MAIL COACHES,
HORE ROUTE.
Halifax and Shelburne,
LEAVE ON MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, AT 6 O'CLOCK, A. M.
Having taken the Contract for the conveyance of the mails on the above route, beg to notify the travelling public that I am prepared to carry passengers at the following rates:

Chester,	$2
Bridgewater,	$3
Liverpool,	$5
Shelburne,	$7.50

Will also leaves Mahone Bay for Lunenburg on arrival of the Mail from Halifax. Leaves Lunenburg on the following morning for Mahone Bay, and Bridgewater, to connect with the Mail for Halifax and Liverpool.
Agents—Halifax: Somerset House, Lunenburg: Mrs. J. Zwicker, Bridgewater: James Starritt, Liverpool: W. Scott.
ALBERT GRAVES.

PAIG MICROSCOPE!
The most wonderful Invention of the Age.
PRICE ONLY $2 50.
For further particulars, see Halifax Morning Journal, or address the Agent, Nova Scotia.—M. A. BUCKLEY, Bookseller & Stationer, Clifton Block, Windsor, N. S.
Halifax—A & W MacKinlay, R T Kitchen, Book-seller, Granville Street, J. Burton, Druggist. Aug 3

PORTABLE
WATER BATH.
At a Trifling Cost.
Allen & Towl's Celebrated
SEA SALT.
From the careful manner in which it is collected and preserved, contains all the Iodine and Bromine, together with the Sulphates of Sodium, Magnesium, and Lime, in a perfect state of preservation, retaining their virtues to water when used as liquid, thereby producing a genuine Sea Water Bath!
Persons who have heretofore refrained from Sea Bathing, owing to the danger incurred (in summer) by exposing delicate patients to the common bathing houses, will find the trouble in obtaining sea water and difficulties are now removed by the use of Allen & Towl's Real Sea Salt,
which will enable all to enjoy that luxury in the private bath rooms.
It has been proved sea water to be an invaluable strengthener for infants and invalids; and for preserving the health of those who reside at inestimable blessing
It is especially recommended to those who reside in the interior, where salt water cannot be obtained.
Seven pound packages at 1s stg. A liberal discount to wholesale buyers.
J. F. EAGAR,
Agent, Halifax, N.S, Wholesale Agent for North America.
Agents wanted in every town and village. Address J. F. Eagar, 151 Hollis street, Halifax. March 30

CONSUMPTION.
Disease is not Incurable.
MR. HARRISON, of Black River Centre, New York, after being cured of the worst form by an English doctor of the doctor the recipes, and now offering a remedy that will cure Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, and all Lung Diseases. Many have already proved the
TESTIMONIALS.
Stebbins.—Having been suffering with bronchial difficulty, attended with spitting of blood, and having tried many remedies without effect, I used Wm. Harrison's Balsam and Pills of Rev. Wm. Stebbins, Oneida county, N. Y., and received benefit, and am now enjoying better health than for three or four years past. We believe that his medicines are excellent for Bronchitis, and Catarrh.
Rev. G. Happood, Pastor of the M. E. Church of Madrid, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. July 31, 1863.
Rev. G. Happood, D. D. Madrid, N. Y. Mr. Harrison—I recommend your medicine. I have ever used for the Consumption.
GEO. G. HAPGOOD.
Robert Flint, Stebuen, N. Y. Rev. Sir—I have tried your medicine for throat diseases, and can certify that it had excellent effect. I was much afflicted, and it was painful to me. I could preach at all. But one bottle has done me so that I can preach every day without injury to my throat. I can heartily recommend it to all.
ROBERT FLINT.
A. Salsbury, Vermont, St Lawrence Co. Bro. Harrison—My wife has used your medicine in my family, and it proves the best thing for the throat and lungs I ever used. I would therefore gladly recommend it to all my valuable medicine.
SILAS BALL.
Skeel, Hannibal, N. Y. From Mr. Harrison's medicine in my family, I find its excellence.
H. SKEEL.
W. Coope, Auburn, N. Y. I am sure of the merits of Bro Harrison's Balsam for the throat and lungs. I have received more benefit from its use than all other medicines.
JOHN W. COOPE.
W. T. Rogers, New Hampshire, N. H. I have used Bro. Harrison's Balsam in my family with good success. It is a very good medicine for chronic complaints. I recommend its use to all afflicted.
Pills, including Mixture, Balsam $1 per package, and can be had of Mr. John McMurray, Wesleyan Book Room. Orders, accompanied by the cash, will receive prompt attention.

