



# Provincial Celestian.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1873.

## THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Nearly thirty years ago the Evangelical Alliance held its first Conference in London, England. Dr. Tholuck, the eminent German, was a member, and Sir Culling Eardley Smith presided. The Alliance has since then met in Paris, Berlin, Geneva and Amsterdam. Our readers will remember that the present session was to have been in 1870, but the war between France and Prussia broke up many relations which bound Christians together on the European Continent, and rendered it imprudent to invite to religious communion those who were jubilant over, or smarting through, the effects of that disastrous conflict.

Elsewhere we publish some of the names which will distinguish this Conference. Many of the delegates are now in New York, and in a few days the press and the wires will be busy over their proceedings. The Conference is to open at Association Hall on the evening of the 2nd of October, after which the assembly will divide into three sections, one to meet in the Hall, another in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, and the third in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. Hepworth's new Church and the Academy of Music will be the place of gathering for evening meetings.

The Conference will probably be in session for several weeks. New York will be thronged more than ever with visitors. The devout, the curious, the students of human nature and students of God's word. Men will speak to an American audience who have hitherto been known to us only by literary, scientific or theological reputation. Christian Historians, Philosophers, Scientists, Preachers, Philanthropists, from all parts of the world and of considerable diversity of religious opinion, will be seen and heard. But no antagonism which would wound a hearer, we may feel assured, will be exhibited on this great occasion.

We have obtained the promise that our columns shall have the benefit of observations made and opinions formed at the Alliance, by persons whose judgment and good taste we and our readers have very great confidence.

## MINISTERIAL SUPPLY.

Five young brethren came out from England by the *Neotoma*—the second instalment of the supply for vacant circuits by the Conference Delegation. Dr. Stewart and Dr. Pickett, on whom that duty devolved. Two of the five remained in Newfoundland. Three others are appointed to Circuits by the Provisional. Mr. Brunyate to Briar Island; Mr. Gee to Yarmouth, Home Mission, and Mr. Lawson to St. George's, N.B. These brethren on their arrival were welcomed and hospitably entertained by D. H. Starr, Esq., and by him forwarded to their several spheres of work. Mr. Brunyate, who is a brother of Rev. Wesley Brunyate, of the Leeds Circuit, England, was accompanied by another brother, a stalwart Yorkshireman, who has come to look out for a place in the Provinces, in which to live and work. For the present he will obtain employment from the enterprising Yarmouth firm, Herrill, Johnson & Co. On Sabbath the brethren Brunyate and Gee, preached with great acceptance in Charles street and Kaye street Church, and with quite as much acceptance, Bro. Lawson assisted in the service on Sunday evening, in Brunswick street Church.

On Monday evening these young ministers gave, in a large meeting held in Brunswick street Basement, an account of their conversion and their Providential leading to the work of preaching the Gospel of Christ. Never on any similar occasion do we remember to have heard more of the genuine Methodist ring. The fervor of the meeting reached at times to revival tone. All the brethren spoke touchingly of their good bye to friends at home, and all spoke of their prayerful resolve to spend and to be spent in the cause to which their lives were now consecrated. Their utterances were freighted with the spirit of evangelical fervor.

"His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim;  
To all my sinners here below,  
To cry, Behold the Lamb!"

The story of Bro. Lawson's early life, charmingly told, we cannot attempt to reproduce. It would read just the same as one of John Ashworth's strange tales. The Rev. I. Sutcliffe and Rev. T. Angwin in behalf of our Churches, spoke briefly of cordial welcome and of wise counsel; and in most powerful and fervent supplications, Bro. J. Angwin, and Bro. A. Morton implored the presence and blessing of the Master, and the sanctifying energy of the Holy Ghost.

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.—We regard the paper which has been passing through publication on this subject as a remarkably able production. Our attention was called to it by a gentleman who is himself an intelligent and scholarly, though by no means an obtrusive, politician. For persons of that class the address will have a peculiar zest. Indeed it corrects an error on which every one should seek light and information, that of politics as a study, or an art, being antagonistic to religion, if not really degrading to gentlemen. The prejudices existing on this subject have arisen mainly through the abandonment of politics to those whose aims have been selfish rather than philanthropic. The only hope for our country to-day, so far as the legislative and civic interests are concerned is, that there is still in active, political life, men of enlightened views, elevated aims, and excellent morals. This was the strength of the United States in their earlier existence. To this Great Britain owes her influence and greatness to-day; and

our own Dominion and Provinces, for a youthful country, share in this great advantage. The day is rapidly approaching when national responsibilities will be entrusted to good men only,—when that is pure and noble will be required of public guardians and political leaders.

THE MODERN PILGRIMAGE.—Our readers have learned that a religious sensation is just now affecting the Roman Catholic world. Miracles have been attributed to some place, or relic, or personage in a remote part of France, and from other countries devotees are going thither by thousands. How, think you? with staff and sandals,—with down-cast eyes and weary feet? That is our idea of a pilgrimage, really. Thus shrines were wont to be visited. But times have changed. Steam has revolutionized all travel—along of the pilgrimage not excepted. Express from London on Monday morning to arrive in Paris on Tuesday evening, and to the Sanctuary by special train, on Wednesday morning. Tickets three pounds ten! Devotion on Thursday, and leaving on Friday, home by special train to London on Saturday night. Miracles, mystery, prayers, a pleasant excursion and a European trip, without seriously disarranging the business of the pilgrim!

