

The Wesleyan

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Editor and Publisher.

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No. 12

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

PERVERTS TO ROMAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

In your issue of February 15th, a letter appears from "M" in which the writer challenges the conclusions I have drawn in relation to the perversion to Romanism, which are at present being so prominently brought before the public. Your correspondent before advancing the arguments upon which he relies, endeavours to strengthen his case by weakening the value of my testimony. He refers to newspaper paragraphs who seize upon half of the facts of the case for sensational purposes, and accuses me of inattention to the whole of the facts and perversion of the truth. I am happily conscious that none of these reprehensible practices are applicable to the case in point, or to the conduct of your English correspondent. I am in a position to read extensively very much that bears upon this, and the other great controversies of the time, and take good care to verify the statements made in my letters. I am compelled to study brevity and have to compress facts relating to many important events in one short communication. I have the courage of my convictions, and have never shrunk from clearly avowing them. It was not necessary for "M." to turn aside from his arguments to indulge in hasty and unfair criticism upon correspondents who for many years have contributed to your columns.

Again I regret that he has quoted partially and adroitly from my letter. Why did he not admit that I had expressed satisfaction that Romanism was not gaining in the midst of our brave, intelligent working men; and there it was by emigration from Ireland its strength was being augmented?

In reference to Mr. Gladstone's able and conclusive paper, I need only say, that I have carefully read it, and that it, together with the extraordinary list of Perverts to Romanism, were before me when I wrote the letter in question.

Your correspondent has quoted sufficient from that article for my vindication and I might confidently leave the issue to be decided by that extract. It refers to the fact that a new lodge has been made in the body of the aristocracy, and further that the secessions have multiplied at least five-fold the stock of educated ability and learning available for all its purposes. The aggregate additions might perhaps claim to be equivalent in force to the entire body of honor men at Oxford or Cambridge for several years. The question is now narrowed down to a clear case. From whence have all these gone to Rome; and from whence come the many who at present are joining that communion? I assert unhesitatingly that it is the Church of England which furnishes an overwhelming proportion of these apostates from Protestantism, and that the way is made easy, is paved for them by the teaching to which they listen and by practices to which they are being constantly familiarized. A few facts in refutation of this statement will be a relief to me, and to the earnest godly readers of this paper.

The side issues raised by "M." will not avail him much. I am persuaded that we Non-conformists win as many from Romanism as our brethren of the Evangelical section of the English Church. The reports of our Missionary brethren in Ireland will be decisive on this point, but the whole number is painfully small and will not compare with the results which are reported on the other side. The statistics of conversions from Romanism to Anglicanism quoted by your correspondent are incomplete, and limited but to one Diocese, which is not named. Yet his conclusion from such very unreliable data is that there are more conversions in one year than there have been perversions from the English Church during the half century.

This is all mere assertion and incapable of proof. At least, I may be permitted to say that in the whole of my residence in England, and in contact with very many earnest clergymen of the Evangelical section, and numbers of private members of the Church, have not heard of results in any degree correspondent with the statements put forth by "M." and must be pardoned for avowing my persuasion, that they are incorrect and misleading.

I am disinclined to notice criticism upon statements made in my letters, but in this instance the question is one of wide importance, and if I am mistaken in my estimate of the state of affairs in the English Church, a very great number of writers are also in error, and it is high time they were put right.

Your endorsement, Mr. Editor of the style of the contribution, and of the weight of the arguments, have also contributed to the importance which may possibly be attached to it by some who are not in possession of a full mastery of the facts.

March 1st, 1879. B.

NOTE.—We referred simply to the fact that the communication referred to would betray its origin, as coming from a professional quarter, while we threw reasonable doubt upon the arguments drawn from Gladstone. It never entered any one's mind to throw discredit upon our English correspondent, excepting perhaps, the mind of an Episcopalian here and there.—EDITOR.

BRO. LANE REPLIES.

MIDDLE MUSQUODOBIT,
March 10, 1879.

DEAR BRO. NICOLSON.—We had no idea that our last letter would have drawn such a volume of matter from you in reference to financial affairs, and we half resolved not to write again lest we should be charged with a desire for controversy, but an explanation is needed, a few questions require answering, and as some misapprehensions are to be removed, we decide to write finally, and in all good faith, our views in this matter.

In the first place, the purport of our last communication has evidently been misunderstood. It referred not to doctrinal but to financial systems solely; and instead of arguing against the advance of Methodism, as implied in your closing remarks of paragraphs 6-7, the letter was written especially to prove the permanent stability of her institutions, and we still hold to the statements of our last letter, as per paragraph 6, viz: "but we fail to see other systems are so much better than our own," etc., etc.

Our reason is—
"That is the best system which yields the best results."

The principle is seen and more readily discovered in the average of individual liberality throughout our churches.

If liberality is the result of system, the natural conclusion of acknowledging and appreciating as we do the liberality of our churches, is that paragraph 1 of your letter is a prima facie acknowledgment of the success of the system as applied to Methodism, and plainly sustains the position we hold.

If, however, as you state, part of that system has been annulled, of course we can no longer press our remarks upon that particular point; still, if a system which has proved itself valuable be removed or annulled, and non-success follows, the fault lies not with the system but with its rejection.

We will, however, endeavour to prove that still our position holds good.

In answering your question requiring a definition of our financial system seen in paragraph 3, we refer you to the "Discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada," page 113, part 5, entitled, "Temporal Economy," and there we have arranged before us the financial system of our church, there is no need to reproduce it here, but simply to state that the salaries of ministers are distinctly stated, but it is left with Circuit Stewards to do their duty in this respect, as stated on page 81, chap. 3, and who, no doubt, use the very best system available adapted especially to local requirements.

Section 2 refers to the Children's Fund, which is an adjunct to aforesaid salaries, we believe, possessed by no other branch of the Christian Church outside Methodism.

Section IV. refers to Contingent Fund, the object of which is to relieve cases of special affliction, etc.

Section II., the order of which we have here inverted, provides an allowance for aged ministers on their retirement, which places them above want.

With these remarks, we ask you to kindly shew us any other system possessing these features intended to cover every exigency in connection with ministerial support, and we willingly sit at your feet.

Yours very truly,
W. G. LANE.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Japanese Government have authorized the issue, by a Japanese publisher, of an edition of the book of Genesis in Chinese. This is the first portion of the Scriptures the publication of which in Japan has been authorized by Government.

The bazaar opened by Mr. Spurgeon's friends in London to raise money for a memorial to the Pastor of the Tabernacle, has been very successful. The receipts for four days reached \$13,500, and at the close of the bazaar the gross receipts were found to amount to \$32,000.

BRANTFORD, Feb. 28.—At a largely attended meeting of the registered voters of Grace Church, held this evening, the present rector, Rev. Reginald H. Starr, tendered his resignation. The meeting, by an overwhelming majority, declined to accept the resignation, and the rector still pressing it, passed another resolution expressing regret that he could not see his way to alter his determination.

Two disbelievers in the doctrine of eternal punishment applied for admission to the Congregational Church in Henniker, N.H. They were exemplary persons and desirable as members. The church voted almost unanimously to admit them, and to omit, on the occasion of their reception, the word "everlasting" in reading the confession of faith. The pastor warmly defends the course taken, but is censured by many leading New England congregationalists.

A sermon in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Green was preached in the Metropolitan Church last Sunday morning by Rev. Dr. Byerson. The congregation was very large and attentive. The venerable preacher took as the basis of his discourse Philippians 1:21. "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." He showed the necessity of a knowledge of the character and divine attributes of Christ and the full reception of him as our Saviour from sin and death. Upon this foundation, the departed rested his faith, on this rock he stood firm. He was an example of living to Christ and dying to gain. He had labored in the Church for half a century and his faith had never been shaken.—Guardian.

The Thanksgiving Fund now being raised by our British Wesleyan Methodist brethren, promises to exceed the expectations of the most hopeful among its friends. It was thought that a quarter of a million of dollars could be raised as a special gift by the Churches in Great Britain. More than that has already been contributed by the two London districts alone—one twelfth of the whole number of districts. The most sanguine did not place the estimate beyond a half million of dollars; it is now certain that the amount will reach one and a quarter million of dollars, and may double that sum! And all this in the midst of a panic in several of the most important industrial departments. We heartily congratulate our brethren across the water.

Mr. Sankey is meeting with fine success in his singing work in Great Britain. He was at Newcastle, England, in January. He sang, sermons were preached by resident ministers of various denominations, and the buildings, not simply the room in which Mr. Sankey was, were crowded. The Circus-building was opened on Sabbath for services, and every available room was filled, about 4000 persons being present, mainly young men and working men. The rooms were filled sometime before the hour of service. In the evening hundreds were compelled to turn away, for there was not even standing room for them. Frequently during the week over 2000 were in attendance, and overflow meetings were constantly necessary.

A letter from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at Mentone, in France, has been received by his congregation. He writes:—"Beloved friends, by the tender kindness of God, the journey hither was made without excessive fatigue, and now I trust that genial weather will bring with it rapid restoration. This place has participated in the severe weather which has swept over the continent, so that I miss just now the bright sunshine to which I have been formerly accustomed, yet it is comparatively warm, and so far is beneficial to an invalid. Rest is the main thing, and rest I hope to find, that I may come back to you strengthened for sacred service. It is at the request of many that I write these few lines, otherwise I should be better content to say nothing about myself. Tottoring on my staff to-day in weakness, I look forward hopefully to the time when I shall stand among you in fullness of vigor. God grant that mental and above all spiritual, strength may be given me for the preaching of the word in your midst, and that my long bodily affliction may assist to that end! I trust I shall not be forgotten in your prayers when it is well with you. I hope, also, that the various enterprises, such as the College and orphanage, will not be allowed to languish because their president is ill. Peace be to you all!"

GENERAL ITEMS.

There were some cases of sickness at St. Thomas which were reported to be Yellow Fever. In consequence of this the steamer Beta brought no passengers.

The plague is thought to be advancing westward, and there is great alarm at Constantinople in consequence. The United States Government has taken precautionary measures to prevent the introduction of the disease by means of vessels coming from infected districts.

Reports from Zululand continue to be all favorable to the British, but the latest news from Afghanistan is to the effect that the British troops have sustained a severe defeat. This unpleasant news comes from Afghan sources, but may prove too true.

The British steamer *Severn*, from London for Quebec, ran down off Dungeness, a pilot cutter having on board 12 pilots and a crew of 8 men; 10 of the pilots and 5 of the crew were drowned. The *Severn* is expected shortly at Southampton with the survivors. Two pilots and three of the crew were saved.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone is a fine pianist, and possesses a sweet powerful voice. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home when he was Prime Minister, he was never too tired to sit down to the piano, and with some simple strain shake off the soil of party strife. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special favorites.

Col. Pearson was attacked at Ekowe by a large force of Zulus. The latter were defeated with an enormous loss, and pursued to Entamed, one of the Zulu military kraals. Colonel Wood reported he had captured a large number of cattle. The health of the troops is good. The attitude of the native troops in Transvaal is disquieting, and it is feared that the chiefs have formed a league against the British. The men-of-war *Boadicea* and *Flora* are at Simon's Bay. They have twenty-seven cases of small-pox on board.

NUPTIALS OF PRINCE ARTHUR AND THE PRINCESS MARGARET.—WINDSOR, G. B., March 13.—The marriage of the Duke of Connaught to Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, took place to-day at St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, with all the ceremony of State. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the service. The bride was given away by her father. At the conclusion, the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus, and Mendelssohn's wedding march pealed forth as the bride and bridegroom left the Chapel, while a salute of guns announced the termination of the ceremonies. The Royal Family and guests then left the chapel.

A London despatch reports that an immense quantity of wedding presents have been sent to Princess Margaret.

A despatch from New Haven states that Hon. Elihu Burritt, the distinguished philanthropist, reformer and philologist died at his residence in New Britain, Conn., at 12 o'clock on Thursday night. Mr. Burritt was born in New Britain Dec. 8, 1811. He received only an ordinary education till he was 18, when he was apprenticed as a blacksmith. Notwithstanding all his disadvantages he gained a considerable knowledge of Latin, French, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, German, Italian, Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Celtic and Russian. He attained also celebrity as a public lecturer, advocating temperance and other reforms. In 1856 Mr. Burritt left the United States for Great Britain. While in London, in 1848, he published a little work entitled "Sparks from the Anvil," and later in 1853, "Olive Leaves." Several other works appeared also from his pen. He resided in England for nearly 25 years, being for a time U. S. Consul at Birmingham.

An imperial Act became operative on the 2d January last which is of decided importance to persons in this or other colonies who may, through the representation of "agents" or so-called lawyers, have been tempted into advancing money to secure valuable estates in Britain. By the act in question no person can bring action and recover lands or rents after 12 years from the date at which the right of action occurred. There are exceptions in cases of infancy or lunacy, when 18 years are allowed in which to bring suit. The period of grace formerly allowed to persons living beyond the limits of the kingdom is entirely abolished. If a man mortgages his land and permits the mortgagee to retain possession of it for 12 years, it will become at the end of that period absolutely the property of the mortgagee, and this can be avoided only by the written obligation of the latter. Under no circumstances can any one be disturbed in the possession of estates which he has held for 30 years. After the lapse of that time not even the grossest fraud will be allowed to militate against the right, on the ground that such fraud, might, could or should have been discovered before.

TAKING THE CENTS US IN SIBERIA.—"In Siberia," says the *New York Herald* "you can buy beef for two cents a lb., a goose for 12 cents, a chicken for four cents, and 351 lbs. of corn for six cents." What a cents-ible place to be sure! Our comment on that, "But," adds the *N. Y. H.* "you have to shoot the bears out of your parlour window." Ah, that, now, is not cents-ible; it's unbearable!