THE
PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN,
ORGAN OF THE
Methodist Church of E. B. America.
John McMurray.
Nathaniel Chamberlain.
GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.
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Religious Miscellany.

Your Mission.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do!
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it *anywhere*.

The Bible in Schools and Families.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOME TRUSTEES."

"Holy Bible,—Book of Truth,
The support of age, the guide of youth,
The index to a world above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love."

Nine reasons why the Bible should be the text-book in schools and families:

1. Because it is God's book—the Book of books—the Book above all books—the best of all books.

"The Bible! in this book alone,
We find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown."

2. Because it is a fountain of purity; and all the streams issuing from this fountain must be pure. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place, sweet water and bitter?"—James iii, 11. "The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."—Psalm xii, 6. Everything from a pure and holy God must be pure and holy.

3. The Word of God is *life*; it is *spirit*; it is *power*. It *convicts*, *converts*, sanctifies, purifies—makes meet for Heaven, for glory eternal. No human composition is comparable to the Bible in searching the heart, convicting "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come." "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart,"—Heb. iv, 12. All the sinners that have been awakened to spiritual life—regenerated, sanctified, glorified—have been made thus pure, holy, and glorious through the instrumentality of the Word of God—its light and life-giving, soul-kindling power. "Seeing ye have purified yourselves in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever,"—1st Pet. i, 22, 23. "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,"—John i, 9. "Of his own will begat he us, with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures,"—James i, 18.

4. The Bible should be made the text-book in all families and schools, because God has left us recorded examples of the saving power of His Word, in saving the rising age, even from infancy. The instruction imparted by Hannah, in training little Samuel, her first-born, the child of many prayers, was, doubtless, drawn from holy inspiration. She had no human authors on the subject of family discipline, from which to receive light in rearing the tender thought, nor was it necessary. Had she the same facilities that we have at the present day, the numerous publications on the subject of family government, Hannah would never have substituted one of them for the law and the testimony—the fire, flint, and hammer of God's Word. Mark the happy result of her decision, and the fulfilment also of covenant vows to lend Samuel to the Lord forever. Who was Samuel? what his life? his death? What the glory that followed? What light shone brighter, even to the perfect day? Young Timothy was another beautiful example of Bible teaching. He was made wise unto salvation, through the medium of the Holy Scriptures, from his childhood. God has left these "apples of gold" on record, and many others, for our instruction, saying, "Parents, teachers, go ye, and do likewise!"

5. Another reason for the text-book in the impartation of light and life to children and youth, is that it is a most beautiful, sublime, and perfect specimen of composition. Although many hundreds of thousands of books have been written in different ages, by wise and learned men, even the best of them will bear no comparison with the Bible, in respect either of religion, morality, or purity and sublimity of composition. Perhaps no man was ever better qualified to pronounce his judgment in the matter than the late Sir William Jones, who was one of the most learned men that ever lived. He says, "I have regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of the opinion that this volume, independent of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains, both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that ever were composed in any age or nation." "The finest productions of human art, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful: their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again, and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best."

"The Bible is the Christian's prize,
The source of all his happiness;
He feeds upon its sacred truths,
And drinks the streams of heavenly bliss."

6. Again, the Bible should be the text-book or foundation of all intellectual and religious training, for wherever its blessed doctrines and precepts are embraced, treasured in the heart, and carried out practically in every-day life, there true grace prevails, true wisdom shines, and what things soever are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. To verify the proof of this assertion, instance Scotland. Here

"The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed by its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools."

