Poetry.

My Baby Boy.

I little thought a few months since, thou would'st
be with me now,
When I saw that deadly paleness spread itself
upon thy brow.
Those tiny hands so clasped in pain, thy blue
eyes rolled in death,
While thy mother's watchful-listening could
scarcely catch thy breath.
They told me thou wast dying then. I knew it
must be so!
For I thought my heart would surely break beneath that burst of woe.

Yet thou wast spared, my darling boy. God
took thee not from me.
He saw my heart's convulsive throes, my spirit's
agony.
And though my prayer was not for life, but that
his will be done,
He knew my own heart's wild desire, and spared
to me my son.
But now thou are mine own, mine own, my beautiful, my bird!
Oh, what a rush of ecstacy those tender terms
have stirred!

Mine own? Aye yes! mine own dear one, to
love, protect and bless;
To clasp with a wild embrace, or mutely to caress!
Mine own to guard through infancy, to wrestle
for in prayer,
To watch and guide through youthful years,
each joy and grief to share;
And mine a Saviour's priceless name to teach
his lisping tongue.
To tell the glories of the cross whence free salvation sprung.

My beautiful! And is it strange that I should
style him so?
What mother's heart is there but sees her babe
in beauty grow?
So when I gaze into those eyes so deeply, darkly blue,
Or press the velvet lip and cheek, where crimson struggles through,
Or take the perfect hand in mine,—more perfect could not be,
Say is it strange that he should seem a peerless
babe to me?

Dear Saviour! when I bend above my baby's
cradle bed,
And breathe my heartfelt blessings down upon
his tiny head,
My soul wells up in thankfulness, that thou did'st
mark on high,
An humble mother's mournful tears, or heed her
broken sigh;
Yet oh! since thou in mercy spared my first-
born babe to me,
Be this my end, be this my aim, to bring him up
for thee!

Oh, may I teach my baby boy the way of truth
divine,
So mould his heart that he at last among God's
gems may shine.
Help me to make redemption's theme so welcome to his ear,
That it may be his choicest song, the one he
loves to hear.
Then, when this world shall be dissolved, gone
every spire and dome,
Oh, may he chant his Saviour's praise in an
eternal home!

—Christian Intelligencer.

Agriculture.

Shrubbery Planting.

We cut the following from the Floricultural Cabinet. It is one of the best articles ever printed on the subject. No one can tell, who has never tried it, how wonderfully a few fine shrubs, if properly planted, will change for the better, the appearance of the grounds about a dwelling. Read and observe:

"The shrubbery may be defined to be the links which connect the mansion and the lawn to the flower garden, or to the other parts of the residence, and is most generally planted either for shelter or shade, although often as a screen to hide disagreeable objects, for which the plants which compose it, are better suited than for forest or other trees. The shrubbery is often a matter of utility as well as of ornament, in which case it gives the highest satisfaction when formed for the purpose of shutting out the offices or the kitchen garden from the view of the house; for sheltering the latter or the garden, or for connecting the house with the garden and the orchard, the shrubbery becomes useful and interesting.

"Sometimes a shrubbery is formed merely for the purpose of growing rare shrubs, and for obtaining agreeable walks; in this case, it is necessary to be at more pains and to display a greater degree of taste in the laying of it out, than in the formation of the useful shrubbery; in the latter case, a tasteful arrangement of plants is a matter of less importance than the choice and disposition of kinds that will soonest afford shelter, and ultimately become thick screens.

"In planting shrubberies for screens, to hide disagreeable objects, evergreens should form the principal mass, as affording a permanent blind, and giving a cheerful appearance even in winter. A few deciduous shrubs of the most showy sort may, however, with propriety be added, which will give relief to the more somber appearance of the evergreens, particularly while the former are in flower; but from their nature of annually shedding their leaves, and consequently being thin in winter, they are not so well calculated for a permanent blind.

"In the disposal of shrubs, the tallest should be planted farthest from the walk or front side, and the low in stature in front, but if an immediate effect be desired, it is better to elevate the ground, than to plant trees of too great an age; it is also a matter of importance, that they may be planted thickly, as it is an easy task to thin them out when required. Little taste has generally been displayed in the formation of shrubberies, as to the production of picturesque beauty,; they are planted too generally in the form of sloping banks, without the least natural beauty whatever, although in this way they may answer the purpose of blinding out disagreeable objects of little merit, when seen even from their best side.

