

The Wesleyan,

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Editor and Publisher.

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

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXX

HALIFAX, N.S. AUGUST 17, 1878.

NO. 33

HINTS ON GENERAL READING.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

NO. III. BIOGRAPHY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Biography has changed very much during recent years. Formerly it was simply historic; a man's life was but a record of wars, speeches, or other leading incidents in which he took part. The biographer was a grave censor and fulsome eulogist by turns. Now biography is an analysis and criticism of motives, habits and morals; with a disquisition upon cotemporary men and manners. Hence this department of literature rises constantly into first importance to the student.

Here is the opinion of one who himself gave powerful pen-portraits of men:—

"Universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men continued to do or to attain; all things that we see standing in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of thoughts that dwell in the Great men sent into the world; the soul of the world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of heaven; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them."

In this paragraph, at least, Carlyle is not only philosophic but Christian.

If we would learn, for instance, the true origin of great reforms, the causes which have led to abiding results in the introduction of new systems of religious thought, or scientific or philosophic principles, who so likely to inform us as the reformers and scientists themselves; providing that, in skilled, faithful hands, they are allowed to tell their own story? To obtain a correct view of the Copernican system of Astronomy, who can be a better teacher than Copernicus? His life by Gassendi gives not only the views of the great astronomer, but also, by a comparison of his system with others, lays bare much of the history of astronomy as it struggled into scientific form and importance. Then taking up the lives of Newton and Herschel in succession, we have the growth and many of the actual principles of the science presented to us, while we have been made acquainted with the habits and ambitions of noble men whose fame will never die. Geology, again, a science, as present understood, of comparatively recent origin, owes much of its discovery and classification to such men as Dr. Buckland and Hugh Miller. Not only the dry facts of the science but the peculiar circumstances under which these came first under observation, and subsequently became a part of a wonderful system, are defined by the biography of those great thinkers and their cotemporaries. By the way, Hugh Miller's life is of far more than geological importance. You will be inclined after reading his own "Schools and Schoolmasters," and his Life, by Peter Bayne, to rank him as Scotland's representative man. Chalmers leads Scotchmen by very general consent in the realm of oratory and social reform;—and to Chalmers we may have occasion to return by way of illustration; Scott always wears the crown in descriptive and historic narrative; Burns sways the sceptre as a poet; but Miller was, for intellectual strength, unequalled in any age of Scottish history. The life of such a man is more than an epitome of what he said and wrote;—it is a revelation of that marvelous method of Providence by which stupendous mental powers are bestowed for special agencies in human history, and by which those powers are allowed to gather strength under a process which most of us would consider one of seclusion and neglect.

Referring to social changes, we are reminded that, almost within the memory of persons still living, the Slave Trade, once an extensive and lucrative traffic, has been abolished, and emancipation secured over all the civilized world. These were the glorious results of a contest begun by a few men in the British House of Com-

mons. Biography here again becomes our instructor. By it we ascertain the merits of this national movement. The lives of Wilberforce and Buxton are an eloquent illustration of individual influence when a cause is just. Similarly you may gain an insight as to causes originating reform agitations in different countries and social conditions, while philanthropy will delight in pointing out to your observation the best traits of its foremost champions.

Nowhere has individual energy and talent left monuments so imposing and abiding as in the realms of religion, and with these you are intimately related. Religious thought, as you find it to-day formulated into thesis and doctrines, had an origin somewhere. Professing to derive their opinions from the same source of inspiration, churches have different creeds, in some instances diametrically opposite creeds. It will be found that, pretensions to the contrary notwithstanding, each creed, in present form at least, sprang from a single mind, more or less remote in the ages. To trace a creed to its origin, is just to go up the stream to the single mind which, fountain-like, brought sweet or bitter waters to the surface for the refreshing or poisoning of the people. We select Mohammedism, the only form of false religion to which we need make reference. Who was Mohammed? What were his views? How came that religion into existence? What are the elements which render it for a time so aggressive, and the absence of which now prepares the way for its downfall? Mohammed's life will answer. It is written by several biographers. The Koran may also be bought for less than a dollar; but the key to the Koran is Mohammed's Life.

On the same principle, to understand those great religious agitations and polemical contests which marked the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and which tended chiefly to mould the various Protestant creeds as we find them to-day, you should consult the lives of the reformers, the founders of new schools of divinity, and of church constitutions. Here, of course, John Wesley's Life claims your first consideration. Presumably you have mastered our theology and our polity; but there are peculiarities in Methodism, the philosophy of which you do not, cannot understand, unless you have followed the Wesleys through the whole of their very extraordinary career. That you may have read the Wesleys superficially, or only through the glasses of partial friends, or possibly through those of disguised enemies, may occur to you after we shall have renewed our subject next week.

A SET OF MEN.

(BY F. C.)

Some men are so busy in squabbles over the dry husks of creeds and formalities that they forget the sweet kernel of Christianity, which inspires the heart to daily deeds of kindness and benevolence. Some men are so busy in erecting theological standards for their neighbours to live by, that they forget to live by any standard themselves.

Some men, if you ask them how you must be saved from sin, and the wrath of God, begin by telling you how you must be baptized. Instead of striving to guide the soul struggling for light, that it may take hold of that knowledge best adapted to its present condition, that God intended for it, they will talk for a while about Philip and the Eunuch.

Some men, if you manifest any interest in your soul's salvation, instead of sending you books, whose contents would encourage you to trust Jesus only, or make more explicit the plan of salvation, they will keep on, continually, sending you books and pamphlets on doctrinal theology.

Some men will assert, without any qualifying "ifs" or "buts," without any mitigating circumstances whatever; that if you have experienced a thorough work of grace in your heart you must think, must believe just as they do.

Some Christians will do these things. Did I say Christians? I did—but at the expense of my conscience—they are not a bit like Christ.

The true Christian will not teach any such absurdities; and will consider it a solemn sin to compel a formal assent to what has no real hold upon a man's mind and heart. Such men (if they do not, sometimes chance to be ministers) I do not, can not like. They are a power for evil in society, especially among anxious inquirers after salvation.

Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble, as they seek to climb.

Different men are differently constituted, have been differently educated, and must, of necessity, think differently of the same subjects, as they view them from different lights and different angles.

Now since no man can solve the mystery of creation, who can tell, for instance, why sin was created, and, since no two individuals can think precisely alike with regard to all these mysteries, is it just—is it Christ-like—is it honest, to say that all intelligent beings must think; must believe alike?

No man is infallible, and no man—or set of men, have any right to seek to inflict their bundle of beliefs upon another.

It is each one's sacred duty to think and study for themselves, form their own doctrine, enlighten their own conscience and be guided thereby.

In giving instruction, the great aim of the teacher or preacher should be, not so much to engrain his own thoughts and ideas on the minds of the learners or hearers, but to lead them to think and study for themselves.

As Gen. Jackson said.—Each man swears to support the constitution as he understands it, and not as it is understood by another; so is each man under grave obligations to do his part in life, according to the dictates of his conscience and not that of the other.

They who let God's holy word be a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path: who allow its teachings to guide and control them through life, need not trouble themselves about squaring their intellectual opinions with any one.

The best creed is the Golden Rule; the most eloquent sermon, a good life; and the noblest prayer, a desire to do right.

For modes of worship, let graceful zealots fight, He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

DeBert, July 27, 1878.

ABOUT WITNESSES.

(Concluded)

Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence ever tendered in support of an alibi was advanced in behalf of a man tried at Sydney, when the witnesses swore that, at the time the robbery with which he was charged was committed, the prisoner was in his hut with them, listening to the recital of the "Old English Baron," which occupied two hours and a half. Lane, the novel-reciter, corroborated their statements, averring he could repeat several other stories of equal length, word for word. "Now sir," said the attorney-general, "do you wish to persuade us that, without a book, you could occupy two hours and a half in reciting the 'Old English Baron'?" "I could, and I will, if you please," replied Lane. "Well, we will have a page or two, then," said the attorney-general. The witness at once began: "In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphrey returned from the Holy Land; and so went on until the attorney-general cried "Enough." The prisoner's counsel, however, insisted upon Lane's going on to the end, to prove the tale would occupy the time his witnesses had sworn it did, unless the other side conceded that important point. This, after some demur, the attorney-general agreed to do, provided the witness repeated the last page of the book as he had repeated the first. Lane did as he was bidden, and the prisoner was acquitted.

An American delinquent was not so lucky in his alibi. That worthy swore that the prisoner had been plowing for him all day long on the 29th of November, and chopping wood for him all the following day. So far, all was well. Then the counsel for the prosecution rose and put the question, "What did Ellis do on the thirty-first?" "That was Sunday," replied the unsuspecting witness, "and we went squirrel-hunting." "Well, what did he do on the thirty-second?" "Threshed the wheat." "On the thirty-third?" "It was raining and he stayed indoors and shaved out some of his hair." "What did he do on the thirty-fourth?" "Chopped wood." "Yes, and on the thirty-fifth?" "What Ellis did on the thirty-fifth was never known; for here the wife of the witness whisked him off the stand with, "You old fool, don't you know there are only thirty days in November?" The calendar-ignoring farmer overdid the business, like the Scotchman who identified the chicken by the likeness to its mother, and the positive dandy who recognized certain turkeys by their countenances, walk, and manner of roosting.

An Irishman, examined before a fishery commission, seemed so inclined to answer anything that one of the commissioners asked if there were any whales on the west coast. "Is it whales?" says Pat. "Sure you may see 'em by the dozen, spouting about like water engines all over the place." "Are there many dog-fish?" was the next question. "Dogs, begorra! ye'd say so 'av ye passed the night here. Sure, we can't sleep for the barkin' 'o them." "Do flying fish abound here?" queried another gentleman. "Flying-fish, is it?" quoth the veracious fellow. "If we didn't put up the shutters every night there wouldn't be a whole pain 'o glass in the house for the craters' batin' against them!" When he came up for his experience Pat

tried to coax something extra out of the commissioners on the plea that he had sworn to everything their honors "axed" him. Irish witnesses are not usually so tractable, no small amount of patience and skill being required to extract a definite answer to the simplest of questions. Nothing pleases your fun-loving Irishman better than to bother a lawyer, and the Irish courts have known many a dialogue like this: "You are a Roman Catholic." "Am I?" "Are you not?" "You say I am?" "Come, sir; what's your religion?" "The true religion." "What religion is that?" "My religion." "And what is your religion?" "My mother's religion." "What was your mother's religion?" "She tuk whisky in her tay." "You bless yourself, don't you?" "When I'm done with you, I will." "What place of worship do you go to?" "The most convaynient." "Of what persuasion are you?" "My persuasion is that you won't find out."

"What is your belief?" "That you are puzzled." "Do you confess?" "Not to you." "Who would you write to if you were likely to die?" "The doctor." "I insist upon your answering me, sir. Are you a Roman Catholic?" "I am," and why didn't you say so at once?" "You never axed me. You said I was a great many things; but you never axed me; you were driving crass words and crooked questions at me, and I thought it was manners to cut my behaviour on your own pattern."

An examiner's perseverance is not always successful in eliciting the desired answer. "Was there anything in the glass?" asked a counsel of a somewhat reluctant witness. "Well, there was something in it," he replied. "Ah, I thought we should get at it in time," observed the triumphant questioner. "Now, my good fellow, tell us what that something was." The good fellow took time to think over it; at last he drawled out, "It were a spoon." Equally unsatisfactory, in a legal point of view, was the following short dialogue: "You have a property, you say, did you make it yourself?" "Partly." "Are you married?" "Yes." "Did your wife bring you anything?" "Yes." "What?" "Three children." The witness had the best of that bout. And the lady was too much for the lawyer when they tried conclusions in this fashion: "On which side of the street do you live?" "On either side." "How can you go one way it is on the right side; if you go the other it is on the left?" The information imparted was as little to the purpose as the answer to the question. "When you called upon Mr. Roberts what did he say?" propounded to a voter before an election committee. Ere the man could open his mouth to reply, the question was objected to. For half an hour counsel argued the matter; then the room was cleared, that the committee might consider the subject. After the lapse of another half-hour the doors were opened, and the chairman announced that the question might be put. "All ears were strained to catch the impending disclosure. But the mountain did not bring forth even a mouse. "What did Mr. Roberts say?" asked the counsel; and the witness replied, "He was'n't at home, sir; so I didn't see him."

