The Family.

A Home Picture.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

An old man sat by the chimny side,
His face was wrinkled and wan;
And he leaned both hands on his stout oak cane,
As if all his work were done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned gray,
With pockets both deep and wide,
Where his "specs," and steel clasped prayer book,
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So, near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What did he see in the embers there?
Ay! pictures of other years;
And now and then they wakened smiles,
But oftener started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,
In the high-backed flag seat-chair;
You see 'neath the frill of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

She wears a "blue checked" apron now,
And is knitting a sock for *him*;
Her pale blue eyes have a gentle look,
And she says "they are growing dim."

I like to call and tell the news,
And chat an hour each day,
For it stirs the pulse in an old man's heart
To hear of the world away.

Be kind unto the old, my friends,
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The battle here with life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upwards life's rugged steep;
Then let us smooth their progress down
To where the weary sleep.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Only this Once.

"I'll be in again very soon, mother, I am only going round the corner to see White's new billiard rooms;" and cap in hand Harry was closing the parlor door when his mother called him back.

"I cannot consent to your going there, my dear," she said; "you must know that both your father and myself disapprove of such places."

"But I don't intend to play, mother, only to look on: the boys say the tables are splendid, and besides what could I tell Jim Ward after promising to go with him. He is waiting outside for me. Please say yes only this once."

"Tell Jim that we would prefer you should not go and ask him to, walk in and spend the evening," said Harry's father, as he looked up from the paper.

"Oh, I know that he won't do that!" and Harry stood turning the door handle, till finding that his parents did not intend to say anything more he walked slowly to the front stoop.

"Why don't you hurry along," called Jim, "and not keep a fellow standing all night in the cold."

"I am not going. Wont you come in?" said Harry.

"Not going! Your mother surely dosen't object to your looking at a billiard table."

"She would prefer I should not go," said Harry, and Jim's only reply was a very significant whistle as he walked off.

"He'll be sure to tell all the boys!" said Harry, half aloud, as he shut the front door with rather more force than was necessary. "I don't see what does make father and mother so particular." Then, entering the parlor, he took the first book that came to hand from the table, and taking a seat very far from the light, looked exceedingly unamiable.

His father laid aside the paper and without seeming to notice Harry's mood, said pleasantly: "I wonder if my son thinks himself too old for a story, if not, I have one to tell him about 'only this once.'" The book Harry had taken up, and which chanced to be one of his father's, upon civil engineering, was returned to the table; but he still kept thinking of what the boys would say when Jim told an exaggerated story, and his countenance remained unchanged.

"When I was about your age, Harry, we used to live next door to Mr. Allen, a very wealthy gentleman, who had one son. As Frank was a good natured, merry boy, and had his two beautiful ponies, several dogs, and a large play ground, he soon made friends. Many an afternoon did we spend together, riding the ponies, or playing ball on the ground, and one summer afternoon in particular I never expect to forget, for it seems to me now, looking back upon it, as the turning point of Frank's life; but we little thought of such a thing at the time. It only seemed to us a very warm afternoon, and, becoming tired of playing ball, he had stepped to rest on the piazza when Frank proposed that we should take the ponies to a plank road, a few miles from the house, and race them. I was certain that his father would disapprove of this; and besides, it would have been most cruel work on such a warm afternoon; so I tried to make Frank think of something else he would like to do instead; but all in vain.

"I think you might go, Charlie," he said. "What's the harm of doing it, only this once. I just want to see if either of my ponies is likely to be a fast trotter."

For one moment, I hesitated; but in the next came the thought of my father's displeasure, and I shook my head.

"Very well, just as you please, Mr. Good Boy! I know plenty will be glad of the chance to ride Jet," and so saying he walked off.

Frank did find a boy, who was delighted to go with him, and enjoyed the race so much that, notwithstanding his father's reprimand, he managed to pursue the same sport more times than "only that once."