7. The Bible should be made the text-book in our schools and families from the fact that "the Bible just now is assailed by a most remarkable multiplicity and diversity of enemies. Atheism, denying God; Atheism, doubting God; Deism, dreaming of God; Pantheism, generalizing God; and Polytheism, analyzing God, are all, with nearly equal inveteracy, still, as ever, opposed to the revelation of God. But, besides these ancient and gigantic hostilities, innumerable, inferior, arrogant, and artful agencies of infidelity are constantly at work around us, insidiously sapping the foundations of our highest and noblest hopes. The Bible is itself the best antidote to this poison.

8. Again, the Bible should be the first, midst, last, always, in educating the rising age, for God himself indicates the fact, gives line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, from Genesis to Revelation. For want of space, we recite one passage only, by way of illustration: "And the words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou lest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be for frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt *write* them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates,'—Deut. vi., 6, 7, 8, 9.

9. Finally, the Bible should be the text-book, the first thing and the last thing, in the cultivation of the youthful mind and heart, for by it we are to be judged at the final day. "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day,"—John xii., 38. "The Bible is, beyond all controversy, the best book of education in the world. It is the best book for the formation of children's minds; the best book for the acquisition and preservation of a pure idiomatic style in their native language; the best book to promote and secure the purposes of family government; the best book to make our children enlightened and good citizens; the best book, in fine, to preserve them from all evil, and train them up in all good. Our education needs a religious element; for it is not education alone that will save us; it will merely train a skillful race of gladiators for the arena of political strife. The only source of that element of safety is the Word of God. And if you take the Word of God from your common schools, you are teaching infidelity and practical Atheism to the whole nation. You are filling the mind with elements, that without the safeguard of Divine truth, are sure to become fiery, bitter, and poisonous." In its general influence over the minds of our children, and over the whole business of education, the Bible in our schools is invaluable.

"The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings all over the earth."

Coming to Christ.

I dare say you think coming to Christ is some terrible thing; that you need to be prepared before you come; that he is hard and harsh with you. When men have to go to a lawyer they need to tremble; when they have to go to the doctor they may fear, though both those persons, however unwelcome, may be often necessary. But when you come to Christ, you may come boldly. There is no fee required; there is no preparation necessary. You may come just as you are. It was a brave saying of Martin Luther's, when he said, "I would run into Christ's arms, even if he had a drawn sword in his hand." Now, he has not a drawn sword, but he has his wounds in his hands. Run into his arms poor sinner. "Oh," you say, "may I come?" How can you ask the question? You are *commanded* to come. The great command of the gospel is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus." Those who disobey this command disobey God. It is as much a command of God that man should believe on Christ, as that we should love our neighbor. Now, what is a command I have certainly a right to obey. There can be no question, you see; a sinner has liberty to believe in Christ, because he is told to do so. God would not have told him to do a thing which he must not do. *You* are allowed to believe. "Oh," saith one, "that is all I want to know. I do believe that Christ is able to save to the uttermost. *May* I rest my soul on him and say, sink or swim, most blessed Jesus, thou art my Lord?" *May* do it, man! Why, you are commanded to do it. Oh, that you may be enabled to do it. Remember this is not a thing which you will do at a risk. The risk is in not doing. Cast yourself on Christ, sinner. Throw away every other dependence and rest alone on him. "No," says one, "I am not prepared." Prepared! sir? Then you do not understand me. There is no preparation needed; it is just as you are. "Oh, I do not feel my need enough." I know you do not. What has that to do with it? You are commanded to cast yourself on Christ. Be you never so black or never so bad, trust to him. He that believeth on Christ shall be saved, be his sins never so many, he that believeth not must be damned, be his sins never so few. The great command of the Gospel is "Believe." Your business is to believe on Christ and trust him; to cast yourself into his hands. And may God the Spirit now sweetly compel you to do it. Now, sinner, hands off your own righteousness. Drop all idea of becoming better through your own strength. Cast yourself flat on the promise. Say—

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
Oh, Lamb of God! I come, I come."