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

PROPERTIES OF THE HUMAN GASTRIC JUICE.—The Press and Circular says M. Chas. Rickett has been experimenting upon the patient on whom Professor Vernuill recently performed the operation of gastronomy. According to his researches the acidity of the gastric juice is equivalent to 1.7 grammes of hydrochloric acid to 1,000 grammes of fluid. The acidity increases a little at the end of digestion. Wine and alcohol also increases it, but cane sugar diminishes it. It tends to return to its normal acidity after the introduction of acid or alkaline matters. The mean duration of digestion is from three to four and a half hours, and the food does not pass gradually but in masses. According to four analyses, after a modification of Schmidt's method, free hydrochloric acid exists in the gastric juice; and altogether this secretion appears to consist of one part of lactic acid to nine parts of hydrochloric acid, the former of which is free in the gastric juice. The nature, therefore, of the free acid in the stomach seems almost solved, and it may be said that in every 1,000 grammes of the juice there are 1.53 grains of hydrochloric acid and 0.43 of the lactic acid.

TO PURIFY WATER.—The Scientific American says that nine ounces of pure fresh lime dissolved in forty gallons of water will purify five hundred and sixty gallons of hard water; the precipitate is chalk. It takes sixteen hours for water to settle, and all the impurities to sink to the bottom of the vessel which contains the water. This is a very useful fact in chemistry, and is not very extensively known.

The Missionary Advocate puts this striking contrast: We spend annually in this country \$700,000,000 for intoxicating drinks. All the Boards of Missions spend for the salvation of the world less than \$8,000,000.

It is computed that the grain used for liquor in a year, in the United States, reaches 70,000,000 bushels, which would make 4,000,000,000 two pound loaves of bread, or an average of 200 pounds of bread per annum to every man, woman and child in this country. Great Britain uses 80,000,000 bushels of grain yearly for the same purpose, yet she annually imports food to the value of nearly \$400,000,000. The above figures form a very suggestive temperance sermon.

A SAN STORY.—It is stated by a Chicago authority that 30,000 boys and girls of Chicago are patrons of drinking saloons, and many of them are drunkards. About 9,000 of the tippling children are arrested annually for drunkenness and one species of crime or another, and many of the saloons could not exist if it were not for these juvenile drinkers.

GEMS WORTH SETTING.

God made the soul to correspond with truth. Truth is its own evidence, as the lightning flash is, as the blessed sunshine is.—F. W. Robertson.

How idle a boast, after all is the immortality of a name! The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor to-morrow.— Irving.

The bird of wisdom flies low and seeks his food under hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft against the sun.—Lander.

Grace must be always growing. He that sits down contented with the grace he has, and is not pressing forward toward perfection and striving to grow in grace, and to get the habits of it more strengthened and confirmed, and the actings of it more quickened and invigorated, it is to be feared hath no grace at all.—Matthew Henry.

WHAT IT WILL DO.—One of Benjamin Franklin's truest sayings is the following:—"Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, vigor in the body, contentment in the house, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the constitution."

When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon his brow, if he once lose that purity of character, it is a spot that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Dr. Johnson used say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand dollars a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarked, "For every bad, there might be worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as well as flowers needs sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

If we are to meet with a brave front to the foes that rise up against us, and conquer in the daily battle of our lives, we want no miserable croaker to prophesy ruin and defeat; we want no faint-hearted spies to give an evil report of the goodly land; but a strong resolute spirit, whose words may be an inspiration to the faltering. We want poet, prophet and priest, who will say with the old Scotch piper when ordered to play a retreat, "I never learned to play a retreat, sire."—Emily Huntington Miller.

All that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address; voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy; the success in not offending, the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration—these qualities some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity.

ETERNITY FADING.—Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! O, stupendous thought! The ever-present, the unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain composing the life of the universe. Earth hath its beauties, but time shrouds them for their grave; its pleasures they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne in the dwelling of the Almighty can

AUGUST 10.

TON YARN

Given at the Convention of CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS.

Chasers of Cotton Warp is spun on Throloer longer Yarn than the King American Yarn.

PET WARP

10,000 yards in length of Carpet in proportion to width.

PARKS & SON,

ST. JOHN, N.B.

ELLOWS COMPOUND SYRUP OF S-PHITES

COVERTY

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HYPOPHOSPHITES

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OWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES

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ars Pulmonary Con- and second stages, and prolong life, in re all diseases orig- Muscular action and by remedies bearing other preparation is a der any circumstance name and address J. I. N.B. on the yellow ark which is seen by fore the light. ttle, Six for \$7.50. ts.

AS FARMS AND HOMES.

R D.

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ANVILLE STREET.

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St. J.

GENERAL READING.

PASTORAL ADDRESS.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA, WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE CONFERENCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Dearly Beloved Brethren: We rejoice to send this our annual greeting, from Sackville, N. B., in which place we—as your ministers—are now assembled. On this spot we are surrounded by several buildings, erected at different periods in our connectional history, for the purpose of giving to a portion of the rising youth of these Provinces, a sound, religious, and yet unsectarian education; and by which already a large number, both male and female, have been sent forth to bless and adorn the homes and professions of the Nova Scotia Conference are now in session but a few miles from this place. Our intercourse with these beloved Brethren has been refreshing, and we hope mutually profitable. We have realized the presence of the Divine Master while occasionally mingling together for consultation and worship; and together we are about to separate to our appointed spheres of labor, we cannot but think of our fathers in this ministry, many of whom since we last held our Conference in this village have passed to their reward. And as we clasp hands (perhaps in some instances) for the last time with the Nova Scotia Brethren, our song—though in sadness—is

“Even now by faith we join our hands With those that went before, And greet the blood-sprinkled bands On the eternal shore.”

Our resolve is to be “followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.” We intend to profit by the teaching of the past—to abide by the old truths—to practice the old methods, and to preach no other gospel than that by which our Fathers won for Christ such signal victories. In our day as in those of the earlier preachers, the truth when proclaimed with beautiful simplicity,—with intense yearnings for the salvation of those addressed,—and accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost, will we believe produce the like results. We wait before God for this unction for souls for this endowment of power—for this fire baptism, that the word in answer to your prayers, may be effectual “to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin.” As Methodists we have already an admirable ecclesiastical organization—a compact brotherhood, and an intense family sympathy, but our faith has no rooting in these things; we also turn with longing from holy water, candles, and crosses, with all the other sanctified trumpery of an æsthetic ritual, to the Gospel of Jesus Christ—have never felt uncertain about that, nor about our duty in relation to it. The Master came not merely to instruct those who flocked to listen to his gracious words,—but came, that there might be a Gospel to preach in this day, and in these days of the earth,—to that we are consecrated, and our purpose is to “serve our generation by the will of God.”

The Apostle John, in one of his Epistles, speaks of believers as “fellow helpers to the truth;” that truth we have, and are pledged to preach it; but Brethren beloved we much need your help in this work, and that help we must have, if the edifice (the foundations of which were laid—near this place—by the Blacks, the Bennetts, and the residents of a former age) is ever to stand entire in the sight of the people. Our ministrations will soon close, and your opportunities for doing good soon end; but what will be our lot in the evermore to which we are all passing, if when the Lord shall come, our work is found—not all done but scarcely commenced? Time is short, and we all, whether ministers or people, bow in universal assent to the acclamation, “Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.” But does that conclude our individual history? No! In every zone, and in every age, the conviction that this life is only preparatory to a new and everlasting existence has ever prevailed. Materialists, both ancient and modern, of all sects and dimensions, tell us that soul and body are alike in their nature and must perish together. Others, who turn from our evangelical theology, and claim for themselves great license of thought, flout the idea of man being immortal, either in personal joy or in future sadness; while others admit the imperishability of the soul in the future history of the good, but deny its natural immortality, and regard blessedness in the future life as the exclusive privilege of the righteous. From the teachings of men who thus give us a tortured exegesis of some fragmentary portions of the written Word, we turn to the large, consistent and glowing utterances of Him who “abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.” His sermons abound with thoughts and sayings, which teach us to regard this life as but a point in an unending existence; as the mere bud whose flower—in the case of the holy—shall bloom for ever in the paradise of God; hence he said, “If a man keep My sayings he shall never see death.” Death now lays his hand on the brow of king and beggar, of saint and sinner, but Christ tells us of a new, a better, a perfected life. And Brethren, is it not that we may obtain a fitness for so glorious a resting, that we have entered into those relationships—the one to the other, which now obtain between the Pastor and the Flock, between the ascending course, to become helpers of each other’s faith.

Among the many exhortations of the Great Teacher, in which he insisted upon the religion of the heart beaming out in the life, and in common things, he said, “Let your light so shine before men”—not make or compel it, but let it shine or beam out “that they may see your good works, and glorify therefore ask, that the religion you profess may be manifest in a faithful discharge of the duties which devolve upon you as ordinary citizens; the higher life may bring us into union with the spiritual and unseen, and the lower life into contact with the things of sense—but both are of God,—fellowship with the invisible when the soul in quiet abiding is hushed before the Lord is our abiding privilege. But for a man not to “provide for his own,” is to deny the faith and show drudgery of human toil may be so conducted that the work done at the close of the day, the assurance, therefore, who are engaged upon the farm, in mechanical or professional life, purpose, and honesty of aim, for there is no greater error than the too prevalent opinion which is that part of life in which Divine light can never shine, much less be guided

with the hope of heaven. “Every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving, and be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.” The immoralities of trade at a period when competition is the animating spirit of commerce, have too often caused us to blush over the selfishness and fraud of some of our most successful, in agricultural, mechanical or professional life. But why divest human industry of all that is sacred? and in that way reverse the divine order, which is “Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” Brethren, if the employment in which the Spirit found you, when first He came to illumine and to save, is one on which you can conscientiously implore His blessing from day to day, then let it be so conducted that while it is made to insure you the legitimate rewards of high business qualities, it may likewise be a benefit to all around you.

Wherever God has permitted you to pitch your tent, there let there be ministered to which both morning and evening there shall ascend the incense of prayer to His holy name. It is said of Abraham “He will command his children, and his household, after him.” This is a duty still devolved upon christian parents, and of them the Master “seeks a godly seed.” Prayer in the family, with the right government of children, will smooth down rising asperities, prevent mischief, stand fast, foster and mature true affection among the children, and lead them, when you shall have passed to your rest, to hold and to propagate the faith in which they were instructed while yet young. But to promote the glow and fervor of the religious life, there must be due attention to closet duty; the man who is recreant in this, has no right to expect the open reward which Christ has promised to those who pray in secret places. Hence many yield to the foe in public during the day, because they had not been girded with power in communion with God at early dawn, and having lost the clew, they wander farther from the right path to their final undoing. But “beloved we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak.”

At this period in our history, the religious training of youth in our Sabbath Schools is of the highest importance, the young people of to-day will be the race of to-morrow, the Sunday School of the present is to be the Church of the future. And just as we see the far off fountains of supply, so will be the stream of life in these Provinces of our Dominion, when the present generation of men shall have passed from their surface. One of the greatest needs of the day, is our Sabbath Schools be made more potent for good, and the answer comes to us not all at once, but little by little, from the many conveniences which have been held for the purpose of collecting and propagating the desired information, so that at present, there exists no reason why these Institutions should have merely a feeble existence. Many periodicals are now issuing from the press to assist both teacher and scholar in their work. The “International Bible Lessons” are a much prized compendium, and they monthly sparkle with useful hints,—but that is no reason why the old Catechisms of our Church should be laid aside. Direct questioning stimulates thought, and if the answer be once learned, it may prevent a relapse into error in future years. The theological movement of the day has the principal number of their abiding among those who were not grounded in the truth while yet young. Therefore let us give all diligence to make our Sabbath Schools, not only in town and village, but in all the settlements of the land, sources of supply to keep up and augment the membership of the Church. To attain this end for which our Sunday Schools exist, Bible classes should be formed where at all practicable. Such classes not only afford opportunities to the more advanced youth of our congregations to obtain correct views of saving truth, but are promotive of true piety,—a vague apprehension of the doctrines of “the Book” prevents robustness of spiritual life and usefulness in the Church of God. Bible Classes are also the look for the Local Preachers of the future; we cannot afford to let this class of excellent workers be diminished in number, much less relegated to the limbo of forgotten agencies. Such men have done nobly in the past,—in their ranks we once stood,—and there is a vast field still awaiting their self-denying labours. The young men should prophesy, and in such preliminary training schools, so earnestly the best gifts for the still higher work of the ministry, whether Local or Itinerant.