As soon as the summer was ended, Mr. Allen went to Europe for health, and I did not see his son for three years, till I left the country and entered the same college with him. Frank commenced studying very earnestly; but before the first year was ended, the earnestness had all passed away. Friends would induce him to spend his evenings at their rooms, or at some public place of amusement, and each time Frank would try to satisfy his conscience with "It will be only this once." Thus by degrees his lessons were neglected and as study became irksome, his love for excitement and gayety increased till one day I overheard a gentleman who knew him well, remark that he feared Frank's "only this once" would prove his ruin.

A few years before, Frank would have been shocked with the thought of spending afternoons in racing, and evenings in billiard saloons and such places, nor did he at one time ever really intend to go to the latter more than "once" just "to see for himself;" but there are very few who ever stop in the course of wrong doing, at "only this once."

When tidings of his father's death reached Frank, he seemed more thoughtful for a time; but in an hour of temptation he yielded. Before long his old companions surrounded him again and of them he soon learned how to spend the large fortune left him by his father, in a most reckless manner.

In vain his true friends tried to stop him in his wild career, and five years ago, Harry, Frank, died a drunkard."

"O, father, how dreadful!" and Harry shuddered as he thought the story over.

"Yes, it is dreadful my son; but there are countless untold stories as dreadful as this one. If we should visit a prison, and ask the wretched inmates how it was they were first led into crimes, we would find that "only this once" brought most of them there. One took something which did not belong to him, never intending to do it more than that once; but the crime soon grew into a habit. Another was once tempted to gamble, and only that one game was the foundation of all his crimes.

Then learn, my son, to dread those three little words, and when tempted to use them think of all they may lead you to, and ask for strength to resist the temptation; and Harry, do you wonder now at our refusing to let you even once, visit the billiard room?"

"No, father, I see now that you were right, and I was wrong in supposing that it could not possibly do me any harm to go only this once, and if Jim does tell the boys some silly story, to make them laugh at me, I can tell them about Frank Allen, and that will make them sober soon."

Dear young reader, do you think it is a trifling thing to do wrong "only this once?" If so, stop and think of the countless stories many wretched ones could tell you of its ruining power. Stop, and pray that God will change that careless heart of yours, and then determine solemnly with His aid to resist unto death temptation to do wrong "only this once."—*E. M. in New York Observer.*

"'Twas my Mother's."

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The superintendent stepped up to him, and found he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the superintendent; "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and *it is all I have to remember her by!*" And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene, in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break!

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

Many an eye has moistened as the story of this orphan boy has been told; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her, and was a faithful child. Will my little readers, whose parents are yet spared to them, always try to show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing that this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the *boys*, especially, always be affectionate and kind to their *mothers?*

Child-Swearing—What it Did.

"I have a mind to whip you till you cannot stand," said a wicked and profane man, rising from his seat, and looking wrathfully at his son, a *little* boy just able to speak plain.

What had the child done to call for such severe punishment? Used two oaths, such as were constantly dropping from the lips of his father. But his own words from the mouth of one so young so shocked that parent, that he thought he could not punish him too severely for the offence.

The little one looked the angry man full in the eye, and quietly said:

"Father, if you whip me, who will whip you?"

A thunderbolt could not have startled him more. The question set his own sin and desert of punishment in the light of noonday. He turned away confused and ashamed, and said in his heart, "I will swear no more."

He kept his word. From that day no oath escaped his lips. To-day—wonder of divine grace—that tongue that was employed in cursing is used to bless God, and teach men his ways.

"I told that Lie."

Soon after my father moved into the country, one of us children told a lie. My mother could not ascertain the culprit. "Well," said she, "you may escape now, but I will know some day which of you has told a lie."

One night a tremendous wind arose, and blew off the entire roof of the house. My mother ran up, and cried, "Children, are you all there?"

"Yes, mother," piped a small and terrified voice, "we are all here, and if the day of judgment has come, it was I who told the lie."

Temperance.

An Unprofitable Partnership.

In the presence of a wine merchant and his wife, two distinguished members of the rabble in Paris, Sariol and Turban by name, entered into copartnership for the purchase of a small keg of brandy, with the understanding that it was to be peddled out by the glass at the fair of St. Denis, the annual fete of a village in the environs of the capitol, the terms of the association being that the profits of the venture should be equally divided between them. Everything was drawn up in due form, and among the various articles of the agreement was one fixing the price of a "smeller" at four sous.

