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The Provincial Wesleyan.

The Golden Bowl Broken;

OR, THE HUSBAND LEFT ALONE.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head;
Her orphan'd children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan:
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But, ah, no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright,
It now was cold and dim;
Where was her sweet and kindly face,
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling place,
And felt he was alone.

The lovely wife—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal;
The clean, bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
All gone; he was alone!

He looked into his cold, wild heart,
All sad and unresigned;
He asked how he had done his part
To one so true—so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
If torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring her back—
In vain, he was alone!

He slept at last and then he dream'd,
(Perchance her spirit woke,)
A soft light o'er his pillow gleam'd—
A voice in music spoke:
Forgot, forgiven all neglect,
Thy love recall'd alone;
The babes I love, oh love, protect!
I still am all thine own."

Temperance.

The Wine at Cana—What it was.

JOHN III. 1—11.

In endeavouring to determine the nature of the wine made by our Lord and used at Cana, it is not our intention to go into a critical examination of words and texts. We may differ as to the exact signification of Greek and Hebrew terms; but there are certain broad facts prominent upon the very surface of scripture, the nature of which there is not room to dispute, and upon these we base our argument in behalf of the non-intoxicating wine of Cana.

The first thing likely to strike one who studies the bearing of scripture upon the temperancae question, *is the opposite terms employed in speaking of wine.* We say nothing of *strong drink.* Although there is reason to belive that it was inferior in strength to our distilled liquor, the art of distillation being then unknown, it is invariably condemned in the Word of God as an article of common use. Let topers who would soothe their consciences with the notion of scripture sanction, ponder that.—Hence it is wine alone with which we have to do. How then do we explain the opposite terms employed in relation to it. In treating of this subject the distinguished Eliphalet Nott, D. D., of America, says:—

"It were difficult to believe that the wine by which Noah was dishonoured; by which Lot was defiled; the wine which caused prophets to err in judgment, and priests to stumble and fall; the wine which occasions woe and sorrow, and wounds without cause; wine, of which he who is deceived thereby, is not wise; wine which Solomon styles a mocker, and which is alluded to by One who is greater than Solomon as a symbol of wrath; it were difficult to believe that this wine—the wine mingled by harlots, and sought by libertines, was the very wine which wisdom mingles; to which wisdom invites; wine which priests offered in sacrifices; evangelists dispensed at communion-tables, and which, making glad the heart of man, was a fit emblem of the mercies of God. There is wine of some sort spoken of very frequently in the Bible, with express disapprobation, or in connection with drunken feasts, or as an emblem of temporal and eternal judgment. And there is also a wine spoken of perhaps as frequently with express approbation, or in connection with religious festivals, or as an emblem of temporal and eternal blessings.—That wines of such different qualities, and presented in such different aspects, and even in such frequent and frightful contrast, were one and the same article, in one and the same state, would seem, even though history, both sacred and profane, had been silent, quite incredible."

Moses Stuart, whose biblical learning, none who make pretensions to scholarship will deny, observes in relation to the same subject:—

"Wherever I find declarations in the scriptures respecting any matter, which appear to be at variance with each other, I commence the process of inquiry by asking: Whether these declarations respect the same object in the same circumstances? My final conclusion is this; viz., that wherever the scriptures speak of wine as a comfort, a blessing, or a libation to God, and rank it with such articles as corn and oil, they mean—they can mean—only such wine as contained no alcohol that could have a mischievous tendency; that wherever they denounce it, prohibit it, and connect it with drunkenness and revelling, they can mean only alcoholic or intoxicating wine.—What then is the difficulty in taking the position, that the good and innocent wine is meant, in all cases where it is commended and allowed? or, that the alcoholic or intoxicating wine is meant, in all cases of prohibition and denunciation? I cannot refuse to take this position without virtually impeaching the scriptures of contradiction or inconsistency. I cannot admit, that God has given liberty to persons in health to drink alcoholic wine, without admitting that his word and his works are at variance.—The law against such drinking, which he has enstamped on our nature, stands out prominently, read and assented to by all sober and thinking men; is his word now at variance with this? Without reserve, I am prepared to answer in the negative."

