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Religious Miscellany.

Christ our All in All.

By the Author of the Hymn, "Just as I am."

I need no other plea
With which t' approach my God,
Than His own mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed;
A Father's love, a Father's care,
Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest
Than one High Priest above;
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew His love;
Through that my faith shall never fail,
Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High Priest is ever near,
On Him I cast my care:
To Him, Him only I confess,
Who only can absolve and bless.

I need no prayers to saints,
Beads, relics, martyr's shrines;
Hardships 'neath which the spirits faints,
Yet still, sore burdened, pines:
Christ's service yields my soul delight,
Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book
To guide my steps to heaven,
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given;
And this, when He illumes our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no priestly mass,
No purgatorial fires,
My soul to anneal, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires:
Christ died, my eternal life to win,
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,
I urge no other claim,
Than his imputed righteousness;
In Him complete I am:
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide;
No passport do I need beside.

Bowels Versus Brains.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE

Dr. Osgood suggests our heading. In his criticism of Spurgeon, in a recent letter to the *Evening Post*, he says, "his gifts are as much of the bowels as of the brain; and he seems to be full of sympathetic juices in which his great audience float like a great navy in an ample harbor." It is this peculiarity which puts the preacher of the Tabernacle into that smallest class of the world's magnates, the great orators. There is a multitude of strong thinkers, capable of cogent argumentation, men of keen analytic power and faultless logic, constructing with apparent ease, beautiful systems of philosophy; but the genuine orator rarely appears among men. We do not believe that this is because the Creator is so sparing of the gift of eloquence.—It is because the brain is supposed to be of higher rank in the scale of excellence than the bowels, the power of thought to be superior to the power of feeling. Hence there is among students a systematic forcing of the intellect and a neglect of the sensibilities. We may safely say that there is a repression of the feelings as if they were unmanly and degrading. Cold intellectual brilliancy is cultivated instead of emotions, gushing, melting, overwhelming.—If there can justly be any gradation of the qualities of the human soul, if these are not co-ordinate, then the usual division of mental philosophy—the intellect, the sensibilities, and the will, in the order of their enumeration—constitutes an ascending series from the dead level of impersonal reason up to the heights of volition, the very core of personality. Midway in the scale lie the feelings. It is because the first two terms in this natural gradation are inverted in the general estimation of men, that we have so few great orators. Brain-worship is the bane of genuine eloquence. The student strives to be resplendent in his frigid rhetoric to meet the popular demand. For Demosthenes tells the Athenians that the orator is made by the people. Their applause is his incentive to effort. Now, it is a remarkable fact that the incense of popular applause is offered not so much to him who the most moves, as to him who the most pleases. The genuine orator so perfectly draws attention to his theme that he himself is forgotten, while the intellectual pyrotechnic dazzles and bewilders with his rhetorical coruscations, till the audience forget the subject in their admiration of the man. When the hearer says of any passage of a speech "this is eloquent," there is no eloquence at all, for the hearer has not been lifted above the low position of a critic. But when he has been taken up unconsciously by the tide waves of the speaker's emotion and carried to the point where he cries "Lead us against Philip," he has been spell-bound by true eloquence without knowing it.

If our assumption is true that the sensibilities are above the intellect on the scale of excellence, what becomes of some of the world's cherished fancies, such as the superiority of the clear, ma hematical, Caucasian head to the warm poetic sensibilities, the luxuriant emotional nature of the African heart, ever finding expression in music and song, the higher language of the soul? What becomes of that old falsehood, the superiority of what Dr. Bushnell would style "the Jove-like man" to sensitive woman? Even allowing—what never can be proved—that in both of these misguided classes there is less of sturdy intellectual strength, we here demonstrate their possession, in a higher degree of a superior quality, so that the scale of the world's gradation should be reversed.—Woman, who in this century has fought her way into the world of letters, has demonstrated this fact by taking her place in Europe and America, at the very head of the writers of fiction, a species of writing in which the sensibilities find full scope. She will yet carry her demonstration of soul-equality to man, in the higher sphere of oratory, when she has leveled the already tottering bulwark of the world's prejudices. Anna Dickinson, and the Rev. Mrs. Van Cotts are the advanced guard of a conquering army. It is time that the notion was exploded that the masculine gender has a patent right from the Creator to the whole field of eloquence.

But we took up our pen to say a few words on sacred eloquence. There are erroneous ideas current among us on this subject. Hence our young men are aiming to reach an erroneous standard. He is supposed to be the real pulpit orator whose performances elicits the most compliments from the cultivated classes, in whose ear flattery warbles her most delicious music, and on whose table sparkle the costly gifts of the rich. He is too often spoken of as an ordinary, or perhaps vulgar man, who by tears and downright earnestness sways his congregation Christ-ward and heaven-ward.

We often read the obituary of a preacher, "He was not a great or an eloquent preacher but he brought many sinners to Christ on every station." Here crops out the old mischievous error of putting the head above the heart, the brain above the bowels, mind-power above soul-power. He is the greatest preacher, the highest in the scale of true oratory, who accomplishes the highest purposes for which the gift of speech was given to man—persuasion. Power can be estimated only by its effects. A radical change of character from sin to holiness is the greatest effect which can be wrought in the universe. We do not deny that the Holy Spirit is the efficient cause of this miracle in mind greater than any miracle in matter. But the preacher is the instrumental cause, who applies that constantly available spiritual force which would otherwise be as ineffectual for the conversion of the soul as the unapplied magnetic forces of the world are ineffectual for the transmission of intelligence. Are Franklin and Morse great inventors because they only apply to human uses forces as old as matter? Is he to be ranked as an ordinary man who, through the magnetic battery of his own large sympathies, completes the circuit between the Holy Spirit and the sinner's heart, by means of which God flashes the joyful news of pardon? We Methodists cannot be too much on our guard against the tendency of high intellectual culture, to depreciate the emotional element which rendered our fathers irresistible in exhortation and preaching. We have intimated that this element, so large an ingredient in the highest style of oratory, is susceptible of cultivation.—By what means? Here the New Testament is the best book of oratory. Love is the strongest passion of the soul, the deepest current of the human sensibilities. Love is the fulfilling of the law, the essence of the Christian religion.—He who cultivates divine philantropy is on the only path to heaven, and at the same time on the highway to true eloquence. He who is most in sympathy with the Saviour; he who grasps by a strong faith the worth of the soul and its tremendous liabilities, is fulfilling the very conditions of success in the God-like art of persuasion. Thus, true piety is true philosophy. The schools can furnish no substitute.

How it Turns out Differently.

A vessel at sea is sometimes caught in the cap of a storm, lurches heavily upon her side, until she dips her spars in the brine, and cannot right herself but by parting with her yards and mast, which she yields, a prey to the tempest. It is no inapt illustration of the sorrows which often burst over the Christian, in the full expansion of his prosperity, before he can reef the affections too incautiously spread before the gale. In the first cup of severe grief he feels as if he were suddenly lost, when, in reality he is but thrown from his balance. In the first confusion of his spirit, he utters impatient words at the Providence which has caught him up, and tosses him fiercely in the fury of the whirlwind. It is in the sober afterthought that he "remembers the years of the right hand of the Most High," and in penitent retraction exclaims, "This is my infirmity!" What child of God has not recalled, with pious grief, his hasty impeachment of Divine Providence, with hearty confession, in the issue, that "God's thoughts are not his thoughts?" The simple incident, now to be recorded, will afford a double commentary upon this text.

That fearful scourge of the young, the scarlet fever, had laid its iron grip upon a bright boy of eight summers. A dark mahogany band around the throat evinced the fierceness of the assault under which the helpless victim was throttled. The last sad offices of religion were soon recited at "little Bennie's" grave, and then came the unavailing service of condolence with the distracted mother. Every topic of conversation was exhausted. Acknowledging God's right to reclaim the life he had given, as a mere act of sovereignty, and freely confessing to its righteousness, as an act simply of retributive justice, she could see no love in the blight that had fallen upon her beautiful boy. In that hour of turbulence her faith could not accept the discipline through which our heavenly father discloses the wisdom of his love. When urged to wait a little upon God for the interpretation of his purpose, who so often veils his richest blessings under this disguise, the bruised heart could find no comfort in what was so contingent, and Rachel wept and refused to be comforted.

At length, to put the case as concretely as possible, it was suggested 'What if the Lord should, through this bereavement, win your husband to himself. Is he not more than ten sons?'

The drooping eye sparkled like the diamond in the dew of its own tears, as she replied: 'Ah, if it could be so! I could see infinite love in that, and kneel with thanksgiving upon the grave of my child, through whom the father was begotten unto God.'

'Madam, God makes no bargains,' was the response; 'but trust him with a generous submission, whose promise is: At evening time it shall be light.'

It was only an hypothesis uttered to show how God could bring good out of evil, and with no expectation of its being an unconscious prophecy.

Three weeks later, like Nicodemus of old, under the cover of darkness, came this husband to the pastor's study. He was a quiet man, moving softly upon his own path, and jostling against no one. Singularly reticent and undemonstrative, what he thought and felt was only known to himself, and to him who reads all hearts. With a faint smile playing around his lips, such as can be seen only with diffidence in breaking through its reserve, he said, 'I come to tell you that I have found Christ, to whom I have given up my heart.'

Instantly the exclamation burst from me: 'Have you told your wife?'

'No,' was the reply, 'only God knows it, and you.'

For the moment I could think of no one but the poor sufferer whom, a few days before I had sought, hypothetically, to console. Had it then *turned out so differently* with her who could see nothing but frowns upon the Father's face, when beneath it lay this great joy, which was soon to drink up all her bitter grief? But recollecting the errand of my visitor, I begged him to relate the whole story of his conversion.

'Sir,' he began, 'do you remember saying some months ago, in a sermon, that God often used affliction as a means by which to draw sinners to himself? In my folly I thought how idle an experiment it would be with me, that if the Almighty should in that way, challenge to a measurement of will against will, it would be found that something besides coercion was necessary to subdue me into a Christian. But somehow, when little Bennie died, it *turned out very differently*. All this haughty pride was subdued. Instead of this rebellion, I felt strangely drawn to that Great Being who had laid upon me this stroke. I have been praying to him ever since, and now I hope that I am at peace with him through the merits of his Son.'

A long evening was spent in coversation with him, with the most satisfactory conviction that 'old things had passed away,' and that he was 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.'

The next day I met, as usual, the Bible class of ladies, and there, in deep mourning, sat the bereaved mother, with the same dark shadow of grief resting upon her quiet face. I scanned it narrowly, but there was no light that I could discover breaking in under the edges of that cloud. She is ignorant yet, I said to myself, of the Lord's great love for her. At the close of the exercise she mingled with the throng and passed beyond the door. I knew then that I would be the bearer to her of great joy. Following, with rapid steps I overtook her, fortunately alone. 'Mrs. H——, has your husband told you anything?'

A deadly palor spread over a cheek already too pale, while the hand pressed instinctively, to hold the throbbing heart: 'Is there any new sorrow for me to bear?'

Reader, have you ever felt how the heart of a wounded bird beats against the hand of its captor? So was this poor dove trembling with fear in the hand of God; and yet he was her Father, though she knew it not.

'No, my dear madam, not sorrow, but joy,' I rejoined. 'Do you remember telling me how you could kneel at Bennie's grave, and thank God for his infinite love in taking him away?'

'Yes, perfectly well,' she answered.

'Go home then and tell your husband to erect this night the family altar, and as you kneel by his side, praise Him who has turned your mourning into dancing: who hast put off your sackcloth, and girded you with gladness.'

'Has God, then, given me my husband?' she asked, in quick breath.

'Yes, madam; your living husband in the stead of your dead son; and, as he will tell you, the living through the dead.'

Briefly reciting the interview of the preceding night, the tears rained down her cheek, as she stood beneath the oaks of the shaded street, but they were tears of holy gratitude and joy, mingled with penitence, as she recalled her expressions of despondency and gloom. I bid her adieu, with the injunction to help her husband break through the diffidence and reserve so characteristic of him, and so to learn from his own lips the reality of the great change he had undergone. It was an instructive lesson to me to wait upon the Lord in the midst of dark dispensations, until He shall make them plain.—*From a Pastor's Portfolio.*

What Young Men May Do.

Robert Murry M'Cheyne had been the means of the conversion of hundreds of persons, and has given a lasting impulse to foreign missions in the hearts of of the Scotch people by his visit to the Jews on the continent of Europe and in Palestine, before he died at thirty years of age, and his biographer (Rev. And. A. Bonar) says: 'Perhaps never was the death of one whose whole occupation had been preaching the everlasting Gospel more felt by all the saints of God in Scotland."

David Brainerd kindled a flame of interest in the salvation of the poor savages of this continent, and set an example of burning zeal for Christ which has, perhaps, beyond that of any other man, inspired and sustained others in labors for the most benighted and degraded of our race, before he finished his brief thirty years. Jonathan Edwards, in his memoirs, says of his love, meekness, &c., "I scarcely know where to look for a parallel instance in the present age;" and that his memory should "teach and excite to duty us who are called to the work of the ministry, and all who are candidates for the great work."

John Summerfield who Dr. Bethune styled "that most apostolical young man," and whose labors created such an intensity of popular interest in Ireland, England, and America, did did not reach twenty-eight.

Felix Neff filled the Alps with the light of the Gospel, and ascended to the glory on high before he was thirty-one.

Henry Martyn died at the same early age, leaving a name precious in England, India and Persia, and wherever Christ's cause is loved throughout the world.

Walter M. Lawrie, whose life and death have so powerfully drawn the heart of the Presbyterian Church to China, was but twenty-eight, when pirates drowned him in the muddy waters of the Bay of Hangchau.

Isador Loewenthal, that prodigy of talent, fervent zeal and industry, had served the Church but seven years in India before he was master of the Affghan, the Persian, the Arabic, the Cashmeri, and the Hindustani languages, had translated the New Testament into the former of them, and nearly completed a dictionary of it, besides contributing a large amount of valuable matter for publication in America and in England.

Melville B. Cox—need we call our people to the memory of this young man, whose dying utterance has not ceased to ring along the ranks of our Israel: "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up?"

How animating and how encouraging are such examples! With similar ardor of love for Christ, unceasing prayerfulness, and patient perserverance in labors for good it may be within the reach of the reader of these words to be as blessed and honored as were they.

Results of Missionary Enterprise.

BY N. G. CLARK, D.D.

Let us glance over the entire field. In Asia Minor, Syria, and Persia, where fifty years ago we had not so much as a single outpost, the light of the Gospel has been set up by American missionaries in a hundred churches, and is proclaimed by more than five hundred native preachers in three hundred towns and cities, scattered all the way from the Danube to the Euphrates. The Turkish empire is everywhere feeling the quickening presence and power of Christian ideas. More than 40 000 men and women have been taught to read through efforts put forth at a single mission station; the Armenian version of the Scriptures is settling the language of millions of the Armenians, as Luther's version settled the language of millions of the Germans; law has widely taken the place of arbitrary despotism, and the humblest peasant that feeds his silk-worms amid the Taurus mountains feels a security such as was quite unknown before the coming of the missionaries of the cross; and invoices of the implements of American industrial arts are finding their way into the interior.

Passing Syria, where the Scriptures are printed in the sacred language of the Koran, and young men are in training to proclaim them to Arabic-speaking races, stretching from the west coast of Africa to the eastern shores of China, we enter Africa to find the Copts waking up from the slumber of centuries in the light of the Gospel, and to hear of German missions a thousand miles up the Nile.

On the West coast, for a distance of nearly two thousand miles, the Christian Church has taken the place of the slave barracoon; the midnight air is no longer rent with the cries of murder and rapine, or lit up by the glare of blazing villages, and the voice of prayer and praise goes up from Christian congregations; two hundred native pastors watch over fifteen thousand professed followers of Christ, gathered into Christian Churches, some of whom have attained their majority, and are now zealous co-workers in the redemption of their native land.

Yet grander triumphs have attended missionary labor in the southern portion of the continent. English, Scotch, German, French, and American missionaries are there engaged in the common work. The Namaquas, the Bassutos, and the great Kaffir race, have heard the story of the cross; twenty thousand communicants, and a Christian civilization that somet mes provokes the jealousy of their white neighbors, and already illustrates the capabilities of the colored race, crown the efforts of two hundred missionaries.

In Madagascar, where, only ten years since, to be known as a Christian was to be placed at the peril of life and property, and the only chapels were under-ground rooms and caves in wild mountain glens, more than a hundred native preachers are proclaiming the Word of Life to listening throngs; the Queen attends the dedication of the church reared where martyr blood was spilt, orders all government works closed on the Sabbath, and last of all, has received baptism from the hands of one of her subjects.

