...thers & Co.
...GISTS,
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...one of the most complete as-
...nes, Spices and Stuffs
...h Provinces, which they offer ...t lowest market prices.
Lemon Syrup,
Matches,
Olive Oil,
Saltpetre,
Snuff,
Saleratus,
Starch, and Blue,
Soda,
Allspice,
Cinamon,
Cloves,
Ginger,
Nutmegs,
Violin Strings,
Vinegar,
...t of PERFUMERY, Brushes ...s on hand.
1y.

...Y ARTICLE
...D IN MARKET,
...IMMENSE
...EUROPEAN
...AND.
...b Nature's own process it re-...r permanently after the hair ...he natural fluids, and thus ...ds, removes all dandruff, itch-...g slip, quiets and tones up the ...nervous headache, and may ...o cure all diseases of the scalp ...keep it from falling off; makes ...beautiful, and if used by the ...a week, it will never fail to be-...read the following and judge
NEW YORK, Jan 8, 1858.
...ard a good deal about Professor ...and my hair being quite gr... ...y aside the prejudices ... many persons, had against ...es and a short time ago I com-...e, to test it for myself ...very satisfactory that I am very ...tice to you, as well as for the ...who may be as grey as I was but ...without my reasons for setting ...give your Restorative a trial till ...and the best proof being ocular ...you this letter which you may ...o direct them to me for further ...ut of the N. Y. Wire Railing
...ral color and much improved ...being glossier and thicker and ...ting.
Respectfully,
HENRY JENKINS.
...ell Sts., Brooklyn.
...BOSTON, Ala. Feb 14, 1858.
...: Your Hair Restorative has ...part of the country. My hair ...g for several years, caused I ...rn when I was quite an infant. ...air Restorative for six weeks. ...fine head of hair now growing, ...er remedies known to no effect. ...able remedy now extant and ad-...that way to use your remedy ...f you think proper.
S. W. SIDDLETON.
PHILADELPHIA, Sept 9, 1858.
...: Your Hair Restorative is prove-...t the front, and also the back ...of its covering—was in fact BALD ...nt bottles of your Restorative, ...head is well studded with a pro-...r, and the front is also receiving ...other preparations without any ...k from my own personal recom-...many others to try it.
respectfully
D. R. THOMAS, M. D
No 691 Vine Street.
...up in bottles of 3 sizes, viz: large, ...small holds ¾ a pint, and retails ..., the medium holds at least 20 ...on than the small, retails for $2 ...a quart, 50 per cent more in ...r $3.
...Proprietors, 444 Broadway, New ...Louis, Mo.
...Druggists and Fancy Goods Deal-
June 23.

...ls nor any other ...edicine.
...epsia, Indigestion, Constipation ...Bilious, and Liver Complaints, ...d Sickness at the Stomach ...or at Sea, General Debility, ...s, Asthma, Cough, Bron-... Consumption (if not be-...d, Low Spirits, Spleen, ...&c., &c.
...without Medicine, inconvenience ...expense, by
...cious Health Restoring
Arabica Food.
Infants, which saves fifty ...t in other remedies.
...arina, (without medicine of any ...venience, and without expense, as ...ost in medicine) contains more ...other kind of food; and has in ...undered unnecessary the use of ...indigestion,) constipation, hemor-...y, cramps, fits, spasms, heartburn, ...biliousness, affections of the liver ..., distention, palpitation of the ...e, deafness, noises in the head and ...every part of the body, chronic ...ation of the stomach, eruptions ...consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, ...ng during pregnancy, after eat-...s, spleen, general debility, para-...quietude sleeplessness, involun-... dislike for society, nullness for ... memory, vertigo, blood to the ...cholly, groundless fear, wretch-... destruction, &c. The best food ...generally, as it is the only food ...d on the weakest stomach, but ...s for lunch and dinner, and in-...tion and nervous and muscular ...ebled.
...ted Professor of Chemistry, &c
...F. R. S., &c. &c
London, 21st July, 18..
...having examined Du Barry's ...Food, I find it to be a pure vegetable ...ome, easily digestible, likely to ...all of the stomach and bowels, and ...dyspepsia, constipation, and their
...AW URE, M. D., F. R. S., etc.,
Analytical Chemist.
...of the above in Nova Scotia,
JAMES L. WOODILL,
City Drug Store, 61 Hollis St.

