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Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructed functions. These, if not relieved, themselves and the surrounding organs, produce aggravation, suffering, and disease, condition, oppressed by the derangements, Pills, and see how directly they restore the on of the system, and with it the buoyant health again. What is true and so apparent in and common complaint, is also true in many elated and dangerous distempers. The same dy expels them. Caused by similar obstruc- rangements of the natural functions of the are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured thousands. None who know the virtues of these neglect to employ them when suffering from they cure.
from leading physicians in some of the es, and from other well known public per-
Commercial Advertiser, St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856
Your Pills are the paragon of all that is dicine. They have cured my little daughter ers upon her hands and feet that had proved years. Her mother has been long griev- with blotches and pimples on her skin and After our child was cured, she also tried d they have cured her.
ASA MORGRIDGE.
As a Family Physic.
Dr. E. W. Gurtwright, New Orleans.
are the prince of purgos. Their excellent pass any cathartic we possess. They are y certain and off-taal in their action on the h makes them invaluable to us in the daily disease.
e, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.
From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore
ATH: I cannot answer you what complaints with your Pills better than to say all that we a purgative medicine. I place great depen- effectual cathartic in my daily contest with believing as I do that your Pills afford us the I of course value them highly.
PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1858
ER, Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of dache any body can have by a dose or two It seems to arise from a foul stomach, ause at once.
ith great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.
Disorders—Liver Complaints.
Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.
your Pills admirably adapted to their pur- ersent, but I find their beneficial effects upon y marked indeed. They have in my prac- ove effectual for the cure of bilious com- y one remedy I can mention. I sincerely e have at length a purgative which is wor- fidence of the profession and the people.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.
used your Pills in my general and hospital since you made them, and cannot hesitate to the best cathartic we employ. Their regu- on the liver is quick and decided, conse- are an admirable remedy for derangements Indeed, I have seldom found a case of to obstinate that it did not readily yield to ernally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.
y, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.
From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.
have had a long trial in my practice, and I them as one of the best aperients I have Their alterative effect upon the liver makes ticular remedy, when given in small doses for y and diarrhœa. Their sugar-coating asy acceptable and convenient for the use d children.
ses
sia, Impurity of the Blood.
Y. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.
have used your Pills with extraordinary family and among those I am called to visit to regulate the organs of digestion and od, they are the very best remedy I have d I can confidently recommend them to
Yours, J. V. HIMES.
RSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.
am using your Cathartic Pills in my prac- form an excellent purgative to cleanse the rify the fountains of the blood.
JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.
ion, Costiveness, Suppression, tism, Gout, Neuralgia, Drop- lysis, Fits, etc.
J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.
annot be said of your Pills for the cure of others of our fraternity have found them all have, they should join me in proclaim- benefit of the multitudes who suffer, from which, although bad enough in itself, is of others that are worse. I believe cor- inate in the liver, but your Pills affect that the disease.
. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.
two large doses of your Pills, taken at the excellent promoter of the natural secre- ly or partially suppressed, and also very ar the stomach and rectal secrets. They best physic we have, that I recommend patients.
Dr. Hinckley, of the Methodist Episc. Church.
OK: HOTEL, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.
: I should be ungrateful for the relief brought me if I did not report my case to ttled in my limbs and brought on excru- ng pains, which ended in chronic rheuma- standing I had the best of physicians, the ow and worse, until by the advice of your in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your fects were slow, but sure. By persevering em, I am now entirely well.
AMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.
have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of f—a painful disease that had afflicted me
VINCENT SLIDELL.
f the Pills in market contain Mercury, ch a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is a public pill, from the dreadful conse- frequently follow its incautious use. These cury or mineral substance whatever.
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The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

VOLUME XIII. No. 3. HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1861. WHOLE No. 601.

Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Gone!

The subject of this effusion left our communion (Wesleyan) not long since for America—never to return. He was a most exemplary and truly pious man, did much good, and is greatly missed—especially by his Class.

Thou steadfast pillar in the Church of God!
For whom the prayers of all the good ascend—
Whose gentle words have sunk into the mind,
And silent thawed sectarian frost, which else
Had chilled the very pulse of love—farewell.
To thee who in conflicting scenes of life—
The jarring crowd, a persecuting world—
Unmoved didst stand we sigh this sad farewell.