"Great attention should be paid, in their planting, to give them a somewhat *natural appearance*, and not that of a surface as regular as if they were clipped with the garden shears. Straight lines should also be avoided as much as possible, and the margin of the shrubbery should be *broken* with deep indentures or sinuosities, and these should be neatly turfed over and kept mown. The walks which lead through this department should not be to any great distance in a straight line, if it can be avoided, neither should they be too much twisted.—There is something in a fine gentle sweep or curve, so pleasing in a road or walk, that few are insensible to its beauty. The breadth of the walks should be regulated according to the length and scale of the place, as too narrow walks for principal ones, have never a good effect; they should scarcely, under any circumstances, be less than five feet wide, and unless for terrace walks of great length, should not be more than eight; if the greater breadth, they assume the appearance of a carriage drive, and if narrower, they dwindle in appearance to a mere foot-path."

Bees.

Any body can manage bees. It is the easiest thing in the world to do it, just as it is to make an egg stand on end,—after one knows how. A man who knows their nature and habits, and can avail himself of their instincts, can make them do just what he pleases. Ten thousand men have kept bees for thousands of years, and have watched their doings, and many have written learned treatises upon the economy of their Commonwealths. But it has fallen to Huber and Langstroth and a few others to discover the few simple secrets which, while they are unknown have rendered their movements so mysterious. Any body can move a hive of bees from its stand, invert it and call them out, and handle them as he pleases, and restore them to the hive with perfect safety, and the bees will be all the time perfectly good-natured, and not an individual among them will offer to sting him, and yet very few persons dare make the attempt, and still fewer knows how to do it with safety. When bees are alarmed, they believe with the miser, that their treasury is the object of the invader; as it is the only treasure of any object to them, they act on the belief that it is of equal value to others. If the alarm is repeated, each one drops all other employments, whether he is constructing a cell or filling it with honey, or in whatever work he may be employed, and sets himself at once to secure as much honey as his honey bag will contain. Each one secures a share of the pure limped nectar. Each one sucks in his drop of honey, that at least so much may be secured from plunder. It is surprising with what rapidity a bee will fill himself with honey when alarmed. He draws it in, in a continued stream till he can hold no more, and then quietly awaits the result of the alarm. Having secured as much of his treasure as he can, the instinct of his nature is satisfied. He has done all he can.—And now comes the secret by the knowledge of which the operator can handle and manage them as he chooses

A bee, when full of honey, never stings, unless pinched or otherwise injured. The operator has only to induce them to fill their bags with honey, and they at once become harmless. This is a uniform law of their nature, as certain and reliable as any other law of nature. The knowledge of this law and a little expertness in managing the alarm in such a way as to induce each bee to seize his portion of the common treasure is the magic possessed by the bee charmers, which enables them to astonish by their boldness the uninitiated lookers on. The drones have no sings, of course they may be handled with impunity. They may be distinguished by their larger size. The different keys upon which bees pitch their notes indicate their condition. When they are full of honey their note is on a lower key, and has a quite uniform hum drum tone. When they are empty their note is sharp and angry. When a swarm have filled themselves it may happen that one or more may be found, that have not secured any portion of the treasure. Perhaps they have just returned to the hive, and have had no opportunity to fill themselves.—These will fly about in great agitation uttering a sharp piercing note. If you are not careful you may get stung by them.—Their angry note is readily distinguished from the rest of the swarm, and the operator puts himself at once on his guard. A few days since, I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Langstroth, on the grounds of Mr. Brown, Editor of the New England Farmer, take a large old hive full of bees, and remove it from its stand, and turn it bottom upwards, and call out the swarm into an empty box—take them up by handfuls, and handle them with the same freedom as he would so many peas. He broke open several bees and shewed the full honey bag. He struck down one that was uttering a spiteful note and threatened to sting him, and shewed that his bag was empty. Not having secured any portion of the common stock, he was obeying the next instinct of his nature, and endeavoring with his own unaided weapon, to drive off the invader. Mr L. has constructed a very ingenious hive, in which the operations of the bees, and the progress of their work, may be readily watched from day to day. In this hive, the comb is constructed in plates about an inch thick, entirely distinct from each other. Any one of these plates may be taken out, the bees shaken or brushed from the comb. The comb is then detached from the frame that contains it. The frame is replaced, and the bees immediately set themselves to work to reconstruct another comb in place of that which has been taken away. The whole arrangement is very complete, and shows a thorough knowledge of the nature and habits of bees, a knowledge which has cost him years of close and careful observation. We recommend this hive to those who raise honey, and who would always have it within their reach, and especially to those who like to study the habits and economy of the curious and "busy bee."—*Country Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

No Room.