It is known to most students of this subject, that in our version of the bible, not fewer than thirteen Hebrew and Greek terms are translated by the single English word "wine." Now, it cannot surely be supposed that all these terms in the original mean the same article. That they do not always mean an intoxicating liquor, is plain to the simplest reader of the bible. Take as an illustration Isaiah lxv. 8, "As the new wine is found in the cluster;" xvi. 10, "The treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses;" and Jer. xlviii. 33, "I have caused wine to fail from the wine presses: none shall tread with shouting." Wine in the cluster—wine in the process of being trodden out in the vat, could not be fermented.—Again we read in chapter xl. 12, that "the Jews gathered wine and summer fruits very much." Here wine must signify either grapes, or the fresh juice of the grape; and hence, when we read in scripture of "*wine,*" it is not essential to the meaning that we should understand an intoxicating liquid.

Farther, the fact that *nutritious, harmless, and unintoxicating wines were used by the ancients* in all wine-growing countries, may be adduced as a confirmation of these views. Pliny tells us that the Romans had 195 different sorts; and that of all these, Falernian was the only sort which would harm; hence, it alone could have been alcoholic. Cairo speaks of one used by the Roman ladies, because it would not intoxicate. Horace tells his friend, Macænas, that he might drink a hundred glasses of 'innocent Lesbian' without any danger to his senses. Homer speaks of wine as sweet as honey, which must of necessity have been harmless. Plutarch treats of a wine which 'neither influences the head, nor infects the mind and the passions;' and Xenophon informs us, that when the Greeks were in Anatola, 'the wine froze in their vessels;' but as alcohol will not freeze, it must have been destitute of that element. Is it not then plain that there was in common use in bible times and in bible lands, a non-intoxicating wine? and the question is, was the wine which our Lord made and used that which is spoken of with commendation, or that which is forbidden; that which is employed as the emblem of gospel blessings, or that which is set forth as emblematic of the divine fury; that which 'neither influences the head nor effects the mind,' or that which Horace tells us—

Afflidus first, most injudicious quaffed
Strong wine and honey for his morning draught.

With the knowledge we have of our Saviour's character, we cannot hesitate for a moment in settling the point to our own satisfaction.

The Rev. Messrs. M'Cheyne and Bonnar, the Scottish deputation from the Church of Scotland to the Jews in Palestine in 1839, tell us, in the interesting narrative of their journey, that they were present at a Jewish marriage, where, say they, 'wine flowed plentifully as at Cana; but being the simple wine of the country, not the slightest riot or extravagance was visible.' Could this have been said had it been the wine in common use among ourselves? Would modern port wine flow plentifully without 'the slightest riot or extravagance being visible?' Why then adduce the use of the harmless wines of Palestine as a sanction for the use of the pernicious wines of Britain? An example to be of avail, must be proved to comprehend that in behalf of which it is presented; hence, until our opponents can prove that the wine made and used by our Lord was similar in nature, and of an equally intoxicating power, with that in behalf of the use of which it is so often employed, it avails not a straw as a sanction for our pernicious wine-drinking customs.—*Abstainer's Journal.*

Work, Men! Work!

The present is not the time for the friends of our cause to fold their arms and relapse into a state of inglorious inactivity. Whether they admit the fact or not, it is very evident, that our opponents are busy, very busy, in their own way, in endeavouring to counteract the efforts of the advocates of a Maine-law for this Province. Wisdom and prudence alike dictate the propriety of bringing more zeal into this work. The danger is lest our friends in city and country should so depend on the righteousness of their cause, as to allow opportunities favourable for the extension of their principles to pass unimproved. That they want not boldness and energy in seasons of emergency, to stand firm in behalf of the rights of humanity, none know better than ourselves; but they may not consider the present a time demanding special exertion, and on that account may not be so thoroughly alive to the importance of action as is either desirable, or really necessary.

Deeply concerned as we are for the speedy triumph of our principles, and the attainment of our object, as thorough abstinence men, we take the liberty of urging our co-workers to redoubled activity in the cause they have espoused. Let us work now—all things connected with the liquor-interest, as well as with the present position and future prospects of Temperance in Nova Scotia, demand a renewal of strenuous and persevering effort. We cannot honourably or honestly recede from the ground we have taken. Not by any mere temporary excitement have we been brought to occupy it,—intelligent conviction, after mature and long examination of every inch of ground we have travelled over, has alone conducted us to our present position.

The path of duty then is clear. That path we must boldly travel to its very termination. To turn back, or relax our efforts now, would not be more discreditable to ourselves, than it would prove ruinous to the fondest hopes of our rum-blighted world. Enthusiasts let us be called—but the utmost enthusiasm in this noble cause, is sober reason. How can we sleep whilst the enemy is awake! How can we be idle when the calls to activity are so many, so loud and urgent! Oh, there will be time enough for us to rest in the grave, but we have not a moment to squander in indolence on this battle-field of life.

