

drinking rum, while in the ceiling, heavenly-forestal beverage, courting every valley, and springing up from every glen, and rolling up from every shadowy glen, was designed for his use, to refresh his weary body and invigorate exhausted nature. Of course you did, reader, and from your inmost heart you THANKED God FOR WATER.—*N. Y. Reformer.*

THE DEATH-BED ELOQUENCE.—The work of preaching Christ is not restricted to any time or place, or favored class of individuals. A Wilberforce could proclaim the gospel of love on the floor of Parliament House, though he never wore a surplice, and never had a bishop's hand on his honored head. Thomas Cranfield, the lay philanthropist, preached to the boisterous rabble of London till they proposed a "three cheers" for his thrilling exhortation. Hannah More preached Christ in the drawing-room; Elizabeth Fry in the prison-cell; and the lately-departed Alcock preached in the Sabbath-school teacher's chair. Harlan Page scattering tracts through a city work-shop; Neal Dow pleading against the dram-shop; Nettleton whispering his solemn words in an inquiry-meeting; the Dalrymple's daughter murmuring the name of Jesus with her faint, dying voice; and the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain leaning on his crook to talk of eternity to a passer-by, were all of them intensely earnest preachers of righteousness.

The Church has had few more faithful preachers than Thomas Halyburton, who, a century and a half ago, sat in the "divinity-chair" of the Scotch University of St. Andrews. And his most impressive discourses were delivered on a dying bed. "This is the best pulpit," said he, "that ever I was in; I am laid on this bed for this end, that I may commend my Lord."

The sermons which Halyburton preached, when in health, to the Students of St. Andrews, are now nearly perished; but the diary of the last happy weeks and months in his sick chamber never can be forgotten. It is a book for every room of suffering. To his wife, who stood weeping by his bed-side, he once said, "My sweet bird, are you here? I am no more thine. I am the Lord's. On the day I took you by the hand in marriage, I wist not how I could ever get my heart off you again, but now I have got it done. Do not weep, you should rather rejoice. Rejoice with me, and let us exalt His name together. We shall be one family in Heaven, but you must even stay, awhile after me to take care of God's bairns. At another time he remarked to her, after a night of excruciating pain—"Jesus came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters; and he said to me, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I have the keys of hell and of death.' He stilled the tempest in my soul, and lo! there was a sweet calm!"

When the 84th Psalm had been sung for him, he said—"I have always had a mistuned voice, but worst of all, a *mistuned heart*; but shortly, when I join the temple-service above, there shall not be, world without end, one string of my affections out of tune." To his aged elder he remarked—"Janie, ye are an auld man, and I am dying; yet the child is going to die an hundred years old. I am like a shock of corn fully ripe. I have ripened fast under the bright Sun of Righteousness, and I have had brave showers."

We have read of many sublime displays of courage in the dying hour, but never met with such a calm confronting of the King of terrors as the follow passage displays—"I am not setting the fool," to his physician, "but I have weighed eternity during the past night. I have looked on death as stripped of all things pleasant to nature; I have considered the spade, and the grave, and every circumstance in death that is terrible to us! And under the view of all these, I found that in the ways of God that gave me satisfaction—not merely a rational satisfaction, but a heart-engaging power that makes me rejoice." In these days of sudden departures at the stroke of the cholera pestilence, how cheering to read such lofty words!

On the morning of the 23d of September, 1712, he went down into the dark valley. Yet he did not go alone, nor did the calm sunshine withdraw from his pathway; in the even-time it was light about him.—Just before he died he said—"I am thinking on the pleasant spot of earth that I will get to lie in, close beside Mr. Rutherford and Principal Anderson. I will come in as the little one among them, and I will get my little George in my hand; and oh! we will be a group of *connoisseurs*!" During the last six hours his voice failed him. But his angelical face was eloquent, and when he could not speak, he gently clasped his hands in triumph. So died the holy Halyburton; and on all the face of our sinful earth, the ministering angels of

God beheld that day no other scene that was more like the heaven which they had left. Reader, may our last end be like him.—*Chr. Intelligencer.*

THE HALF HOUSEKEEPER.—She was only a half housekeeper. Go where you would about her home, there was neither taste nor neatness. She would begin with great avidity, but lose all her zeal before she got through. Of her husband's half-a-dozen new shirts all were partially finished—one wanted sleeves, another a collar and wristbands; another a bosom and gussets, and so on through the whole list. Several skeletons of quilts lay unfolded in her drawers, and her tables and trunks were loaded with magnificent promises.

Her bread was always unpalatable because she forgot this or that—and though she had been married ten years, in all that time the table was never rightly laid for a meal. Either the salt was wanting, a knife of a spoon, or some important ingredient. This afforded good exercise for the family, and there was at all times a continued running to and fro.

She was a half housekeeper. Her meals were never cared for after dinner, and then it was "I'll throw it away; it ain't much." Much or little it makes the butcher's bill enormous, and her husband half-distracted. There always stood in her musty-smelling pantry, mouldy bread. There always laid about her room a dozen garments worn out by trampling rather than use. She was forever tripping over brooms, forever wondering why on earth work came so hard to her.

Her children's clothes came to pieces the first day, because they were only half made, and her temper soured quicker than anything else. She was continually lamenting that she ever married, and wondered where some folk got their housework. "Oh! dear me!" seemed to be the whole of her vocabulary, and it would make one sad to watch her listless movements, and hear her declare that no woman worked so hard as she, which was pretty true, for she had no method.