While riding the other day, in one of those museums of human nature—the city cars—an incident occurred, so out of the common course of things as to attract the notice and excite the pleasant smiles of the whole company.

Ladies, especially the well-dressed, look daggers when crowded in public conveyances, and their features dilate with ill-bread amazement if one of their sex has the audacity to stop a car already full, and attempt to find a seat. The thought apparently, never occurs that, had they stood half an hour on the curb-stone waiting for a roomy car, they would do precisely the same thing. This crabbed, impudent, "who are you" look, usually bestowed on late passengers, especially if wearing suspicious badges of economy, had a beautiful contrast the other day, not soon to be forgotten by the lookers on.

We were closely seated—twenty of us—most ladies, with a scattering of black coats and extra children, not a few of whom were standing up. A speedy arrival at home was the greatest good desired at that moment, by any one, when a sharp ring and a general swaying of the passengers against each others shoulders announced the new comers, and brought an ill-humoured scowl upon almost every face.

"No room; no room!" exclaimed two or three voices at once.—Nevertheless a woman with a baby in her arms, and one, two, three, four, five—five children beside! "No room!" vociferated a stout man, thumping the floor with his cane. The vexed ladies turned their noses up, and their eyes likewise, without once turning them inward to see how they would feel in such circumstances. The car glided along, yet no one moved for the pale woman and her sleeping baby. A row of statues could not have sat with more decision or indifference.

"Here my good woman, take my seat; you look tired. I'm a little body, and can stand as well as not," said a lively voice; and, sure enough, a pretty, well dressed, good natured lady suited the action to the word. She did not look like a Sister of Charity nor a Woman's Right's woman, or a Pharisee, or any body else of whom such acts are expected, but like some one who sits every day at our own hearth-stone. She could not have done it for effect; there was too much heartiness in her voice and manner for that, when she placed the poor woman in her seat.

"You look tired. Have you been to the city with all those children?" asked the little lady, with an honest smile, as she surveyed the whole troop.

"We have come all the way from Tennessee, ma'am," modestly replied the young woman from under her travel stained bonnet.

"Oh, ho!" laughed the little lady, "I should think you would be tired. Why," said she to the friend with whom she had been chatting all the way. "If we should spend one day in the city, with the baby in nurse's arms, we should think ourselves killed—but six! and all the way from Tennessee too? Oh, ho!" laughed she again.

By this time every face in the car unconsciously wore a smile, for sympathy had stolen into every heart unawares. And now the busy lady espied the waking baby, condoled upon its being sick, and then turned to the five little girls, in brown sun bonnets, like a row of steps one above the other standing beside her.

"My little dears, you are all tired out, are you not? Let me see your face," said she to the shortest, stooping down and brushing the hair out of her eyes—not as if she were afraid of poisoning her fingers, but in the most motherly way possible—and out looked as pretty a face as ever saw the light. Her eyes now shot up to the tallest.

"The oldest and youngest are beauties," said she delightedly, to her friend in a low voice. In the meantime a seat was vacated, and presently another, and another but still the five young travellers made no motion to occupy them

"Come sit here, right beside me. Come my dears, there's room for every one of you;" said the lovely lady. The children themselves could not resist smiling or obeying, for she took them one by one and plumped them upon the seat.

"There now!" said she to the last, as if relieved of her anxiety as to their fatigue. Seeing them cared for she rattled away as vivaciously as ever to her friend, about other matters, till she left us, without seeming to know that she had done a kinder act than any one else, and this for the good reason undoubtedly, that her heart and hand spontaneously reach forth to the poor or the unfortunate. May God bless her for reading that cheerful lesson to a car full of selfish mortals, and sending a flash of sunny nature into our faces to displace the cold hard look of the world, even for a moment—long enough to remind us that "Love thy neighbour as thyself" has an every day meaning.—*Hesper in the N. Y. Evangelist.*

Plagues.