If there were a number of persons here in debt and if they were to say, "If you will simply trust to me your debts shall be paid, and no creditor shall ever molest you, you would understand me directly. How is it you cannot comprehend that trusting in Christ will remove all your doubts, take away all your sins, and you shall be saved eternally. O Spirit of the living God, open the understanding to receive, and the heart to obey, and may many a soul here present cast itself on Christ. On all such, as on all believers, do I again pronounce the benediction, with which I shall dismiss you. May the God of all grace, who hath called us into eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.—*Spurgeon.*

The Charm of Life.

Come, let me show you a man whose career was one succession of trials and self-mortifications—who crucified every earthly ambition—who went from prison to prison, from persecution to persecution, clear on to a martyr's bloody grave. And yet, to this hunted, hounded victim of human malice, *life never lost its charm for a moment!* What was the charm of life with this brave old hero? I will tell you. Or, rather, I will leave him to tell you. Here it is: "FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

PAUL had just one idea in life—one sublime master purpose to live for. This one glorious thought unified, inspired, ennobled, purified, and sanctified his whole existence. Did he need any other? Did he ever lack employment, or motive power, to propel all his fine faculties? Did he ever suffer from that terrible want—the want of something to do? Did Paul ever get "the blues?" Did he ever grow sullen, and gloomy, with no one to love and none to love him? Did he ever feel like making way with himself? Did he ever throw down his tent-needle, or fling his books and his parchments into the fire, and say to himself, "My soul is weary of my life?"

Hark! Hear the glorious old man shouting down to us from the sunny hights—"For me to live is Christ. I fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." The *charm of life with Paul was Jesus Christ.* He counted it great wealth to possess Christ—great honor to serve Christ—great joy to suffer for Christ. There was a charm to him in studying Jesus, in imitating Jesus, and in preaching Jesus. There was a charm in holiness. He found a blessed luxury in doing good. Paul was a happy man. He loved to live; for him "to live was Jesus Christ."

What Paul experienced in his lofty measure, millions have experienced in humbler degree. I know of scores in my own church who cheerfully testify, "I never was a happy man until I became a Christian. I never knew peace until I found it at the cross. I am never so happy now as in doing good." The charm of their lives is to live for Jesus. And bear in mind that this happiness is not the *end* of Christian living. The Christian does not live *for* happiness; he lives for Christ, and happiness comes to him as the consequence. Religion does not consist so much in joyful emotions as in the constant exercise of devotedness to God, and in giving ourselves up to the good of others. A new convert's happiness consists mainly in this—that life has now a new charm to him, and that charm is found in living like Christ, and not for himself, but for Christ Jesus.

Reader! are you dissatisfied with your life? Then it is because you have nothing to live for. Your soul is hungry. You are making no one better—no one happier—no one holier. Life has no charm to you: God will not let you be happy as you are. You need to do two things. First, *seek Christ.* Give him your heart.

"Well, what next?" The next thing is, *begin to make yourself useful.* Christ's whole earthly career hung down like a burthened citron-tree, laden with golden usefulness. Be useful! Did you ever see a thoroughly useful person who was sick of existence? Begin today to do somebody good. Here before you are two heaps: one of human misery; the other of human happiness. Now, if you can take one single kernel out of the dark pile of wretchedness, and add it to the pile of joy, you have gained a point. Put Christ into your life, and it puts on an instant charm. Raffaelle never painted a picture as beautiful as the career of Florence Nightingale. Handel never composed an oratorio that can compare with the life of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE. It was a symphony played by the angels of love on human heart-strings. It was a strain caught from the life and love of the LORD JESUS.—*Cuyler.*

"In Remembrance of Me."

On a communion day we should not come to our Lord's table with heavy hearts and sad faces, as if performing funeral rites for a departed friend, but with souls full of joy and gladness that the expiratory sacrifice has been made, that the full price of our ransom has been paid, and the doors to everlasting glory thrown open for our entrance.