She dragged through life, and worried through death, for which I fear, like everything else, she was only half prepared, and left six daughters to follow her example, and curse the world with six more half housekeepers.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.—The following is estimated as the value of the jewels in this magnificent diadem:—Twenty diamonds round the circle, £1,500 each £30,000; two large centre diamonds, £2,000 each, £4,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, £100; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, £12,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, £4,000; twelve diamonds contained in fleurs-de-lis, £10,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, £2,000; pearls, diamonds, &c., upon the arches and crosses, £10,000; also one hundred and forty one small diamonds, £5,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, £8,000; two circles of pearls about the rim, £300. Cost of the stones in the crown exclusive of the metal, £111,900.

FAITH.—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, said Sir Humphrey Davy—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation.

THE CHOLERA.—It is estimated that since the appearance of the cholera at Jessore, in British India, in 1817, not less than eighteen millions of the human family have fallen victims to it—about from fifteen to sixteen millions of whom have died in India and other parts of Asia, and the remainder in Europe and America.

HOT-AIR LOCOMOTIVE.—It is stated that the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company have ordered a locomotive to be constructed, which shall be propelled by hot air, on an entirely new principle.

WISE PRUDENTIALITY.—"A man does not become rich by laying up abundance, but by laying out abundance; that is, by laying out for God."—*Chrysostom.*

Correspondence.

VON THE CHURCH TIMES.

A FAREWELL TO THE REV. GEORGE W. HILL.

TIME on his rapid wing has borne us fast,
The hour whose coming we would fain delay,
And memory points us sorrowing to the past,
Before that bitter word, "Farewell," we say.

Oh more than Pastor, Friend belov'd, rever'd,
Whose voice so long has sounded in our ears,
Whose bright example to thy flock endures,
Our Church's teaching and our Church's prayers.

In many an hour of sorrow and of gladness,
Thou hast been near with words of holy trust;
Lifting the heart up from its load of sadness,
When God's chastisements bow'd us to the dust.

God speed thee in thy new and noble mission!
God bless thee in the dear ones of thy soul!
And granting every hope a bright fruition,
With mercies crown the years that o'er thee roll.

And on that day, far distant be its dawning!
When death shall call thee from thy earthly home,
May He whose Gospel thou art now adorning,
Receive thee, where no partings ever come!

A PARISHIONER.

St. George's, Sept. 26, 1834.

VON THE CHURCH TIMES.

MELFORD—ITS CONDITION.

No. 1.

MR. EDITOR.—It is much to be lamented that so little interest is felt by those residing at the Capital, and our chief town, in regard to the remoter districts of the Province. There is good reason to believe, that if mutual interests were cultivated, mutual benefits would be derived. The proper instruments, it appears to me, for the promotion of these mutual interests and benefits, are obviously our Journals and Periodicals.—Influenced by these views, I desire by the instrumentality of your valuable paper, to lay before your readers some description of Melford, its condition and its prospects.

As I am unwilling, however, to trespass too far upon your space at one time, I purpose now to restrict myself to "Melford and its present condition, physically," reserving the remaining topics for a future letter or two.

Melford is a Township, in the County of Guysborough, 21 miles in extent, and lying on the western side of the Strait of Canso. The soil is naturally good, and very free from rock, but owing to the occupation of the inhabitants being that of fishermen, it has received indeed but little cultivation. Still there are "not a few" very respectable farms, and generally, it must be confessed, that these shores, in an agricultural aspect, are far superior to those which border the Western Counties. This, no doubt, is owing rather to the richness of the soil, and its freedom from rock and other hindrances, than to the actual amount of farming industry. Such is the natural productiveness of the soil, that though it is but very sparingly, if at all nourished, with manure or appliance of any kind (rock being small, sea-grass commonly used on the Western shores being scarce and unsuitable), very good crops continue annually to be raised. They are, however, less abundant than formerly, and it must reasonably be expected, will become less and less so, until a proper system of farming is introduced and adopted, and a larger share of the attention of the inhabitants is bestowed upon this branch of industry. These are the great ends, by all who look for the welfare of this community, hoped for, and expected to result, from the granting to the Americans equal right to our fisheries.

Melford is settled more or less by a scattered population, throughout its whole extent. The main settlement is at McNair's Cove, the northern extremity, which though young, as yet, is still thriving, and beginning already to ascend the scale of progress; here there are several large Merchants' Establishments, and some fine houses. In the summer season, from 50 to 60 vessels may often be seen in the Cove at one time, for business purposes. A Telegraph Office has also lately been established, and is now, I believe, in successful operation. In short, this is one of the most thriving, interesting little business marts to be found anywhere on the coast. The Cove offers some most delightful sites for building, which, we have reason to believe, will not remain long unoccupied.

About two miles to the Southward of McNair's Cove is another,—the celebrated *Pirate Cove*—the scene of mysterious legends and of thrilling associations. This cove is regular clear and bold, bordered with well wooded highlands, and favors strongly of the romantic. A narrow strip of projecting land in the interior, formerly covered with wood, forms a solitary nook of convenient access, for a simple vessel. This nook is still pointed out as the old hiding place of the once-terrible "Ocean Queen." It will be seen from the above description of Melford, that the Author of "The