With all the energy we can put forth, many, many victims will be added to the already dark and blood-stained list of abandoned drunkards, ere the soul-destroying traffic is placed under the ban of law. Ere this auspicious event is celebrated as one of the *facts* of the times, many a youth will have been enticed into the ruinous path of drunkenness, his all of health, respectability, competency, peace, and usefulness, wrecked and lost for ever! Many a wife's heart will have been broken, many a child's patrimony squandered, many a crime of darkest hue committed! If we grow weary in this department of well-doing, the evils pointed out will be a hundred, a thousand fold aggravated and increased—a consideration, one would suppose, sufficient to send the warm blood thrilling through our hearts, and to cause us to put on zeal as a garment, and nerve our arm to deeds of highest heroism.—*Atheneum.*

Agriculture.

Shanghai Fowls.

No person who has ever seen fair specimens of the Shanghai or Cochin China fowls will, for a moment, dispute their superiority to the dunghill fowl in point of size. Large fowls, if young, will certainly always command a better price in market than smaller ones. But they possess other advantages. Well cared for Shangai attains a larger size at five months than common fowls at twelve. We have now in our flock a pair of Cochin Chinas, three months old, which weigh eight and a half pounds—the cock five, and the pullet three and a half pounds. But it is contended by those who stand opposed to "big chickens," that the greater amount of food they consume than the smaller ones, more than overbalanced the advantage of their increased size. This too, however, we conceive to be a mistake. We have a few common fowls, which are kept for hatching—their small size giving them, for that purpose, a decided advantage over the Shanghai. Careful observation has fully satisfied us that they consume as much food as the larger ones. The common fowl is a much more ravenous feeder than the Shanghai. If favourite food is given, nothing short of repletion will satisfy them. Not so with the Shanghai or Cochin China. They feed as they move—slowly, and appear to turn every grain of corn or wheat to an advantage. Much has been said in regard to the laying of the Shanghais or Cochin Chinas. To a limited extent we have tested this point also, and, so far as our experience goes, unhesitatingly yields to them the palm. Our common fowls are as good specimens as any we have seen. We pay a high price for them for the special purpose of testing their egg-producing qualities, as compared with our finer fowls, and hatching, as before stated. The result has been, that with the same food, same lodging, and same attention in every particular, the Shanghais have beaten two to one. Another point in favour of the Shanghai is, that they are more sociable, not nearly so much inclined to be mischievous, and if even thus inclined, far less capable of doing damage, as the remarkable shortness of their wings, and the great size of their bodies, prevent them from flying over fences, into the garden or fields, or injuring the grain in the stacks or mows. For these and other reasons, we feel inclined to give the improved breeds the preference over the common ones, and believe it would be economy, on the part of our farmers generally, to introduce them, even at a cost of ten dollars for the first pair.

To Preserve Ruta Baga Plants.

The *Granite Farmer* presents the following remedy for the destructive turnip fly. We hope it will be found to be a protection.

Among the insect enemies to the turnip crop, the *fly* or *turnip beetle*, the caterpilar, the wire worm, cut worm, and the slug are the principal. Of these perhaps the first, the turnip beetle is the most difficult to keep at bay. This fly destroys the plant in its seed leaf, and very many plants have been tried in vain to prevent its ravages. Where the turnip fly abounds the most effectual better part of valour in combatting it, is shown by anticipating its approach. Early and abundant seeding, in beds made rich with stimulating manure, afford the best prospect of success, by throwing the plant forward beyond their reach in a short time. Dusting the plants as soon as they appear above ground with quick lime, to be repeated as often as the lime is removed, is practiced with some success. A solution of one pound of hard soap in twelve gallons of the common soap suds from washing, is also recommended, as is also the whale oil soap. These same applications are the most efficient, we know, to keep away the fly that produces the caterpillar. This insect lays her eggs upon the leaf of the more advanced plant, which, when hatched, cover the plant with caterpillars, which it is difficult to destroy entirely. By much the safest course is to prevent the laying of the eggs. Perhaps the whale oil soap is the best to accomplish this. This soap is purchased at six or seven cents per pound. In preparing for use, a pound of the soap is to be dissolved in a quart of boiling water. This solution should be strained and then largely diluted for use, adding six or seven parts of cold water to one part of the dilution. The lime and the whale oil soap are good applications for the slug, the lime best, perhaps, as it surely destroys it.