The lost colors of the 24th Regiment have, it appears, been found on the field of battle or its vicinity. But thereby hangs a tale not fully told—a tale fitted to thrill with admiration and pride every brave British heart of the world over. As it is, the story runs that Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, numbered after the battle at Isandusana among the missing had tried to save the colors, and the noble fellows succeeded in their gallant attempt, though they perished in the effort. Their bodies have been found, and with them the lost and lamented colors. It is to be hoped that the details of the case are known. It appears that a Missionary by this time probably in England witnessed the disastrous fight. His recital will be heard and read with the deepest interest.

In the Commons, on Friday night, Sir Stafford Northcote, in reply to an inquiry why troops were sent to British Burmah, received the following telegram from Lord Lytton, Viceroy to India, dated March 8th.—"The British garrison has been reinforced on the urgent recommendation of the Chief Commissioner, and the strong advice of the Lieutenant-Governor. Egan, the British resident at Mandalay, has reported that warlike preparations are making; that the Burmese have strengthened river forts. There are rumors of disturbance and dangers threatening foreigners. The warning comes from well informed quarters that early mischief is intended and, altogether the condition of affairs is precarious. The garrison in Burmah is on a peace footing and is too weak for protection in the event of disturbance on the frontier. News of the reinforcement will support our resident at Mandalay."

Some extraordinary things happened in the New York Post Office. Recently a letter arrived at that institution addressed to "My Mother, New York, America." The Irish are an intuitive sort of people, who have great faith in dreams. Mrs. McCarthy dreamt the night before that her "boy" in Ireland had written to her, and early next morning, whilst an official of the Post Office was amusing himself with the vague superscription, an elderly woman with a decided Munster brogue put in an appearance at the general delivery window and asked for a letter from "her son." The coincidence attracted the attention of the individual in charge of the deciphering department, and upon inquiry it was found that the name of the woman lived in the town the name of which was post-marked on the letter. Having established her identity the "Mother" in New York received the letter from "her son" in Ireland.

A despatch from Szegiden, Hungary, on Monday night, says, two of the Dan's for protecting the town from an overflow of the Theiss river, have burst. Many villages have been swept away. Five thousand men are working on the remaining one. Eighty thousand people are here, including refugees from the country. A state of siege has been declared, everybody is summoned and are obliged to work on pain of death. The wind is rising, and the water is rushing under the embankment, and wants but a few inches to master us. We await the worst.

The *Observer's* Vienna despatch states that it is thought that 6,000 persons have been drowned.

A correspondent at Szegiden telegraphs that on Thursday thousands of people were starving.

A correspondent in one of the relief boats states 4,000 persons had taken refuge in a church. The boat was unable to afford any help. Hardly any serviceable boats available. On a school house 1500 persons had taken refuge and were without food. Large numbers of boats which were proceeding to aid the submerged city had been stopped by the storm, which had cut off communication by the river. The authorities at Szentes, Vasarhely and Csaszad, containing an aggregate population of 80,000, telegraphed to Pesth for aid. The dykes protecting them are threatened. Sickness has broken out among the refugees encamped on the dykes at Szegiden.

A despatch from Szegedin, dated Friday, says the fearful storm is still raging. A vast lake is around the remains of the town, tossing like a sea. Inhabitants who are not yet taken away are crowded in a few houses, and in railway wagons. These people are provided with provisions, but thousands are encamped on the dykes, and with these it is impossible to communicate. 400 corpses were recovered in the village of Szegedin.

A number of railway trains took to Temesvar about 5,000 fugitives, while 500 people went by steamer to Szentes. The Emperor has contributed a further sum of 10,000 florins.

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GENERAL READING.

A NIGHT'S JOURNEY IN INDIA.

FROM D. H. M. FIELD'S "EGYPT TO JAPAN."

We had now accomplished our visit to the Himalayas, and were to bid adieu to the mountains and the valleys. But how were we to get back to Saharanpur? There was the mail wagon and the omnibuses. But these seemed very precarious after our mountain raptures. Mr. Herron suggested that we should try dooleys—long palanquins in which we could lie down and sleep (perhaps), and thus be carried over the mountains at night. As we were eager for new experiences, of course we were ready for any novelty. But great bodies move slowly, and how great we were we began to realize when we found that a force it took to move us. Mr. Herron sent for the Chandri—a kind of public carrier whose office it is to provide for such services—and an engagement was formally entered into between the high contracting parties that for a certain sum he was to provide two dooleys and a sufficient number of bearers, to carry us over the mountains to Saharanpur, a distance of forty-two miles. This was duly signed and sealed, and the money paid on the spot, with promise of liberal bach sheesh at the end if the agreement was satisfactorily performed.

Thus authorized and empowered to enter into negotiations with inferior parties, the Chandri sent forward a courier, or Sarbarah, to go ahead over the whole route a day in advance, and to secure the relays, and thus prepare for our royal progress.

This seemed very magnificent, but when our retinue filed into the yard on the evening of our departure, and drew up before the verandah, we were almost ashamed to see what a prodigious do it took to get us two poor mortals out of the valley. Our escort was as follows: Each dooley had six bearers or Kohars—four to carry it, and two to be ready as a reserve. Besides these twelve, there were two bahangi-wallas to carry our one trunk on a bamboo pole, making fourteen persons in all. As there were five stages (for one set of men could only go about eight miles) it took seventy men (besides the two high officials) to carry our sacred persons these forty-two miles! Of the reserve of four who walked beside us, two performed the functions of torch bearers—no unimportant matter when traversing a forest so full of wild beasts that the natives cannot be induced to cross it at night without lights kept burning.

The torch was made simply by winding a piece of cloth around the end of a stick, and pouring oil upon it from a bottle kept for the purpose (just the mode of the wise virgins in the parable). Our kind friends had put a mattress in each dooley, with pillows and coverlet, so that we could make ourselves comfortable for a night's journey. I took off my boots, and wrapping my feet in the soft fur of the skin of the Himalayan goat, which I had purchased in the mountains, stretched myself

Like a warrior taking his rest, With his martial cloak around him, and bade the cavalcade take its march. They lighted their torches, and like the wise virgins, "took oil in their vessels with their lamps," and set out on our night's journey. At first we wound our way through bazaars, and past temples, till at last we emerged from all signs of human habitation, and were alone with the forests and the stars.

When we were fairly in the woods, all the stories I had heard of wild beasts came back to me. For a week past I had been listening to thrilling incidents, many of which occurred in this very mountain pass. The Sewalie range is entirely uninhabited, except along the roads, and is thus given up to wild beasts, and nowhere is one more likely to meet an adventure. That very morning at breakfast, Mrs. Mood-side had given me her experience. She was once crossing this pass at night, and as it came near the break of day she saw men running, and heard the cry of "tiger," but thought little of it, as the natives were apt to give false alarms; but presently the horses began to rear and plunge, so that the driver loosed them and let them go, and just then she heard a tremendous roar, which seemed close to the waggon, where a couple of the brutes had come down to drink of a brook by the roadside. She was so terrified that she did not dare to look out, but shut at once the windows of the gharri. Presently some soldiers came up the pass with elephants, who went in pursuit, but the monsters had retreated into the forest.

One would suppose we were safe enough with more than a dozen attendants, but the natives are very timid, and a tiger's roar will set them flying. A lady at Dehra, the daughter of a missionary, told us how she was once carried with her mother and two other children in dooleys, when just at break of day a huge tiger walked out of a wood, and came right towards them when the Coolies at once dropped them and ran, leaving the mother and her children to their fate. Fortunately she

had presence of mind to light a piece of wadding, and throw it out to the brute, who either from that, or perhaps he was too noble a beast to attack a woman, after eyeing them for some moments, deliberately walked away.

Such associations with the road we were travelling gave an excitement to our night journey which was not the most composing to sleep. It is very well to sit by the fireside and talk about tigers, but I do not know of anybody who would care to meet one in the woods, unless well armed and on an elephant's back.

But what if a wild elephant should come out upon us? In general, I believe these are quiet and peaceable beasts, but they are subject to a kind of madness which makes them untamable. A "rogue elephant"—one who has been tamed, and afterwards goes back to his savage state—is one of the most dangerous of wild beasts. When the Prince of Wales was hunting in the Terai with Sir Jung Bahador, an alarm was given that a rogue elephant was coming, and they pushed the Prince into a tree as quickly as possible, for the monster has no respect for majesty. The possibility of such an adventure was quite enough to keep our imagination in lively exercise. Our friends had told us that there was no danger with flaming torches, although we might perhaps hear a distant roar on the mountains, or an elephant breaking through the trees. We listened intently. When the men were moving off in silence, we strained our ears to catch any sound that might break the stillness of the forest. If a branch fell from a tree, it might be an elephant coming through the wood. If we could not see we imagined forms gliding in the darkness. Even the shadows cast by the starlight took in the shapes that we dreaded. Hush! there is a stealthy step over the falling leaves. No, it is the whispering in the trees. Thus was it all covert, our flaming torches kept them at a respectful distance. We did not hear the tramp of an elephant, the growl of a tiger, or even the cry of a jackal.

But though we had not the excitement of an adventure, the scene itself was wild and weird enough. We were entirely alone, with more than a dozen men, with not one of whom we could exchange a word, traversing a mountain pass, with miles of forest and jungle separating us from any habitation. Our attendants were men of powerful physique, whose swarthy limbs and strange faces looked more strange than ever by the torchlight. Once in seven or eight miles they set down their burden. We halted at a camp fire by the road side, where a fresh relay was waiting. There our fourteen men were swelled to twenty-eight. Then the curtain of my couch was gently drawn aside, a black head was thrust in, and a voice whispered in the softest of tones, "Sahib, back-sheesh!" Then the new bearers took up their load and jogged on their way.

I must say they did very well. The motion was not unpleasant. The dooley rested not on two poles, but on one long bamboo, three or four inches in diameter, at each end of which two men braced themselves against each other, and moved forward with a swinging gait, a kind of dog trot, which they accompanied with a low grunt, which seemed to relieve them, and be a way of keeping time. Their burdens did not fatigue them much—at least they did not go on under their load, but talked and laughed by the way. Nor were luxuries forgotten. One of the men carried a hook, which served for the whole party, being passed from mouth to mouth, with which the men when off duty refreshed themselves with many a puff of the fragrant weed.

Thus refreshed they kept up a steady gait of about three miles an hour through the night. At length the day began to break. As we approached the end of our journey the men pricked up speed, and I thought they would come in on a run. Glad we were to come in sight of Saharanpur. At ten o'clock we entered the Mission Compound, and drew up before the door of "Calderwood Padre."

The Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at a recent session, showed plainly that they had had enough of the premium system. The objections to it are:

1. It is too costly, \$35,000 having been paid out in premiums in one year. Too costly—we should think so!
2. It takes up too much of the time of the Book Agents and the Book Committee.
3. It leads to forgetfulness of the real conditions of journalistic success. A circulation bought by premiums is factitious and unreliable.
4. It produces discord in their Ad-vecate family.

This vast expenditure in premiums did not increase the aggregate circulation of their papers, as it only resulted in transferring subscribers from one paper to another. This is what the figures say.

The Agent of our Publishing House and the Book Committee have set their faces against this premium business. This experience of our sister Church will probably confirm them in their attitude of hostility to it.—Nashville Ad.

FAMILY READING.

LITTLE LIZZIE'S LETTER.

A CHILD'S MISSIONARY WORK.

(Contributed to the Stratford Beacon.)

The following letter was given by little Lizzie—early in the war—to a gentleman about leaving Philadelphia to spend a few days with the Christian commission in the army of the Cumberland. It was really dictated and written by the little girl herself. I had this fact from the child's mother some months after it was written.

Lizzie, aware that the gentleman was about to start for the front, went to him and asked, "Mr. Millen, are you going to see the sick soldiers in Nashville?" "Yes, Lizzie." "O! I am so glad that you are going to visit the poor sick soldiers. I wish I could go with you, I could read for them, and bathe their heads, couldn't I?" "Yes, Lizzie, but you are too young to go, and the distance very great." "Well, Mr. Millen, if I buy a little Testament and give it to you, won't you take it and give it to the first sick soldier you find?" "With pleasure, Lizzie." "If I write him a little letter, won't you give it to him also?" "Yes, Lizzie." She ran home and got some of her own pocket money and bought the Testament, and wrote the little letter, returning soon with both, and receiving the injunction as to their destination.

The letter was as follows:
PHILADELPHIA, April 13, 1863.

My dear soldier,—I am a little girl seven years old, and I want to do something for the sick soldiers who do so much for us. I wish I could go to nurse you. I could bathe your head and read to you. I send you a little Testament which I bought for you with my own pocket money, won't you read it to everybody? Do, and although I never saw you I'll be praying for you every day. Do you kneel down and say your prayers before you go to bed? I would if I were you; and I would not care if even the other soldiers were laughing at me. God will be smiling on you while they are mocking. O, how sorry I am that you are sick, and that you had to leave your dear mother, don't you often think of her; especially at night when you are going to bed? Did she cry when you were bidding her good bye? Do you know that little hymn,—

"There is a happy land, far, far away?" I hope you will go to that happy land when you die, but I'll be praying that you may not die now, but soon be up and get well again. When you are able won't you write to me and tell me all your troubles? I live at 24 North 9th street. Good bye! God bless you!

LIZZIE.

I knew the young man to whom this letter was handed by Mr. Millen. He was then unconverted. This letter was followed by little Lizzie's heartfelt prayers; and he was soon led to the Saviour. He belonged to the 4th Michigan cavalry; and after his restoration to health he fought his way through many a battle without ever being wounded. He was at the taking of Richmond and the capture of Jeff Davis. I heard that, after being honorably discharged, he became an active and useful Christian man in the State of Michigan. Lizzie and he kept up a constant correspondence—perhaps more of that anon.