THE HALIFAX BOAT RACE.—The religious newspaper is thought to be cynical all ways on the subject of public amusements. We have refrained from proffering counsel, or warning our city readers, in regard to the demoralization which we saw was pending. And now that the worst is over for the time, a few reflections might naturally be expected from the religious press. But we are saved this trouble. The secular papers have spoken with an emphasis which shows how much public feeling has revolted. The interruption of business, the reproach brought upon the fair fame of the city, the utter faithlessness of human nature, have combined to secure for boat-racing the heartiest condemnation. A week or two ago, it was reputable, manly, invigorating sport; to-day it is disgraceful and intolerable. The thing itself is not changed,—a most laborious exercise, with no possible public advantage, offering an occasion for gambling, drunkenness, and every attendant evil,—this, boat-racing has always been. But the opinions of sober, honest thinkers are undergoing a thorough change, and we are thankful. The *Express* thus gives its opinion:—

There never was in Halifax to our knowledge so great a number of young and old people to be seen in a state of brutal intoxication; never have we seen so many figures in which men sank below the level of the beast, and above all we never witnessed the folly and drunkenness of so many young fellows, who are as a rule very sober and steady. Demoralization was very deep indeed in a crowd when it reaches men whom you know to be trustworthy and steady; and yesterday it reached dozens of them. Taken out of town by what promised to be an exciting and honest race, delayed and defeated from hour to hour during the day, having drunk in plenty and nothing being left to eat, bored, tired and disgusted, perhaps there may be some excuse for those who were thus afflicted, and who drank themselves into unsteady insensibility. But for the men who thrust the liquor under the very noses of the crowd, and for the men who made beasts and tigers of themselves, we can conceive no excuse, and can suggest no fitter punishment than the lash. We think it for some reasons a pity that it is not at all times proper legally to punish men of offenders against society though not against law; as a judicious publicity might shame some rascals and prevent the repetition of the offence.

Now, we ask any reasonable man to sum up the result of yesterday's proceedings with us—thousands of dollars worth lost, thousands of men drunk, and a general demoralization of the whole city for business purposes, and the reputation of the city for honest squareness of racing action injured—and then deny if he will that the opinions we have so often expressed unfavorably to the value of these boat races between foreigners and our men for high stakes, are fairly just and true.

We believe that the proceedings of yesterday will bring about what we have desired to bring about, a cessation of the interest in the present public, in sports which are demoralizing, in the most dangerous degree.

And the Reporter is equally forcible in its declaration:—  
The immediate scene of the advertised race was the scene of drunkenness, rowdiness and general beastliness beyond parallel, except it be by the scenes on the Kennebec coast last week. A thirty crowd stowed themselves in the Four-mile bar room, and being constantly renewed from without, they drank the "bar dry." By eleven o'clock the effects were apparent enough. Fights were of momentary occurrence.

Outside of the city limits, beyond the control of the guardians of the peace, concentrated in one or two spots instead of being scattered as they would have been in the city, the crowd, practically uncontrolled, gave themselves to the work of demoralization with a severity of purpose, equal to that of a North Polar Sea navigator or a man on fire. There was an earnestness in the work of demoralization which is hardly to be paralleled in any other time in the history of boat racing. The evils, which seem to be inseparably interwoven with boat-racing, came out in full prominence, all things conspiring to produce that result.

And after all, what was to be seen? If the adjuncts of boat-racing are had, the system of boat-racing as conducted yesterday is itself bad. There is no honesty, honor, or any thing else in it. It is a system of bribery and gambling, and, as such, cannot but be totally demoralizing to all concerned.

FATHER CHINIQUEY'S BAPTISM, noticed by us some weeks ago, as having occurred at a camp-meeting held in Kaukauee, Illinois, has attracted the attention of the *Messenger*. Quoting from the N. Y. *Methodist*, the particulars as given by Rev. J. O. Foster, are reproduced, and the *Messenger* thus closes:—

This proceeding of Father Chiniquey will awaken several inquiries in some minds:— Was he in the Presbyterian Church before this baptism? 2nd. Having received baptism, so called, from a Methodist minister, is he now any more a member and a minister than when he had received the rite from a Roman Catholic priest? 3rd. If, as he says, he had not previously received Christian baptism, are the children and others to whom he may have administered the rite to be regarded as legitimately baptized?

Father Chiniquey's act is evidently a recognition of believers' baptism, and a renunciation of what is imposed on uncouset infants as baptism. Let us be thankful that we have "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." We rather prefer Mr. Chiniquey's own reason for this act; it is this:— "I was baptized when a child by a priest of Rome. I do not consider that I ever received Christian baptism. She is a worshipper of idols and false Christs, which she makes with her own hands, and which I was taught to make and worship for a quarter of a century. I have often desired to be baptized, and my mind has been turned to this repeatedly until this day. I have asked my brother here, who is a Methodist; and though I am a Presbyterian, that makes no difference, and he has consented to baptize me, and receive with him as they kneel at this altar, this holy sacrament."

There is nothing said by the good man respecting infants' baptism or believers' baptism; he has revolted most heartily from Roman Catholicism, and has lost all charity for her priests and ordinances. That is all. There is not a crumb of comfort for immersionists in the transaction.

WEATHER SIGNALS.—Philosophers are turning their attention to atmospheric studies, to an extent that promises good results in the preservation of life and property on the sea. The Weather-Bureau in Washington have command of the wires for one hour out of the twenty-four, and information of storms is thus conveyed with considerable accuracy over the continent. Signal Stations are being erected at many places to warn sailors of approaching disturbances of the elements.

Halifax has recently come into notice as a Signal Station, but thus far no intimation has been given, though one or two storms have passed over in the interim. It is apparent that we have yet much to learn in this science, for the very opposite of changes hazarded by scientific men in our daily papers, has ensued in many instances recently. Of to-day, for instance, was predicted cool North West wind; the wind is from the North East, and the atmosphere murky. One of the days in last week was to have been very cloudy with Southerly wind; the wind was North and the sky clear as amber. But frequently the prophecies are remarkably correct.

## Correspondence.

### CAMP MEETINGS.

It was our privilege not long since to be present at a Camp Meeting held in Hodgdon, Maine. As we had never been to one of these "feasts of tabernacles" before, we speculated somewhat in our own mind as to how we might enjoy ourselves in such a place. We had heard a great many things said about Camp Meetings, pro and con, and as our informants had been on the ground and saw all about them and knew all about them, we must not cherish a doubt about their truthfulness. Strange to say, these truthful accounts were as optimistic to each other as the two poles of the earth. Leaving ourselves open to conviction we proceeded to the "old camp ground" and arrived between the afternoon and evening service of the second day. We were cordially greeted by Presiding Elder Pratt and his staff of laborers and felt ourselves quite at home. We remained two days on the ground, and were presented at six services, four of which were conducted by brethren from New Brunswick. Each person seemed more interested than his predecessor. The last we attended was certainly crowned with the union of the Holy One. Compelled by circuit work to return, we bid our brethren adieu, regretting exceedingly that we could not stay to hear the final benediction.