India, from which our first missionaries were repelled with scorn, now welcomes to her shores nearly six hundred servants of Christ, preaching the Gospel in a score of languages from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya. Fifty thousand adult communicants, the tens of thousands of youth in Christian schools, the breaking down of old usages, and the despair of the popular faiths, show that the effort is not in vain. English residents, military and civilian, who have the amplest opportunity of forming an opinion upon the Christian work in progress, contribute a quarter of a million of dollars a year to help it on.

Twenty years ago the converts in China could be counted by dozens, now by thousands. Despite the local opposition of the learned classes and occasional outbreaks of fanaticism, the common people are beginning to hear the word, native Churches have been gathered, and native pastors ordained. Near a score of years Dr. Bridgman waited outside the walls of Canton, within range of English and American ships of war, toiling on in hope, walking by faith and not by sight, hardly daring to count a single soul as the fruit of his toil, not less joyful now, perhaps, as he welcomes the first-fruits of the coming glory.

In the Pacific, where there was not a convert sixty years ago; where, on the loveliest islands of the world, every vice seemed to run riot, and the vilest passions of the human heart sought unrestricted indulgence; where such words as wife and home had long ago perished even from the languages of the people; where hardy mariners spoke in bated breath of cannibal epicures, the Gospel of Christ has won some of its noblest triumphs. There is hardly a group of islands in all that wide expanse of waters but has been visited by the messengers of salvation, foreign or native. A Christian community of more than two hundred thousand souls assemble on the Sabbath for the worship of God. Islands that formerly offered the passing ship a few yams or cocoa-nuts, now ship large invoices of cotton and sugar, and have a trade that is reckoned by millions of dollars. Schools, churches, the appliances of a Christian civilization, have taken the place of savage barbarism. Sixty volumes hardly suffice to tell of the work of grace in the Pacific.

The Moravians excepted, fifty years ago a single church edifice would have sufficed to convene all the missionaries and all the native converts in all the mission fields of all the missionary societies in all the world. That little company has now grown to 1 800 missionaries, 3,000 native preachers, 300 000 communicants, and a Christian community of more than a million! The grand work goes on, gilding the earth with its lines of light; diffusing everywhere the blessings of knowledge and civilization.

"The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."—*Congregationalist.*

"Put a Ring on his Hand."

This may seem a small thing for Jesus to mention, in so thrilling a description of the welcome home of the wayward but penitent son. And if it were to be estimated merely as it is used for ornament, by its costly jewels and cunning workmanship, it would be trifling with a solemn occasion. But the ring, from time immemorial, has been employed as a signal or token of precious things. Did you ever have a wife or sister die, and as she passed away take a ring from her finger and give it to you, saying, "Wear that for me?" If so, you have some appreciation of its value.

Gen. Price related, shortly before he fell on the battle-field, the following touching incident: They had been sometime resting in camp, where they had a large prayer-meeting tent under which they were accustomed to meet for worship. Among those who were active in that meeting, and whom the general frequently met around the throne was an orderly sergeant. Then they were called into action; and when the battle was over, the general rode over the field to see whom he could relieve. Among the wounded he found his orderly. He dismounted and went up to him, and found him bleeding to death. "Sergeant," said he, you will soon go into bivouac.

"How I shall we encamp so soon?"

"Yes, you will soon pitch *your* tent."

Then he began to comprehend the general.

"Do you mean that I am about to die?"

"Yes, you have but a few hours to live."

His eye kindled with a heavenly smile. "Well," said he, "thank God I am ready to die, and am glad to die for my country."

Then he drew a ring from his finger, and kissed it, and handed it to the general, saying "I wish you would take that, and send it to my mother, and tell her that her son blessed her memory in dying." Then he drew another ring from his finger, and kissed it and handed it to the general: "Take this and send it to her to whom my heart was betrothed, and tell her to come to me in heaven," and he sank in death.

"Put a ring on his finger," said Jesus. Let him know that he is not only forgiven but loved. So with the forgiven sinner; all that ever has been symbolized by the ring is given to him. It is the emblem of an inviolable covenant of love. So God declares, "I have made an everlasting covenant with you. I have loved you with an everlasting love." If the poor self-condemned sinner ever doubts the love of God, let him think of the ring on his hand.

It is also an emblem of delegated power and protection. When Joseph interpreted the dreams of the Egyptian king, and was appointed his deputy, Pharaoh drew a ring from his finger and placed it on Joseph's finger; then, whatever touched Joseph touched Pharaoh. So with Ahasuerus and Mordecai. So with Jesus, "Whoso receiveth you receiveth me, and whoso rejecteth you rejecteth me!" The ring of divine protection is on the finger.

It is, too, the emblem of the marriage covenant and conjugal fidelity. So Jesus:—"I am married unto you." "Come hither, and let me show you the bride the Lamb's wife." Look at the ring on her hand.

And let us beware lest we lose the ring. One at least of England's nobility suffered ignominious death because the ring, pledge of his sovereign's protection, was lost.

Let us wear it ever in remembrance of Him.

The Last Days of Sir David Brewster.

At the meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a few days after the death of Sir David Brewster, Dr. Lyon Playfair, the vice president, spoke in touching terms of the loss to the nation and to science:—

"In the death of Sir David Brewster this society has lost its president, and the country one of her most distinguished philosophers. Sir David Brewster entered this society so long ago as 1808, and has been a constant contributor to its transactions. In announcing to us at the opening of the session the death of Faraday, he said that there was only one person living who had, like Faraday, taken all the medals of the Royal Society of London—the Copley, Rumford and Royal medals. There is no one living now to claim this high honor; for the 'one' so modestly hinted at was himself. In Brewster and Faraday the nation has suffered a heavy loss. Both were great philosophers and ardent Christians. We point to them as conclusive proof that science and infidelity are not akin. I dare not trust myself to speak of the last days of Brewster. The perfect calmness and kindly consideration with which he wrote farewell letters to the public bodies which had honored themselves by honoring him during life, where perhaps to have been looked for in one who viewed death as a means of attaining a higher and purer knowledge of God and of his works"

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Dr. Playfair was followed by Sir J. Y. Simpson, who said, "It happens that I was the last fellow of the Royal Society who conversed with Sir David Brewster before his death. It seems to me that I carry a mission from him to us—from the dead to the living; for when I last visited him at Allerley, when he was almost pulseless, his mind was perfectly entire and perfectly composed; and on asking him, among other matters, if he wished any particular scientific friend to take charge of his remaining scientific papers and notes, he answered me, 'No;' I have done what every scientific man should do, viz., published almost all my observations of any value just as they have occurred."

"Sir David Brewster must have been originally endowed with a robust and iron constitution. Few men ever reached the age of eighty-seven with an intellect so unimpaired and an ear so acute. In later years, however, he had repeated attacks of serious illness. But since he attended the meeting of the British Association at Dundee, in autumn 1867, where he was carried out from one of its crowded meetings in a state of syncope, his health has rapidly declined. He died ultimately of an attack of pneumonia and bronchitis. A rigor, ushering in the fatal illness, occurred eight days previous to death. From the date of its occurrence he felt and stated that the grasp of the cold hand of death was now fixed upon him, and that he had very few days to live. Yet, though feeble and weak, he rose and worked for a few hours daily. Three days before he died he insisted on dressing and going into his study, where he dictated several farewell letters, and amongst others, one to our secretary, Dr. Balfour.—'Permit me,' he pleaded with those around him, and who anxiously wished him to remain quiet, 'permit me to rise once more, for I have still a little work to do. I know,' he added, 'it is the last time I shall ever be in my study.' Towards the end of that day's exertions his friend and pastor, Mr. Cousin visited him. 'My race,' said he to Mr. Cousin, 'is now quite run. I am now of no use either to myself or to others, and I have no wish to linger longer here.' 'Yet,' he added, after a while—'yet it is not without a wrench that one parts from all those he has loved so dearly.' To Mr. Pain, and other clerical friends, he freely expressed in these his last days the unbounded and undoubting faith of a very humble and a very happy Christian. No shadow or doubt ever once seemed to cloud his mind. In his march toward and through the river of death it seemed, as I heard a friend remark, as if Christ were ever whispering into his ear, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee,'—'Be of good cheer, it is I.' Like my former dear friend and old school companion, Professor John Reid, he appeared to be impressed with the idea that one of the great joys and glories of heaven would consist in the revelation of all the marvels and mysteries and laws of creation and science by Him by whom all things were made; and who, as Professor George Wilson held, was not only the head of the Church, but 'the head of the schools of science,' as he is indeed the centre, and origin, and source of all science. 'I have,' he remarked to me, 'been very happy here; but I shall soon be infinitely happy there with my Saviour and Creator.' As death drew more and more nigh, the one idea of his Saviour, and of his being speedily and eternally with him, grew stronger and more absorbing.

"His elder daughter arrived from a great distance about twenty-four hours before he died. "He often," she writes to me, "during that time spoke of the different members of his family whom he would meet in heaven. On one of these occasions he paused, and seemed to gather up his strength to say, with a wonderful power and emphasis, "I shall see Jesus too—Jesus who created all things—Jesus who made the worlds—I shall see him as he is." I said, "You will understand all things then;" and it seemed to me as if the "O, yes!" of his answer came out of the very fulness of content. Once I said to him, "I wish all learned men had your simple faith." Again there was the pause, and each word was dropped out with a never-to-be-forgotten weight of meaning: "I have had the light for many years, and oh! how bright it is. I feel so safe, so perfectly safe, so perfectly happy."

A near connection, but not a relative, who in former years often lived in his house, and latterly formed one of the three loving watchers by his death bed, writes me this characteristic and striking anecdote: When we were living in his house at St. Andrews, twelve years ago, he was much occupied with the microscope; and, as was his custom always, he used to sit up studying it after the rest of the household had gone to bed. I often crept back into the room, on the pretence of having letters to write or something to finish, but just to watch him. After a little he would forget that I was there, and I have often seen him suddenly throw himself back in his chair, lift up his hands, and exclaim, "Good God! good God! how marvelous are thy works!" Remembering these scenes, I on Sunday morning (the day before he died,) said to him that it had been given to him to show forth much of God's great and marvellous works, and he answered, 'Yes, I found them to be great and marvellous, and I have felt them to be His.'

"As a physician, I have often watched by the dying, but I have never seen a death-bed scene more full of pure love and faith than our late president's was. His death-bed was indeed a sermon of unapproachable eloquence and pathos in its silence as well as in his words. For there he lay, this greatest and most illustrious of modern philosophers, this hoary grand arch-priest of science, passing fearlessly through the valley of death, sustained and gladdened with the all-simple and all-sufficient Christian faith of a very child; and looking forward with unclouded intellect, and bright and happy prospects, to the mighty change that was about to carry him from time to eternity. 'I feel,' writes the lady, whose note I have last quoted—'I feel that words express very little of that death-bed; for the marvellous triumph of mind over matter, of grace over nature, was shown, not so much in words as in the whole spirit of the scene. I never saw a soul actually pass away before; but I thank God I have been present when his passed away. The sight was a cordial from heaven to me. I believed before, but now I have seen that Christ has truly abolished death.'

"May I be permitted to add one single remark more? Sir David Brewster appears to have left for us all a deep, and touching, and marvellous lesson, alike in his life and in his death. In his life he has shown us what a gifted and gigantic intellect can effect, when conjoined with industry and energy, in the way of unveiling and unfolding the secret laws and phenomena of nature. In his death he has shown us that one, possessing an intellect so gifted and so gigantic, could possess also and lean upon the faith of a pure and simple-hearted Christian. That faith made to him the dreaded darkness of the valley of death a serene scene of beauty and brightness. May God grant that it do so to every one of us. His spirit even now seems to me to be beckoning on the votaries of literature and science, here and elsewhere, along the path which he has so gloriously trodden—upward, and heavenward and Christward.

When a man desires to sleep he desires to hear no noise; so when a man doth desire to sleep in sin, he desires not to hear the voice of grace disturbing him; and the devil, like a diligent chamberlain, draweth the curtains of darkness and security around him.

Luther and Loyola.

Luther and Loyola were contemporaries, and the latter the younger by eight years. Both were enthusiastic, ardent men, resolute and severe. Both had gone through religious experiences not altogether dissimilar; had struggled with doubt and terror, with remorse and shame. In their religious trials they fancied that they saw demons and spirits, and had held frequent contests with their great adversary. Both had labored for purity of life and had attained it. Both lived as far as possible above allurements of the present. But their differences were still more striking than their resemblances. Luther was learned, accomplished, creative, poetical. He had been a profound student of the Scriptures; he had marked every line, interpreted every thought; he labored night and day to free his mind from the vain shadows of tradition, and to hear and attend alone to the voice of inspiration. For the teaching of man he cared nothing; he heard only the Apostles and the Divine Preceptor; and hence Luther had imbibed much of the benevolence and charity of the earlier Church. But Loyola was ever wrapped up in visions of the Middle Ages. Unlearned and dogmatic, he saw only the towering grandeur of Rome. He preferred tradition to the Scriptures, the teaching of the Pope to that of the Bible. One article of faith seemed to him alone important—the primacy of St. Peter. One text alone seemed to him the key of revelation; one doubtful passage the only source of Christian life. To the primacy, therefore, Loyola vowed obedience rather than to the Scriptures; to the enemies of the papacy he could assign only endless destruction. Hence while Luther's doctrines tended to benevolence and humanity, those of his assailant must lead to persecution and war; the one was the herald of a gentler era, the other strove to recall the harsh traits of the days of Innocent and Hildebrand.—EUGENE LAWRENCE, *in Harper's Magazine for October.*

Voices of Grace.

It is marvelous and beautiful to observe, how various are the voices of free grace. "I am thirsty says one. "Come to the waters,' she cries. I am hungry," says another. "Then eat ye that which is good," she says, "and let your soul delight itself in fatness." "But I am poor and have nothing to buy with." "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "We are weary," sigh the labourers in the sun-beaten fields. "Come unto me,' breathes her answer like a breeze from the waters, "and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee," she whispers to the pilgrim ready to faint on the highway. "Behold the Fountain,', she cries to the guilty; "the Fountain open for sin and uncleanness." To the lost she cries, "I am the Way;" to the ignorant, "I am the Truth;" to the dying "I am the Life." How large her welcome to the sinner, how soothing her consolations to the mourner, how inspiring her tones to him that is faint of heart! There is no disease for which she has not a remedy, no want for which she has not a supply; and every one who applies to her shall confess at length, "it is enough; I am blessed as if all the methods and riches of grace were for me alone!"—*Hogg.*

Abraham.

I have known what it was to sit down in the sight of four hundred thousand human beings, and have the consciousness that there was not a soul among them all that even in theory knew my Saviour; and when the holy Sabbath came there was no sound of a church-going bell, no Christian temple, no congregation, no religious association whatsoever, except our family altar. I had sympathy with the father of the faithful as he stood up alone and singular for the Lord in Canaan; but I realise that there was no comparison in regard to him and to myself. I had a church history, antecedents in piety, religious biographies, and a praying people behind me to sustain my hands, and I knew that I was not alone; but Abraham lived in an age of the world when there was not a single help of this class, before a page of the bible had been written, before there was a religious biography put on record, and when religion was, in great measure, an untried and blessed reality. There he stood alone amidst the fallen ruins around him, amidst the idolatry of that country. Oh what would he have given if the Bible and our hymnology had laid upon his table! But he had no such help; no congregation, no Sabbath, no hymnology, none but the all-sufficient God; and the Lord intended that he should realise that He was more than means, more than earthly help, and more than antecedents; that all that he required for his religious life his God would abundantly supply; that grace should be given equal to his day; that his shoes should be iron and brass, and that God would make him equal to every emergency.

And he did. Forty centuries have passed over, and where will you find a man that will measure in piety as high as he stands even now, head and shoulders above all his spiritual posterity? His faith was so great he only asked that God should say the word, and laughed at impossibilities, and said 'It shall be done.' He credited all the Almighty said, and against hope believed in hope. Now this all-sufficient grace that developed such a character, sustained such a glorious faith, and made his record so brilliant in the history of piety, was the result of his confidence in the sufficiency of that grace that God could make to rest upon his heart and upon his circumstances.—REV. DR. BUTLER *in the N. Y. Observer.*

THE END OF THE WORLD.—To thousands this is no fiction—no illusion of an over-heated imagination. To day, to morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk there, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times from the great Cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light gleam through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal?—*Longfellow.*

Obituary.

MISS HARRIET PINKHAM, BARRINGTON.