I hope he may thank her above "in that kingdom that never shall end, where there are no wars or rumors of war."

Lizzie's letter was printed and circulated extensively throughout the whole army. The good directly and indirectly resulting from this noble little girl's effort will only be revealed when the waves of the little ripples shall reach the shores of eternity, and when it shall be said of little Lizzie, "She hath done what she could."—T. A.

CHILDREN NOT ALWAYS HAPPY.

It has become a sort of established theory that children are always happy, that there are no cares in the little lives, no pains in the little bones, and no sensitive spots in the little hearts. Consequently, people who are not parents—nay, some who are—actually believe that the years between one and fifteen are years of perpetual bliss, and it is their duty to moderate this ecstatic condition of things whenever it is in their power to do so.

These people were probably born grown up; with stiff shirt collars, tight boots and well-stuffed pocket-books all properly adjusted. They have less sympathy with little ones than the heated poker has, and the little ones know it at

a glance. All day long they utter their "Don't Billy," and "You musn't Kate." They restrain the heels, the voices, the hands of those specimens of perpetual motion whenever it is possible. Whenever the children like to eat is at once pronounced bad for them. The heaven-born "sweet-teeth" is a crime; and also the general aversion to fat meat, gray and spices.

How often do these believers in childhood's blissful state send shor-legged little ones up long flights of stairs, pre-facing the order with "Your bones are young, you know," or "Children are never tired!" People like these crowd into already over-crowded cars, with the words: "The children can all stand up, you know." They "wonder" at mothers who bring their families to see magic lantern and panoramic exhibitions. "Children are such a bother," they say, audibly. Oh, the sensitive little souls that thrill and ache! Oh, the suffering that only "mother" knows anything about!

Unhappily, such people are sometimes school teachers. Children under such instructors are supposed to be little automatons—things to be "kept in order" and made to sit bolt upright while a certain amount of cramming is gone through with. You could not make a teacher of that kind—of whom there are happily but a few left—believe that each child is an individual. To such a teacher children are simply a little row of nuisances. Besides, are they not children? and children, even when being "smacked," scolded and bathed, must be happy.

CLASS MEETINGS IN THE WORK OF CONVERSION.

Class-meetings are too often looked upon as of no real importance, except as a means to build up and strengthen weaker members of the church. But may they not be made an important adjunct in the work of converting men, and bringing them into the church? For instance, if a class leader should seek out thoughtful and serious persons, and invite them to class-meeting with him, how many, think you, could an earnest man lead to Christ during a year in this way? I know a class-leader—a modest, unpretentious man—who is carrying on an important business, whose hands are consequently full from Monday morning until eleven o'clock on Saturday night, but who, in the midst of this activity, has managed to bring into his Sunday morning class—the largest and most popular class in the church where he is—and average of two persons a month during the year, who have been converted and brought into the church. Are there not many others who bear a voice saying to them, "Go and do likewise?"

If our churches were well organized under such leaders, we should hardly have occasion for a six week's siege every winter in order "to get up a revival." The church would be aggressive and making additions to her numbers every month in the year, and that through the ordinary means of grace. Then might we look for the conversion of the world around us, as well as in Pagan lands.

LET IT DRY.

Mr. Spurgeon once went to preach in a church a little outside of London. The day was wet and muddy, and the pants of Mr. Spurgeon were plentifully covered with dirt. A good deacon in the vestry said:

"Brother Spurgeon, let me get a brush and take off some of that mud; you can't go into the pulpit in that state."

"Don't be foolish, deacon," said Mr. Spurgeon, in his usual good-humored way; "don't you see the mud is wet, and if you try to rub it off now, you will rub the stain into the cloth? Let it dry, and then it will come off easy enough and leave no mark."

There is an admirable hint here for every one. When evil spoken against, as we may be for the sake of truth, and men throw mud at us, don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Two great eagerness in this respect is apt to rub the stain into the cloth. Let it dry; and then, by and by, if need be, it can be removed by a little effort. If there is a little trouble in the church, don't foster it by haste and hurry in doing something. Let it alone; let it dry; and it will be more easily settled than you think now. Time has a wonderful power in such matters; and it is surprising how many things in this world would be far better arranged, and how many difficulties easily got over, by judiciously letting them dry.—Ez.

HOW A PRINCESS WAS SAVED.—Rev. J. Denham Smith recently stated in a public meeting in London that the late Princess Alice, while calling on a lady, was told of a gathering of poor people about to attend an anti-tar address. In the course of conversation the lady asked her when she first felt she was saved? The Princess replied: "A poor Scotch Christian talked to me about the Gospel, and since then I have been able to say: 'I am saved!'"

CROMWELL'S LAST HOURS.—Men prayed for his recovery, looking into the dark future with dismay at the anarchy that might ensue when the one man was gone who could hold the rival parties down and compel them to live in peace. "His heart," says one who then attended him, "was so carried out for God and his people, yea, indeed, for some who had added no little sorrow to him, that at this time he seemed to forget his own family and nearest relations." He would frequently say, "God is good, indeed he is," and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervor of spirit in the midst of his pains. Again he said, "I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people." He was very restless most part of the (Thursday) night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same and endeavor to sleep, unto which he answered, "It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." The next day was the 3rd of September—his lucky day—the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day Oliver Cromwell lay dead.

CLASS-MEETING METAPHORS.

A correspondent of the London Methodist gives some pleasant notes concerning the imagery which sometimes prevails in relating experience. Recently in a class met for tickets in an English fishing village, while the prevailing metaphor was "like a door on its hinges, going back and forth," an old fisherman introduced a new symbol, "I want to say much about my experience; I've been like the jolly boat, at the stern." In another fishing village the cry of one in his prayer was "Lord, help me, I'm going astern." Another fisherman, after describing the wildness of wind and wave, and vain attempts to get a light, said, "We thank Thee, we never need scratch a match to find Jesus." A famer in a village a little way inland, where life moves very sleepily, mourned for some time over the slow progress of his Christian life, then said, "We thank Thee, Lord, because there were snails in the ark."

THE THREE ANSWERS.

Beautiful, indeed, was the lesson which a little Sabbath School class had been reciting—about the Saviour's kingdom. They learned that it was a kingdom of great joy and deep love; peace dwelt there, and kindness and good will spring along the wayside. It was a kingdom upon which the Sun of Righteousness shone, and in its clear sky hung the star of Bethlehem. The eyes of the children grew bright with interest while the teacher talked; and they longed to know more about a state so glorious. Then the teacher turned to the book, and this question came next, "What will you do to advance the kingdom on earth?" "Yes," added the lady, looking seriously upon the little boys, "what will you do to help on the Saviour's kingdom? What will you do, James?"

"I will give my pennies to the missionaries, and they shall preach about it to the heathen," answered James, with great earnestness.

"And what will you do, George?"

George looked up and said, "I will pray for it."

"And what will you do, John?" said the teacher, addressing the youngest in her class.

He cast down his eyes and softly said, "I will give my heart to it." The teacher blessed the little boy, and breathed a silent prayer that Jesus might take the offering.

These three answers comprehend all we can do for Jesus.

It is good to give our money and prayers; but the first thing we must do, the best gift we can offer, is to give up our hearts to the Saviour's kingdom, and let Jesus rule over us.—Christian at Work.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

The Earl of Chesterfield writes: "I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and I appraise them at their real worth, which is in truth very low. Those who have only seen them outside always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decorations to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look on all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose."

TEMPERANCE. SHORT TEMPERANCE. BY JOHN X.—INTERVIEW WITH OLD FELLAS.

As I came out Glasgow, where I 2,500 people, (I of the merchant the carriage was take me away. man in livery, an clothes, and a pa mounted harness things because to ride in such style drizzily, wretched man said: "Bette Mr. Gough, the soon;" and I got ed round to shak was the last spec previous to going tretched creature. I saw his naked rags; I saw his a little gray hair over his face.

He came up to hand, and said, "with me?" I n hands with any they are. If the honesty, that is rather than nine than that the ten feeling sad that him in the right hand for any ma wrong to me, (G an clear of the h my hand, and he then said: "Do "Why, yes," I s not your name I "You used to y bookbinder's sho achusetts, in 184 son's?" "Yes, matter with you poor." I said: look like it."

And I gave him a friend to ascer He picked up b streets for a livi of the most wret Glasgow. As I with the ring of ear, with my ha grasp of friendsh I saw that shiver gaslight, ragged and starving who came into the I, but for the tea there am I. He than I. He wor with me, drank v his prospects we and now, there is

What was the between us? A p wretched thing years of age, wh never was heard acquaintance—a was it print, a Jo own a trade—Jo hand on my sh kindness, and all maelite of civiliz against every ma every man's hand magnetic influen ed from his heart an electric wire, at and I looked to never seen him b as a brother, and ingly as I ever w sure, and put my which has been t

It is because I movement that "Why do you no else?" "Talk abou of the abundance speaketh." Ther a night, that I do the influence of there are men ju be saved; and y can exert an infu dropping a pebb "center of whic the circumferec —a pebble causi till it becomes li on its bosom sym

Words of sym ness, in days of storms gathered me, strengthened CHRISTIANITY AD From Cannon Temperance," we quent passage: "Will you liste aries who tell us glory of England name over whole mon the Moaris, healthy that I mi broad-axe and in well, now, in the ment official, 'po by their drink"

THE WESLEYAN

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

Tea Meetings extraordinary. In Charles Street Church there are to be three Tea Meetings next week:—On Tuesday night for the congregation; Wednesday for the Infant Class; Thursday for the General Sabbath School.

Educational Sermons will be preached in Brunswick Street and Grafton Street Churches, Halifax, next Sabbath, by Revs. Dr. Stewart and R. Brecken. The former in Brunswick St. at 11, and Grafton Street at 7 o'clock; the latter in Grafton and Brunswick St.

The week has been one of no little excitement in political and commercial circles. On Friday of last week a new tariff was proposed in the House of Commons, Ottawa. Since then it has been discussed, and, with certain modifications, may be confirmed. There are very considerable changes which must affect to a great degree the interests of commerce.

A frightful flood, as will be seen in our news columns, has visited a city in Hungary. The place must be very remote which does not share in the great world's sympathies in our day. The Telegraph has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, so far as community of suffering is concerned. Human beings who to-day are bruised by storm, or desolated by fire, are to-morrow the subjects of commiseration and prayer among the two hundred millions of people.

Joseph Cook's latest published lecture was on the subjects "Chinese" and "Tramps." Against the unreasonable proposition to prohibit the importation of Chinese labour, only prevented from becoming law by the President's veto, Mr. Cook strikes heavy blows. He shows that commercially as well as morally, the country would be doing a positive injustice to itself and the Asiatics by shutting them out. The great lecturer has still immense popularity, his audiences being larger than ever, while there is universal demand for the lectures in printed form.

The *Guardian* closes up sensibly a rather extended discussion upon the subject of ministerial salaries. It is noticeable that there is more or less agitation of the question every year in the Methodist papers of the Dominion. This is not the case elsewhere, or in any other church organs, that we see. The inference is very natural that we need a better system. But we are convinced that the newspapers are not the media through which the discussion should be sustained. A better condition of things would follow, if some central, connexional gathering of judicious, systematic men would give the subject a thorough sifting, and recommend a sensible, commercial basis of action. Till then, hope may sit in expectation and—silence.

While occasionally reflecting upon busy people, who can find no time for Christian work, it is but proper, as it is delightful, to hold up contrary specimens for example, when we find them. A merchant of our acquaintance, a partner in an immense business, in which he takes a large share of work and responsibility recently went to Europe on an annual purchasing tour. Before leaving, he requested the children of the Sunday School of which he is Superintendent, to write him during his absence. Not less than forty letters, in reply to these missives, have come across the Atlantic within a few weeks. The little folk rejoice in having a friend who answers every letter, devoting sometimes a whole day to the correspondence. Who can imagine the influence which a man of this stamp wields over children, in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mr. Currie revives one of the distinctive memories which are cherished on this continent, of a lordly presence and a kingly utterance. Dr. Punshon's pronunciation! Who that has heard him in his gay, grand moods, can ever forget his inimitable inflection of the word "Christian," or the changing solemnity and sarcasm of that unhandsome "corse" which in the case of a certain king was wont to come "between the wind and his nobility?" Dr. Gervase Smith once, before our General Conference, characterized our own word "power," with an accent which we never heard before, and have faint hopes of ever hearing again. Such men are above criticism. Measuring the cathedral of Notre Dame with a foot rule, or Niagara with a pint measure, were quite as much within the canons of popular opinion. God makes mountains to be admired, not to be girt about with tape-lines. And yet, doubtless, even those great orators owe not a little to the art of elocution.

THE LUMBER-CAMPS MISSION.

