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es of a very large Stock of Christ-
Year's Gifts, very shortly.
ARGYLE STREET—HALIFAX.

AYER'S
CATHARTIC
PILLS.
Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make it settles somewhere in the body, and ob-
ral functions. These, if not relieved,
selves and the surrounding organs, pro-
aggravation, suffering, and disease.
ndition, oppressed by the derangements,
s, and see how directly they restore the
f the system, and with it the buoyant
again. What is true and so apparent in
common complaint, is also true in many
d and dangerous distempers. The same
expels them. Caused by similar obstruc-
ngements of the natural functions of the
apidly, and many of them surely, cured
ana. None who know the virtues of these
ct to employ them when suffering from
ey cure.
om leading physicians in some of the
and from other well known public per-
rding Merchant of St. Louis, Mo. 4, 1856.
our Pills are the paragon of all that is
e. They have cured my little daughter
upon her hands and feet that had proved
ars. Her mother has been long griev-
ith blotches and pimples on her skin and
fter our child was cured, she also tried
hey have cured her. ASA MORGRIDGE.
s a Family Physic.
Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans.
re the prince of purges. Their excellent
es any cathartic we possess. They are
ertain and effectual in their action on the
makes them invaluable to us in the daily
isease.
Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.
m Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.
rs: I cannot answer you what complaints
ith your Pills better than to say all that we
a purgative medicine. I place great depen-
ectual cathartic in my daily contest with
sieving as I do that your Pills afford us the
of course value them highly.
PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1855.
R. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of
ache any body can have by a dose or two
It seems to arise from a foul stomach,
nnot be cured.
ith great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.
Disorders—Liver Complaints.
Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.
your Pills admirably adapted to their pur-
riest, but I find their beneficial effects upon
y marked indeed. They have in my prac-
ore effectual for the cure of bilious com-
y one remedy I can mention. I sincerely
e have at length a purgative which is wor-
ence of the profession and the people.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., 7th Feb., 1856.
used your Pills in my general and hospital
ince you made them, and cannot hesitate to
he best cathartic we employ. Their regu-
on the liver is quick and decided, conse-
afe an admirable remedy for derangements
Indeed, I have seldom found a case of
so obstinate that it did not readily yield to
rmally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.
y, Diarrhea, Relax, Worms.
om Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.
have had a long trial in my practice, and I
esteem as one of the best aperients I have
Their alterative effect upon the liver makes
hout remedy, when given in small doses for
ery and diarrhœa. Their sugar-coating
very acceptable and convenient for the use
d children.
sia, Impurity of the Blood.
V Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.
I have used your Pills with extraordinary
family and among those I am called to visit
To regulate the organs of digestion and
ood, they are the very best remedy I have
and I can confidently recommend them to
Yours, J. V. HIMES.
RSAW, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.
am using your Cathartic Pills in my prac-
them an excellent purgative to cleanse the
urify the fountains of the blood.
JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.
tion, Costiveness, Suppression,
atism, Gout, Neuralgia, Drop-
alysis, Fits, etc.
Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.
annot be said of your Pills for the cure of
others of our fraternity have found them
as I have, they should join me in proclaim-
benefit of the multitudes who suffer from
t, which, although bad enough in itself, is
or of others that are worse. I believe co-
ginate in the liver, but your Pills affect that
re the disease.
E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston.
or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the
are excellent promotives of the natural secre-
ially or partially suppressed, and also very
rouse the stomach and expel worms. They
the best physic we have that I recommend
y patients.
Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Episc. Church.
ANKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856.
r: I should be ungrateful for the relief
brought me if I did not report my case to
settled in my limbs and brought on excru-
ologic pains, which ended in chronic rheuma-
thstanding I had the best of physicians, the
worse and worse, until by the advice of your
nt in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your
effects were slow, but sure. By persevering
them, I am now entirely well.
CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.
I have been entirely cured, by your Pills, of
sia—a painful disease that had afflicted me
VINCENT SLIDELL.
of the Pills in market contain Mercury,
ch a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is
a public pill, from the dreadful consti-
t frequently follow its incautious use. These
ercury or mineral substance whatever.
5 cents per Box, or 5 Boxes for $1.
by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Wholesale by
& COGSWELL, Hollis Street, Halifax
all by all druggists

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reasonable terms.