The subject of this sketch was brought to God in early life, during a revival of religion under the Rev. J. McMurray, on the Barrington Circuit. To the good and happy choice then made she proved faithful for a period of more than twenty years, until the Master said "It is enough," and a life of humble but earnest devotion to Christ, was crowned with a peaceful end, and, doubtless a triumphant entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom. Constitutionally an invalid, she was almost from childhood the subject of bodily pain and infirmity; but blessed with a cheerful disposition, which was sanctified and mellowed by Divine grace, she was rarely heard to complain, or to wish her lot easier or less afflictive. Notwithstanding her weakness and frequent sufferings, she not only seemed herself to enjoy life but to possess the rare art of contributing largely to the happiness of others.—Possessed of an excellent mind and a refined and well-cultivated taste, her society was highly and deservedly prized by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and the influence thus acquired she employed for the best and noblest purposes. For many years she taught in the Sabbath school, and her best energies were devoted to its interests, and especially to the welfare of those composing her class. Uniting with the Wesleyan Church shortly after her conversion her attachment to that section of God's Israel was firm, intelligent and consistent. For the promotion of its temporal interests, she ever manifested a deep and practical concern; often laboring with her hands to add to the comfort of the ministers and their families and to help forward the cause of God in the community.—For the last year or two of her life failing health obliged her to desist from these labors of love. Sometimes her sufferings were very great, but though she clung to life and desired if such were God's will that she might recover, yet resignation was hers even in hours of keenest anguish, and eventually enabled her calmly to submit to all the dispensations of a wise and gracious Providence. As the mortal hour drew near, doubts that had previously darkened her soul and tried her faith, gradually disappeared, and the sunshine of christian hope illumined the dark valley and enabled the timorous one to

"Pass fearless through death's iron gate,"

out into the glory beyond. Now in verses from the sweet songs of Zion, and in words from the Holy Book, she cheered herself amid the solemn scenes of the last conflict; and at noon of the 6th July, after forty years of service and of suffering, she passed away—we believe to the Paradise of God.

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,
Joy for thee, happy friend, thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam—
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stirred,
Home, home, thy peace is won, thy heart is filled,
Thou art gone home."

S.

MRS. ABRAHAM VAN NORDEN.

Mrs. V. was born in Port La Tour, County of Shelburne, in the year 1813. She was converted to God when quite young, but did not connect herself with the Wesleyan church until sometime after, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. McMurray.

For some time previous to this and until her life's end, she was a most devoted and warm-hearted friend of God's cause and ministers, counting it her chief delight to administer to the wants of the latter, and to promote the interests of the former. For many years the preachers of the Gospel were hospitably entertained at her dwelling, and not a few of these can to day bear witness to the warm and sympathetic interest evinced by her in their behalf. While health permitted she was regular in her attendance upon the means of grace, and not many months previous to her departure the writer had the pleasure of meeting her in class at her own house, when she bore testimony to her love for that important feature in our economy, and to the power of Divine grace to support and strengthen even amid bodily pain and affliction. Her sickness, consumption, protracted through many years, and attended with much weakness and distress, was borne with exemplary patience; and her feelings in reference to life and death might well have been expressed in the language of the Apostle—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Leaning upon the staff of God's "great and precious promises," she did not halt or tremble when the final hour arrived, but calmly bade adieu to a weeping husband and other sorrowing friends, committed her soul into the hands of a faithful Redeemer, and peacefully entered into rest—thus adding another to the long cloud of witnesses who can testify that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

S.

MRS. NATHANIEL WRIGHT, OF CASCUMPEC, P. E. ISLAND.

Mrs. Nathaniel Wright entered into her eternal rest on the 8th of July, having sojourned upon earth for 72 years. We are not aware of the date, nor the circumstances connected with her conversion, but know that she was for many years a consistent member of the Church of her choice. During the special services held at West Cape, last winter she took an active part. The fervency and power of her prayers, during those meetings, will long be remembered by those who were present. Her last illness was but brief. We visited her several times before her death, and though up to a short time previous to her decease, she did not think that her sickness was unto death, yet, when asked what were her feelings in view of that event, she said "All is well, for Jesus sustains me." She exhorted all who came to see her that they should make their peace with God, saying "What would I do now, if it were not for this blessed salvation that God, through Christ affords me."

Up to within a year of her death, she resided in Bedeque. And many of the Ministers who have laboured upon that Circuit, will remember her as a true friend and sincere christian. Her husband, familiarly known as "Good old Natty Wright" and six of her children preceeded her in the crossing of the flood. Many of whom gave hope in their death. She has now joined them, and the blood washed throng, and is now upon the golden banks of the long ever more helping to swell the volume of that heavenly song, the melody of which doth fill the heavens, and is louder far, than the "noise of many waters."

C. W. DOCKRILL.

MR. DANIEL J. DAY, WOODSTOCK, N. B.

On Saturday evening, Sept. 19, 1869, aged 66 years, Mr. Daniel J. Day, of Woodstock, exchanged mortality for life. Bro. Day's connection with the Church extended through a period of forty years, during which time, it is believed, he maintained his christian integrity and his confidence in his Redeemer. His gentleness of disposition, uprightness of deportment, and entire religious consistency placed him high in public estimation; while those who knew him best could truthfully say of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!"—His illness was short, but he was not unprepared to met his God. In reply to inquiry respecting his state of mind, his answer was, "Peace, peace." One of his latest intelligible utterances was a quotation from 7th chapter of Revelation,—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more," &c. Showing that his thoughts were fixed on heavenly bliss. His death has left a blank in his family circle, and in the Church of God on earth; but 'our loss is his infinite gain.'

M.

Woodstock, N B., Sept. 22, 1869.

MR. JOHN HECKMAN.

Died, at Heckman's Island, Lunenburg, Sept. 19th, Mr. John Heckman, in the 77th year of his age.

Forty years ago Bro. Heckman became a member of the Methodist society, and with unwavering fidelity continued to evince to the end of life, that he loved the cause of God. He often referred with much emotion to the earliest Methodist preachers on this Circuit, through whose instrumentality he was brought to God. I believe he united with our Churbh while Bro. Davies was on the circuit. That beloved Supernumerary as well as others will be glad to know that John Heckman, after a short illness, died in the Lord. His widow and children are consoled by the pleasing consideration, that their loss is his gain. "It is better to depart and be with Christ."

"Is this death's seal? The impression
O how fair!
Look what a radiant smile is playing there?
That was the soul's farewell; the sacred dust
Awaits the resurrection of the just."

G. O. H.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1869.

Pastoral Address of the British Conference

The Annual Address of the British Conference to the Societies placed under its pastoral care, is this year unusally interesting. It was prepared by Mr. Coley; and it is marked by all those mental characteristics which specially distinguish that gentleman's productions in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the press. Mr. Coley is in many respects *sui geneis*. He is a minister of twenty three-years standing. He has latterly been stationed in some of the most important Circuits in England, in London and elsewhere. Judging from his appearance when we saw him six years ago, we should suppose he is now about forty-five years of age. He is of medium height, short of neck, and like many healthful Englishmen of his years, inclined to rotundity of physique. Mr. Colely's face is not an expressive one, when in a state of repose. His features do not bear the impress of vivacity, depth or force of thought. In fact both in form and feature he is what is called a plain man. Mr. Coley is nevertheless one of the most popular public speakers in the three Kingdoms. Yet he is not an orator. He has not the gush, the magnetism of oratory. But he is a most delightful talker. His sermons are full of thoughts, sometimes quaint, sometimes philosophic, and not unfrequently truly poetic. His style is sententious and occasionally antithetic. His meaning lies upon the surface of his language. His beautiful conceptions are beautifully draped in the simplest words. His manner as a speaker is in perfect harmony with his thought and language. He is self possessed, calm, graceful in gesticulations and the personification of ease. He is by all odds the most easy public speaker we ever saw. It seems to us he could talk in the pulpit all day without beading his own brow with sweat or closing the eyelids of his hearers with weariness. He is a most charming speaker, and he holds his audience with breathless attention. He is a highly valued minister of the Methodist Church.

The draft of the Pastoral Address, when submitted by Mr. Coley to the judgment of Conference elicited high encomiums from some of its ablest members. It is somewhat of a lengthy and elaborate production. It will perhaps appear in full in these columns in a future issue; but it may not be amiss to present the readers of the *Wesleyan* with an outline of its contents and with some specimens of its beauties in this number.

Commencing with the usual salutations, the Address refers to the seasons of power and refreshing vouchsafed during the session of Conference, to the gratifying improvement which has taken place in almost every Connexional department, and to the net increase of three thousand one hundred and forty-six in the membership of the Church in Great Britain, with twenty thousand five hundred and ninety-six on trial, and in the foreign field a net increase to the membership of three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight. The Address then proceeds to show in spite of what disadvantages this measure of success has been achieved.

Methodism is not now so largely alone as formerly in its testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus. The doctrine of a general atonement is not the novelty now it once was. Promising fields of labor and lucrative emoluments outside the Methodistic fold annually draw away from Methodism many energetic workers, to be employed by other Christian communities, having more means than men, as evangelists, scripture-readers, and City missionaries.

Undenominational effort, lately developed to a considerable extent in Britain, has deprived Methodism of a large amount of evangelical agency that but for that remarkable movement would have been more or less engaged in directly adding to the strength of Methodism.

The prevalence of scepticism in its various forms,—rationalism, latitudinarianism, and indifferentism, together with its natural opposite, superstition, present formidable obstacles to the spread of saving truth. It is believed that a brighter day is at hand, and that a more abundant harvest will soon be reaped. No new agency is requisite. No new channels need be excavated. The one thing needful is the promised outpouring from on high. This glorious influence is to be sought, not by prayer only, but also by active work for God and souls—organized work, co-operative work, individual work. Were all Christian men thus to work for one short year the results would be marvellous in the highest degree. Were all Methodists thus to work, wonderful things would be accomplished.

The supreme importance of effective labor among the young is pointed out. The methods that ought to be adopted and the ends that ought to be sought in the prosecution of such labor, are stated with much force. The encouragement to this kind of labor is dwelt on, and a most earnest and direct appeal is made to the youth and others remaining unconverted in Methodist congregations at once to surrender their affections to the Lord Jesus.

Sundry solemn cautions are urged upon the attention of the membership. The danger of yielding to worldliness of spirit is insisted on. The attractions of pleasure, the perils of wealth, station and ease are strikingly portrayed.

The Church is cautioned against lowering its fences to make admission easy. The necessity of cultivating a high standard of spiritual enjoyment is exhibited. The example of Wesley and the spirit of early Methodism show 'where the strength of our Church lies.' The value of Christian fellowship, as demonstrated by the experience of Methodism, is pithily stated.

The Address closes with a glowing description of the marvels that may be realized as the result of faithful labor and faithful prayer.

We proceed now to cull the more striking passages from this unique document. They are excellent in themselves, and they vividly illustrate the peculiarities of Mr. Coley's happiest modes of thought and expression. Says Mr. Coley:—

'Our holy religion has of late been frequently assailed. They who have life through the Word can be calm and firm; but weak people, moved by the daring repetition, have been brought to imagine there must be some foundation for all these assaults: like the islanders who concluded Paul a villain because a viper bit him. Reaction helpful to the truth will come. As one after another Christianity shakes venomous antagonistic theories off, and the fire of time consumes them, while she lives on, the world, convinced at last by her immortal life, shall confess her divinity.

He who seeks heaven by following the changing currents of human opinion is as little likely to find his wished for goal as a pilgrim would be who should journey to Jerusalem on the principle of walking which way the wind blew.

We trust a brighter hour is near. If you entered a noble minster as the shadows of eventide were falling, you would perceive all preparations for illumination to be ready. The tubes are laid, the gass is on, the lamps are lit, they are in, but that is just all that you can say of them. They burn low. They only glimmer like glowworms. The glory of the vaulted roof and the symmetry of the long drawn aisles are invisible in the dimness. For want of light the readers err and stammer over the holy books. What is wanted? New channels for the light-giving power? No. They are as they should be. *At a touch fresh force will breathe through them, and as the gush comes, every blue bead of twinkling light will brighten into a star*, each corner of the temple be filled with glory, every hallowed word become distinct, and the service go on with gladness. The present need of our Connexion, as the need there, is not of new means, but of stronger heavenly communications through what we have.

Let ancient facts instruct us. It was indubitably by supernatural might that Sampson's puny weapon smote with such deadly force the the host of his enemies; yet it is quite as true that no Philistian fell to the heap unaimed at, or whom Sampson himself, struck not down.—Only at Elijah's prayer clouds gathered and showers fell; yet of the following harvest not a wheat ear waved in Israel's fields, nor did a melion grow, which a Hebrew hand had not planted.

The times are serious. Protestantism is flouted by many of its sworn defenders: men who scorn the martyrs and hate the Reformation are this day unjustly living upon English tithes.—Popery lifts its head more proudly than this realm for centuries before hath seen. Pauperism terribly increases. Vice festers in our large cities. Indifference to religion grows among the masses. Births outrun conversions. Population multiplies faster than churches. More unconverted people breathe the air of England now than did upon the day John Wesley first set forth. We must awake. It becomes us to do as peoples do when they fight for altar and for home. They melt their bells for cannon, and unlead their roofs for shot. The nation rises against the foe *en masse*. So should we rush to the war for Christ.

Teachers, any chasm between your institution and the Church will be fatal as a broken arch in a bridge; through it, your young charge will drop into the flood. If at a suitable age the children join not the Church, that fact is sad evidence that they have joined the world.

Not a few schemes have been devised to retain children in your classes until riper years: everything short of getting them converted will either secularize you, or fail of securing them. Let this year's motto be: "The children for Christ."

Look upon the drops of early dew, refreshing every spire of grass, clinging to every sprig of forest trees, or lying like pearls in the cup of every opening flower, and then with full heart ask, "O Lord, when, according to thy word, shall thy Church from the womb of the morning have the dew of her youth? When shall she have an off-spring pure, beautiful, and countless as those glittering gems?"

Of all influences threatening to Christian life that of "the world" is at once the most common and the most perilous. Reason was never stronger than now loudly to declare, "If any love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." By "the world" is not meant either men, or nature, or affairs; but any, or all of them, if loved for themselves alone. The essence of this sin is forgetfulness of God. Of it comes science without faith, politics without principle, business without conscience, literature without holiness, pleasure without purity; in short, man without God. The eye of worldliness is sense; its horizon, time; its law, fashion; its god, success. The worldling cannot see afar off: his wisdom, like the ostrich's wings, may help its possessor to outrun others on earth, but can never lift him nearer heaven.

Possibility of perfection in love, if a doctrine to be believed, must plainly be a duty to be urged, and an experienced to be enjoyed.—Though we put perfect love into our creeds as carefully as hydrographers do the North-west Passage into their charts, it will be with as little practical result so long as we go not that way.

Among teachers in the Church who have left their mark on the ages, John Wesley stands preeminent as the great divine of religious experience. His glorious course began in himself with the joys of personal salvation. His work was not sharpering the corners of creeds, but declaring the life of God. His great labour—the success he sought—lay not in the refutation of error, but in the salvation of men. You look along his track, not to find heresies crushed by his logic, so much as souls quickened by his word. This sacred sociality is the spirit and life of our system. Colleagueship in the ministry and fellowship in the class are its result. Under God, they are our strength, but the strength of them is love. Let love decline, and such a system must at once be felt to be a bondage and a fret.

The scene of quickening in Ezekiel's vision is all the more glausome for the desolation which precedes it. A valley filled with human wreck lay stretched beneath the seer's eye. What symbol, with equal impressiveness, could have set forth Israel's utter hopelessness? There—crushed in the fight, left unburied after the battle—lay the broken skeletons of the nation's last defenders. In sight of those unhonoured and ghastly heaps, we ask, "Is there help for God's land yet?" Hark! with daring faith the prophet speaks to the bones; there is a rustling amid the piles of death; bone leaps to bone; sinews bind, flesh clothes, and skin covers them. Again he, fearless, at God's bidding, calls to the winds, and at his word the quickening breath comes; in re-constructed symmetry, up starts a mighty host, ready harnessed for the wars of the Lord.

To-day, through all Christendom, the boasts of the foe are loud. In many a place weeping, weary watchers see but broad heaps of dead, dry, bleaching bones where living armies ought to stand. Let us to our knees. Abraham prayed, and Sodom's fires lingered till his intercession was done. Jacob wrestled, and—though, to humble him, his flesh, like Paul's, must thereafter bear a thorn—as a prince he prevailed.—Moses cried unto God, and at his cry a path broad enough for a march of a nation, opened before him through the sea. Solomon laid aside his crown, and from the midst of Israel's gathered thousands entreated God; the words were yet on his lips when "the glory of the Lord filled the house." Elijah, alone before an apostate king, dauntless amid the fretted passions and wild fanaticism of the priests of Baal, cast himself upon the fidelity of God; the fire fell. Jehoshaphat prayed, and in the valley of Berachah his enemies smote each other. Hezekiah prayed, and that night "God arose to judgment. The earth feared and was still." At his rebuke the mighty men of the Assyrian host slept their sleep.