Adieu, dear brother, who—in perils oft
By envy, rage, and hate, by scornful pride,
Which spurned to cross thy lonely path, by those
Who sought to cast thee down, and to defile
Thy head with mire of uncommitted sin—
Fearless didst wield the Spirit's sword; till all
Who, once thy foes, were by thy love subdued,
And till in hon'ring God, they loved the man.

When thou art cleaving through the western wave;
When darkness, death, and storm prevail around;
When warring blast, and heaving flood assail
Thy quivering ship—when night broods o'er the deep,
The elements in league against thy peace—
Then the broad wings of mercy shall uphold
And lift thee into safety—(and thy heart
Still surely trusting in the truth of God,)
High o'er the storm, and mid the sickness pale,
The Spirit's still small voice of love shall breathe
In holy whispers to thy listening soul.

And when thy feet have trod that far-off shore,
Whither affection's chain has drawn thy heart,
We know, unwearied, thou shalt still press on
To Zion's hill; and with untiring zeal
Will, by thy winsome smile, and soothing words,
Seek to allure to Wisdom's pleasant paths,
And bring the world to Christ. Thou lowly prince!
Thou champion of God! whose iron nerve
Through sickness, fear and pain, hath cleared a way!
And at the bed of death, when pale despair
Sat on the quivering brow; whose 'customed hand
Hath oft unfurled the banner of the cross
Before the gladdened soul; and gently led
The late and weary feet to paths of peace—
Apostle of the Lord—again farewell.

AGRIPPA.

Glasgow, Dec. 12th, 1860.

The Cross of Christ.

The cross of Christ is an object of such incomparable brightness, that it spreads a glory round it to all the nations of the earth, all the corners of the universe, all the generations of time, and all the ages of eternity. The greatest actions or events that ever happened on earth, filled with their splendour and influence but a moment of time, and a point of space; the splendour of this great object fills immensity and eternity. If we take a right view of its glory, we shall see, contemplated with attention, spreading influence, and attracting looks from time past, present, and to come; from heaven, earth, and hell; angels, saints, and devils. We shall see it to be the object both of the deepest admiration of the creature, and of the perfect approbation of the infinite Creator: we shall see the best part of mankind, the church of God, for four thousand years looking forward to it before it happened; new generations yet unborn rising up to admire and honour it in continual succession, till time shall be no more; innumerable multitudes of angels and saints looking back to it with holy transport, to the remotest ages of eternity. Other glories decay by length of time; if the splendour of this object change, it will be only by increasing. The visible sun will spend his beams in process of time, and, as it were, grow dim with age: this object has a rich stock of beams which eternity cannot exhaust. If saints and angels grow in knowledge, the splendour of this object will be still increasing. It is unbelief that intercepts its beams. Unbelief takes place only on earth—there is no such thing in heaven or in hell. It will be a great part of future blessedness to remember the object that purchased it; and of future punishment to remember the object that offered deliverance from it. It will add life to the beams of love in heaven, and make the flames of hell burn fiercer. Its beams will not only adorn the regions of light, but pierce the regions of darkness. It will be the desire of the saints in light, and the great eye-sore of the Prince of darkness and his subjects."—*M'Larin.*

Pride.

Here is a person who had been brought under conviction of sin by the Spirit. What prevents this mourning penitent from at once closing with the free offer of mercy, and obtaining the salvation he so much longs for? It is pride. Whence that sad process, so appropriately called lawwork, which keeps him struggling for weeks, and for months, and perhaps even for years, before he finds peace in believing? It is the littleness of pride, though he calls it humility. The door of grace stands invitingly open. The invitation is sounding in his ear: "Come; for all things are now ready: him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Why does not he enter immediately? The man replies, that he is not worthy of salvation. Most true: but does he ever expect to become worthy of it? He is not good enough for Christ. Most true: but Christ did "not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The sinner needs no qualification or pardon and reconciliation, except the thorough conviction, that he has no qualification at all, and never can have any, should he remain where he is for a thousand years. All these pretexts and evasions for not immediately complying with the Divine commandment, believe and live, are evidences how deep-rooted pride is in the heart, and how a man will fight it out to the last even with his Maker, before he gives in, and submits to be saved exactly as he is.—*The Pilgrim Psalms. Rev. Dr. M'Michael.*