On the evening of the very first day that the partners commenced operations, both were picked up by the police in a most woful plight, their garments in rags, their eyes in deep mourning, and their scalps partially denuded of hair. Their financial situation may be summed up in a few words—an empty keg, and a copper coin of the value of two sous.

Appearing on the following morning before the police tribunal, charged with assault and battery, and resistance to the public authorities, the following Frenchy facts were elicited:

The two speculators had duly started for the fair grounds at St. Denis, taking with them the keg of brandy. Upon arriving at the suburb of La Chapelle, Sariol said to Turban,

"Turban, my boy, I think I'll take a stiffner."

To which Turban replied, "Well, I think that's cool, anyhow. You know, I s'pose, that that are brandy isn't yours alone, it belongs to us both!"

"That's so, returned Sariol, "and I'll tell you how we'll manage it; the price of a 'smeller' is four sous, so I'll just give you two sous, and that will make us square."

"All right," said Turban, mollified, "that's fair enough." So Sariol gave his partner a two sous piece, and took his stiffner.

The pair had gone but a short distance further when Turban suddenly remarked,

"I think *I'll* take a reviver now, myself."

"Of course you mean to pay me two sous?" said Sariol.

"To be sure I do," answered the other; whereupon he drank a glass of brandy, and handed back the copper.

After plodding on another mile, Sariol broke in with,

I go in for goods at half price. As a smeller costs me two sous instead of four, I'll take another."

To this Turban agreed at once, and again received the two sous peice. Five minutes afterward he told Sariol that his logic was quite correct, two sous for a drink was an unprecedentedly low price—took a drink, and once more returned the coin. And so it went on, at frequent intervals, until the pair at length reached St. Denis, congratulating themselves upon their happy discovery of brandy at half price.

It is superfluous to remark that when they arrived they were not particularly attentive to business, and were struck with the simple idea that the more they drank the more money they made. Governed by this notion they rapidly circulated the two sous piece, until the keg was at last found to be empty, whereupon Turban suddenly exclaimed,

"Hallo, how's this? we bought six francs' worth of brandy, it's all out, and there's only two sous in the till!"

"What do you mean by only two sous?"

"That's all, there is, my boy."

"Then, you've robbed the cash box!"

This was the signal for a bout at fisticuffs, followed by the interference of the police, when the two partners turned their united forces against the officers, were overcome by superior numbers, captured, and lodged in the nearest station house, examined the next morning, and sent to the dungeons vile for eight days. No moral is necessary.

The Idol of Modern Times.

At Exeter Hall there is now a picture, by the well known artist, George Cruikshank, entitled "The Worship of Bacchus," in which are depicted, with a truthfulness that makes the representation terrible, some of the horrors by which such devotions have been distinguished. With all our modern enlightenment, there is no denying that we have set up in our midst an idol, whose altar is too often a bloody, desecrated hearthstone; whose rites are deeds of violence and abomination; who is worshipped with foul language, oaths, obscenity, and blasphemous mirth. The sacrifices demanded by this idol are human ones; the victims not alone those self-immolated—too often the nearest and the dearest to those wretched devotees are doomed to suffering by the craving of a restless and insatiate appetite.

The wife slain by the hand of the immolating priest—a drunken husband; the infant plucked from the besotted mother's breast, by her own hand; sisters, mothers, brothers, friends, whose lifeless and mangled bodies in turns testify alike to the mad recklessness of the worshipper, and the insatiable blood-thirstiness of the idol.

But not human life alone is the acceptable offering at the shrine of this Moloch. All those gifts which a beneficent Creator has bestowed, to adorn and enrich man's mortal estate, have in turn been laid upon the altar, *drink*, rendering the owner of these gifts indifferent to their value. Innocence, honour, truth, valour, fame, daily become the prey of the modern idol. Beauty health, strength, the love of country, and domestic affections, have been laid low in the dust. Fortunes have been sacrificed—the daughter's portion, the widow's mite, the orphan's sustenance have been swallowed by the chalices of the unclean idol—*drink!*

The Shoemaker and the Wine Merchant.

