if they allow us to suffer, and by making extra exertion and sacrifice without injury to themselves, they will not be liable to fall back into the old rut but will strike for independence, seeing God has so greatly blessed them in their first efforts. "The cloud we so much dread is big with blessing."  
W. W. L.

NASHWAAK, N.B.—Dear Mr. Editor:—Though the times are hard and prospective deficiency is casting its shadow before, yet we have some cause for gratitude here at Nashwaak. Wishing to obtain an increased supply of furniture for our parsonage, we held, on the Tuesday evening after Christmas, a festival at which we had tables amply provided with all the good things of the season. A tree well laden with fruit, both attractive and saleable, a confection table which supplied sweets to the palate, whilst an organ skillfully played blended with the vocal to give us sounds at once pleasing and harmonious. The evening was pleasantly and not unprofitably spent, and when the guests departed they left in our hands nearly \$70 which added to some \$33 received before enables us to make our parsonage comfortable and cheery. Our thanks are due and are hereby presented to all the friends of the different denominations resident here who so kindly aided in making the undertaking a success.

HARTLAND, N.B.—A little news from this circuit may be of interest to you and others who have labored here; though changed of late, the work lying all on the east of the river St. John.

On the whole the circuit is prospering spiritually, we have just closed a series of special services at Smith's Corner, where the Lord was pleased to revive His work, believers were quickened, backsliders reclaimed, and a few brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

At Hartland we held an united watch-night service, addresses were delivered by myself and the Rev. W. Price, Free Will Baptist, it was a season of profit, and long to be remembered by all present.

We are now conducting united prayer-meetings, a solemn spirit prevailing at each service, our hopes are bright for the future work for the Lord.

We held our missionary meetings a few weeks past; our subscriptions will be about the same as last year, the friends are still interested in the cause, and under all circumstances they have done what they could.

They are also making an effort to meet the deficiency of the expenses of the circuit, which, by appearance, we are likely to have, through the smallness of the grant. But our trust is in the Lord.

We ask an interest in your prayers for the prosperity of Zion on this Circuit.  
E. B.

The Rev. Matthew Smith, of Annagance, N.B., received a very handsome donation of \$54 on December 17th, 1875. This certainly shows that he is highly and practically esteemed by his neighbors.

ST. ANDREW'S, N.B.—We had quite an interesting Watch Night Service in this place. Quite a large congregation assembled to bid adieu to the old, and welcome the new year. The Rev. Mr. Crawley, Baptist Minister, preached an earnest and impressive sermon. After a short time spent in exhortation the tolling of the bells reminded us that eighteen hundred and seventy five had gone forever.

May the New Year on which we have entered be one of great prosperity to our Zion and to all the heritage of God.  
W. TWEEDIE.

AMHERST.—On Thursday evening the 6th inst., the friends of the Rev. Messrs. Tweedie and Cunningham gathered at the residence of John Beharrel, Esq., Amherst Head, and after spending a very pleasant evening, contributed \$180 toward their salary. Mr. Beharrel and family are deserving of much praise for their kindness in opening their house for the meeting, and the completeness of the preparations made for the comfort of those who attended.  
R. TWEEDIE.

ST. MARTINS, N.B.—Perhaps a few facts respecting our success in the work of church building may not be unacceptable to your readers, especially to those who are acquainted with the unique village of St. Martins. This place is beautifully situated, the natural surroundings are splendid; especially if seen when the charms of summer add to their beauty.

In this place, possessing all these advantages, the particular spot upon which the Methodist Church stands "is beautiful for situation." When approaching the village from any direction, almost the first objects that strike the eye, and arrest the attention, are the eight beautiful pinnacles on the tower of the church.

Apart from the religious advantages which this edifice will afford, it will add very much to the beauty of the place. Now for the success of the undertaking. In September last we had a Bazaar, by which we netted \$300. The full amount collected is about \$1150, sum expended, about \$1250. It is estimated that \$800 more will finish the building. In addition to the above sum, a gentleman has promised to supply us with lumber for the completion of the building to the value of forty dollars. To provide funds to finish the church, the ladies, who were so successful in the Bazaar before referred to, are still exercising their minds, and using their hands, in making extensive preparations for another bazaar which they intend (D.V.) to hold next summer. Not having sufficient money to provide material enough to keep their willing fingers going through the winter, we resolved to have an evening's entertainment to secure funds for this purpose. On the evening of Dec. 31st we had this entertainment, which was quite a success. The entertainment consisted of music, reading, recitations, and addresses. Reading by Dr. Mack, recitations by Messrs. Fownis and Brittain, recitations also by Mrs. J. J. Colter, Misses Brown, Vaughan, and Vail; addresses by Messrs. Brittain and Cassidy. The receipts were equal to expectation.