...LMER'S
Artificial Leg.
...owned Limb has been in use in ...America for upwards of 12 years, ...the year serves only to increase its ...The Great Prize Medal" was award-...in London, over thirty-five com-...ants of Europe and in this country ...d it has invariably received the ...pwards of Four Thousand of the ...re now in use, and are represented ...ofessions,—Farmers, Mechanics, ..., and Children, all use this "un-...wonderful ease and naturalness. ...ted to every form of amputation, ...e longest. The patient is enabled ...on the application of the leg. The ...is slow, and the most critical ...from nature. The limbs are very ...to be worn with great comfort. ...plied upwards of fifty individuals ...of whom walk with surprising ...ntly invented artificial arm is re-...tiumph in the art. The public are ...circulars and advertisements of ...rs, who have recently entered the ...ring to deceive by copying the ...ent use of the Palmer reputation. ...e or arm, should apply to us as ...the only one recommended by us. ...Pamphlets containing full before ...invention sent free to patients, ..., on application to PALMER & ...et, Boston.
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...C NOTICE.
...FE & CO., have great pleasure ...e public generally for the very ...have received for the two years ...siness.
..., begs respectfully to draw atten ...blished at the TEA, COFFEE & ... Namely to buy and sell for Cash ...Debts and securing to the public ...d in the City.
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...ORK executed with neatness and ...tness.

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America

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Religious Miscellany.

From the Journal of Commerce.

The Bride of a Day.

BY KATE KRITON.

List! 'tis the voice of singing,—
Come, join the happy throng;
While merry bells are ringing,
Unite the hearts in song;
For the village pride, a lovely bride,
Soon bids us adieu, for ties more strong.

Gather the freshest roses,
To deck her girlish brow;
For youth and beauty closes
On the home she leaveth now;
The last fond pride of that lone fireside,
Is breathing, to-day, her marriage vow.

She leaves her childhood's home,
her father's loving hearth,
With her chosen one to roam
The flowery fields of earth;
She does not dream that flowers which seem
So fresh, will fade ere the morrow's birth.

List! 'tis the voice of weeping;
Why comes the mournful sound?
The angel of Death is reaping
Fresh garlands of beauty around;
The "Bride of a Day" he hath borne away
To realms where endless joys abound.

Gather the freshest roses,
To deck her lonely bed;
The one we mourn, reposes
With Christ, the living Head;
Upon his breast she finds that rest
Found alone by the Christian dead.

She left her home on earth,
For a fairer home on high;
She gains a glorious birth
Beyond the bright blue sky;
We'll mourn no more, she has reached the shore,
Where roses and saints never die.

Conflict and Victory of Faith.

MR. EDITOR,—There are connected with every revival of true religion, remarkable features which produce impressions of the most momentous character, and frequently result in benefits which are incalculable in their effects, if not eternal in their duration. Relative to these a serious question arises;—Is it the design of the great Head of the Church that the knowledge of peculiar events, which are evidently permitted or sent by himself for some special purposes, shall be confined to the immediate localities where they occur? Believing that every conscientious Reader will join us in a negative answer; and anxious only to contribute to that department of religious intelligence which laudably and effectually elevates the name of our adorable Saviour in estimation and praise, we request sufficient space to record occasionally a few brief paragraphs of what we may entitle

CHARACTERISTICS OF OUR REVIVAL.

Eliza M—— was favored in infancy with the instruction and prayers of a devoted Wesleyan mother, whose faith in her Redeemer sustained her during thirty long years of almost solitary combat with the world, its jeers and opposition. When at last the Lord honored the prayers of his handmaid, the answers which he vouchsafed were so signal and numerous as well nigh to overwhelm her with joy and gratitude. First her partner, long numbered among the indifferent and vain, and now grown grey in sin, without having hitherto manifested any disposition which could serve as a gleam of sunshine to gladden the almost crushed heart of the importunate petitioner, acknowledged the power of God, and bowed his aged head among the other sorrowing penitents who surrounded the altar in the house of prayer. Soon his soul was set at liberty. Eliza, the eldest child, aged about twenty-two years, was the next to seek for mercy, nor did she seek in vain. These were followed by brothers and sisters, until the family altar was surrounded by a hopefully converted household, the happiest of whom repeated again and again with holy gratitude the language of the Patriarch "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."

