ROYAL MAIL COA
SHORE ROUTE
Between Halifax and Sh
LEAVING HALIFAX ON MONDAYS, AND FRIDAYS, AT 6 o'CLOCK,
THE Subscriber having taken the conveyance of the mail route, begs leave to notify the travel that he is prepared to carry passengers lowing rates.
Halifax to Chester, " Bridgewater, " Liverpool, " Shelburne,
A Mail Coach also leaves Mahone nenburg, on the arrival of the Mail And a Coach leaves Lunenburg on mornings, for Mahone Bay, and meet the Mails for Halifax and Liv
Booking Office, Halifax: Somerset " Lunenburg: Mrs. J. " Bridgewater: James " Liverpool: W. Scott.
July 27 ALBERT G

THE CRAIG MICROSC
The most wonderful Ins the Age.
PRICE ONLY $2.50.
For further part'culars ap Morning Journal, or address for Nova Scotia.—M. A. Bookseller & Stationer, Clifton Block, Wind
Agents for Halifax—A & W MacKinlay, Muir, and Miss Katzman, Book street, and H P Burton, Drugg

A PORTABLE
SEA WATER BATH
At a Trifling Cost.
Allgood & Towl's Celebrat
SEA SALT.
This Salt, from the careful manner in which has been prepared and preserved, contains all Salts of Iodine and Bromine, together with Chlorides and Sulphates of Sodium, Potassium and Lime, in a perfect state of tion, ready to impart their virtues to dissolved in that liquid, thereby producing nine
Sea Water Bath
Medical men have heretofore recommended prescribing Sea Bathing, owing to the difficulty curred (even in summer) by exposing delicate tients to the drafts of common bathing and in the winter the trouble in obtaining water. Those difficulties are now remov introduction of
Allgood's Real Sea Salt
which enables all to enjoy that luxury in the vacy of their own bath rooms.
Experience has proved sea water to be valuable strengthener for infants and invalids and also for preserving the health of those already enjoy that inestimable blessing.
This Salt is especially recommended to those living in the interior, where fresh salt water cannot be
Done up in seven pound packages at 20c. large discount to wholesale buyers.
M. F. EAGAR,
151 Hollis street, Halifax, N.S, Wholesale for North America.
☞ Sub-agents wanted in every town and village: Address M. F. Eagar, 151 Hollis street, Halifax, N. S. March 30.

Tooth Ache
INSTANT CURE,
HUNTER'S NERVINE, immediately on application, gives permanent relief, by curing the painless destruction of the Nerve in Decayed Teeth, forming a complete stopping, and rendering Extraction seldom necessary.
WOOLRICH,
Sole Agent for the
English P
Upper Water Stre
Jan 25.

A HINT
To the worthy Citizens of
BE WARNED IN TIME
ALL parties purchasing my Pills and Ointment, to see that their several complaints are respectively suited, against purchasing either Pills or Ointment, unless referring to be my preparations, that have Robert Hunter's stamp around the boxes or pots. There is no connection between the people of the States and the Home Government, therefore a U. States Stamp is no security for my preparations. There are no stamps upon the Canadian style of Pills or Ointment, coming from the United States. I rely only for protection on the mark in the book of directions around each box. Before you purchase them, see that there are stamps upon the box of Pills or Ointment. Purchasers see that have United States Stamps on.
T. HOLLOWAY,
Aug 17. 1y. 244 Strand, London.

NO CONSUMPTIVES
CONSUMPTIVE sufferers will receive (Advice free of charge) a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections, by sending their address to Rev. E. A. Wilson, Williamsburg, New York. Henry A. Taylor, Agent for Mr. Wilson, Brickville Street, Halifax.
Mr. Taylor has just received a supply of Medicine, in Packets, three Dollars each. Twenty cents extra will prepay the Medicine to any of the Province
London Drug & Medicine
STOCKED with a full and complete assortment of DRUGS, MEDICINES and CHEMICALS, warranted to be of the own strength and purity, comprising
Which is to be found in a
FIRST CLASS DISPENSING AND APOTHECARY
Particular attention given, by competent persons, to the preparation of all physician's prescriptions, at reasonable charges.
ALSO,—English, French and American Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Dyes and Washes, Pomatums; Hair Brushes of all varieties, and Tooth Brushes and finely fastened Tooth Brushes, Tooth Powders, and Dental Preparations; Fancy Soaps and Cosmetics, and most articles of fancy and luxury for the TOILET AND NURSERY, Agency for many Patent Medicines of value and popularity. GEO. JOHNSON,
Oct. 22. 143 Hollis street.