Prayer will work marvels yet. Let us lay to heart the littleness of our increase; let us crowd our meetings for prayer; let us confess the whole fault to be ours; let us mourn before the Lord; let us plead with such desire as swelled the great heart of John Knox when he cried, "O! give me Scotland, or I die!" Unto us, as unto our fathers, God will come. So shall we no longer be unto Him as a snow-clad vineyard, without fruit on the branches, or song in the grove. He shall say, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon My garden, that the spices may flow out." At that word the Spirit's influence, as the breath of spring, shall dissolve the frost: His vital ray shall penetrate the soil, quicken every tree, and touch into life, beauty, and fragrance every flower. Then the Lord himself will walk again with joy in his paradise, and beneath His eye the lily shall vie in whiteness with the light, the rose reflect the ruddy beams of the morning, the vine put forth her shoots, and the boughs be purpled over with glustering grapes.

There are few writers that will bear quoting from like Mr. Coley, as the above extracts sufficiently shew.

J. R. N.

The Thankless Nine—The Thankful one.

Luke, in his 17th chapter, narrates an incident that took place during the last journey of our Lord to Jerusalem. The great miracle of raising Lazarus had brought him into peril from the maliciousness of his foes. To escape the determined enmity of the Pharisees; he retired to Ephraim, on the confines of Judea and Samaria. After dwelling there for a few weeks, he started toward Jerusalem, as his hour predicted and expected was drawing nigh. On the outskirts of some village, ten lepers called to him, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.' How great must have been his fame, when it penetrated that lepers colony, that no man might visit The stupendous work, that raised the dead; the favorable circumstances of the presence of the Jews of no mean families; conspired to raise the fame of the great Prophet. When near to them; standing at a distance according to the cermonial law; they recognized in the stanger the raiser of Lazarus from the dead. In reply to their request; he bid them go, and show themselves to the priests. While going they were healed. One returned to give thanks; nine went away thankless. And as Jesus looked on him, he was touched by his gratitude; and wounded by the conduct of the others said, 'where are the nine?' how bountifully this simple narrative teaches us faith *in*; gratitude *to*; blessing *from* Christ.

Faith *in* Christ is taught by the conduct of these ten lepers. They had no previous knowledge that could give them understanding of the ways of Christ, for he cured by different methods. His word in its simple affirmation is to be believed. Unbelief might have asked: 'what good can result to us from going to the priests; they are not appointed to heal, else we had gone before to them? Jerusalem has no physician skilled enough to cure us, else we had long ago tried his healing art, it has no water efficacious enough to cleanse the leper? But there must have been an emphasis in the simple utterance, *go!* There must have breathed divinity in that *go*; there must have been every element that could awaken credence in that *go*; for without a question they started on the designated journey. Faith ever rests on the word of God; for he gives no reasons for his commands. Noah built his ark in faith of the fulfilment of the word of the Lord. He had no proofs for 120 years that the deluge would come. The spring clothed the fields with verdure and flowers; the summer smiled in its dress of gorgeous hues; autumn robed itself in searness; and winter closed the revolving year. Against all the voices of nature; opposed by the scoffers of his folly; with a world without; and a fiercer one within his heart, he nevertheless built his ark; for he believed the word of God. Abraham left his own land; journeyed toward a strange country; suffered bereavement on the way; because his faith credited the word of Jehovah. Moses scorned a crown, despised a throne, refused an empire in faith of the fulfilment of the ancient covenant. In the time of our Lord's early ministry, the centurion came to him to ask him to heal his servant. Upon his expressed willingness, the humble centurion said; 'I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak *the word* only.' As he, had servants who obeyed his commands; so Jesus' *go*, or *come* was sufficient to heal. No wonder that his faith was spoken of as greater than any other in Israel. Upon the Old Testament; 'Thus saith the Lord;' upon the New Testaments: 'Verily, Verily I say unto you;' faith rests for salvation from sin, salvation from trial, and salvation into heaven. The faith of the lepers also took hold upon the power of Christ. He had raised the dead, and though they were as good as dead, yet the same power could heal, exerted they knew not how. It is not with the seen that faith has to do, but with the unseen. As you get beyond the teachings of men, beyond the speculations of science, away from the shadows of earth, away above the mists that hang around, you touch the invisible; and the invisible is the object of faith. It fastens its arms around the throne of God, it takes hold upon his power, and while every sense that has to do with earth is lost amid the earthly, faith etherial in its birth and its object sweeps to the invisible and eternal. 'For the things that are seen are temporal; the things unseen are eternal;' declared the scriptural teaching of the invisibility of faith's object and desire.

Gratitude *to* Christ is evident in the conduct of the Samaritan. They could not have gone far when the healing took place; for we are not to suppose that our Lord remained long enough there to allow them to go to Jerusalem, or this one to Samaria. At his feet fell the healed one—and with a loud voice,—the hoarse, husky voice of the leper is gone,—with a loud, clear voice he gave glory to God. As Jesus looked on him, he said: 'Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?' Have they not been healed? Are they so unthankful as not to return? Who can measure the depth of feeling, who can fathom the ocean of sorrow that is in that utterance, 'Where are the nine?' What were they once? What are they now? What would they have been had I not come that way? Once they were lepers, covered with scales, loathsome with putridity, excluded from society, deprived of social and national privileges. Now they are cleansed, the scales removed, the flesh as Naaman's like a child's, the elevated blessings of family, social and national state restored. Had Jesus not come that way they would have been lepers till the end of life: carrying their disease to the grave. As his Omniscient eye followed them on their journey, He uttered this pathetic lament,—'Where are the nine?' It was only the first word that shortly after fell from his lips, as with a pathos that melted into tears, he said: 'O, Jerusalem! O, Jerusalem!' One is connected with the other, for the *nine* showed forth his rejection; types of the class who afterwards demanded his death. The *one*, and he a Samaritan, showed the exalting of the Gentiles by the fall of the Jews; the homage paid by him to his healer, the homage of the Gentiles to the world's Restorer. Ingratitude is positively sinful; it is insult added to mercy. To assist a man in times of business trouble, and to be slandered afterwards by him is not uncommon. To rescue one from peril, and to be made a foe afterwards is not strange. No arrow so pierces, no weapon is so barbed, no poison so burning as ingratitude. Think what mercies we have received,—great, numberless; but especially call to mind the hour of conversion. It is like the hour when the leper felt a new life throb within, when he was healed. Sin pardoned, the new nature given, the adoption bestowed, the new life begun, must ever start up the joyful song: 'Oh happy day that fixed my choice, on thee, my Saviour and my God!' That sentiment is the soul's Hallelujah at the hour of conversion; its Hallelujah in trial, in death, and will be its Hallelujah for ever.

Blessing *from* Christ is given to the grateful Samaritan at his feet. The nine were content to be healed,—he is doubly blessed with health of body and health of soul. As Jesus said, 'Arise,' he felt the new creation complete within; a feeling, far superior to what he had a few hours ago, throbs in his soul. Heightened, confirmed, sealed, is the blessing given; for his faith brought salvation to body and soul. And what can possibly exceed the favor of God? If this man had not returned, he had not received the imparted pardon. And none can be blessed that never put themselves where Christ comes. If his presence is with the twos or threes assembled in his name, if his favor is given by the preaching of his word, if the sacred place of the holy is neglected, it is at the loss of blessing and mercy. None ever bow at Jesus' feet, penitent and humble, but to them He says 'Arise.' None ever meet in his house, whose gratitude ascends like incense, to whom He does not say, 'Be of good cheer!' None bow before him, stricken with grief, wounded by temptation, to whom He does not say, 'I am thy shield!'

And why should we not make life cheerful? The sombre countenance and the hermit-like abuse of piety, have given a false impression to the world of the beauty and joyousness of religion. Too apt are Christians to live on the dark side of life. The trials will be seen in heaven, only in the mercy that saved from them. The clouds will appear, only in the light that fringed their edges with gold. Paul, when saved from shipwreck, when saved from death on Melita from the bite of the viper; going toward Rome to imprisonment and perhaps martyrdom, standing on the broad stones of the Appian way, 'thanked God, and took courage.' To live in winter is not the lesson of the Bible narrative; but in the summer glad and beauteous. Out of the heart cast its sadness, let gratitude strike up notes, sweet as the Psalmist's,—'Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever.' Bask in the summer; listen to its tuneful voices; swell the soul into sweetest harmony, preparatory to the grand Hallelujah of heaven, and the grand chorus of the new, eternal redemption-song.

J S.

New Testament Phrases.

No 1.

"REDEEMING THE TIME."

What is meant by 'redeeming the time?'—The answer does not come as readily as the familiarity of the phrases might lead us to expect. The expression, if I am not mistaken, is used by many who are satisfied by the conviction that it inculcates the duty of improving passing opportunity, but who fail to see the *rationale* of its phraseology.

It occurs twice in the New Testament, and in precisely similar connections, in exhortations addressed to Gentile converts. There is nothing in its contextual relations, in either place of its occurrence, which points directly to an unmistakable meaning. We seem therefore, to be largely left to the light of etymology. The word 'redeeming,' the signification of which is clearly the determining element in translating the phrase, is a literal rendering of the Greek original in its usual acceptation. This term means 'buying back again' or sometimes merely 'buying from' some one.

It has been very common, therefore, to interpret the expression as referring to the recovery or redemption of *wasted* time—the winning back of vanished hours—the coaxing of the present to make good the slips and losses of the past—the crowding into the circle of to day the undone duties of yesterday.

Bishop Ken in his immortal matin gives to this exegesis the sanction of poetry at least:—

"Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last."

But the very serious objection can be taken to this interpretation that *no such quasi-redemption of squandered time is possible.* The Scripture gives not the slightest countenance to such an idea. There is no bringing back the past. Time is irrevocable and therefore irredeemable. The most vigorous dash of effort cannot cause to-day to do more than to day's duties. We may mourn over the past, or rejoice over it, if to be its receding vista is gilded with the hues of pleasing recollections, but we cannot, save by an attenuated and almost unwarrantable figure be said to atone for its follies or repair its losses. "*Diem perdidi* was the utterance of a soul which knew that so much of its power to achieve was gone forever.

But while giving to this objection its due force, let us not fail to notice that the popular idea of redeeming "the mispent moments past is a fine one, if we mean no more than making the fact of previous negligence stand to us as an urgent reason for present application. This is a motive-spring on which the greatest teachers have not disdained to press. For who is there who has not lashed himself on to unwonted exertion with the thongs of remorseful memories?

Still as an explanation of this phrase it is entirely unsatisfactory. For the objection already taken let it be added that "the time," more probably the "the opportunity" or "*your* opportunity," cannot possibly be understood of the past.

Another popular interpretation concerning time as having become, by virtue of man's apostacy, the property of another. To 'redeem' it is to bring it back to its original owner and reconsecrate it to its original purpose. It is a commodity of unspeakable value passed into alien hands from which the highest motives should prompt us to buy it back. In the light of this idea each moment snatched away from sloth, from pleasure, from sin, is so much property re-vested in the lawful proprietor.

This is not simple enough to be perfectly satisfactory.

There are other modes of interpretation too frivolous to be seriously cited. The most ridiculous of all is that which makes the expression equal to "live as long as you can," the allusion being supposed to be to the redemption of captives.

What then is the true explanation? Our dictionaries give us as one of the meanings of the verb 'redeem,' to improve, to make the best possible use of. At first sight this seems like an accommodation, like an evasion of the precise difficulty we have before us. But a little research amid the remains of ancient learning will show us that the Greeks had the same metaphor. And it is by no means an obscure one. Who are so eager, so watchful, so indefatigable as those who sit in the market! About what else are men so wide awake as about buying and selling? Hence what more natural than that terms originally used in reference to the operations of the Exchange should come to mean acting in regard to any object with the earnestness and forethought displayed in pecuniary transactions? A rough, and yet I apprehend, a thoroughly correct and exhaustive rendering of the phrase would be 'making the most of your present opportunities.' Spend each moment with the circumspection with which the purchaser of goods does the money he has so hardly earned.

If it be objected that this but lowers and narrows the sentiment, that the idea is by no means so striking as some of those which have been mentioned only to be condemned, I reply that this needs no answer. It is not for us to mend the Apostle's thought but simply to ascertain it.

But it may be contended that the effect is precisely the reverse. This elucidation gives a definite and impressive signification to a phrase which, however often quoted is undoubtedly to the minds of many, a *phrase* and nothing more. To the subsequent clause, 'because the days are evil,' it restores the logical force and propriety of which other interpretations have so long deprived it. And though written in view of the specially exigent circumstances of the Ephesian and Colossian Christians, it sounds a solemn lesson in the ear of all.

D. A.

Sackville, Sept 23rd.

Montreal Correspondence.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Montreal has long been known as the "city of churches," and she appears just now to display more than ordinary enthusiasm to retain that title, for every shade of religion seems to be in competition in the matter of church building, and the Methodists, not to be behind hand in the enterprise, have just laid the foundation, of what will be when finished the fifth Wesleyan church built in this city within as many years. The Rev. Geo. Douglass, our present Co-Delegate, has taken part in the founding of each of these churches, having been stationed here very little less than six years. He is at present the esteemed pastor of the Great St. James Street church, over which the Rev. Dr. Richey formerly presided. We have every reason to thank God for the progress the religion of Christ is making in this city, particularly as it is so strongly catholic. There are few of those not acquainted with the state of this Province, who can form any idea how powerful the Catholic element is either in the city itself or in the Province at large. The Province of Quebec is evidently a Catholic country; and as for the city of Quebec, so far as regards Methodism we find it all condensed into one church

Though a comparative stranger in Montreal observation has led me to believe that Popery is the main obstacle to the advancement of simple faith, More directly hurtful than the known tendency of the age to scepticism, or the spread of false teaching in some Protestant Churches, (Protestant, however, only in its negative sense as opposed to Romanism.)

The Catholic church of to-day seems to appreciate the strength of her opponents, since she no longer uses coercion to gain her ends. Her tactics have quite changed since the world was rescued from popish serfdom; and now in a Protestant country like Canada her most recognized tools are subtility and cunning, the use of which she regards as meritorious and consistent with Christian duty. These weapons in her hands are wielded with the more baneful effects since no true Protestant would feel justified in using them, even though the cause of truth might seem to be advanced thereby. Thus it is the Protestant Church finds itself no match for such enemies.

This city up to the present has been almost entirely in the hands of the Catholics, and it is not to be wondered at that there should have been laws enacted, and license allowed which bring discredit on a British city; the most marked of which is the shameful desecration of the Sabbath, which seems to have totally lost its sanctity, and become to be regarded in the same aspect as the Lord's day is in infidel Paris. The wholesale desecration that takes place on this day has called out the indignation of all our Protestant churches and organizations, who are protesting to the Corporation against this crying shame. There are some hopes of something being done in the matter, for those in chief authority this year are for the most part Protestants—something new for this Catholic city.

The poorer class of French Canadians are fearfully ignorant and lazy, and generally very inefficient workmen; but though they do not command high wages they too frequently manage to drive good laborers out of employment, by working for such ruinously low wages as will scarcely keep soul and body together. The priests are very enterprising in the matter of educating young men for the church, having fifty or more colleges all over the Dominion with Montreal as the head quarters; and one or two of their colleges here are immense structures, calculated to provide for upwards of two thousand students.

The Nuns too have some hundreds of Convents in different parts of Canada, branches of their head establishments here, one of which has provision made for at least nine hundred pupils; and is finished and furnished throughout on a scale of costly magnificence, not equalled by any educational establishment in the Dominion. I see they have made arrangements for building a branch Convent near or on the Commons at Halifax.

These Nuns are generally well educated, that is so far as regards the theory inculcated by them, that the highest attainment of a liberal education is a gentleness of disposition and politeness of manner. Their own suavity and killing politeness to Protestants, though seldom without a tinge of hypocrisy in them, leads strangers especially, to a favorable impression at once. We are all more or less familiar with their modes of alluring the support of not very loyal Protestants, one of which, the setting the tuition and other fees at little more than mere nominal rates, they are well able to do from the immense wealth of their institutions. They always manage to find some Protestants, simple-hearted and ingenuous souls, ready to concede to them the most honorable motives in this as well as every other benevolent enterprise, who scout the assertion that these Nuns would tamper with the religion of those under their charge. That they do interfere with the religious belief of their pupils is too well established to need substantiating here. They readily promise the parents of the child to concede to their wishes in this matter and so readily quiet their consciences by arguing—"How can I tamper with the religion of the child when it has none?—the Catholic is the only real religion!" Not less specious is the argument used to teach the little ones to pray to the Virgin—"My dear, if you were afraid of receiving punishment to whom would you run, your father or mother? "To ma!" the little innocent invariably replies, "yes, my dear, and so you ought to pray to the *mother* of God for protection!" These sinister creatures have ever been most indefatigable workers for their church. Ottawa, for example, they seized upon long before it was generally known it was to become the seat of government, and at once established an academy in the most aristocratic portion of the town. There being no other high school for young ladies in the city, many of their pupils were, of course, children of the first Protestant families. Finding need of increased facilities, they at once set to work and obtained a large and elegant stone building in course of erection, which had been intended for a Hospital, and built by money subscribed for that purpose; this they fitted up as a convent. Another large, stone building, intended for a hotel, in like manner fell into their hands, and was likewise transformed into a convent. They have devoted to convent purposes quite a number of other very substantial buildings, erected for hotels or other purposes, so completely had they monopolized the educating of the young, especially in the higher branches, that Protestants, growing alarmed, this summer began to employ means for establishing a united Protestant Seminary for Young Ladies. There was a great deal of interest manifested in it by influential men of all denominations; but before the thing had been fairly commenced trouble arose as to which church should have the precedency, which eventually caused the first project to be abandoned. The *High Church*, not willing to occupy a secondary position, started an academy of her own. The Low Church also showed an independent spirit and now has her own seminary; and the other denominations not pulling well together left the matter in *statu quo* All which was very gratifying to the Catholic community. Such is Ottawa.