There is a latent instinct in most natures which is awakened to intense activity by the solitude and adventure of forest-life. It brings a new kind of communion. Nature finds a thousand voices to whisper of glorious things. For a short season the senses seem to be fascinated—we would say intoxicated, but that the word suggests drowsiness instead of activity of mind. Forest-nature, however, is the champagne of sense-stimulants; we sit down to it and sip without wearying of its ever-effervescing charms. What soft, secret whispers are among the leaves! What a deep, melancholy sigh is that which the winds exhale among the beeches, and maples and lofty pines! All this comes back upon us when we read a missive from Bro. Colpitts or Bro. Johnson, sons of the Nashwaak and the Nashwaaksis. We are back again among New Brunswick's stalwart sons of the Lumber-camps, striking out for a stroll to the old, mysterious, poetic nooks, and the gay waterfalls of the forest. Only we are reminded that—

Mission work to lumber-men is chiefly winter work. Nature has thrown off her mystic, leafy robes, ceased her weird whisperings, laid her insects of perpetual murmurings to rest, till another voice shall awaken them. Great, gaunt, bare giants of the forest stand all about us as sentinels, their roots clothed with snow of the purest white, their lean, jointed branches, like skeleton fleshless arms and fingers, stretching as if in silent appeal, towards the heavens. A ringing sound of axes in the distance, broken by the crash of branches and the muffled thud of falling trees; a camp, whose thin, curling wreath of smoke makes its fantastic web among the woods, then escapes into the invisible; a savoury odor of food in preparation, strong but welcome; a warm pressure of the hand, a seat in the snug corner,—talk, supper, song-worship and prayer, then to a bed luxurious with the spring and flavour of spruce or pine-tops. This is our reminiscence as we read of the Lumber-camps Mission.

Two or three special considerations occur to us as we look back upon our own limited share in this kind of work.

Lumbermen everywhere have a hard reputation. New Brunswick lumbermen—perhaps we should say the Maine-men who come to New Brunswick—are among the world's wonders for profanity. There is no wicked turn which can be given to language—no short, sharp, startling methods of at once throwing contempt upon the Son of God, and bandying most sacred things in commonest discourse, that they are not familiar with. How often have we stood almost petrified with horror—how often been tempted to taunt the blasphemers with cowardice, as we listened to some half-drunk, loutish crew putting Christ to an open shame! Alas, blessed Lord, Thy name is continually blasphemed; but ah! how enduring is Thy patience!

It would be unjust, though, to brand the hardy lumbermen of the camps in New Brunswick with this abandoned character. At least we have seen among them dispositions the very reverse. All is true that is said of their respect for the Missionary, and their avidity for the word of God. On a few occasions we have ministered to men who had travelled from sunrise till eleven o'clock—perhaps ten or twelve miles, and on foot—to be present at preaching.

We all know the tendency of the human heart when left to itself—how prone it is to forgetfulness of good, and to the harbouring of evil. The solitude of lumbering life is even worse than this;—it is the exclusion of, at least, a proportion of devout men from the ordinary, hallowing associations of Christian life, to be constantly brought into contact with others only of their own sex, whose very exuberance of freedom from social restraint becomes a temptation to the grosser vices. It seems, therefore, a duty to contribute by sympathy and prayer to a work whose aim is the spiritual benefit of a class who are making the wealth of the country. If sons of John Wesley—and surely it is

an occupation which would have awakened all Wesley's best sympathies and enlisted his aid—can be found with a strong love of the adventure and ambitions of such a mission, it is plain enough to us that they are clearly called of God to a good work, and their Conference as positively admonished to send them. *Providing*—yes, there it is again—that the treasury of the church is not empty.

REMEDIES FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper, recommending a certain medical preparation as a cure for drinking habits. We soon became aware that no inconsiderable effect was produced. From every quarter we were informed that the remedy was being discussed—that its properties were doubted—that it was being put to the test. In short, down beneath the surface of social life a sensation had been caused. Wives were clinging to the new hope which had been awakened; sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, were asking for information. The druggists were at work. It is the duty of a journalist to help suffering humanity, and we did what we could to afford light and comfort.

What a revelation is this! It is only as we see efforts at self-preservation that we become aware mankind are perishing. Who would have imagined that a prescription casually published would awaken so much anxiety? Alas, the patients must be numerous, and the disease desperate, when such results ensue from trifling causes.

It is not our intention to discuss the question whether drunkenness be a disease or a crime. Doubtless it is both, according to circumstances. But in ranking it exclusively in the category of diseases, do we not sometimes afford a little comfort to the enemy? Granted that confirmed drunkards are but children, with as limited will-power; are children assisted or injured by the repeated information that they are helpless, incapable of taking care of themselves from an enemy, and with but feeble power to rise when they fall? It seems to us, with all sympathy for this afflicted class, that the theory of drunkard-disease should be confined to scientific men, and then but seldom discussed, excepting in a scientific way. More, much more, should be made of the fact as we understand it and believe it, that drunkenness is an offence against God, and an injury to society next to irreparable. Appeals to self-respect, to individual manhood and womanhood, are not, we think, sufficiently frequent and earnest. Above all, we do not resort as we ought, to that one sovereign remedy—Prayer, and the Grace of God. The Gospel was designed just to reach the conditions said to exist in the drunkard's character. We preach, and affect to believe, that the most hopeless of afflictions are under divine control. It is well authenticated that the worst forms of drunkenness are within the limits of recovery. Some noble specimens of redeemed manhood are here and there among the people of our acquaintance. With all this present to our understanding, do we honour the Grace of God as far as we ought by calling it to our aid in this most momentous enterprise of recovery and renovation?

THE BENEDICTION.

A correspondent in St. John papers writes forcibly—manifestly with much feeling, and certainly with great good sense—upon the unseemly habit of hasty retirement from Sabbath public services. He designates it the "Amen rush." He includes all Protestant denominations in the charge, and half intimates that the preachers share the responsibility of the evil by giving it the strength of their own example. Buttoning overcoats, unbuttoning pew doors, the swinging of arms in the air in hurried effort to bring coats and shawls to time, even the nervous movements of ladies fingers in adjusting ribbons and fastening brooches, this correspondent notices as features of the closing moments of public worship.

We had hoped that improvement followed numerous and faithful admonitions given a few years ago from both the press and the pulpit. It is observed that the conduct alluded to is more common in new than in old countries; and with us it may have been in part a lingering of the habits of backwoods days. We are still inclined to think that, in our own body, at any rate—of whose worship we have the best knowledge—there has been marked improvement in this respect during ten or twelve years. But it is possible strangers may observe what we are not in a position to detect.

The remedy seems not difficult to reach. It is, in fact, in the hands of the officiating clergyman. A word of caution kindly given; an example of quiet, solemn, deliberate movement on his own part; if need be a sermon, or succession of sermons upon the "Benediction" as a most impressive and important part of public worship—one that holds prominence in many of the books of the Bible, and certainly has been a marked feature of public worship through all the ages—would doubtless have a good effect.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE WARS.

The millennium, with its "piping times of peace," has not yet come. Wars and rumours of war still fill men's hearts with fear, and our world with tribulation. But the marvel is, that the most Christian nation to-day is the most belligerent. Within the past fifty years, when science has won some of its most splendid triumphs, and Christianity has attained its widest circumference of power, and the progress of the world in enlightenment and civilization has been without a parallel in history, Christian England has participated in no less than twenty-eight different wars, some of which have been on a gigantic scale. The lull that followed Waterloo lasted upwards of twenty years; but since that time, with scarcely an interval of peace, the British lion has been roaring among the mountains of Afghanistan, and anon along the plains of India; in the ports of China, or amidst the thickets of Abyssinia and of Ashantee. And, excepting a few disasters, such as that which attended the first campaign in Afghanistan, and the recent terrible reverse experienced in Zululand, England's little wars have been so many oscillations of "the swing of conquest."

Of course war, from its very nature, is always an evil, wasting both the blood and treasure of a nation, and drying up the fountains of prosperity; yet, it is not always an unmitigated evil; for in many ways apart from man's remotest thought in the prosecution of war, a wise Providence overrules "the wrath of man" to the furtherance of his gracious purposes, and—

"Out of seeming evil still educing good."

England's little wars would seem to be, not the gratification of any lust of empire, like the wars of ancient Greece and Rome, but rather the natural and necessary working out of her high destiny as the greatest colonizing nation in the world. When civilization and barbarism come in contact, a struggle for supremacy ensues, and the thunder of war, like the clash of contending clouds, reverberates over the world. Then follows the hush of peace and the hum of busy industry, and all other benefits of civilized life. By destroying the tyranny of petty despots, such as Theodore and Shere Ali and Cetywayo, their dominions are made accessible to better influences; scattered, fragmentary tribes are unified; and future advancement in the arts and comforts of national life is ensured, just as the "Wars of the Roses" broke down the power of the barons in England, and contributed towards the organic unity of the English nation. Nor is this the only result of England's little wars. Besides tending to the colonization of remote lands, they have given quite an impulse to knowledge, adding to our linguistic and geographical and literary store. The present Zulu war—the seventh Kafir war that England has waged—

has awakened a wonderful interest in the two million natives under her rule in South Africa. Undismayed at the difficulties in the orthodoxy of barbarous tongues, even Cetywayo (Ketchwaio) whose cognomen, like himself, is "a savage of a rather unique sort," has surrendered the secret of his pronunciation, while his people, the Zulus, who are described as "the noblest heathen that ever lived," would impress the outside world with a sense of their own greatness as a nation, by the name they bear. "Zulu," it is said, means "celestial," *izulu* being the word for heaven and sky. And such is the high opinion of these African celestials concerning themselves, that if any of their actions excite wonder, they will say, "Wonder not, we are Zulus; Zulus can do anything."

And among this barbarous people, in common with the other aboriginal nations of South Africa, there is said to exist an extensive traditional literature, which the Folk-lore Society recently organized at Cape Town, proposes to collect and preserve in a permanent form.

Equally valuable and interesting is the knowledge recently gained concerning Afghanistan. Here, too, orthoopic difficulties have been overcome, and more accurate information acquired. Instead of *Afghan-is-tan*, according to our school-books, we are now taught to say *Afghanis-tan*, "stan" being a general termination for Central Asian names, and signifies "country." Thus we have *Hindustan*, *Tarkestan*, etc. So of Cabul, instead of being Cabool, with the accent on the last syllable, it is *Cawhyl*, with the accent on the first syllable, making the word rhyme with "bawble." And as to Afghan literature, several Orientalists have collected it from the most obscure archives, and pronounce it to be as noble in thought and fancy, as are those of Persia and Hindostan. The Afghans it is said by good authority, are as rich in imagination and metaphor as the Arabs. What can surpass the beauty of the following *sentiment*?

"Shouldst thou bestow but a drop of water on the thirsty,
It will become an ocean between thee and the fire of hell;
Shouldst thou give but a grain of corn to the hungry,
Verily, it will be hereafter thy provision in eternity."

Still more beautiful, because of its allegorical drapery, is the following:—

"Though the bat hideth himself from the light of the sun,
In what manner hath the sun injury therefrom?
'Tis dogs' nature to howl at the sight of the moon,
And, by their yelping, only bring laughter on themselves.
The five fingers once had a quarrel together,
In which the little finger meekly owned its own littleness;
There is a dignity in the very insignificance of form,
Hence 'twas fitting that the little finger should wear the ring."

Now, were the knowledge of such gems of literature as these, the only result of England's little wars, our instinctive horror of bloodshed would be greatly lessened. The cost, of course, were great, but gems are always costly.

But, after all, the main advantage resulting from England's little wars, is the opening up of new mission fields, and the awakening in Christian minds of an intenser missionary sympathy. It is a pity that the citadel of heathenism should need to be stormed by shot and shell in order that the gospel of peace might be introduced. There is a strange inconsistency in proffering the benefits of Christianity on the point of the bayonet; but if stern necessity demands it, let us submit to the inevitable, and rejoice that England's little wars are in any way means of advancing the world's greatest good. And may all wars be speedily brought to a perpetual end!

WESLEY AND THE HYMN-MENDERS.

In these days of spirited discussion over Hymns ancient and modern, it is but natural that John Wesley should come in for his share of the criticism. Liberties have been taken with the lyrics of both John and Charles, even among their descendants in the various branches of the Methodist body,

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And here thought—which and which I show the public paper stir up a nest of have done my (out naming us) of our hymns. come to do so, p as they are. Be tempt to mend t able. None of the sense or the beg of them and to let them stand them for better true meaning in of the page; the countable for the el of other men

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and more is still threatened. It is, consequently, not strange to find writers in the Presbyterian papers pointing out defective stanzas and phrases—as they think—among hymns of the Wesleys, proposed to be incorporated in their own Hymnal. We, of the original brotherhood, have always a wholesome dread of tinkering at Wesley's hymns, from the remembrance of a very pronounced passage found in the writings of that good man. It is a ghostly finger raised to warn us when one is tempted to try a hand at changing the original versification. We reprint the paragraph for the benefit of others, which has long ago burnt its way into the memories of Methodists. May it do them good!

"And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been willing to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly well come to do so, provided they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better or for worse; or to add the true meaning in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men."

JOHN WESLEY.

REPORTS.

We have received a copy of the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Education on the Common, Academic, Normal and Model Schools of Nova Scotia. The statistical details of the schools are interesting and worthy of study. We learn that during the school year ended last October there were 101,538 different pupils registered in the schools, being 1 in 3.8 of the population according to the census of 1871. This is an increase of 1 in 468 of the whole population. The corresponding figures in the Annual Report of the Chief Superintendent of Education for the Province of New Brunswick are 68,225 different pupils for the year, being 1 in 4.15 of the population, showing an increase of 1 in 143.55.

The comments and suggestions of the Superintendent refer to School Statistics, School Returns, Expenditure, Intermediate Education, Teachers' Examination, the Provincial Normal School and miscellaneous subjects. Altogether the Report is admirable. Taken in conjunction with Dr. Rand's Report for New Brunswick, it shows that these Provinces are making noble advances in education. The results cannot but affect the moral and intellectual interests of the people.

We are also in receipt of the Book and Tract Society's Report for the past year. Considering the financial state, the Society has made a good financial record.

The Y. M. C. A., by its annual Report, just handed us, is still in debt as to its fine building in this city. The income has also fallen off though that is not very remarkable in these times. But the vitality of the Association is very marked, and its work one of blessed results.