Next to the enrapturing moment when the beatific vision is first unveiled to the gaze of "a family in heaven," there is no event so momentous and memorable in its existence as that which we have just described. In this case joy was complete; and, like all other babes in grace, its inexperienced participants cherished the hope that their sorrows and cares were for ever at an end. Vain expectation! The "hour and the power of darkness" had yet to be realized in their experience.

The watchful mother, trained to penetration in her own extensive course of trial and sorrow, soon detected an alarming degree of wavering and hesitancy in the deportment and conversation of Eliza, the hope and stay of her future years. There was but one alternative—prayer; and the trembling child of God proceeded to pour out her complaint where she had often received relief and refreshment. There was no reply; but the applicant had learned to await the will of her Father. Time wore on, yet it brought no hope to the afflicted mother—no respite to the tempted child, until at length the violence of the conflict threatened to hurl reason from her throne, and prostrate for ever to the dust the fond anticipations of that mother in Israel. Fearful were the expressions which fell from the daughter's lips; too ominous the features which indicated pride and presumption lurking deeply in her heart. Expostulation and intreaty were alike fruitless. The household, so lately joyous, was now a scene of woe and suffering.

There was a brief hour of quiet in this season of aberration; and the anxious mother, who had never abandoned the idea that the whole trial was one of Satan's masterefforts, determined upon throwing all her energies into the opportunity thus afforded. She had but one thought, one resource ever before her—prayer, earnest, believing prayer. In a moment she fell upon her knees, and in agonizing supplication preferred her suit before high Heaven. To the first sentence a feeble "amen" was responded by her who was the subject of prayer; the mother's heart expanded with hope, and she involuntarily gave utterance to the song of conscious victory "Glory be to God." In another moment the liberated daughter was sobbing and weeping on the bosom of her devoted parent, whose countenance now beamed with a pleasure which filled her soul. The snare was indeed broken; the powers of darkness were discomfitted by the unswerving constancy of a mother's faith.

The family are again linked together by the ties of love, submission and attachment; and the happiest, if not the holiest, of the group is Eliza M——.

ALEPH.

"India for Christ."

"Ἀμὴν Ναὶ ἔρχου, Κύριε Ἰησοῦ."

Interminable appears the conflict of Christianity and idolatry to the eye of reason—proximate and certain seems the result to the vision of Faith. "India for Christ!" has just been the watchword wafted to us from the other side of the Atlantic. Shall we take up the battle-cry—or shall it be repudiated? These words are floating, in the address of the British Conference to our own, in thousands over the land: do they mean nothing?—or shall this sentence become immortal, and stimulate the colonial churches into an action in behalf of the heathen that shall not cease but with victory? *India for Christ!* It is Jesus or Juggernaut—Christ or idolatry.

Why has the British Conference thus spoken of India? Full well does that body understand that the time of India's moral renovation is come—her harvests are ripe; and her conscious altars are trembling in the prospect of their immediate destruction. The war has terminated.—Disastrous in its first consequences, but perceptibly evolving the purpose of Jehovah to perfection in its final issue, it has suddenly expired, and, unlike the temple of Janus, hath thrown open every folding portal of India's inner life.

The last surge of the insurrection wave has been heard—and it bears on its dying cadence the lingering cry,—"India for Christ." Oh! martyr voices are blending in the cry.

And God—good, benevolent and patient as He is—has Himself brought to pass an event so auspicious—a combination of events so favourable to the ultimate and unending perpetuation of Christ's Gospel in the East. He who overruled that Lord Stanley *should not be India's legislator*, also determined that the barriers dividing Western civilization and Eastern superstition should not be eternal. They have not been eternal; they are rent and shivered and annihilated forever—and then he closed the war.

If God has opened that part of the world to the gospel where Juggernaut had his throne, he requires prompt action on the part of his Church relatively. From the lips of defiant Deity—uprisen in wrath against long-tolerated, yet long-doomed Idolatry—we hear the exclamation,—"India for Christ!"