A poor man, a shoemaker, took a shop in one of the boulevards of Paris. As he was industrious, expeditious, and punctual, and withal faithful and honest, his customers rapidly increased, and he began to gain property.—About this time a wine merchant opened a shop next door to the shoemaker, and the latter took occasion to step in for an occasional drink of wine. He soon perceived that he was forming a bad habit, and for some days discontinued his visits. The wine merchant inquired the reason. "I have no money," replied Crispin. "O, no matter," said the other, "come in and take a drink." The shoemaker accepted the invitation, till at last so great a score ran up, that his best suit of wearing apparel was pawned for payment. A festival drew nigh, and he of the awl ask him of the glass to lend him his suit of clothes but for that day. A refusal was the reply. Much chagrined, Crispin cast about for his revenge. The wine merchant had a hen with a very fine brood of chickens, and they used often to venture near the door of the shoemaker. He accordingly procured some bread, and scattered it upon the floor, enticed the hen and her chickens to enter his shop; then catching them he stripped them of all their feathers, and turned them loose to go to their owner. Enraged at the enormous cruelty, he makes complaint and seeks redress. "Friend," said Crispin, "as I have done to your fowls, so did you to me. You enticed me into your shop, and stripped me of my clothes, and left me destitute. What I have done to your fowls, you did to a fellow creature. On the charge of cruelty we are equal, though the baits we offered were different."

The Effects of Habit.

Dr. Cheyne of Dublin, relates a remarkable instance. A gentleman of position in society, amiable in disposition, and justly popular among the circle of his acquaintance, had contracted habits of intemperance. His friends argued, implored, and remonstrated in vain. At last he put an end to all importunity. A friend, feeling for his sad state, thus addressed him:—Dear Sir George, your family are in the utmost distress on account of this unfortunate habit of drinking. They perceive that everything is neglected; your influence is gone, your health is ruined; and depend upon it, your constitution will soon give way, and then a change will come too late." The poor victim deeply convinced of the hopelessness of his case, replied thus:—"My good friend your remarks are indeed too true; but I can no longer resist temptation. If a bottle of brandy stood at my side, and the bottomless pit—yea, hell itself—yawning before me, and if I were assured that I should be thrust into this region of woe, as surely as I took one more glass, I could not refrain from taking it. You are all very kind; I ought to be very grateful for so many kind, good friends; but you may spare yourselves the trouble of trying to reform me—*the thing is now impossible!*" Avoid, then, the beginning of evil.—*Quiver.*

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☞ The Plants and Herbs of which these Pills are made, were discovered in a very surprising way among the Texacans, a tribe of Aborigines in Mexico. Get the Almanac of our Agent, and you will read with delight the very interesting account it contains of the GREAT MEDICINE, of the Aztecs.

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B. L. JUDSON & CO., Proprietors,
New York.
April 9. Sold by all Dealers.

COLDS! COUGHS!!

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieves the Hacking Cough in consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrah, clear and give strength to the voice of

PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness and Sore Throat are so prevalent, The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief.

A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c.
Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I have been much afflicted with BRONCHIAL AFFECTION, producing Hoarseness and Cough. The Troches are the only effectual remedy, giving power and clearness to the voice,"
REV. GEO. SLACK,
Minister Church of England,
Milton Parsonage, Canada.

"Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the throat. But from a moderate use of the Troches I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience." REV. E. B. RYCKMAN, A. B.
Wesleyan Minister, Montreal.

Sold by all Druggists in the Provinces, at 25 cents per box.
August 6, 1862. (1 y)

Works on Baptism!!
AT THE WESLEYAN BOOK RONM.