Dr. Cramp has published an Essay on "The Second Coming of our Lord." The venerable author says but little that is new on the subject, so generally discussed; but he arranges, under headings very clear and apposite, what he conceives to be the scripture statement of the subject. He regards the Bible as conclusively teaching that Christ's coming is to be a return of the Son of God in person, to follow by the first resurrection, and followed by the people on earth shall possess "a new power of locomotion" to meet Him in the air. The Essay was delivered before a Ministerial Conference in Kings Co. The Dr. warmly recommends these conventions as well he may. They promote union and stimulate thought.

PERSONALS.

Rev. S. B. Dunn has been formally invited by Grafton Street Quarterly Meeting to become Pastor of that charge. Cobourg Street is to be supplied still with ministerial service, as a mission of Grafton Street. The blessed revival in the south congregation has given new energy to church work, and new courage to extend it.

Brunswick Street Quarterly Meeting has requested the return of its three ministers—Revs S. F. Huestis, C. M. Tyler, and James Sharp—for another year. The interests of the three congregations are prosperous, while the Beech Street Mission gives promise of becoming an additional ministerial appointment at no distant day.

Truro has invited Rev. R. Alder Temple. Mr. Temple will find in this beautiful, classic town, a field suited to his popular gifts and genial habits. That pulpit keeps up a succession of strong men.

It is not generally known that Bro. W. H. Hartz has been wooed by an old gastral love. Granville Ferry, after cherishing his memory for several years, has—well, the remainder is a secret. But, whispirings in this free land are difficult to suppress, especially when they reach the house-tops.

It is possible Dr. Douglas may visit the Conference of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick this year—so at least it is hoped by those who have corresponded with the President of General Conference. This would be a great boon to us. To our connexion it could not but be largely beneficial in the interests of union. During the Doctor's enforced retirement from

professional work in Montreal, Mr. Shaw has been filling his place efficiently. We rejoice to hear that Dr. Douglas is improving in health.

Correspondence has been passing with a view to having the Missionary Secretary visit Bermuda. His presence on those Islands during April or May, when Missionary Anniversaries are held amid the bonfires of floral display in the gardens, and decorations in the churches, would be something for him to remember all the days of his life! Mr. Sutherland's eloquence would be to our Bermuda people also something to be talked over for many a day. A fortnight there would be worth, to the management of affairs in the Mission House, all the volumes that have been printed on the condition and necessities of our cause in that delightful, but still dependant, colony. By all means, let the visit be carried out. It would be a profitable investment. We wish Bermuda joy of the prospect!

It is announced that Rev. A. B. McKay, of Brighton, England, has accepted a call from the Crescent Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal. Mr. McKay, it we mistake not, is the author of the celebrated book—"Grace and Truth." He visited Canada last autumn, and preached in Halifax on his return journey.

Rev. Sanford Hunt, D. D., of Buffalo, was elected on Monday to fill the vacancy caused in the Methodist Book Concern by the death of Dr. R. Nelson. The firm name is now Hunt and Phillips.

Last Sabbath, owing to supply having been sent out from Halifax to Newport, it became necessary to detail a local preacher for Cobourg Street appointment. It is the disadvantage, but at the same time the honour, of our beloved "local" brethren, that they are called upon principally in extremity. Dr. Woodbury, a Dentist—preached at Cobourg Street on Sabbath morning, and had the delight of seeing eight persons standing up for prayer. Will our people learn that local preachers have God's approbation, and ought ever to hold a good place in the Methodist economy?

OUR CHURCH WORK, &c

WARREN CIRCUIT.—On the evening of March 10th, the friends and supporters of our cause at Shinimicas, and also a number of visitors from all parts of the circuit, met at the house of Charles Fisher, Esq., and after spending the evening very agreeably, as a token of their esteem, presented me with a purse containing sixty-five dollars. C. W. SWALLOW.

GABARUS.—We are in the midst of a blessed revival. The work commenced in our regular week-night prayer meeting without any special effort. We are endeavouring to follow up the good work begun by special services. Yours &c., R. O. J.

The Carleton, N. B., Methodist lecture course was brought to a close last week with an excellent entertainment, which comprised vocal and instrumental music and readings. The entertainment was held in the basement of the church was highly successful. The room was well filled with an appreciative audience. Rev. E. W. Weddall presided.

A correspondent of the News writes:—"A revival of unusual power is in progress in the Methodist Church at Hope-well Hill. Twenty-seven have united with the church, of which number eighteen were baptized, representing all ages from twelve to nearly seventy years—in one case a daughter, mother and both grandparents. The service of last Sabbath evening will not soon be forgotten, for thirteen others knelt around the communion as penitent enquirers, while scarcely a tearful eye could be seen in the great congregation. The pastor Mr. Wilson, is greatly encouraged."

On Thursday evening the jubilee service in the Methodist Church was one of great interest. The school-room was crowded and some left unable to obtain seats. Rev. Mr. Currie preached an admirable sermon on the Jewish jubilee year, and drew attention to the fact that this was the 50th night of these special revival services, and that during that time, scores had been converted. At the close of the service a prayer meeting was held, and on the earnest appeal of the Pastor a number of those present rose for prayers. Owing to the continued interest in these meetings, they will not be given up for the present.—Moncton Des.

The Methodist Sabbath School here some time ago offered to support a native Japanese preacher in Japan. The Missionary Secretary has named Tokio as the mission and Rev. Mr. Tunneyman Miraina as the Missionary to be thus supported. Mr. Miraina is a young man of great promise.—Sackville Post.

Rev. W. G. Lane lectured in Little River on March 4th, on Temperance. He was extremely well received. He lectured again on March 5th on "New Zealand." It was a new subject and was attentively listened to. The lecturer has himself resided in New Zealand a number of years. His accounts of the soil, climate and healthfulness of the country were very flattering, even better than generally reported. After describing the natural features he gave some very interesting accounts of the habits, manners, language and morals of the natives. He illustrated the lecture with numerous magic lantern productions. His accounts were received with eagerness and the "fun" with great applause.

He puts them down, as I say, as their motto is "after a good meal, a good sleep, and after a poor one no more work that day."

Their manner of choosing a wife could not be well applied to this country. The fact that they are barbarous could not be proved better than by saying that they are ignorant of the art of kissing, instead of which they rub their noses together. As they oil themselves from head to foot with shark oil this is an easy thing—if it was not for the foul smell. His description of the manner in which he had seen them dressed, elicited immense applause.

Mr. Donald Archibald, ex-M.P.E., occupied the chair, and after Rev. Mr. McKinnon made some remarks, he moved a vote of thanks to Rev. Mr. Lane, which passed unanimously.—Herald.

On Monday evening a number from the Head and Passage, Barrington, called upon the Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, carrying with them a considerable quantity of money, groceries, &c. That he is loved and liked by all our people of whatever denomination is undoubted, and although the contributions on Monday evening were but a feeble manifestation of the respect which he holds in the community.—Liverpool Advance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOST CITY MISSION SCHOOL.

In reply to a correspondent of some weeks ago, asking for information on this subject, we have obtained the following statistics:—

Average attendance at South Brunswick Street Mission Sabbath school for last nine weeks up to 16th of March, 1879, as per Secretary's figures—

Scholars..... 69

Teachers and officers..... 22

Total average..... 91

J. H. BENT.

Halifax, March 18, 1879.

CANNING.

MR. EDITOR,—I am glad to inform you that the Temperance Club is doing a good work in this village. Some time ago the Canning Club was organized, consisting of temperance men of different orders, Sons, Lodges and numerous others. Our President Mr. John Randolph of this place stands high in the estimation of the Club, for his fidelity and gentlemanly demeanor. The Club has recently purchased a handsome organ, and with our amateur musician, young friends discourse excellent music—which with speeches and recitations renders our meetings both attractive and pleasing. At each meeting the pledge is presented and by many accepted. Many have already been won from the ranks of the inebriates; and we expect with God's blessing to accomplish greater things. J. G. H. Canning, March 13, 1879.

GRANTS TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.

All applications for grants to needy Sabbath schools for library books or periodicals from the Sabbath School Board, should be made through the superintendent minister of the circuit or mission. So far we have been able to grant assistance to every school which has applied. In some cases we have granted books free in others at one-half the usual cost. Applications are now coming more freely than at any former time, more freely than at any former time, and as the Board is resolved not to go in debt; all our ministers and friends will see that the collections will require to be more liberal than hitherto. As we are furnished with the means so will be the work done. A. ANDREWS, Secretary. Canning, March 13, 1879.

LETTER FROM REV. D. D. CURRIE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In the notice, taken from a St. John newspaper, which appeared in the WESLEYAN of March 15, of a lecture delivered by me in St. Andrew's church St. John, recently, there is a misstatement, which for several reasons, I desire to correct. The said notice gives me credit for the opinion that the Rev. Dr. Punshon is "the only person that I ever heard whom I could not trip up in grammar." Something like that was said in the course of the lecture, in reference to pronunciation; but, certainly, nothing of the kind on the subject of grammar. We have been holding special services, in Moncton, during the past eleven weeks. About one hundred persons have professed conversion. We have recently organized a new Sabbath school in the upper part of the town. Both schools are well attended. Some of the larger scholars of both schools have recently been added to the membership of the church. Yours, &c., D. D. CURRIE. Moncton, N. B., March 17, 1879.

THE LUMBER CAMPS MISSION.

Boistown, March 14th, 1879. DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was glad to see in your last issue a letter from Bro. Johnson, and am more than pleased to hear of his labors and success in the blessed work of preaching Jesus to the lumbermen. As he intimates, sickness compelled me to retire early from the campaign on the Washwanik. It was very reluctantly that I sought rest. Thinking that I was sufficiently recovered a few weeks ago to resume my labors in the woods I made a trip up the Miramichi, arriving Saturday night at a camp at Fall Brook. Preached there Sabbath morning, in the afternoon at Seely's camp, in the evening at Norrard's. By the time that the evening service was concluded my throat which had been sore all day had so swollen that respiration was difficult, and swallowing very painful. Monday morning no better. What should I do? To go forward seemed dangerous. Asking for Divine blessing I took the risk and went on, day by day slowly amended, subsisting principally on beet-root, fresh trout, and at one camp that luxury in the

woods, fresh eggs. Swelled as was my throat I was always able to preach, and sometimes the word was with signs following. Going into a large camp on Butter-milk Brook, I was told of a young man there that they thought was going to die. Kneeling down beside him I found him to be a young person who last year gave his heart to God and now felt calm and happy. He was removed to his home next day, he has since recovered. I often meet now in the woods religious men some of whom are letting their light shine. As there is no road this year on the ice above Burnt Hill Rapids I was obliged to retrace my my steps and come home last week, to go in by way of Stanley. This mission has been greatly blessed, and in many ways good has been done. Is it now to be abandoned? The work is many ways hard, the exposure great, the anxieties not a few, but in the garnering time the sheaves will be rich with golden grain.

Yours truly, W. WESLEY COLPITTS.

THE CONNEXIONAL PRINCIPLES.

MR. EDITOR,—During the past four years our connexional organs East and West have devoted no small space, both in correspondence and editorial matter, to different parts of our financial economy. The Missionary and Children's Fund—as bearing largely upon relative ministerial support, have engrossed no inconsiderable share of such attention.

The WESLEYAN has lately favored us with valuable information relating to ministerial support in the Presbyterian Church, and this, together with an excellent leader which still more recently appeared in your columns, may justify an additional ventilation of the subject. Traditionally and practically Methodism is connexional. Unity of doctrine, aim, effort, and administration, has, under God, made her what she is. Out of this—almost naturally and spontaneously, our connexional principle has grown; that principle which holds and teaches the plain scriptural duty of "bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ."

Of what then does this connexional principle take cognizance? Undoubtedly of all those elements which make the complete economy,—doctrine, discipline, and polity. A kindly care and brotherly sympathy is supposed to be exercised by the church as a whole towards the church in its individual parts.

Our present purpose, however is not an immediate discussion of any particular fund upon its individual merits, excepting so far as it may seem to help or hinder the working out of the principle alluded to, and that with an especial bearing upon a more equitable scale of ministerial support.

Up till the year 1874, we, of the E. B. A. Conference, had two sources from which the ordinary income of poorer circuits was supplemented,—Circuit Aid and Continuing Fund, and Home Mission Fund; (see Minutes 1871, pp. 23, 26). The Circuit Aid department of the Con. Fund, together with the Home Miss. Fund have both ceased to exist. Annual Grants from our General Missionary Fund are supposed to supply this lack of service. But what are the actual facts? This current year, exclusive of personal claims upon the Children's Fund, it is calculated that ministerial support on all Home Mission Circuits will amount to \$450. Home expenses alone will average \$100, making a very large hole in an income already too pathetically decimated. This sum of course includes both circuit receipts and missionary grant.

Another class of circuits, probably increased this year, are struggling into a state of actual, not nominal independence. Several such will raise, say, from \$550 to \$650 gross receipts. Naturally the people begin to congratulate themselves that at least their minister will be tolerably comfortable. But what are their feelings to learn that out of this, fifty or one hundred dollars, or even more must be handed over to the Children's Fund? Their preacher is thus little, if anything, better off than when the circuit was on the Home Mission list. But "some one retorts" Does he draw nothing from the fund? Probably he does—it may be much more, it may be much less than what he pays in. Independent Circuits, properly so-called, (i.e. raising any sum not less than \$650 for the ministers support, paying their share towards Children's Fund, and contributing to the usual funds of the church, form a third class. Observe then, the brother so stationed is in receipt of a full unbroken salary ranging from \$650 to \$1200. To this may be added one hundred dollars more or less personal claims on Children's Fund. Here then we have a total income of at least \$1300. One half of that, well and truly paid, would glad-ly den the heart of many a Home Missionary.