Hoeing.

Hoe early, and do the work *well*, especially at the first hoeing. Be at the weeds as soon as you can see the rows of corn or potatoes. This will keep them in check, and give the young plants the advantage over them in early life—an advantage they will be likely always to retain. It is not enough to cut off the weeds just at the surface. This will not kill all, and will hardly check some. Let the hoe sink deep, and stir the soil thoroughly with it. A man skilful with the hoe will do what will amount to two hoeings in one,—that is, his piece will not want hoeing again half as soon as another man's who does not more than half do his work. Once well done is worth *more* than twice half done. If you cannot afford to hoe the ground often, run the cultivator between the rows every few days. It does the crop wonderful good to stir the earth often.

Miscellaneous.

The Secret of Good Writing.

The grand secret of good writing seems to be in this simple maxim. Be sure you have an idea before you attempt to express it. If you clearly comprehend in your own mind what you wish to communicate, nature and reason, together with a little practice will most certainly teach you how to say it, and how to say it an appropriate manner.

A single idea is fully sufficient for one mind to manage at one time. And it may be added, that if the idea is one of much importance, it would be the most dignified by being honored with a private carriage.

Divide and conquer, is as valuable a rule in literary as in military tactics. The more extensive the theme which the writer proposes to himself to discuss, the less, usually, he has to say upon it. Such subjects can be mastered with ease only by descending from generals to particulars, and treating of the subject in their individual parts.

There is nothing more popular, especially with young writers, than brilliancy of style. This manner of writing is certainly excellent in its proper place, but there are many topics which do not require this quality, and many indeed are much humbled by it. The language of every dissertation should be that which is best calculated to express the thought in the happiest manner.

As the rays of the sun will not enkindle a blaze unless brought to a focus, so the thoughts of a writer will not set the hearts of his readers on fire, unless all are made to converge to a single point.

Some writers seem unable to express themselves in a cool, calm, rational manner on any subject. With them every virtue is god-like, every fault felony, every breeze a tempest, every mole-hill a mountain. They appear to think their manner of writing is sublimity; but their judicious readers (if they have any such) call it turgidity and absurdity.

The design of language is to give expression to thought—that style of writing, therefore, must necessarily be the best which most perfectly conveys to the readers' mind what the writer intended he should understand.

A Model Husband.

Governor Morris, in his will made a short time before his death, after settling upon his wife a liberal allowance, says—"And in case my wife should marry, I give her six hundred dollars more to defray the increased expense of the connection."

Now had that been my husband, I would not have married again, if it most killed me to remain single. Dear, generous, old soul! Providing for all his wife's little wants, that way, after he has gone! It makes my eyes red as a rabbit's to think of it.

No! I'd have worn black to the tip of my nose, and kept guard over his dear old ashes, the rest of my mortal pilgrimage.—He shou'd have a fancy tombstone, all carved over with cherubim and seraphim. I'd have tied a piece of black crape on the pump handle, and—but "six hundred dollars" and a new husband! An awful temptation to a lone female, but then, the dear, deceased old Governor! Oh, *I wouldn't have done it;* at least, I don't think I would. (Hope nobody would ask me, at any rate.)

What do you suppose possessed the old gentleman to be so uncommonly disinterested! It makes me suspicious. It's my opinion on second thought, that he was a judge of female nature. Thought if he gave her leave to perpetrate matrimony, *she wouldn't want to.* Shrewd old "fogie!" I'd have put that "six hundred dollars" in my pocket, and Governor Morris, No. 2 in my affection, quicker than a flash of chain lightning! I'd have obeyed his "last will and testament" to the letter. I'd have been as happy as a humming bird in a lily cup, drowsy with honey dew—see if I wouldn't!—*Fanny Fern.*

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Impromptu:

ON HEARING A CHILD CRYING IN THE STREETS.

Thy heart is sad, poor little thing
And in thy quick imagining,
Thou deemest danger near—
Thou can'st not tell whence dangers rise,
Nor dost thou know where safety lies,
Thou art so wild with fear.

Thy mother hears thy sorrowing cry,
She knows there is no danger nigh—
She smiles at thy affright,
Because when evil's near her son,
She teaches him its snares to shun,
And guides his steps aright.