We meet to contemplate, not so much the death and sepulture of Christ, as the fountain he has opened, which is still flowing on through this world's wilderness, making, "the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose;" to contemplate, not the darkness, but the light that arose from that setting sun, still increasing in splendor, and spreading all over the earth; to dwell, not upon facts past and gone, but living facts, as potent as ever in their influence on mankind for time and eternity. And if there is a time in our life when, above all others, we should be filled with joy and gratitude, it is when we celebrate our Saviour's love in completing His redemptory work. When we sit down to a feast with a dear friend and benefactor, we do it with joy and gladness. When we commemorate heroic deeds and illustrious names, we do it with thanksgiving and praise. And when we meet Christ at his table, and commune with Him, we should be filled with a sense of His exceeding love and compassion, and sweetly trust in His power and willingness to save.

I am inclined to think that the most of us fail to receive in its fullness the blessing this sacrament is designed to bestow, by not fixing our minds on Christ. It is no time to think of ourselves, it is no time even for self-examination or repentance; these are preparatory duties. We come to remember Christ, not ourselves; to bring back our hearts to the one great sacrifice to which all the prophecies and temple offerings pointed, and to which all the redeemed in heaven will look back with everlasting praises, as they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—*Am. Presbyterian.*

A soul may truly go to Christ, though with a trembling heart; and may truly receive Christ, though with a trembling hand.

Religious Intelligence.

Friendly Islands.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. F. Frith, dated Vavau, Feb. 20th, 1864.

THE WORK OF GOD.

I will endeavour to give you a short account of the work of God amongst us during the past two or three months, as I have not been able to transcribe my journal or notes from it.

As you aware, we returned from the District Meeting, January 3rd, and the king recommenced meeting in class, Monday, January 4th, in Vavau. We had a long interview with him in the afternoon of that day. He received us graciously, and conversed freely with us, and we have reason to hope that the religious counsel administered was blessed to soul.

I am glad to say that the reviving influence of the Holy Spirit continue to be felt among us. In the December quarter we had an increase of eighty-four fully accredited members, and upwards of a hundred and fifty on trial. We have therefore cause to rejoice. But we do so with trembling—sin abounds on every hand, and the enemy is using every means to turn some from the simplicity of the Gospel. He leaves nothing untried, but goeth about indeed as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

THE EFFORTS OF POPERY.

The Superior of the French Mission has been staying in Vavau for some time, and they have again commenced their systematic Sabbath-breaking. The Papists assemble on the afternoon of the Lord's Day to sing songs, and play different games. This is not permitted by the law, but they have done it on the Catholic Mission premises, *as a part of their religion* to keep them (the people) out of mischief. Such conduct reveals more fully the character of the Papacy, and does not answer the real purpose for which it has been established. Some few carnal, half enlightened ones are allured by these godless means of making converts to their system; but they are in general the worst of the worst, and they simply connect themselves with the Papist cause to accomplish their own bad purposes. The priests need not expect to convert the Tongues by such means while we have a living Church I will just copy an *outline* of a conversation which took place a short time ago, between one of the priests and a Local Preacher in this town.