However we were there sufficiently long to learn some important things. Among these, we saw it demonstrated, that the congregation on the camp ground could be passed as much as the population of a city, and being constantly renewed from without, they drank the "bar dry." By eleven o'clock the effects were apparent enough. Fights were of momentary occurrence.

Outside of the city limits, beyond the control of the guardians of the peace, concentrated in one or two spots instead of being scattered as they would have been in the city, the crowd, practically uncontrolled, gave themselves to the work of demoralization with a severity of purpose, equal to that of a North Polar Sea navigator or a man on fire. There was an earnestness in the work of demoralization which is hardly to be paralleled in any other time in the history of boat racing. The evils, which seem to be inseparably interwoven with boat-racing, came out in full prominence, all things conspiring to produce that result.

The subject of the Congregational Funds, had very careful attention, and in the case of the Congregational Fund, the brethren definitely pledged themselves to secure an increased contribution this year. The routine business was neatly finished in the morning session, so that many of them in all parts of the town, and while the weather permitted, several times in the day while we were at Conference business. It was truly refreshing to think that in the town which was one of John Wesley's favourite dwelling places, there should have been so much of that kind of preaching, which was the delight of his eminent servant of God, even down to his latest days.

Speaking of the preaching, I must not omit the fact that Dr. Punshon's presence gave great interest to this Conference. His return was hailed on every side with delight; and the public were of course very anxious to hear him preach in Newcastle. Although under the shadow of a heavy affliction, he overcame his sorrow, and in the strength of God preached in the Town Hall on Monday the 11th inst. I need hardly say there were scarcely standing room for the crowds who flocked to hear him in that building. It is not so large as some other buildings of that sort, but it would seat about 3,000 persons. Every available spot was occupied. Hundreds, I am informed had to leave the place unable to obtain admission, though many had come long distances to hear the man whom God had blessed with such a marvellous power of speech. The Hall was filled long before the time; hence, though the service was announced to commence at 2:30 p.m., it commenced at 2:15. The singing was powerful; and the preliminary services, conducted by Rev. G. W. G. A. M., gave an admirable tone to the whole proceeding. The sermon, however, I must not attempt to describe. The preachers touching allusion to his recent bereavement affected all present; and he then proceeded to discourse on Heb. 1:14, "The Ministry of Angels" being his theme. Every one might not have agreed with the gifted speaker in all the sentiments he uttered in that powerful address; but it was mightily calculated to stimulate thought, and induced that packed audience not to dream their lives away merely in what are sometimes termed acts of religious worship; but to be active in the Church of God; working for Him and for the benefit of mankind. This was powerfully enforced by the examples of the holy angels as recorded in the Scriptures of Truth. His sentences were of that exquisitely beautiful texture, which Dr. Punshon alone can weave; yet were they strong withal; and the audience could not at times suppress the audible expressions of their exulting joy. The marvellous—yes, the riveted—attention of the people was such as to be a perfect study; and your correspondent being in a position peculiarly adapted for observing that dense mass of human beings, he was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity to observe the ever varying countenances of those who were listening to this man of God. But the appeal was grand indeed. Calculated to rouse every sleeping conscience; for the Minister and Ambassador of Christ were never wear away; and that it will "in the great day appear," many were there—united in the prayer, "Send down Thy Spirit, O God, and to serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind."

THE NEWCASTLE CONFERENCE.

We have called the attention of our readers to most of the important proceedings of the recent British Conference—the most important perhaps, in some respects, in the annals of our Church. While in dealing with great measures, involving in some cases fundamental changes, we have abundant evidence of the strongly conservative element by which the Parent Body has always been distinguished; but the growing strength of the liberal and progressive spirit of the Conference, the greater flexibility of its action in meeting the exigencies which arise, prove that amongst the controlling minds of the Conference are "men of understanding that know what Israel should do." There are however two great features of the British Methodist Church in which we can only be anxious to retain the prestige of the past: the Missionary character early acquired, and the commanding pulpit power and evangelical earnestness by which our fathers and founders were distinguished. It is refreshing to find that these distinctive characteristics are retained.

The *Missionary tone of the Conference* is thus referred to in the *London Watchman*:—  
In the proceedings and spirit of the recent Conference at Newcastle, the home and foreign branches of the Wesleyan Conference were well represented and ably sustained; but the most remarkable circumstance was the appearance at some of the meetings of men of piety and intelligence who were themselves the fruit of missionary labour in foreign lands. No one would wish to see a financial guarantee from the inhabitants of Flat Island, &c. Bro. James arrived here on Sabbath evening, August 23rd, in the "Herald," from Sydney. The Bro. came, as only conquering heroes should come, with a sword in his hand, and a banner in his right hand. The banner bore the inscription, "Sweetest of all things, the mission house was pleasingly interested on the evening of Bro. J.'s arrival. It was after dark, musical strains were heard across the waters of our capacious harbor. The music was of a sweet and solemn character, and "Shall we gather at the river," given forth by a strong clear voice, were some proof that the singer was devoted on the evening of the Lord's day. It was a case of "hearing a voice," and the voice was that of the "missionary of the delirium," being pronounced a stranger, whether angelic or human was not determined. Feeling rather "Moudayly" after preaching three times and meeting two, we were correspondingly weary on the morning of the second day of the week, when the musical stranger was announced and the mystery explained. We found our brother well after his voyage, and gave him a hearty welcome, such as only Methodist ministers know how to give to one another. Bro. J. preached in our spacious church here two Sabbaths with acceptance and success, and now that he is gone to the scene of his labors, he is unhesitatingly pronounced to be "the right man in the right place."

We were very much gratified to receive two visits from the Chairman of our District, Rev. G. S. Milligan, attended by Bro. Parkins. We may here express our great satisfaction at the division of our District into two Districts, and the election of the able Superintendent of St. John's Circuit as our presiding officer. Under the old regime the District was an overgrown, unwieldy thing. The division will greatly conduce to the prosperity of the work of God, indeed the use of property has already shown upon the St. John's District, with which fact the readers of the *Wesleyan* will doubtless be made acquainted. Our Chairman preached to the Burin people on Sabbath evening, August 31st, Bro. Parkins taking the preliminaries. We felt it good to be there. Bro. Milligan has the warm affection of the Brethren of his District, and we dare to say that his recognized ability, energy and wisdom will tell upon Methodism in Newfoundland.

We refrain from adding to our already copious notes; other matters that might be touched upon just now, we will reserve for a future communication.