O! son of Adam! toss'd with fear,
In doubt and trouble grovelling here,
Be sure thy God is nigh—
The waters that roll up so dread,
Shall not o'erflow thy struggling head—
Thy Father hears thy cry.

Guysboro, June 10th. W. McK.

Who was the Gentleman.

"Please sir don't push so."

It was in endeavouring to penetrate the dense crowd, that nearly filled the entrance and blocked up the door-way after one of our popular lectures that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavouring to extricate herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaties of the little one, but pushed on towards the door.

"Look here, sir," exclaimed a man whose coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and toil-embrowned hands contrasted strongly with the delicately-gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broad cloth of the former. "Look you here, sir, you're a-jamming that little gal's bonnet all tew smash with them elbows o' yourn."

"Can't help that," gruffly replied the individual addressed—"I look to number one."

"You take care of number one do you?" Wal, that's all fair, so do I," replied the honest countryman; and with these words he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the latter, he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him with rather more haste than dignity in the street below.

The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated by the stout fist of the stranger, and abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was "about time for him to go home."

In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised, but "who was the gentleman?"

On a raw blustering day, a few weeks since, a young girl with a small basket on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases she turned to leave. Two *gentlemen* stood in the door way, whose appearance indicated that they thought themselves "considerable" if not more; whose soft sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently about the same quality as their brains.

As they made not the slightest movement as she approached, the young girl hesitated a moment, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her, as she did so, a broad stare that brought the colour to her cheek and the fire in her eye.

In stepping upon the icy pavement her foot slipped, and in endeavouring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this the two *gentlemen* burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it vastly amusing.

"Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice, and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labour, and whose coarse well patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward and gathering up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and smile that would have graced a drawing-room, "*Who was the gentleman?*"

Boys! you are all ambitious to be considered gentlemen. That is all very natural, but remember that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot black, or your barber can make you one. The true gentleman is the same every where. Not only at the social party, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home, or on the street. Never oppressing the weak or ridiculing the unfortunate. Respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those he may consider beneath him.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

The Use of Fruit.

Something like clear superstition exists, even in our boasted light-abounding day, concerning the use of fruit. This, of course has no better ground for belief than other mere fancies and whims. Fruit grows for people to eat—in its natural state. A medical writer of sense and note, has the following excellent remarks:—

"Instead of standing in any fear of a general consumption of ripe fruits, we regard them as positively conducive to health.—The very maladies assumed to have their origin in a free use of apples, cherries, melons, and wild berries, have been quite as prevalent, if not equally destructive, in seasons of scarcity. There are so many erroneous notions, entertained of the bad effects of fruit, that it is quite time that a counteracting impression should be promulgated, having its foundation in common sense, and based upon the common observations of the intelligent. We have no patience in rules to be observed in this particular department of physical comfort. No one, we imagine, ever lived longer, or freer from the paroxysms of disease, by discarding the delicious fruits of the land in which he finds a home. On the contrary, they are necessary to the preservation of health, and are therefore caused to make their appearance at the very time when the condition of the body, operated upon by deteriorating causes not always understood, requires their grateful renovating influences."

The Rail-Car.—Vivid Description.

Would you like the luxury of a new sensation? Take your stand six feet from a railroad track in the night and wait the passage of the express train. There is no wind stirring; clouds close in the light of the stars; the hum of life has ceased; blackness and silence brood together upon the face of the earth. A-far off the listening ear catches a dawning roar, half heard and half felt—it grows into more distinctness—partly revealed in the trembling of the solid earth, and partly felt as a shapeless horror filling the air. Every second swells its awful volume, and deepens its terror. The earth now quakes under its tread—a glazing glare flashes living horror into the surrounding air—and you see, crawling along on its snaky track, with fiery head crouched to the ground, and a long train sweeping from side to side with wary motion a gigantic and terror-breathing monster, instinct with life and power, crushing the earth with its tread and creating a whirlwind with its breath, as it sweeps along. Is there anything in the world which impresses the mind with a profounder sense of resistless power than that enormous mass, with its blazing eye and smoking breath—rushing with the speed of a cannon ball, and startling the air with the overwhelming horror of its flight! What could the savage think, seeing it for the first time? Imagine such a fight across the country fifty years ago—unheralded by any rumours of its coming—revealing its existence by its presence and rushing suddenly into oblivion, as it now rushes in the darkness, while you gaze upon the spot where it disappeared, and hear only the echo of its distant tread.—What rumours of it would fill the earth. What tales of its grandeur, of its speed and power—would startle the credulity of the remotest village gossip.—*N. Y. Times.*

Interesting Paragraphs.