The Provincial Wesleyan

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Religious Miscellany.

The Home of the Holy.

I hear the voice of harpers,
Harping on golden strings,
Sound forth from the high mansions
Of the great King of kings.
No waves of many waters
More musically flow
Than theirs, as to God's temple
They ever onward go.

I see in deep battalions
The bright-armed warriors stand,
And march thro' all the borders
Of our Emmanuel's land.
No sentinel—no soldier—
But He has fixed his post:
Tis He who leads their armies,
He marshals all their host.

Some bear the royal standard,
And the red cross unfurl;
Some guard the opal towers
And battlements of pearl;
Some line the wall o'erhanging,
The clear and glassy sea;
Yet all lift up their voices
In one glad harmony.

And in the tongue of Canaan,
They sing a song divine,
The song of Israel marching
To the earthly Palestine.
Thro' dreary wilderness,
By th' Erythræn Sea:
What time God led His chosen to
The land of liberty.

They sing of God's salvation,
His wisdom, and His love,
Of mercies ever flowing,
From the rich fount above.
They sing th' eternal Father,
The wonderful I AM;
They sing the blessed Paraclete;
Their chorus is the Lamb.

I know not of what nation,
Nor from what land they come;
All speak the tongue of Canaan,
Their notes are all the same.
Clime, country, and condition
Of earth have passed away;
For in the better country,
All, all as one are they.

There are not wanting pilgrims
From every earthly place:
There are not wanting children
Of every speech and race.
And in the Holy City
They all alike are fair:
All in the new Jerusalem—
Would God that we were there!

—*C. E. Oakley.*

A Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller,

Is the title of a very singular autobiography just published, and which many Christian men and women will read to the strengthening of their own faith.

"Who was George Muller?" you ask.

He *was* a poor German student, who came to England to be a missionary among the Jews; was afterwards a dissenting minister, preaching in several small towns of England; at last came to Bristol, England, and is there now at the head of an extensive orphan institution, and the promoter of many day and Sunday-schools, the supporter of missionaries in foreign lands, and a distributer of Bibles and tracts—all by faithful prayer, and the Lord's dealings with this man?

George Muller is a German, and with the honest simple-heartedness of a German, when he began to read the Bible, *he believed it!* He read, "Take no thought for the morrow." Also, "If any man do his will, him he heareth." Also, "ask and ye shall receive." And really believing these to be promises of God to men, he set about to shape his life accordingly. The starting point of this experiment was when, being stationed minister in an English town, where he received a salary of $500 per annum, he gave up this salary, and determined to receive his sustenance only from the Lord. That is to say, he asked of no man; he did not make his wants known, either to the congregation or to his friends; but when his wife announced a nearly empty treasury, he confidently made a supplication to God that their necessities be supplied.

And his prayers were answered! To be sure, his faith was sometimes somewhat severely tried, often they were reduced to their last shilling, when some man or woman, frequently entirely unknown to this faithful couple, was moved to send them five or ten dollars. Not unfrequently they were eating their last loaf, when another loaf came, from some unexpected source, and sometimes the landlord was asking for his room rent, when faithful George Muller had not a penny, till again some unlocked-for succor came.

It seems almost incredible that the good man should not have starved in busy England, for it must be remembered that he told no one but the Lord his needs; that he never explained, or even hinted his wants to the men with whom he was in daily intercourse. "It is now four years since I began to trust in the Lord alone for the supply of my temporal wants," he writes December 1st, 1833. "During the last three years and three months, I have never asked any one for anything; but by the help of the Lord I have been enabled at all times to bring my wants to him." And then follows a statement of his income, which each year considerably exceeded that certainty he gave up. "At the close of each of these four years, though my income has been comparatively great, I have had only a few shillings, or nothing at all left; and thus it is also to day, by the help of God."

Having got so far along, George Muller was moved to "form a new missionary institution, for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad," which should depend also upon the promises of God, to defray the expenses. "In every thing let your requests be made known unto God."

The Institution began with a shilling, and an ardent prayer from Brother Muller for twenty pounds, which was answered within twenty-four hours; and within the year he had added to the Institution a Sunday-school and several day-schools, in which last two hundred and nine children were receiving instruction. Also, they distributed four hundred and eighty-two Bibles, and five hundred and twenty New Testaments.