Influence of the Bible.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men, in a rude age when art and science were but in their childhood, has exercised more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind; has banished idol worship; has put down polygamy and divorce; exalted the condition of women; raised the standard of public morality; created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home; and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment. What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried, and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have risen and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched upon the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no traces upon its waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles, cheering the sorrowful with its consolation, strengthening the tempted, encouraging the penitent, calming the troubled spirit, and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human intellect? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

Our Safety.

With God as our God, we are safe and happy everywhere. A gentleman crossing a dreary moor came upon a cottage, and entered into conversation with its inmate, who was standing at his garden gate. When about to leave he said:

"Are you not sometimes afaid to live in this lonely place?"

"O, no," said he, "for faith closes the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning."

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God in Him will I trust." "He careth for us."

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Jeremiah XVII., 9.

"The heart is deceitful." We feel it, alas!
Our consciences suffer the pain;
Though vainly we strive its dark deeds to erase,
And vow not trust to it again.

"The heart is deceitful." Ah! who has not shed
Sad tears for the early estranged?
For sympathy, smiles, and sweet confidence fled,
For friendship corrupted or changed?

"The heart is deceitful." Yea, Prophet of God,
Thy message is awfully true;
Iniquity rushing o'er earth like a flood
Proclaims it each moment anew.

"The heart is deceitful." Great Author of love,
Our vileness we deeply deplore:
To pardoning grace who could recreant prove
Deserves to receive it no more.

"The heart is deceitful." Blest Saviour we own
Thy charge to be truthful indeed:
Its cruel ingratitude caused thee to groan,
Its wretchedness caused thee to bleed.

"The heart is deceitful." Thou Spirit divine,
Its wanderings have done thee despite;
No long suffering mercy is equal to thine,
O mould my affections aright!

Omnipotent Father, Compassionate Son,
And Spirit of comforting grace,
In this penitent heart establish thy throne,
And fill with thy glory the place.

BETA.

Religious Intelligence.

Letter from Mrs. Palmer.

When we wrote you last we were on the beautiful Isle of Wight, whither we had been called by the voice of the Church as humble helpers in sustaining the banner of the cross. Wherever we go, it is our desire to be recognized only as helpers. Zion has strength. It has long been a settled conviction with us that there is a dormant power in the Church sufficient to convert the world. It is only for Zion to arise and at the call of her Lord put on her strength, clothing herself with the beautiful garments of salvation, and the hosts of sin will tremble, the fame of her conquests be glorious. While on the Isle of Wight we saw hundreds brought to Jesus.

Leaving the Island by the way of the ancient towns of Yarmouth and Lemington, we came to Poole, where we remained twenty-one days. Here also the hosts of Israel were constrained to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. A hindrance formidable as that which prevented Israel in the days of Joshua had long retarded the aggressions of Zion in this place, and painful experiences were awarded to ourselves and others in preparing the way of the Lord; but as soon as the way was made straight, sudden and powerful were the manifestations of convicting, converting, and sanctifying power. Instances of special interest crowd upon my mind, with which I might fill pages. I will glance at a few.

A REPORTER,

who was pledged to the interests of an anti-revival miscellany, took his seat in the gallery for the purpose of furnishing a report for a London anti-revival paper. A recently converted lawyer, standing unobserved at a little distance watched the faltering pen and changing countenance of the reporter, till the evident tumult from conflicting emotions caused him to throw down his pen, and give unrestrained attention to the words of truth then being uttered.

The addresses finished, our lawyer, who had already learned to be in holy warfare an adept in tactics, went to the reporter, and gradually won him over from the service of sin to the humble acknowledgment of himself before God as a sinner, detaining him long after the congregation was dismissed, and ere the midnight hour he was made a joyful recipient of saving grace.

THE LAWYER.