COMPOUND INTEREST.—Mr. William Heath, a coach painter, residing at Taunton, (Eng.,) has furnished a late number of Reynolds' Miscellany with the following interesting calculations:—A farthing put to interest at the birth of our Saviour, at 5 per cent per annum, would at the end of the year 1852, amount to the enormous sum of £1,339,269,503,257,932,959,632,096,882,329,164,573 1s. If placed in a line, allowing seven eights of an inch for the diameter of each sovereign, the whole would reach 18,199,400,806,015,372,966,700,516,680 miles, 1,505 yards, 1 foot 2 inches, 5-8 in. On allowing the sun to be distant from the earth 95,000,000 miles, they would reach there 191,572,640,063,319,715,439 times, or form a pathway to the sun 361,171,180,917,062 miles, 1,741 yards, 1 foot, 1 1-8 inch wide. On allowing a sovereign to weigh as it does, 12,352.100ths grains, a cubic mile of gold would contain 8,299,852,344,566,600 sovereigns. There are in the principal and interest 40,312,909,922,984,412,320, cubic miles of gold; or allowing the world to contain 248,147,392,476 cubic miles, it would take 162,052,558 globes of gold, the size of the earth to pay the debt; and if we could pass these at the immense velocity of 100 per minute, it would take 3 years, 4 weeks, 5 days, 8 hours, 5 minutes, 30 seconds to pass them all. The planet Georgium Sidus, is distant from the sun, 1,8000,000 miles; the gold would from a roadway in this planet orbit 37,140 miles wide, and 10,000 miles thick,

BUSHMEN.—Rev. Dr. Adam Smith, of Cape Town, Africa, gave an interesting address last Sabbath evening in the Old South Chapel, on the people of Africa, and the state of society in that part of the world.—Dr. Smith is a missionary of the Church of Scotland, and has been in his field of labour for more than a quarter of a century. The three great races in that portion of Africa to which his labours have been directed, are the Bushmen, the Chipoos, and the Tuloos. He describes the Bushmen as the lowest form of manhood—in height about four feet and eight inches—having no habitations—dwelling in the clefts of the rocks, or sleeping among the branches of the trees; hence their name, Bushmen; degraded, but cunning—boldly attacking the lion with their bows, about the size of those used by children as toys, but made deadly by the poison extracted from the most poisonous serpent, whom they catch by hasping them by the neck—eating everything they kill, from snakes to cattle—using the grubs of the ants of Africa, which they dry and carry with them as their food, and which is known as "Bushman's rice,"—dressing themselves in sheepskins—being firm believers in witchcraft—having no idea of God—and having no word in their language by which spiritual things or beings can be expressed. They thus are the pigmies of the world, and present the lowest form of human life.—*Boston Journal.*

PRACTICAL ECONOMY.—"It is extravagance and improvidence, and nothing else, which keeps the laboring classes in the power of capital. So says the indefatigable Mrs. Swisshelm, and so we implicitly believe. Every man thinks himself as good, so say the least; as every other man; and, to prove the fact, he resolves to live as well; in consequence of which most of our poor people wear broadcloth and patent leather, eat rich dinners, and live in rented houses. In these days of combinations, plain and honest men should combine to promote the laudible purposes of living economically.

A LITTLE POLITICAL GAME OF SPELLING.—England—I say, Russia, I'll bet you anything you can't spell Constantinople?

Russia—Can't I, just? Why it's easy enough?

England—It's not so easy to get through Constantinople, my boy, as you may imagine. Come, just you try.

Russia—Here goes at it then! C-o-n—Con; s-t-a-n—stan, Constan; t-i—ti, Constanti; n-o—no—

England (stopping him—No.

Russia (extremely puzzled)—No?

England (positively)—No, no.

France (ditto)—No, no, no.

Turkey (in consequence of the firmness of the other two, plucks up courage, and also says positively)—No, no, no, no.

All together (most positively)—No! no!! no!!! no!!!!