Of all the emissaries ever sent out by the Church of Rome, perhaps the Jesuits are the most to be dreaded, and to see them making as steady advances as they are in this city is a subject of painful thought to all true followers of Christ. One of their most deeply laid schemes for sapping the power of Christian truth is the mode they have of alluring Protestants into the church. They have built a church plain, and void of architectural adornments on the exterior, but the interior fitted up on a scale of magnificent grandeur, painted and adorned with all the costliness and skill of art. Here every Sunday evening after the regular service, and at the hour when every Protestant Church is supposed to be closed, they hold services of a peculiarly imposing nature, and give lectures in defence of the Romish tenets and confutative of Protestant doctrines. These services being held after the close of the other churches, the result is precisely what these wily Jesuits aim at, viz., to have the congregation principally composed of Protestants, the major part of whom will be young men; and to make the place form an attraction for strangers also, who will naturally attend out of curosity.

How these Jesuits must laugh at the simple city of Protestants, who thus unconsciously, or from deliberation, hide from themselves the fact of the dangers to which they are thus exposed. It is very much to be regretted that so many young men should find a source of attraction in those performances every Sunday, and more especially when youths, professedly Christian, should thus offer the encouragement those very men want, against whom their consciences as well as their religion *protests*. We want more Father Chiniquys in this city. I see I must close, my letter is too lengthy already, though I have only touched upon this fearfully important question, a subject about which we shall all sooner or later be constrained to interest ourselves.

DRURY.

Montreal, Sept. 20, 1869.

The Approaching Council.

ACTION OF FATHER HYACINTHE, MONTALEMBERT AND OTHERS.

Liberal Roman Catholics who believe that the world is progressing in enlightenment, that civil and religious liberty is a boon, and that it is absurd to say with the official organ in Rome, the *Civilta Catolica*, "that the demand for religious toleration is, in the mouth of a Catholic, a monstrosity," are much perplexed in regard to the Council which is meet at Rome on the 8th of December. They learn that the Papal Syllabus, which denies and condemns these doctrines, will be presented to the Council for adoption, and passed with little or no discussion. With the strong views entertained by many Catholic clergymen and laymen on this subject, their duty becomes a difficult one. Inside of the Church they must submit, not perhaps in absolute silence, but submit nevertheless. Outside of it they may at least protest, and declare that they repudiate the intolerance, the fire and the faggot of the middle ages. The eloquent Dominican preacher Father Hyacinthe, finds himself in this difficulty, and is reported by cable to have written a letter to the General of his order, stating that he feels constrained to withdraw from the Church, rather than sanction the doctrines which the Pope is bent upon having sanctioned by the Council. The *Times* of the 24th inst., as we learn by a cable despatch, remarks that "it is to the Pope and his Jesuit advisers that we are indebted for Hyacinthe. Without the idea of a Council he might have continued in the discharge of his office, occasionally startling his hearers with sudden flashes of the truth that is in him, yet bearing his accustomed yoke and allowing himself to be accounted a luminary of the Church of which he is now considered a firebrand.

The Pope would scarcely dream of rebuking him in the same man

General Intelligence.

Summary of News.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION — There was a meeting in the basement of St. Matthew's Church on Tuesday evening of last week, in which the Delegates to the Young Men's Convention in Pictou gave expression to their views and impressions in regard to that assembly. Rev. Mr. Grant presided. There was a terseness and directness about the entire exercises,—singing, and praying and speaking—which only genuine christian earnestness could have originated. If the effects of the Pictou Convention were not reflected—we should, perhaps, rather say, reproduced—in St. Matthew's on Tuesday evening, we are very much mistaken. Evidently a new day is dawning on our young men. They are approaching nearer the true standard of usefulness according as they imbibe from each other and from their Master the spirit of love and harmony and zeal. There is much for them to do, and all the more that they have so long lived in apathy; but their own affections may quickly be regulated, while a world "lying in the wicked one" is all before them. If they but place themselves firmly and tenderly between the young men who visit their city, and the seductions of corrupt society, they will deserve much praise; they promise to do more,—to awaken the city of Halifax, by the grace of God, to a new life.

We take the subjoined paragraph from the *Reporter*. The meeting on Thursday evening in Brunswick St. was similar in its object and results; Rev. Mr. Milligan presided.

Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.—An interesting and well attended meeting was held in the basement of St. Matthew's Church last evening, at 7½ o'clock, to receive reports and addresses from the delegates of the Halifax Association, who attended the Pictou Convention. The Rev. G M. Grant presided. After the hymn 'Coronation' had been sung, the meeting was opened by silent prayer for two minutes, and audible prayer for God's blessing on the exercises and upon Christians institutions and work. The Chairman referred to the pleasure and satisfaction he had felt while present at the meetings in Pictou, adverted to the prevailing opinions relative to the undertakings of the Y. M. C. A, and read extracts from letters of friends in Pictou to the President of the Association here, showing the beneficial and happy results produced in that community by those meetings. The hymn 'Nearer my God to Thee' was sung, and the the Chairman named the delegates who were to speak on the occasion. Jos. Belcher, Esq., described the principal external features of the convention, localities of the several meetings sentiments elicited thereat, &c. W. H Wiswell Esq, mentioned a few prominent characteristics of the proceedings, the Pictou association, and the strange aspect produced in the old battle-ground of politics and polemics by it, and the convention, lay preaching &c. R. N. Beckwith, Esq., enlarged upon the harmony, prayerful spirit and evident desire of all the delegates to promote the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

Dr. Hattie drew some earnest practical deductions from the labours and animus of the Convention, and the necessity of their being following up in Halifax by young men. A. K. Doull, Esq, impressed upon the meeting the importance of Christ's cause, and of engaging in personal active work for Him. Rev. Mr. McGregor presented in an effective and hearty manner the value and advantage of Y. M. C. Associations, and their usefulness to pastors and communities especially, stating their claims upon society. J. Grierson, Esq made a few pertinent remarks upon the prevalence of crying evils everywhere, the kindness of friends at Pictou, the presence of the Divine Spirit, and the results which the proceedings and objects of such Conventions should produce.

The Rev. Mr. Nicholson delivered the closing address, which was an eloquent comment upon the labours and objects of the Convention and Associations, and illustrated by incident, showing the devotedness of the true followers of Christ.

The proceedings were interspersed with fervent prayers and the most popular of the hymns used by the Associations.

ANOTHER MURDER CASE.—A correspondent of the St. John *Globe* furnishes some particulars of a horribly brutal murder committed on the fall of 1867, and only now brought to light.—The scene of the tragedy is a village called Munquart, about thirty miles above Woodstock, N.B., on the east side of the St. John River.—It appears that a party of eight men were on their way home from an election, and among them one named Thomas Holland, an Englishman, and a discharged soldier. On the way some altercation arose, and Holland, it is alleged, was murdered. A man looking for his cows found the remains in the woods. The Sheriff of Carleton County, N. B., has arrested four persons, named, respectively, Peter and James Gee, Jas. DeMarchant, and William Cox, on suspicion that they are the perpetrators of the foul deed. The prisoners deny all knowledge of any murder having been committed. The matter is being investigated. It is said the village of Munquart is noted as the abode of several outlaws.—*Colonist.*

STEAM ON THE BAY OF FUNDY.—The St. John 'Globe' says: 'Messrs. Lunt have made arrangements for the construction of a fine steamer, for service on the Bay of Fundy. She is to be built in Carleton, by Mr. Isaac J. Olive, and work will be commenced at once. The completion and extension of railway lines will doubtless, make this vessel a necessity in the day, and give her plenty of work to do.'

BAZAAR!—ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND.—*Sept* 29.—The Bazaar opened yesterday with a scene and a large assortment of fancy and other work; up to this date about 1500 dollars have been realized, over $1,000 on the first day. As the Bazaar is still in progress, we cannot yet report final results, but will do so next mail.

EARTHQUAKE AT ST. THOMAS.—A severe shock of earthquake, but of brief duration, lasting only about forty seconds, was experienced at St. Thomas on the 17th inst. Several stores and dwellings were more or less injured by the shock, but fortunately there was no loss of life. Fearing repetitions of the shock, many persons left the city and went in and. A very violent hurricane prevailed in the neighborhood of the West Indies on the 14 h, 15th and 16th of the present month. The gale was felt with greatest violence about 300 miles east of St. Thomas—The mail steamer *Tasmania*, from Southampton to St. Thomas, encountered the hurricane, and for three hours was on her beam ends.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday, 18th inst., a little girl about eleven or twelve years, daughter of Mr. James McKenzie, of Green Hill, County of Pictou, started in company with a playmate, to look for her father, who was burning stumps on a piece of new land. Passing too near one the blazing piles, her cotton dress caught fire, and she was almost instantly enveloped in flames. Her father heard her agonizing cries, and ran to her assistance, but before he reached her she was literally roasted, her clothes being completely burnt off her, except a thick quilted waist. The poor little sufferer begged her father to "put her in the brook" which he did; but nothing could ease her sufferings, until about four hours after the accident death came to her relief.—*Citizen.*

Monies Received for Wesleyan.

From 29th Sept. to 5th Oct.

By Rev A B Black for Jas Sterling $1, D Rockwell $1, J S Sandford $1—$3; Rev Job Shenton for P.W. Capt Moses $4, Book acct. $1—$5; Rev Leonard Gaetz for Horatio Atkinson $2, Jas Hayter 70 cts., John Ives $4, H R Narraway $2, W B Henderson $1 70, Joshua Vincent $1.70—$12 10; Rev J R Hart for Joshua Mick $1, Wm Hays $1, S W Barns M.D—new sub. $1 50, Miss Desiah Cahool 50 cts., B.R. $1—$5; Rev Jno Prince for E. T Pike $2, John Rourke $1, John Moore new sub $2 50, Walter Maddock new sub $2 50, Israel McNeil $1—$9; Caleb R Bill $2, A & R Smith $2, W G Ray $1; Rev Jas Tweedy for Stewart Burns $1, Jas Dowiag $1, Welwood Johnson $1, Thos Swan $1, Ebsn McLeod $1—$5.

Book Steward's and Editor's Notices, &c.

A few typographical errors are apparent in the last issue of this paper, owing to the pressure on the time of the Editor, as he was obliged to leave while the process of proof reading was going on, every allowance will, we are sure, be made by the Readers of the *Wesleyan* for defects which are by no means freq

There is as yet no reply to the applications made to the British Book-room for Tickets.—The patience of Brethren must be tried on this point, but we are hoping every day to hear, or receive supplies. There may be a vessel in *any day* with the looked for parcel.

Our Readers would do well, when in Halifax, to look in upon the Book-room. There is an air of real comfort and a business like aspect in the place, though the modesty of Dr. Pickard has prevented him from making any allusion to the recent results of his genius and energy in this respect. When the new Stock comes in, from what we know of the Book Steward's tastes, and his opinions of the general requirements of such a business, a call to the Methodist Book-room should be put down as a positive intention of every visitor to this City. The sales for the past Quarter, considering the difficulties of transition from one Agent's hands to those of another, have been very good. It is only necessary that our ministers and people should patronize the concern heartily to make it remunerative. Prices, we are justified in asserting, will be put at the lowest possible figure; and a catalogue will be printed to be issued gratis as an extra to the *Provincial Wesleyan.*

As to the Paper, there can be but one opinion. Dr. Pickard has called to his aid talent which few men can command without heavy outlay.—This is genuine, practical sympathy on the part of ministers and laymen at home and abroad. The Executive committee have authorized the change in the form of the *Wesleyan*, from a four to an eight page paper. It will be, therefore, convenient to file and preserve for binding this Journal which has begun to present on a large scale, the very best literary efforts of numerous contributors in our little Conference and elsewhere. The change of form will probably be made with the commencement of the year.—While all this is occupying the Editor's mind and heart, it is but reasonable that his brethren should keep him ever in their prayers and sympathies. That they should employ every fair means to increase the circulation and adjust the accounts on their Circuits, is but a duty which they owe to themselves and the Connection.

Eight new Subscribers are this week added to our list. A good opportunity, is now afforded to commence with the October number. An excellent sermon from Rev. F. Harris will shortly succeed that promised next week from Mr. Lathern.

A lengthy communication from Rev. S. W. Sprague, giving the particulars of Father Wilson's death and funeral, has reached us too late for this week's issue. We regret the inability to give it at once to the public; but that, with any other information we may glean of the venerated minister, will appear next week.

McAlpine's Directory, and several Periodicals and Magazines now received, will have attention next week.

Circuit Items.

Bro. Elwin Mills writes:—'I am thankful to say the work of God is reviving on this Circuit. Some fifteen have lately given their hearts to God, and several backsliders are reclaimed.—May God carry on the work!'

Dr. DeWolfe, in a letter intended (but came too late) for last week's issue, says:—

'Dear Father Wilson was returning from his second appointment, and was found dead in his carriage. He preached a long and quite interesting sermon in Sackville on the morning of the 12 h inst. on the warning given to Belshazzar,—'Thou art weighed in the balance,' &c., and made faithful application to the consciences of the unconverted. He took supper at the Ladies' Academy on last Saturday evening, and seemed in excellent health and spirits. A happy transfer for one so old to the Church triumphant!'

From Rev. Geo. W. Tuttle we have Bermuda dates to the 24th inst. He says, 'We have had some tokens for good of late, especially last Sabbath, when the word was with power. A very gracious feeling has prevailed in our services.—We surely have the droppings, and are looking for the shower. Nothing can exceed the kindness and simplicity of the Bermuda Methodists.

Very gratifying news continues to reach us relative to the gracious results following the Pictou Convention in that town and its vicinity. It is supposed that the next Annual Convention will be held in Windsor. Let us hope for similar blessings then!

District Meetings.

HALIFAX DISTRICT.

Arrangements for Foreign Missionary Meetings.

Halifax N, Halifax S, Dartmouth, Windsor and Fulmouth make local arrangement.

Horton, Oct 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, Revs Barratt and Nicolson.

Newport, Oct. 11, 12, 13, Chairman and Revs Nicolson and Mosher.

Avondale, Oct 14, 15, Revs Black, Nicolson, and Mosher.

Kempt, Oct 18, 19, 20, Chairman and Bro Black.

Maitland, Oct 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, Revs J Gaetz and Martin.

Musquodoboit Harbour, Nov 16, 17, Revs J Gaetz, and Martin.

Middle Musquodoboit. Oct 11, 12, 13, Revs Tweedy, Martin, and Dowkill.

Shubenacadie, Oct 14, 15, Revs Tweedy, Martin, and Dowkill.

GEORGE S. MILLIGAN, *Fin. Sec'y.*

Halifax, Sept. 20, 1869.

NEWFOUNDLAND DISTRICT.

Arrangements for Foreign and Home Missionary Meetings.

FOREIGN MISSIONS:—

St Joan's, Nov 2—Sermons, Oct 31 by Rev. Thomas Harris and Rev J. Prince.

Blackhead, Novr 8—Island Cove, Nov 9

Pelican, " 10—Hant's Harb'r, " 11

Scilly Cove, " 12.

Grates Cove, Ochre Point Cove, and Western Bay—local arrangements.

Deputation—Revds. Messrs. Peach, Comben, Fox, Lagroner, and Forsey.

Freshwater, Novr 23—Carbonear, Novr 24

Harbor Grace, " 25—Brigus, " 29

Cupids, " 30—Port de Grave, Dec 1.

Bay Roberts Dec 2.

Deputation—Rev Messrs Shenstone, Prince, Harris, Comben, Leed, Waterhouse, Howie and Forsey.

Missionary Meetings on the Circuits not named to be held at the most suitable time under the direction of the respective superintendents.

HOME MISSIONS. Superintendents to make arrangements for holding meetings in the month of February or at the most suitable tims.

By order of the District meeting.

J. DOVE, *Fin. Sec'y.*

ANNAPOLIS DISTRICT.

Arrangements for Missionary Meetings.

1. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Annapolis, Bridgetown, Wilmot, Superintendent to make arrangement.

Hillsbury, Digby, Weymouth, Digby and Digby Neck,—Superintendent to make arrangements.