Being thus provided with funds we hope to see the results of the ladies industry in the success of the next year. We hope to finish the church next summer. May it be none other than the house of God.

And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey;  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here.

Yours truly,  
R. OPIE.

A PARTY in St. John, who calls himself "Secretary of the St. John Library Association," proposes to have a concert and lottery for the purpose of raising money to establish a free library in that city. We are glad to notice that the "Telegraph" condemns the movements strongly. St. John has already had enough experience in raising money for public buildings through lotteries. The lottery idea is getting much too common in the present age, and the press should endeavor to suppress the nuisance.—Chronicle.

SNOW SHED.—Several new snow sheds, measuring in all 4,500 feet have just been commenced on the Intercolonial Railway, between Wentworth station and London-derry. These, together with those built last year, cover in all the heavy cuttings and places exposed to bad snow drifts on the line across the Folly Mountain, and will therefore secure the trains against being long delayed by any snow blockade. The sheds just built have been done by day's works, under superintendance of a competent officer of the Railway Department, and are very substantial structures, costing less, considering the quality, than if they had been built by contract.

STRIKE AT SPING HILL.—The Spring Hill Coal Mining Company gave notice to their men, about the middle of December last, that after the first of January, inst., a reduction of 12½ cents to the dollar would be made on their wages, and that their house rent, which had formerly been at a uniform rate of one dollar per month, would be raised to \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per month, according to the class of house occupied, and that their coal, which had been 30 cents per ton, would be raised to 60 cents. There has been about 200 men employed at those mines, and since the first of January they have refused to work upon these terms, but have so far kept the pumps in operation and the mine clear of water. We also understand that the miners have had meetings amongst themselves and notified the rumsellers that they must close their bar-rooms until work is again resumed, giving as a reason that while unemployed, many miners would spend their means for liquor and leave their families to suffer.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NOVA SCOTIA.  
The Christian Messenger is improving its typographical appearance.  
C. Murdoch, of the firm of C. & W. Murdoch, is dead.  
A Halifax rum-seller has been selling liquor to an Indian. Pity he could not be caught and punished.

A rascally attempt to fire the jail at Lunenburg was made on Christmas Day. The decorations at one of the Windsor Episcopal Churches have been the cause of a slight disturbance.

Three colored men have been committed for trial on the charge of burglarizing an Annapolis store.  
As the steamer "Bonanza" was getting to her wharf on Monday, she came into collision with a brigantine causing serious damage.

On Monday, at the residence of W. C. Moir, Halifax, the gas exploded and did great damage to the front part of the house, but fortunately no lives were lost.

By the shipping list recently published we learn that the tonnage of Yarmouth amounts to 131,000 tons, with about 19,000 tons under contract for building.

A Halifax man named Silver, narrowly escaped being poisoned to death through eating a can of preserved peaches, which he had placed on the stove to warm.

The lovers of the game of Curling in these Lower Provinces of ours are endeavoring to arrange for a grand tournament at Amherst, at no very distant date.

A Dartmouth man while under the influence of liquor the other night, walked off the Market wharf, and had a narrow escape of being drowned.

Mr. C. A. Fulton, of Wallace, fell backwards off his wagon as he was driving to Wentworth Station, on New Year's Eve, and was severely injured about the head.

Last week a boy who was looking at the steam press in the office of the Amherst Gazette, placed his finger on some part of the machinery and the result was the boy was minus a finger in a very short time.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Rev. A. B. Earle commenced special evangelistic services at St. John last Sabbath.

The Postmistress of Bathurst had a \$5 counterfeit note passed off upon her in payment of a money order.

E. L. Wetmore, Esq., has been re-elected Mayor of Fredericton by a majority of 159.

A man named Hanlon died suddenly in St. John on Sunday, cause excessive drinking.

A little girl living near Summerside, P. E. I., was so severely scalded the other day that she died in a few hours.