We do not expect the connexional principle to effect an uniformity of salaries, nor do we apprehend that this is desirable were it possible, yet we do claim that in its legitimate operations it is abundantly capable of much more extensively equalizing in ministerial income. So far from grudging them an easier lot we rejoice that even a portion of the fraternity are comparatively well off. In the contrasts projected, our idea of drawing invidious recollections from the mind of drawing invidious distinctions. Our aim is, by plainly disclosing the defects to cast about for some adequate remedy. What remedies are possible, and which most feasible we hope to discuss again.

JUXTA.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The telegraph operator at Spring Hill, Mr. Borden, has resigned, as has also Mr. E. O. Stork, the station agent, who was so severely censured in the verdict of the jury at the inquest on the body of Driver McLeod. In taking this step these gentlemen have probably anticipated the views of the Railway authorities, who must feel impelled to deal severely with all who were in fault in regard to the recent accident. However hard it may seem in some cases, the maintenance of proper discipline is essential to the safety of the

travelling public, which must always be the first consideration, and we therefore hope to believe that such treatment will be accorded all delinquents in this case as will afford a salutary lesson to all who occupy similar positions in the service.—Moncton Times.

On Thursday morning Mr. Augustine Bryden, of Somerset, Kings County, went to the barn in his usual health to feed the cattle; not returning for about an hour, some of his family went out and found him lying in the cattle stall dead. Cause of death not known. Supposed he fell in an apoplectic fit.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments: In the County of Hants: To be Justice of the Peace, Mark Curry, Windsor; John Lynch, Windsor; John A. Harvie, Avondale; Anthony S. Sandford, Burlington; John W. Sangster, Falmouth. In the County of Cumberland: To be Justices of the Peace George W. Gilbre, Oxford; Robert Barclay, Wentworth; vice James Higgins, deceased; Sandford H. Parry, Greenville.

That dreadful disease, Diphtheria, has made its appearance at Long Island, Kings County. Four cases in the family of Leonard Palmer have been reported, that of his wife and three children. So far two of the cases have been found fatal, that of the children. Mrs. Palmer is recovering, but little hopes are entertained for the remaining child.

Dr. F. A. Webster departed this life on the 14th inst. He was a man of rather extraordinary powers of mind, and stood in the front rank of his profession in these Provinces. He was educated in Edinburgh.

A meeting of the Halifax Teachers' Institute was held on Friday, the 14th inst, at the High School Building. The attendance was very good indeed. Miss Angwin read an excellent paper on "English Grammar" the subject of discussion for the day. Quite a number of the Teachers took an active part in the exercises of the session. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—A. McKay, President; F. Burke, 1st Vice-President; C. Archibald, 2nd Vice-President; D. H. Burbridge, Secretary; Committee—Messrs. O'Hearn, Elliot, and R. Logan, Miss Angwin and Miss Mason.

On Thursday last, Samuel Bent, and an Indian named Frank Beker, succeeded in killing three bears, an old bear and two yearlings, on the Poonhook Lakes, near Beker-bear's camp. The noses were taken to Windsor, and a \$12 bounty claimed.

As Mr. John Joyce of the Lower Village, was crossing the mill brook near his residence lately, he heard a splashing in the water under the bridge, and on investigating he discovered a large seal. He immediately called in the aid of Capt. A. C. Soley who settled his sealship with a bullet through the eye. The seal is a large one weighing about 200lbs.

A most remarkable operation in dental surgery has just been performed at Sydney, C. B. A young girl named Emma McKinnon has been a sufferer for the past 13 years from a very uncommon disease, known as Epithelioma, by which she lost all of the soft and a great part of the hard palate of her mouth, and both tonsils, rendering her speechless. During the last three years her jaws have become so completely locked that nothing could be forced into her mouth, and what little food she could take was of a liquid substance. Nothing could be done to assist the poor creature, and she was actually starving to death when Dr. Publicover arrived there last autumn, and hearing of her suffering, and the nature of her disease, he determined to take her case in hand. About six weeks ago he made three successful operations which have resulted in her complete cure. He made and fitted into her mouth a plate with artificial cleft palate, and hard and soft palate and tonsils, all combined, by which she is able to eat, speak and breathe quite freely. "This piece of artificial speaking denture is a wonder to examine. It is constructed by an air drum with two valves made of mica, the one vibrating on the other, and is retained in the mouth by seven gold clasps.—Herald.

NEW BRUNSWICK & P. E. ISLAND.

THE WARDENSHIP OF THE NEW PENTECOSTAL.—It is understood that Sheriff Botsford has been nominated by the Liberal Conservative party of Westmorland and that he will probably receive the above appointment. The following names are mentioned in connection with the prospectively vacant Shireward, viz: Messrs, H. A. Chapman, C. A. Holstead, E. A. Charters and N. Beckwith, Jr.

Albert J. Hickman, a well known Barrister, practising at Dorchester, died at 9 o'clock Thursday morning last week.

We are informed that the Moncton Gas Company are manufacturing a very excellent quality of gas from slack coal from the Spring Hill mines for which they pay \$2 per chaldron, delivered at Moncton, adding to each chaldron albertite to the value of \$1. These prices must enable the company to make cheap gas.

Says the Woodstock Sentinel we were permitted to attend the regular meeting of The Young People's Institute, held in the Vestry of the Methodist Church, on Monday evening, and were especially pleased at the exercises. The President, Rev. C. H. Paisley, takes a great interest in the welfare of this institution, and it must be gratifying to him to witness its success.

The Annual meeting of the Fredericton Auxiliary Bible Society was held on Wednesday evening. Governor Chandler presided. After singing, prayer was offered by Rev. Jos. McLeod. Mr. Creed, the secretary, read the report of the society, and also of the Ladies Branch Society. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Rand and Revs. Messrs Sym, McLeod and Brewer, and G. E. Fenety, Esq.

Among the men drowned from the wrecked ship Turkish Empire was a Nova Scotian named Anthony McPherson, who was singularly unlucky in his experience. He was three times cast adrift inside of the months. He was one of the crew of the schr. Welcome Home, bound from the West Indies and abandoned at sea. He was landed at Halifax, and went to St. John. Then he shipped in the Canada West and when that vessel was half-way across to Europe she foundered and McPherson again went to St. John. He next joined the Turkish Empire, and as already narrated met a watery grave at Grand Manan, McPherson was originally a school teacher.

The first number of the Moncton Digest has appeared. It is independent in politics.

BANK OF P. E. ISLAND.—The annual meeting of the Bank was held at Charlottetown on the 4th inst. The statement of the Bank's position showed that there was a balance on hand March 5th, 1878, of \$47,011.72; the gross profits for the past year were \$45,262.84, showing a balance on hand at present of \$92,274.56.

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

MARCH, 1879.

First Quarter, 1 day, 3h, 44m, Morning. Full Moon, 8 day, 8h, 50m, Morning. Last Quarter, 14 day, 11h, 37m, Afternoon. New Moon, 22 day, 4h, 50m, Afternoon. First Quarter 30 day, 8h, 51m, Afternoon.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises Sets, SUN, MOON, Rises Sets, Rises Sets. Rows for days of the month.

THE TIDES.—The course of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

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.

OBITUARY.

ISABELLA J. STROPLE, aged 37.

On the eight day of November last, the Angel of Death passed over the house of Asa Strople Guysboro, Intervale, removing an affectionate wife and loving mother in the person of sister Strople.

Her sickness was characterized with a true spirit of submission to the Divine will. Our interview with her a few days before her death was of the most satisfactory nature.

When the spirit was freed from its clay tenement it took its flight to the Father's house above Where the many mansions be.

MRS. GIBSON.

Died at Marysville, York Co., N. B., on Thursday 27th February, 1879, Grace beloved wife of John Gibson, Esq.

Mrs Gibson from a child had known and prized the Scriptures. A bible which she had received when she was a little girl in the Sunday School was frequently consulted by her in health and was her almost constant companion in sickness and even until death.

About nine or ten years ago she identified herself with the Methodist Class Meeting although previously she had belonged to the Presbyterian Church with which her parents were identified.

All around us there are many families sitting under the shadow of some great sorrow. Diphtheria entered the family of R. L. Black, Esq., prostrated his wife and children, and took little 'Gertie,' a lovely child of 10 years, who went smiling through the Valley, singing, 'Safe in the

which she spent on earth she gathered her sorrow stricken husband, her children her parents and other relatives around the couch, and in tender and melting terms, counselled them concerning their eternal welfare. With remarkable strength she read in their hearing the last chapter of Revelation and then requested her pastor to offer prayer; after which, asking for her infant child, she had him dedicated to God in Baptism—calling his name John.

The esteem in which sister Gibson was held was shown by the large gathering of persons from the rural districts who had come for miles around, and from the city of Fredericton, to pay their tribute of respect to departed worth.

HATTIE TUTTLE.

MR. EDITOR.—Immediately after our darling child had passed away from earth, and while two others of our children were suffering, I sent a brief notice of her death to the WESLEYAN, which it appears never reached you.

The day before she died, clasping her Ma around the neck, with deep emotion she whispered "those sweet words," as she said, "My God I am thine, what a comfort divine, What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine."

as expressing the feelings of her heart; and at intervals for about twenty hours after this, the most heavenly utterances fell from her lips upon our agonized hearts. Save for her bitter sufferings, it was like heaven to be about her couch.

Therefore the Churches should say to all these wandering stars: Find your ecclesiastical preferences, and make yourself strictly accountable to some known and respectable tribunal.

arms of Jesus," "I love pa and ma, but I love Jesus most of all," she said, "Pa, put on my tombstone, 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' &c. 'Little Gertie' is a bright spirit in heaven. Our sorrow is very great, but it is not without hope. G. W. T.

River Philip, March 14, 1879.

SUGGESTIVELY TRUE.—A Northern minister was introduced to a colored minister, and inquired after his work: "I preach, sah, on Colonel Gordon's plantation." "How many colored people have you there?" "Well, sah, 'bout a hundred and seventy five."

FARADAY'S LOST CUP.—There is a story told of a workman of the great chemist Faraday. One day he knocked into a jar of acid a little silver cup. It disappeared, when eaten up by the acid, and couldn't be found.

"AND SOME EVANGELISTS."

(Ephesians iv. 11.)

BY REV. A. LOWRY, D. D.

"He gave some evangelists." This is the main point which I desired to reach. It is the modern use of this title that incited the writing of this article. I fear the term is being misapplied and perverted.

An evangelist is a good and divinely sent messenger. The name in Greek (evangelistes) is derived from the same root as euaggelion, which is everywhere rendered Gospel.

To "do the work of an evangelist," according to Paul's charge to Timothy, was only another expression for "giving full proof one's ministry."

A few weeks after, as the family were seated one evening round a cheerful fire, their neighbor, Mr. Gwin, spending an hour with them, Mrs. Doane suddenly asked,

"Papa, did you put my letter in the post office this morning?" Papa brought his hands together with a sharp clap, and then took out a sealed letter and said,

"I beg ten thousand pardons, I didn't think." At this Dickey, who was seated by his father, jumped up and leaped upon him like a young bear, exclaiming,

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

DIDN'T THINK."

A DARK LITTLE TALE WITH A BRIGHT LITTLE END.

BY RUTH POOL.

(Continued from our last.)

One morning Baby Bess, Dickey's little sister, who has not before been introduced, awoke with too deep a color in her cheeks, and too quick a beat in her tiny wrist.

The mother was not alarmed, but thought best to send for the doctor by Dickey on his way to school. After an hour or two baby's cheeks had grown hotter, and her pulse quicker, and the mother grew impatient for the coming of Dr. Oakes.

Bridget was sent to his house and soon returned saying that Dickey had not been there, and that the doctor had gone five miles into the country. Bridget was despatched for another physician, but he was gone on his daily round about the town.

It was late in the afternoon when the family physician, Dr. Oakes, arrived. When, soon after, Dickey came in from school, the doctor looked grave at him; so did his father and mother and every one.

The sober looks and the sight of Baby Bess lying very sick in her crib brought his forgetfulness to his mind, and he cried out, "Oh, I didn't think! Mamma, do you think I've killed Bessie?"

"I hope not," said the mother; "but the doctor was at home for an hour after your school time, and says that he ought to have seen baby then. He thinks she is going to have scarlet fever, and that you, to keep from taking it, must go to your Aunt Milly's. If you would comfort me and your papa go cheerfully, my darling—it is for the best."

A satchel was at once packed with what the little boy would need. As his mother embraced him tenderly, she said: "Don't come home until I send for you."

"Oh mamma," said he, "please put my red-white-and-blue flag out of the window when Bessie is better. I'll come every day to the corner to see if it is there."

"You may do that, my child, but do not come to the gate." Dickey had passed the age to be often carried, but this time papa carried him out to the doctor's buggy; the poor child's arms were close around the father's neck, and ever so many kisses were given while those few steps were taken.

The doctor and Dickey drove away. The father and mother went back to Bessie with heavy hearts.

For a week news came every day that the sick child was no better; yet Dickey went often to the corner to watch for the flag. "For," said he, "maybe she'll get better in a minute, and mamma'll put the flag right out." He had many disappointments, and his eager eyes shed many tears; but one day as he turned the corner there waved the little flag! He jumped up and down, clapped his hands, and was almost beside himself with joy.

In a dozen days from the time the little exile left his home he was back again. There was Baby Bess bolstered up in bed and the father and mother sitting by her, looking as happy as a pair of angels.

This was the mother's work, and it was the only reminder given of his last forgetfulness. At night, when the little boy once more pressed his head upon his own pillow, he stroked and kissed it as if it were a living thing.