And, finally, in 1835, the faithful man, *still believing that God would be as good as his word*, set about the establishment of an Orphan House. He began on December 5th, by "asking the Lord for premises, one thousand pounds, and suitable individuals to take care of the children;" and he notes, on December 7th, the receipt of one shilling, the first contribution to the undertaking. The next day he held a meeting in Bristol to declare his purposes and wishes to such as felt an interest in them. *But he did not take up a collection.* "Nor did any one speak besides myself; for it was not in the least intended to work upon the feelings."

There followed several offers, persons, chiefly women, who were willing to become teachers—looking to the Lord for their support—and also various presents of mugs, plates, salt-cellars, knives, and a few second-hand clothes. "A brother and sister" offered not only their services, but all their furniture, for the new undertaking. Money they had not. Next, some persons sent one hundred pounds; and with further prayers and coutributions, at last, a house being also given, conditionally, on May 18th, 1836, the Orphan House was to be opened.

He had asked no man for any thing; but he says, "So far as I remember, I brought even the most minute circumstances concerning the Orphan House before the Lord in my petitions, being conscious of my own weakness and ignorance. There was, however, one point I never had prayed about, namely, *that the Lord would send children*; for I naturally took it for granted that there would be plenty of applications. The appointed time came, and not even one application was made."

Then he went once more to God, and deeply humbled, prayed for strength to bear the Lord's will, even if that should be to bring the whole to nothing. But still, he prayed if it was the Divine will, that the undertaking might prosper. The next day an application was made, and in a short time forty-three orphans applied.

He was now moved to write an account of the Lord's dealings with him so far; and when it was ready for press, he earnestly prayed that the Lord would give him a thousand pounds, for which sum he had originally asked, *before the book was published*—that no one might say the money had been obtained by his own efforts." At last, on June 15th, 1837, after eighteen months of daily prayer, the thousand pounds were made up; and shortly after the book was published.

The Orphan House soon expanded its borders, the applications being numerous, still no one was asked to help, but the Lord only. No public, or even private appeals were ever made to men. In consequence for several years, they had severe trials; sometimes breakfast had to wait till eleven o'clock; often bread alone was the food of the day; and in not a few instances even the money to buy bread and milk came in at the very last moment. For George Muller, believing the Lord to be as good as his word, would not run into debt, but waited, with his little flock, till help came, earnestly praying God to help, and to give faith.

He began in 1836. In twenty-four years, in which he has carried on the work in this same simple, faithful way, he has received *in answers to his prayers*, nearly a million of dollars; he had last year in his Orphan House seven hundred children; he has supported thirty-four missionaries in foreign lands; and he has distributed forty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-three Bibles and portions of Scripture. He has received money from the Cape of Good Hope, various parts of the United States, even to California, from Australia, South America, Sardinia, France, Holland, etc.

And he still prays, and still believes in the efficacy of prayer. His life is most interesting, and his experience cannot but be beneficially suggestive to all thinking men and women.

The Religion of Paying Debts.

The following remarks from two contemporary papers contain a lesson worthy of serious consideration:

"Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and deserving Church discipline as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

Good! every word. So if you owe anybody a cent, and have a cent in your possession, go and pay it. If you have none, go work, dig, ditch, work any honest work, until you get it and pay it out. You will breathe freer, sleep easier, eat and digest better. You will honor and love all men and yourself more. Do you owe your merchant? Pay him, or stop buying. Don't eat your bread without paying for it, or knowing that you can whenever it is wanted. Otherwise it won't fatten you, and will bring on physical and moral dyspepsia. Do not forget that little subscription for your editor and preacher. Have you paid up both? It is a small amount, but their income is made up of *littles*. He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. You will enjoy your paper a thousand times more: the sermons you hear will seem infinitely better if you know you are not in debt to either your printer or pastor.

Do I Live a Life of Faith?