Cornwallis East, Sept. 14, 15, 16, and 17, Deputation. Bros. Taylor, Crane and Pickles.

Aylesford, Oct. 12, *West Church*,
13, *Margaretville*,
14, *East Church*,
15, *Morristown*,

Deputation. Bros. Smith, Crane, and Pickles

Cornwallis West, Nov 16, 17, and 18, Dept Smith, Taylor, and Crane.

2. HOME MISSIONS—

Annapolis, Bridgetown, Wilmot, Superintendents to make arrangement.

Aylesford, Cornwallis E, Cornwallis West—Superintendents to make arrangement.

Hillsburg, Digby, Weymouth, and Digby Neck—Superintendents to make arrangement.

By order of District meeting.

JAS. TAYLOR, *Fin. Sec'y*

FREDERICTON DISTRICT.

Arrangements for holding Missionary Meetings in the Fredericton District for the current year have been determined upon by the Financial District Meeting, including the appointment of the several deputations, and are as follows:—

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Fredericton—Local Arrangement.

Marysville—Local Arrangement.

Kingsclear—November—Messrs. Currie, LeLacheur, Morton.

Sheffield—Sept.—Messrs. Payson, LeLacheur.

Woodstock.—Oct.—Messrs. Cassidy, Percival, Moore, Mills.

Northampton—Oct—Messrs. McMurray, Percival,

Jacksonville—Oct.—Messrs. McMurray, Percival, Moore, Mills.

Florenceville—Sep.—Messrs. McMurray, Cassidy, Lodge, Mills.

Andover—Oct.—Messrs. Percival, Mills.

Nashwaak—Sep.—Messrs. Currie, Johnson, Morton.

Gagetown—Oct.—Messrs. Wilson, LeLacheur, Morton.

Miramichi—Oct.—Messrs. Weddall, LeLacheur.

Bathurst—Oct.—Messrs. Evans, Paisley.

HOME MISSIONS.

Fredericton—Sep.—Messrs. Wilson, Johnson, Morton.

Marysville—Dec.—Mr. Currie.

Kingsclear—Sep.—Messrs. Currie, Wilson, Morton.

Sheffield—Oct.—Messrs. Currie, Morton.

Northampton—Oct.—Mr. Currie.

Knowlesville—Sep & Jan.—Messrs. Cassidy, Percival.

Florenceville—Oct.—Messrs. Currie, Moore.

Andover—Oct.—Messrs. Currie, Percival.

Nashwaak—Dec.—Messrs. Currie, Johnson Morton.

Gagetown—Nov.—Mr. Currie.

Miramichi—Local Arrangement.

Bathurst—Local Arrangement.

D. D. C.

Fredericton, Sep. 1, 1869.

ST. JOHN DISTRICT.

Arrangements for Foreign Missionary Anniversaries:

St. John, Germain St.; Centenary; Exmouth St.; Portland; Carlton; and Fairville Circuits, Jan. 1870. The Ministers on these Circuits shall assist each other.

St. Andrew's, Oct. 11, 12, 13, 14.

St. David's, Oct. 16, 17, 18.

St. Stephen Oct. 13, 14, 15, 20.

Milltown, Oct. 21, 22. The Ministers on these Circuits shall assist each other.

DEPUTATION.

Sussex Vale, Millstream, Oct. 11, C. Stewart, S. F. Huestis, and R. Salter.

Carsonville, Oct. 12, " "

Smith Creek, 13, " "

Sussex, 14, " "

Belisle, 15, " "

Grand Lake, Oct. 11, 12, 13, D. Chapman.

Greenwich, Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24, D. Chapman, and W. Woods.

Kingston Jan. 1870, W. H. Heartz, and J. S Allen.

Upham Dec., C. Stewart, and J. Lathern.

HOME MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

St. John, Germain St; Centenary; Exmouth St.; Portland; Carleton; and Fairville Circuits. The Ministers on these Circuits shall arrange for the holding of their Meetings respectively.

St. Andrew's; St. David's. The Ministers on these Circuits shall assist each other.

St. Stephen; Milltown. The Ministers on these circuits shall assist each other.

Sussex Vale, Jan. 1870, J. Lathern and W. Woods.

Grand Lake—G. Harrison.

Greenwich—E Slackford.

Kingston, Feb., 1870, S. F. Huestis, and R Salter.

Upham—Wm. McCarty and D. Chapman.

CHAS. STEWART, *Fin. Seccty.*

There is no disease flesh is heir to more troublesome to manage than Rheumatism. It comes when you least expect it, and generally remains till it gets ready to go away. The most conspicuous remedy for this complaint is 'Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.'

Two or three doses of 'Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders' will cure a horse of any common cough or cold, and the very worst cases may be cured in a few weeks. We know this from experience.

Marriages.

At Mill Village, Sept 14 by Rev. J. R Hart, Mr. Andrew Starritt of Weymouth, Digby County, to Miss Sarah Wagner, of East Port Medway.

At the same place, on the same day, by the same, Mr. George Wagner, of Liverpool, N. S., to Miss Sarah R Bowers, of East Port Medway.

On the 1st inst, by the Rev Mr. Richardson, Mr. Peter Yetter, to Miss Elizabeth Murdy, both of Dartmouth.

Deaths.

At Mill Village, Queen's County, on the 22nd ult. aged 36 years, Catherine A beloved wife of Caleb E. Cole, and daughter of the late William Parker of Nictaux. Her friends mourn not for her as those who have no hope.—(Chris Mess please copy.)

Sept 24th, in Granville, Mr. James Gilmore, aged 33 years.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

THURSDAY, Sept 30

Ship John Norman, New York; barque Lathella, Graham, Cronstadt; schrs Juliet Simpson, St John, N B; Four Brothers, LeBlanc, Boston.

FRIDAY, Oct 1

Brig America, Doody, Boston; brigt Lizzie, Billings, Lingan—bound to Boston.

SATURDAY Oct 2

Steamer Oriental, Snow, Charlottetown; brigt Devonshire, Bermuda; schrs Quartette, Mitchell, Wallace; Dauntless, McDaniel, Cow Bay; Unity, Margaree; Glad Tidings, Jackson, Sheet Harbor.

SUNDAY Oct 3

Steamer City of Halifax, Jomieson, St John's, N F, schrs Gen Doyle, Western Banks; Marie Victoria, Montreal; Tracy Jane Pettipas, Pictou; A P Stone, Unwin, P E I; Forest Queen, Dyer, Chaleur; Rocket, Guysboro'.

MONDAY, Oct 4

Steamer Alhambra, Nickerson, Boston; Carlotta, Colby, Portland; brigt Ella Vail Sydney; schrs Geo McKeen, Townsend Bay of Islands; Hector, Backett, Sydney; Vigilant, Atwood, Newfd; Burbeck Huet Labrador; Agenora, Dickson, Sydney; Chester, Kennedy, Little Glace Bay.

CLEARED.

Sept 30—brigts Martha, Crowley, Port Medway; Mayflower, Nauffts, Boston; schrs Havelock Townsend, Louisburg; Handy Andy, Shenkie, LaHave; Wm Penn, Philips Sheet Harbor; Good Intent, Gagnion, St Pierre; Three Brother, Landry, Arichat; Maria, Blagdon Porto Rico: A C Major Perry, B W Indies; Bonita, Dexter, Liverpool; Rival, Smith, do.

Oct 1—Schrs Alert, Hunter, Charlottetown; Flash, Hyson, do; Elizabeth, Harrison, Glace Bay; Morvan, Antigonish.

Oct 2—Steamer Oriental, Snow, Boston; schr Ocean Star, Long, U States.

BARQUE FOR SALE.

THE fine substantial A. I. Barque CELIA 329 tons register, rebuilt at Dartmouth in 1868, by Francis Young, and thoroughly refitted copper fastened and coppered, and is now in splendid condition, with a full inventory sails being mostly new. Terms liberal. Apply to

sept 1 4in* W. B. HAMILTON & CO.

Lee & Shepard.

PUBLISHERS Boston, Mass, will give to any respectable person (male or female) who will write to them, such information as will enable them to make money.

sept 1. 4w

BRITISH SHOE STORE.

A. J. RICKARDS & CO.

NEW GOODS PER "ETNA"

Two cases BOOTS and SHOES

Men's Calf Elastic side Welt Boots,
Men's Grain Balmoral welt, toe capped do,
Men's Levant Regent do do do
Men's Enamelled Int Laces Elastic side do
Men's Kid Patent Calf Dress do do
Men's Levant Elastic side Shoes,
Men's Calf Bluchers, Men's Gymnasium Shoes.
Boys' Calf Balmoral toe capped Boots,
Boys Grain do do do do
Boys white Canvas Shoes.
Childrens Patent Leather Strap Shoes,
Childrens Kid Balmoral and Elastic Side Boots,
Womens' French Merino do do do
Womens Prunella Foxed Boots.
Womens' Cashmere Elastic side Shoes,
Womens Prunella Buskins,
Womens Buff Margate shoes.

Oct 6 GRANVILLE STREET

LANDING EX CARLOTTA.

100 BBLS Rouge Mills FLOUR,
100 bbls Halton do,
100 do Lowville, do
100 do Elmira do
500 do Holmedale do

IN STORE

MATCHES, PEASE,
HOPS, BEANS.

For sale by R. C. HAMILTON & CO.
Flour and General Commission Merchants,
Oct 6 119 Lower Water street.

RAPID SALE.

25,000 Already in Use.

The Demand Increasing.

—THE—

CHORAL TRIBUTE.

BY L. O. EMERSON.

Choristers and Singers unanimously agree that it surpasses all other works of Church Music by this popular author.

(Until November 1—Clergymen, Choristers and Teachers who have not yet examined this valuable work will be supplied with a single copy at $1.25 postage paid.)

Price $1.50; $13.50 per doz.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
Publishers 227 Washington St., Boston.
CHAS H DITSON & CO.,
Oct 6 711 Broadway, New York

DRY GOODS.

WHOLESALE,

Anderson, Billing & Co.

Have received per recent arrivals, the bulk of their Importations for

The Fall Trade.

Bales Prints, Grey Cottons, Shirtings, and other Domestics at very low rates.

COTTON WARP—best quality—1700 bunbles, Job Prints, Fents, Patches, etc., several cheap lots.

FANCY DRESS GOODS,

Unusually large variety. Also—Cases Plain Stuffs, Winceys, etc Bales Flannels, Blankets and Coat Lining. Cases Fancy Tweeds and Doeskins, Broad Cloth, New Cloakings and Water proof Tweeds.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Large stock of Fancy Goods. A very extensive collection—including Flowers, Feathers, and Millinery Bonnets and Hats, Velvets, Satins, Laces, Ribbons, and other Millinery requisites; new Trimmings and Buttons, Materials and Patterns for Fancy Work, Fancy Ties and Muslin Goods, &c.

All of which have been personally selected exclusively for the Wholesale trade, and are offered at usually low rates.

ANDERSON BILLING & Co,
Warehouse: 95 and 97 Granville st.

sep 29

To Trappers, Hunters and SPORTSMEN.

HOW to scent bait traps and catch the Fox, Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Otter, Martin, Mink, Coon, and Muskrat; also how to dress Deer Skins and to stretch and dress the skins of the above named animals for one dollar, Provincial notes, or in Postage Stamps, sent by mail. Pay and register your letters. The modes for setting the traps are plainly explained, the scents are valuable, the receipts for dressing pelts and skins are the best known. All of the above receipts sent promptly by return of mail to all who apply. Address

P. PENNOCK P. M.
Elgin P. O., Co. Leeds, Ont.

Sept 29 6w*

SECOND HAND BOOKS,

Good as New.

For sale at the Provincial Book Store

Very Cheap.

Smith's History of Methodism,	3 vols	$4 00
Wesley's Journal	2 vols	2 00
Life of Dr. Adam Clarke	3 vols	1 00
Theodicy—Bledson	1 vol	1 00

sep 22 2w A. P. KAIZMAN.

Tannery to Let.

IN BROOKLYN, Newport, County of Hants, the building lately owned and occupied by the late Jas B. Johnson as a Tannery, consisting of a two story Building 32x60 feet, with an extension on the back part about 30 feet square, there are 13 large pits, and a large leach house in it, and sufficient room for as many more.

Also, a twelve horse power Engine and Boiler in good working order, part of the building is fitted up as a Carpenter's Shop, where the power could be used if required, there is a never failing stream of water

Any person wishing to carry on the Tannery business would find this an excellent situation. Terms moderate and immediate possession given.

Apply to
GEORGE A. JOHNSON, } Admin.
S. M. WEEKS. }
Newport, Aug. 19, 1869. 4w Chron.

1869. SEPTEMBER 1869.

INLAND ROUTE.

St. John, Portland, Boston, &c

THE STEAMER EMPRESS will leave WINDSOR for ST. JOHN during the month of October as follows:

Saturday, 2nd	9 00 A M
Wednesday, 6th	11 30 A M
Saturday, 9th	2 30 P M
Wednesday, 13th	6 00 A M
Saturday, 16th	8 00 A M
Wednesday, 20th	11 00 A M
Saturday, 23rd	1 00 P M
Wednesday, 27th	4 30 P M
Saturday, 30th	7 30 A M

Connecting at St John with the International Company's steamers, which leave every Monday Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8 o'clock for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

At Portland with the Grand Trunk Railway for all parts of Canada and the West.

At Boston with the Fall River Line for New York.

Also with the Erie Railway and all its connections to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleaveland, Toledo, Detroit, Cincinnati, St Louis, Chicago, Sacramento, California, and all Points West and South.

FARES:

Halifax	to St. John	$4 00
Do	Portland	7 00
Do	Boston	8 00
Do	New York	12 00
Do	Chicago	25 00
Do	Sacramento	147 50

Through Tickets and any further information can be had on application to

A. & H. CREIGHTON,
oct 6 Agents, Ordnance Square.

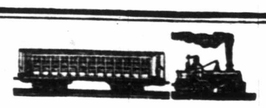
99 GRANVILLE STREET 99.

NEW GOODS PER S. ETNA.

Bales Cotton Yarn, Black and Colored Lute Ribbons, Black and Colored Satin Ribbons, Invisible Hair Nets, Black Silk Fringes, Black Paramettas, Black Empress Cloths, Black Balmoral Crapes, Black Figured Alpaccas, Black Satin Trimmings, White Silk Laces, 120 pieces Horrockses, Shirtings, &c., Kid Gloves, Kid Gloves, 100 doz. Kid Gloves, sold at 75 cents. So well known at

SMITH BROS.

September 1.



Intercolonial Railway.

COMMISSIONERS OFFICE,

Ottawa, 3rd of August. 1869.

THE Commissioners appointed to construct the Intercolonial Railway give public notice that they are now prepared to receive Tenders for Four further sections of the line. Contract No 8, will be in the Province of Quebec and extend from the easterly end of Contract No 5 at Rimouski to a point near the Metis River, about 20½ miles in length.

Contract No 9 will be in the Province of New Brunswick, and extend from the easterly end of Contract No 6 towards the town Bathurst, about 20½ miles in length.

Contract No 10 will be in the Province of New Brunswick, and extend from the centre of the Chaplin Island road, near the Court House at Newcastle, towards Bathurst about 20 miles in length.

Contract No 11 will be in the Province of Nova Scotia, and will extend from the Easterly end of the Eastern Extension Railway to the Westerly end of Section No 4 (including the bridge across the Missiquash river, except the western abutment) about 3 1-2 miles in length.

Contract No 12 will be in the Province of Nova Scotia, and extend from the easterly end of Contract No 7, at Folly Lake, to a junction with the existing Railway at Truro, about 24 1-2 miles in length.

Contracts Nos 8, 9 and 10 to be completely finished before the 1st day of July, 1871. Contract No 11 to be completely finished by 1st July, 1870

That portion of contract No 12 east of Folly River to Truro to be finished and ready for laying the track by the 1st day of October, 1870, from Folly River to a point opposite the Londonderry Iron Works, by the 1st of January, 1871; and the remaining portion of the contract by the first day of July, 1871.

Plans and profiles, with specifications and terms of contract will be exhibited at the at the offices of the Commissioners in Ottawa, Rimouski, Dalhousie, St John, Halifax, Toronto and Quebec, on and after 13th Sept next, and sealed Tenders addressed to the Commissioners of the Intercolonial Railway will be received in their office at Ottawa to 7 o'clock P.M. on the 18th Oct. 1868.

Parties for the completion of the contract will be required to sign the tenders.

A. WALSH,
C B CHANDLER,
C. J. BRYDGES, } Commissioner
A. W. MCLENAN,

Aug. 11. 6i

1869 SPRING STOCK. 1869

HANINGTON BROS.,

(SUCCESSORS TO FALLOWS & CO.)

Direct Importers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

Foster's Corner, St. John, N. B.