During the year the cause of temperance has been greatly revived in many places, and our desire is that Bands of Hope, and congregational organizations, should be at once formed for the purpose of abating the drinking usage, and of sweeping from our land this curse of intemperance. We have no word of commendation, however, for the frivolous sports and pastimes which in some localities have got linked on to the late temperance revival; and our prayer is that from the “Clubs” there may soon be separated all that is calculated to enervate the man, destroy health, or begot in the rudimental history of our youth, a wish for the higher forms of gambling, with their debasing and sinful courses. Take the religious element from the temperance movement and it is powerless for good; try therefore, in all places where your influence is felt, to make temperance the avenue of a higher, a better, a religious life.

But what we most need at present is individual consecration to God, and then a general endeavor throughout the entire Church, to attain that holiness of heart and life for which the early Methodists were so distinguished. Christian holiness involves the idea of separation to the Lord, and to his service; when attained it resides in the soul of its possessor, and thence projects into the life. “Whatever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.” This doctrine in the sense in which it involves privilege and possession, is now receiving much attention among the churches of the land. In the past it was regarded almost exclusively as one of the peculiarities of Wesley, and our pulpits in those days, gave out no uncertain sound upon this subject. But of late the too general absence of living witnesses of its reality, has discouraged its broad and persistent proclamation as the common right through Christ of every believer. But the command, “Be ye holy for I am holy,” rings out with more than clarion distinctness from the written word; and Brethren, if ye are called”—at all—we are called not unto uncleanness but unto holiness,—if elected”—it is through sanctification of the spirit unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ,—and, if “predestinated” it is to “be conformed to the image of His Son.” And that is about all that can be said in relation to the meaning of words which too often have been

employed to bolster up opinions, for which there is no warranty in the Word of God. Called, elected, and predestinated, not to heaven irrespective of the meanness for its enjoyment, but to holiness in this life, as the preparation for the other in the glory-land beyond. We therefore exhort you to seek this great salvation,—present salvation from inward and outward sin, “And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it.”

We are glad to be able to say that our Ministerial death roll is a short one for this year, but two of our Brethren have passed away to the rewards of heaven since we last met in Conference. Bro. Wm. McCarty was with us last year, though in great feebleness. He had lived and laboured among us long enough to reveal the genuineness of that piety which he had obtained in early life. As a man he was “a workman of whom we were not ashamed.” He rendered valuable service to the Church of his vows, and he enjoyed the entire confidence of his brethren. He died at Digby, N. S., in the fall of last year, in the 62nd year of his age, and in the 33rd of his ministry.

John Ellis, a young evangelist, possessing both zeal and ability, was cut down in the midst of his usefulness. He died on the St. Martins Circuit, N. B., in July of last year, in the 32nd year of his age, and the 6th of his ministry.

We are happy to inform you that our Educational Institutions at Sackville, N. B., are in a state of prosperity. The badness of the times—in a business sense—has not lessened the attendance to the extent that was once feared. Recent changes in the staff of officers will, it is hoped, give to the working of these institutions yet greater efficiency, and they still commend themselves to your patronage and support.

The Methodist Book Room in Halifax is intended to subserve the interests of our Church in all the Conferences in these Maritime Provinces, and has attained already, under the skillful management of the Book Steward, a high degree of success in the various branches of its legitimate business.

This Book Depot is intended to supply to our people, all publications necessary in Sabbath School work, as well as books for the private library, or for family reading. At this office the Wesleyan newspaper is still published, and it is regarded as a necessity in many of the homes of our people, and our hope is that in due time it will be found in all the Methodist families within the bounds of the Conference.

And now, Brethren, “we commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.”

JOSEPH HART, President, CHARLES H. FAIRLEY, Secretary.

LEIGH RICHMOND.

There are few who have not heard of the “Dairyman’s Daughter.” Translated into many languages, and circulated by millions, it has found its way into all parts of the earth, and been read by men of every condition and rank in life. It has been seen in the palaces of kings and the huts of the North American Indians, and under God been the means of the salvation of multitudes of souls.

Its much honored author was the son of a Liverpool physician, and was born in 1772. At seventeen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made the most of his time and of the educational advantages enjoyed. At the end of eight years he was ordained deacon, and soon after entered upon the duties of doublecuracy of Brading and Yaverland, in the Isle of Wight.

He was as yet, however, without the all essential qualification for the fulfillment of the duties he had undertaken. The work of grace in his heart had yet to be accomplished. A copy of Wilberforce’s “Practical View of Christianity,” sent him by a thoughtful college friend, was the means of effecting in him the change that he required. Led by the perusal of it to see his own deep need, the way of having that need met, and what Christ is to all who fully receive him, he became a new man. Henceforth Jesus Christ was the alpha and the omega of his faith and ministry. The results of the change were immediately manifest in the larger audiences that now hung upon his lips, and the conversions that rewarded his labors and prayers.

The “Dairyman’s Daughter” lived at the village of Arreton, six miles from Brading, where, by particular request he visited her during her last illness. The publication of her biography and experience got at once into a wide circulation, and made the author known. Mr. Richmond was induced at the end of eight years, to exchange his curacy at Brading for the post of assistant minister at the Lock Chapel, where larger opportunities of usefulness were enjoyed, and he had the satisfaction of seeing many there also brought by his ministry to the Saviour.

From his London sphere he was soon transferred to the living of Turvey, where as rector of the parish, he passed the longest period of his ministry. Here a change was soon effected in the social and spiritual condition of the people around him.

His labors were not, however, confined to his parish. He did much for different religious societies, by preaching for them and pleading their claims in various parts of the country. He was also diligent with his pen, and by means of his writings addressed audiences far beyond his ordinary Sunday congregations.

Thus he continued to fulfil his parochial duties and to occupy his time at Turvey. Drinking daily and largely of the

waters of life, he grew in the power and grace of the Lord Jesus, and was the means of even rich blessing to others.

Nine years after his settlement at Turvey, the Duke of Kent placed him on the list of his chaplains, and insisted on his preaching at the palace when he came to town. This wish of his royal patron was complied with, when Mr. Richmond preached from the text, “Return, thou backsliding Israel saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful saith the Lord, and I will not keep mine anger forever.”

“It was an effective and touching sermon,” says one of his biographers, “and impressed upon the Duke exceedingly.” Adverting again the following day to Mr. Richmond’s style of preaching, as at once Scriptural and winning, the Duke said he had come to the resolution to see if he could procure for him a vacant stall in Westminster Abbey, then at the disposal of the minister.” The effort was made, but failed, and Mr. Richmond continued his accustomed course.

He was tried by heavy family afflictions. His eldest son, led astray by evil companions, went to sea, and after many disappointments and wanderings, died on board a vessel, far from home. The father was comforted by the assurance, supplied by his letters and papers, as well as by the testimony of those who had witnessed the change in his son’s character, that he died in full reliance upon Christ for pardon and eternal life.

Not long after, his second son, a young man of great promise, died of consumption. Leigh Richmond’s own health began to fail, and while yet only fifty-five years of age he was amid deep and widespread lamentation, borne to his grave.

As one can understand and would expect, that which had been his joy in the day of life was his support in the hour of death. Jesus Christ was everything to him then, strength and consolation, victory and power. He had done much in the service of his Lord and Master during the years of his public life, instructed many in the way of salvation and the deeper things of God, and been the comforter of multitudes by his ministry in the pulpit and by his published writings; but not on these things did he now rest, but entirely on the sacrifice and love of Jesus. It was from the cross of his Lord, that he drew his comfort and confidence, and not from anything that he himself had been or done.

“Brother, brother,” was his language to a friend a short time before he expired, “strong evidences, nothing but strong evidences, will do at such an hour as this. I have looked here and looked there for them; all have failed me; and so I cast myself on the sovereign, free and full grace of God, in the covenant by Jesus Christ, and there, brother I have found peace.”

Calmly and trustfully he fell asleep.—Christian Sunset.

FAMILY READING.

THE ABIDING ONE.

“God is the Strength of my heart, and my portion forever.” Ps. 73: 26. Some hearts are like a quiet village street, Few and well known the passers to and fro; Some like a busy city’s market place, And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod, Though brief that life, and nearing now its close. At first the forms of phantasies and dreams. And then varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going—ah! there lay the pang, That when my heart had blossomed and unlocked Its wealth to greet the loved familiar step, Lo! it was gone, and only echoes mock-ed.

My listening ear. But oh! there came one step, So soft and slow, which said, “I pass not by. But stay with these forever if thou wilt, Amid this constant instability.”

Then in his eyes I saw the love I craved— Love past my craving—love that died for me. He took my hand, and in its gentle strength I learnt the joy of leaning utterly.

He taught my heart to trust him fearlessly (Trust off betrayed, but now misplaced no more); My Rock! my Rock! my wave-besieged Rock! Safe in thy cleft I rest for evermore.

All things change, and noblest human hearts Can ne’er be rocks; but they are potter’s clay. The Lord our God, He only is a Rock! Who trust in Him may trust in him for aye!

Still do the countless footsteps come and go; Still with sighs the echoes die away: But one abides, and fills the solitude With music and with beauty, night and day.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The noble missionary, Moffatt, tells a beautiful story. He says: “In one of my early journeys I came with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk; but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied: “I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full; therefore I can’t speak the joy I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.” On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. ‘This,’ said she, ‘is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp to burn.’ I looked on the precious relic printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of our heavenly Father.”

GOOD SOCIETY.

Many parents who have sons and daughters growing up are anxious for them to get into society. This is an honorable anxiety, if it interprets good society after some lofty fashion.

Parents your daughter is in good society when she is with girls who are sweet and pure, and true-hearted; who are not vain and frivolous; who think of something else besides dress or flirting, or marriage; between whom and their parents there is confidence; who are useful as well as ornamental in the house; who cultivate their minds, and train their hands to skillful workmanship. If society of this sort is not to be had then none at all is preferable to a worthless article. See to it that you impress this on your children, and above all that you do not encourage them to think that good society is a matter of fine clothes, or wealth, or boasting to be somebody. As you value your child’s soul, guard her against these miserable counterfeits; and impress upon her that intelligence, and simplicity, and modesty and goodness, are the only legal coin.

The same rule holds for boys as well as for girls. You would have these enter good society. Do not imagine that you have accomplished it when you have got them in with a set of boys whose parents are wealthier than you who dress better than your boy can afford to, and who pride themselves on their social position. Good society for a boy is the society of boys who are honest and straight forward, who have no bad habits, who are earnest and ambitious for the company of shallow, heartless women, old enough to be their mothers, and are not envious of their friends who fancy there is something grand in dulling all the edge their heart’s hope upon such jaded favorites.

There is nothing sadder than to see either young men or women priding themselves upon the society which they enjoy, when verily it is a Dead Sea apple that will choke them with its dust, when they need some generous juicy fruit to cool their lips and stay the hunger of their souls.—Chris. Reg.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.

THIRD QUARTER: STUDIES IN LUKE'S GOSPEL.

A. D. 29. LESSON VII. THE FRIEND OF SINNERS; or, The Forgiving Saviour. Luke 7, 40-50. August 25.

EXPLANATORY.

VERSE 40. JESUS ANSWERING. He answered the Pharisee's thought while it was yet unspoken. (1) He who read the secrets of the human mind while on the earth knows our thoughts from the heavens. Simon. Some have thought that this was the "Simon, the leper," mentioned in Matthew 26, 6, and that the two Gospels relate the same incident. But it may be noted 1—This occurred in the early part of Christ's ministry, and the other just at its close, "six days before the passover." 2. This occurred in Galilee, probably either at Nain or Magdala; the other at Bethany, near Jerusalem. 3. At this time the anointing was performed by a "woman in the city, which was a sinner;" at the other by Mary, the sister of Lazarus. 4. In one case the murmur arose at Jesus' forgiving sins in: the other, at the waste of the ointment. 5. It is not unlikely that Christ received such honors more than once, as the customs of anointing and feet-washing were common. 6. That both occurred at a supper with a man named Simon is scarcely remarkable, when we remember the name of Simon was "as common among the Jews of that day as Smith and Jones among ourselves." "There are nine different Simons mentioned in the New Testament, and some twenty in the writings of Josephus."—Farrar. This Simon was a Pharisee, who had invited Jesus to his house with a view to examine and decide upon his claim as a prophet. Unto thee. (2) When Christ speaks it is always "unto thee," to the individual, not to the mass. To every man Christ has something to say.