(Russia tries back, and tries very hard several times, but each time he tries it on, he is pulled up suddenly by the Noes. He gets very angry; and at last not seeing his way at all clearly through Constantinople, he retires in the greatest rage and disgust, England, France, and Turkey still calling out after him, No! No! No! No!)—*Punch.*

HEALTH FOR A SHILLING.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF LOSS OF HEALTH DISORDERED STOMACH, INDIGESTION AND DETERMINATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. John Lloyd, of Erewen, near Harlech, Merionetshire.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I avail myself of the first opportunity of informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous giddiness and frequent swimming of the head, attended by loss of appetite, disordered stomach, and general impaired health. Every means had failed to give me any permanent relief, and at length it became so alarming that I was really afraid to go out about without an attendant. In this melancholy condition I waited personally upon Mr. Hughes, Chemist, Harlech, for the purpose of consulting him as to what I had better do; he kindly recommended your Pills, I tried them without delay, and after taking them for a short time I am happy to bear testimony to their wonderful efficacy. I am now restored to perfect health, and enabled to resume my usual duties. You are at liberty to publish this letter in any way you think proper.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

June 6th, 1852. (Signed) JOHN LLOYD.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF DROPSY.

Extract of a Letter from Edward Rowley, Esq., of India Walk, Tobago, dated April 8th, 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR—I deem it a duty I owe to you and the public at large to inform you of a most miraculous recovery from that dreadful disease, DROPSY, and which, under God, was effected by your invaluable Pills. I was tapped five times within eight months, and skilfully treated by two medical practitioners, but could not get cured, until I had recourse to your remedy, and notwithstanding all I had undergone, this miraculous medicine cured me in six weeks.

(Signed) EDWARD ROWLEY.

INFALLIBLE CURE OF A STOMACH COMPLAINT, WITH INDIGESTION AND VIOLENT HEAD-ACHES.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. S. Gowen, Chemis of Clifton, near Bristol, dated July 14th, 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR—I am requested by a Lady named Thomas, just arrived from the West Indies, to acquaint you that for a period of eight years herself and family suffered from continual bad health, arising from disorders of the Liver and Stomach, indigestion, loss of appetite, violent Headaches, pains in the side, weakness and general debility, for which she consulted the most eminent men in the colony, but without any beneficial result; at last, she had recourse to your invaluable Pills, which in a very short time effected so great a change for the better, that she continued them, and the whole family were restored to health and strength. Further she desired me to say, that she had witnessed their extraordinary virtues in those complaints incidental to children, particularly in cases of Measles and Scarlatina, having effected positive cures of these diseases with no other remedy.

(Signed) S. GOWEN.

A DANGEROUS LIVER COMPLAINT, AND SPASMS IN THE STOMACH EFFECTUALLY CURED

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Bostock, Druggist of Ashton under Lyne, dated July 31, 1852

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in handing you a testimonial of the efficacy of your Medicines. A person in this neighbourhood with whom I am well acquainted was afflicted for a long time with violent spasmodic pains in the stomach and liver, arising form frequent colds, smells of paint, and the effects of a stooping position which he was obliged to assume in his business. The spasms were of an alarming character, and frequent; left him in a weak and debilitated condition. At length he heard of the salutary effects of your invaluable Pills, and was induced to give them a trial. The first dose gave him considerable relief, and by following them up in accordance with your directions, they have acted so wonderfully in cleansing the liver and stomach, and strengthening the digestive organs that he has been restored to the enjoyment of good health.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) WILLIAM BOSTOCK.

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Ague,	Female Irregularities,	Sore throats,
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Bilious Complaints,	Fits,	Stone and Gravel
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Bowel complaints	Headaches,	Tic Doloreux,
Colics,	Indigestion	Tumours,
Costipation of the bowels,	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Consumption,	Jaundice,	Venereal Affections,
Debility,	Liver Complaints,	Worms, all kinds,
Dropsy,	Lumbago,	Weakness from whatever cause, &c.
Dysentery,	Piles,	
Erysipelas,	Rheumatism,	
	Retention of Urine	

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May 19. tey.

SEED OATS.

200 Bushels White SEED OATS, just received and for Sale by JOHN ESSON & CO.

April 23.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

WESLEYANS, and the Public generally are respectfully notified, that a BOOK-ROOM has been opened in the New Building erected on the Lot, South of the old Methodist Chapel, Argyle Street, for the sale WESLEYAN and other RELIGIOUS LITERATURE, MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, and STATIONERY, at low prices for Cash. Among the Books on hand may be found

Adam's Women of the Bible, 12 mo. pp 225.
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Do for the Young.
Do for Ladies.
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Angels, Nature and Ministry of, by Rawson
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