Would invite the attention of intending purchasers to their very large and selected Stock (now in Store and to arrive per first steamships from London and Liverpool) of Pure British and French Drugs and Chemicals and Medicinal Preparations, as well as a large assortment of Druggists Sundries, Toilet Articles, &c, of which we enumerate a few items, viz:

Howard's Quinine, Duncan's and Flockhart's Chloroform, Æther Sulph, Ferriet Quinia Cit; Pure Glycerine, Price's Glycerine; Morphia, Sp. Æther Nit; Balsam Capiva, Refined Camphor, Refined Borax, Pure Cream of Tartar, Refined Saltpetre; Spanish Licorice; Pearl Sago; Tapioca; London Glue, Bonne Glue, Cabinet Glue; Bermuda Arrow Root, Root Ginger, Ground Ginger, pure; Ground Cinnamon, pure, Blk Pepper, Whole Allspice, Pure Ground Pepper, Pure Ground Allspice, stick Cinnamon, Colman's Mustard, Crown Blue, Starch, No 1 Madras Indigo; Powdered Cudbear, Blue Vitriol, Copperas, Sulpher, sublime, Roll Brimstone, Lac Sulphur, ALUM, Nixey's Stove Lead, sublime Olive Oil, Baking Sods, Sal. Soda, London and Paris Whiting, E I Castor Oil, Fl'd; Italian Castor Oil, Tasteless; Acid Acetic Fort, Oxalic Acid.

Spanish Annatto, Liquid Annatto, Pure Epsom Salts Mott's Broma, Cocoa and Chocolate, Arnold's Ink and Ink Powders, Cleaver's Pomades, &c, Toilet Soaps, Brecknell's Skin Soap, Holloway's Pills and Ointment, Castile Soap, Sugar Lead, Ground Flaxseed, Cox's Gelatine, assorted sizes, White Rosin, Spirits Turpentine, Furniture Varnishes, Carriage Varnishes, Deep Gold Leaf Dry Paints, Graining Colors in Oil; Painr, Varnish, Sash, Whitewash, Scrub, and Shoe Brushes, Stick Redwood, Cut Dye Woods.

Extract Logwood, in 1 4, 1-2, 1, 2, 13, and 25 lb boxs; Babbitt's Concentrated Potash, in 1 lb tins, Concentrated Lye, Scotch Snuff, Macaboy Snuff, Johnson's Liniment, Fellows' Compound Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Radway's Remedies; Ayer's Preparations, Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer, and a full assortment of all the patent medicines and Hair Restorers of the day, Lamp Chimneys, asst Viols, Corks asst, and an immense assortment of other goods which we cannot inumerate here.

HANINGTON BROS.,
Foster's Corner.

June 9th, 1869.

We buy our Goods at first houses; we buy only genuine articles and guarantee the quality of all the goods we sell. We fill our orders promptly and attends carefully to shipping. Our prices will be found satisfactory both to cash and time buyers, and we solicit the patronage of the public.

Government House, Ottawa,

Friday, 30th day of August, 1869.

PRESENT

His Excellency the Governor General in Council

ON the recommendation of the Hon the Acting Minister of Inland Revenue, and under and in virtue of the authority given by the Act 31 Vic., Cap 50, intituled—"An Act to increase the Excise duty on Refined Petroleum, and to provide for the inspection thereof."

It is hereby ordered, that the following Regulations shall be, and the same are hereby made and established:

REGULATIONS

1st. All tar or other residium remaining in the Petroleum Stills after the process of distillation has been completed, and which is withdrawn from the stills without passing through the worm or condenser be exempt from duty.

2nd. When unfinished distillates of Pretoleum are removed from one Refinery to another for the purpose of completing their manufacture, no inspection fee shall be levied thereon until after such manufacture shall have been completed, and the finished Petroleum either entered for consumption or warehoused for that purpose, notwithstanding anything to the contrary contained in the Order in Council of the 30th day of May 1868.

WM. H. LEE,
Clerk Privy Council.

Sept 15. 3 ins.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

OTTAWA, Sept. 3, 1869.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice, 26 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

Sept, 15.

Star' Life Assurance Society, of England.

Chairman of Directors,—WILLIAM MCARTHUR, Esq, M.P, for London.

Extracts of Report presented 1st March, 1869.

Policies in Force,	12,145
Sums Assured,	$22,000,000 00
Annual Income,	$1 000,000 00
Claims Paid,	$3,060,405.00
Reserved Fund,	$4 100 000 00
Bonus declared in 1869,	$960,000 00
Average Bonus, 55 per Cent.	
Surplus for the year 1868,	$355,000 00

Policies issued on the Half-note System without notes.

All claims paid in Gold.

AGENTS:

Halifax, N. S.

M. G. BLACK . . . . . Office Halifax Bank.

Prince Edward Island.

GEO. ALLEY . . . . . Charlotte Town.

CHARLES LEMAN,
General Superintendent for Maritime Provinces

May 12.

BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL,

182 184

Granville Street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

KNOX & JORDAN,

Having completed their FALL AND WINTER importations, which will be found very extensive and well selected, and which will be sold at such prices as must give satisfaction to purchasers. We would beg to call attention to a few of the following, viz:

DRESS GOODS,

In Plain and Figured Diagonal Reps, Crape Tartans, Silk Hair Cords, Brilliants, Figured Lustres, Poplins, plain and figured French Cashmere, Colored Cobarges, &c. In Mourning Goods Coburgs Lustres, Alpacas, Australian Crapes, Victoria and Empress Cords, &c.

Velveteens and Cloth Jackets, very cheap. 50 pcs Waterproof Cloakings, and 60 pieces Velveteens, at all prices.

In Gentlemen's Department,

Will be found Desirable Goods in Coatings, Scotch and English Tweeds, Cassimeres, Meltons, and 4 cases Dominion Tweeds, (the Goods, to wear.)

Ready Made Clothing,

We would call particular attention to this department, as we always keep the largest stock in the market and at prices which defy competition. Please call and satisfy yourself as to the fact

GENTLEMENS' UNDERCLOTHING,

50 doz heavy Shetland Shirts and Drawers, (Prime value) Scarlet, Blue and Fancy Flannel Shirts, Franklin Frocks, &c. Also, Hats, Caps, Glove, Braces, Ties, Umbrellas, in Silk, Alpacca and Cotton, and no end of Small Wares. Grey and White Cotton Sheetings, and House Furnishing Goods, which will be found by far the cheapest in the market.

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DOMESTIC IMPORTED CLOTHING,

House furnishing and FLOOR OIL CLOTHS and CARPETS,—a lot of bordered MUSLINS, 33 1-3 per cent. under market value.

The Family.

Susan Ashbury's Faith

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ANDY LUTTRELL.'

The class-meeting, was held at Sister Susan Ashbury's; everybody loved to go there, for Susan was a real sister in the Lord; there was nothing sham about her, and everybody knew it. Sister Ashbury's parlor was very plain but her homely carpet seemed woven of threads of sunshine. The sweet lustre of cleanliness, and the beauty of order, as well as good taste and simplicity in the arrangement of things, made everybody say 'Oh how pleasant'—made everybody rest from care, and feel an unwonted cheerfulness, that came into that square, low-ceiled room

Sister Ashbury lived alone, but no one even thought of her as being lonely. She was 'Susan even to the minister, and 'Aunt Susan' to all the children in the neighbourhood. I wonder if I can set her face forth—that dear, lovely old face, that had meekly and tenderly smiled on the fifty-six years God had given her, every one of which she had made a blessing to somebody.

A pale face, banded over the low, smooth forehead with white hair that shone like silver. She had brought this angel like serenity, that clung to her, out of a great battle with affliction, that had left its marks upon the locks that were once black as the raven's wing. Her mouth seemed formed to say gentle things her eyes went to your soul for their sweetness, and a certain shadow that seemed to say 'I too have suffered.'

Seeing her in her sombre suit of gray, with the Quaker fold of her muslin neckhandkerchief, and the purity that clung to all her outer habiting, one would instinctively turn to her, for love, for help, for consolation.

As I said before, the class-meeting was held at Sister Susan Ashbury's. The leader a young man full of zeal, a cheery, healthy, hearty Christian, taking himself to task more often than he needed because of his propensity for merriment and jolity, looked forward to class meeting night as a soul feast. The Lord spread his table there with the finest of the wheat, he often said, and sometimes filled him with more joy than he could well hold. His experiences were not so deep as those of many older brethern, but he loved his Master with the zeal of a new apostle, and being a man of effective talants and bold speech, did much good in his way.

The meeting at Sister Susan's were always full; every chair in the house was brought into requisition; whether the night were fair or stormy, it made no difference. So in time they came dropping in, by ones, and twos, and threes. How glad they were to see Sister Susan, and how fervent the hand-pressure!

'What! you here, Sister Sanborn?' cried Susan, as a tall, angular woman hobbled in.

'Yes, I had to come, somehow. John said, 'You needen't think of it, to-night, mammy, it's cold out.' But says I, Johnny, 'the crooked ways must be made straight,' which might not of hit it, but I must say somethin' from scripter to him, for he dont think much of the people of the Lord, and I s'pose you know my Jenny's married out West—got an iron man from one of the foundries—and nobody can tell how I suffer with the rheumatis.'

And then Sister Susan would turn to some child in the service, and stroke her hands as she spoke words of encouragement, until by and by, there was a great bustle at the door, and brother John Wilson came in with no little noise, his cheery face smiling, but important. Presently the unceremonious happy company had sunk upon their knees, and when they arose, breathing fervent 'amens' at the close of the heartfelt prayer, there was one among them whom nobody knew.

Whose was that veiled, bowed figure seated so near Sister Susan? Surely it was strange to them, and in its silence and rigidity of posture, almost awful. For never once it moved—never betrayed life by so much as the rustle of its garments, the turning of its head. From that motionless figure out-rayed something of the despair that had turned it to stone. They felt it even in that cheerful room—as if sparks of misery were struck out from it, penetrating the warm hearts with a chill influence.

By and by, when sorrowful Sister Low, who had her harp always hung upon the willows, had recorded her week's experience upon the living leaves around her, when this one and that had tremblingly, or falteringly, or joyously, told their heart stories, Brother John Wilson paused and hesitated. He alone had not seen the bowed figure. He glanced from her to Sister Susan, and back again to the new-comer.

'Sister, you seem to be a stranger in our midst,' he said at last, but with low and reverent voice. 'I trust you are not a stranger to Christ.'

There was no answer—only a movement from under the black shawl, as if a hand waved with an impatient gesture.

'She's got on Susan's bonnet and shawl,' whispered little Sallie Lees, to her neighbour.

'Sister,' began Brother John Wilson, when a deep, anguished voice cried almost inarticulately—

'Don't— don't call *me* sister.'

John Wilson paused—amazed; Susan Ashbury put forth her small firm hand and patted the woman on the knee, with a 'don't dear don't; we want to do you good.' A stifled sob was the response; another and another. The room was as hushed as the grave, save only these sounds full of the agony of a broken heart.

And still Sister Susan patted the stranger's knee, looking anxiously and lovingly at the veiled face—an angel's outlock it was, struggling to save a soul.

'I'm not one of ye,' at last the harsh, strained, voice, faltered—'I'm not deserving to be among ye—I'm an utter outcast—utter, utter. Why should ye try to serve me, who have ruined others? Ask *her* why I'm here. She's good, soul and body, brain and heart—I know it, for she has not let me alone—she has set me at my wits end in fear at the evil courses I'm persuin.' O, if I was only fit to be here! but I'm the lowest thing in God's creation—O! I am, I am.'

There was motion now. The tall body swayed violently to and fro, the veil was twisted, and by the light, glittered with the tears that had fallen on it.

'This is beyond me,' thought John Wilson, but I'll try.'

'Sister are you seeking the Lord?' he asked, in a measured voice.

'What should such as He do with such as I?' was the answer. 'Can iniquity touch the holy thing? What if I'm sorry?' what if I weep tears of blood? Will it make me cleaner? See,'—she held her hands out, fearfully emaciated—'would He, would any of you touch such as these? Shall I give a body wasted by disease, a soul ruined by sin, to Him? No—I scorn it!' and she sat upright and rigid again.

Brother John Wilson shook his head. He felt more than ever, that it was beyond him.

Suddenly, a sweet, tremulous old voice liquid with melody—a voice that was seldom heard, sounded on the waiting silence—

'Jesus, Lover of my soul.'

There was not a dry eye there, as Sister Susan Ashbury faltered through, and yet it seemed as if a wondrous power accompanied the voice.

The sobs of the woman had sunk to low, quivering moans; every heart there ached for her.

'Are you willing to give yourself to the dear Saviour?' asked John Wilson wiping his eyes.

'Me—me!' cried the woman in low, broken tones—'what can He want of such as me?'

'This,' replied Sister Susan, her sweet voice ringing through the room, 'to make yours and mine, and every sin-stained soul, clean in His sight, and to fit it for the company of angels. Tain't to give you and me, and all who will come to Him, an eternity of life and beauty, where we shall never grow tired of singing His praises This—to love you and bless you and keep and guide you, to hold you and me and every believer in His dear arms to wipe away your tears with His soft hand; to turn the money-changers out of the temple of your heart, and come in Himself to reign forever and forever. This is what he wants of you, Alice Slone.'

The name electrified the little company; some forgot themselves and drew back in unaffected horror—for she had been a hard, vile woman.

Down on her very face almost, went the sinful erring creature. 'O, pray for me,' she cried, with a bursting heart. 'I haven't been willing, bad as I have felt, but I am now. Susan Ashbury, you have followed me with tears and pity and prayers, you who would not let me alone, but with your wonderful soul knew what my soul was suffering. O, pray for me!'

And again they were on their knees, that weeping, tender, heart-touched little throng. And it seemed as if the presence of many angels were in the room, aye, of angels great and strong, whose wings had touched the glory of the presence of God there was a mighty struggle—such as only the human soul can bear and live—they were all but death-throes—but life came through them, aye, and almost blinding splendour of the Infinite mercy—and Alice Sloane was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Sister Susan has put on the white robes of immortality. I often think what a lovely angel she must be.

And Alice Sloane walks humbly in her footsteps, seeking to undo, with God's help, the wrong she has done.

The Breakfast Shawl.

'Hullo! isn't it a beauty?' cried little Harry, catching from his little sister her 'break'a't shawl,' and waving it in the air. 'A break'a't shawl, that's jolly now!' and Harry laughed derisively. Mingled with his shouts came Lilla's distressed voice.

'Mamma! mamma! my brerk'a't shawl!' as if apprehending that her brother was about to tear it in pieces. But of course Harry had no idea of venturing such a piece of rudeness.

To be sure it was only a faded square of cambric, and the pattern wasn't the most graceful, and there was just the faintest suspicion of fringe in the dozen short bits of sewing silk that dangled from its edges. But it was soft and fine and smelt of lavender, and it had pretty silken stripes.

Harry grew quiet as mamma folded the little shawl and took Lilla on her lap, with a thoughtful smile, and a far away look in her eyes.

'Once, she said there came a time when the papa went away, and the carriage and horses were sold, and the servants were dismissed.—The mamma was a brave woman, whom such troubles could not crush, and so she was cheerful over staying alone all summer, with only the children, in the big house where there had been so much bustle and company, and bravely helped to get papa ready to go off to the west, to buy a farm, and prepare a new home.

'I was eight years old, and that was *such* a long summer! I tended the baby, and helped mamma to keep the weeds out of the garden, and wiped the dishes three times a day. Of course, mamma couldn't spare me to go to school. She never complained of being weary herself, though she must often have been so, as she took the baby and told me to run and play a little while.

'A buggy was still in the barn, unsold. One day a gentleman took it away, and kept it two or three days. When he came back he took a bill out of his pocket book and offered it to mama she refused it, but he laid it on the table and went away. Mamma looked sober and thoughtful that afternoon, sitting in her low chair by the window, with her eyes out on the grass plat where we were at play. But when we watched her delicate, blue-veined fingers crumbling the bread into our bowls of milk, at supper time, she was the same cheerful mamma we had always known.

"Two or three days after that, the milliner's boy brought a bandbox. Mamma opened it, and there were our last year's leghorn flats—Nellie's and mine—as white as leghorn could be, with ties of mottled pink and white ribbon, so fresh and pretty! Our delight was only surpassed that afternoon—it was Saturday—when mamma brought home two little shawls. The wreaths in the border were lilac then, and the silvery stripes were dotted with sprigs of soft green.

"I must have been a little vain the next morning, as I stood with mamma and my little three year old brother on the garden walk, just starting for church. Alas! if I had only remembered that pride must have a fall! Mamma's foot hesitated a moment, before she reached the gate.

"'Go and get a cookie,' she said, 'for Charlie. He didn't eat much breakfast. You will find them in a pan on the west end of the lower shelf in the cellar.'"