I see much in the Bible about faith. If I haste to its pages with guilt on my soul, and ask him how I shall be forgiven, it tells me to have faith in Christ. If I go burdened with afflictions and trials, it tells me to have faith in Christ. If I enquire how I shall overcome the world, it still points me to faith as my means of victory; and if I go to seek the means of success in my daily warfare, pilgrimage, and pursuit of Heaven, it sweetly tells me I must look to Jesus. Hence, I believe that faith is not merely *one act*, performed when God for Christ's sake, forgives a sinner, but a succession of acts repeated every moment until faith is the *habit* of the mind, and I am believing and rejoicing every moment on the blood of my Saviour. *Then* I live a life of faith.—*Rev. D. Wise.*

Patience.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

Softly, softly, flake by flake,
Falls the crystal snow;
Not a murmur does it make
As it drops below;
Though its spotless robe is marred,
Though its bed is damp and hard,
Yet there is a rich reward
Awaiting it, I know.

When the sunshine's rosy glow
Steals o'er nature's face,
It will fold the crystal snow,
In its warm embrace.
Then, dissolved in shining mist,
By each radiant sunbeam kissed,
Back 'twill go where scarce 'twas missed,
To its native place.

O, if we would patient be
As the gentle snow,
Bearing with humility
Ills we meet below;
Though our pathway's dark and drear,
Joylight dimmed by many a tear,
Yet we'd have this hope to cheer,
As through life we go:

That, when chill, relentless death
Steals away our bloom;
Drops the flowers from life's frail wreath,
Faded in the tomb;
Then, disrobed from cumbrous clay,
Angels us will bear away
To those realms of endless day
Far beyond the gloom.

—*Delaware, Dec. 23, 1860.*

Religious Intelligence.

Wesleyan Methodists in the Army.

Speculative persons, whose peculiar talent is of little service to the world, may harmlessly expend their modicum of energy in debate concerning the lawfulness or unlawfulness of war. Every civilized nation has now its standing army, less destructive than the predatory hordes of the middle ages; and armies are employed, and ever have been employed, by the mysterious ordination of the divine providence, for bringing about the distributions of empire, and for settling or changing the political relations of mankind.—About a quarter of a million of our fellow-subjects, of Great Britain and Ireland, serve in the regular army which defends these realms. A few militia regiments are also embodied for service, and there is a considerable force of marines. Added to all these are the colonial regiments, and the Indian army. We cannot at this moment say at what number the total of these forces should be estimated; but, whatever that number may be, it must be raised much higher by the addition of wives and children. If the aggregate were ascertained, it would not be fair to estimate it by comparison with a civilian population of equal number.

Half a million or a million of human beings settled in one city could scarcely be so influential, for good or evil, as the same number dispersed over the strongholds of an empire, and often occupying highly-important positions where they are almost the only representatives of the religion and the national character of Great Britain.

The ranks of the army, too, are continually thinned by deaths, and by early discharges, to an extent that would scarcely be imagined if it were not known. To supply this waste, as well as to maintain an increasing power of defence commensurate with the growing exigencies of the empire, a heavy stream of recruits flows in every week through the districts of the United Kingdom. Another stream of discharged soldiers, pensioners, and officers retired, flows back without ceasing into civilian society; and all these persons, having their character moulded by long periods of military service, must either be an incumbrance or a blessing to the country at large.

The army of which we speak, as it is drawn from the mass of our population,—as it exerts a world-wide influence while held apart from that population under a very peculiar discipline,—as it is, under God, an engine of power,—and as it acquires a strongly distinctive character during the period of its separate existence, and returns gradually amongst us fraught with influences of its own,—so is it to be regarded as representative of every class in society, and not of any one in particular.

From the royal Field-Marshall, down to the meanest private soldier, the army contains all sorts and conditions of men. If there be any exception, it is that the diseased, the stupid, and the vagrant, even if they manage to gain admission, cannot live there. There must be a certain degree of intelligence to qualify the soldier for the due discharge of his daily duties; and, unless he have an ordinary degree of health, he will soon be invalided. From the superior grades of the middling classes they buy commissions, and from the humbler grades they enlist into the ranks,—all to be elevated by a severe discipline, or else to give way under its pressure, and be bought out, discharged, drummed out, or desert. And at this winter season, when officers are at home on leave and men on furlough, they are to be found at the fire-sides of British homes with nobles, citizens, and cottier,—and are everywhere welcome.