The plagues of the Middle Ages were of so destructive a character, that in recent times they have been regarded as approaching to the fabulous. It was only when the cholera had become a frequent visitor to our shores, that the attention of scientific men was directed to the subject, and it was then admitted—for it could not be denied—that there were certain unknown agents of mortality, of the most destructive power, which it became an urgent duty to endeavor to counteract and prevent.

The most notorious plague of the former time was the "Black Death;" and from all that we can learn as to its symptoms, it bore a considerable resemblance to the modern cholera. The disease was supposed to have commenced in the Kingdom of Cathay, to the north of China, in the year 1333, and spread in a westerly direction across Asia to Constantinople, where it broke out in 1347. In the ollowing year it ravaged France, Spain and Italy, and then it appeared in Great Britain, where it remained for some time. As the habits of the people of all countries where much less cleanly than they are at this day, and as the regulations of towns were still less favorable to purification and health, the disease was of an excessively malignant and fatal character. It is computed to have destroyed not less than 25,000,000 people in Europe, or about one-fourth of its then population. Stowe, the old chronicler, says of it: "A great pestilence entering the island, which began in Dorsetshire, then proceeded into Devonshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and Oxfordshire, and then came to London, and overspread all England, so wasting the people, that scarce the tenth person of all sorts was left alive; and the church yards were not sufficient to receive the dead, but men were forced to choose out certain fields for burial."

The field used in London for this purpose, was the space of ground now used as a playground and garden by the boys of the Charter-house, under whose feet lie buried some 50,000 old London citizens, stricken down by the plague. But the total number of sufferers from the disease in London alone was 100,000; so that the Black Death almost depopulated the city. A murrain also seized the cattle throughout the country, and they fell by thousands; the crops lay rotting in the fields for want of labourers to gather them in; great suffering followed the disease, and it was many years before England recovered from the calamities of 1349.

There was one remarkable result of this plague worthy of notice, the evidences of which still survive. Whoever has inquired into the history of the magnificent old Gothic cathedrals still standing throughout England, or considered the immense wealth and labour necessary to rear these piles, can scarcely fail to have been struck with wonder at the depth of feeling and the energetic efforts of the people, by no means wealthy, by whom they were erected. But the wonder ceases when we think of the panic, fear, and awe, struck into the minds of men by the Great Plague. The universal despair and depression of spirit which it produced, in many cases assumed a religious form; and the wealthy abandoned their treasures, and gave their villages and estates to the churches and monasteries, by way of securing forgiveness for their sins and propitiating the Divine wrath. Hence the origin of the splendid Gothic structures, most of which were commenced in the fourteenth century, shortly after the occurrence of the Black Death, though many were not finished till the succeeding century.

About the same time there sprung up a great zeal for penance, fasting, and self-infliction of punishment, with a view to arrest Heaven's anger. The Brothers of the Cross, or Flagellants, sprang into importance, and soon included nobles, princes, and men belonging to all classes of the people. They marched in public procession through the towns, and scourged themselves with knotted cords, amid the singing of psalms and loud supplications for the arresting of the plague. Among the other superstitions and fears of the time, was that entertained respecting the Jews, who were supposed to be the authors of the calamity. The effects of the disease so much resembled those of poison, that the popular idea in most places attributed them to the poisoning of the food and water which they eat and drank. Down even to a recent period this popular notion has been found prevalent, as, for instance, in Russia and Poland. But at that remote age the Jews were general objects of horror, on account of the religious prejudices excited against them; and they were the first to feel the effects of the popular indignation. Noble and mean bound themselves together in societies for the avowed purpose of extirpating the Jews, who were everywhere pursued and when captured were slain or burnt. The whole of the Jews in Basle were cooped up in a wooden house, which was then set fire to, and every individual perished. At Spires they themselves assembled in their own habitations, which they set fire to, and thus consumed themselves and their families. At Strasburg, 2,000 Jews were burned in their own burial ground, where a large scaffold had been erected; those who embraced Christianity were spared. Where not burned, the Jews were banished; but this was even a worse fate, for, wandering about the country, they fell into the hands of the infuriated peasants, and were by them tortured and persecuted by fire and sword.