G. FORSEY.

Burin, Sept. 2nd, 1873.

### SACKVILLE DISTRICT.

MR. EDITOR.—The Financial District Committee for this District met in Sackville on the 17th inst. Three of the ministerial members were absent through indisposition. The Great Steward of Sackville, Bro. H. V. Verté, and Dunbar, were present. It was occasion for regret that the other lay members of the Committee had been prevented from attending, both because their counsels would have been valuable, and because of the necessity of having the earnest cooperation of brethren holding so important official positions, in the several circuits.

THE NEWCASTLE CONFERENCE.

The Western *Christian Advocate* thus alludes to Bishop Wilberforce's death:—  
The late Bishop Wilberforce, whose tragic death by the stumbling of his horse, is known to our readers, was one of the greatest of extempore preachers. This is how he came to proficiency in the matter of sermonizing, a friend furnishing the account from the Bishop's own lips:—"He said no matter how late he might have been kept up the previous night, he always secured for himself an hour or two before breakfast, wherever he might be staying, and during that time he closed his text, or texts, for the coming day, and putting his head upon his hands, thought out his subjects as in the sight of God, getting the plan of each discourse clear and fixed in his mind; and so he came forth ready for his day's work. Being asked whether his notes were full, he replied that he had none at all. "But," said one of those by, "you always carry your sermon-case with you into the pulpit, and open it there with care, as if about to make use of its contents." "Yes," he said, "but generally there is nothing inside." I once, when a young man, went to hear a preacher who prided himself on his power of extempore speaking, and saw him hold out a small Bible in his hands, from which he read his text in such away that his hearers might be convinced he had no notes to refer to as a help. I determined to avoid if possible, such like ostentation."

A contemporary commenting on this, urges ministers to write less and think more, which we beg leave to modify by saying, let preachers both think and write. Writing assists in making one's extempore talks fresh and instructive. A man who does not write much, will soon cease to be listened to with interest as an extempore preacher. We do not, however, think it necessary to carry your manuscript out of your study.

The news concerning the health of the M. E. Bishops is this week more gratifying. Says the *Methodist*:—  
The news from our bishops is cheering. Bishop Peck has had an enthusiastic reception among his friends in San Francisco. Bishop James still improves; he is able to walk a short distance. Bishop Simpson has gone to his fall Conference. Bishop Ames has been presiding at the Cincinnati Conference; our correspondence reports that years ago he told upon him. Bishop Haven has sent his library to Atlanta. Sumner man Just so did Jacob send in advance his wealth—his flocks and herds—as he prepared to cross the brook. When the Bishop gets south of the Ohio, he will find that he is in a goodly country, "where there is much land to be possessed." Dr. Durbin, our Honorary Missionary Secretary, we may add, is in tolerable health.

The same paper treating upon immigration, thus opens an excellent article:—  
Americans have already opened their eyes to the fact that the world is rapidly becoming persistently transferring itself to the new. The emigration returns of England for 1872 show that 300,000 persons sailed as colonists from its ports, most of them going to the United States. Already, in 1873, more than 70,000 of the population of Ireland have left its shores in search of another home. The ex-

an out-door service, but the weather prevented. Mr. George Scott (B), Mr. Garrett, Mr. Bowman Stephenson, and many others, preached out of doors during the Conference. But it was not merely that these services were held; there were no 200,000 persons of German descent, fleeing from Russia by military law. The Government of the empire is loathe to these valuable subjects, and grants the necessary permits with reluctance. Yet the Mounties have not even yet spoken their steps, for, on the 1st of January, 1874, the military law will be enforced, and will render the emigration of young men between twenty and twenty-seven years of age impossible.

THE *Christian Advocate* has words of welcome for the *Christian at Work*, Talma's paper:—  
The *Christian at Work* has taken a new dress as well as editor, and one of the new impulse as page after page under his eye. Dr. Talma, in his salutary, speaks manly and Christianly, and we have no doubt he will make his promises good, and furnish an evangelical, not sectarian, paper. His ecclesiastical genealogy and relations, as he states it, are broad enough for an abundant Christian charity and fellowship. He has these words among others, in speaking about "The time of Methodism." "The power of that denomination is at work in all other denominations as in no other day. It has revolutionized our seats on the subject of revivals, and taught them the power of unanimous song, and induced more demonstrative effort throughout the Christian world. We never would have known how to sing out the Methodist school how the way to do it. That denomination is the precursor of the Church militant. Some of the other sects were afraid of revivals, till that church, through the agency of Christ, shook this world for God, the handfuls of chaff gathered at such times being nothing as compared with the whole granaries of wheat. The thermometer of the Church universe stands twenty degrees higher because of the furnace John Wesley kindled."

The Editor of the *Christian Guardian* gives some fine pen sketches of London. The following is an extract:—  
One is especially struck with the quantity of gold and silver exhibited in the shop windows. Windows ten or twelve feet wide are often covered with solid gold chains and watches. To each of these the price is attached, so that passers by may select according to the length of their purses. Sometimes in a comparatively unpretending shop articles of great value may be seen. Here are diamond rings marked at £75 and £100 respectively. And here in the same window is one diamond marked £1,000. These goldsmiths' windows attract special attention, especially from the ladies. They are a sore temptation to persons of large vanity and small purses. Many of the names of streets sound odd, and evidently originated from causes that have now ceased to exist. A great many streets end in gate, evidently corresponding with gates of ancient times, that have long ceased to exist. Then you have all kinds of signs, appealing to all kinds of tastes. "Clotted milk," "Nabob sauce," "Iced claret," and many others, more racy than elegant, meet the eye in all directions. London is divided into two great centres by the river Thames; but the numerous bridges that span that great arterial river make the two practically one. In the west end, in the neighborhood of I. parks, the gentry and nobility generally reside. There are a great many fine terraces in that part of the city. Single mansions built with special signs by the production of their owner's own taste are not common in the city. In London the extremes of wealth and poverty meet. Yet as did not go on purpose to visit the poorest districts, I did not witness any of the poverty of London but what forces itself upon public attention. Rusty, dingy old churches, belonging to the Establishment, are scattered through the city proper. Methodist churches in this region are not numerous, might wander a long way and never see a Methodist church. Of course this arises largely from the enormous cost of land in the central parts of the city. And, besides, these old churches of which I speak were nearly all in existence before Wesley commenced his life work. As far as I had opportunity of judging, these Established churches in the character of their service do but a small way to meet the popular religious wants of the community. Great numbers of the people, however, who have co-operated with him in his noble liberality in the work of making better provision in the way of Methodist chapel accommodation in London. A movement of this kind was greatly needed to give Methodist the position it ought to hold in this great centre of the world. Yet, with all its wealth and church influences and agencies, vast numbers are unreached by any direct religious agency. I asked a decent looking boy, who undertook to guide me to some point, where he went to church. The answer was "nowhere." He said his mother was a widow, and he and his brothers were waiters in coffee-houses, and never had any time to go to church or Sunday-school on Sundays.