Who can tell how much may be done by one who has a mind to work. The attack of the lawyer on the reporter was only characteristic of his ordinary way of arrest. We were informed that over forty in the gallery alone, the larger portion of whom were young men, were won to Jesus through the agency of this lawyer and his niece. It was only usual after the congregation had been dismissed to see a group gathered in the gallery. A group gathered, we may infer, mainly from among those who had come to gaze thoughtlessly, but had now, through pious entreaties from lips touched with burning love, remained to pray.

A YOUNG COLLEGIAN,

but recently emerged from college halls with literary honors, was among the more successful in bringing souls to Jesus. For some time he had been feeling his own way to Christ, seeing men as trees walking, and scarcely had he begun to see men clearly before he began to invite others to Jesus.

When one has a mind to work it is indeed interesting to see by how many unselfish loving devisings the unsaved may be allured and won over to Jesus. Where there is a will to obey the command, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," there will surely be a way by which something may daily be done. This young gentlemen had accompanied us from the Isle of Wight, and the society with whom we went to labour was by their own acknowledgment in a seriously low state, and it would seem as if few stood ready to shut the doors of the Lord's house for naught.

Our special services brought an influx of strangers to the chapel. The young collegian unasked, took his position in the lobby, and at the door, as need might suggest, standing in readiness to lead strangers to seats in the gallery, or below, thereby supplying a need that otherwise had not been met, and also acquainting himself with young men who were disposed to linger about the doors. And many of these young men did he bring to Jesus ere the close of our three weeks service at Poole. Though he endured many gainsayings, yet influences however repelling were generally mastered by the impellings of love. Said he to one, "Will you not set out to serve the Lord?"

"No!" was the defiant reply.

"Then it is all settled with you, as you have chosen the service of sin, you have taken Satan for your master."

"No I have not."

"Why do you say so? You certainly have chosen Satan for your master in refusing to serve God. You do choose to serve Satan, and to-night you have made your choice, and I shall be a witness to the fact at the judgment-seat of Christ." The young man was startled at his position, and soon after was stricken down, crying aloud for mercy, and before leaving the chapel was made a joyful witness of saving mercy. Another gainsayer on being addressed by our young friend, replied that he did not think it of any use to seek the Lord, as it was his belief that he was

A REPROBATE,

and foreordained in the eternal mind to be lost forever. He said his parents were pious, and the larger portion of his family. Our young collegian in a sympathizing tone asked,

"And have you told your parents?"

"Yes."

"And what do they think of your having been foreordained a reprobate?"

"They say they do not know but it is true, but rather hope not."

"If you could save all your family you would do so, would you not?"

"O yes!"

"If you could save all this town you would?"

"Yes,"

"Well, if you could save all the world, would you not gladly do it?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, if such is your exceeding sympathy, you ought to have been the Saviour. The young man seemed confounded, and soon after found that by complying with the conditions of salvation he had been elected to eternal life." With a company of other young men he was won over, whose gainsayings our young labourer had so patiently and affectionately withstood. It was

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

to witness our young collegian, so recently enlisted himself, come forward one evening to the communion-rail leading a company of over a dozen young men who had hitherto joined hands in sin, and all now at once with one heart yielding allegiance to the Captain of Israel's host. As the young man of letters saw these young resisters all penitently bowed at once at the foot of the cross, I seemed to see a lifetime of bliss condensed in one moment in his happy face. O the ineffable joy arising from seeing souls brought to Jesus through our instrumentality! It is indeed the joy of angels and glorified spirits. Aye, more, it is the joy of Christ. "That this my joy may be in them, and that their joy may be full." It was the joy of Christ to bring many sons to glory. And if Christians young and old, would have the joy fulfilled in themselves, they must have a sympathy with Jesus in that love that moved him to die for the world, and be workers together with him in bringing a redeemed world back to God.