If these were all copper-coloured or tattooed, and if they spoke some unintelligible dialect, people would duly pity them as heathens, or show them up as curiosities. But, as we have no such extraneous motive of interest, we must be content to regard them as our countrymen and brethren, and should endeavour to realize a perception of the hardships they undergo in the service of their Queen and country, and the privations, dangers, deaths, that everywhere await them. It would be well, also, to remember that in whatever land the soldier may be stationed, but especially on these islands, he is regarded as an appointed prey by the low publican, the sharper, and the most abandoned of our species; but is too little cared for by persons in general, and is pitilessly neglected by many who profess and call themselves Christians. A better feeling certainly advances; and of late it has been cheering to observe how heartily the soldier is welcomed when he comes into the house of God. But we dare not say that even our own church, with all her zeal for winning souls, has yet attained to a very clear apprehension of what the army is composed of, or of her duty toward it. *Our* duty is at once discovered when we find that our own families contribute a very considerable proportion to its ranks. How many children of Wesleyans that proportion includes, we have not yet the data which would enable us to calculate: but, from what is already known, we venture to say that there cannot possibly be fewer than three thousand of such recruits every year; and that, in all probability, there is a far larger number. We transfer to the foot of this page,* from the Education Census of 1851, an exact calculation of the numbers that were found in Wesleyan and other Methodist Sunday-schools within the Northern recruiting district. This district comprehends the counties of York, Northumberland, Durham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Leicester, and Rutland, with their hives of industrial population. At the head of this district inquiry is now made weekly for the children of Wesleyan parents; and means are taken to transfer them to the pastoral care of their own Ministers wherever they may be quartered, either at home or abroad. The tabular statement we now adopt will show that, as the army is recruited from the very classes which fill our Sunday-schools, a grave obligation is laid on our church to look after those young men after they are enlisted.

When these youth enlist they are at once called on to state what is their religion. First of all the recruiting-officer asks the recruit whether he is protestant or "Catholic." If the lad replies that he is a Protestant, he is described accordingly; and, when he reaches his regiment, he is probably set down without any further question as a member of the Church of England, marched to the services of that Church every Sunday morning, and placed under the spiritual care of a Chaplain, or officiating clergyman, of that communion. Or, if the Serjeant does his duty, (which is extremely doubtful,) he may be asked to choose between the Church of England and the Presbyterians, with whom practically, the Dissenters are included; Dissenting Ministers being paid occasionally for their services. As yet the word *Wesleyan* is not printed in the regimental "States;" but in every place where we provide church accommodation, our men are marched to Divine service under distinct orders. If any difficulty be thrown in their way, and that be duly represented to the proper authority, it is sure to be removed at once. The door, therefore, is open to us; and we cannot refrain from entering without a manifest dereliction of duty.

It were well to consider what must follow when this duty is neglected, or when it is but partially and incidentally performed. We will say nothing of an important garrison-town where the commanding officer has never heard that there is a Wesleyan in the place, and where most of the troops believe that there is not a Wesleyan congregation to be found; but will take the case of a great town, in the northern or western district, where we have several Ministers, affluent congregations, and spacious places of worship, but no one to take any particular care to acquaint himself with the affairs of the garrison, or even to tell the number of a regiment, or ascertain whence it comes or whether it goes. All are pleased to see a dozen or twenty soldiers "come to chapel;" they think that to be a great thing; they are glad that soldiers are "permitted" to come, and pleased to see one take his place in class, and yet more pleased to hear him pray. Often a few friends take pleasure in providing the company with Hymn-Books. But here it ends. All this time there are hundreds of our own children in that very garrison, unseen, and utterly unthought of. On the Sunday mornings they are marched away to some available cleric who is paid so much per head for reading prayers off as quickly as he can, and adding a very brief and inoffensive lection under the name of sermon. Or, perhaps, if the simple boys told the Serjeants of their companies that they wished to "go to chapel," they are marched away to the mass-house, and, thinking that their religion is authoritatively settled for them, make no show of dislike, but come under the care of the "Priest," usually a picked man, who makes himself very agreeable and very busy. All this time, the admission of a dozen or a score of soldiers into seats passes for the fulfilment of a duty, and the bulk of our own children are abandoned to tenfold ruin. Then they sicken through profligacy, but no familiar voice of a Minister of their fathers' church falls upon their ear. Truly, they were quartered in a town where Methodism flourishes, but no one sought them out, and therefore no one owned them. They passed through a forlorn career—the beer-house, places yet more infamous, the hospital, the mortuary, the grave. This is the truth, and therefore it must be written: but no genuine Methodist who reads it will be offended with the truth. Perhaps it was never so pointed out to him before: now he is made aware of it, and a moment's reflection will help him to devise, if not to effect a remedy.