The store of Messrs. McNutt at Malpeque, was recently robbed of \$50 worth of goods.

UPPER PROVINCES.

The R. C. College at Lennoxville, Quebec has been burned.

Four burglars were arrested in Larouche on Monday.

Angus McIver who was convicted of murder at the last Winnipeg assizes, was hanged last week.

A man named Campbell has been murdered near upper Ottawa, and Isaac Duffy has been arrested on suspicion.

Dr. Tupper has gone to North Renfrew to take part in the election there, the Premier is gone on the same errand, big talk is expected.

On Christmas eve two brothers living at North Orilla, had a quarrel, when one stabbed the other very severely in the abdomen.

Some obstructions were laid across the rails between Montreal and Hemmingford last Saturday, with a view to throw the passenger train off the track, but fortunately the attempt was unsuccessful.

The messenger of Molson's Bank, Montreal, pretended that he had lost \$926, but suspicions were aroused, he was searched, and the money found secreted on his person.

The Toronto Customs authorities made a seizure of pianos the other day. They were superior instruments, but had the names of inferior makers substituted for proper names.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The eldest son of Earl Russel is dead. The repairs on the direct cable are made and it is again in working order.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is seriously ill.

By an explosion in a Staffordshire coal mine five persons were killed.

A crisis in French ministerial affairs is imminent.

Sir J. A. Glover has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland.

A bronze statue of Grattan, an Irish agitator, has been unveiled with great show on Dublin Green.

The infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh was baptised at Windsor Castle Dec. 13th.

By a railway accident in Russia last week 68 persons were killed and 54 wounded.

Lord Napier was thrown from his horse at Delhi recently, and had his collar-bone broken.

A vote of ten thousand pounds is to be asked for at the next British Parliament, to be expended on the defences at Bermuda.

The English Government has made a complaint to Spain on account of certain action of the Carlists, and demands that a war steamer be placed on the station where the damage was committed.

It is reported that during the visit of the Prince of Wales to Bombay, though there were 4,500 sailors ashore, yet there was not a single police report for drunkenness or misconduct. This speaks well for "Jack ashore."

A man and his wife living at Williams-bridge, N. Y., retired the other evening leaving both dampers of a gas stove closed, and in the morning the man was dead, and the woman was black in the face and foaming at the mouth. It is expected she will recover.

FEEDING WORK HORSES.

The Cincinnati Gazette, gives the following account of the way the Adams express company feed their horses, which are always sleek and fat:—

The number of horses kept in the stables is 54. Four hostlers attend to these. Promptly at four o'clock a.m., the watchman of the stable gives to each horse eight ears of corn. Then about 5 o'clock the hostlers commence duties. Of those under the care of each, one by one is led to the watering trough and then to the urinary. This consists of a pit sunken ten or twelve inches below the level of the basement ground floor and kept compactly filled with saw-dust and short shavings. And it is a remarkable fact that a horse in this stable scarcely urinates excepting at this place especially prepared for him. When horses come in from their work the harnesses are removed, and they are then led at once to the urinary. When a fresh or green horse comes to the stable, by being driven with some old "stager" that knows the rules of the stable, the new comer soon learns to conform to the habits of the old inmates.

From 5 to 7 o'clock, each horse is taken in hand and curried, brushed and cleaned, from ten to fifteen minutes being spent by a hostler upon each horse. A damp woolen cloth is always rubbed over the coat of a horse after being curried and brushed. This serves to remove all dandruff and to give that fine, glossy sleek appearance so noticeable in the animals of this stable.

The horses are fed nothing in the morning, excepting the eight ears of corn. After being led back to the stalls when cleansed they are then ready for work. The same process of currying, brushing and cleansing is also gone through with at noon and at night, at the close of their forenoon and afternoon work. At noon each horse is fed with half a peck of oats. At night chopped feed is given. This is composed of sheaf oats or rye straw passed through a straw cutter, and then, when wet, ground oats and corn and bran mixed up with it. A peck and a half of this is given to each horse. In addition to the chopped feed the rack is supplied with eight or nine pounds of bright sweet timothy hay, this being the total amount of hay which is fed. And, perhaps, of this supply the horse will not eat more than five pounds during the night, finishing up the balance during the next day.