After the usual Tongan salutation, the "Father" asked Daniel if he would go and look at their chapel, (which he described as for spiritual purposes,) to which he consented. This, of course, was decorated in Popish style, though perhaps more profusely than is general in more civilized lands. The priest, with solemn looks and in the most devotional manner, described first one and then another painting, and at last, coming to one representing Christ bearing the cross, he said, "We look on this, and by that means the love of God is produced in our hearts." "Indeed," said Daniel, "but *we* do not so." "What then?" inquired the priest. To which Daniel replied, "We go and hear the Gospel preached, the Spirit applies it to our souls—produces repentance in us—we believe in Jesus—and God for His sake pardons our sins—and regenerates our souls, and by this means the love of God is originated in our hearts. We love Him, because He first loved us." "Regenerate your souls!" exclaimed the priest, "you are quite mistaken on that point." Daniel very calmly said, "Then do you not believe in regeneration? Does not Christ say, 'Ye must be born again?'" To this his would-be teacher answered by referring to the Popish doctrine of baptismal regeneration. "But come into my house said he; "I have got your text and will explain it to you." So bringing out our New Testament, (they have none of their own,) he turned to John iii. 5, and read, "Except a man be born of water," &c. "Now," said he, "you see regeneration is produced by baptism;" to which Daniel with much simplicity replied, "But read on a little," which he did (verses 5 and 6.) Daniel then said to him, "What is the meaning of the last verse you have read? 'That which is born of the Spirit is spirit.'" The priest was confounded, and, after a few moments said, Why, "perhaps you are right;" sitting for some time without speaking, and as if an arrow from the Almighty had pierced his soul. Daniel addressed him thus. "I wonder at you: you come as a teacher of God's truth to these islands; but it is as Christ said to Nicodemus, 'Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?'" At this the unregenerated, uncommissioned, conscience-stricken priest (so called) was aroused, and expressed displeasure at such an application of truth being made to himself. Daniel after apologising, returned home, leaving the Reverend Father to reflect on one of the most important doctrines of our holy faith, after having been reproved by a simple but divinely enlightened Tongan Wesleyan Local Preacher, for his basely substituting the outward and visible sign for that inward and spiritual grace, without which no man can enter into the kingdom of God. I have transcribed this to show that, notwithstanding the attractions there may be to the carnal mind, yet while the propagators of such abominations as the games conducted here have to contend with native Christians like Daniel, there is little prospect of much success attending their efforts.—*Wes. Miss. Notices.*

From the Montreal Witness.

POLYNESIA.—The Protestant missionaries and native teachers of the Island of Lifu, Loyalty Group, have been the victims of violence and oppression. The French Governor of New Caledonia has prohibited all public instruction and Christian worship there; the schools have been suppressed, and the native Christian Evangelists put in chains, conveyed as prisoners to a French man-of-war, and sentenced to early banishment from the Island.

MADAGASCAR.—Christianity is here advancing in strength, although Missionaries meet with some discouragements. The Rev. R. G. Hartley reports the opening of an important chapel on Andaholo, to which the people have largely contributed. He says:—"One of the members has given $50, another $30, three or four $20, and several $10. Much, too, has been given by officers living in the neighborhood, who are not professed Christians. A subscription list, amounting to upwards of $3000, is certainly a new and wonderful feature among a people so fond of money as the Malagasy are. It must be remembered, too, that a subscription of a few dollars from a Malagasy officer of middle rank, is equal to the whole of his ordinary money expenditure for as many weeks."

CHINA.—Uninterrupted missionary labor has been carried on in the great city of Pekin. At one station eight persons have been baptized. Three of these belong to the household of Prince Le; another is an old school-master. At another station, besides a school, there is a female class, with ten regular attendonts. From the hospital six have been baptized, and the whole number of converts is now over twenty.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.—In the Wesleyan Missionary notices we find some interesting particulars with regard to the evangelization of these islands. The missionaries first became acquainted with the Fijians about forty years ago, by meeting some of this remarkable race assisting at the royal pageants celebrated by the chiefs of the Friendly Islands. After due inquiry, some of the good men resolved to settle among these savages. Their mission has proved successful. Now the people are no longer pagans and cannibals. One half of the inhabitants of Fiji have embraced the profession of Christianity; many are happy in the enjoyment of personal religion; and the most remote regions of these islands have heard of the Gospel. As an illustration of the change in the habits of the people effected by missionary influence, we subjoin an account of the treatment received from them by the survivors of a shipwreck. When they landed the natives hid themselves, supposing that the new comers were slavers, but, says the writer of the narrative:—

"At last we succeeded in attracting the attention of one of them, as he was leaving the house by the back door. He saw our helpless condition at a glance, and in a few minutes many more came from their places of concealment and gathered around us. None of us could speak a word of their language, neither could we understand anything they said, with the exception of one word; it was the word 'Missionary;' but this word made us feel perfectly safe. They conducted us to a small village, leading and supporting us all the way, and seeming to vie with each other in their unremitting attentions to us. The kindness of these natives was remarkable. The took us into their houses, and they seemed to anticipate our every wish; and evinced the greatest delight in being allowed to minister to our wants, holding the reviving cup to our lips, and supplying us with abundance of food. We succeeded in making them understand that there were more of our comrades still on the beach, and many of them went with torches, (as the moon had now gone down, and brought them to the village.