Within the last four years, a new department of labour, expressly for Wesleyans in the army, has been steadily growing up in our midst. By dint of private application, a fund was raised for purchasing a piece of ground just outside the camp at Aldershot, and for erecting thereon a military church with Chaplain's house. The place was opened in the summer of 1857; and, after some earnest correspondence with the War-Office, the services were put in divisional standing orders, and the troops were marched. From the first the Chaplain was indebted to all the authorities with whom it became his duty to communicate, for entire courtesy and for great personal kindness. Now the work has grown. The sanctuary has long been too small, and it is necessary to divide the troops into two congregations on Sunday mornings, that the building being twice filled, all may be admitted. The chaplaincy is sustained from the Home Mission Fund, while the Foreign Missionary Society provides for similar services in Ireland and the Colonies. Under the British Conference there are now a corresponding Chaplain and his Assistant at Aldershot; a Chaplain at the Curragh camp in Ireland, with a military church recently erected there; a Chaplain in Gibraltar, and other two at Barrackpore and Kurrachee, in India; making *six* Chaplain's already given to the British army, without receiving from the country the slightest compensation for their services. Since the appointment of Dr. Rule to devote his undivided care to the promotion of this work among our people's children in the army, a large number of congregations both in Great Britain and Ireland, have given welcome to considerable parties of soldiers, and a system of transfer and oversight is in course of gradual but effectual formation. The Government is fully aware of the work we have undertaken; and, although it has not yet afforded us the material assistance which we might justly ask as due, it affords a cordial sanction, and on every occasion renders prompt and kind attention to whatever may require the interposition of authority. At Aldershot, especially, the Chaplains are regarded as belonging to the camp; and in every detail of their duties they proceed under explicit sanction, not only of the local authorities, but of her Majesty's Secretary of War, and of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. The same sanction is virtually afforded, if not in every case expressly, to their ministerial brethren in all parts of the empire, so far as they can act in relation to the army.

This, like every other infant institution, has grown upon the attention and the sympathies of the church to which it belongs, and to await the support which it requires. The present necessities should be clearly stated; and in a very few lines we will commend them to the best consideration of our readers.

1. The institution needs the more active assistance of Ministers and congregations in general, wherever troops are stationed, in every part of the British dominions, whether or not they be in connection with the British Conference. The army is *one*. Regiments pass from shore to shore, quite irrespectively of all ecclesiastical demarkations; and we rejoice to know that the chaplain at Aldershot is supported by the free and brotherly correspondence of Ministers belonging to the Irish and the Affiliated Conferences, who enter warmly into the common enterprise. But it is absolutely necessary that we should be at least as diligent as the Romanists. There is not one military station, that we have yet heard of, where there is not a Romish Priest in communication with the officer commanding. Let there not be one, if possible, where a Wesleyan Minister shall not be found in similar relations. Some most earnest friends of the soldier sustain the charge of Circuits: these are, nevertheless, the very last to declare, and to urge upon us, that *they* cannot perform the duties of Chaplains. But let the laity help them to show kindness to military men of all ranks, and there is very much that they may yet accomplish. There are weighty public reasons which require that these suggestions be carried out without delay, and without exception.

2. It is now time to ponder the necessity of a somewhat enlarged liberality to the central establishment at Aldershot. In connection with a work of so great magnitude, and in a position of such prominence, it is not creditable that our comparatively humble premises should still be unfinished, and that we should be obliged to confess that even what we there occupy has not been fully paid for. Although many members are added to our communion at that camp, and thence pass to other stations, there is not so much as a class-room for their use. And, while the barracks and huts pour out thousands of men every evening into the very jaws of profligacy, our christian soldiers have not yet so much as a room in which they can take shelter, and, with the comforts and aids of a Soldier's Institution, find a place of assemblage remote from the Babel of dissoluteness and ruin. Now that just enough has been done to challenge the attention of the army,—just enough to discover vast fields which open before us white for the harvest,—just enough to trace the first outlines of a system of well organized and universal effort,—the time has come respectfully to intimate a hope that that will be done for this rising institution which has already been so cheerfully done for all the others. Our communion will then possess an establishment in all points complete, and one which may be fairly regarded as the working centre of Wesleyan Methodism in the army.—*Wes. Meth. Mag.*