Surely there is wisdom in the highest sense in this work of soul saving. And if men of cultivated ability would more generally bend their necks to the work of upbuilding the walls of Zion, great would be their increase of joy, and the topstone would soon be raised with shouts of Grace, grace unto it. To the eternal disgrace of

THE NOBLES

of Tekoa, it was said that "they put not their necks to the work of the Lord." It may have seemed a small matter to them at the time of its occurrence, that they should refuse to come down to the self-sacrificing toil, when the general weal demanded a manifestation of sympathy in the interests of Zion on the part of the nobles; but how little did they imagine that a heavenly sympathizer was mingling amid those scenes of toil, and a looker-on, as they were refusing to put their necks to the work, noting down the ignoble, ungracious act in imperishable lines, to be read and known by tens of thousands down to the remotest period of time. And how solemn is the thought, that the book of lives is still being written up, and how many in aristocratic circles in this age is the Divine sympathizer now beholding who do not put their neck to self-sacrificing work in upbuilding the walls of Zion. When the topmost stone is laid, and the labourers written up, as in the days of Nehemiah, then to their unending dismay will they see appended to their names in imperishable lines, "They put not their necks to the work of the Lord." If we may speak of

OUR WORK

it seems to be largely increased by means of bringing out fellow helpers: not to do all the work ourselves, but to hold up the lamp of divine truth, and cause the church to apprehend and bring out her hidden and long dormant resources. We need not again repeat that where there is a mind to work, opportunities are not wanting. Scores of invitations are being pressed upon us beyond our ability to meet. One excellent minister, though specially urgent, had been denied only because we found previous engagements utterly precluded the possibility of our accepting the invitation to labour with his people. We wrote in reply: You may have

A HOME REVIVAL

without the aid of any one outside your church pale. Begin by getting each one in the society, male or female, man, woman, or child, to mark some one individual for Christ, bringing the individual to the special services which you may at once appoint. Let each member, official and private, resolve on doing this, and you will soon find your society in a flame of revival. Not long after we received a letter from the minister who had addressed us in behalf of visiting his people, stating that he was already in the midst of a glorious revival. The commander of Israel's hosts had favoured him with good success in rallying the sacramental hosts of God's elect under his supervision to action. He as captain of the host, had set the example by marking not only one man but three, and many others had each marked a person or persons for Christ, most of whom had been given to their faith and prayers. The whole of those he marked had been given, and still the work progresses.

What an important principle in holy warfare is here set forth, and how soon would every church community in our dear America be again in a flame of revival if each man would mark his man, and each woman endeavour to bring her friend to Jesus.

PHŒBE PALMER.

A Christian Bishop at his Work.

To the Editors of the Watchman.

SIRS,—Some time ago your columns contained an account of a visit paid by the Rev. Charles Prest to the workshops of the Midland Railway Company at Derby. I now send you a report of what took place in the new Turning Shop at the same station on Friday last, the 26th inst.

The Lord Bishop of London being in Derby on Thursday to preach the annual sermon on behalf of the Derbyshire Infirmary, some of the men interested in the services to which Mr. Prest's communication referred took the opportunity of applying to him to give to them an address at the station. His lordship received them with his usual kindness, and consented to attend at twelve o'clock (the dinner-hour) on the following day. An invitation was also given to the Ministers of the town, who had from time to time taken part in the morning services, to be present on the occasion. Immediately on the stroke of twelve, the men began to assemble and occupy the seats prepared for them. A temporary desk had been fixed upon the brass rail surrounding the engine, upon which was placed the Bible and a Wesleyan Hymn Book.

Shortly after twelve, the Bishop arrived, accompanied by the Right Hon. Lord Scarsdale, of Kedlestone Hall, and, as we understood, some of the directors of the company, and managers of different departments of the works. The congregation was formed of several of the clergy and Ministers of other denominations in the town, a few ladies, a larger number of the wives of the railway servants, and more than 1,000 of the men themselves. Clerks, engineers, boiler makers, pattern makers, moulders, fitters, drivers, porters, and many others were there. The sight was at once delightfully imposing and encouraging. It conveyed the deep impression that these hardy sons of toil, to whom the country is so much indebted, were ready, at every fitting opportunity, to listen to the words of eternal life; and it supplied ample encouragement to any who cared about their souls, inasmuch as it demonstrated that efforts extended on their behalf would be well received, and by the blessing of God would bring forth fruit.