"Papa, did you put my letter in the post office this morning?" Papa brought his hands together with a sharp clap, and then took out a sealed letter and said,

"I beg ten thousand pardons, I didn't think." At this Dickey, who was seated by his father, jumped up and leaped upon him like a young bear, exclaiming,

"Oh, papa, papa, you said 'I didn't think!'" "Why, yes, my boy, when I was a little fellow like you I used often to forget, and once in a while I do now."

Dickey seated himself on his father's knee, and said, "Now, papa, do tell me how did you get cured of saying, 'I didn't think?' you hardly ever forget."

"Well, my son, when I was a little fellow like you, and like you, used to forget, my father and mother tried many ways to help me get rid of my fault. The last I remember was this: I had money given me, and every time I forgot I had to give back a certain sum to my father."

"Oh, papa, I haven't any money; I wish you'd give me some and try that way with me."

The father gave a kiss each side the brown eyes that were looking so earnestly into his face, and said, "I will, my son. After you get home from school to-morrow and I get home from my office you will see what we will do." The next day was a long one to Dickey, he was in such haste for the evening to come. As he sat at his desk in school adding up figures, more than once right into the middle of a column jumped a thought of the new plan, and spoiled his counting so that he had to go over it again.

It was a short winter day, and dark early. Before the lamps were lighted the little boy drew his father's arm clear beside the fire, placed his own small one beside it, and seated himself to wait. It was not long before the well-known step was heard in the hall, and the father entered, holding in his hand a parcel, which was at once delivered to Dickey.

"It did not take his fingers many seconds to untie the cord and pull off the paper; and there, behold, was a brand new japanned box, with a small key hanging to the fastening. As he handled the box something within rattled, and, lifting the lid, behold there was a company of bright, brand new silver dimes. Dickey's eyes shone like the silver. He lay down upon the carpet and arranged his dimes in a row, counting them as he did so. Papa sat watching him; and when the small fingers had set down the last, he asked, "How many have you?"

"Twenty," said he. "Ten dimes make one dollar, my table says; so twenty must make two dollars. Oh, papa, how good you are to give me so much."

"You will have to be very careful that I don't get them back into my hands. Our bargain shall be this: You will give me a dime every time you forget."

"That's the bargain, papa; for every time I say 'I didn't think' you will charge me ten cents."

"That is not as a punishment," said the father, stroking his boy's bonny brown hair; "but it is to help you to overcome your fault."

"I know that; I guess I know my papa," said Dickey with a proud air. At the end of the first month six of Dickey's dimes had got out of the tin box and into his father's pocket. Then the father said,

"If you don't lose more than two or three next month, my boy, you shall begin the third month, if you live, with twenty dimes again in your box."

When the second month came to its end only two dimes were missing from the box and the father kept his word.

Time runs on, even in children's lives; and when the third month had gone not one dime had gone from Dickey's store. Then he took his tin box and made all the noise he could, rattling it, dancing about the room in grand glee; and all in the house were glad as he.

The next day was Saturday, Dickey's weekly holiday. After breakfast he surprised his mother by saying,

"I would like to go a-shopping, to spend my money."

"Shall I go with you?" asked mamma.

"I would like to go alone, as you do, mamma." "Very well, you shall have your wish," was the answer; for Mrs. Doane made it a point not to say no to her child if she could well say yes. And so Dickey went a shopping all alone. His mother trusted him to spend his whole fortune without asking him how he would do it.

His curiosity to know what he would buy was gratified when he came home at noon, his face glowing with happiness, and in his hand a parcel. He opened his treasures and displayed a present for his father, mother, Baby Bess and himself, and something for Joe Drury, a poor child of about his own age and size, to whom his mother allowed him to give his old clothes, or any books or playthings with which he was willing to part.

"She said, 'It is dangerous for children or for grown people to be only cared for and served, and to have none to care for and to serve. It will make anyone weak and selfish, and that is what I will not make any one whom I love.'"

When papa, mamma, Baby Bess and Dickey were gathered together, on the evening of that day, when Dickey had spent his whole fortune, the father said, "My son, bring me your empty chest."

The little boy brought it. Then papa took a small parcel from his pocket, and holding it in his hand under the lid, chink, chink, chink went ever so

many hard little of the tin box, treasures and for time, thirty bra dimes. Then mamma a card, on which ters, were the w cometh shall int Now, has not bright little end

DIXEY'S

A short time girl walked hurra Ammsburg and at the counter; look that's got to come into M. is it sir, I and I. The shaman's spectacles, the book you dear?"

"Oh, sir, I sh it so?" and the there being a cha The kind shop of his small cust you be so very s and why are you

"Well, you s Sunday, when a care of me, was about a Good S words; and a where he takes I want to get being where the a little girl, only I'd be better dea

"But why are My cough's sir, and I want before I die; it's Him and not k Mrs. West knew away the six ce messages, to bu in a hurry to get

"The books very vigorously book from off a the words you, come and liste words of the bo 16)—get your l children—and t Shepherd had g rest and love p love Him and s

"Oh, how l breathless exclam er. And He say Him. How Jon be, sir, before I

"Not long, p keeper turning shall keep the every day, while out of this book

Thanking h ried away. To other to mortua ed, but the lit hear about J. loud-voiced, u shop, saying, rambling about and she said yo cents for the m As I don't h money, here it the shop. The and when the s so many follow cents that at the ey's cents"; as found to be suff sionary to Cui sionary to the G pal Record.

BILLY BOO

Billy Boosey who lived at the years ago, when he was ready to kinds of work h his lively-hood small garden at earn by means Billy treated hi was possible; b afford neither t keep it in a gr was always in would draw a b carry one on his We juveniles pa ride on Billy Bo

One day Ned "go" amounted, and when John penny and moun on, not a step "Make him g They urged, and flourished h hands, but all stick was applic Neddy condese he did go he did full speed off as Billy and all sh was r-re fun.

Presently Jo feel uncomforta at full speed to not the slightes to pull with all The cry now Make him stop

Dickey seated himself on his father's knee, and said, "Now, papa, do tell me how did you get cured of saying, 'I didn't think?' you hardly ever forget."

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"Oh, papa, I haven't any money; I wish you'd give me some and try that way with me." The father gave a kiss each side the brown eyes that were looking so earnestly into his face, and said, "I will, my son. After you get home from school to-morrow and I get home from my office you will see what we will do."

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It was a short winter day, and dark early. Before the lamps were lighted the little boy drew his father's arm air beside the fire, placed his own hand one beside it, and seated himself to wait.

"Well, you see, I went to school one Sunday, when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and about a beautiful place where he takes care of his children, and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl, only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?" "My cough's getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die; it'd be so strange to see Him and not know Him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved, running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

many hard little things into the bottom of the tin box. Dickey counted his treasures and found that he had, this time, thirty brand new shining silver dimes.

Then mamma dropped into the box a card, on which, in pretty colored letters, were the words: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Now, has not this dark little tale a bright little end?

DIXEY'S SIX CENTS.

A short time ago a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a book-store in Annasburg and said to the man serving at the counter: "Please, sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come unto Me' in it; and how much is it, sir, and I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles. "And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so!" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment. The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be so very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, you see, I went to school one Sunday, when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and about a beautiful place where he takes care of his children, and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl, only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

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"The bookseller wiped his glasses very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf, he said: 'I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen.' Then he read the words of the loving Saviour (Luke xviii. 16)—get your Bibles and find the place, children—and told her how this Good Shepherd had got a home all light and rest and love prepared for those who love Him and serve Him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half-breathless exclamation of the little buyer. "And He says, 'Come.' I'll go to Him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?" "Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper turning away his head. "You shall keep the six cents, and come here every day, while I read you some more out of this book."

Thanking him, the small child hurried away. To-morrow came, and another to-morrow, and many days passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dickey's dead! She died rambling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you to have these six cents for the missionary-box at school. As I don't like to keep dead men's money, here it is," and she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story of Dickey was told so many followed her example with their cents that at the end of the year "Dickey's cents" as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger-sheep to the Good Shepherd.—Episcopal Record.

BILLY BOOSEY'S DONKEY.

Billy Boosey was a quaint old man, who lived at the corner of the common, years ago, when I was a lad; and while he was ready to turn his hands to all kinds of work he mainly depended for his livelihood upon the produce of a small garden and the money he would earn by means of a donkey and a cart. Billy treated his donkey as kindly as it was possible; and although he could afford neither to buy corn for it nor keep it in a grand stable, the animal was always in a good condition, and would draw a heavy load behind him or carry one on his back at a capital speed. We juveniles paid many a penny for a ride on Billy Boosey's donkey.

To this Billy could only reply, as he came panting along far in the rear, "Pull, Johnny!—pull!"

The catastrophe came at last. Rushing full tilt to the edge of the pond, Neddy there came suddenly to a standstill, and over went Johnny splash into the water. A pretty picture he looked, I can tell you, when we pulled him out! Just as we had done so Billy Boosey came panting up, and was assailed on all hands with, "Why didn't you stop him?"

"Boys," said Billy as soon as he could recover breath sufficiently to speak—"Boys, I could make him go, but I couldn't make him stop. And do you mind, youngsters, as you go through life, do not get into bad habits, for it'll be easier to start than to stop. 'Specially take care what sort o' company you keep. Fight shy o' them lads that swear and smoke and tell lies and drink. If you get started there you'll maybe find yourselves shot over into a deeper pond than that you've fished Johnny White out of."

They were simple words, but the old man's advice was good, and many of us, I doubt not, remembered it long after.

We took Johnny home, and he was put to bed; but he had a terrible bad cold after his famous ride and bath. He is dead now, poor fellow! As he grew up he took no heed to Billy's counsel, but seemed never so happy as when he could get with those who delighted to do just what the old man so earnestly cautioned us against. He got into disgrace early, and more than once, before he was twenty, was Johnny taken off to the county jail. When he found his character was altogether gone, and he could get no work, he tried his hand at being a soldier. He was not in the army long. Drink was his besetment, and at last was his death. He died in the hospital from injuries received in a drunken quarrel.

It is many a long year since we used to play together on that common, but I often have those days brought to mind, for I never see a youth neglecting his Sunday-school, and spending his time at street-corners and associating with evil companions, without thinking of the old man's words about it being easier to start than to stop. Some lads I have seen who have withstood the temptation a long time, and the given away at last. Some of these have become the worst when they have at length broken away from the restraints of home and friends; and sometimes, as I notice how such a one goes from bad to worse, I think to myself, "Poor fellow! I am afraid he has started off on Billy Boosey's donkey."—Christian Weekly.

Advertisement for Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for the book 'BAPTISMA: A NEW BOOK ON BAPTISM. EXEGETICAL AND CONTROVERSIAL. By Rev. J. LATHERN. Price 75 Cents. FOR SALE AT METHODIST BOOK ROOM, 125 Granville St., Halifax, N.S.'

Advertisement for 'Decidedly the most original book on baptism which has appeared in recent years.'—Halifax Wesleyan. 'Searching and trenchant.'—Toronto Guardian. 'A becoming spirit with cogent and powerful argumentation.'—Presbyterian Witness.

Advertisement for 'NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, LONDON.' listing titles like 'DANIEL QUORIN, and his Religious notions, Second Series, 75 Cents' and 'A PLEDGE THAT REDEEMED ITSELF, By Sarah (Miss Ingham) author of "Blind Olive".'

Advertisement for 'NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM, 125 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N.S. Forty-five Cents each.' listing titles like 'Little Ray and Her Friends. By Ruth Elliott. Five page illustrations.'

Advertisement for 'From Call and Inglis List.' listing titles like 'The Cord of Love. Eliot, Mission. Frank Harper, or Beginning Life. Early Duties and Early Dangers. Elsie Morris, or Which Do I Love Best.'

Advertisement for 'MENEELY & COMPANY BELL FOUNDERS WEST TROY, N. Y.' listing titles like 'The Cord of Love. Eliot, Mission. Frank Harper, or Beginning Life.'

Advertisement for 'Valuable Gift Books. IN HANDSOME BINDINGS.' listing titles like 'Shakespeare, a complete new edition, in handsome and durable binding, half morocco, excellent clear type, Six vols in a box.'

Advertisement for 'THIRTY CENTS EACH. FROM LONDON BOOK ROOM.' listing titles like 'The Tarnside Evangel. Eight Illustrations. Robert Dawson, or, The Brave Spirit. Four page illustrations.'

Advertisement for 'NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, LONDON.' listing titles like 'DANIEL QUORIN, and his Religious notions, Second Series, 75 Cents' and 'A PLEDGE THAT REDEEMED ITSELF, By Sarah (Miss Ingham) author of "Blind Olive".'

Advertisement for 'LONDON TRACT SOCIETY.' listing titles like 'Lead Astray. Waiting for the Ship. Life on Desolate Islands. Sarah and her Kerry Cow. Nurse Seagraves' Story. Katie, the Fisherman's Daughter. Features of Fenbourne. Rhoda Lyde. Osgood's Rebellion. Fanny's Bible Text. The Rutherford Frown. Sturdy Jack. Little Faults and their Cure. Ralph Harding's Success. Little Mike's Charge. Robert Dawson. Kitty Bright, her Friends and her Enemies. Jane Hudson. How Little Bessie Kept the Wolf from the Door. Bird Songs and Bird Pictures. Tim Peglar's Secret. Harrie, or School-girl Life. Going to Sea. Mary's Perplexity, and what Cause of it. On a Beggar Boy. Grace Ogilvie. The Old Brown Book. Lucy the Light Bearer. Hilda or the Golden Age. Waiting for Sailing Order. Helen's Victory. Deepdale End, its Joys and Sorrows. Tales of the Northern Seas. Soldier Fritz and the Enemies he Fought. Maggie's Message. Dreams and Deeds. W. P. NIMMONS LIST. Cloth, neat red edges, Colored Frontispiece. Fergus. Gilbert and his Mother. Stories about Dogs, by Mrs. Stowe. The Holidays at Wilton. The Grateful Negro. Little Henry and His Bear. Effie's Christmas. Great Lessons for Little People. The Hermit of the Hills. A Visit to Grandmother. Reason in Rhyme. Story Pictures from the Bible. A Kiss for a Blow: Stories about Peace and War. Louis Henrie; or, The Fisher's Promise. The Giants, and How to Fight Them. Robert Dawson; or, The Brave Spirit. Jane Hudson, the American Girl. The Jewish Twins. By Aunt Friendly. The Book of Beasts. Thirty-five Illustrations. The Book of Birds. Forty Illustrations. Front in Spirit.