* Wesleyan and other Methodists,

Church of England,	283,209
Independents and Baptists,	178,463
Various other denominations,	82,354
Presbyterians,	14,896
Romanists and Mormonites,	7,255
Unitarians and Quakers,	6,229
	3,577
Total,	195,974

A Great Man Gone.

CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN.

We were just concluding the fourth volume of "Egypt's Place in Universal History," when the intelligence of the death of Chevalier Bunsen was received. We have followed him step by step, through that great work, which will be the most enduring monument of his learning, industry, and critical research; and while dissenting in part from his conclusions as to the chronology of Egypt, and hesitating at some of his identifications of kings and epochs, we gratefully acknowledge the high service he has rendered to Egyptology and to the Philosophy of History by his labours in this department, and we rejoice that he lived to complete the work—the fifth volume being finished, though not yet published. But while such a work alone would be a sufficient memorial of the genius and scholarship of any man, this forms but a tithe of the productions of the indefatigable Bunsen. He was an omnivorous student. His scholarship was extensive and varied, but not always accurate and profound. Indeed, his reputation has been somewhat adventitious—his connection with England and his facility in the English language having given him a prominence over other writers in his favourite studies—such as Lepsius and Brughsch, in Egyptology, the Schlegels, Wm. Humboldt, Bopp in Comparative Philology, and Herder in History. His reputation was greater out of Germany than in his native land, where he was suspected of working by the heads and hands of others, whose results he appropriated, somewhat heterogenously, with his general scheme of thought. Be that as it may, Bunsen was a prodigy of industry; and the very versatility of his genius and the wide range of his studies, formed one of the chief attractions of his character and his authorship.

In certain departments he evinced thoroughness of research and mastery of the subject in hand. This was quite noticeable in his Hippolytus. After so sagacious a critic of manuscripts as Muller had accredited to Origen the fragmentary Philosophumena brought to the Paris library, and the Oxford press had printed the work under the title, Bunsen discovered from internal evidences, that it could not be a production of Origen, and that it must be ascribed to Hippolytus. His reasoning upon this question—involving many nice points of church history and Patristic literature—satisfied the learned world of the correctness of his conclusions. We have always thought it a little unscholarly in Canon Wordsworth to have adopted the same line of argument—which he has presented in a most lucid and conclusive form—without sufficiently acknowledging his indebtedness to Bunsen as the real discoverer of the authorship of the Philosophumena.

These fragments of Hippolytus shed light incidently upon the early canonical authority of the Gospel of John and the general tone of christian doctrine; but are chiefly valuable as illustrating the parochial independence of bishops and churches down to the third century, and the absence of any symptom of an organized and recognized diocesan Episcopacy.

Bunsen, with a prodigality of *excursus* in which our own Stuart would have reveled, expanded his notes on Hippolytus into a general disquisition upon the Ante-Nicene church from the Apostolic times. That portion of this work which relates to the liturgical worship and the household life of the early christians, is of special interest and value. Its doctrinal speculations are sometimes crude, sometimes startling, and are uttered with an air of defiant dogmatism which repels rather than convinces the thoughtful student. Yet among these are found the germs of important thoughts, and some admirable philosophical statements.

The dogmatic tendency of Baron Bunsen's mind is prominent in his "Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History;" but some of the Theses of this work are in the best style of Bacon's Aphorisms.

The latest labour of Bunsen's life was the "Bible Work," in which he aimed at a new popular translation of the Scriptures—which, however, would not soon supersede the homely and trenchant version of Luther, and has less scholarly exactness and finish than De Wette's. Only fragments of this have been published. These are accompanied with brief notes, and with prolegomena, in which the results of the author's studies in Egyptology are assumed, and his semi-skeptical mode of criticism freely appears. We have been disappointed in this work as a contribution to sacred literature.