41. A CERTAIN CREDITOR. The creditor is the Lord God, to whom every man owes his all. Two debtors. In this case, the woman, who was responsible for many sins, and the Pharisee, whose life was comparatively moral. (3) Notice that the worst and the best stand on the same footing, as sinners before God. (4) The small sin, as well as the great, needs forgiveness. (5) Though all are alike in the fact of guilt, yet individuals may be unequal in its degree. The murderer and the pickpocket may both have occasion to dread the judge, yet their sentence will not be the same. Five hundred pence. Fifty. One sum was a little less than seventy dollars, the other about seven.

42. NOTHING TO PAY. This is the condition of every sinner, great and small. (6) The moralist is as helpless to save himself as the most iniquitous. "I acknowledge the debt, that is all I can do. O, cross the book, and draw the red lines of Christ's blood over the black lines of my sins."—St. Augustine. Frankly. Or freely. What God bestows he gives, without money or price. A poor woman who wanted some flowers for her sick son, tried to purchase them from the royal garden. The prince presented her with a quantity of the brightest and most beautiful, saying, "My father is a king, not a merchant. He drives no bargains, but bestows freely." Forgave them both. (7) Those who confess their sins, and cast themselves on the mercy of God, find a full and free pardon. (8) Great sinners and small, vile and honorable, must pass through the same gate and receive salvation on the same terms. There was only one ark when the flood rolled over the world, and there is only one way of mercy now. (9) Greatness of sin is no barrier to forgiveness: nor does littleness of sin remove its necessity. The governor of the State can sign his name to the felon's pardon as easily as to that of the thief who has stolen a sixpence. Love him most. Both ought to love him with all their hearts; but which has the greater cause for gratitude?

43. SIMON ANSWERED. Still unconscious that the parable contained any reference to himself; for he knew not that the Master had been reading his own thoughts. I suppose. "There is a touch of supercilious patronage, of surprised indifference to the whole matter, in the word he uses."—Farrar. Rightly judged. We are not to infer that the prodigal will love his father more than the faithful son, or that men may sin deeply in order to make God's mercy the greater. But there is a peculiar gratitude which the restored wanderer realizes, to which the one grown up in rectitude must be a stranger. Both may love with all the heart, yet their love will not possess precisely the same characteristics.

44. HE TURNED. The guests were reclining on couches placed around the supper-table, with their feet turned outward toward the wall. In order to see the woman, Jesus was compelled partly to arise from his recumbent attitude and turn toward her. The woman. From the record

of a somewhat similar event in John's Gospel, some have supposed that she was Mary Magdalene. But there is absolutely no reason for such an inference, or for the prevalent idea that Mary Magdalene had ever led a wicked life. This was a woman of past evil repute, who had repented of her sins, probably through hearing the words of Jesus, and endeavored to express her earnest desire for pardon by acts of love to her Lord. Her name, though unwritten on earth, is recorded on high. Seest thou this woman. To us her presence appears a strange and unwarrantable intrusion; but in the Orient feasts are held with open doors, and crowds of people stand around the guests; many in the expectation of receiving donations of food after the supper. There is nothing in this story inconsistent with the customs of the place and the time. I entered. Simon had condescended to invite the Master to his house, but rather as a favor to Jesus than to himself. He did not wish to compromise his Pharisaism by the appearance of friendship with this new teacher, and so gave him the treatment of a passing stranger rather than of an honored guest. (10) Christ notices and feels keenly the slights and neglects of those whom he comes to bless. No water. In warm climates visitors leave their sandals at the door, and servants bring water to wash from their feet the dust of travel. Washed...with tears. Literally, "moistened." Hairs. Had covered them with her long disheveled tresses.

45, 46. NO KISS. The orientals indicate the degree of their honor by the manner of their salutations. Thus, they are wont to kiss the face of an equal whom they hold in esteem; of a superior, they kiss the hands; of a prince, the feet. This woman gave Christ the token of the highest reverence. (11) Our Saviour desires and should receive the treatment of a king. Head with oil. Oil of olive, sometimes made fragrant by spices, was used as an unguent for the hair. Ointment. Which was far more costly than the common olive oil. How strong the contrast between the indifference of the Pharisee and the earnestness of the penitent! He withheld water: she gave precious tears, "the blood of her heart," says St. Augustine. He gave no kiss to his cheek; she covered his feet with kisses. He grudged even a drop of oil; he broke the box of rare ointment for her Lord. He treated him with as a prince.

47, 48. HER SINS, WHICH ARE MANY. Sin was a fact in her life which could not be ignored nor pass unnoticed. Yet many sins shall not keep back the penitent from pardon. For. This word has occasioned much perplexity to expositors, as it seems to suggest that her love was the reason for her forgiveness; but if it be translated "therefore" (according to Dr. A. Clarke and others), the difficulty vanishes. Such translation is admissible, and has the sanction of other passages in Scripture. Little is forgiven. The Pharisee scarcely counted his sins as needing forgiveness, hence felt but little interest in his Saviour. Thy sins. Not content with testifying to her pardon before all, he utters it to her directly. (12) It is the privilege of every saved soul to receive the direct and personal witness of its pardon and acceptance. Our Saviour not only owns us before the world, but assures us individually of his mercy.

43, 50. SAT AT MEAT. Friends of Simon, belonging to his party and sharing in his sentiments. Who is this? They constituted themselves the judges, to decide upon the claims of this religious teacher to be admitted to the godly fellowship of the prophets. Forgive him sins. To forgive sins presupposes a higher power than to work miracles. Not even Elijah, who raised the dead, ventured to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." When, therefore, Jesus calmly asserts such a prerogative, he proclaims himself to be divine. Thy faith hath saved thee. Not her love, but her faith, was the means of her receiving pardon. Peace. One, to whom God has spoken peace, need not notice the upbraiding of the world.

GOLDEN TEXT: This man receiveth sinners. Luke 15, 2. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION: Forgive him grace. The next lesson is Luke 10, 17-24.

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It would be a means of grace, as well as a source of valuable information to our people; and ought to be in every Methodist family.—Rev. C. Stewart, D. D. Prof. of Theology, Mt. Allison.

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It is needless to say that the book is interesting, especially so to our Methodist friends. While the main object kept in view by the author has been to present an authentic and reliable history of Wesleyan Methodism, he has necessarily embodied in his narrative many historical facts of a general character, bearing upon the condition of the country socially, morally and religiously, which are calculated to render it valuable as a history to people generally as well as to Methodists. The book is deserving of a wide circulation and careful perusal.—Chronicle, Halifax.

Its typographical appearance reflects credit upon the establishment from which it emanates. The work is ably written, and the information to be derived from it is invaluable.—Reporter, Fredericton.

We recommend our readers to procure it for themselves. It will do good both their heads and their hearts—Canada Methodist Magazine.

This book ought to be in every Methodist Sabbath School, side by side with the first books in real merit.—Rev. D. D. Currie.

If our readers want to possess a history of heroic struggles and glorious triumphs let them procure this book. We trust that it will have a wide circulation, especially among those for whom it is chiefly written.—Recorder, London.

The churches in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and the Bermudas have found a painstaking historian in Mr. Watson Smith, who traces their rise and progress, and chronicles the names and doings of the pioneer missionaries with loving care.—Recorder, London.

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THE WESLEYAN SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

THE CHURCH'S INCREASE IN HOLINESS.

Evangelical truth and Christian holiness are so closely allied, that, in the believer, they are mutually magnetic, and share between them a twin-existence:

"As when two dew-drops on the petal shake To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down And slip at once all fragrant into one."

Besides, just as, in the gradual unfolding of the Divine mind, "the lively oracles of God" have blossomed and brightened into "the truth as it is in Jesus," flowering into "the Rose of Sharon" whose "linked sweetnesses" have made our world redolent with the perfume of heaven; so also, the truth that is in us—"the grace that bringeth salvation,"—culminates in the "sanctification of the spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." It will thus be seen, that the experience of holiness, is, at once, the consummation of the truth, and the highest pinnacle—the Everest of Christian privilege. Hence the intimate relation subsisting between the church's doctrinal purity and its increase in holiness.

Now Christian holiness is neither the fabrication of craft, nor the fancy of enthusiasm, nor yet the impalpable phantom of a wild idealist. It is a conscious, blessed, substantiated reality. It is the work of Omnipotence; it is the reward of faith; it is the experience of the heart in which the love of God is shed abroad, by the Holy Ghost given unto us. The doctrine itself is never denied except when its nature is not understood. Then what is it? At a Ragged School in Ireland, a clergyman once asked the question, "What is holiness?" when a poor Irish lad sprang to his feet, and said: Please your reverence, "it's to be clean inside."

Is not this homely answer in harmony with the apostle's statement: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin?" To be holy is to be clean inside—to be saved from sin; and the instrument by which this change is effected is the atoning blood. A fable among the Turks says, that Mahomet when a child, had his heart laid open, and a black grain called the devil's portion, taken out of its centre, and in this heroic way the Prophet's pre-eminent virtue and sanctity is accounted for. And so, under the better covenant, when adumbrating shadows have condensed into substances, and fables have solidified into facts, provision is made to extract the "black grain" of inbred sin—to destroy the "devil's portion" utterly and forever, and to create the nature anew "in righteousness and true holiness."

Our path is then "like the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." From the moment when, through faith in Christ, the nature is renewed, and the germ of a divine life is implanted, the soul by a tireless culture and continuous effort "grows in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," until at length it attains "all that mind which was in Christ Jesus." Thus Christian holiness is more than a divine impress stamp upon the soul; it is a mosaic—a collection of virtues and graces, created and arranged by the Divine Artist into a picture that might be denominated—The Beauty of Holiness.

To the enjoyment of this high privilege the Church of Christ is called. The glory of God is his goodness as we learn from the vision of Moses upon the Mount when the Lord showed him his glory by causing his goodness to pass before him; and so the glory of the church is its holiness. It is "a glorious church" when it reaches the apostle's ideal, "not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing," but is "holy and without blemish." Without holiness the church would be no longer a house, full of life and joy and activity, but a sepulchre—a cemetery whose surface is adorned with gilded names, but whose fetid depths are full of dead men's bones. Like the church at Sardis, it is possible to have a name to live and yet be dead. Let the church then aspire after Christian holiness. It

is ours by the covenant of promise: claim it, and make it yours by a joyous experience. Its attainment will add to the church's power, for there is a moral omnipotence in holiness—a sweetness and a suasion—infinity surpassing the force of logic and the fire of eloquence. O for the sanctifying Spirit! "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

The present session of this great body seems to have been one of surpassing interest. For the first time laymen have been introduced to a share in its legislation. We are scarcely as yet prepared to say how far the new economy fulfills the expectations of those who ardently looked forward to the opening of the doors of Conference for the admission of others than clerical representatives, the second, or mixed Conference not having met when last intelligence left England. But the measure is not an experiment. Laymen have always helped so far to shape Conference matters in Committees, that their further advancement in this respect will scarcely be felt as a novelty. Besides, both here and in Australia the principle has been fairly tried, and with such satisfactory results that our English brethren must rather have looked forward to the issue with pleasant expectations.

Dr. Rigg proves himself an admirable administrator of Conference affairs. He had obtained a wide and weighty reputation as an educationist and a theologian; he is now to secure fame in the succession of wise and able Presidents.

The most notable occasion, up to the time of the departure of the mail steamer, was the open Conference. Dr. Clark, of the M. E. Church South addressed the vast assembly. This of itself was a new experience with those brethren beyond the Atlantic, highly favoured as they have been with great representatives. It remains now but that a reciprocal appointment be made, in sending a British Methodist or two to the next General Conference South, to complete a bond of sympathy which has scarcely been very strong since the late American war. A Frenchman addressed the Conference in French, which was translated for general edification by Mr. Hocart. This is bringing home the genuine fruits of Methodist Missions, when men stand before Wesley's sons who, though joying with them in a common salvation, are obliged to tell them so in another language. As the representative himself said,—

It is a sign of the times that the language of Boanet and the language of Voltaire—i.e., the language of the Popish Church and the language of infidelity should be heard in a British Conference.

Bishop Bowman, of the M. E. Church North, gave peculiar emphasis to a cheering fact at this meeting, when he said:—

Even since I came to your land the joyous intelligence has reached me that fraternity between the Northern and Southern Churches is an accomplished fact. (Hear, hear.) A good many on both sides of the question have been gradually gathering up the threads of the broken cord that used to bind us so sweetly together and unite them again, and I verily believe that the last and best hope of the world is not far distant when it shall be so completely mended that the keenest eye shall never be able to detect where the rent occurred. (Applause.)

The eloquent Bishop carried a rather remarkable message from his own church—but not easily comprehended in its vast significance. He said:—

Now we have an empire, and the very centre of our population to-day is 200 miles west of the outermost limits of our population eighty years ago. I am living right in the heart of that great region on the Mississippi and St. Louis. Now that population has poured in upon us from all lands of the earth almost, and we have had to grapple with it all. But our doctrines and our system have been sufficient for us. We have kept pace with this growth of population in all these States, and to-day we are as strong in the centre of the population as in the outskirts, and as strong in the outskirts as in the centre, and our Methodism in all its bearings is as efficient to-day as it was fifty years ago. I have heard it said that Methodism is dying. I am here to say that in the last ten years Methodism has made a larger percentage of advance in membership and in all the elements of success than in any previous ten years of its history since the commencement of this century. More

than thirty per cent. has been recorded within the last ten years of advancing membership, and nearly fifty per cent. of advance in the value of our church property. I repeat, therefore, that with the last twenty years we have made larger advancement in all the elements of success in our church than has ever been made in the same length of time in our preceding history. (Loud applause.)

To assure his British brethren that even greater things are still anticipated as regards Methodist union, on this side of the water, the Bishop gave utterance to this expression, which may be both a hope and a prophecy. Our readers know what the writer of this article thinks as to the project.

We were talking in our country about a Pan-Methodist synod, and I am looking for the time, and 3,000,000 of hearts over yonder are looking for the time, when the Methodists of all lands shall congregate somewhere together and have a grand jubilee. It ought to be here: and I have a fancy, Sir, that I have seen them coming from Japan and China and India and Africa, South America and Mexico, Canada and the United States, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and the far-off islands of the sea—coming, coming to the jubilee; and then, when they do come, I want to be there. And if I go there I shall move that all gather around the tomb of our sainted Wesley, and sing as Methodist people can sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." (Loud applause.)

Once more there is an increase in the number of candidates for the ministry, though the material for selection has not yet attained to the same abundance as in former years. Perhaps it is well that this should be the case. It must have a disheartening effect upon a church when so many young men are encouraged to prepare for an exciting examination only to be rejected, sometimes for causes which have no weight in other lands and in other denominations.

Notwithstanding, new members have been received during the year to the number of 42,031, with 24,096, on trial there is a decrease of 1,413 reported by the Conference.

GENERAL CONFERENCE AND GENERAL ELECTIONS.

As we feared, the General Election is likely to interfere seriously with our General Conference. If it should come off in September, as is very generally expected, we can scarcely hope to see more than half the number of our elected lay representatives at Montreal. There are so many of them indirectly connected with politics—some of them being themselves candidates for election—that the State will be likely in this instance to obtain preference to the Church. What effect all this may have upon our very important legislation, it is difficult to foresee.

We cannot, in any instance, regret the attention of our most intelligent laymen to political affairs. Believing as we do that Methodist politicians are as sensible and as pure as any, we admit the necessity for their active interference in the affairs of the country. Politics require their influence. At the same time we feel heartily sorry that this necessity arises at a time when all the wisdom of our church is needed to discuss the very important questions proposed by our Quarterly meetings and annual Conferences. We hope our lay brethren will see it to be their duty, as far as possible, to afford aid to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. The church of their choice, as well as the Government of the country, is now to take measures for a quadrennium of rule and usefulness. They will not forget the one while bending their energies for the advancement of the other.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DEATH OF REV. G. M. BARRETT. The following reached us by telegraph on Wednesday morning:— CARLETON, N. B., Aug. 14, 1878. DEAR BRO. NICOLSON,—Rev. G. M. Barrett passed to his eternal rest this morning at 5.30 o'clock. R. W. Weddall.

We have been promised an article on the laying of the corner-stone of the German St. Church. It has not yet reached this office.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL is well spoken of by the English papers in connection with his recent appointment. With the exception of an occasional sneer at his literary efforts, caused perhaps by party prejudice, his abilities seem to be very generally regarded with respect. It is felt by some writers in the motherland that the Marquis will find it difficult to sustain the prestige of Lord Dufferin, showing that the late Governor-General has been under the observation of the journalistic fraternity everywhere. It is

amusing to see some English papers still referring to Canada as a Colony. We question whether those writers really understand whether we are an Island or a part of the American continent.

We have further particulars as to the two successful students of Mt. Allison alluded to last week, namely, John Prestwood and F. W. Goodwin, who passed the first B. A. examination of the university of Halifax, both ranking in the first division. The former is a son of Rev. Paul Prestwood, of the N. S. Conference, and the latter a cousin of the Gilchrist scholar for last year.

ERRATA.—In our issue of 3rd inst, there appeared an obituary notice of Archibald McMullin, J. P. It should have been McCallum—at least so it is claimed by the writer of the article; though it was difficult to tell from the M.S. which was intended. The best remedy for press errors is clear handwriting.

The Berwick Camp-meeting has been a great success this year—spiritually at least. Seasons of great power have been enjoyed. The preachers return stimulated in their own faith and zeal. The good following these services cannot be reckoned by words or figures. We wish a more hearty appreciation of the committee's work could be shown in a financial way. It is not creditable that even an annual appeal has to be made for funds to keep up this very important religious festival.

We are pained to learn that Rev. J. M. Pike has been ill with Diphtheria. This has led him to accept the clear call of providence to rest for the year. Having so signified to the President of the Nova Scotia Conference, Rev. Mr. Doane has been sent to fill his place at Granville Ferry.

THE MCCARTHY MURDER CASE is going into its second stage—that of the defence. This will be altogether a new feature in the trial, as up to this time the Crown evidence only has been heard. Mr. Palmer, counsel for the accused, has opened with a severe assault upon the credibility of Annie Parker, and upon the evidence furnished by the witnesses called during the trial. No doubt much will be shown to the disadvantage of Annie Parker. A person in her position—scrubbing bar-rooms during drunken brawls—is not likely to be of very refined habits. Still, she has so far told her story with remarkable cleverness.

THE FERNLEY LECTURE this year was by Rev. B. Oliver, B.A. This is an annual address provided for by the Fernley legacy, and intended to advance the interests of New Testament truth. Mr. Oliver's effort may be judged by his opinion expressed in the columns of the English Christian Union—Congregational.

"When it is said that the reading of the paper, at a rate sometimes too rapid for a full appreciation of the arguments, occupied close upon two and a half hours; and that the lecturer would not allow himself the omission of aught he had prepared, save in one brief instance, that the deliver was in the presence of probably three thousand people, and the temperature about 90 degrees, some idea of the exercise as an act of physical endurance may be formed. And when we considered that a considerable part of it consisted of arguments that were of an abstract, sometimes an abstruse character, which the majority of his hearers could not be expected to follow, while our sympathy with the lecturer was great, that for the lectured was by no means small. However, they had full compensation when, as was often the case, the speaker, or reader, applied with tremendous earnestness his reasoning to the facts of life and destiny, and the conscience of his hearers. The subject of the lecture, "Life and Death; the sanctions of the Law of Love," is so intimately connected with the most vexed questions of current controversy, that its publication will be looked for with considerable interest, and, if we mistake not will produce some sensation in the polemic world.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.

REV. S. ROSE, Publisher, Toronto. \$2 year. Single numbers 20 cents.

The most notable article in this number is one of vivid interest, on "Stanley's Explorations in Africa," copiously illustrated, to be followed by another article, "On the Susquehanna," gives a charming series of views of Fairmont Park, Philadelphia, en route for that historic river. A third handsomely illustrated article gives an account of that beautiful summer resort, "The Grimsby Camp-ground." The Canadian story gives a graphic account of the hero's introduction to a well-known Canadian University, with life like pen portraits of its professors, of course under pseudonyms: all old students and many others will recognize them at once. "The Martyrs of Canada" recounts the heroic death of the missionaries Beaufort and Lalemant, near Lake Simcoe, two hundred and fifty years ago. A reprint article of great value is Sir William Hamilton's celebrated Essay on the Existence of God, the Immortality of the Soul, and Materialistic Science. The project of a Dominion University is discussed by Rev. John Lathern, with vigour. There are other articles of interest in prose and verse, with vigorous Current Notes on the Twelfth in Montreal, the Berlin Treaty, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, &c.

HYMN BOOK COMMITTEE.

At the General Conference, of the Methodist Church of Canada, held in Toronto four years ago, a committee was appointed to revise and prepare materials for a Canadian Methodist hymn book—to be submitted at the next Quadrennial meeting.

The immediate necessity for such action was urged upon the grounds that the hymn book now in use, was no longer being printed in England—that the New Connexion Body, which as a result of union had given up their very excellent and thoroughly well compiled hymn book, would, in the adoption of a new book, have an equal interest—that financial considerations fully warranted such a movement—that in the proposal for revision we were following in the steps of British and American Methodist Churches.

In the grand old city of Quebec, where a most cordial welcome was offered by the pastor of the Methodist Church, Rev. Le Roy Hooker, several members of the committee met at the call of the venerable President of the General Conference. After several successive days of close application to the important subjects, which by formal action of the General Conference had been entrusted to the committee, very definite and, with the exception, mostly unanimous conclusions were reached. In a formal report these findings of the Quebec committee will be submitted to the chief deliberative council of the church; and the question of a hymn book for the united Churches of Canadian Methodism will then be determined.

Of the Easterly members of the hymn book committee, only three, including ex-President McMurray and Dr. Stewart were present at Quebec. The most gifted and perhaps, in all respects the most competent of all the members appointed for that work—one in which he took a deep interest, and for which he would have been prepared to make any sacrifice—Hon. L. A. Wilmot—had been summoned from the earthly service to chant in the choir-song of the upper sanctuary. From Montreal Conference we had the accomplished Principal of the Methodist Theological College, Rev. Dr. Douglas. From the Western Conferences were present the Editor of the "Christian Guardian," Rev. E. H. Dewart, the Missionary Secretary, Rev. A. Sutherland, and the Victoria Theological Professor, Dr. Burwash. The New Connexion was represented by two of its former Presidents—Williams and Carswell. The President of the committee, and perhaps the most indefatigable of its members was the Rev. Dr. Ryerson.

To us from the East, thrown for several days into close association with the Western members—representative men all of their several Conferences—to some of whom we were comparative strangers—it was satisfactory to find, in the earnest and exhaustive discussions which were frequently necessary to this theme and inseparable from the occasion, not only an intimate acquaintance with the psalmody of our own church, but also a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the best lyrical compositions of the Christian Church.

The hymn book at present in use contains 769 hymns. Over 60 of these have been recommended for omission, and thus of the book long in use, some seven hundred hymns will still be available in sanctuary and social worship. These seven hundred hymns have been however, subjected to careful revision; and, in the process, nearly 1500 lines have been marked for erasure. In many cases the abbreviation, by means of securing greater unity, will contribute to the power and expression of the hymn. It is doubtful if the hymn, or any stanza, or even a single line, recommended for omission, would be missed or mourned by any thoughtful student of the hymn book, or by any of the thousands to whom it has become a treasured manual of devotion.

As the result of revision, speaking generally, and not desiring to anticipate the presentation of an exact and detailed report—not less, probably, than 150 hymns, without at all increasing the bulk could be added to the book. If, in addition to these, another 100 were added, we would then have in addition to Charles Wesley's peerless lyrics, the best hymns of the whole Christian church; and included also a few of the most valuable revival melodies and Sunday School sacred songs. We should then, have an ideal book; comprehensive, convenient and yet thoroughly Wesleyan, and as it ought to be, distinctively denominational.

Though some members of the committee were disposed, because of the traditional power of our hymn book, to cling to the established arrangement; yet, working as we were for the future, and believing that we were authorized to recommend what, in the whole was believed to be best for the Methodist Church of Canada, we were compelled to abandon the idea of stereotyping, for the sake of association, simply an excessively faulty and confessedly defective arrangement.

In the grouping of hymns John Wesley was a pioneer. Since then other churches have profited by his labors, and the progress of a century has brought the system from infancy to nearly all the perfection to which it is capable. It were culpable surely, not to utilize to the utmost for the advantage of the whole church, the valuable labors of modern hymnologists.

An acknowledged defect in the present classification of our hymns belongs to the department of Adoration and Public Worship. There are hymns which ought to be used in every every service; and yet instead of being brought together in the most available manner they are scattered for the most part through several sections of the book. According to the arrangement recommended for adoption by the Quebec committee the new hymn book will begin with Adoration. Such hymns as "O for a thousand tongues to sing,"—"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"—"O God of good the unfathom'd Sea,"—"Jesus the name high over all,"—"I give immortal praise,"—"All hail the power of Jesus' name," and a large number of others which have vindicated their right to a place of prominence.

Adoration will be followed by Hymns on the Person, office and work of Christ and the Holy Ghost. The hymns of penitence and Christian life—including watching, praying, working, full salvation, and the hope of heaven—will be as little disturbed as possible.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

AUGUST, 1878.

First Quarter, 5 day, 9h, 5m, Morning. Full Moon, 12 day, 8h, 3m, Afternoon. Last Quarter, 20 day, 11h, 58m, Afternoon. New Moon, 28 day, 1h, 45m, Morning.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Falmouth, Cornwall, Hove, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Turo.

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

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

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

BY R. B. SMITH

Twelve years old! then I ought to know My Father's the Father in heaven; I'm old enough now to know for myself That of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Twelve years old! then I ought to know The work of my Father in heaven; That caring for all, and doing them good, Is the work of the kingdom of heaven.

Twelve years old! then I ought to help The work of my Father in heaven; In doing good there's some work for a child; For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Twelve years old! then I'll pray to-day, "My Father, my Father in heaven, I am thy child, do thou help me to love: For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE STORY OF THE LILIES.

Out among the reeds, close by a bank of alders, lived a family of Pond Lilies. In the rich, soft mud at the bottom of the pond, Mother Pond Lily sat at home. Not a desirable place you and I would think, but just the place for a Pond Lily; and Mrs. P—— was in the habit of remarking that she was thankful to be rooted in so pleasant a spot—she was sure she could never exist in such soil as her cousin did, who lived in the sand bank across the channel, very much crowded upon by the plebian Dog Dily.

"It will be impossible for her to raise such a family as mine promises to be," said this mother with pardonable pride.

They were a promising family; and though as yet only buds they grew day by day, breathed the air, felt the warm sun-light, and floated round and round as far as their stems would let them.

They could swing round quite a circle, for Mrs. Pond Lily was a good humored mother, and tied her children to her side with a good long apron string; but she kept a very firm hold of one end.

This family might have been among the happiest, but as usual some of its members were discontented.

One of them, Bold Bud, was a grumbler, and when the wind blew, raising little waves, and making the Lily Children dance right merrily, instead of laughing and dancing with the rest he growled out that his brothers jostled him, that he wanted to be quiet.

And when the pond was still he complained that it was "so stupid." When the sun shone it scorched him, and he dove under the water in a pet; and when it was cloudy his complaint took a still more dismal turn.

On one point, however, Bold Bud had always the same mind—the mind to float off independently, and see the world on his own hook.

"No, my child," said his mother, "this is the place for you. God placed you here to grow into a beautiful flower, that is your mission. When you are old enough you can open your eyes and see the wonderful sky and green earth and then be patient."

Bold bud was conceited and wilful. He thought to himself, "I guess I know what I wish." So one night he coaxed a mischievous tadpole to gnaw off the stem which held him, and away he floated into the channel.

"Oh! but it was delightful, sailing so fast with the current, faster and faster. "See how smart I am," thought this Bold Bud. "Others may stay in a miserable mud hole all their lives if they choose, not I!" But soon it began to go too fast for comfort; Bold Bud was whirled round and round until dizzy; there was a terrible roar which seemed to make the waters tremble; in vain Bold Bud tried to catch at a cliff; he was swept over the dam and broken on the rocks below. That was the end of Bold Bud.

The Tiny Bud of the family always laid close under the bank. She only got the sun on one side and that made her grow out of shape, but she seemed all the more sweet tempered for her misfortune, and the Lily Mother loved her best of all and tried to make her strong and comely.

"Shall I never be handsome?" sighed Tiny Bud.

"You shall smell very, very sweet," said the mother. And Tiny Bud was satisfied, for she thought, "I shall be loved for my fragrance if not for my beauty. I will be as happy and cheerful as I can, that I may grow sweeter and sweeter."

But the Lily Children that I wished especially to introduce to you grew side by side in the broad sunlight, and every morning found them grown a little larger.

"When shall I open?" said one of them, Silly Bud by name. "I do wish to see myself in white and gold."

"Have patience," said the mother over and over again; "the longer you wait the more beautiful you will be." But Silly Bud would not be patient, she tried to flutter her petals open more and more ever day.

"You will repent it," said the mother. "The half grown bud makes a miserable flower. Laugh and dance and grow with the rest; I will be sure to tell you when it will be time to open."

But the constant cry of Silly Bud was, "Let, me, please let me, be a flower to-day!"

"At last, quite worn out, Mrs. P—— said she might be a flower if she would, if only to be a warning to her brothers and sisters.

It was a chilly morning when Silly Bud began to open her outer leaves.

She burst them rudely, for they were not yet ready to uncloze, and the edge of one was torn. At last, one by one, her petals slowly spread; but when Silly Bud looked in the water to see herself there was not so much white as she had expected, nor was her heart so yellow. The sky she had longed to see was not beautiful, being leaden instead of blue, the trees were not so green, the birds only twittered, and, worse than all, a keen wind swept over the water, making the timid young Silly Bud shiver in her white dress.

"This is a most miserable world," she sobbed. "I have been deceived."

The mother felt too sorry for her foolish child to say, "I told you so." All day long she shivered and repined, and at the first approach of night was glad to shut up her leaves and wearily sink to rest—never, never to wake again.

But the last Lily child had trusted that a Mother Lily is wiser than her Buds, and so waited cheerfully, until one morning, just as the sun rose over the water, her glossy outer leaves parted, showing pink edges like lips of shells—then the gleam of white between them more and more creamy to the centre, till they reached the heart of gold.

How she flashed back the sun's "good morning," from her crown of water drops! How glorious the sky looked to her that beautiful morning! how white the clouds! how green the trees! how the birds sang to welcome her! and what a fragrance she sent up in her gratitude! It was worth waiting for to be such a flower. All day long she rejoiced in the sunshine, and when evening came folded up her sweetens and was rocked to sleep by the waves.

The next morning saw her almost as bright as new, and while she was still fresh a boy came wading in and pulled

her from the mother root. A little sorry she felt, but no regret. She was going now to fulfill her mission, to delight some human eye. It was for this her beauty had been given. So she rejoiced as she went into the basket with her mates, and rejoiced still more as she was placed in a glass dish by a sick girl's pillow. She spread her leaves, and looked her purest and smiled her sweetest, and when at night the poor girl closed her eyes on earth to open them in heaven, the beautiful Lily went with her in memory, so sharing her immortality.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.) The American section at the Exhibition compared with other sections. America's place in its own eyes and in the eyes of the world. A fine display of false teeth and Agricultural machinery. The significance of the popularity of American machinery.

PARIS, July 20th, 1878. In walking through the different sections of the Exposition, the American will naturally compare the different sections of the Exposition. The American will naturally compare the exhibits of his own country with those of other countries, and, in spite of his prejudices in favour of home, he will, after long inspection, continued from day to day, be able to form a general idea, and tell in a general way what we have gained or lost by entering the lists of this grand artistic and industrial tournament.

In the first place our government appropriated \$150,000, a large portion of which had, as a matter of course, to be expended for sinecure salaries for commissioners, figure heads in no way necessary to the legitimate end of our appearing here. This, however, is a question to be considered at home, I merely mention it en passant because I have observed that the commissioners, (the commissioner in chief excepted) have little or nothing to do, bless their patriotic souls, but to see Europe at the expense of the purse-proud tax-payer at home. By our appearance at this exhibition, I doubt if we have made any improvement, in the unsympathetic eyes of the world, since we astonished and alarmed the manufacturers of Christendom and heathendom by the extent of our natural resources and productive ability in 1876. I do not doubt that the average European, who knows as little about us as we know about Australia, will, after comparing our display here with the displays of other countries, look upon us very much as we did upon Mexico or the Argentine Republic at the Centennial Exhibition. Of course the estimate will be erroneous, made from superficial inspection, but how many in ten thousand make more than a superficial inspection of anything. The visitors who had never known anything of the "Etats Unis" until he entered our section in the Champ de Mars would gather the impression that the United States was an immense country for the production of false teeth, drugs, Waltham watches, pianos, photographs, carriages, axes, door locks, sewing machines, and school books. He would look in vain in the fine art department to find a single picture that suggests, like the works of European artists, anything that is legendary, or typical of national life, habits, manners, and native scenery. For our artists, who have pictures, here, have studied and copied abroad, have contented themselves with cleverly and servilely imitating European masters, instead of drinking at the fount of nature and becoming masters themselves.

We have, through a New York firm, a fine display of carriages, buggys, phaetons, sulky's, &c. They are all lighter, more elegant, but less durable than the French or English carriages, and the prices asked for them are at least 25 per cent. higher than is asked for the same article in Europe. The Watch Co. of Waltham, Mass., and Tiffany & Co., of New York, have both excellent exhibits; they have made the best of impressions abroad, and will no doubt in the end reap a harvest for themselves from the seed sown here, but since they represent special and limited industries, it is questionable whether their prosperity is a matter for national congratulation. In the department of labor saving machinery, and especially in the machinery of agriculture we will, I think hold our own. We cannot gain anything in this department, for the superiority of our agricultural implements is universally conceded. The American mowers, reapers, threshers, etc have for years been sold through agencies in the large European cities; many of them are in operation in France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia. Their superior strength, lightness, simplicity, and efficiency have placed them almost beyond competition. It is well however, that our manufacturers have made the fine display (by far the best in the American section) that they have made here, for the manufacturers of other countries are not asleep, and it is as important to maintain as to gain a reputation. The field trial of mowers and reapers will take place in a few days, I believe on the 24th of this month. More than fifty mowers and as many harvesters will compete for medals, and it may be predicted, with an approach to certainty, that the real competition will be between different American machines, and not between those of America and European countries.

The increasing popularity of our machines abroad is not, however, the roseate auspicious omen for our pecuniary gain that it would at first appear to be. It means that the day is dawning on the continent when the woman and the cow will no longer be harnessed to the cart and plow, when larger areas will be reaped and cheaper bread will be furnished to the millions of Europe. Especially is

her from the mother root. A little sorry she felt, but no regret. She was going now to fulfill her mission, to delight some human eye. It was for this her beauty had been given. So she rejoiced as she went into the basket with her mates, and rejoiced still more as she was placed in a glass dish by a sick girl's pillow. She spread her leaves, and looked her purest and smiled her sweetest, and when at night the poor girl closed her eyes on earth to open them in heaven, the beautiful Lily went with her in memory, so sharing her immortality.

that true in the light of the great changes that have in the last two weeks been made upon the map of Europe. Russia will now have water transportation for the surplus of her fertile plains, and Asiatic Turkey, through the stable government guaranteed by England, may become a competitor in the grain market of the world. C.A.S.

THE PORTALS OF LIGHT. I know not the hour of his coming I know not the day nor the year; But I know that he bids me be ready, For the step that I sometime shall hear.

And whether on earth or in heaven, Down here, or 'mid scenes of the blest, I am sure that his love will surround me, And with Him I will leave all the rest.

I know not what lieth before me, It may be all pleasure, all care; But I know at the end of the journey Stands the mansion he went to prepare.

And whether in joy or in sorrow, Through valley, o'er mountain or hill, I will walk in the light of his presence, And his love all repining shall still.

I know not what duties are waiting, For hands that are willing and true; I ask but the strength to be faithful, To do well what he gives me to do.

And if he should bid me stand idle, Just waiting in weakness and pain, I have only to trust and be hopeful, And sometime he'll make it all plain.

And when his voice calls in the morning, And noontime perhaps, or at night, With no plea but the one "Thou hast called me," I shall enter the portals of light.

AN INCIDENT OF PRINCE ALBERT'S BOYHOOD. A German duchess, distinguished for her good sense and goodness of heart, was celebrating her birth-day in the palace of a small German capital.

The court congratulations were over, and the lady retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her boudoir. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs. "Ah," she said, "there are my two little grandsons coming to congratulate me."

Two rosy lads, of ten and eleven years of age, came in, one named Albert and the other named Ernest. They affectionately greeted the duchess who gave them the customary present of ten louis d'or to each and related to them the following suggestive anecdote: "There once lived an emperor in Rome, who used to say that no one should go away sorrowful from an interview with a prince. He was always doing good and caring for his people; and when on one evening while at supper, he recollected that he had not done one single act of kindness to any one during the day, he exclaimed with regret and sorrow—

"My friends, I have lost this day!" "My children, take this emperor for your model, and live in a princely way like him." The boys went down stairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a poor woman, wrinkled and old, and bowed down with grieving and trouble.

"Ah, my good young gentleman," she said, "bestow a trifle on an aged creature. My cottage is going to be sold for debt, and I shall not have where to lay my head. My goat, the only means of support I had, has been seized. Pity an old woman, and be charitable." Ernest assured her he had no money, and so passed on.

Albert hesitated: he thought of her pitiable situation a moment, was touched by her pleading looks, and tears came into his eyes. The story of the Roman emperor came to his mind. He took from his purse the whole ten louis d'or and gave them to the woman. Turning away with a light heart, he left the old woman weeping with joy.

That boy was Prince Albert of England, justly entitled Albert the Good. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; the Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth, and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies."

BIGOT The Southern Churchman says: It is difficult to ascertain the origin of the word bigot. Some say it is a profane word, a corruption of the oath "By God." Archbishop Trench says it means the mustache-man (i. e., the Spaniard), and derives the word from the Spanish *bigote*, a mustache; a man of resolution, one that wears a mustache. But whatever be its derivation, a bigot is one who has an irrational partiality for a party or creed. The man who can give no good reason for his faith or practice, but holds it with tenacity, is a bigot. Bishop Hall calls a pervert to Rome a "bigot." Watts says, "The bigots of all parties are generally the most positive." A man brought up in a scriptural church begins to use his reason. He proves to himself there is a God, that the Christian religion is true, that Christ established a church. These are very large subjects, as any one can see. So by a large use of his reason he concludes the Church of Rome is the church, and enters it to use his reason no longer! One would suppose that the man who had judgment enough to settle the existence of a God, the truth of the Bible, the canonicity of its books, and all other difficult matters which grow out of these,

might also have sense enough to determine whether the Bible teaches purgatory and the papacy; whether one child of Adam was born without sin, and whether another was born infallible. Unfortunately he has become a bigot—an irrational defender of what he can give no good reason for.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Gather the raspberries on a dry day; put them in a jug; wash them thoroughly; strain; and for every quart of juice add half a pint of best white wine vinegar; let them rest two or three days, and then for every pint of liquor add one pound of lump sugar; boil all together twenty minutes; let it stand until cold; then bottle, but do not cork too tightly, else the bottles will burst. Another way—Cover your raspberries with good vinegar, and, after lying three days, strain through a flannel bag; pour the juice again on the raspberries, and if you wish to have it very rich, a third time; the last straining should be perfectly clear; to every pint of juice add one pound and a quarter of lump sugar and boil one hour.

GEMS WORTH SETTING.

With God as our God we are safe and happy everywhere. A gentleman, crossing a dreary moor, came upon a cottage, and entered into conversation with its inmate, who was standing at his garden gate. When about to leave he said, "Are you not afraid to live in this lonely place?" "O, no!" said he, "for Faith closes the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning."

As the bread of many grains is brought into one loaf, and the juice of many grapes is made wine in one cup, so the multitude of a Christian congregation, receiving together the Lord's supper, are made members of one body, knit together in like faith and charity, and having like hope of salvation.—Copper.

At the centre of a whirlwind there exists a calm. A ship may be in that tranquil center and be safe, when everything that lies in the rotating circumference to the storm is swept away and utterly destroyed. So God may keep His people in safety, and grant them a sudden deliverance, when men can see no possibility of escape. He stands at the center of all storms and trials, and if he hides us in the secret of His pavilion, no harm shall be done to us.—Monday Club Sermons.

If men have been called pilgrims, and life a journey, then the Christian pilgrim far surpasses all others, in the goodness of the road, in the beauty of the prospects, in the excellence of the company, and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveller when he has finished his course.—Colton.

He who looks on beauty with a pure affection forgets the loveliness of the body in that of the soul, and rises by means of that earthly beauty to the great artist, to the very essence of loveliness.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence and turn the poles of truth.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Froude.

Following many vocations has ruined the life of many a man.

Believe not ill of a brother till it is proved beyond doubt.

Make yourself necessary, young man, and your success is certain.

There is but one thing that is sure here on earth, and that is death.

Everybody seems to think himself a moral half-bushel, to measure the world's frailties.

In the cities of the dead the houses are small and close together; and a thistle is as liable to grow from a rich man's grave as a daisy is from the mound that covers the dust of a beggar.

Those who expect the most are liable to the greatest disappointments. A man of numerous desires is of all beings the most dependent. He who contracts and simplifies his wants will secure the greatest amount of happiness.

It is net worth while to think too much about doing good. Doing the best that we know, minute by minute and hour by hour, we insensibly grow to goodness as fruit grows to ripeness.

HOW TO ADMONISH.—We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm bearing down and making those to whom it is meant to cheerish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

The more a Christian enjoys of his God the more he desires others to enjoy the same.

To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meals, and of sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting.—Bacon.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A stands for Alcohol, a fluid of fire, Which often brings death to the seller and buyer. B stands for Beer, sometimes sold by the barrel; Most all who love it love also to quarrel. C is for Cider; in these latter days It is called "Satan's kindling." It can make a big blaze. D stands for Drunkard. O! help him who can To reform, be converted, and live like a man. E stands for Eggnog, called an innocent drink. Made of milk, eggs, and brandy—is it innocent, think? F stands for Fight, which is easy for those Who of brandy and beer take a liberal dose. G stands for Gutter, and also for Gin; Who use much of the latter, the former get in. H stands for Hops, a vine much abused; By those who make ale, beer, and porter, its used. I is for Idler, no work will he do. J is for Jug, his companion and foe. K is for Kindness; how little is shown To those who through liquor have desperate grown! L is for Loafer, who, after much drinking, Stands on the corner, apparently thinking. M stands for Maniac, his reason all gone; His family heart-broken. Pray, who did the wrong? N is for Night, the time for dark deeds. O is for outcast, who on crumbs and husks feeds. P is for Pipes, which you always will find In places where liquor is sold, every kind. Q questions us whether 'tis prudent or wise To smoke and to drink. There can be no disguise. R runs shows itself sooner and later in all; Flee the tempter. O! how he'd rejoice in your fall. S stands for Station-house, where in sad plight, Poor drunkards are frequently taken at night. T for Tobacco, used in various ways. To rob men of their strength and shorten their days. U stands for Ueury; this ADDS to the woes Of rum's victim when to the pawn-broker he goes. V is for Vine; whose innocent fruit Is made to help man sink below the poor brute. W for Whisky, a very mean drink; When any take to this they very soon sink. X's one, two and three, are used to describe A drink by which many thousands have died. Y stands for Youth; O! be wise and beware. Yield not to the tempter and die in despair. Z stands for zeal, which helps us to win Many souls from the power of Satan. and sin. —Virginia J. Kent in Nat. Tem. Advocate

HOW A BOSTON D. D. GAVE UP TOBACCO.

The devotee of tobacco who trifles with the habit is a slave laughing in his chains. The man who pours scorn on the anti-tobacco reform shows a pitiable ignorance of what is indispensable to elevate and save our race. In my abject slavery I was not given to smoke. An English gentleman once offered Orestes Bronson his snuff-box. "No, no!" said the Catholic priest. "I don't serve the devil in that shape; I chew." I came under the same category with Orestes, and belonged to that portion of the animal creation that "chew the cud." I rolled the sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue twenty years and more. It gave me as a city pastor, intolerable annoyance; and as I may say in truth, a blighting curse upon my ministry. My sorrows and tribulations in this quarter were many and it may not be amiss to state a few as examples. In my parochial duties, I would sometimes be walking up Washington street and see a deacon of my church with whom I must come into close quarters, and in so doing expose my abominable habit. Indignant, chagrined, I would spitefully eject my quid, resolve never to resume its use, do my best to cleanse my mouth and protect my breath, and cordially greet my deacon. The evening would pass, the night would pass, with but little trouble. The morning, however, would come with unearthy and insatiable cravings; and it seemed as though I would "give my kingdom" for a bit of pig-tail or Cavendish! I would take to my study feverish and half delirious, or drive for a sermon or lecture. But it was all in vain; all thought was spell bound. I would walk the diagonal of my room, rub my throbbing temples, and at last in utter despair, rap upon the banister and cry, "John! John! give me some tobacco!" The tobacco would be brought, and I would eat it as greedily as an ox eats green clover. My delirium tremens would pass away, my mind would become clear and calm, and I would drive on my sermon respecting self-denial or consecration to God, or battling "the world, the flesh and the devil," in Jehu style! O

how I hate tobacco! It makes hypocrites of ministers; it made a hypocrite of me.

A short time would pass on, and a similar flare-up would occur. I would see before me in my walks some sister of my church, who would expect a few kind words from her pastor, in an interview rather unavoidable. But the thought would occur, O! she will see my mouth! She will detect a habit which she loathes, and which I try to despise. I would cast out the abomination; I would resolve never to use another particle—never; and with the apparent innocency of a child greet the sister with usual salutations as her pastor and friend. I repeat it, I abhor tobacco; it made me a hypocrite!

These are the specimens of my battles with this popular poison on the globe. At length, however, I fought the last battle with this Apollyon. It was on this wise. I called on a dying man, a member of my church. The good brother, on the verge of the grave made many confessions; and among the rest he said: "Tobacco has been an idol with me. It has brought me to this death-bed, and I shall die a happier man if I leave my testimony against it; and I wish my testimony to be written." I wrote from his dictation. We raised him from his pillow; and the last time he ever used his pen he affixed his name to a humble confession that he had sinned against God in ruining his health and cutting short his life by the use of tobacco.

This was a trying moment. My reflections were painful. I was in agony. A dying brother giving his testimony against a sin of which I, his pastor was guilty! I resolved then as I never resolved before. I called God to witness that I renounced tobacco totally and forever; and God be thanked! I can now say in truth, I renounced it totally and forever.

The next morning I took my study. The conflict was terrible. Hell seemed to be let loose upon my soul. Delirium tremens was getting the complete mastery. I saw, or I thought I saw, Satan enter my study and present to my choice "Cavendish," "Ladies' Twist," "Honey Dew," and all the infernal paraphernalia of a fashionable tobacco saloon. I heard him, or I thought I heard him say: "Come doctor, why do you spurn me? Try me again. You can think, you can write, if you try me again." At this point God gave me unwonted courage and resolution. I remembered Luther's successful conflict when he hurled his inkstand at the devil, and I cried aloud: "You black, slimy, nauseous fiend, begone, begone." And the tobacco demon left my study, and left me forever; an epoch in my ministry.

Reader, if you never used tobacco, but sit in judgment upon my statement and count it visionary, allow me to tell you that you are as ignorant as a Hottentot about this whole matter.

On the other hand, if you are a victim of the "weed," and call us extravagant, we ask you to make the experiment—give it up as a finality, once and forever. Otherwise good friend hold your peace. N. Y. Independent.

NINE NOVGOROD FAIR.—The great market of the eastern world has been held at this junction of the Volga and Olga Rivers in Russia, every summer for hundreds of years. Here the nations of Europe and Asia meet with their products for trade. Cossack, Chinese, Turk, and Persian meet the German and the Greek with every variety of merchandise that mankind employs, from sapphires to grindstones, tea, opium, fur, food, tools and fabrics, and last but not least, medicines. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s celebrated remedies from America were displayed in an elegant Bazaar, where the Dr. himself might sometimes be seen. They are known and taken on steppes of Asia as well as the prairies of the west, and are an effectual antidote for the diseases that prevail in the youths of the North as well as the huts and cabins of the Western continent.—Lincoln (Ill.) Times.

PRESCOTT, Ont., 24th of June, 1878. MR. T. GRAHAM,—Dear Sir,—I have long desired to add my testimony to the many others you have regarding the efficacy of your Pain Eradicator, and have only been deterred from doing so long ere now by the difficulty of saying all that I have found it good for in the compass of a letter. I have used it in every kind of pain from a mosquito bite to severe inflammation, and have always found it to give immediate relief. On several occasions suffering from severe pain on the left side, which is almost chronic, and when I otherwise would have had to go to bed and submit to medical treatment, an application of your invaluable remedy has made me fit for work in an hour's time. I made me fit for work in an hour's time. I take pleasure in recommending it when I see any one suffering, and hope for the sake of humanity that its use may be universal. I shall only be too happy to know that you make use of this in any way you think best. I remain in gratitude yours THOS. A. ANDERSON. Editor and Publisher of the Prescott "Plaindealer."

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In order to clear out the balance of Spring Stock, prior to the departure of our buyer for the English Markets, we have made such reductions in the prices of the following valuable Goods as must effect a speedy Sale. We are Selling BEAUTIFUL FRENCH WOOL CASHMERES, at 60c per yd. really worth 80c. We are Selling a Magnificent line of FRENCH BEIGE DRESS GOODS, all wool at 23c. per yd. worth 30c. We are Selling the very Fashionable SNOWFLAKE DRESS GOODS at 30c. p. yard former price 37c. We are Selling Light Seasonable WASHING CAMBRICS at 9 cents per yard former price 13c. We are Selling BEAUTIFUL FRENCH CAMBRICS at 14 1/2 c. per yard actually worth 18c. We are Selling Ladies SUMMER SKIRTS at 85 cents worth \$1.00 We are Selling Ladies SUMMER SKIRTS at \$1.15 each, worth \$1.50 We are Selling Ladies SUMMER SKIRTS at \$1.05 each, worth \$1.30 We are Selling a lot of Ladies WHITE EMBROIDERED SKIRTS each which are actually worth \$2.00 a most decided bargain.

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NOVA SCOTIA Steam Machine Paper Bag Manufactory THE CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET SEND FOR PRICE LIST. ALSO BOOK BINDING, In all its Branches. T. PHILLIPS

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Superior Bell of Copper and Tin, mounted with the best Machinery, made in Canada, Scotland, France, England, and elsewhere. Fire Alarm Bells, Church Bells, etc. Fully warranted. Illustrated Catalogue sent Free. VANDUREN & TEE, Oct. 13 1877.

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Manufacture a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE

GENERAL NEWS.

On Thursday week an Indian girl, aged 12 years, while playing near the encampment below Davis' mill, her clothes, in some way, came in contact with a camp fire.

Mr. James Scott, of Shemogue, N. B., a single man, aged about 27 years, who had been running a fishing stage at Campbellton, Lot 4, P. E. I., left his stage in a sail-boat on the night of the 29th July last by himself.

A correspondent in Tracadie, N. B., writes to the St. John "Sun" that the body of a young woman, about 18 years of age, was found a few days ago dead on the beach at Shippegan.

Many medical men are expressing the belief that the phonograph will confer great benefits upon physicians in enabling them to diagnose bronchial and pulmonary disease, and the delicate fraction sounds and murmurs in diseases of the heart, aneurism, &c.

When we reflect that a power of endurance can be imparted to the brain, and that weak minds have been restored to strength by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites we cannot but conclude that the subtle power is really ponderable matter.

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH, SUNDAY, AUG. 18th

Table with 3 columns: Time, Location, Preacher. Includes entries for Brunswick St., Grafton St., Kaye St., Charles St., Cobourg St., Beech Street, and Dartmouth.

RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN," FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 14.

- INSTRUCTIONS AS TO REMITTING MONIES:— 1.—When sending money for subscribers, say whether old or new, and if new, write out their Post Office address plainly.

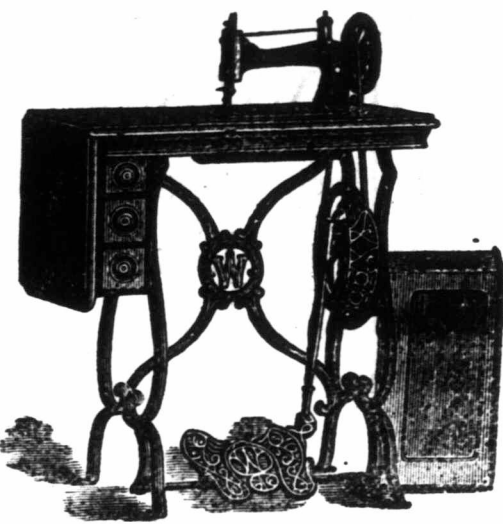
Table with 3 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Thomas Heaney, Jas. Mosher, Rev. A. F. Weldon, C. McIntosh, Hugh Copethwaite, Edward Dixon, Prof. Smith, T. W. Coates, and Samuel Smith.

MARRIED.

On the 1st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. J. Teasdale, assisted by Rev. John Read, Mr. G. Murray Dane, and Miss Ada C., only daughter of Oscar Davison, Esq., all of Yarmouth.

Intercolonial Railway.

1878. 1878. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 29th April, 1878. TRAINS Will leave Halifax as follows:— At 8.50 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou and Intermediate Points.



THE AGENCY OF THE CELEBRATED RAYMOND Sewing Machine

was transferred (near three months ago) from William Crowe, of Halifax, to us, (excepting the County of Halifax.)

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

- Singer, Webster, Empress of India, Household, Weed, Wilson A, Wanzel, Champion, Osborne, Abbott, Royal, Howe, &c., &c.

SECOND-HAND MACHINES taken in exchange for new ones. S. MACHINES IN PRICE FROM - \$5 to \$100

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

All S. Machines warranted to give good satisfaction. Also importers and dealers in several FIRST-CLASS MAKE

PIANOS AND ORGANS

PIANOS IN PRICE FROM - \$225 to \$1000 ORGANS \$75 to \$400 Instruments guaranteed for five years, and sold upon very easy terms.

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

Address: MILLER BROTHERS, Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S., or Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JOHN GARBER, Lock-box 906, Covington, Ky. Aug 17 2ms

Intercolonial Railway. Cheap Excursions.

To the splendid FISHING RIVERS on the North shore; to GASPE (via steamer from Campbellton); to CACOUNA (the Saratoga of the Dominion); and the famous SAGUENAY RIVER.

RETURN TICKETS will be issued at all stations, on the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of AUGUST, good up to and including SATURDAY, the 31st of August, to Weldford, Chatham, Newcastle, Bathurst, Dalhousie, Campbellton, Metapedia, Rimouski, Cacouna and Riviere du Loup, at the following rates:—

- From Halifax, Pictou and intermediate stations to Weldford, Chatham and Newcastle, \$6 00; Bathurst, Dalhousie and Campbellton, \$7 00; Metapedia and Rimouski, \$8 00; Cacouna and Riviere du Loup, \$10 00.

From St. John, Salisbury and intermediate stations to Weldford, Chatham and Newcastle, \$4 00; Bathurst, Dalhousie and Campbellton, \$5 00; Metapedia and Rimouski, \$6 00; Cacouna and Riviere du Loup, \$8 00.

Tickets good until the 31st August. Time will not be extended in any case.

The steamer Margaretha Stevenson leaves Campbellton for Gaspe and vice versa every Tuesday and Saturday mornings, at 9 o'clock.

Cacouna lies on the bank of the St. Lawrence, about six miles from Riviere du Loup, and is the most popular of all the Canadian watering places. The hotels are excellent. The "St. Lawrence Hall" alone, can accommodate four hundred guests in first-class style.

THE FAR-FAMED SAGUENAY RIVER. The steamers of the "St. Lawrence Steam Navigation Company" leave every afternoon for the above named river. Do not omit to visit the Saguenay, where you will enjoy the grandest scenery on this continent. Ask for guide to Saguenay and Ha Ha Bay.

PARKS' COTTON YARN Awarded the Only Medal Given at the Centennial Exhibition. FOR COTTON YARNS OF CANADIAN MANUFACTURE.

Numbers Five's to Ten's. White, Blue, Red, Orange and Green. Made of Good American Cotton with great care. Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

We would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames, which make a stronger Yarn than the Ring Frames, which are twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP, MADE OF No. 10 YARN, 4-PLY TWISTED WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.

Each 5 lb bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly had, and it will now make any durable Carpet that can be made with any other material.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

W.M. PARKS & SON. New Brunswick Cotton Mills. ST. JOHN, N.B. July 20—3m



THIS DISCOVERY

Is the result of a series of Scientific Experiments based upon the theory that "for the successful cure of Wasting Diseases, the nervous system must be made vigorous and healthy."

One of the first symptoms of disease affecting either the Liver, Lungs, Heart, Stomach, or Genital Organs, is loss of nervous power. This is followed by muscular relaxation, weakness, and emaciation of all the organs which depend for health on involuntary muscular action, the weaker suffering first.

Now, as the muscles and nerves depend so much upon each other for efficient strength and action, and as the organs they control depend on both, it becomes an actual necessity to treat the nerves and muscles directly in order to speedily and permanently cure diseases of the above named organs.

The inventor, acting upon these ideas, after months of experience, during which time he had ample opportunity for trying the effect of his discovery, became convinced that no other preparation known contained so potent and direct an effect upon the nervous system as his COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.

And except in cases of actual organic loss, that it would restore patients suffering from those maladies.

Amongst the diseases overcome by the use of this remedy are the following:— Chronic Constipation, Chronic Dyspepsia, Asthma.

Chronic Bronchitis, Consumption, Chronic Diarrhoea, Chronic Laryngitis, Melancholy, Nervous Debility.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

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

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

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name no other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstance. Look out for the name and address J. I. Fellows, St. John, N.B., on the yellow wrapper in watermark which is seen by holding the paper before the light.

Price \$1.50 per Bottle, Six for \$7.50. Sold by all Druggists. July 18



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JAMES R. INCH, L.L.D., President of the College. REV. B. LONGLEY, M.A., Principal of the Male Academy. REV. D. KENNEDY, S. T. D., Principal of the Ladies' Academies.

The First Term of the year 1878-9 will begin on Thursday, August 22nd.

It is important that students enter, if possible, on the first day of the Term. Catalogues containing full information in regard to expenses, &c., will be published in a few days, and will be sent to all who apply to the President of the College or to the Principal of either Academy.

7 DOLLARS a day to Agents canvassing for the FIFESIDE VISITOR. Terms and Outfit Free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine July 22—6w

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DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST. Tickets good to return within THIRTY DAYS from date of issue, as follows: From St. John, Moncton, Point du Chene and intermediate Stations to Quebec, \$14 00; Montreal, \$18 00; Toronto, \$28 00; and Niagara Falls, \$29 75.

From Halifax, Truro, Pictou and intermediate Stations to Quebec, \$16 00; Montreal, \$20 00; Toronto, \$30 00; Niagara Falls, \$31 75.

From Londonderry, Memramcook, and intermediate Stations to Quebec, \$15 00; Montreal, \$19 00; Toronto, \$29 00; Niagara Falls, \$30 75.

From Weldford, Newcastle and intermediate Stations to Quebec, \$13 00; Montreal, \$17 00; Toronto, \$27 00; Niagara Falls, \$28 75.

From Bathurst, Campbellton and intermediate Stations to Quebec, \$10 50; Montreal, \$14 50; Toronto, \$24 50; Niagara Falls, \$26 25. Tickets are good for the double journey, but holders will require to make journey going within four days from date of issue of ticket. C. J. BRIDGES, Gen. Supt. Gov. Railway. Railway Office, Moncton, July 2nd, 1878. 12 a day above. Agents wanted. Outfit and 12 terms free. TRUB & Co., Augusta, Maine

MARKET PRICES. Reported weekly by J. W. POTTS, Commission Merchant, St. John, N. B., and J. H. BENT, Agent King's County Produce Depot, Halifax, N. S. MARKET ON SATURDAY, JULY 20th, 1878.

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JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

TONEY RIVER, N. S., Nov. 15, 1877. C. Gates & Co.,—Gentlemen,—Some time last winter one of my children—a little boy about eighteen months—was badly frightened and his health became seriously affected.

On the least alarm he used to go off in a kind of fit, becoming motionless and black in the face, his heart at the same time palpitating in the most alarming manner. Each fit was worse than the preceding one, causing us to fear heart disease.

Hearing of some of the numerous cures effected by your medicines in this and other localities, I procured from your agent, Mr. E. A. Gile, a bottle of your No. 2 Bitters, and before it was half gone I noticed a marked improvement in the child's health.

A second bottle completed the cure. The little fellow is now perfectly well and I am perfectly satisfied that Gates' Life of man Bitters saved his life. You are perfectly at liberty to publish this certificate if you wish so to do.

With respect, yours truly, WILLIAM McMILLAN. I will vouch for personal knowledge for the truthfulness of the above certificate.

E. A. GILE. COMPUND OXYGEN TREATMENT for the cure of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Throat, Hoarseness, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a natural process of respiration, which are attended with the most remarkable cures.

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C. E. FREEMAN is now selling and will hereafter sell, the above celebrated Instruments at the lowest figures, to match the times. I will also supply any other Organs required.

ON REASONABLE TERMS as my motto is SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES. Good discount to Churches, Ministers, Lodges, &c. Circulars with information free. GOOD AGENTS WANTED. C. E. FREEMAN, Auberst, N. S., General Agent. July 10—1 year.

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