His lordship commenced the service by giving out the 640th hymn in our Hymn-Book:—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With Angels round the Throne," &c.

which was sung by the whole congregation to an appropriate tune. Then followed the Collect for the 2nd Sunday in Advent, and an extemporaneous prayer. The 12th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans was announced as the Lesson. At the close of the 11th verse, the Bishop ceased reading, and commenced an address in every way admirably suited to the occasion. He spoke with great clearness and simplicity of the connection between the sound doctrine of the Gospel and godly practice, as exhibited in the writings of St. Paul; and of the example which the busy life of the Saviour furnished to all working men. He referred to the solemn responsibility of those who were favoured with great privileges, and called upon his hearers to adore the mercy of God, who had, while requiring them to labour diligently with their hands, provided rest both for their bodies and their souls. By the Christian Sabbath this great blessing was secured, as well as by the quiet of a well-ordered home. He exhorted them to maintain religion in their families, and was especially earnest in showing how their daily avocations might be sanctified to the service of the Lord by entertaining throughout the day good thoughts,—by recollecting good texts, which they had read in their morning devotion, (and which would be brought back to them with wonderful power by the spirit of divine grace,)—and by the practice of ejaculatory prayer—describing it as "the darting up of the soul towards God in a few words," which would not fail to bring down His blessing. By a brief contrast of the state of the worldly man with that of a devout believer in Christ, particularly in sickness and in death, this excellent address was brought to a close.

Once more, the Bishop prayed for his hearers and their families, and having pronounced the Benediction, the Doxology was sung by the assembly. The men returned to their several workshops, or clustered in little groups, to make known to each other their feelings of gladness, and from not a few we heard the grateful testimony "it was good for us to be here."

It may be added, that the Bishop expressed his sense of the enjoyment he had realised in addressing them; and no manner of doubt can be entertained that his visit to this huge hive of national industry will be remembered after many days.

C. H. L.

General Miscellany.

Popery and Mohamedanism.

After the general corruption of Christianity East and West by the adoption of heathen or semi-heathen practices from the imperfectly Christianized multitudes who had flocked into the ranks of the Church subsequent to her public triumph in the empire, two powers arose to dominate over the enfeebled Christians. The one retained the Christian doctrines, adhered to the corrupt practices, claimed chiefly spiritual domination, and, throwing the Christian Scriptures into the shade, adopted a system of impressing the senses, holding the conscience by priestly power, and gradually supplanting and overlaying the old truths by adding new doctrines. The other restored, as against both pagan and Christian idolatry, many of the primitive forms of Christianity; rejected its cardinal doctrines; without disowning, supplanted its Scriptures; based its religious hold on a Book and on the intellect, aided by passion; and aimed at temporal dominion. Both used the sword; they flourished around the Mediterranean, dividing its shores between them, and thence extending the one West, the other East. Each took, as its chief seat, one of the capitals of the Roman empire. Both prepared the way for their social ruin by undermining the Christian family institute, the one adopting the pagan system of celibacy, the other that of polygamy. By the former, Rome has filled Italy in Christian times with the unnatural vice of heathen countries; by the latter, Islam has wasted its settled nations, "Turkey is perishing for want of Turks," Rome for want of Romans; and all Romish nations that would preserve their strength have been obliged so far to learn from Reformed Christianity as to restrain the conventual abuses.

The decay of these systems has been by opposite causes, as their development was from opposite tendencies. Islam has lost territory, but held fast the opinion of its own people. Rome lost its strongest races by the revolt of opinion. Both have long been dependent on foreign support; but, in the case of the Sultan, it is to protect him from the aggression of neighboring states, or the uprising of conquered races; with the Pope, it is to sustain him against his own. The former holds his capital, and governs within his realm; the latter exists only by force of alien armies bearing down his own people.

A doom overhangs them both. Islam sees all her frontiers falling in, Rome her centre heaving beneath her: humanity, sighing under the feet of both, does not ask, "Will they fall?" but "When?" Freedom, education, virtue, domestic comfort, commerce, science, and patriotism, all the forms owned by the common consent of mankind as the good angels, attendants of true religion, cry aloud for their downfall; and only three forms shrink at the prospect—tyranny, ignorance, superstition.—*Arthur on Italy.*

There is a Boy I can Trust.