A REVIVAL AMONG THE SAILORS.—Rev. W. A. Spencer in a letter from Yokohama to the *Western Christian Advocate*, notices a somewhat remarkable work among the European sailors in the eastern waters. It broke out among the English sailors in Shanghai, through the labors of two Christian ladies, who held tea meetings among the men, to induce them to sign the temperance pledge. As the interest awakened a regard for these ladies, they attempted to lead the men to Christ. And the result has been that many ships have been visited with revivals of religion, and scores have become earnest Christians, who, a few weeks ago, were swearing, drinking men.

The religious question in Germany is being one of its gravity. The Chancellor holds his ground uncompromisingly, and forces all his subordinates throughout the realm to carry out the law not merely in the spirit, but in the letter, while the Ultramontane Bishops and their adherents present a bold and unflinching front to attacks of the State on the power of the Church. The German press devotes no small portion of its space to the record of incidents in the struggle, and to the discussion of the principles involved. As far as can be judged, the policy of the Government is likely to prevail over the opposition of the clergy.—*Chron.*

THERE is a sect in England composed of persons who call themselves "a peculiar people" who believe in trusting Providence with their bodies as well as their souls, and who consequently neglect any saving themselves from medical aid in time of sickness. One of these fanatics has just come to grief. His neglected wife died of a disease not difficult generally to cure, and had been brought to an account for omitting the use of means that might have saved her life. He is likely to fare badly.

—*Mor. News.*

## Miscellaneous.

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We were very much gratified to receive two visits from the Chairman of our District, Rev. G. S. Milligan, attended by Bro. Parkins. We may here express our great satisfaction at the division of our District into two Districts, and the election of the able Superintendent of St. John's Circuit as our presiding officer. Under the old regime the District was an overgrown, unwieldy thing. The division will greatly conduce to the prosperity of the work of God, indeed the use of property has already shown upon the St. John's District, with which fact the readers of the *Wesleyan* will doubtless be made acquainted. Our Chairman preached to the Burin people on Sabbath evening, August 31st, Bro. Parkins taking the preliminaries. We felt it good to be there. Bro. Milligan has the warm affection of the Brethren of his District, and we dare to say that his recognized ability, energy and wisdom will tell upon Methodism in Newfoundland.

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G. FORSEY.

Burin, Sept. 2nd, 1873.

### SACKVILLE DISTRICT.

MR. EDITOR.—The Financial District Committee for this District met in Sackville on the 17th inst. Three of the ministerial members were absent through indisposition. The Great Steward of Sackville, Bro. H. V. Verté, and Dunbar, were present. It was occasion for regret that the other lay members of the Committee had been prevented from attending, both because their counsels would have been valuable, and because of the necessity of having the earnest cooperation of brethren holding so important official positions, in the several circuits.

The subject of the Congregational Funds, had very careful attention, and in the case of the Congregational Fund, the brethren definitely pledged themselves to secure an increased contribution this year. The routine business was neatly finished in the morning session, so that many of them in all parts of the town, and while the weather permitted, several times in the day while we were at Conference business. It was truly refreshing to think that in the town which was one of John Wesley's favourite dwelling places, there should have been so much of that kind of preaching, which was the delight of his eminent servant of God, even down to his latest days.

Speaking of the preaching, I must not omit the fact that Dr. Punshon's presence gave great interest to this Conference. His return was hailed on every side with delight; and the public were of course very anxious to hear him preach in Newcastle. Although under the shadow of a heavy affliction, he overcame his sorrow, and in the strength of God preached in the Town Hall on Monday the 11th inst. I need hardly say there were scarcely standing room for the crowds who flocked to hear him in that building. It is not so large as some other buildings of that sort, but it would seat about 3,000 persons. Every available spot was occupied. Hundreds, I am informed had to leave the place unable to obtain admission, though many had come long distances to hear the man whom God had blessed with such a marvellous power of speech. The Hall was filled long before the time; hence, though the service was announced to commence at 2:30 p.m., it commenced at 2:15. The singing was powerful; and the preliminary services, conducted by Rev. G. W. G. A. M., gave an admirable tone to the whole proceeding. The sermon, however, I must not attempt to describe. The preachers touching allusion to his recent bereavement affected all present; and he then proceeded to discourse on Heb. 1:14, "The Ministry of Angels" being his theme. Every one might not have agreed with the gifted speaker in all the sentiments he uttered in that powerful address; but it was mightily calculated to stimulate thought, and induced that packed audience not to dream their lives away merely in what are sometimes termed acts of religious worship; but to be active in the Church of God; working for Him and for the benefit of mankind. This was powerfully enforced by the examples of the holy angels as recorded in the Scriptures of Truth. His sentences were of that exquisitely beautiful texture, which Dr. Punshon alone can weave; yet were they strong withal; and the audience could not at times suppress the audible expressions of their exulting joy. The marvellous—yes, the riveted—attention of the people was such as to be a perfect study; and your correspondent being in a position peculiarly adapted for observing that dense mass of human beings, he was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity to observe the ever varying countenances of those who were listening to this man of God. But the appeal was grand indeed. Calculated to rouse every sleeping conscience; for the Minister and Ambassador of Christ were never wear away; and that it will "in the great day appear," many were there—united in the prayer, "Send down Thy Spirit, O God, and to serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind."

THE NEWCASTLE CONFERENCE.

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The Family.