Bunsen's views of inspiration and of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ were somewhat vague, but his spirit was devout, and he adhered to the historical verity of the Old and New testaments, while criticising minor details. He has accomplished something for Biblical science, and for freedom of theological investigation, and has heaped together materials which others may combine with more tact and judgment. His religious sincerity cannot be questioned, nor his desire for higher purity and progress in the christian life.

The various phases of his scholarship were due in part to this early intercourse with leading minds in different departments. At Gottengen he was a pupil of Heyne. His intercourse with Niebuhr at Rome stimulated the spirit of historical criticism. His acquaintance with Champollion kindled in him a zeal for the study of Egyptian antiquity. He had dipped into a score of languages from Sanscrit to Scandinavian.

For some years the secretary of Legation under Niebuh at Rome, in 1827, he succeeded him as Minister of Prussia at the Papal Court. He was afterwards Minister to the Swiss Federation, and in 1841 was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James. In 1853 his dissent from the armed neutrality of Prussia in the Crimean war, and his earnest sympathy with England, led him to resign his post. Bunsen was always on the side of Constitutional freedom.

He has spent the last seven years in studious retirement at Bonn, where he died in the seventieth year of his age. He was a good and true man.

We may hereafter speak more fully of the sum of his Egyptian researches.—*Independent.*

General Miscellany.

An Eloquent Extract.

An eloquent writer says: "Generation after generation have felt as they now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn that she had once for our progenitors. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in darkness for the worms. And it may be, for a short time, we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will move on, and laugh and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will dry, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name."

The Cost of Iniquity.

"The wages of sin is death." This is the language of inspiration, confirmed by human experience. Man is inextricably surrounded by the delicate meshes of a moral law, the slightest cord of which, if broken, sends a message to the throne of heaven, and invokes the retributions of a sin-avenging God. The world is a stage, a human existence, a long continued drama, in which this truth has been taught in ten thousand forms. Fearful indeed is the picture of human depravity and human woes it brings to light. All who have lived, labored, and sinned in this world, will say that they have purchased iniquity at a fearful cost. Ask the aged man trembling on the verge of the grave, what has been the price of iniquity, and the accumulated sorrows of threescore and ten years will give the sad response. The middle-aged man, as he pauses a moment between the steps of ambition, will tell you that the path of sin has been one of sorrow. It may not appear in the outward man (for he may be prosperous so far as this world is concerned), but the inner man, far hidden from the gaze of the world, there sorrow broods in one long reign of darkness and gloom. The cost of iniquity, who can estimate it? It is breathed in the deep sigh and hollow moan which bursts from the prisoner's heart, and echoes along his dungeon-walls. It is spoken from the wild shrieks of despair arising from the bed of untimely death. It is proclaimed in the burning cheek and tearful eye of the youthful struggler in the toils of vice. Every hill echoes the groans of suffering man—the wages of sin. But these are the only stipends of interest on a principal—the amount of which Omniscience alone can compute. In eternity the soul lost will learn that the price of iniquity is endless woe.—*True Witness.*

Stimulants.

The Louisville *Journal* beautifully says:—"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently, that knows no waking in its house of clay, and the window shutters are closed, and the door hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and very willing to fancy 'clouds where no clouds be.' This is a state of sickness where physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance to it through all the myriad thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us, with all his own awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, music, love and flowers? Love itself is the great stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and performs all these miracles; but is a miracle itself, and it is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

"Men have tried many things—but still they ask for stimulants. The stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing wildest music, and thoughts galloping; but the fast clock runs down sooner; and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with wildest revelry more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky on every man—up in his heart, may be—into which the skylark, Happiness, always goes singing."

What Knowledge is most Worth.

In Herbert Spencer's essays on education—a most profound work noticed by us a few weeks since—we find the following exquisite paragraph on the utility of practical science:

A grounding in science is of great importance, both because it prepares for all this, and because rational knowledge has an immense superiority over empirical knowledge. Moreover, not only is it that scientific culture is requisite for each, that he may understand the *how* and the *why of* the things and processes with which he is concerned as maker or distributor; but it is often of much moment that he should understand the how and the why of various other things and processes. In this age of joint stock undertakings, nearly every man above the laborer is interested as capitalist in some other occupation than his own; and, as thus interested, his profit or loss often depends on his knowledge of the science bearing on his other occ