The "Sweating Sickness" was another virulent plague of former times, whose visits were attended by a fatality almost as great as that which accompanied the "Black Death." The names of both diseases point to an analogy with the cholera—cold sweats and lividity of skin being its prominent symptoms. But the Sweating Sickness is said to have commenced with a violent inflammatory fever, followed by a complete prostration, fetid perspiration, and death; not more than one in a hundred of those who were attacked escaped with life. The disease ran through its course in about twenty four hours. It principally attacked persons who lived well and drank high; and on that account it is said not to have extended across the border into Scotland. In London, two Lord Mayors and six aldermen died of the disease in one week; and many merchants and nobles also perished. Henry VII landed his army at Milford Haven while the disease was raging in the country, and it broke out in his camp on the banks of the Severn. The Lord Stanley of the day alleged the prevalence of the disease as his excuse for not joining the army of Richard.

Noble Example of an Indian.

About the year 1776 a circumstance occurred which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England, with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians, early became friends of the English. Their favorite ground was on the banks of the river (now the Thames,) between new London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist, and they are sacredly protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several indians of this tribe, in hunting animals, whose skin was valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived.—When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe, died, and he found himself with only one life between him and the empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously. "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honorable race? What will my people say? and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more?" He resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I heard his story, and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was, I already partook in the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me, to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief. "Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?" The old man dropped his knife and fork, leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eyes sparkling with indignation were fixed on me. "John," said he, "You do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil! Do you know not that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I should not stop unil I got rum, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept.—Demosthenes could not have given it in a more solemn tone of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other and at me, and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.

The Giant and Death.

There lived once upon a time, a Giant, who was very strong and very kind-hearted. Every day he went out seeking what good he might accomplish for men. One morning as he walked abroad, he met one whom he knew was Death. Death was attended by a female with wild eyes, haggard cheeks, attenuated form and faltering step, and who mosned incoherently to herself.

"Hold, Death," cried the giant, "I must fight with thee to day."

But Death as he slowly advanced, replied, "No, I cannot stop; I have much work to do ere the sun sets."

"Thou evil one," cried the giant, "hold! I will at least delay thy footsteps, and retard the desolation thou carriest with thee. I love mankind, therefore I hate thee thou fearful one!"

But Death only answered, "I must not linger here; many wait for my coming today, and would mourn if I tarried."

"Now, surely, thou liest," said the Giant, "for all men fear thee, the evil and the good, and at the distant echo of thy footsteps they weep, and mourn, and pray to be delivered from thee. When they paint thee, it is always in black, and with a horrible countenance."

"No," sighed Death, "the good do not fear me; they fear, rather, my servants. One of them is called; she goes with me this morning. See how wild her eyes are and how pale her cheeks! I sing sweet songs of joy and hope to the sick man, but her eyes glare upon him so fiercely, and she raves so madly, that he cannot hear my voice. Hunger and Cold are twin brother and sister, and always go together. I often bring with me beautiful pictures of green fields, where the warm sun ever shines, and where the palm trees grow, but Cold lays her icy fingers upon the heart, and Hunger cries with his loud voice, so that men can see none of the beautiful visions of promise that I paint. My servants, truly, are fearful. Strive with them if thou wouldst benefit mankind, but trouble not me; for when I come alone, I come very gently."

"I cannot strive with thee to-day," replied the Giant, "for I feel my strength already wane as I speak with thee; yet I would make one request. I have a friend, young, beautiful and pious. I know that thou must come to him one day, even as thou dost to all men; but come alone, without thy fearful attendants;" and Death answered, "It shall be as thou wilt, and one thing more will I promise thee; I will not go to him until he shall call me himself."

Thus they parted, and the giant gave his young friend all worldly treasure, and rejoiced to behold his happiness.

But one day he chanced to meet the young man, and there was a cloud on his brow. "Is all well with thee?" said the Giant.

"There is one thing that grieves me," replied the young man, "I am consumed by a desire for knowledge. The days are so short and so few. My vision is so limited—my grasp so feeble. Ah, in heaven it will be so much better!" And the Giant sighed, for he knew that his friend called the fearful one, Death.

Years passed on, and the Giant found his friend in the strength of manhood, honored and beloved.

"What fails thee now?" said the Giant, "surely there is nothing left thee to desire?"

"I am weary of the injustice of men," he answered; "my heart grows sick as I look at the sin and misery which I have no power to avert; I long for rest." And the Giant trembled, for he thought he heard the footsteps of Death; but Death came not yet.