While Mr. Barrett is particular to give nothing but clean timothy hay in summer in cold weather he is willing to feed hay which is one third clover.

About once a week a peck of oil cake meal is mixed up with the chopped food, being about a third of a pint to a horse. This promotes the uniform good condition of the animals. And if any time the urine of a horse is cloudy and thickened, a tablespoonful of pulverised resin mixed up with chopped feed is given him. This acts upon his kidneys, and the difficulty is at once removed.

The horses are given what water they want as they come in from their work, unless they are "green," and then care is taken not to water or feed until they are thoroughly cool. In a few weeks, after becoming habituated to the regimen of the stables, the same course is taken with the "late comers." Of course, if horses come in over-heated, then they are not watered until cooled off.

A very marked feature connected with the stables is that the air is so sweet and fresh. And probably this is owing largely to the fact that scarcely any urinating ever takes place in the several stables, and that the saturated sawdust and shavings in the urinary itself are removed from the stables every day.

SPEAK NOW.

In one of his addresses lately, Mr. Moody said that he visited a little town in Illinois and found it greatly stirred over the death of a prominent merchant. Before his death the physician spoke to him about his soul. "Why," responded the dying man, "I have known you a great many years, and if there is any reality in the religion of Jesus why did you put off speaking about it till now?" Those words kept ringing in the doctor's ears, and he told the man the next day that it was not too late for him to be saved. The merchant said it was, and died unconverted. A young man said to another a few evenings since, "This Christianity is all a sham. These Christians are all hypocrites." His friend inquired, "Do you call your mother a hypocrite?" "Why no," he said; "but do you think my mother believes what she professes? Do you think if she believes I am lost that she would never tell me of it?" Men do not read the Bible, but they read Christians, who ought to be living epistles. Andrews' first thought after finding Christ was to seek after Peter, and he brought him to Jesus. Many persons thought they were very good Christians if they heard three sermons a week. The church was asleep and the sons and daughters of professing Christians were going down to eternal death. Oh, that this formalism were swept out of the church! The human heart is not harder than it was when Adam fell, and there is as much power in the gospel today as in former times.

WEATHER CHRISTIANS.

Dr. Cuyler in the Evangelist, writes of warm weather Christians. Among other things he says:

When the glass gets above ninety the inward emotions are congealed and piety is "past feeling." This is the species of Christian professors who spend the Sabbath hours fanning themselves on their piazzas when their pastor goes by on his way to his and their sanctuary. It is not too warm for him to preach, but it is too warm for them to listen. He has toiled through one or two severe summer days to prepare a discourse for their souls: they are unwilling to go and sit for half an hour as the recipients of the truth as it is in Jesus. What must the world think of such a religion? How many earnest, hard-working clergymen in the land, who echo Dr. Cuyler's sentiments. It is indeed a matter of which the pillars of the Church should be ashamed, that they should suffer their minister to conduct service amid the heat and discomfort of a summer Sunday, while they with their coats and vest off, slippers on, and suspenders down, recline in their back yards under the wide spreading branches of the unbragous apple tree, with a refrigerator within reach. If there is ever a time when professors of religion need spiritual check and guidance, it is in the summer time. There are so many very excellent Church members who leave their religion to the care of the stay-at-home pastor, while they, in some distant watering place, give their "desires and passions" a sea-breeze airing, very detrimental to the moral health. The thermometer is a regulator of religious fervor.