The Son of God, who will sit on the great white throne hereafter, has now but one purpose. While on the mediator's seat the heart of Jesus is beating intensely for the conversion of a lost world. Whether His light is blazing over the far glories of illimitable worlds, or his intellect engaged in the evolution of spheres by astronomy unscanned, one great thought occupies the heart of Christ. If he died to effect the destruction of idolatry—if he lives to secure to universal man the knowledge of the ONE TRUE GOD, then with him one grand aim is supreme, and outweighs all considerations of a temporal nature, as much as the soul does the body, or eternity time. Disciple of that Christ! if there burn not in your heart the same zeal—the *same* in kind, though differing in degree—which thrilled the Holy One of God when he bowed his head upon the cross and proclaimed over the torn regalia of a dethroned king of Hell the perfected consummation of the Divine scheme of redemption; if such a zeal dwell not in *your* soul, can you anticipate a participation in His triumph—dare you in fancy weave for yourself a wreath which he has not promised to bestow? From the throbbing heart of the Holy One pulsations thrill the church; and every pulsation whispers to you, O, follower of Him who saves you to the utmost—*India must be mine.*

There has been afforded, through the benevolence of Deity, the promise of the Holy Spirit, not for the Church only, but for the world. The miracle of Pentecost is to be perpetuated. But, confined by the Church's apathy, the promised Spirit comes not.—The wilderness is not made glad for Him; the desert does not rejoice. The universal jubilee hath not begun. Alas for man! We hear the long peal of the battle thunder, but not the rush of the descending wings of Pentecost. We see the living lightnings of war glancing over thrones; but we see not the cloven tongues of another baptism of fire towering over human heads in the heavenly-kindled flame. The Spirit is ready. He too, says "come;" and broods over a long-lost world. He watches—he pities—he strengthens—he leads—but, Oh! he comes not. He guides the orphans home to their Father's house—The orphans of earth—children of another Kingdom, and inheritors of a brighter glory than earth ever conferred—they

"Wander in a dim far strand,
Whose mansions are the tombs,
And weary for their Father's land,
Where there are many homes."

Enunciated by God, let it be repeated by the Church—let it be whispered by the spirit, and breathed from a myriad lips—let the sound fill the earth—let mountains, seas and valleys and solitudes, the departed martyrs and the living multitudes of the peopled cities, perpetuate the cry—*India for Christ! India for Christ!*

With a mightier zeal than the crusaders of old, it will nerve multitudes for Zion's war; with a grim courage sustain them.—surely the watchword shall be immortal—*India for Christ.*

But our Conference has terminated, and what have *we* done for India? What *can* we do? may be by some enquired. Let us reply—send them missionaries: instruct them in Christianity—till the reclaimed Hindoos bless God for our zeal and faith. Wesleyans of British Eastern America! whenever your contributions to the Foreign Mission Fund shall exceed the amount of grant bestowed by the parent Church on these colonies, the surplus may be appropriated by our own Conference to a Foreign Mission. It will rest with you to give that surplus; it will rest with you to say whether India shall not be the field of such a mission. Awake to the fact! Ponder it well! God is blessing these provinces with peace and salvation, when the whole world is rocking to the concussions of war. Is the idea of doing this work for God impracticable? Can we not give the English Committee a sum equal to the annual grant, and yet attain for an Indian Mission the requisite sum for its sustentation? Do you fear the magnitude of the undertaking? So would the Wesleyans of England a score of years since, if it had been said,—"We must have £120,000 for Foreign Missions per annum." They would have started at the proposal in doubt—but now it is accomplished. Let us aim high; and if we fail, fail with that "youth who bears the banner with the strange device," rather than in the desolate paths of apathy and unbelief. But we cannot fail. The cause is God's own, and his zeal will perform this.

Can you, Christian believer, all day long engage in the pursuits of life, and feel a thrill of exultation as you regard the evidences of a living activity around you—when you behold moving villages covering the land, and commerce whitening every sea—can you rejoice in all this, and not remember that the slumber of spiritual death is on your soul and on the soul of the church, regarding the subject of Christian missions? Activity all around you, and apathy in the Church of Christ!

Can you lay your head on Jesu's bosom at night, and after the cares of the day fall asleep in peace, when the pulsations of that Saviour's heart are for a world's conversion, in which you feel no interest, and in which event you risk nothing. Awful infatuation! to suppose that we are safe ourselves, whilst indifferent to the salvation of our race, and repudiating claims upon our zeal and liberality which God himself has instituted! But no! it cannot be. You catch the spirit of the day, and re-echo the watchword—India for Christ! Amen! India for Christ!

W. C. MCKINNON.

July, 1859.

Brethren, Pray for Us.

The Rev. Dr. Kuntz, former editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, and for twenty-five years connected with the religious press, on leaving the chair editorial, penned a few facts and reflections, which are worthy of the profound attention of the christian world. After paying a handsome tribute to the talents, learning, integrity, and purity of the editors of the religious press, he says:

"The editorial profession, especially in connection with the religious press, is one of uncommon difficulty and responsibility; it is constantly challenging the active exercise of the best and noblest powers of the human intellect, and we are convinced that inferior and even ordinary men are unfit for a position so arduous, demanding such a combination of high, rare qualifications, and involving such momentous consequences both for time and eternity. Such men should not aspire to such a position; their own peace and comfort no less than the vital interests of religion and morality, should admonish them to shrink from it. But, we take pleasure, as we find great comfort in remarking, that to a very gratifying and encouraging extent, some of the ablest, most fearless and efficient men of our country are now conducting the religious press, and the influence for good they are wielding, under God, in relation to the character and destiny of our country and the church of our Lord, is neither appreciated, nor, perhaps, can be adequately appreciated by the public. We therefore, with all our heart, bespeak for them, all the fraternal forbearance, friendly counsels, and above all, the habitual intercession of the christian public at a throne of grace. No man needs more urgently the constant guidance and assistance of the Divine Master, and for none should we feel it our duty more earnestly to call upon Him who heareth and answereth the prayers of his believing people."

The power of the press in America is beyond computation. Here the *religious* press has acquired a controlling influence attained no where else, and such as has never before fallen into the hands of any profession or department of society. This influence is absolutely controlling; wielding the destinies of society for time and for eternity.

Such a responsibility as is thus incurred, is such as may well cause a public journalist to tremble, and, falling down in the presence of Almighty God, to cry out, "who is sufficient for these things?" In such a position, with such duties and responsibilities resting upon them, editors, more, perhaps, than any others connected with the "sacramental hosts," need the sympathies and prayers of the church.

The *petty* annoyances of an editor's life, are *very* peculiar and without number; but these are not of sufficient moment to demand a notice. It is the weighty matters of ecclesiastical polity and religious interest, involving the unity, harmony, and efficiency of the church, and the salvation of souls, which press constantly upon him and weigh him down. A sensitive soul, which is quick to perceive and appreciate the wants of God's cause, and the dangers to which it is exposed, cannot fail to experience a constant burden in such a position. The power of religious sympathy is great; the efficiency of fervent prayer is resistless. Were our editors constantly guided and upheld by these we should have little fear for the cause committed to their care.—*Central Christian Advocate*

The Coptic Church at Alexandria.

Close by the shore of the eastern harbour, stands the convent of St. Mark, the only Coptic church, so far as I could learn, in Alexandria. The low mean-looking entrance gate leads into a small quadrangle, around which are the crazy apartments of the convent; and beyond it is the place of worship—small, dingy and dark, and much more resembling a barn than a Christian church. The evening service was going on when we entered. The officiating priest occupied a small pulpit, elevated only a few feet above the ground. Around him stood the congregation, consisting of sixteen or eighteen persons, all males. Those nearest to him held lights in their hands to enable him to read the service. He chanted it in the Arabic language, in a low, plaintive, melancholy tone, not unlike some of the cadences of the Gaelic psalmody of our own northern Highlands. At certain parts of the service, all present joined in a confused hum. Portions of the service were read by a youth not more than twelve years of age, and who evidently was no great proficient—the priest having frequently to put him right. The accommodation for females was concealed by a screen, but I rather think that none were present. In a small aisle in the back part of the church we were shown the tomb of the Apostle Mark, surmounted by a sorry picture of that reputed founder of the Alexandrian Church. And this was all that remained to represent it! There was something, in this view, singularly touching in the sight of this handful of poor people, gathered together in the dusk of the evening, in this decayed and miserable building, celebrating their worship almost in the dark—a state of things, it is to be feared, but too emblematic of their own religious ignorance, and of the ruinous condition of the once renowned and flourishing Alexandrian Church. In Cairo the Coptic Christians are greatly more numerous, amounting there, it is said, to nearly 20,000. The whole number in Egypt is estimated at 80,000, and they are scattered over the entire face of the country, from the sea coast of the Mediterranean up to Assouan, on the borders of the Nubian desert. A revival of divine light and life in the Coptic Church, would therefore be a still great event for Egypt. Their own tongue is a dead language. Their priests are taught to read it, but it is believed that few of them really understand it. Were such a work done for the Coptic Church in Egypt, as the noble American Missions seem to be in the act, under God, of accomplishing for the Nestorian and Armenian Churches in Asia Minor, a light would be kindled that ere long might be blessed to illumine the whole dark valleyof the Nile.—*Buchanan's Clerical Furlough.*

God above all.

An astronomer, who had long idolized his faverite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him, "What will you do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher: "I am bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!" By these words the astronomer taught his friends that he had transferred his affections from the created to the creator; that, instead of finding his highest pleasure out of God, he found it in God; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the invisible and eternal.

General Miscellany.

I'm Growing Old.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptom of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless in my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I feel it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my haunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the years;
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the year whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings!
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold;
Where all are are blest, and none may sigh—
"I'm growing old!"

Facts about the Body.

There are about 200 bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthy material, the former predominating in youth, and the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of 24 small bones, called the vertebræ, one on the top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human frame is supported.

The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than 500. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bone one way and another to draw again. We cannot better describe the muscles than by comparing them to fine elastic threads, bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, without the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is opened or shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are about fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermillion color. The last is the blood as it runs to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be there refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are from seventy to 80 beats in a minute, a hogshead of blood passes through the heart every hour. In fevers, the pulsations are accelerated, and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is the boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice, till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste. This process requires from two to four hours.

Emerging from the stomach, the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile and the pancreate juice and converted in chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed, of course, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes, which are like sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thoracic duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags, connected with the open air by the windpipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute air cell, and is full of capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having a stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the air-cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meantime the oxygen of the air unites with the blood and becomes purified; then passing into the heart, being mixed with chyle, it is forced through the body as life-giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities of the system. It is traversed with capillaries which contain more blood in the aggregate than all the capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drain away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours, or five-eights of all the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame in infinitely fine fibers, like branches or twigs of trees.

Western Africa.

THE GOLD COAST.

Who has not sung or read, of "Afric's golden sands?" The lovely Heber has celebrated them in that incomparable hymn, to the strains of which the missionary host has been marshalled for more than a quarter of a century; and which has done more in infusing missionary zeal in the Protestant church than any other inspired composition. In the imaginings of our boyhood, we have often pictured to ourselves the golden strands of Guinea, glittering with the particles of the precious ore, and longed "to be a man" that we might go there and pick up "millions;" but we did not find the reality to correspond with the brightly colored pictures of our youthful fancy.

There is gold in Africa, enough to build palaces no doubt, but it is not to be found on the surf washed beach. The pure silex which there glistens with the salt spray of Old Ocean, crystallized by burning suns; is guiltless of possessing sordid dust—at least we never could find any of it, though we *prospected* in several places. Nor, as some European adventurers have learned to their sorrow and at the cost of life, is it to be picked up in "nuggets" among the gravel of the hillsides of the interior; but where the "sunny fountains" roll down the hills and vales, it is to be found scattered in particles like hoar-frost, but not by any means so easily gathered.

Practical and experienced miners from England, France and Germany, have visited the gold coast, furnished with picks, pans, pounding machines, crucibles, mercury, and other implements of gold getting, but in all their "prospectings" no "placers" have as yet been found sufficiently rich to repay the labour of Europeans. The natives, with whom time is but of little value, can afford to "wash out" at the rate of a few cents per day, but civilized men require dollars where savages require but mills. The system of gold getting among the tribes who inhabit the gold country, as described to us by an officer at Elmina, is by washing the earth which contains it, in wooden or other bowls. The particles of gold by their weight sink to the bottom of the vessel when the contents are agitated, and are picked out, morsel by morsel, from the grains of sand or other heavy matters which accompany them. The labour is performed chiefly by women, most of whom are slaves. A heavy per centage is paid to the king who claims the territory, and the remainder is bought up by petty merchants, who give cotton goods and trinkets in exchange, and by them carried to the coast, where it is bought by Europeans for like commodities.

Our informant told us that in the richer valleys of the interior, thousands of these women may be seen in company, each furnished with a bowl and bunch of switches with which to stir up the dust in the vessels, and a small spade for digging. He described as "very interesting" the scuffles and woolings which daily take place at the washings, between the dusky competitors for fortune. Laying aside all implements, they go through the operations in the style at Irish weddings, with claws and teeth.

Gold dust is used in Elmina and Cape Coast Town as a circulating medium. The venders in the native markets are furnished with small scales, and so skilled are they in the use of them and the value of the metal, that gold is given and received in exchange for a few cents worth of fish, eggs or roasted lizards. Two centuries ago, immense fortunes were frequently made by Portuguese and other traders in a single voyage to this coast in purchasing gold. Then a jack-knife, a piece of brightly colored silk, or a brass or tin ornament for the person, would bring half its weight in gold.

In later days, Manchester goods have bought fifty times their cost; New England rum has been sold at the rate of twenty dollars a gallon, and Virginia tobacco at the rate of five dollars a pound. Those celebrated Yankee muskets that can shoot round a corner, and do as much damage at the breech as at the muzzle, have brought fifty dollars a piece: but the palmy days of such trade have gone by forever. The civilizing influence has dissipated that ignorance of the value of notions, and the trader of this age has to deal with men who estimate their gold at the rate of sixteen dollars an ounce, and who are as good judges of cottons and silks as most ladies in America.—*Rev. Dr. Thomas' Letters.*

Life Insurance Companies.

Life Insurance differs widely from Fire and Marine Insurance in some points, and requires different rules of proceeding. Like them, it presents great opportunities for fraud, and like them, nevertheless, it seems to be a necessity of modern society. It is the complement of our system of general education. In the old order of things, a man's estate or general income, if of any considerable magnitude, was usually of such a nature that not much of it could be buried with him. It remained behind to nourish his heir. But since the more general diffusion of knowledge and machinery has multiplied the men whose minds solely are their estates, and very productive ones, too, the bread of the fatherless is very often buried with the father. And it is not the labourer's crust that is taken so suddenly from the child's mouth, but the provender of princes. The handle of a switch pointing a few degrees in the wrong direction, may extinguish a constellation of the lights of society and precipitate a score of families from affluence to destitution. Though material wealth has increased at equal pace with general knowledge, yet it is now the rule rather than the exception, that young men set out in life with very little. Their patrimony of it they have invested in mental culture. If they are to have families, they must either wait single, till by their industry they have accumulated funds, or run the risk of leaving destitute the helpless beings whose support they have assumed. Here Life Insurance comes to their aid, by guaranteeing at once, in case of death, a sufficient fund to sustain the widow and orphans. This it does in consideration of a moderate annual payment, to be continued for a term of years or for life. To the young man whose income is somewhat more than adequate to the unavoidable current expenses of a family, the Life Insurance Company say, "If Nature bids you marry, and only Poverty forbids, obey Nature, and we will take care of Poverty. Do it now, in your prime, and let the next generation inherit from you all the strength and genius which the best conditions will allow." The Savings' Bank says, "No, my friend, the voice of nature is premature and imprudent. You had better wait a few years—half-a-dozen at least."—So say all the other means and institutions for the accumulation of capital, and consequently leave the general happiness, not to speak of the good order and good morals of society, greatly in the lurch. Life Insurance possesses exclusively the power of creating at once an adequate provision against the destitution of dependants in case of death. The value of this function needs no eloquence of ours to illustrate it.

The Origin and History of Pews.

In Anglo-Saxon, and some northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, round the whole interior except the eastern end. In 1010 they were represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the whole church. Wooden seats were soon introduced after the Norman conquest. In 1207 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, being so common that none could call any seat his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the first one he seized. As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriate, the entrance being guarded by a cross, and the initials engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation the pew system prevailed; as we learn from a complaint of the poor commons addressed to Henry VII. in 1546, in reference to a decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "quire," or some "pew." In 1608, galleries were introduced. But early in 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being baized or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide those within, (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.) With the reign of Charles the First the reason for heightening the sides disappeared, and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height.—*Electric Museum.*

Fish Nests.