HIBBARD on subjects and mode of Baptism, $1, Immersion not Baptism by Beckwith, 30 cents; Abbey's Baptismal Demonstration, 30 cts, The Bible Baptist 4 cents. March 25

Singer & Co.'s
LETTER A FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

WITH all the new improvements (Hemmer, Braider, Binder, Feller, Tucker, Corder, Gatherer, &c., &c.,) is the cheapest, and best, and most beautiful of all machines for Family sewing and light manufacturing purposes. It makes the interlocked stitch (which is alike on both sides,) and has great capacity for sewing *all kinds* of cloth, and with *all kinds* of thread. Even leather, as well as the finest muslin, may be sewn to perfection on this machine. It will use 200 spool cotton as well as No 30 linen thread. What it can do can only be known by seeing the machine tested. The Folding-top Case is among the most valuable of the new improvements. It may be opened out as a spacious and substantial table to sustain the work, and when the machine is not in use it may be *folded* into a box, which protects the working parts of the Machine. There is no other machine to equal the Letter A in simplicity, durability, rapidity and certainty of correct action at all rates of speed. The Family Sewing Machine is fast becoming as popular for family use as *Singer & Co's.* Manufacturing Machines are for manufacturing purposes.

The Branch Offices are well supplied with silk twist, thread, needles, oil, etc., of the very best quality.

Persons requiring a reliable instrument for family sewing, and for manufacturing purposes will do well to call on our agent, Mr. H A. TAYLOR, No. 26 Sackville street, Halifax, and obtain a descriptive pamphlet (gratis) and see for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
March 25 No. 458 Broadway, N. Y.

China, Glass and Earthenware.

THE subscriber has received by Fall ships a complete assortment of

CHINA, GLASS AND Earthenware.

Embracing everything belonging to the Trade
Also—Tobacco Pipes, Liquer Jars Milk, Pans, Drain pipe, Cream Crocks.
COAL OIL LAMPS,
in great variety
Kerosene and Paraffine Oils.

The public are invited to call and examine the stock, which will be sold *WHOLESALE and RETAIL* on the best possible terms for Cash.

☞ Balance of stock to arrive per ship *India.*
THOMAS P. WAY.
(Late of Firm of Cleverdon & Co)
Corner of Jacob and Water streets opposite Commercial wharf. Oct 22

SACRED MUSIC!!
A NEW SUPPLY.
Just received at the Wesleyan Book Room.

THE American Hymn and Tune Book.
The American Vocalist.
The Anthem Dulcimer.
The New Lute of Zion.
The Melodeon, 30 cents.
The Revival Melodies.
The Golden Chain.
The Musical String of Pearls.
The Sunday School Vocalist, &c., &c.
March 4.

Important Dental Notice

Very important to Ladies residing in the Country, who intend visiting Halifax to have Dentistry done.

Dr. Macallister, Dentist,

IS fully prepared to accomodate Ladies, who may employ him, while having their work done,—*all without charge.* Every effort will be made to render his house a pleasant home, for all who may avail themselves of the opportunity.

There are many advantages offered in the arrangements:—

First, the work can be accomplished in much less time by having the patient present.

Second, the work can be done more perfectly.

Third, the success is sure.

Fourth, the great convenience and saving of expence to the patient.

Those desiring Artificial Teeth should not fail to call and examine Specimens before going elsewhere.

He would respectfully call attention to the Vulcanite rubber plates for Artificial Teeth. He has used it three years with great success, and it is in every respect better than Silver plates; he now has great pleasure in recommending it to his patrons and the public; in the United States it is being used by all the first class Dentists, at the last Dental Convention held in Ohio, July last, the whole Convention spoke in its favour, it is also used in England to a great extent; it has many advantages over every other kind of work, it is lighter, it is free from taste, it is strong and durable, and can be repaired should it brake; it can be inserted in Gold Sets or partial Sets with suction plates or attached; there is no plate so easy in the mouth, or so cheap.

It is now well known that Dr. *M.* after a successful practice of his profession in this Province for six years, is thoroughly competent to perform every operation of Dentistry in a most skillful manner. He would here respectfully mention that the great increase of business, and demand for his Professional services, go to show entire confidence that the Public has in his abilities to manufacture and insert Artificial Teeth.

Every kind of Dentistry skillfully performed at the complete Dental Establishment, 43 Granville Street. One door North of Dr. Black, and near the Baptist Chapel. Oct. 1 6m.

Exeter Hall Lectures.