A BAPTIST DEACON AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

A fine trait in the character of the Queen has just received a new illustration by her attendance at the funeral of Mr. John Brown, farmer, West Micras, who was interred in the churchyard of Crathie, recently. The old farmer was the father of John Brown, the Queen's attendant. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, whose action must have been rendered all the more notable by the circumstance that women do not usually in Scotland take any part in funeral processions, followed the coffin from the house to the hearse, which was stationed some distance off owing to the nature of the roads; and then the Queen returned and stayed some time with the bereaved widow. In this connection we may give an anecdote which was related the other day by the Rev. Dr. Brock. In 1842 the Baptist Missionary Society was celebrating its jubilee, and all its friends were doing what they could to further its interests. There was then living in Norfolk a farmer named Smith, who was the deacon of a small Baptist Church. A man of constructive ability, he had invented a plough; and through his landlord, the Earl of Albemarle, he procured an introduction to Prince Albert for the purpose of submitting a model of the plough to His Royal Highness. Most kindly was he received at Windsor Castle, where the Prince entertained him for several days; and, after inspecting the model, His Royal Highness permitted Mr. Smith to call the plough the "Albert." As he was about to leave, the farmer said, "I am a little bit of a poet, and when your Royal Highness came here courting the Queen, I wrote a little poem, and here is a copy of it." The Prince received it kindly. "And when your Royal Highness was married," continued the deacon, "I wrote another poem, and here's a copy of that; and when the Prince of Wales was born I wrote another, and here's a copy of that." The Prince took them all, bade Mr. Smith good morning, and back to Norfolk went the deacon as happy as a Prince. Within two or three weeks from that time the Telegraph coach, running through the town of Attleborough, stopped before the residence of Mr. Smith, and left a parcel for him. When this was opened it was found to contain a handsomely bound Family Bible, and with it a note from Prince Albert, asking him to accept it as a token of respect. Great was the joy of the deacon and his wife. "Now," said Mr. Smith, "if I could only get the Queen's signature and the Prince's to this book, I would show it for a shilling apiece, and send the proceeds to the Baptist Missionary Society." Again he betook himself to Windsor, and succeeded in obtaining the coveted autograph, Prince Albert, to whom the good farmer's purpose had been fully stated, assuring him that both Her Majesty and himself had had great pleasure in complying with his request. Mr. Brock, who was then settled at Norwich, had the pleasure of forwarding to the Mission House £28 pounds in shillings obtained by the exhibition of the book. A gentleman present at a meeting in the Isle of Wight, at which Dr. Brock told this pleasant little story, stated that he had recently seen the Bible referred to, and in addition to the autographs of the Queen and Prince Albert, it contained those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of all the other members of the Royal Family. It has been the means of raising considerable sums of money for philanthropic objects in the East of England.—Christian World.

THE BIBLE AS GOD'S MESSENGER.

More than sixty-five years ago, when I was a little boy at the Academy of Andover, I had no Bible—no Bible was to be had. It was impossible to get a Bible in any common methods of communication. I saved all the pocket money that was given me by my beloved parent, until it came up to a dollar and twenty-five cents; that bought me the first Bible I ever owned, and I clasped it to my bosom as if it had descended from heaven upon

my shoulders. I learned to say, "Bibles, my Bible." God gave it to me. You never know what the Bible is until you take it as your own, coming direct from God to you.

I was once called to visit a dying lady, in the city of Philadelphia, of an English family. She and her husband were in a boarding house there. I spent much time with her, kneeling often in prayer with her, and with great delight. Her husband was an atheist, an English atheist—a cold-hearted, bloated English atheist. There is no such being beside him on the face of the globe. That was her husband. On the day in which that sweet Christian woman died, she put her hand under the pillow and pulled out a little, beautiful, well-worn English Bible. She brought out that sweet little Bible, worn and thumbed, and moistened with tears. She called her husband and he came, and she said—

"Do you know this little book?"

And he answered, "It is your Bible?"

And she replied, "It is my Bible; it has been every thing to me; it has converted strength, cheered, and saved me. Now I am going to Him that gave it to me and I shall want it no more; open your hands, and she put it in between his hands and pressed his two hands together: "My dear husband, do you know what I am doing?" "Yes dear, you are giving me your Bible."

"No, darling, I am giving you your Bible, and God has sent me to give you this sweet book before I die; put it in your hands; now put it in your bosom—will you keep it there; will you read it for me?"

"Promise me dear."

I placed this dear lady, dead, in the tomb behind my church. Perhaps three weeks afterward that big, bloated Englishman came to my study, weeping profusely.

"O, my friend," said he, "my friend! I have found what she meant! It is my Bible; oh! it is my Bible; every word in it was written for me. I read it over day by day; I read it over night by night; I bless God it is my Bible. Will you take me into your church, where she was?"

"With all my heart;" and the proud, worldly, hostile man, hating this blessed Bible, came with no arguments, with no objections, with no difficulties suggested, with no questions to unravel, but binding it upon his heart of memory and love. It was God's message of direct salvation to his soul, as if there were not another Bible in Philadelphia, and an angel from heaven had brought him this.—Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

NAN'S TRIP TO NEW YORK.

BY MABEL FORRESTER. "Harry, do you know the great Dr. Blanchard?" "No. There's no such man in Covelry." "Of course not. He lives in New York." "How do you know that? Do you know him?" "No I don't; but I heard Mrs. Leavitt telling Aunt Helen about him, last night. Oh, Harry! he makes blind folks see. Mrs. Leavitt said Mr. Hollowell went to him, and when he came home he could see as well as 'most everybody can.—Mrs. Leavitt said so—and he's an old man, Mr. Hollowell is, and if he could make his eyes well, why, he could mine just as well as not, 'cause I'm only a little girl. Oh, Harry? I want to go and see the great Dr. Blanchard!" "Well, of course you must, Nan. Wouldn't it be glorious to have you see everything? Why don't your aunt take you right off?" "She can't. It wouldn't be any use to ask her. I guess Uncle George is growing just as poor as anything. I heard Aunt Helen say yesterday, that she couldn't keep Marcia much longer, and she couldn't make Aunt Lydia a visit either, 'cause it would cost so much; and she said Carrie and I couldn't have a new dress too. Shouldn't wonder if we'd be as poor as anything some time." "Well, how are you going to see Dr. Blanchard, then? I wish I was a man, and I'd take you myself." "If you were a man, you wouldn't care anything about me; perhaps you wouldn't know me, so I'm glad you are a boy. Do you know the way to the depot, Harry?" "Of course I do." "Well, couldn't you take me there some day? and I'd ask the man that owns the cars to let me go to New York in them, then I could go to Dr. Blanchard!" said Nan, excitedly. "Would the folks let you?" asked Harry doubtfully. "Not if I asked, but I shan't ask. Uncle George wouldn't let me ask for a ride, 'cause it would be begging, but if the great Dr. Blanchard will only make my eyes well, I could earn some money when I get a little bigger, and pay the man, don't you see?" "The conductor, you mean?" "Well, the conductor. It don't make any difference. Will you take me to the cars, Harry?"

"I just guess I will. But you can't go alone, Nan. What would you do when you got to New York?"

"Why I'd go to Dr. Blanchard's."

"How would you get there?"

"I'd ask somebody the way, to be sure!"

"You couldn't see the way, and you might get run over. You can't go alone, Nannie. That is certain."

"Yes I can. 'Don't you see? I'd ask a man the way, and he'd say, maybe, 'You go up this street till you cross two streets, then turn to your left.' I could do that in New York just as well as I can here—and I shouldn't get run over, 'cause God would have hold of my hand."

"I shall go with you, Nan."

"Oh, will you? But you can't. Your father, won't let you; and he'd tell uncle and aunt I was going, and they wouldn't let me go."

"I'll tell you—we won't say anything about going, but I'll write a letter to mother, and put it where she'll find it after we're gone, then they'll know where we are. I wish I had some money to pay our fares, but I haven't got but just five cents. I guess the conductor will take us for nothing when he knows what we are going for. Oh, Nan, won't it be jolly to have you see everything. I've got my boat most done, but I won't sail her till we come back. I want you to see her like

"We can't go to-day, for the cars are gone; but we might as well go to-morrow as any time. You are ready to go to the depot at ten? Folk's would think it was funny that I wasn't at school, if I called for you, so you get Carrie to go down to the corner of Douglass street, and I'll be there."

"Carrie! I'm not going to tell Carrie; she'd tell Aunt Helen; besides she'll be at school."

"So she will, I forgot that—Well, how can we fix it?"

"Why I can go to Douglass street all by myself; just go as far as Mr. Greenough's garden fence, and up Allen street till I come to another corner, then down that street, to the next corner, and that will be Douglass street. Guess I can do that easy enough. There's your dinner bell.—You'll have to go now."

"Yes, I suppose so," rising very slowly. "I'll be at Douglass street at ten."

The two children had been sitting on the steps of Mr. Herrick's house, talking in low tones. After Nan had heard the click of Harry's gate, she went into the house to rock the baby till dinner was ready. If Aunt Helen had not been very busy, she would have noticed the bright flush on Nan's cheeks, and known that she had been excited about something.

Aunt Helen and Uncle George, who had loved her as their own child. Harry may be three years older than Nan, and her particular friend. One day when her cousins, Dick and Joe, with one or two other boys, were thoughtlessly teasing her, making her think that if she stepped either forward or back, something dreadful would happen to her, Harry crossed the street to see what was amusing the boys so much. When he saw frightened little Nan standing there, afraid to move a step, he immediately took her under his protection, and from that day they had been fast friends. Harry often leaving his own playfellows to sit with Nan, and tell her what the boys were doing; whose kite flew highest, or whose bat it was when they were playing ball; how he got ahead of Charlie Snøw in the geography class, and how he "kicked" Hanson when he was throwing a cat into the pond and pulling her out by the tail, only to throw her in again.

If Mr. and Mrs. Herrick had known of Nan's excitement when Mrs. Leavitt was telling them of the successful operation that had been performed on Mr. Hollowell's eyes, and that she thought she only had to go to "the great Dr. Blanchard" to be cured of her blindness, they would have taken her to him, though they could ill afford the price at the time; but the family physician had told them, when Nannie first came to them, that their was no hope of her ever recovering her sight, and he had given her a great deal of counsel. The conversation Nan had heard between her Aunt and Mrs. Leavitt, about the hard times had made a great impression on her childish mind, and she had no doubt that they should soon be in great want. Mr. Herrick had been in quite comfortable circumstances, but was feeling the effects of hard times, and was now obliged to be as economical as possible. Nan felt that it would be impossible to ask her aunt to take her to Dr. Blanchard, "But won't

she be glad when I come home with my eyes like other folks, so I can help her to do lots of things," she thought.

The next morning, after breakfast, Nan dressed in her best suit, and as she heard the clock strike ten, she crept softly down stairs, and out of the house. She went "as far as the corner of Mr. Greenough's garden fence, and up Allen street to another corner, then down that street to another corner," and there was Douglas street and Harry.

"I thought you weren't coming. Come on, we shall have to hurry," was Harry's greeting; and taking hold of hands, the children ran nearly all the way to the depot. They had only time to regain their voices, after their breathless run, when the train came in. They stood still, apart from the crowd a moment, until Harry saw the conductor, then, with a "Come, Nan, there he is!" he went towards him, holding Nan's hand.

"Mr. Conductor," he said, but he was a little frightened at making so bold a request, and spoke so low that "Mr. Conductor" didn't hear.

"Mr. Conductor," he repeated, a little louder this time.

"Hullo, youngster, what do you want?" "We want to go on the cars to see Dr. Blanchard, if you will please let us."

"All right! in this car," was the answer that delighted the children. The conductor lifted Nannie on to the platform, and hurried away. The children stepped into the car, and Harry, finding an empty seat, led Nan to it, saying:

"He didn't say even a word about our paying for our ride. He is a nice old fellow!"

"I'm so glad we're here! Did you write the letter to your mother?"

"Yes, and put it in the urn on the parlor mantel. She won't find it forever so long."

"Will she find it soon enough?"

"Oh, yes; she'll find it by-and-by." It was some time after the train started that the conductor noticed the children. "Hullo," he exclaimed, "aren't you the little folks that wanted to come on board, a few minutes, at Covelry, to see Dr. Blanchard?"

"We want to go to New York to see him," said Harry. "Nannie is blind, and Dr. Blanchard's going to make her eyes well."

"Oh, that's it. Well, where are your tickets?"

"We haven't got any. We didn't have any money, and you said we could come, so we thought it was all right."

Harry's voice trembled the least bit, and Nan looked quite distressed.

"Does Dr. Blanchard know you are going to see him?" asked the conductor.

"No, sir; he don't know." Conductor Barstow passed on. Pausing at the end of the car, he said to a gentleman standing there, "There are two chickens up there," pointing to Harry and Nan, "who say they are going to New York to see you. They seem to be alone, and without money. I let them get in at Covelry, thinking they wanted to see you while the train was stopping."

The gentleman to whom the conductor had spoken, looked at the children, but not recognizing them, took a seat behind them saying:

"Well, little folks, where are you going?"

"To New York," said Harry.

"To see the great Dr. Blanchard," added Nan.

"A—h? Is he a friend of yours?"

"No, sir, but I'm blind, and I'm going to ask him to make my eyes well, and Harry's going with me so I shan't lose my way."

"You two are not alone, are you? Isn't your mother here?"

"No, sir, mamma's up in Heaven. Harry and I came together."

Nan was disposed to be quite confidential, for she liked this pleasant-voiced man; but he noticed that Harry looked a little confused.

"I suppose your friends know you are going to New York, don't they? With whom do you live?" he asked.

"Nan lives with her uncle and aunt," said Harry quickly, intending to leave the first question unanswered.

"And Harry lives across the street," said Nan.

"You are not brother and sister, then. What are your names?"

"Nannie Kent and Henry May."

"Do your aunt and uncle know you are going to New York, Nannie?"

"No, sir, we didn't tell any one. You see uncle George is growing poor, and he couldn't take me; and I was coming alone, but Harry wouldn't let me, 'cause he was afraid I'd lose the way. And if we had told we were coming, we couldn't have come."

"Did you ask your uncle to come with you, before you thought of coming alone?"

"No, sir, I didn't ask him."

"How did you know anything about Dr. Blanchard?"

"I heard Mrs. Leavitt telling Aunt Helen about Mr. Hollowell. He couldn't

see anything great. Dr. Blanchard's name was in the paper, and he's an eye-doctor, so of course 'Aren't you anxious about your eyes?' I wrote Harry, 'and told in an urn in and-by.'"

"Hullo, W when you go to Dr. Bl there."

"Going to town?"

"Yes, sir, 'H'm, h want you?"

"The child Nannie's ch with exciton ry's face flus 'Never m stay at his h said Harry."

"But we d 'Well, w 'don't wor Blanchard, a at his house 'Oh, will 'Thank ye was a great 'Then they many questi told him ever hearing Aunt ing blind, fo member it he I don't k would have d acquaintance been very hun New York, fo not thought and I'm ver asked for any friend bought so pleasantly seemed short when they rec their turn, a thing they e selves, and H Aunt Helen cousins.

Six o'clock travellers arriv tleman left obtaining a p there till he toward the tel turned to the him. A lady house where very glad to e he introduced Blanchard, H moment, then Blanchard!"

"I am, cert ing at the dou expressed in N Dr. Blancha to his wife, w feel quite at h Nan wanted eyes well right appointed to fi done till morn course, it will b applies, as there astances and po and provide th require, and to w requirements Employment.— of the want of establishment of

At Noon tha dering what he was not missed ry, who was without her. that Harry supposed that somewhere, and long; and ther afternoon was over to see if children were.

"Nan has no said Mrs. May, home since sch haven't worried he had probabl one of the boys this afternoon, must be with home at supper.

Mrs. Herrick was a little an gone away so, finding that Har learning from D not been to scho had not seen h she became very rick went immo Mrs. May about finished to hear truant; he had n



Receipts for "WESLEYAN" for week ending January 13th, 1876.

REV. THOS. ROGERS, A. M. J. C. Sperry, \$2; W. S. Drew, 2; Daniel Rice, 2; Mrs. Heckman, 1; J. W. Crouse, 2; Captain Thos. Dauphney, 2; Joseph 8th, 1. 12.00.

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THIS standard remedy for coughs and colds and other pulmonary and bronchial ailments, was first put before the public in 1836 and ever since then, a period of nearly half a century it has maintained and increased its reputation.

DIED.

On Dec. 24th, Elizabeth, wife of Charles Magar, of Rosoway, aged 73 years. Deceased was much respected by her neighbours, and though not a professed Christian, yet for the space of 35 years, daily read the Bible at family worship, when her husband would engage in prayer. She died expressing her trust in the Saviour.

MARRIED.

By Rev. J. W. Howie on Dec. 14th, at N. E. Harbour, Mr. William Storms to Miss Annie Munro, both of Roseway.

1876 BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED, Received since New Year's Day.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILROAD.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Under-Signed at Moncton, N.B., and endorsed as "TENDERS FOR SLEEPERS," will be received until six o'clock p.m., on MONDAY, the 17th inst., for the delivery of

14,000 SLEEPERS, ON THE WINDSOR BRANCH.

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ON and after MONDAY, 28th instant, the NIGHT EXPRESS TRAINS will cease running between St. John and Truro, until further notice.

C. J. BRYDGES, Genl. Superintendent of Govt. Railways. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, 2th Dec., 1875.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, Nov. 29, 1875. AUTHORIZED Discount on American Invoices, until further notice, 10 per cent.

J. JOHNSON, Comptroller of Customs. Nov. 27

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