Coughs and Colds Cured
By a timely use of Chiswell's Pectoral Balsam or Bonsville's Cough Mixture, the latter being prepared from a receipt of Dr. Donavan's own to this community a few years ago by a physician. Sold by GEO. JOHNSON,
25 143 Hollis st

GEORGE JOHNSON
RESPECTFULLY returns thanks to his friends for the patronage bestowed upon him during the past year, as a Dispensing and Family Chemist. He begs to state that it is his intention to strictly adhere to the sale of Medicines which has been so successful, preserving him from mistake or fatal consequences incapacity of Druggist.

Manties and Shawls.
DENNIS & GARDINER
WILL clear out the balance of these goods at greatly reduced prices.

THE
PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN
ORGAN OF THE Wesleyan Methodist Church of B. N. America.
Editor—Rev. John McMurray.
Printed by Theophilus Chamberlain.
176 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.
Terms of Subscription $2 per annum, half in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS:
Large and increasing circulation of this paper makes it a most desirable advertising medium.
TERMS:
Five lines and under, 1st insertion 3s
Each line above 12—(additional) 1s
Each continuance one-fourth of the above.
Advertisements not limited will be charged and charged accordingly.
Communications and advertisements to the Editor.

Chamberlain has every facility for the Fancy Printing, and Job Work with neatness and dispatch and on

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

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Volume XVII. No. 21. HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1865. Whole No. 825

Religious Miscellany.

Your Mission.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

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

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

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

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

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do!
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do nor dare,
If you want a field of labour,
You will find it anywhere.

Seed Bringing Fruit after Long Delay.

A "Summer Tourist" in the Black Forest of Germany relates the following incident, given in a sermon he heard there on the education of children:

"There was a strange auction in one of the deep inaccessible dells of this Black Forest, about a century ago. It was in the dead of night. The place was lighted by torches, which cast a ghastly glare through the darkness of the abyss. Savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, were sitting in a circle, while one stood in the midst, holding up articles for sale. It was a gang of brigands, who that evening had robbed a stage-coach. According to their custom, they were engaged in selling the stolen articles among themselves.

After a good many pieces of dress and travelling bags had been disposed of, and while the glass and the bottle were going from hand to hand, and each member of the company vied with his neighbor in making unseemly jokes and insulting the assembly in a roar, a New Testament was held up last of all. The man who acted as auctioneer, introduced this "article" with some righteous remarks, which made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested jokingly that he should read a chapter for their edification. This was unanimously applauded, and the auctioneer, turning up a page at random, began reading in a voice of mock-devotion.

While the company were greatly amused at this sacrilegious scoffing it was not observed that one of them, a middle-aged man, who was one of the oldest members of the gang, and used to be foremost both in their crimes and in their debauchery, became silent, and clasping his hands on his knees, was absorbed in deep thought. The passage which the auctioneer read was the same which that man's father had read thirty years ago at family worship, on the morning of the day when he, to escape the hands of the police, fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again. At the sound of the words, which he remembered so well, the happy family circle in which he had been a member rose to his fancy. In his imagination he saw them all seated round the breakfast-table, which was crowned with the blessings of a new day. He saw his venerable old father sitting with his open Bible, reading in the epistles of inexpressible remorse, and but for the consoling words which his Bible held out to him, he would certainly have made away with himself. "But God had mercy upon that repenting sinner, and sent a messenger of peace and reconciliation to his heart. The next morning, on entering a village where he resolved to speak to a minister, he heard that the gang was overtaken the night before by a detachment of soldiers, and taken to prison. His resolution was confirmed now all the more. He told the minister the whole of his life's story, and requested him to direct him to the police office, where he gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of the sincerity of his repentance saved his life. His comrades were all put to death, but he obtained a reprieve from the Grand Duke, to whom his story was reported. After an imprisonment of some years he was set free on account of his exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household, till he died in peace, praising Jesus Christ who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.

This is only one instance out of a thousand which in all ages and in all countries where the Gospel had been preached have proved that the work of godly parents in training their children is never in vain in the Lord. The seed which they sow in the young tender hearts is not a word of merely human wisdom, but it is the word of God, which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even unto the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. I therefore would, above all things, have you to take to heart this great truth, that no education can truly tend to the welfare of your children, nor to the glory of God, unless it be based upon, and thoroughly impregnated with the word of God.

Climbing and Falling.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

On the banks of a beautiful river stood a large, wide-spreading, and lofty tree. The waters that flowed past it were so pure, and the stream always so full, that the tree was always green, full of leaves, and abounding in fruit.—At all times it had fragrant blossoms, whose sweetness filled the air, and at the same time was loaded with fruit and delighted the eye.

At the foot of this tree there lived many nimble, active, and intelligent ants. They were told that the fruit on this tree was most delicous for food, most satisfying to the appetite, and most nourishing to the eater. All around the tree looked poor in comparison with that golden fruit. They knew too, that by climbing up into the tree, they could have just as much of the fruit as they wanted. Many ants had gone up and reached it, and sent word back for their friends and neighbors to hasten up. By looking upward, they could see the golden sunbeams dancing among the green foliage, and the fair fruit hanging on every bough. At last they determined that they would leave their old home, and go and live among this beautiful fruit. So they began to climb up, some going straight upward, and some in a zig-zag course. But it was soon found that they kept slipping and falling down again. Some hardly got started; some up a few feet, and some a little higher; but the result was the same. So I set myself to watch them, and see what the reason could be, that they so soon fell back to the place of starting. The first one which I noticed was an old ant, whose joints seemed somewhat stiffened by age, and who came tumbling and rolling down in a hurry.

"What's the matter with you, old fellow?"

"Matter enough!" I can't get up, and there's no use of trying. Every time I have tried I have fallen."

"Well, why do you try to tug up that bit of straw? That's what tumbles you down. It's too heavy."

"*Straw!* Sir, do you call that straw? Why it's the *property* I have been all my life earning! There is not another ant under the tree who owns such a property. I *must* carry that, at all events."

The next ant had got up a little higher, when a light puff of wind blew him off, and he came whirling down.

"Why, my good fellow, do you try to carry that bit of red feather in your mouth? Don't you see the wind strikes it and upsets you, and tumbles you off?"

"Red feather, you call it! No, sir, that is not its name. It is called *fashion*, sir among us ants, and the longer the feather the more fashionable is the owner, and I assure you there is no one who can show such a feather as that! Oh, sir, I can't think of going and leaving my red feather behind."

The next one that came rolling down fell so hard she kicked so feebly that I really thought he was killed. But he soon picked himself up, and what do you think he had as his load? It was a grain of hard yellow sand!

"Well, Mr. Ant, you are here, and I see what kept you from going up; but I can't see the use of that grain of sand!"

"Sand, sir, sand! No that is pure gold!—There is not another such lump in all antdom! And would you have me go up if I can't carry my gold? I had rather never taste the fruit on this tree."

Down came another, and as he fell I heard a sort of ringing sound. And, would you believe it? the fellow had a fiddle in one of his claws!

"O, dear! I fear I shall never get up! How many times I have fallen! But I cant go and leave my fiddle! I *must* have my amusements or I can't live; and if I can't carry them with me, there is no use in my going."

Then I saw another trying to carry up a little demijohn of brandy—just to give him strength and to enable him to climb the faster. But he hardly began to ascend before he fell to the ground.

Among them was a curious, sly fellow, who seemed to have nothing to hinder him, and yet he could not get up. But on close examination I noticed that he had a small secret phial, in which was a drop of something very black. He tried to hide it, but I caught a glimpse of it, saw it labelled "secret sin." He toiled and tugged hard, but the phial was too much—he could not get up!

Dear reader, this tree is the "Tree of Life; this river is the River of Life; this fruit is communion with God, and the faith that lifts us to heaven. You see the things that keep us from going up and taking of the fruits! We try to carry too heavy burdens. We are not willing to leave the follies and the things of this world behind us! Poor little ants! Poor human beings! How much alike!

The Preacher Comforted.

Rev. Dr. Stillman, of the Baptist pulpit of Boston, had the reputation of being a learned, godly, and eloquent divine. He had great command of language, was quick at sermon-making, had abundant experience of men and things, and had long been a successful preacher of the Gospel when he became Dr. Stillman. He seemed to preach almost by inspiration, and enjoyed an unbounded popularity, the crowds that flocked to hear him hanging with delight on his words that distilled like honey from his eloquent lips. Yet, notwithstanding all this, for the encouragement, I suppose, of new beginners barrenly educated, perchance, and diffident, and to show that the ablest ministers need appreciative words, the doctor had his hard times in the pulpit, and when he did have them, they were hard enough, at least, so it seemed to him. Though heard with rapt attention, yet to himself his feelings seemed paralyzed, he had not his liberty; his thoughts could neither fly nor go. As the good Dr. Sharp was wont to say, when he had a good sermon awaiting delivery and a good congregation eager to hear, and he felt dull, "I could not get my coals up!" So with Dr. Stillman, if he could not get his sails up, he would be exceedingly mortified and dissatisfied. It covered him at the time with a profuse sweat, made him glad when he had done, led him to tarry in the pulpit when the people had gone out; then he would take an obscure way home, hurry up stairs, throw himself on the bed, sick at heart.

One bright, clear day, in the presence of a numerous and expectant congregation, he arose to preach. He had performed the preliminary services with his usual fervor, he had his usual preparation, and was in a mood for a good time; but a spell was upon him; he felt like one beating the air. He kept on talking, however, saying all the good things he could from his text, but could make no headway. His feelings were cramped; his words lingered on his tongue. He struggled against wind and tide with feeble sail. Thus he passed his hour, driven hither and thither, hardly able to hold his course. He finally closed, with scarcely an inference or an appeal, and glad was he when his task was over. He tarried behind till the last hearer had left the house; he then went out softly, threaded the narrow, out-of-the-way lanes of the city, till he reached his dwelling, then went straight to his chamber, cast himself on the bed, declined his dinner, and sent for Pompey, his colored servant.

"Pompey," said he, "I am too sick to preach again to-day, and I want you to go as quick as possible and get brother ——— to preach for me this afternoon."

"Yes, doctor," answered the negro, starting towards the door; "but I'd rather not, doctor; 'twill be a dreadful disappointment to the people."

"What's that you say?" asked the doctor.

"Why, de people were all so much edified and pleased wid de forenoon's sermon, 'twill be a dreadful disappointment. I overhear the brethren an' sisters praise de discourse so much; brother Stimson an' sister Jones an' all de folks say dey never hear de doctor preach so well—seem as if every word came right from heaven."

The discouraged pastor listened most attentively to the words of the sagacious black, and passed into a brown study. Meanwhile, Pompey started for the door again.

"Stop," said he—"stop a minute, Pompey; I think I feel a little better."

Pompey lingered, and repeated with emphasis, the words of the admiring brethren and sisters. By that time, the afflicted man had nearly recovered.

"Pompey," said he, "I guess—I guess—I rather think you need not go." His appetite returned at once; he went to dinner, and soon after to the pulpit, where he delivered one of his most powerful discourses, spreading all his sails, and seemed not only to the congregation, but also to himself, as if every word was light from heaven.—*Home Magazine.*

The Depth of God's Mercy.

The mercy of the Lord! Why do we so hesitate to plunge into the depths of this abyss? The more completely we lose ourselves there, in the full confidence of love, the more completely we save ourselves. Let us give ourselves to God without reserve, fearing nothing. He will love us, and we shall love him. His love, growing daily, will supply the place of everything else. He alone will fill our entire heart, so intoxicated agitated, troubled by the world that could never fill it; he will remove from us only that which makes us miserable; he will make us despise only the world, which perhaps we already despise; he will require us to do, perhaps, only the things which we are already doing, but which we do badly, instead of doing them well by referring them entirely to him. Every action, then, however trivial, of our ordinary life, will become a source of consolation. We shall tranquilly watch the approach of death, changed for us into the beginning of life immortal. Far from despoiling us, it will invest us with everything, as Paul says, (2 Cor. v, 1; and then we shall see the depth of the mercy which God has exercised toward us.

Reflect, in his presence, on the effects of this infinite mercy on those of which you already have knowledge; on the light which Jesus Christ has given you; on the good sentiments with which he has inspired you; on the sins he has forgiven you: on the snares of the world from which he has snatched you; on the extraordinary aid he has rendered you. Try to soften your heart by the memory of all these precious marks of his goodness: add to this the thought the cross which he has given you to bear for your sanctification; for these are also the riches which he has drawn from the depth of his treasures, and you should regard them as signal proofs of his love. Let the remembrance of the past inspire you with confidence for the future. Be persuaded, timid soul, that he has loved you too much not to love you still. Do not distrust him, but only yourself. Remember that he is the "Father of mercies," and the "God of all consolation." He sometimes separates those two things: the consolation is withheld; but the mercy is always present. He has removed from you the sensible manifestation of his grace, because you had need of being brought to a higher degree of humility, and of being chastened for seeking vain consolations elsewhere. This very chastisement is but another depth of his divine mercy.—*Fénelon.*

God's Love Inexhaustible.

Suppose a meadow in which a million daisies open their bosoms all at one time to the sun. On one of them, while it is yet a bud, a little stone has fallen. At once crushed and overshadowed, it still struggles bravely against all odds to expand its petals like the rest. For many days this effort is continued without success. The tiny stem (a mighty rock to the tiny flower) equals on its breast, and will not admit a single sunbeam. At lenght the flower-stalk, having gathered strength by its constant exertion, acquires force enough to overbalance the weight, and tosses the intruder off. Up springs the daisy with a bound; and in an instant another floweret is added to the vast multitude which in that meadow drink their fill of sunlight. The sun in the heaven is not incommoded by the additional demand. The new comer receives into itscpen cup as many sunbeams as it would have received although no other flower had grown in the meadow—in all the earth. Thus the sun finite though it be, helps us to understand the absolute infinitude of its maker. When an immortal being, long crushed and turned away by a load of sin, at length, through the power of a new spiritual life, throws off the burden and opens with a bound to receive a heavenly Father's long-offered but rejected love, the giver is not impoverished by the new demand upon his kindness. Although a thousand millions should arise and go to the Father, each would receive as much of that Father's love as if he alone of all fallen creatures had come back reconciled to God.—*Rev. William Arnot.*

Religious Intelligence.

India.

The hurricane which overwhelmed Calcutta visited Masulipatam, driving the sea inland for miles, and submerging the place. The Rev. J. Sharp writes:—"The rain streamed in torrents into the house, and the noise of the elements was deafening. I ran about, fastening doors and windows as well as I could, moving the furniture away from the stream of rain, and baling out the water, my wife helping me most energetically. But the doors and windows began to come off their hinges and to break their fastenings. We blocked them up with all the heavy furniture we could get; but all in vain. At last, near midnight, we found water rushing into the house, and rising most rapidly.—Everything began to float. The house floor is raised a yard or more above the compound, yet the water inside was above our knees, and we knew not how much higher it might get, for it was from the sea, two miles off. Mrs. Sharp was bent on going out and trying to cross to the nearest house, but I knew how deep and muddy it must be, and would not hear of it. We then tried to get out to the verandah and climb the staircase leading to the housetop. Twice Mrs. Sharp was perfectly unable to advance, from the water, wind and rain, which struck us like hailstones. The third time we succeeded in reaching the staircase, and climbed it on hands and knees. Mrs. Sharp was all but blown over. We crawled along the top into one of the elevations of the roof, and just managed to get inside among the rafters. The wind and rain beat upon us, and we had little on but night-clothes. We had to keep one another warm by constant rubbing, and felt at times overpowingly sleepy. A light which we left below, shone through the chinks of the ceiling, and was a great comfort to us, as it showed that the water had not risen high enough to extinguish it. We prayed often, and little expected to see the dawn, for the walls shook with the wind and waves, and, I thought would certainly fall. But we were heard, and preserved until the dawn came—an unspeakable relief. The staircase was all but gone, but we were able to descend it when the storm abated. The desolation around is indescribable; all our out-houses flat, our furniture carried away for hundreds of yards, trees down, many houses fallen, and hundreds of corpses. Mrs. Sharkey lost thirty-three girls [of the Mission school.] Other native Christians and East Indians are gone. The Europeans are almost all alive. We have had great difficulty to get food. One day I got, very thankfully, some horse-grain."

Mr. Colin Valentine mentions the following interesting case of conversion:—

A Jogi (a religious man who wanders about the country, begging and making converts,) for more than twenty years had been visiting holy places. In his travels he met a convert to Christianity. From him he heard of Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners. At once he said, "I have found one who can be my Saviour, he who is himself sinless. He who is God and man in one, can draw me a poor sinner from the pit into which I have fallen. I will no more put faith in *avatars* (incarnations of Hindu gods.) I must know more of Jesus Christ." He stripped himself the following day of all his heathen ornaments and charms, and said: "I have parted from these things for ever; teach me how I may obtain salvation from this sinless *avatar*, Jesus Christ." He and his wife are now under instruction for baptism.

MISSION AMONG THE ARRIANS OF TRAVANCORE.—The Arrians live on the Hills of Southern India. To be out of the way of the tigers and elephants, they build their huts or nests in large trees, twenty or thirty feet from the ground. These men have no knowledge of the true God, but worship the spirit of their fathers, or certain demons, supposed to live in peaks and ragged rocks. Each little village has a priest, who, when required, calls on the demon of the place, and working himself into a state of frenzy, is thought to be possessed by the evil spirit, and yells and screams out answers to the questions put to him. When the body is buried, the spirit is supposed to pass into a brass or silver image, that is shut into the vault. A few offerings of milk and ghee are made, a torch lighted and extinguished, the covering stone placed on, and all leave. They have sacred groves where they will not fire a gun or speak above a whisper. The Rev. Rev. H. Baker was urged to visit the people by five of their number. At first he refused, as it was difficult and even dangerous to go through the jungle to their villages. Again and again they came. At last they said, "Five times we have been to call you. We are ignorant of what is right. Will you teach us or not? We die like beasts, and are buried like dogs. Ought you to neglect us?" "Cholera and fever," said another, "carried off such and such members of my family; where are they now?" Mr. Baker went. No sooner was his arrival known, than voices were heard shouting from one place to another, far away up the hill-sides: "He is here! he is here! Come all!" The work began. The people built houses for their teachers, erected prayer houses, and kept the Lord's day holy.—There is now a most flourishing mission among these poor Arrians.—*Ch. World.*

Scandinavian Missionaries.

And such as are in the sea are to be heard ascribing "Blessing and honour and glory and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Five Scandinavian seamen, all members of the Bethel ship, banded together to return to their native country to show what great things the Lord had done for them in the land of their adoption. Such as had money in the savings banks drew out their deposits to bestow upon aged parents, or to support themselves in their journeyings to tell among their countrymen the story of redeeming love. These men all shipped as common sailors, will work their passage home, and thus increase their funds. This is very like to the time when the disciples were scattered and went everywhere preaching the word, and such is the chief object of these sailor brethern of whom we write.

BRAZIL.—There are said to be 3,000,000 slaves in Brazil, who enjoy, however, many alleviations in their bondage. Under the present emperor the slaves have decreased 1,000,000, while the products of the soil have increased 35 per cent.

General Miscellany.

Oh! Why should the Spirit of Mortals be Proud?

[The authorship of the following beautiful poem has been incorrectly attributed to Abraham Lincoln. A gentleman who took the lines down from the lips of the late President, gives an account of the occasion of his doing so, at which time Mr. Lincoln expressed his opinion of the piece in these words:—"There is a poem which has been a great favourite with me for years, which was shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain."]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortals be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor—a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved—
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the meanories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the King, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the Priest, that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the Sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye! they died—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh! why should the spirit of mortals be proud?

Impressions of Mr. Lincoln.

Many persons have formed their impressions of MR. LINCOLN from the stories in circulation attributed to him, and, consequently, suppose him to have been habitually of a jocund, humorous disposition. This was a characteristic side of him, but it was merely the by-play of his nature. It was this happy faculty of throwing off care for the moment that kept him alive under his heavy burdens; but any true discerner of character, looking into that worn and seamed face, would have said at once, "He is a sad if not a melancholy man."

It has been the business of my life to study the human face, and I say now, as I said repeated to friends, MR. LINCOLN had the saddest face I ever painted! During some of the dark days of last spring and summer I saw him at times when his careworn, troubled appearance was enough to bring tears of sympathy into the eyes of his most violent enemies. I recall particularly one day, when, having occasion to pass through the main hall of the domestic apartments I found him alone, pacing up and down a narrow passage, his hands behind him, his head bent forward upon his breast, heavy black rings under his eyes, showing sleepless nights—altogether such a picture of the effects of weighty cares and responsibilities as I never had seen. And yet he always had a kind word and almost always a genial smile, and it was his way frequently to relieve himself at such times by some harmless pleasantly. I recollect an instance told me by one of the most radical members of the last Congress. It was during the darkest days of '62. He called upon the President, early one morning, just after news of a disaster. It was a time of great anxiety if not despondency. MR. LINCOLN commenced telling some trifling incident—which the Congressman was in no mood to hear. He rose to his feet, and said, "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." Instantly the smile disappeared from MR. LINCOLN'S face, who exclaimed, "A——, sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now, that were it not for this occasional *vent*, I should die!"

A large number of those whom he saw every day came with appeals to his feelings in reference to relatives and friends in confinement and under sentence of death. It was a constant marvel to me that, with all his other cares and duties, he could give so much time and be so patient with this multitude. I have known him to sit for hours patiently listening to details of domestic troubles from poor people—much of which, of course, irrelevant—carefully sifting the facts, and manifesting as much anxiety to do exactly right as in matters of the gravest interest. Poorly clad people were more likely to get a good hearing than those who came in silks and velvets. No one was ever turned away from his door because of poverty. If he erred, it was sure to be on the side of mercy. It was one of his most painful tasks to confirm a sentence of death. I recollect the case of a somewhat noted rebel prisoner, who had been condemned to death I believe as a spy. A strong application had been made to have his sentence commuted. While this was pending, he attempted to escape from confinement, and was shot by the sentinel on guard. Although he richly deserved death, Mr. Lincoln told Judge Holt in my presence that "it was a great relief to him that the man took his fate into his own hands."

If the slightest occasion existed for showing clemency he was sure to improve it. Judge Bates often told the President that "he was hardly fit to be intrusted with the pardoning power." "Why," said the Judge, "he can scarcely turn away from the application (if it touches his feelings) of a man, and the tears of a *woman* are sure to overcome him!"

A touching instance of his kindness of heart occurred quite recently, and was told me incidently by one of the servants. A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting, with a baby in her arms, for three days to see the President. Her husband had furnished a substitute for the army, but some time afterward was one day made intoxicated by some companions, and in this state induced to enlist. Soon after he reached the army he deserted, thinking that, as he had provided a substitute the Government were not entitled to his services. Returning home, he was, of course, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On Monday, his wife left her home with her baby to endeavor to see the President. Said old Daniel: "She had been waiting here three days, and there was no chance for her to get in. Late in the afternoon of the third day the President was going through the back passage to his private rooms, to get a cup of tea or take some rest." (This passage-way has lately been constructed, and shuts the person passing entirely out of view of the occupants of the anteroom.) On his way through he heard the little baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell. 'Daniel,' said he, 'is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?' I said there was, and if he would allow me to say it, I thought it was a case he ought to see; for it was a matter of life and death. Said he, 'Send her to me at once.' She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband. As the woman came out from his presence, her eyes were lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks." Said Daniel: "I went up to her and pulling her shawl said, 'Madam, it was the baby that did it!'"

Another touching incident occurred, I believe, the same week. A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted, in her turn, to the President. Her husband had three sons, all she had in the world, enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release to her the oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very gratefully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, was wounded, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman found her way again into his presence. He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking, I shall release to you your second son." Upon this, he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper, "Now," said he "you have one and I one of the other two left; that is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said, "The Lord bless you Mr. President. May you live a thousand years and may you always be the head of this great nation!"—*Corr. of Independent.*

Obituary.

MRS. LAVINIA CLAYTON, OF NASHWAAK, N. B.

Wife of the late John Clayton, fell asleep in Jesus, the 13th of April, 1865, in the seventieth year of her age. She was born in Sheffield, N. B., July 17, 1795. Being blessed with christian parents, she was early taught to reverence the holy Sabbath, and to consider her accountability to God for what she did. She was the subject of serious impressions from her youth, but she did not experience the pardon of her sins, and the witness of her adoption into the family of God until some time after her marriage. She was received into the Methodist Society, June 1817, by the Rev. William Burt, then travelling minister upon the Sheffield circuit. He was ever regarded by her as her spiritual father, and she cherished his memory with all the affection of a child. She afterwards removed with her husband to Nashwaak, where she has since resided. Their house was ever open to the travelling ministers upon the circuit; or to any other ministers who passed through it, and was felt by them to be a home.

For some years she performed with christian fidelity the duties of a Class-leader, and continued doing so until her health would no longer admit. Often have we known her to spend long seasons in agonizing prayer to God for grace to help her to perform her duty, and for his blessing upon the members of her class.

As a christian, we think few have enjoyed more of the grace of the Spirit; and through a long life of trial, incidental to the rearing of a large family, she ever exemplified the truth and genuineness of her christian profession. As a parent, we think she had but few equals, and not many superiors. Her children venerate her memory with more than common reverence.—For their salvation she has laboured with strong cries and tears. May the Lord fulfil her desires? She died after a lingering illness, without a struggle or a groan. "Her sufferings are all at an end." She was buried Sunday, 16th April; the occasion was improved by the Rev. Joseph Sutcliffe, from "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

Nashwaak, April, 1865. S. C.

MRS. ISAAC VROOM OF CLEMENTS, N. S.

Mrs. Mary Vroom, wife of Mr. Isaac Vroom, Senr., departed this life at Clements Shore, on the 28th of January, in the 69th year of her age. Her maiden name was Spurr. When about fifteen years of age she was led to a saving knowledge of Christ, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe, one of the early Wesleyan missionaries to this Province. The testimony of her sorrowing husband is, that from this time "she never lost her relish for, or evidence of religion.' Soon after her conversion to God she joined the Wesleyan Church and continued in her communion until death, a period of more than fifty years. As a member of the Church her conduct was consistent, and in nothing more than punctuality in attending the means of grace. These, like every sincere christian, she loved; and never absented herself from them until compelled to do so by failing health.

The death of our departed sister was sudden and unexpected—so much so that she had ceased to breathe for sometime before her husband who was sleeping by her side was conscious of it—yet we believe she was prepared for the change—that in her case to die was gain. Her funeral was numerously attended by relatives and friends; and the solemn occasion was improved by a discourse founded on 1 Peter i. 24, 25.

C. L.

Annapolis, May 4th, 1865.

MRS. B. C. WILSON OF WAVERLY, N. S.

Died, at Waverly, on Tuesday, 2nd inst., in the 24th year of her age, Mary P., beloved wife of Mr. Benj. C. Wilson, and youngest daughter of Peter and Rachel Shey, of Mount Denson. During a revival which took place at Mt. Denson, while Bro. Stewart was stationed upon the Windsor Circuit, in which that locality was then included, she, with several others, gave herself to the Lord, and to His church by the will of God. As a professed christian she was careful to maintain good works, being well instructed in the Master's words, "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love." Her adorning was the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God, of great price.

She was married not fully two years ago, and thus early has she been called away by a sudden, severe and short sickness, to leave behind her a sorrowing husband, and a helpless babe of a few days, bereft of their nearest earthly friend. She died in peace and hope. Such was her life, and such her death by the grace of God, that they to whom she was most dear, and who are keenly feeling the pang of separation, may, as they look through their tears across the narrow stream to which she quickly and safely passed, well comfort one another with these words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Who trusting in their Lord depart
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize
They find with Christ in paradise.

R. J.

Windsor, May 9.

ANCESTORS IN HEAVEN.—It was a beautiful expression of Burke's upon the death of his son, that his child in this world would be his ancestor in the skies. Elder-born in glory—the junior of the household is the senior in heaven.