We once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher: as he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That is a boy I can trust. He nev er failed me." We followed him with our eyes and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better into the confidence of the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favorable or unfavourable. A boy of whom the master can say: "I can trust him—he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school, are in demand everywhere. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much.

How to Keep an Umbrella

Dr. Buckland, like many other less celebrated persons, suffered from the incapability of the human mind to understand the right of property in connection with umbrellas. He could not bear to lose his umbrellas. They were not very good ones of their kind, but still he preferred to keep them. He lost two or three in one way or another, and at last he had inscribed in conspicuous letters, on the handle of a new one bought purposely, "Stolen from Dr. Buckland," and this he never lost. It was fairly worn to a skeleton through long and faithful service, till at last it became so very shabby, that he often wished somebody would steal it; but the large large label, "Stolen from Dr. Buckland," kept away everybody; nobody even offered to "borrow" it on the wettest of wet days, although it often invitingly stood by itself, in solitary glory in the umbrella-stand in the hall.

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a heavy meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we awake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feelings of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length or strength of the effort made to escape the danger. Eating a large, or what is called "a hearty meal" before going to bed; should always be avoided, as the frequent cause of the nightmare, and sometimes sudden death.

The Reason Why.

A little fellow came running into the house, exclaiming, "O, sister Mary, I've such a pretty thing. It's a piece of glass, and it's all red! When I look through it everything looks red too, the trees, houses, green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes."

"Yes, John," replied Mary, "it is very beautiful, and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember that the other day you thought everybody was cross to you. You said father, mother, and I were all the time finding fault with you. Now, you were like this piece of glass. Because it is red everything seen through it looks red; you were cross, so you thought every body around you was cross too. When you get up in the morning in a good humor, loving and helping everybody, they too will seem kind and loving toward you. Now remember, and always be what you wish others to be—kind, gentle, and loving; and they, seen through this beautiful color of your disposition, will seem more beautiful than ever."

Correspondence.

Letter from England.

ENGLAND, Dec. 29th, 1860.

We are now in the midst of one of the severest winters that England has known for many years. It is quite a high treat to see the snow and frost once more. Christmas wears, for the first time for years, his traditional garb, and the people of England may fairly lay claim to the title of their Nova Scotian kindred, and call themselves "Blue-noses." There is but one drawback to all this, the very prevalent distress among the poor. Trade is signally bad, the long continued rains, the wretched harvest, the Chinese war, and the unsettled state of the political world, have combined to stagnate commercial enterprise, and the result is, tens of thousands of operatives are out of work. In Coventry especially, the seat of the ribbon and silk manufactory, the distress is very severe. A national subscription is being raised for the benefit of the Coventry weavers, but the sum realized so far is only like a drop out of the sea when compared with the prevalent need. With that desperate folly which too often characterizes the working classes of England, many thousands of artisans are out on strike, with the hope of compelling their employers to advance wages. Such movements, in the present state of the weather and trade, must lead to fearful and even fatal results.

Just on the eve of Christmas there came the tidings of the sudden conclusion of the Chinese war. There was but one element of grief associated with the tidings, the sad and tragic fate of some score of prisoners who were treacherously entrapped when under a flag of truce, and subjected to such cruel treatment that they perished. One of these was the Times' Correspondent at the seat of war. The records of cruelty had never a darker page. The treatment of the wretched victims of the Black Hole in Calcutta was mild and gentle in comparison. The few who escaped from the hands of their captors reveal a story which makes ones' blood run cold, and the very general feeling in this country is that the treacherous Chinese have not been sufficiently punished by the allies for their murderous cruelty. It is impossible at so great a distance from the seat of events to form a just opinion on the question, but one can hardly resist the wish that the allied generals had demanded the bodies of all the Mandarins concerned in the treachery, and hung them up as a warning to others, and as the just recompense of their crime. But it would seem that the Chinese are almost outside the pale of Western civilization, and are not to be judged by the ordinary standards of right.