The third time the Giant visited his friend he found him in old age, but vigorous and beautiful as in youth, and the Giant said, "How greatly art thou blessed! Thou hast no sickness, nor infirmities; thou art everywhere respected and loved; life is surely very pleasant to thee?"

"Thou speakest truly," answered the man, "but my friends have all left me, and my heart is often lonely. At night, in my dreams, I see them again; they walk in green fields, beneath the palm trees, and the birds sing the sweetest songs that my ears ever heard, and when I awake in the morning and find myself still on earth, I am sorrowful. Perhaps some day I shall find my dreams true."

The next morning the old man awakened not from his sleep; his dreams were become true.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Wesleyan Book-Room!

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE friends of WESLEYAN and GENERAL Literature are hereby informed that in three or four weeks the present BOOK-ROOM in Halifax will be REOPENED with a complete assortment of NEW BOOKS which will be selected personally in the best market—and offered to the purchaser at low prices. A considerable reduction will also be made in the prices of the present Stock.

A new stock of Wesleyan Hymn Books will be received at the same time. The Hymns will also be offered at reduced prices.

☞ A list of the principal new Works will be published in the Provincial Wesleyan when they arrive.

CHARLES CURCHILL,
Book Steward.

Halifax, July 24th, 1856.

N. B.—The first quarterly Meeting of the Book Committee will take place on the first Wednesday in September at 2 o clock, P. M.

WESLEYAN Branch Book-Room!

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE friends of Wesleyan Methodism in New Brunswick are hereby informed that a Branch Book Room has already been opened in the city of St. John—at No 82 Germain street, where a large assortment of Wesleyan Hymn Books, Catechisms, Sunday School Libraries, Sunday school Hymn Books, &c. &c. will always be kept on hand. A good stock of the Religious and general current Literature of the day will also be found, and the whole will be offered at low prices.

Orders for Sunday School Libraries or any other Works may be addressed to the Rev. CHARLES STEWART, Wesleyan Minister, or direct to the Wesleyan Branch Book Room, 82 Germain Street, St. John. A large accession to the Stock may be shortly expected.

CHARLES CURCHILL,
Book Steward.

July 24.

Wesleyan Book-Room.

Colporteurs Wanted.

TENDERS will be received by the Book Steward in Halifax from parties willing to act in the above capacity, in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The engagement to commence if possible about the last week in August.

The terms will be made known to parties making the application—if by letter postage paid.

Halifax, July 24th, 1856.

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JULY 3rd, 1856.

BLACK GLACE SILKS; Vesting Cords,
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Black Barage Dresses, (very rich.)
With sundry other articles to complete assortment
ALSO—Brown and Black STRAW HATS.

July 24. JOST, KNIGHT & CO.

$100---Proclamation.

To the Mayor and Citizens of Philadelphia and the Union.

I PROPOSE to test my Electric Oil on any case of *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Asthma, Piles, Gout, Fever and Ague, Tetter, Felons, Swellings, Cramps, Deafness*, and to forfeit to any public institution, the Mayor may name, $100, if my genuine Electric Oil does not make an effectual cure in each case.

Dr. J. C. Van Doren, Trenton, N. J., an old and experienced gentleman, came to my establishment on Saturday and said "He never had failed in a single case of Rheumatism with my Oil." He buys several dozen at a time, and has more than a year past. He says "it is much in *using the Oil right*. I have no trouble in curing Piles effectually, and I do not use injurious medicines. My pure "Electric Oil" is enough. Be careful of the counterfeits. All my bottles must have my name in the class—All the cures advertised in this paper a year or two past were made by my Oil. See the certificates of 500 citizens.

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July 31.

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June 19. 3m.

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It has been the lot of the human race to be weighed down by disease and suffering. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are specially adapted to the relief of the WEAK, the NERVOUS, the DELICATE, and the INFIRM, of all climes, ages, sexes and constitution. Professor Holloway personally superintends the manufacture of his medicines, and feels them to a free and enlightened people, as the best remedy the world ever saw for the removal of disease.

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December 13, 1855.

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May 29.

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May 29.

To the Methodists and Others OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA!

The Methodist Magazine,

VOL. II.

Commencing January 1856.

Rev. Alexander W. McLeod, D.D
PUBLISHER AND EDITOR,
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