"On the following morning some of the natives went to inform Mr. Nettleton, a gentleman belonging to the Wesleyan Mission, and residing twelve miles from the village. He came to see us on the next day. This was a happy meeting; he prayed with us, and we cried like children. We learned from him that we were on the Island of Kandavu, one of the Fiji group, and that we must have come between four or five hundred miles in the punt. He also told us that if we had not made this island we must have perished, as this is the outer island of the group, and we had struck on the most southern point of it. The natives showed great reluctance to part with us, but Mr. Nettleton took us all away in boats to the Mission stations, and afterwards sent them presents in return for their kindness to us. He left half of our number with his brother Missionary, Mr. William Fletcher, about eight miles from where we had landed, and took the others to his own place."

General Miscellany.

Hammer Away.

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

A brawny-armed blacksmith worked at his trade,
In his wayside shop, 'neath an old oak's shade,
And hammering away, a good living made,
Till caught in a trap in a gin-shop laid.

His customers then began to drop off,
Some of them saying, in words rather rough,
He'd put the nigh shoe on the off horse's hoof,
Of which kind of rum-work they'd had enough.

Others, too gentle to scold or to swear,
Grew tired of finding him present so rare;
They came where he was and he wasn't there,
So they took their jobs to a shop elsewhere.

His customers thus from many were few,
And shortly from much he'd nothing to do,
And all his affairs began to look blue,
Taking their color from his common hue.

With nothing to do he shut up his shop,
Went to the tavern and there made a stop,
And soon had nothing to put in his crop,
And drew very near the very last drop.

His wife and two children, wasted and thin
With pinching, starving, and taking work in,
And crying about the days that had been,
At last found a refuge among her kin.

Just then came one of a tribe who believes
In helping a man who falls among thieves;
The good man's name was Uncle Ben Reeves;
The blacksmith once cured his horse of the heaves

Says old Uncle Ben to the blacksmith then:
"How are you my friend?" says old uncle Ben;
"You dont look as well nor as thrifty as when
You worked in the shop down here in the glen."

By little, the blacksmith told of the evil
Which led him from work to the tavern revel,
And said he felt, with the beasts, on a level,
And knew he couldn't be far from the devil.

"But I can't help it now; the evil is done;
I've nothing to do—my custom is gone,
And money, and credit, and friends every one,
And I'm as weak as a reed in the sun."

"Go to work!" says old Uncle Ben, says he;
"I want you to work a full month for me.
I'll pay in advance; here's the money you see,
And your work very light, at first will be.

"Throw open your shop, and in your shop stay,
Just as you used to, the whole working day,
And hammer your anvil, hammer away,
He easy at first, for you're weak, you say.

"But hammer your anvil day in and out,
That they who pass by may know you're about,
And give them a smile, but no one a pout,
And hammer away with a song and a shout.

"I'll do it!" he answered—and did it too,
Next morning ere yet the grass lost its dew,
He lit up his fire with his coals very few,
And he hammered away as he used to do.

He felt very weak the very first day,
But felt his strength coming, as one might say,
And ere a week passed he began to feel gay,
By hammering away, and hammering away.

The passers-by heard his old anvil ring
Day in and out and the news took wing,
And one and another soon came to bring
A horse to be shod or some such like thing.

For they knew he used to work with a skill
Which very few had, and worked with a will,
And never charged twice the same job in 's bill
Till he was troubled with the worms of the still.

His wife's gentle heart, when the news she heard,
Just fluttered, and skipped, and sang like a bird,
And, first bowing down to thank the good Lord,
She went like a sunbeam, to bless his board.

How happy they lived with labour and song,
At church on Sundays good people among,
Respected by all, both old and young,
I'd like to relate, but 'twould take too long.