BY Rev. W. M. Punshon, A. M.,
John Bunyan, Prophet of Horeb, Macaulay.
By Rev. Richard Roberts,—Self Conquest, Purpose of Being. By Rev. Luke H. Wiseman,—Things Secular and Sacred, Revival of Last Century. By Rev. Gervase Smith,—Queen Elizabeth. By Rev Jas H Rigg.—Bible and Modern Progress. By E. Corderoy, Esq.,—Progress—Geo. Stephenson, Popular Amusements, The Eng. Reformation.
To be had at the WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.
March 11.

A VALUABLE BIOGRAPHY.

Ninth Edition, 12mo., 480 pages, cloth, Portrait
MEMOIR OF THE *REV. JOSEPH ENTWISTLE.*—"It is worthy of a place in every Methodist family."—*Late Rev. Dr. Bunting.*
For sale at the Wesleyan Book Room. April 8

EVERY
METHODIST'S TUNE BOOK,
(THIRD EDITION.)
[Best Music, adapted to every Hymn in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book and Supplement.]
THE
Hand-Book of Wesleyan Psalmody
Handsomely printed, with Words and Accompaniment. Price 30 cents only. For Sale at the Book Room Oct 8

WESLEYAN BAZAAR.

THE ladies of the Wesleyan congregation at *MUSQUODOBOIT HARBOUR*, respectfully inform the public, that they are preparing to hold a *BAZAAR*, early in June next, to raise funds for the liquidation of a debt on their Church, and take this early opportunity of soliciting contributions from a favourable to their undertaking

Due notice will be given as to the exact day and place for holding the Bazaar. The following ladies will receive all contributions of money or articles which may be kindly forwarded to them.

Mrs. Jas Gardner Mrs. John McKinlay Musquodoboit Harbour; Mrs. Isaac Gaetz and Miss Susannah Gaetz, Green Vale; Miss Jane Gaetz, and Eliza Ann Gaetz, Portpiswick Harbour; Miss Adelaide Seaboyer, Rose Bay; Mrs. Benj. Harrington, Bridgewater; Mrs Morris Smith, Maitland; Mrs Wm Layton, Middle Musquodoboit Mrs Thos Gaetz, Guysboro'. Oct 29

The Leisure Hour,

THE Sunday at Home, and Family Friend for 1863. A further supply, received by steamer a the Wesleyan Book Room. March 11

Those who cannot attend Church
AS WELL AS THOSE WHO CAN,
Will by pleased and Benefitted by Reading
PUNSHON'S SERMONS:
BEING THE SELECT LECTURES AND SERMONS OF OF THE
Rev. William Morley Punshon, A. M.,
Of the Wesleyan Conference, England.

REV. MR. PUNSHON is one of those brilliant lights which appear on the horizon not oftener than once in a generation. His fervent piety, burning zeal, and chaste but glowing eloquence having stirred as with a mighty impulse the hearts of his hearers throughout England, and given a new importance to the teachings of the Pulpit and the Platform. His Lectures and sermons, unlike the efforts of most popular preachers, lose none of their interest when divested of the circumstances surrounding their production and delivery. They commend themselves to the reader, as noble efforts of a learned and most eloquent minister, to promote Christian knowledge and develop Christian zeal and influence. They should be read wherever the Sabbath bell chimes or Christian hearts pulsate with hopes of heaven and good will to man. This work should be in every house, and read by parents and children everywhere; its beauty, and light, and influence would be worth ten times its cost.

One Volume, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, Wesleyan Book Room,—price $1.
March 18.

New Carpeting.

NOW OPENING.—We would call the attention of purchasers to part of our Spring stock of CARPETINGS now received, comprising over 200 different patterns in Brussels, Velvet Pile, Three Ply Kidderminster, Union, Hemp, Felts, Stair Carpetings, Druggets, Mattings, Hearth Rugs, Sofa Rugs, Door Mats, &c. We will sell these goods low, as they were secured before the advance of prices.

We also offer at corresponding value—Curtain Damasks, Moreens, Table Covers, and a large assortment of Furnishing Goods.
March 18. ENNIS & GARDNER.

IS THERE any VIRTUE in Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER AND ZYLOBALSAMUM?

Convincing Testimony.

REV. C. A. BUCKBEE, *Assistant Tre