Advertisement for 'MENEELY & COMPANY BELL FOUNDERS WEST TROY, N. Y.' listing titles like 'The Cord of Love. Eliot, Mission. Frank Harper, or Beginning Life.'

Advertisement for 'Ayer's Hair Vigor, For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.' featuring an illustration of a woman's head and text describing the product's benefits.

Advertisement for 'HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.' Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Advertisement for 'SAVE THE NATION! RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.' featuring an illustration of a baby and text describing the product's benefits for infants and invalids.



It is composed of Ingredients identical with those which constitute Health, Blood, Muscle and Nerve and Brain Substance, whilst Life itself is directly dependent upon some of them. By its union with the blood and its effect upon the muscles, re-establishing the one and toning the other, it is capable of effecting the following results: It will displace or wash out tuberculous matter, and thus cure Consumption. By increasing Nervous and Muscular Vigor, it will cure Dyspepsia, feeble or interrupted action of the Heart and Palpitation, Weakness of Intellect caused by grief, worry, overtax or irregular habits, Bronchitis, Acute and Chronic Congestion of the Lungs, even in the most alarming stages. It cures Asthma, Loss of Voice, Neuralgia, Ac. St. Vitis Dance, Epileptic Fits, Whooping Cough, Nervousness, and is a most wonderful adjunct to other remedies in sustaining life during the progress of Diphtheria. An endless chain of good effects is formed by...

IT RESTORES TONE to the nerves. IT GIVES POWER of endurance and of concentration to the mind. IT PROMOTES VIGOR in the organs which depend for health on the involuntary muscular action, viz: the Liver, Lungs, Heart, Stomach, and Genitals.

AND unless afflicted with some disease involving ABSOLUTE ORGANIC LOSS, it will sustain the system until it reaches the age allotted to men by a beneficent Creator. NO PERSON will be disappointed in the effect of FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES, who rightly follows the directions.

THE experiments which perfected this preparation occupied many months, and were instituted with a view to curing that insidious disease, TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION, and in order to supply the deficiencies in Hypophosphites already in use; for, although their nature was correct as to theory, their preparation were, owing to their imperfect organization, found wanting in practice. While they caused the formation of fat and generated heat, they did not improve the blood, their tonic effect upon the nerves and muscles was, even unscrupled, and, owing to their diluted state, involving large doses, they were also too expensive.

THE desiderata sought by Mr. Fellows, were: A convenient, palatable remedy; Unalterably pure; Harmless, though used continuously, yet might be discontinued at any time without any ill effect; Which would induce an appetite; Strengthen digestion; Promote assimilation; Create healthy blood; Strengthen the nerves and muscles; Enable the subject to successfully combat disease; And sufficiently economical for all. All this has been indisputably attained. The success of the work is complete; and FELLOWS' Hypophosphites stands foremost among the remedies for chronic organic disease, possessing properties to which no other medicines has ever aspired.

NOTE.—It is only the Independent, well-paid, and unaffiliated Physician who can afford to prescribe this remedy. Experience has proved that the highest class medical men in every large city where it is known, recommend it. Price: \$1.50 per Bottle, \$7.50 for Six Bottles. Orders addressed to FERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE, 377 St. Paul Street, Montreal, P.Q. will have immediate attention. JOB PRINTING neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

PREACHERS' PLAN, HALIFAX AND DARTMOUTH. SUNDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1879.

Table listing church services with columns for time, location, and preacher names.

RECEIPTS for "WESLEYAN" FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAR. 20, 1879.

INSTRUCTIONS AS TO REMITTING MONIES: 1-When sending money for subscribers...

Table of receipts listing names and amounts, such as Ass Bent, 2.00; Stanley Eaton, 2.00.

DIED.

At the Methodist Episcopal, Pownal, P.E.I., on March 10th, Edward Herley, aged 82 years...

E. BOREHAM,

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers &c.

The subscriber thankful for past favors, asks a continuance of the same, and on entering upon a New Year...

begs to acquaint his customers with his plans, which are as follows, viz:—

- 1st.—We will endeavor to buy only from the best houses for cash... 2nd.—Our instructions are to misrepresent nothing... 3rd.—We shall wait personally on our customers as far as we are able...

Our establishment closes at 7 P.M. 10 P.M. on Saturdays.

Advertisement for BLYMYER MFG CO BELLS, featuring an image of a bell.

MARKET PRICES.

Reported weekly by J. H. BENT, Agent King's County Produce Depot, Halifax, N.S.

MARKET ON SATURDAY, JAN. 16th, 1879

Table of market prices for various goods like Butter, Eggs, Lard, etc.

New Spring Goods.

WE ARE SHOWING THE CONTENTS OF 406 PACKAGES OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

Which are now ready for the inspection of City and Country Buyers. ANDERSON, BILLING & CO., 111 and 113 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX

PUBLIC NOTICE. "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING," Etc. It is necessary to warn the public against servile imitations of the ORIGINAL DURHAM CORN FLOUR!

and particularly against interested and ignorant misrepresentations, recommending some very profitable preparation instead. Consumers must insist upon receiving the DURHAM, and form their opinion of its merits from actual use.

N.B.—Your Grocer will not keep the DURHAM (other makes being more profitable) unless you insist upon being supplied with it, and he values your patronage enough to accede to your wishes.

TENDERS.

Tenders will be received by this Department, at Ottawa, up to the 31st instant, for the construction of an "Iron Bell Buoy."

Plans and Specifications can be seen and Forms of Tender procured by intending Contractors, at this Department here, and at the Agencies of this Department, St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S.

W.M. SMITH, Deputy Minister of Marine, &c. Department of Marine, Ottawa, March 1st, 1879.

Tenders addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until Noon, On Friday, the 21st day of March,

for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, Six times per week each way, Between Canso and Guysborough,

under a proposed contract for Four Years from 1st April next. Conveyance to be made by Horse and Vehicle.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Canso and Guysborough, or at the office of the subscriber.

F. M. PASSOW, Post Office Inspector, Halifax, 21st February, 1879.

YOU WILL FIND BY GIVING THE PERISTALTIC LOZENGES A FAIR TRIAL

THAT THEY WILL CURE YOU OF Costiveness and its results. VIZ: Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Heartburn, Piles, Worms, &c.

They differ from all PILLS, and always act on the system naturally, and never require increase of dose to effect a cure. Full directions with each box. Kept by first-class Druggists.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM The Best Worm Remedy ever used.

Price 25 & 50 cts per box Sent free to any address, on receipt of Price, by

ALLISON & Co., Proprietors Montreal. BROWN & WEBB, Wholesale Agents for the Maritime Provinces.

LITTLE FOLKS PAPERS For 1879.

We have a small surplus for January and February, of the most attractive kinds such as:—

- Early Days with colored picture for framing to each Subscriber 28 c. Childs' Companion ditto 28 c. Childrens Friend ditto 28 c. Family Friend ditto 28 c. Band of Hope ditto 14 c. Good Words ditto 14 c. My Paper ditto 14 c. Good Cheer ditto 10 c. Old and Young ditto 05 c.

N.B.—The above are the prices when five papers or upwards, of one or different kinds, are sent to one address, INCLUDING POSTAGE PAID AT HALIFAX. When less than five papers are ordered, to one address, six cents additional each, per annum, will be charged, for one paper ten cents additional.

Dollar Parcels, Seventy-five Cents or Twenty-five cent PARCELS.

Of Back Numbers assorted supplied at any time or at regular periods. Terms cash in advance by P. O. Order or Registered Letter.

MILLER BROTHERS, Charlottetown, P.E.I., or Middleton, Annapolis Co., N.S., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN SEWING MACHINES,

of both American and Canadian Manufacturers, over Twenty different kinds in Stock among which are THE RAYMOND THE MOST POPULAR MACHINE IN THE MARKET

Advertisement for Sewing Machines featuring an image of a Raymond sewing machine and text: REPAIR SHOP IN CONNECTION Where the repairing of all Sewing Machines will be attended to.

Also Importers of and Dealers in ORGANS PIANOS Mason & Hamlin, Geo. Woods, Prince, The Bell, &c.

OF BOTH AMERICAN AND CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS. Instruments guaranteed for five years and sold on easy terms. Liberal reduction to Clergymen, Churches and Sabbath Schools.

Good Local Agents wanted in Towns, where not yet appointed.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Marine Hospital" will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY 25th March next, at noon, for the erection and completion of an Hospital, Dwelling, &c., Lunenburg, N.S.

Plans, Specifications, &c., can be seen at the residence of Stephen Finck, Esq., Lunenburg, or at this office, on and after Friday the 7th March next, where Forms of Tender, &c., and all information can be obtained.

No Tender will be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached hereto actual signature, occupation and place of residence of each member of the same.

The tenders to have the actual Signatures of the solvent persons, residents in the Dominion, and willing to become sureties for the due performance of the Contract.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BBAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Feb. 27th, 1879.

Intercolonial Railway.

THROUGH PULLMAN CARS On and after Monday, the 3rd February, Pullman Cars will run to Montreal without change.

They will leave Halifax on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; and St. John on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

C. J. BRYDGES, General Supt. of Gov't Railways.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1878-9 1879-9 WINTER ARRANGEMENT

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

- At 8.25 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou, and intermediate points. At 1.30 p.m. (Express) for Rivere du Loup, Quebec Montreal, and the west. At 5.30 p.m. (Express) for St. John and intermediate stations.

WILL ARRIVE:— At 8.20 p.m. (Express) from St. John, Pictou, and intermediate stations. At 9.15 a.m. (Express) from St. John and intermediate stations. At 1.30 p.m. (Express) from Riviere du Loup, Quebec Montreal, and intermediate stations.

C. J. BRYDGES, Gen. Supt. Gov't Railway M oncton, N.B., Nov. 13th., 1878. nov 23

CUSTOM TAILORING!

H. G. LAURILLIARD 19 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX N.S., Agency for New York Fashions

April 1876

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY,

Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES ACADEMIES, etc. Price List and Circulars sent free

Henry McShane & Co. BALTIMORE, Md. ov. 2 78 1v

JAS. & W. PITTS, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Ship and Insurance Brokers, WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND

JOB PRINTING REPORTS, PAMPHLET

Posters, Handbills, Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Custom and Mercantile Blanks. We are now prepared to execute all Orders for the above work AT MODERATE RATES, WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AT THE 'WESLEYAN' OFFICE.

Three Desirable and Conveniently located PROPERTIES FOR SALE IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY.

No. 1.—Situated at Lower Middleton, consisting of Two Acres in high state of cultivation a very fertile young orchard of over 100 trees, best varieties and quality of early and winter fruit.

No. 2.—Situated about Two miles East from Lawrenceville Station, on the Main Post-road containing about 110 Acres of LAND, 50 of which is in a partially improved state and the balance well covered with superior and valuable timber, fencing and some hard wood, well watered, good variety of soil well adapted for tillage, and suited to different crops.

No. 3.—Situated about two and a half miles East from Lawrenceville station on the North Williamstown road containing about 95 Acres of LAND 25 acres of which are partially improved and in a high state of cultivation. About 100 Apple Trees 50 of which are bearing fruit yearly and all are the best varieties of early and winter apples.

For further particulars apply to E. H. PHINNEY, Middleton, Annapolis County.

JOHN M. GELDERT, Jr., LL. B.

Attorney-at-Law, notary Public, Commissioner Supreme Court, &c., &c. Has resumed practice on his own account at FAREBELL'S BUILDING, 54 GRANVILLE ST. Moneys collected and all the branches of legal business carefully attended to.

BEATTY

ORGANS Superb \$340 Organs, only \$200, Pianos Retail Price by other Manufacturers \$300, only \$200. Beautiful \$650 Pianos, \$175—brand new, warranted 15 days' test trial. Other bargains want them introduced. PIANOS Agents wanted. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N.J. March 9 78

WOODBURY BROS., DENTISTS, NEW YORK.

DR. H. WOODBURY, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, OFFICE OVER CONNELLYS BOOK STORE, CORNER OF GEORGE AND GRANVILLE STREETS, Halifax, N.S.

Entrance No. 97 Granville St. d21ce

Meneely & Kimberly, BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, NY

Manufacture a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. Illustrated Catalogues Sent Free.

Feb 8, 78 1y

GOSPEL HYMNS, No. 3. By Sankey, McGranahan & Stebbing. JUST PUBLISHED.

The songs in No. 3 are for the most part New, but very few of them having been issued in No. 1 or No. 2. The price is the same as No's. 1 & 2. Music and Words, stiff covers .25 " " paper " .30 Words only paper .06 Mailed post at these prices. METHODIST BOOK ROOM, Halifax.

PRANGS BIRTHDAY CARDS, 14 to 15 cents.

EASTER CARDS, 4c. to 20c. SCRIPTURE TEXTS—all prices.

Easter, Floral Crosses, 10c. Do. Do. in Mats, 12.

All new and Beautiful designs, JUST RECEIVED

AT THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM