Provincial Ateslevan.

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Volume XX. No. 17

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HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1868.

Whole No. 970

Religious Miscellany.

" Prepare to meet thy God. The greatest trials of our race, Are coming in the latter days; " Prepare to meet thy God !"

The afternoon of mercy's day, Is gliding rapidly away, Compassion cannot wrath delay : " Prepare to meet thy God !"

The voice of wisdom, long and loud Cried vainly to the thoughtless crowd, " Prepare to meet thy God !" They hastened on with swifter feet. lowards the haunts where sinners meet,

Still hearing Mercy's voice repeat, " Prepare to meet thy God!" Mercy despised to anger turns, The hely wrath of Jesus burns;

" Prepare to meet thy God !" The fearful stroke must quickly come, T'will strike the guilty nations dumb, But God will take his people home; " Prepare to meet thy God !"

O, Sinner ! pause in sin's career, Not jet too late, though judgment's near, " Prepare to meet thy God !" Come, basten to the mercy seat, Come, throw yourself at Jesus' feet, Come, thus, a God of mercy meet, Prepare to meet thy God !"

Ye saints of God, who now rejoice, To listen to the warning voice, " Prepare to meet thy God !" Still triumph in redeeming grace, Nor dread the coming wrathful day; Still boldly cry in every place.

" Prepare to meet thy God!" G. O. H.

For the Provincial Wesleyan. " Death-beds Witnessing for God."

Minister taking for his text, those words on the

It was an hour rich in blessing, they whose trust in Christ, and in Christ alone. aim it was to live in readiness for the summons hence, rejoiced in the glad prospect of being for ever with the Lord, while those who had made no preparation to meet their God, could not but feel most solemnly how it behoved him to consider their latter end.

" Themes that transcend their wonted thought, somed ones. "Father, I will that they whom these,

"Not death at all, beginning to live," said a speaking of her departure, -and again "I shall looks trustingly up, and can yet sing,soon be in the arms of my Jesus, but I would not be so, even one moment before His time. I have never had a long night since I was con-

deli that hymns were " not so precious as the Rugged and toilsome the way, what wonder that

ing a long illness suffered much, and had few nought." comforts, but whose lips were full of praise and

he owed much, " Have you any fear ?" "Oh out the view of the things eternal. no, just the same faith, just the same faith!" answered. "Perhaps you will sleep now" said directed. his visitor, but he replied, "I mean I shall sleep present, he repeated twice " I lie at the foot of

last words of one whose final illness brought after as the Philosopher's stone, and as vainly sore agony. She had peace and joy through too,—the spirit, ever cheated, in its search for believing, but was not without much conflict. Once on awaking very thirsty, she drank freely

"my joy is so great, I could make the house ring with hallely is to the Lamb." Often and "I hope my Saviour will give me patience and "I hope my Saviour will give me patience to better could J serve thee! It is true I have no derived with the substitution out of the world when you are a little older—

"Is this all?" sealing out of the world when you are a little older—

"Is this all?" sealing out of the world when you are a little older—

"Is this all?" sealing out of the world when you are a little older

delightful. During the last illness of A. D. for what,-Jesus was all her theme, and His name seemed to her indeed as "ointment poured forth." Her dying words testified His preciousness to her soul. With a radiant smile she said as firmly as ber short-coming breath would allow." " Dear Jesus-my Jesus-chiefest of ten thousandand altogether lovely "-then with peculiar emphasis, "altogether levely." She spoke no more, and in an hour afterwards, her redeemed that cluster around the domestic hearth, surely spirit was admitted into His presence, to gaze

pon that loveliness for ever. When in the agony of death a poor woman in Spitalfields said to the Bible woman, " all conflict is over now, 'tis perfect peace."

leading him to a prayer-meeting. Eleven days bility for suffering. afterwards he died. When the end drew near, it was said to him " You are passing the valley He replied " No, happy, happy, going to Jesus."

These histories we have copied from recent numbers of "The Missing Link Magazine" as tion, "Loved and Lost." well as from an earlier volume of the same work known as "The Book and its Mission;" and ings and keenest mental arguish, is the language as we glanced over the pages, one or two graphic remarks arrested attention, though we cannot give them as dying sayings, for the speakers had not reached the brink of Jordan, much less encountered its swellings.

lady whose loving instructions had been most Wesley, signally blessed to them, begged to sing the last hymn they had sung with her-

" Guide us O Thou great Jehovah," &c. Their tears fell fast as they sung, and a blind woman observed, "I always feel she is joining with us when we sing the Doxology, for all her prayers are praises now."

At a Bible class of very poor women, a lady was remarking on the comfort believers have in knowing that when called upon to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, they have the

" I am standing barefoot on the Rock of

For the Provincial Wesleyan. Be not Weary in Well-doing.'

BY MARY E. HERBERT. The path of Christian duty and effort is often The minister referred to the striking utterances a tiresome one. The pilgrim as he commences which frequently fall from the lips of dying Chris- his journey, has glowing visions of the beauty striking utterances at tresome one. The pilgrim as he commences which frequently fall from the lips of dying Chris- his journey, has glowing visions of the beauty striking utterances at tresome one. The pilgrim as he commences eyes of men has gone unobserved by your Father like marble, were it not that men are working providentially protected against the pollutions which irequently iall from the lips of dying they and variety of the scenes through which he shall in Heaven, or will fail of its due reward. "Is in the mine, and as the black dust rises from of the place. Sometimes she would pass whole have been wont to utter in days of health. Nor can we wonder that they for whom the pearly gates are about to unclose, should be occupied of the way. What radiant anticipations of suchis hopes. Difficulties vanish before him; suc-" Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death cess attends his efforts : the crooked paths beof His saints," and when the Living Intercessor come straight,—and the rough places smooth, before the Throne, He who has the keys of Hades and animated and joyful, he hastens onward, not at length gained, the gates of the Eternal City bath, a much larger layer of white stone will be "You must know yourself, that that is a lie—

Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that But steeper paths await him. He is placed in they may behold my glory;" how the nearness new circumstances, a fresh experience opens beof that unspeakable glory must irradiate the fore him, he is embarrassed, perplexed, cast well-nigh emancipated spirit. "Death-beds wit- down. This is not what he anticipated when he nessing for God," are quite as numerous among commenced the Christian career. Hemmed in the pious poor, as among those more highly by various difficulties, he sees no way of escape, favoured with opportunities for mental improve- no "loophole of retreat,"—and his heart sinks within him.

Yet though cast down, he is not in despair, poor young woman, dying of consumption, when and remembering his Guide and Deliverer, he still

" When obstacles and trials seem

they are never long." One day she remark- and he hastens on, but the prospect is changed. soul gather new force from every temptation.

No longer on Pisgah's mount he catches bright The lady repeated a few verses from Rom. viii.

He was quiet a little, and she asked "Have I glimpses of the promised land; but far down in some dark ravine, or parrow valley, the nilevim intense suffering, and he was very low. "I've ties of the way, that he almost forgets the globeen tired all day, but I shall soon sleep," he rious goal to which his steps have been hitherto

For life, unless sanctified by high Christian

The deeper the heart, the more unsatisfied its to another, and still with the same inquiry " Who will show us any good ?" As eagerly sought

"No more than this? What seemed it now, First by that spring to stand. A thousand streams of lovelier flow Bathed his own native land; Whence far o'er waste and ocean track, Their wild sweet voices called him back But if the rewards of knowledge fall on the

treasures, the soul trembles with anxiety, anti- all my own."

tomb of buried affections, the mournful inscription. It was, How literally suggestive of unsatisfied yearnof the ill-starred poet of undying fame,

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen, Count o'er thy days from anguish free; And know, whatever thou hast been, "Tis something better not to be." How strangely in contrast to the sentiments of Some poor mothers at their earliest meeting this man of rank, wealth, and genius, is the in- and when saked respecting it, I dared not deny sympathy, and help, and we trust that claim will after the first anniversary of the death of the spiring strain of the self-devoted and sainted the wonder of his love! I soon found that re- not be disregarded by the Wesleyan Methodist

"With us no melancholy void,
No season lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only Him to know.

Who runs if nothing crowns the race?" was the inquiry of a sad and dispirited worker,and truly, if nothing crowned the race, then in gratification the highest aim of existence.

One week-day evening during a season of Prince of Life to carry them through. "Yes occupy, though oppressed by the burden and point, and at once cast ourselves on the mercy different one from any that the world had ever deepened religious interest, a village congrega- indeed " old Mrs. M. responded, " and no fear heat of the day, though discouraged by varied of God, for a full salvation from all sin! May known. And yet, this quarter of which I speak, conflicts, do you believe that " Nothing crowns God help us all so to do .- Rev. D. King. last chapter of St. Peter's 2nd Epistle-" Be Ages" said a poor dying man of whom we have and shell still be your motto. And though there diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace." read; how forcibly the words express, assured may be moments in your experience when your sinking heart is ready to say "I shall one day

" Work done for God it dieth not." no more out for ever.

Dartmouth, April 14, 1868.

The True Victory. Victory over self is victory over the world .-It is not the outward enemy, but the traitor within, that storms or undermines the citadel of spiritual life. Alas, that the gates are so often kept Sabbath with their black marks. unbarred for the hosts of evil to enter! Alas, that the soul should so easily surrender, and suffer itself to be laid waste! As in the conflicts know now all our Sabbaths are spent. His reown strength by the munitions of war taken written there, and we shall see them at the last. ted. I have very weary nights, much pain, And soon a narrow path opens again before him from the vanquished foe, so does the victorious Yet the victory is gained-not by self-confi-Word of God; the soul wanted His own word his hands hang down. Monotonous in its very dence and spiritual pride, but by humility and barrenness, it stretches apparently into a desert self-abnegation. The humble soul alone is truly "I am so happy; Jesus makes me happy," land .-- and he is found exclaiming, "I have strong, and safe from fall. What outward were the last words of a poor widow, who dur- labored in vain, and spent my strength for power can abuse him who, while he reverences the nature God has given him, still is lowly in For the glow of youthful ardour has subsided; his own eyes, 'esteeming others better than thanksgiving. Brought as a little child to the his brightest hopes have faded; his best ground- himself?' What circumstances or condition of feet of Jesus, He filled her with such peace and ed expectations proved futile, some of the loved, life can be adverse to him whose will is merged joy through believing, it was quite a privilege to with whom he once took " sweet counsel," and in the will of God? On the strength that tically know no other religion. They have been their own class, and who are able to reach them be permitted to stand by her dying bed. Day whose words of encouragement cheered him onby day she suffered much, but used to welcome ward—have fallen by his side, " weary with the that flows in upon the will subdued, when the ceremonies and superstitions. Victor Emman-great deal in elevating the poor wretched peothe ladies who visited her with the words "Praise match of life,"—and others, who promised well, man, though 'lord of himself,' through entire uel is himself a Romanist, and this, too, is the the ladies who visited ner with the words reside into pleasure's flowery track. In the Lord ! Praise Him. Is not the Lord good have turned aside into pleasure's flowery track. In the ladies who visited ner with the words reside into pleasure's flowery track. In the Lord good have turned aside into pleasure's flowery track. In the ladies who visited ner with the words reside into pleasure's flowery track. In the Lord good have turned aside into pleasure's flowery track. In the ladies who visited ner with the words reside into pleasure's flowery track. In the Lord good have turned aside into pleasure's flowery track. In the ladies who visited ner with the words reside into pleasure's flowery track. In the Lord good have turned aside into pleasure's flowery track. In the ladies who visited ner with the words reside into pleasure's flowery track. In the ladies who visited ner with the words reside into pleasure's flowery track. In the ladies who visited ner with the ladies who visited ner with the words residence in the ladies who will be a supplied to the ladies who visited ner with the words residence in the ladies who visited ner with the words residence in the ladies who visited ner with the words residence in the ladies who will be a supplied to th What wonder then should he become, "weary that all his 'strength is in God' and in the the principles of the constitution is that every Christian Register. A poor Dock labourer, dying from cancer in in well-doing." "Sight," as one has well remight of Him who overcame the world! To subject shall have liberty to worship God according the face, was asked towards the close of his ill-marked, "is not apt to get the uppermost hand," him the title of life flows 'like a broad river's ing to the dictates of his conscience. This libness by a Christian visitor to whose instructions —and the things temporal, closing around, shut peaceful might,' through sunshine and though erty is also extended to aliens and strangers. He was quiet a little, and she asked "Have I some dark ravine, or narrow valley, the pilgrim made you tired?" for his disease had caused intense suffering, and he was very low. "I've

> absorption of our wills into thine. Sanctification.

taste, the bliss of social intercourse, the sweet Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I prostration sighs out its miseries and sorrows. communion of congenial hearts, the affections A poor man who had previously suffered from its capacity for loving," said an old French wri- all in. In thee I behold and feel all the fulness she has only yet very partially learnt what her

The sacred one, which dares not move; And all the silent heaven of love. praying without ceasing, and in everything giv- lightened by the Gospel, so as to become mising thanks. I resolved, however, at first, I sionary churches to those of their countrymen would not openly declare what the Lord had still remaining in the darkness of Popery and inwrought; but it was seen in my coutenance; fidelity. Italy has a claim upon our forbearance peating his goodness confirmed my own faith Church .- Meth. Rec. more and more. And so did the Lord bless me in declaring it, (yea, and blessed others also) that I was constrained to witness to all who feared him .-

His blood can make the foulest clean,

The Sunday Stone.

perish by the hand of mine enemy," more closely constant formation of limestone, caused by the neglected, forsaken child, an orphan, yet not algrasp the arm of your invisible yet ever present trickling of water through the rocks. This together neglected, not altogether forsaken, for Protector, and thus press onward, and press water contains a great many particles of lime, her mother, it seems, had been able to plant in

"The Sunday Stone." Perhaps, many who now break the Sabbath would try to spend it better if there were a " Sunday Stone" where they could see their un-

But God needs no such record on earth to Be very careful to keep your Sabbath pure and white, and not allow the dust of worldliness and sin to tarnish the purity of the blessed day. "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Christian Treasury.

Religious Intelligence.

Religious Liberty in Italy.

storm, bearing steadily on in its appointed course | This is, no doubt, very galling to Rome, and His abundant peace is not stoicism. Like his bence the priests fret and chafe about it; the Divine Master, his heart is the home of all bishops by scores have refused the oath of allc-

burden to Him. They said her conversion was exposed to pestilence and savage cruelty, and all the Divine Author of Christianity is as a baby Try once again, and perhaps it will be your turn found out. More than that, they get a price put the Divine Author of Christianity is as a baby Try once again, and perhaps it will be your turn found out. "Ah! why did I ever doubt his willingness Christ or a dead Christ, instead of that of a liv- to laugh. "He who wins may laugh," saith upon them. People not only discount as they when he gave Jesus! Gave him to destroy the ing, atoning and triumphant Saviour. It pract another proverb. If you have the right stuff in go on, but the backbiter's criticisms are like works of the devil-to make an end of sin!- tically humanises the Redeemer and deifies the you, you will not be put down.

The hindrance was in me, not in him. He de- Virgin, and putting the Church in the place of sired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from Christ, imposes, as by his authority, heresies, my eyes—accursed sin. But now, Lord, I do and observances under the weight of which poer To the Memory of Thomas D'Arcy believe; this moment thou dost save. Yea, humanity staggers and falls, and in its helpless am emptied of all; I am at the feet a helpless, Only give to these long-benighted people the worthless worm: but I take held of thee as my Bible and the preacher of its truths, and estabthese are sources of purest and boliest enjoyment? Yes, but, might we not add also, of
deepest anguish.

"Friends how mortal, dangerous the desire."

Worthless worm: but I take neid of thee as my
fulness. Everything that I want thou art.—
lish through the length and breadth of the land
Ah, me! it seems a ghastly dream.

Would that it were a baseless dream!
Then might we hap'ly wake to find,
Then might we hap 'ly wake to find,
Then might we hap 'ly wake to find,
Then might we hap 'ly wake to find,
Then might we more than a sum of the length and breadth of the land
Thou are might we more the length and breadth of the land
Thou are might we more the length and breadth of the land
Thou are might we more the length and breadth of the land
Thou are might we more the length and breadth of the land
Thou are might we more the length and breadth of the land
Thou are might we more the le "The worth of a heart may be measured by it overflows my soul. O my Jesus, thou art all yet surpass the days of her classic glory. But paralysis, was seized with a fit as his wife was ter, and alas! in proportion to that is its capa- of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; great want is. Here and there men are awakthe intercourse is open; sin, inbred sin, no ing from the stupor of ages, while evangelical And so, in the midst of its most sacred earthly longer hinders the close communion, and God is agencies are raising up instruments of future usefulness. She does not require, at least in of the shadow of death, have you any fear ?- cipating the moment when they shall be snatched O the depth of solid peace my soul now felt. great numbers, missionaries from us. Already away, and when memory shall engrave on the But not so much rapturous joy as at justification the missionaries have more evangelical applicants from her own sons than they have the means of supporting. At present she only asks at our hands more Bibles, an evangelical literature, and She says: "I now walked in the clouded means to support a missionary agency, until her light of his countenance; rejoicing evermore, people shall in sufficient numbers have been en-

In the city of London there is a quarter known as St. Gile's," or the " Saven Dials." The city of London is called a Christian city; it has been She says: "I dared not to live above a mo- so called for many hundred years; there is a ment at a time; and that moment by faith in Bishop of London; there are churches, many activity would be the truest wisdom, and selfish the Son of God. I never felt till now the full and fair, in that great city; there are Christians meaning of those words: 'In him we live, and of every name and denomination, churches and But is it so, oh, faithful laborers in your Lord's move, and have our being." Now will we not, chapels, and it is but a few weeks since I heard vineyard, whatever sphere of duty you may take the above as our model—come right to the of an altogether new Christian church there, a is one of the worst places, I suppose, on the face

The First Bible Woman.

of God's earth; a place full of thieves, murder- When factions, maddened, rushed to war, ers, and degraded persons of every name. Not many years ago, there was growing up in this In one of our English coal mines there is a place, from girlhood to womanhood, a poor, which are deposited in the mine, and, as the her soul some seeds of good, and she found one water passes off, these become hard, and form friend there, a kind-hearted old man, who had And Charity, from man to man. stone. This stone would always be white, taught her to read. She had been, in some sort, cess attend him; how bright the future that lies deepest yearnings will be fully satisfied, yea, far rising, the stone is white; then again, the next read, but he said to her, "My child, don't you

beyond,—and for a time he realizes, it may be, beyond the widest power of imagination to conday, when the miners are at work, another ever read the Bible; I will teach you to read, but ceive, will be the felicity of that immortal state. layer is formed, and so on alternately, black I don't want you ever to read that book, for it is And lead men up to acts sublime. Then "Be not weary in well-doing," but con- and white, through the week, until Sunday full of lies; and amongst other lies, this chief tinue running the Christian race, until the goal comes. Then if the miners keep holy the Sab-one, that there is a God." "Now." said he. and of Death, says respecting any of His ransomed ones. "Father, I will that they whom
these.

and animated and joyful, he hastens onward, not
shall be lifted up, and like your triumphant
formed than before.

There will be the white stone of Saturday

there can be no God, as any one who lives in St.

Master, ye, the ransomed of the Lord, returning

There will be the white stone of Saturday

There is no God," to Zion with songs of joy, shall enter in to go night, and all Sunday, so that every seventh he said, "no God, certainly, who cares anything day the white layer will be about three times as about us here in St. Gile's." It however provthick as any of the others. But if they work ed that there was a God even in St. Gile's. The on the Sabbath, they see it marked against poor girl grew up to womanhood, and was at them in the stone. Hence the miners call it last decently, though humbly married. She was passing by one of the mission houses, and some words that the preacher was reading caught her ear-words out of that forbidden book; and somehow the words not only caught her ear, but they stirred her heart. They were somewhere from the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that glorious chapter in which the of nations, the conquering army reinforces its cord is kept above. All our Sabbath deeds are wrought in the world by believing men. Pcrhaps it was the sentence in which the writer speaks of God having provided for us a better country and built for us a better and heavenly city. The poor woman must have thought there was sore need of that ; but, whatever it was, the words stirred her heart. She went in and begged for a loan of the book. They gave it to her

of course. She studied it and became a believer in the God of whom that book tells us, and she was the first Bible woman in the city of London; the first one of those women who go The Italians are Roman Catholics, and prac- about among the poor, among the people of ple in that St. Gile's, where, as the old man said,

General Miscellann.

aweet affections. He is still a being of smiles giance, and have ned from their now vacant sees, and tears—tenderly alive to the joys of human while the Pope hurls anathemas and excommuand tears—tenderly alive to the joys of numan while the rope nurs anathemas and excommusumpathy, both in giving and receiving the nications at the heads of the recreant King and for from a small beginning he had risen to the it injures his peace. Supposing him not to be Oh, how dark and cheerless the night shadows sympathy, both in giving and receiving the microstons at the needs of the recreant Aing and blessed charities of life. At leisure from inter- Government. Yet still there is the law; and the highest place in the department to which he "past feeling," the reflection must come home came down after the funeral! No moon or stars blessed charities of life. At leasure from the Covernment. Let still there is the law; and the nal strife, he has a word of courage for the Italians may become Lutherans, Episcopalians, had been attached, and made the fortunes of his leart, that this kind of thing is not noble ever shone so dimly; no darkness ever seemed nai strile, ne has a word of courage for the sorrowing, reproof for the sorrowing, reproof for Methodists, if they please, as far as the law whole family—brothers, sons and nephews, as tempted, comfort for the softward, representation of the clock resound the hardened sinner, hope for the penitent.

The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of the clock resound well as his own—once said to me: "The longer of th Such lives are led by God's best children here Bible in their hands, have not only been permitt- I live the more convinced I am that over-sensi-Such lives are led by God's best enlighen nere blue in their names, nave not only seen permitt-below. Lord, evermore grant us the peace that ed to enter Italy, but have been pretected in tweness is a great mistake in a public man."—

structed our nature so wondrously, that self in-bead in the sick chamber; no nurse or watchers the cross, I lie at the root of the cross, and, below. Lord, evermore grant us the peace that the might have said in all men who desire to springs from victory over selfish aims, and the their work by the law and its administrators. It that the Government stands firmly by this prin- that what is expressed by the word " over-sensiciple of the constitution. In fact, a Protestant tiveness" does not signify over-scrupulousness. missionary may do in Italy what he dare not do Be as scrupulous as you will. Do nothing that disapproving conscience. I do not know anything better, more orthoin Ireland. The Government of Ireland is more will give you a single pang of conscience. Keep happiness, re-echoes the wise man's sentiment, will bring again the scences through in Ireland. The Government of Ireland is more will give you a single pang of conscience. Accept the ple than to others. There are amazing sensitive dox, and truly Methodistic, than the following afraid of offending the priests than the Government of Ireland. The Government of Ireland is more will bring again the scences through ple than to others. There are amazing sensitive which you have just passed, and you will start dox, and truly Methodistic, than the long sign afraid of offending the priests than the Governfrom Mrs. H. A. Rogers. She says: "I awoke ment of Italy is, and having seen the working into the abyssmal depths of failure unsoiled and persons, who are almost slaves to the estimates from it but to find them all too real. God pity of toast and water. The devil suggested— or spirit.

The devil suggested— or spirit.

Drink while you can, there is no water in hell

Nor these alone, who seek satisfaction in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, several times in the night, praying for sanctification in low, sanctification in "Drink while you can, there is no water in hell for you." "Hell for me," she could answer— and sensual, and sorbid gratifications, are disfor you." "Hell for me," she could answer— and sensual, and sorbid gratineations, are used to be desired to say that there is more actual records of many other on the score of pride and vanity, or dominant to be desired to say that there is more actual records of many other ligious freedom in Italy than in Ireland. And sitive on the score of pride and vanity, or dominant to be desired to say that there is more actual records of many other ligious freedom in Italy than in Ireland. And On no : sesus died for me, get thee benind me, appointed. Industrial immersal and selection, and selection in Raily than in Relation of the intellect. Satan;" and to the last she bore bright testi-worthy an immortal the training of the intellect. worthy an immortal the training of the meanest. On the other hand, the accumulation of knowledge, the well-earned den of thieves! I loathe myself, but O! I fall which above all is most pressing is its need of the be sure, has had much to mortify him in the mony to the power of Christ to save.

On Sunday morning the daughter of a sick person came to a Bible woman with the mestal person came to a Bible woman wit person came to a Bible woman with the mestand you, are not inclined to see, "Mother wants to see you—she is so the glittering chaplet of Fame encircles the brow, and the second of the sage, "Mother wants to see you—she is so the glittering enapiet or rame encircles the brivelege of over my fame; I have enough to do to look afhappy." When H. arrived, the sufferer said, even then, closely following the song of triumph,
ignorance and helplessness." Again: "I come
other Christianity than that which Rome proignorance and helplessness." Again: "I come
other Christianity than that which Rome proignorance and helplessness." Again: "I come
other Christianity than that which Rome proignorance and helplessness." Again: "I come
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(From the Express of 15th inst.) McGee.

Sad, by the River's turbid stream Slow moves the long funereal train; Mark, how each breast is wrung with pain,

Naught but a phantom of the mind, And Grief were spared such piteous theme. Young Nation! where his Peer? Oh where

Upon thine altar shall be laid. sacrifice, of cost more rare. Curs'd be the wretch-too vile to name, Whose fiendish vengeance brought this wo What floods of tears must vainly flow,

Never-by Patriot Victim paid-

for one foul murderer's deed of shame. From list'ning crowds his voice no more, Shall nightly draw the repturous cheer; No more, his pen, to nicest ear.

Attune the lays that charmed of yore Fondly his record we retrace. Through error struggling on to light, Till Wisdom purged his inner sight,

And noblest deeds to dreams gave place. High on his country's proudest scrolls, Shall stand, henceforth, his honoured name; 'Twas more than genius gave him fame-More than his words that stirred our souls.

The teeming fancy,-flashing wit-And gifts that largest minds befit, But gifts, devoted, most to Good.

Untainted he, by lust of greed, He loved to act th' unselfish part ; Wide was the room in that wide heart; Mankind, to him, was more than Creed.

When rang'rous sects stood face to face. 'Twas his to lift, with matchless grace, From Reason's path, th' opposing bar :

To point to Right—the truer course; To Justice-better far than Force,

The Workman claimed, too soon, O Grave! Yet thank we God, to us who gave-

Thy great example, looming high, From sordid aims shall purify,

Halifax, 13th April, 1868.

"I Wait for Thee." The hearth is swept, the fire is bright, The kettle sings for tea; The cloth is spread, the lamps are light. The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,

And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, home-thy task is done The clock ticks listeningly: The blinds are shut, the curtains down, The warm chair to the fireside drawn, The boy is on my kee.

Come home. love, home-his deep fond eye Looks round bim wistfully; And when the whispering winds go by, As if thy welcome step were nigh, He crows exultingly.

In vain; he finds the welcome vain, And turns his glance on mine So earnestly, that yet again His form unto my heart I strain-That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done-we miss the here; Where'er thy footsteps roam No hand will spread such kindly cheer, No beating heart, no listening ear, Like these will wait thee home

At last along the crisp walk fast That well-known step doth come The bolt is drawn, the gate is past, The babe is wild with joy at last-A thousand welcomes home!

Backbiting.

there is no punishment like that. God has con-silence! No footstep now on the stairs or overflicted castigation is worse than the cat-o'-nine- to come and say, "He is not so well, and asks tails, even of the world's criticism. We get that, for you." No, indeed; you may "sleep on now and after a fashion sometimes most severe; but and take your rest," if you can. Ah, poor be-I question if it equals the dull gnawing pain of a reaved heart! It will be long before the sweet

Backbiting is much more terrible to some peo-

entreating them to seek Jesus, and bring their friends, crossing the burning sands of the desert, thee at thy word; I do by faith cast myself on pery has given of it, whose chief exhibition of Try again, and perhaps they will not laugh.—

I have said that backbiters in the end get cheap, flyblown articles in shop windows-they ere not commonly thought of much account .-People that know Jones do not estimate at much value his backstroking or his backbiting : in fact. so far as my observation has gone, the backbiter is most formidable to those that fear him .-When once you take into consideration that he is most probably, a known man amongst his acquaintance, you can let him take a good gnaw at you, without much wincing under the opera-

My friend suggests that all people do not know the backbiter as such. I admit the fact, and herein lies the danger. It takes some time to find out that under that smooth tongue lies the poison of saps: the venom circulates in the parish and the neighborhood to a most alarming

Of all beings that do not deserve pity, I think the backbiter is one : he will make homes miserable, and drag beautiful reputations in the dust without much remorse. If any any man deserves to be tarred and feathered, in the old English fashion, it is the backbiter; he shows no mercy, spares no age, retracts no wrong, and smooths all over, when detected and defeated, by the saponaceous declaration that "he was

mistaken then !" There is a beautiful prayer in the Litany of the Church of England: "From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us:" and I am sure if we thoroughly drink in the spirit of the Gospel, that prayer will be very often on our lips and in our hearts. What is it that so often gives gall to our speech, but a want of charity? "He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor does evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor," is one of the characters projected on to the canvas of the Old Testament writings, as among those who shall abide in the tabernacle

An old disease this is of humanity. Most manifestly there is something in the tendency common to all races Western and Eistern, too; but what a blessed fact it is that the gospel of Christ is adapted to all races, and all ages, and all experience of man : so that he finds in that a specific for every malady, and a successful panaca for all the moral wrongs of his soul. No other power can achieve what Christianity can. In the schools of medicine we have physicians skilled in some special department of physical science, a speciality which employs and exhausts all their energy and skill. The Great Physician is not thus limited by time or skill: He is infinite in power, wisdom, tenderof every supplicant for help, what He said in the days of his flesh : "I will come and heal him." Amongst the ills which are to be cured, a backbiting tongue stands not last among those which need the regenerating influence of Christianity. We may be members of any particular church we like, and look lost in the profound speculations of our favorite preacher; but unless we are considerate of our neighbor's reputation, and charitable to our neighbor's faults, we shall be still far from the kingdom of heaven. We may become experts even at religious appearances; but it is far wiser to seek divine grace and strength so to walk that our brethren may never feel: "He flattered with his lips, but war was in his heart."

After the Funeral.

Of all returnings, that one "after the funeral" the sadest. Who will say it is not so that has ever followed a beloved one to the grave? While he was sick, we went in and out, anxious, sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve, and care for, and comfort him, engrossed us; the fear of losing him excited and agonized us; the apprehension of our own desolation in case he should be removed from us almost dove us While he lay dead beneath the home-roof

there was hurry and bustle in preparation for the funeral rights. Friends are sent for, neighbors are present, the funeral arrangements are discussed, the mourning procured, the hospitalities of the house provided for; all is excitement, the loss is not perceived in all its greatness. "But, " after the funeral "-after the bustle has all subsided, and things begin to move on as usual, then it is we begin to know what has befallen us. The house seems still and sepulchral, though in the heart of the city, and though its threshold be still trodden by friendly feet it is as empty. The apartments, how deserted ; Especially the room where he struggled and surrendered in the last conflict. There are his clothes, there his books, there his hat and cane. there his ever vacant seat at the family board.-During his sickness we had not so much noticed these things, for we hoped ever that he might Backbiting, pleasant enough to the biter at use or occupy them again. But now we know it A shrewd, intelligent man of the world, and the time, is painful enough afterwards, even if cannot be, and we perceive the dreadful vacuity

rest you once knew will revisit your couch .-

Of Promoting Talk.

He who presides over talkers must himself