What now, in conclusion, I wish to say
Is, Hammer away, boys! hammer away!
Whatever your task, be it hard as it may,
You're sure to win if you hammer away.

If you'd be healthy, and wealthy and gay,
With hearts as pure as the blossoms of May,
And names as sweet as the smell of new hay,
Why hammer away, boys! hammer away!

Or, if you'd retrieve what you've lost some day,
Or keep the old devil himself at bay,
Or climb up and sit where good people stay,
Why hammer away, boys! hammer away!

Style in Composition.

A little learning, says Pope, is a dangerous thing, and ever since the poet wrote that line, mankind has been engaged in the effort to establish its truth. But with so poor success, that it is frequently made the text for learned disquisitions on the excellence of barely knowing any thing. Magazine articles without number, very brilliant and readable, have borne this train.—And every day the opponents of a liberal culture are seemingly strengthened in their position. We do not mean to rank ourselves with these innovators, but as impartial journalists we feel bound to record the evidence on one side of the controversy as well as that on the other. Apart from its bearing on this question, an incident related by Fitz-Green Halleck well deserves the careful study of every person who takes a pen in hand to indicate thoughts, however transient or important.

"A letter fell into my hands," says the veteran poet, "which a Scotch servant girl had written to her lover. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitatable; I wondered how, in her circumstances of life, she could have acquired so elegant and perfect a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve my mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked how it was that in her humble circumstances of life, she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could not but admire it."

"Sir," she said, "I came to this country years ago. Then I did not know how to read and write. But since then I have learned how to read and write, but I have not learned how to spell; so always, when I sit down to write a letter, I choose those words which are so short and simple that I am sure I know how to spell them." There was the whole secret. The reply of this simple-minded Scotch girl condenses a world of rhetoric into a nutshell. Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power.

The value of a good style is rarely appreciated. It is common to think that in religious matters, especially, anything well-meant and honest is good. Few comprehend how necessary it is to have the most heartfelt emotions expressed (if expressed at all) in accordance with the well established rules that govern our communication with each other. A natural God-given style of great beauty and force is itself a most excellent educator. Or rather such a style is not given except to persons of great natural abilities, however misused or unimproved. But the chief lesson to be learned from the Scotch girl's remark is to *keep within one's powers* while endeavoring to express a thought, and suffer no ambitious desire of appearing more then we are to clog the mind or ruin the style.

The Power of Books.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent address on "The Religious Literature needed for the Future," paid an eloquent tribute to the permanent power of books, in contrast with the power of living men, which is transitory:

Men die—books don't. Men have the bronchitis—books don't. Men have the dyspepsia—books don't! I wish some of them did! Men grow weary—books don't. A man, having worn out his genius, can never be reproduced. He lives for his time, but that is the end of him. The series begins and ends with one. But if a book wears out, stereotype plates can make another just like it, or a thousand just like it. You can multiply that book-man a million times, and send him all over the world, to speak in a thousand languages. He never grows tired. If you burn him, he has a brother to take his place. The unmartyrable books have great advantages over the frail living speaker, while the speaker, in enthusiasm and present power, has a great advantage over books. We need more of both. We need more preachers of the Gospel—professional and lay preachers; but we need more than we ever did before, the silent preaching of the page.

Anecdotes of Handel.

Augusta Brown Garrett, in an article in the *Musical World*, relates some very entertaining anecdotes of Handel, the great musical composer:—

Handel was also extremely passionate, and had so remarkable irritability of nerve that he could never endure to hear the tuning of instruments, which process, therefore, was always completed before he arrived in the orchestra. A musical wag, who knew how to exact mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spiritio*, but such was the horrible discord that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and, having overturned a double-bass which stood in the way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some minutes, amid a convulsion of laughter, nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished. The trick, although productive of amusement to the perpetrators, was a cruel piece of heartlessness, and any one who could so sport with feelings so wrought to the highest pitch of intensity, with an author who had so much at stake, merited the unbounded reprobation of every amiable and sympathising person.