THAT BOY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Is the house turned topsy turvy? Does it ring from roof to roof? Will the racket still continue, Spite of all your mid reproof? Are you often in a flutter? Are you sometimes thrilled with joy? Then I have my grave suspicions That you have at home—that Boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered? Are your nerves and ink upset? Have two eyes, or bright and roguish. Made you every care forget? Have your garden-beds a prowl, Who delights but to destroy? These are well-known indications That you have at home—that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus— With his head upon the mat And his heels in mid-air twinkling— For his audience, the cat? Do you ever stop to listen, When his merry pranks annoy— Listen to a voice that whispers, You were once just like—that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows, And with nobody to blame? Have you seen a trowered urchin, Quite unconscious of the same? Do you love a teasing mixture Of perplexity and joy? You may have a dozen daughters, But I know you've got—that Boy.

JOHN TREGENOWETH: HIS MARK.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARCE.

AUTHOR OF "MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS."

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW PARSON.

CONCLUDED.

So we went on pretty middle you know, Sir, until the new parson came.

I knew the old man was dead, for the bell was tolled all day—but he lived in the South of France, or some outlandish place or other, and had a sort of curate to preach 'pon Sunday mornin', and to come over here for the berran's and weddin's—bestways that be all that I could ever make out.

When we heard that the new man was comin' we was curious to know what he was like.

Well, one day—we hadn't heard that he'd come—little Mary an' me was sittin' 'singin' in the cave, after we filled the cart with sand—we'd just finished the last verse, when a voice came out of the end of the cave.

"Thank you, good friends, thank you." Little Mary jumped up, and cingin' to me she looked into the end of the cave; but I 'spose it was all dark, and she couldn't see nothing.

"Father!" she says, quite solemn, "did you hear that? Is it the De—?"

"No, no," laughed the gentleman, comin' nearer. "I didn't mean to frighten you, and I heard him come clamberin' over the rocks.

"I do believe it be the new Parson—the little maid whispered all of a tremble still.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," he says, comin' close to us, "I was curious to know how far this cave went back, and whilst I was away in this end of it I was startled by the sound of your voices, almost as much as you were startled by mine. This little mermaid of yours has a very sweet voice."

"She be a pretty singer, Sir," says takin' fancy to the man at the very first.

"You don't know who I am?" he asked me. I told him that I didn't know, 'cept it was the new Parson.

"So you're expecting a new Parson are you," says he, like as if he didn't know anything about it.

"We heard tell that the old gentleman was dead, Sir," said the little maid.

"But you've got nothing for Parson's to do in these parts here? The folks are all Methodists—old Methodists, or Primitive, or Britanics, or New Connexion Methodists, or Testotal Methodists. There's nothing for a Parson but to marry and bury them."

"Well, Sir," I says, "that depends what kind of a man he be. There's plenty of 'work always for folks that'll do it."

"That's true—that's true," said he. "Now suppose I begin with you. Here's a job to hand ready. I might as well go to read."

"Please, Sir, father be blind—I have to read to him, Sir," an' the little maid put her hand round my neck as she said it.

"Blessings, on your kindly little face," says the Parson, so as quite won my heart. "But if he could read for himself, it would do him harm, would it?"

"The tears filled my eyes. I should never see another book, until the Books were opened and I often prayed that I might read my name there—written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

"Ah, Sir," I explained with a sigh, "you don't understand. I be blind, Sir,—quite blind."

"But I belong to an Association for teaching the blind to read," says the Parson.

"The blind?" cried little Mary.

"To read, Sir," I said, shakin' my head, as much as to say—she never be."

"He told us all about the raised type, and how the finger-felt the words."

"Father, that will be nice," whispered little Mary; and then turning to the gentleman, she asked him, "But please, Sir, will there be all the Bible? will there be Revelation? Because father loves Revelation—he says there be so much music in it."

"I will get him Revelation," and the Parson laughed. "Likes music, does he?" he went on. "Can you play my friend?"

"Please, Sir, father has sold his fiddle," said the little maid, a takin' hold of my hand.

"Likes music, will turn his fiddle—that's strange!" and I could tell that he sat himself down alongside of us, and waited for us to tell how it happened. Well, I thought, it was part of my punishment, when the little maid gave me a kiss, and says she, "We never want it at all, Sir, we can sing prettier now than we could then."

"So without a word more about it, he turns round to the little maid, "Now, if I do this for your father, what will you do for me? Will you come and sing in my choir?"

"Please, Sir, we do sing up to our chapel," says little Mary.

"She do mean the Primitive, Sir," says I, wonderin' what he'd think of that.

"Ah, Methodists again—all Methodists, and he spoke so pleasant as ever. "But are you there all day?"

"Well, there be Sunday-school first of all," the little maid told him, "then preachin' in the mornin's sometimes, else in the afternoon."

"A quiet but most useful little organization in Cornwall"—Innocent Teaching of the Blind to read the Sacred Scriptures, and to write, which requires no less than one hundred and eighty persons to teach. (See Report for 1862.)

then always preachin' in the evening, and a prayer-meetin' after."

"The Parson laughed again. "Not much time left for me then—that's clear. But if you understand music, we shall manage it." And he wished us good mornin'.

"He be a nice man," says the little maid, when he was gone. And so he be still, Sir, bless him, for the same as ever."

"That was our first meetin'—I've minded him of it scores of times. And he was as good as his word and a hundred times better. Ah, it was wonderful—wonderful—that knowin' When I'd learn to know the words, and readin'—wonderful! I've very often thought about Thomas, Sir, as his tremblin' fingers were put into the nail prints, and as he felt the spear wound, and cried out, "My Lord and my God!" That be just how my fingers seem to go along the ridges of the letters, a felin' the truth. You can take hold of it all so certain sure, and it is my Lord and my God all the way through; and I shut up my Book with my heart so full of glory as ever it can hold.

But that was only the beginning of his kindness.

He paid a man to teach me how to make nets, so that the little maid an' me could stay home on wet days, an' do just as well as with the donkey an' cart; specially when we got cleverly at it, an' could get on as last enough. Bless him, as I've often said him, he was almost so good as another old cod.

An' then, like as if to make me so that I couldn't work for anything, came that blessed organ.

You know, Sir, there had been one in the old Parson's time, but nobody ever touched it now, only the new Parson had it all down, and made it over again; then one day he says to the little maid an' me—

"You told me one day, John, that you understood something about music."

"I do dearly love it, Sir," I said; "an' an' love goes furthest in makin' folks understand anything, I do reckon."