"My curls, and my new ribbons, and my shawl floated back on the morning breeze, as I ran to obey her. In the cellar, I reached absently for the cookie pan, I had forgotten which one it was, and the shelf was higher than my head. I tipped a pan just a little and put my fingers over the edge. Oh, dear! a soft, creamy deluge poured instantly from the milk pan I had disturbed, over hat, curls, ribbons, and shawl.—'Mamma!' was all I had breath to exclaim, as I stood in another instant, blinded and dripping before her, but further statement was unnecessary. I think mamma's serenity was disturbed for a moment, but I could not see, and she led me quietly to the kitchen."

"Poor little girl," lisped Lilla.

"Did you ever go to church again?" asked Harry.

"Yes, with you yesterday," said mamma.

"But when you were a little girl—that summer, I mean," said Harry.

"Yes, the hat was redressed, and the shawl was washed: It was never quite so pretty as it had been, but it was not spoiled. And I never wanted to complain because Nellie's was brighter."

In spite of all her cheeriness, mamma grew thinner and paler as the summer wore on. One beautiful Sabbath afternoon, early in September, mamma and I were out in the garden, behind the house, picking 'shell beans' for our late dinner. Someway I do not think there was much to make a meal of in the house, but mamma only said, "We'll have some nice succotash for dinner, children." I was trying to separate an unripe bean pod from its stalk without pulling up the roots, when a kink of mist came over my eyes, and I do not remember any more till I found myself laughing and sobbing and lamberking right up, up to my papa's shoulder, in the dining room, and he was kissing and tugging all the children at once, and telling mamma at the same time, in his strong, cheerful voice, about the accident to the boat which had prevented his getting home the night before, and about the farm in Wisconsin, without a tree, or a fence, or a house on it when he went, but which was now nicely ready for our new home, when we should go to it next spring. Crops had been good, he said, and he had been kept longer than he expected, in order to secure them.

'Mamma grew stronger after that, and there was a servant in the kitchen, and I went to school. But after we had moved to the new country, and the farm was paid for, and comfort and plenty smiled all around, the mamma faded away from our sight.

One day after she had gone, I found the little shawl in an old chest of draws. When I came to live in a home of my own, I brought it with me. It has a fragrance for me now besides the lavender. To day I laid it out for Lilla's shoulders, when it is 'a cold morning, in the breakfast room.'

Harry laid the little shawl across the back of a chair and went quietly away. In another moment, Lilla had it grotesquely wrapped about her shoulders, and said.

'Tell me another story, mamma.'—*Little Corporal.*

District Meetings.

P. E. ISLAND DISTRICT, 1869 AND 1870.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Charlottetown—Monday, Feb., 7th, Deputation left to local arrangements.

Little York, &c., Donshaffoage, * Tuesday Feb 8th; Tracadie Road, * Feb 9th; Little York, Feb 10th; Union Roads, Feb 11th Dep Revs P Prestwood, A S DesBrisay and Mr. J Sheidow

Cornwall—Tuesday, Feb 15th; South Wiltshire * Feb 16; New Wiltshire, Feb 17th; Princetown Road, * Feb 18 Dep. Revs H Pope, J Burns and T J Deinstadt.

Pownal—Times and places left to Local Arrangements. Dep. Revs J Winterbotham and W W Colpitts.

Bedeque—Sermons on Sunday Oct 10th; Bedeque Oct 11th; Cape Traverse Oct 12 h; Tryon Oct 13th; Crapaud Oct 14th, Dep. Revs J Winterbothom and W Ryan.

Margate—Sermons on Sunday Oct 17th by Mr. Wm G Strong; Mill River, Monday Oct 18th; Margate Oct 19th Dep. Revs H Pope, P Prestwood, T J Deinstadt, and A S DesBrisay.

Summerside—Sermons on Sunday Oct 17th by Rev W Ryan.

Meeting on Wednesday Oct 20th Dep. Revs P Prestwood, W Ryan and T J Deinstadt.

Murry Harbor—Montague Tuesday Oct 12th, Murry Harbor Oct 13th. Dep. Revs H Pope and J Burns.

West Cape—Alberton Tuesday Oct 5th, Kildare Oct 6th, Lot 7, Oct 7th Dep. Revs W Ry and T J Deinstadt.

HOME MISSIONS.

Pownal, Times and Places left to Local arrangement, Dep. Revs W Ryan, and W W Colpits.

Bedeque—Crapaud. Monday, Jan 31st; *Tryon* Feb 1st; *Cape Traverse* Feb 2d; *Bedeque* Feb 3rd, dep. Circuit Stewards, Revs J B Strong, W Ryan, and A S DesBrisay.

Margate, on Wednesday Feb 16th; *Mill River*, Feb 17th, dep. Circuit Stewards, Revs J B Strong, T J Deinstadt, and A S DesBrisay.

Summerside, on Tuesday Feb 15th, dep Circ Stewards, and Mr W G Strong, Revs W Ryan, and T J Deinstadt.

Murray Harbor, on Tuesday Jan 18th; *Montague* Jan 19th; *Souris* Jan 20th, dep. Circuits, Rev J Burns, and Mr J Sheidow, of Pownal.

West Cape—Alberton, Tuesday Oct 5th; *Kildare*, Oct 6th; Lot 7, Oct 7th, dep. Revs W Ryan, and T J Deinstadt.

* Home and Foreign Missions.

J WINTERBOTHAM, *Fin. Sec'y.*

SACKVILLE DISTRICT.

The arrangement for holding Foreign Missionary Meetings is as follows:—

DEPUTATION.

Sackville, Oct. (Sab)—Revs. Brettle & Scott.
Point de Bute, Sept. 20, 21, 22, Revs. Brettle, Jost and Scott.
Baie de Verte, Oct 18, 23, Revs Alcorn and Pike.
Moncton, &c., Jan 9, 10, 11, Revs. Tuttle, Humphrey and Parker.
Dorchester, Oct 12. 13. Revs Scott & Parker.
Hopewell Oct 20, 21, 22, Revs Duncan, Humphrey and Coffin.
Hillsboro', Oct. 18, 19, Revs Tuttle, Duncan, and Coffin.
Havelock, Salisbury, &c } Jan Revs Duncan & Tuttle.
Richibucto. Feb Revs. Duncan & Humphrey.
Amherst, Oct 17, 18, 19, 20, Sprague, Pike and Seiler.
Nappan, Jan 18, 19, Revs Brettle and Seiler.
Parrsboro' Jan Revs Pike and Weldon.
Advocate Harbour, Jan. Revs Alcorn & Seiler.

ROBERT DUNCAN, *Fin. Sec'y.*

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

The arrangements for holding Home and Foreign Missionary meetings are as follows:—

HOME MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Caledonia—to be left for the President to arrange.
Yarmouth, South; Yarmouth, North—Left to local arrangement.
Barrington, Oct. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22—*Dept*—The President, Rev. R. H. Taylor.
Shelburne, Oct. 12 13 Rev. R. Wasson.
N. E Harbour, Oct. 14, 15, The President, R. B. Mack.
Port Mouton, Nov. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, *dept.*, Rev. T. D Hart, W. Sargent.
Mill Village. Sept. 21, 22, The President, Rev. J. J. Teasdale.
Petite Riviere, Oct. 18, 19, Revs. G. O. Huestis, J. R. Hart.
Lunenburg, Oct. 20, 21, Revs. J. J. Teasdale, J. R. Hart.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Liverpool, Jan. 11—*Deputation*—Rev. G. O. Huestis, J R Hart, W Sargent.
Caledonia—To be arranged by the President.
Yarmouth, South } To be arranged by the
" North } brethren on these Circuits
Barrington. Jan. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, Revs. J. Shenton, T D Hart.
Shelburne, Dec. 14, 15, J. Johnson, R. B. Mack.
N. E. Harbour, Jan. 18, 19, 20, J. Shenton, R. Wasson.
Port Mouton, Feb. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, Revs. R. Wasson, T. D. Hart, J. R. Hart.
Mill Village, Dec. 21, 22, 23, Revs. G. O. Huestis, J. J. Teasdale, W. Sargent.
Petite Riviere, Jan. 18, 19—The President, Revs. G. O. Huestis, J R. Hart.
Lunenburg Jan. 20, 21—The President, Rev. J. J. Teasdale.

HENRY DANIEL, *Chairman.*

August 20, 1869.

TRURO DISTRICT.

The arrangements for holding Home and Foreign Missionary Meetings are as follows:—

HOME MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Truro. Dec. Deputation arranged, by Super.
River Philip. Feb. S. Fulton Esq.
Wallace Feb. J Colter.
Pugwash Feb. T. W. Smith, S Fulton Esq
Albion Mines Oct. arranged by Super.
River John. Jan. J. Colter.
Pictou. Oct. Jas. Tweedy.
Guysboro'. Oct. J. Buckley, J. Thurlow.
Manchester. Johnson and L. Page.
Sydney. arranged by Super.
Gabarus. " " "
Ship Harbor. Oct. J Thurlow.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Truro, Oct 12, 13, 14. Dep. L Gaetz, T W Smith.
River Philip, Oct 18, 19, 20, 21. Jas Tweedy, J Colter.
Wallace, Jan 10, 11, 12. J Read and J Colter.
Pugwash, Jan 18, 14. J Read and W Tweedy.
River John, Nov 10, 11. L Gaetz.
Albion Mines, time appointed by Super. J Read and L Gaetz.
Pictou, " " R Morton, J Read.
Guysboro' and Canso, Jan 11, 12. J Thurlow.
Manchester, Oct 12, 13. The Chairman and L. Johnson.
Sydney, Time appointed by Super. Bro. Howle.
Gabarus, " " " J V Jost.
Ship Harbor, " " Levi Johnson.

GEORGE JOHNSON, *Chairman.*

Guysboro, Sept. 9th, 1869.

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A. McBEAN, Secretary

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Annual Income,	$1 000,000 00
Claims Paid,	$3,060 405.00
Reserved Fund,	$4 100 000.00
Bonus declared in 1869,	$960,000.00
Average Bonus, 55 per Cent.	
Surplus for the year 1868,	$355,000.00

Policies issued on the Half-note System without notes.

All claims paid in Gold.

AGENTS:

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M. G. BLACK . . . . . Office Halifax Bank.

Prince Edward Island.

GEO. ALLEY . . . . . Charlotte Town.

CHARLES LEMAN,

General Superintendent for Maritime Provinces

May 12.

TO LET.

FOR a period of one or more years, from the first day of Oct. next that pleasantly situated Dwelling house and premises, at Bridgetown-in the county of Annapolis, formerly owned and occupied by the late Thomas Spurr, and now belonging to the Estate of the late T. Lovett Bishop. This property consists of the large and convenient dwelling house—a horse stable and coach house, and all necessary outbuildings—about twelve acres of land attached, including the large front lawn, judiciously planted with ornamental and fruit trees, and the Gardens, enclosed by a hawthorn hedge and stocked with an extensive variety of fruit bearing shrubbery, and pear, plum, and cherry trees, and the whole of the land in the highest state of cultivation.

Besides the above there is a field containing ten acres, separated from it only by an intervening field of equal size, owned by another proprietor.

The property described, being situate within a walk of five or ten minutes only, from the Railway Station, will form a most desirable residence for a gentleman and family who may be desirous to remove from the city to a healthful rural residence and where all the accessories of comfort and happiness are obtainable at a cheap annual rental and at a moderate annual expenditure.

For terms and other particulars, parties are requested to apply to Hon. S. L. Shannon, Halifax or to either of the subscribers—

CHARLOTTE BISHOP SMITH, EXECUTRIX,

T. W. CHESLEY, Executor.

Bridgetown, Annapolis, Jan 30, 1869.

mch 1

Woodill's Worm Lozenges!

THEY are perfectly safe. They act immediately without physic. They are palatable, and are eagerly taken by children, thereby possessing every advantage over the vermifuges now in use, which are so nauseous and troublesome to administer to children. They are warranted to contain nothing that would injure in the slightest degree the youngest or most delicate infant; so *simple is their composition*, that they can be used as a simple *purgative*, instead of *Castor Oil or Powders*, &c.

They are made with great care from the purest Medicines and are especially recommended for their safe and speedy action, and

Freedom from all Mercurial Agents.

which so often prove injurious to children. They are prepared without regard to economy and contain the purest and best vegetable Medicines known. Worms cause nearly all the ills that children are subject to and the symptoms are too often mistaken for those of other complaints,—but with very little attention, the mother cannot mistake. Amongst the many symptoms of

WORMS IN CHILDREN

are the following; a pale and occasionally flushed countenance; dull heavy eyes; irritated, swelled and often bleeding nose; headache, slim and furred tongue, foul breath; variable, sudsome, times almost voracious appetite; vomiting costiveness, uneasiness and disturbed sleep and many others; but whenever the above are noticed in children the cause invariably is worms, and the remedy——WOODILL'S WORM LOZENGES. A cure is certain in every case when a faithful trial is given.

Were it necessary certificates from prominent medical men could be published, and thousands from those who have used them personally. We however prefer to offer them on their own merit, feeling confident that to those who use them they will give entire satisfaction.

They can be had of most dealers in medicines throughout the provinces. Should the one you deal with not have them, by sending one dollar to address as below, 5 boxes will be forwarded to any address, free of postage. Made only by

FRED. B. WOODILL,

(late Woodill Bros.)

at the Factory and Laboratory,

122 Hollis St, Halifax, N. S

RING'S

Vegetable Ambrosia,

FOR

GRAY HAIR.

This is the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Cure that lay
In the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Man who was bald and gray,
Who now has raven locks, they say.
He used the Cure that lay
In the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Maiden, handsome and gay,
Who married the man once bald and gray,
Who now has raven locks, they say.
He used the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Parson, who, by the way,
Married the maiden, handsome and gay,
To the man once bald and gray,
But who now has raven locks, they say,
Because he used the Cure that lay
In the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Bell that rings away
To arouse the people sad and gay
Into this feet, which here does lay—
If you would not be bald or gray,
Use the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

E. M. TUBBS & CO., PROPRIETORS, PETERBORO', N.H.

Sold at Wholesale by Cogswell & Forsyth Avery Brown & Co., and Thos. Durney, Halifax L. J. Cogswell, at Kentville, T B Baker & Son, St. John, N. B., and by retail Druggists.

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LIFE IN A PILL BOX

Extraordinary Effects

——FROM——

Maggiel's Antibilious Pills!

One Pill in a Dose.

ONE PILL IN A DOSE!

ONE PILL IN A DOSE!

What One Hundred Letters a day say from patients all over the habitable globe.

Dr. Maggiel. your pill has rid me of all biliousness.

No more noxious doses for me in five or ten pills taken at one time. One of your pills cured me

Thanks, Doctor. My headache has left me. Send another box to keep in the house

After suffering torture from billious cholic, two of your pills cured me, and I have no return of the malady.

Our doctors treated me for Chronic Constipation as they called it, and at last said I was incurable. Your Maggiel's Pills cured me.

I had no appetite; Maggiel's Pills gave me a hearty one.

Your pills are marvellous.

I Send for another box, and keep them in the house

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

I gave half of one of your pills to my babe for Cholera Morbus. The dear young thing got well in a day.

My nausea of a morning is now cured

Your box of Maggiel's salve cured me of noise in the head. I rubbed some Salve behind my ear and the nose left.

Send me two boxes; I want one for poor family

I enclose a dollar; your price is twenty-five cents but the medicine to me is worth a dolla

Send me five boxes of your pills

Let me have three boxes of your Salve and Pills by return mail

For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Retention of Urine, &c., &c.

Maggiel,s Pills are a perfect cure. One will satisfy any one

FOR FEMALE DISEASES,

Nervous Prostration, Weakness General Lassitude and Want of Appetite,

Maggiel's Pills will be found an effectual Remedy

MAGGIEL'S PILLS & SALVE

Are almost universa in their effects, and a cure can be almost guaranteed.

EACH BOX CONTAINS TWELVE PILLS ONE PILL IN A DOSE.

"COUNTERFEITS! Buy no Maggiel's Pills or Salve, with a little pamphlet inside the box. They are bogus. The genuine have the name of J. Haydock on box with name of J. Maggiel, M.D. The genuine have the Pill surrounded with white powder."

Sold by all respectable dealers in medicine throughout the United States and Canada at 25 Cents a Box or Pot.

All orders for the United States must be addressed to J. Haydock, No. 11 Pine street, New York.

Patients can write freely about their complaints, and a reply will be returned by the following mail.

Write for 'Maggiel's Treatment of Diseases.'

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Mrs Winslow

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention, of mothers, her

SOOTHING SYRUP,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gumbs, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

Relief and Health to your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article for over 30 years and can say in confidence and truth of it, what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—*never has it failed in a single instance to effect a cure*, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after 30 years experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most EXPERIENCED and SKILFUL NURSES in New England, and has been used with never ailing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

Griping in the Bowels,

AND WIND COLIC,

and overcome convulsion, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it is the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, on the outside wrapper.

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