It was not known until lately that any of the fish built nests. But the Frenchmen are always prying into such matters, and one of them lately discovered a fish called the Shotsleback at work. He brings all the materials in his mouth, of course in very small quantities at a time, and frequently from very considerable distances. It is very instructive to observe his contrivances for preventing the foundation of his structure from being carried away by the stream, which he effects by bringing sand, also in his mouth, and placing it upon the successive layers forming the foundation of his edifice. His next process is to cement these layers well together, by a gluten which he obtains from his own skin, by rubbing himself against them; and thus is formed the floor upon which the rest of the structure is to be raised. It is occasionally further secured at its anchorage by a root or twig at the bottom of the stream, or by some other accidental assistance. His next process is to stick small, or occasionally stronger materials as uprights, all round the foundation; frequently taking them out with his mouth, and putting them in situations more to his fancy, till he is at length satisfied that they are all in the right places. Sometimes he finds a portion of his materials altogether unsuitable, in which case he takes it away to a distance from the intended nursery of his offspring, and regardless of labour and fatigue, gets another lot of materials. He cements the walls as they arise, by rubbing against them as he had done to the floor, and then sets about the roof, which he completes in a similar manner. His hardest work appears to be this cementing process; the vibrating of the body, by means of which he exudes the necessary mucus from the surface of the skin, seeming to exhaust him very much. He makes two openings to his dwelling, a front and a back door as it were, which he retains in suitable form by passing continually through them in such a manner as to keep them neat and open.

Quack Advertisements.

Filthy and obscene advertisements are still admitted into the great majority of the public papers. Last week a correspondent forwarded to us nearly a column of these documents which he had cut out from one of the morning papers. He had observed, that papers containing such advertisements were unfit to be placed upon the table of a man who had sons and daughters; and he suggested that every respectable medical practitioner should forward a remonstrance to the conductors of those periodicals who admitted offensive and obscene appeals to the credulity and ignorance of their readers. The hint is not without its value. If the profession were united in discouraging the papers which admit these offensive advertisements, the result would be more decisive than any legislative enactment. This is a public question. The public are the sufferers. The money extorted by quacks is so much loss to the public, but takes nothing from the pockets of the profession. Legitimate practitioners, when any real disease presents itself, have at length to be consulted. The shattered constitution, the broken spirit of the quack's patient must, in the order of things, eventually come under the treatment of the honourable practitioner. That which in its original condition could have been arrested or cured in the course of a few days, or weeks at most, becomes, after quack treatment, a serious and lengthened disease. "Bad surgeons," said John Hunter, "are like bad carpenters, they make work for the good ones." The maltreatment of the quack furnishes a prolific source of income to the educated practitioner. As in the furtherance of all other sanitary measures, the attempt to suppress quackery is not a selfish object on the part of the profession—on the contrary, its suppression must be injurious to the mere pecuniary interests of honourable men. But all men educated in the true principles of medicine, which have for their object the alleviation of the sorrows and miseries of mankind, are anxious to shake off the merest semblance of connexion with a herd of mercenary adventurers, whose only object is to grow rich by acting in opposion to all those rules of conduct which guide honourable men.—*Lancet.*

The Roman Empire at its Zenith.

"Viewed in comparison with some of the monarchies of the present day, neither in extent of territory, nor amount of population, nor number of soldiers, is very surprising. The Queen of England reigns over more subjects, and commands far mightier fleets and armies, than any of the Roman Emperors. The Empire of Russia is more extensive, and yet the historians of a few generations ago are lost in admiration of the power of Rome. The whole military force of the Empire amounted to 450,000 men. The total number of vessels did not exceed 1,000. But see what were the advantages Rome possessed in the compactness of its territory and the unity of its government. The great Mediterranean Sea, peopled and cultivated on both its shores, was but a peaceful lake on which the Roman galley had no enemy to fear, and the merchant ship dreaded nothing but the wind and waves. There was no fortress to be garrisoned on what are now the boundaries of jealous or hostile kingdoms. If the great circuit of the Roman State could be protected from barbarous inroads, the internal defences of all that vast enclosure could be left to the civil power. If the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff could be kept clear of piratical adventures, the broad highway of the Mediterranean was safe. A squadron near Gibraltar, a squadron at the Dardanelles, and the tribes which might possibly venture in from the ocean—the tribes which, slipping down from the Don or the Dnieper, might thread their way through Hellespont, and merge into the Egean—were caught at their first appearance; and when the wisdom of the Romans had guarded the mouths of the Danube from the descent, in canoe or corracle, of the wild settlers on its upper banks, the peace and commerce of the whole Empire were secured. With modern Europe the case is very different. There are boundaries to be guarded which occupy more soldiers than the territories are worth. Lines are arbitrarily fixed across the centre of a plain, or along the summit of a mountain