"That's not far wrong, certainly," and he nailed on the little Mary in his laughin' way—she was about seventeen, Sir—so for that reason I 'spose your Mary here understands all about Zacchy Penderay."

I could tell that the little maid blushed, as we both laughed; for you see, Sir, they were as well as might fond of each other.

"But I dare say that Mary is wonderin' what such impertinent questions can have to do with music," he said directly. "Well, you know, John, that I have finished the organ, and now I must find a player. I've been lookin' about, and can think of nobody but you, John."

"Me, Sir," I cried, "Me play the organ!" and it fairly took my breath away to think of it.

"O, father! O, Sir, you are very, very kind," cried the little maid, bewildered thinkin' in about it.

"Well, come to-morrow to the church, and let me give you your first lessons," he said, as he went away.

So he taught me how to play. As I've told him, he was eye to the blind before, but now he let heaven in at my ears too.

Do you reckon, Sir, that there be anything else in the world like it? The sea is fine—but it storm an' ripple an' toss as you like. And the wind, Sir,—that be grand, when you get one of our sou' wester's roarin' an' moosin' an' playin' his great swell notes 'pon the sea. But those be God's organ that nobody can play only Himself. But next to them, isn't it wonderful to sit down and make such glorious music—now to have the sea an' the thunder, an' the wild wind, just as you like—then to make it all so soft an' gentle, it might be an angel a whisperin' to a little dym' child, and tellin' them not be afraid; and then burstin' forth as the host of Heaven sang triumphant welcome to some old warrior who had got gally home.

Ah, what choruses we shall have in the church, if there isn't, it must be because some of us would be lovin' it too much, an' forgettin' the King of Glory!

And now my little Mary be gone. Well, there, 'tis only a matter of four miles off, and Zacchy is a brave lad, and a good singer too, and he has got a treasure anyhow. Ah, Sir, she was a most an' angel born was my little Mary!

Here the old man passed. The bells had ceased. The glow that lingered in the western sky had passed from radiant gold and red to deep-toned purple, and now was sinking into calm blue depths all brilliant with the silvery sparkling of the stars. The sea was rippling to the shore with gentle melody, breaking into crests and curves of light. It seemed like a fair finish to the old man's story. With such a restful calm be was passing on toward Heaven, singing as he went until his soul should break into light and music on the eternal shore.

THE ETHICS OF DRESS.—IMPRIMIS.

The first instinct about a new fashion is the true one. Don't wait till your eye has lost its accuracy and your judgment its edge. Subject the thing at once to the general rule, and how to the decision.

2nd. What suits one person does not suit another. Know thyself.

3d. Dress should supplement good points and correct bad ones. Thick and thin, long and short, are not all to be subjected to one, Procrustean style.

4th. Colors should be harmonious, should be massed—should be becoming, that is, many little points or blotches of color sprinkled over a costume produce a disagreeably robed and speckled effect, as of a monstrous robin's egg, or a plum-pudding. One tint should prevail, relieved by a contrasting tint. No amount of fashionable prestige can make an unbecoming color becoming. "Nile green" will turn some people into oranges, though twenty empresses ordain its adoption.

5th. Lines should be continuous, graceful, and feminine. It is better to look like a woman (if you happen to be one) than like anything else, even a fashion-plate!

6th. Ornament must be subordinate. Nature, with all her profusion, never forgets this fundamental law.

7th. Above all things be neat. Dainty precision and freshness is as essential to a woman as to a flower.

8th. Individuality is the rarest and the cheapest thing in the world.

9th, and lastly, "Stylish" is of all the words in the English language the most deadly. It has slain its thousands.

PICTURE FRAMES.

Any lady can ornament her walls with pictures if she has skill to frame them; for it is usually the frame that costs. It is surprising how well rustic frames look, too, in a country farm house; a rude frame put together so as to hold the glass can be covered so handsomely

as to conceal all informality. Cones, shells, feathers, work, autumn leaves, forms some of the materials. I have "Birth-Day Morning" in a frame of my own construction hanging in front of me as I write. The frame is made of common two-inch lath, just as it comes from the mill, nicely fitted together and painted black and varnished.

Then from leather book covers I found in the garret, I stripped the leather, which is thin and smooth, and cut it in the shape of a very small flat-iron an inch and a-half long and laid the broad end in a plait, and thus, beginning at the bottom of the frame, I tacked with the gimlet two rows of these leaves around the frame, with a rosette of the same leaf at proper intervals to give effect. The least must be laid over to cover the tack on the one below it.

The frame is 22x28. The glass cost 75 cents, and this is the main expense, out of the picture, I varnish with white shellac varnish, which gives to the work a proper stiffness. Cones, shells, and what you prefer frames. Small pictures can be framed with pasteboard wired around and covered with black oil paper, with a strip of gilt paper on the inner edge of the frame or without a strip of the latter, a frame of grape vine, boiled to soften, and twisted, is quite pretty; then varnished. I saw a picture frame, a day or two ago, made of the running pine, tastefully arranged, and it was very pretty.—Rural New Yorker.

HOW TO CURE DYSPYPSIA.

Alden Gobble, a lover of mince, was dyspeptic, and suffered great uneasiness after eating. So he goes to the great Dr. Abernethy for advice.

"What is the matter with you?" asks the doctor.

"Why, I presume I have got the dyspepsia."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I see; a Yankee who has swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest."

"I am an American citizen," said Alden, with great dignity; "an' Secretary of our legation to the Court of St. James."

"That's not far wrong," said Alden; "it aint a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill because he is called 'Secretary of our legation.'"

"But I tell you it does follow, for in the company you'll keep you'll have to eat like a Christian. I never saw a Yankee who didn't eat his food like a hog constricator. How can you expect to digest food that you neither take the trouble to dissect it into to masticate? Its no wonder you loose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on your carpet instead of your food. It is disgusting; its beastly! You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart—as full as it will hold, and as fast as he can pitch it in with a hayfork; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsia! pooh! Its beastly guzzling, you mean. I tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time eat that you do to draw out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your tobacco, and you'll be well in a month."

GIVE THEM SUNSHINE.