Pekin, the impregnable capital of the Chinese empire, fell into our hands without the loss of a man, a boy or a horse! The croakers, whose name in England is "*legion*," predicted that Pekin would prove to be another Sebastopol. A march on Pekin was looked upon as the veriest madness,—and yet we came, we saw, we conquered! Never was there such a sham as the vaunted city. It is full of uninhabitable palaces and perishing structures. There are bridges, terraces, factories, all crumbling to ruin, through mere neglect and apathy. The summer palace of the Emperor, which was sacked by the allies, was sumptuous enough, but utterly destitute of anything like comfort; but so desolate and comfortless is the rest of the city that it was almost impossible to discover a place in which to lodge the British Ambassador and his suite! The cobwebs of ages have been swept away, and the boasted city of Pekin stands revealed, a perfect sham.

On the first appearance of the British and French troops before the walls, the Emperor and his court took off, and fled far north. The troops were let loose upon the summer Palace, as a sort of retribution for the cruel treatment of the unfortunate prisoners. It was ransacked from end to end. The British, with characteristic indifference, rushed through and through the places, smashing mirrors and slashing handsome furniture; but the French, with traditional regard for number one spent their time in pocketing all the valuables. Some of them realized almost fabulous spoil. It is said that the most costly and precious of the treasures are to be reserved for the Queen and the Empress. The allied generals decline to take their own share.

The Chinese have had enough of war,—and they were ready to accept any conditions imposed on them by the allies. The treaty with Great Britain involves an apology for the affair of the Peiho.—The right of the Queen of England to a resident minister at Pekin,—The payment of an indemnity of eight million *taels*, (whatever they may be,)—The opening of Tientsin to trade,—The legalizing of Coolie emigration,—The ceding of a small slip of territory adjoining Hong-Kong,—and a few minor points. One hundred thousand pounds have been claimed for the families of the murdered prisoners. A detachment of the army are to remain at Pekin until the whole of the indemnity is paid. The treaty with the French is of a different nature. They make no commercial stipulations. They claim sixty million francs,—an apology for the Taku affair, and the restoration of all christian churches and cemeteries belonging to the Catholic Missions! They have already hoisted an iron cross on the summit of what they call the Cathedral of Pekin,—and have chaunted the Te Deum, with all the ordinary forms. One would like to see the Pekin cathedral!

Not quite so cheering as the news from China is the news from New Zealand. The native rebellion is not extinguished, or even likely to be. Whether this be the fault of the General in command of our troops, or of the public opinion of the colony does not appear. It is certain however that the public opinion in New Zealand is very much divided, and that the natives have much sympathy from some of the colonists. In the meanwhile the forces are to be augmented, and a small battery of Armstrong guns is on its way.

From India we hear the astounding news that our old enemy the Nana Sahib is alive and well, and at the head of some four thousand troops, on the frontier of Nepaul. The story of his death was a pure fabrication, which he did all in his power to make current. It appears that in order to give an appearance of truth to the report of his death, he had one of his fingers cut off, and buried with all honors. It was given out that the funeral obsequies were those of the Nana himself,—and even his own followers, with the exception of a favoured few, believed that he was dead. Having thus thrown his pursuers off the scent, he bided his time,—in the meanwhile levying fresh troops. He is now at the head of four thousand followers, and has twelve field-pieces. So that we may expect a new conflict in India.

The decisive and severe action of Sir Hugh Rose, the Indian Commander-in-Chief, has been the means of quelling a very threatening mutiny on the part of one of the European regiments. A private who had been guilty of disobedience was shot in the presence of the whole regiment. They were then commanded to pile arms, and when they had done so, they were enclosed by a detachment of the artillery, with their guns charged with grape shot. In the midst of breathless silence a general order of the Commander-in-Chief was read,—commenting on the conduct of the regiment in the most withering terms,—and decreeing that the regiment should no longer exist, but that it should be broken up, and its members drafted into the other regiments in India. The effect of this general order was overwhelming,—the troops stood aghast,—some of them wearing four and five medals, burst into tears and sobbed aloud, crushed by their disgrace. No time was lost,—the men were then and there drafted off, and commenced a weary march to join their new comrades in distant parts of the Empire. The English residents in India warmly admire the energy and decision of the Commander-in-Chief, who has probably saved the Empire from another disastrous revolt.

Affairs in Italy have not assumed any very decided phase during the last month. The siege of Gaeta