My sister, if you have daughters grown up, don't be afraid of the sunshine. Let it come freely into your house; it will bring with it neither malaria, contagion, nor death. On the other hand, it will bring only cheerfulness on its laughing pinions; you can be sad in a beautiful room all ablaze with sunlight. True, it may kick a tint out of your unstably-colored carpet now and then, but let them go, they are as nothing compared to the blessings which sunlight alone can bring to the household. Take away your dark curtains and pass the investigator in. Move the vines off the window—a window is made for the admission of light, and not to fill the office of a trellis for vines. If you must have a carpet with gay colors, buy one that will stand the test—there are plenty such. If they cost a little extra don't mind it—a sickly daughter will eventually cost you or somebody else more than the extras on a dozen fadeless carpets would amount to.

Yes, mothers, give your children the sunshine. You could not give them a gift which would cost you less, nor yet one qualified to profit them more. It will make them as bright in the country call rough and hardy. They require sunshine just as much as plants do. All scientific persons are now united in this decision. The world is full of delicate and weakly women, and my word for it, more of the cause lies in an effort on our part to make "ladies" of our daughters than in any thing else.

The following may be useful to prevent misquotations from Scripture: "God tempest the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's "Sentimental Journey to Italy." Compare Isaiah xlv. 8.—"In the midst of life we are death." From the Burial Service; not as Alderson's long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of a tree. (Sam. xviii. 9.)

PRESUMPTION.

He who takes his boys to the beer-shop, and trusts that they will grow up sober, puts his coffee-pot on the fire and expects to see it look as bright as new tin. Men cannot be in their senses when they brew with bad malt, and look for good beer, or set a wicked example and reckon upon raising a respectable family. You may hope and hope till your heart grows sick; but when you send your boy up the chimney, he'll come down black for all your hoping. Teach a child to lie, and then hope that he will grow up honest; better put a warp in a tar barrel and wait till he makes you honey. As to the next world, it is a great pity that men do not take a little more care when they talk of it. If a man dies drunk, somebody or other

is sure to say, "I hope he is gone to heaven." It is all very well to wish it, but to hope it is another thing. Men turn their faces to hell and hope to get to heaven; why don't they walk into the horsepond and hope to be dry? Hopes of heaven are solemn things, and should be tried by the word of God. A man might as well hope as our Lord says, to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, as look for a happy hereafter at the end of a bad life. There is only one rock to build good hopes on, and that is not Peter, as the Pope says, neither is it sacraments, but the merits of the Lord Jesus. There John Ploughman rests, and gives him a hope sure and steadfast, which neither life nor death can shake; but I must not preach, so please remember that presumption is a ladder which will break the mounter's neck, and don't try it as you love your soul.—John Ploughman's talk.

COMPUTATION IN INTEREST.

The following is the shortest and most accurate method of computing interest, and is worth preserving. Multiply the principal by the number of days and divide—

If at 3 per cent. by 7300.

If at 6 per cent. by 3650.

If at 7 per cent. by 4143.

If at 8 per cent. by 4500.

If at 9 per cent. by 4000.

If at 10 per cent. by 3600.

If at 11 per cent. by 3273.

If at 12 per cent. by 3000.

If at 13 per cent. by 2760.

If at 14 per cent. by 2571.

If at 15 per cent. by 2400.

The Farm.

STONE COLORED WASH.

I painted a board fence and a rough out-building two years ago, and it is really as good to-day as it was when finished, and it costs comparatively nothing; the fence is a common, rough board fence, with a cap board nailed on the top; and I have leaned on the fence a hundred times, and it will not soil a black coat, or any garment, by so doing, but appears slaty, with no disposition to crumble.

Take two pounds of flax seed and boil it in a common wash boiler for an hour or more, in four pails of water; after thoroughly boiling, strain it into an old tight barrel; put in one peck, in bulk, of common land plaster, one peck of nicely sifted wood ashes, one quart of flour, and one quart of salt. Put in your barrel a good stick, as large as a hand spike, and stir it till it is as thick as cream; let it stand in the sun for a week; it won't settle, but will remain incorporated, and is fit for use.

The above was made in quite warm weather, and worked up like putty better, two or three times, before I put it on; but a good stirring would, in a minute or two, reduce it again to a creamy consistency. It is now as hard as plaster, and is certainly reliable in preserving the wood, and is a cheap luxury in good looks for fences or second-class buildings, and I know it to be no humbug.—Rural Home.

HORSES IN STORMS.

Avoid, as far as possible, exposing horses grown up, to storms. When on a journey, aim to feed at the regular hours. If nothing more can be done, take along some corn-meal, and put a quart in a pail of water, and stir it up while the horse is drinking. It will greatly refresh and strengthen him. Many horses suffer from dyspepsia; and one great cause of it is irregularity in feeding, and giving too much grain when the horse is fatigued. When a horse has been exposed to a storm and comes home in an exhausted condition, give him a warm bran-mash. Put two or three quarts of bran in a pail, and pour on two or three quarts of boiling water, and stir it up; then add cold water sufficient to cool it to the temperature of room heat, and give it to the horse. Blanket the horse, and rub his head, ears, and legs dry; and afterwards rub him dry all over. Many an attack of colic would be avoided by these means. We think it certain, however, in not feeding their horses more grain. It would be better to work harder, or at least more constantly, and feed lighter. Of one thing we are very sure—not one farmer in ten grows his horses sufficiently. It is a shame to a man to leave a horse at night, after a hard day's work, until he has been rubbed clean, dry-bodied, and all his wants attended to.—Farmer's Union.

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Savings Fund,

In Shares of \$50 each.

MONTHLY investing shares receive interest at the rate of 6 per cent computed monthly, at maturity.

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Money in large or small sums is received on deposit, withdrawable at short notice. This society presents a thoroughly safe and profitable medium for the investment of capital, and is a thoroughly safe substitute for the Savings Bank.

All its Transactions are based on Real Estate.

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THOMAS MAIN, Secretary.

Society's Office, March 15th, 1872.

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A nice assortment of Ladies' UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, Bath and other RUBBONS, in all the new Styles and Shades.

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LOSSES PAID, 347,900.00

INTEREST RECEIVED, 442,273.43

LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION, 2,500,000.00

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A Parity Mutual Company! No Stockholders to grow rich at the expense of the Insured. Not a Misleading Company! It has been successful operation to the satisfaction of its members for 24 years.

Not struggling for Existence! Its strength and stability guaranteed by its accumulation of Assets to the amount of Seven Million Dollars.

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