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6 ARGYLE STREET—HALIFAX.

AYER'S
rsaparilla
PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
speedy cure of the following complaints:
and Scrofulous Affections, such
ors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions,
, Pustules, Blotches, Boils,
and all Skin Diseases.
OAKLAND, Ind., 6th June, 1859
& Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to ac-
that your Sarsaparilla has done for me.
ted a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered
ious ways for years. Sometimes it burst
s on my hands and arms; sometimes it
and distressed me at the stomach. Two
oke out on my head and covered my scalp
one sore, which was painful and loathsome
ption. I tried many medicines and several
ut without much relief from any thing. In
rder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced
Gospel Messenger that you had prepared
Sarsaparilla, for I knew from your reputa-
y thing you made must be good. I sent to
d got it, and used it till it cured me. I took
bottles, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a
ed almost three bottles. New and healthy
gan to form under the scab, which after a
My skin is now clear, and I know by my
the disease has gone from my system. You
ve that I feel what I am saying when I tell
ll you to be one of the apostles of the age,
ver gratefully, Yours,
ALFRED B. TALLEY.
ny's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas,
nd Salt Rheum, Scald Head,
rm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.
M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th
that he had cured an inveterate case of
h threatened to terminate fatally, by the
e of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous
Erysipelas by large doses of the same; says
common Eruptions by it constantly.
Tie, Goitre or Swelled Neck.
en of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bot-
Sarsaparilla cured me from a Goitre—a bid-
on the neck, which I had suffered from
."
ee or Whites, Ovarian Tumor,
Ulceration, Female Diseases.
Channing, of New York City, writes: "I
ly comply with the request of your agent in
found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent
the numerous complaints for which we
e recommend it, but especially in Female Diseases
ions distressing. I have cured many inveter-
leucorrhœas by it, and some where the com-
used by ulceration of the uterus. The ulcers
soon cured. Nothing within my knowl-
for those female derangements."
Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dan-
tumor on one of the females in my family,
ded all the remedies we could employ, has
n completely cured by your Extract of Sar-
Physician thought nothing but extirpa-
ord relief, but he advised the trial of your
the last resort before cutting, and it
sh. After taking your remedy eight weeks
f the disease remains."
lis and Mercurial Disease.
NEW ORLEANS, 25th August, 1859.
: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the re-
est, and report to you some of the effects
d with your Sarsaparilla.
d with it, in my practice, most of the com-
ich it is recommended, and have found its
onderful in the cure of Venereal and Mer-
. One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers
which were consuming his palate and the
outh. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken,
five weeks. Another was attacked by sec-
ease in his nose, and the ulceration had
considerable part of it, so that I believe the
d soon reach his brain and kill him. But it
administration of your Sarsaparilla; the
and he is well again, not of course without
ation to his face. A woman who had been
e same disorder by mercury was suffering
in her bones. They had become so sen-
weather that on a damp day she suffered ex-
in her joints and bones. She, too, was
by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I
formula, which your agent gave me, that
ion from your laboratory must be a great
quently, these truly remarkable results
ot surprised me.
rually yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.
atism, Gout, Liver Complaint,
INDIAN, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.
: Sir, I have been afflicted with a pain-
rheumatism for a long time, which baffled all
cians, and stuck to me in spite of all I
ld find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. It
me in two weeks, and restored my general
th that I am far better than before I was
ck, it is a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.
tchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been
years with an affection of the Liver, which
health. I tried every thing, and every thing
me; and I have been a broken-down man
from no other cause than derangement of
beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised
Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you
you made was worth trying. by the bless-
as cured me, and has so purified my blood
ew man of me. I feel young again. The
e said of you is not half good enough."
Cancer Tumors, Enlargement,
n, Caries and Exfoliation of
s.
ty of cases have been reported to us where
rmidable complaints have resulted from
emedy, but our space here will not admit
f them may be found in our Almanac,
the agents below named are pleased to
to all who call for them.
, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilep-
Melancholy, Neuralgia
kable cures of these affections have been
erative power of this medicine. It stimu-
functions into vigorous action, and thus
here which would be supposed beyond its
remedy has long been required by the ne-
people, and we are confident that this will
that medicine can do.
Cherry Pectoral,
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
olds, Influenza, Hoarseness,
Bronchitis, Incipient Con-
tion, and for the Relief
Consumptive Patients
n advanced Stages
of the Disease.
edy so universally known to surpass any
re of throat and lung complaints, that it
to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its
fficacy for coughs and colds, and its truly
s of pulmonary disease, have made it
out the civilized nations of the earth.
mmunities, or even families, among them
some personal experience of its effects—
ay in their midst of its victory over the
erous disorders of the throat and lungs.
e dreadful fatality of these disorders, and
ion, the effects of this remedy, we feel an
to assure them that it has now all the vir-
it have when making the cures which have
y upon the confidence of mankind.
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Wholesale by
CUSHWELL, Hollis Street, Halifax
l by all druggists in city and Country

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The Provincial Wesleyan.

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VOLUME XIII. No. 4. HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1861. WHOLE No. 602.

Religious Miscellany.

Forgiveness.

Man hath two attendant angels
Ever waiting at his side,
With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
Wheresoe'er his feet abide;
One to warn him when he idleth,
And rebuke him if he stray;
One to leave him to his nature,
And so let him go his way.

Two recording spirits, reading
All his life's minutest part,
Looking in his soul, and listening
To the beatings of his heart;
Each with pen of fire electric,
Writes the good or evil wrought;
Writes with truth that adds not, errs not,
Purpose, action, word and thought.

One, the teacher and reprover,
Marks each heaven-deserving deed;
Graves it with the lightning vigor,
Seals it with the lightning's speed.
For the good that man achieveth—
Good beyond an angel's doubt—
Such remains for aye and ever,
And can not be blotted out.

One, severe and silent Watcher!
Noteth every crime and guile,
Writes it with a holy duty,
Seals it not, but waits awhile;
If the evil-doer cry not—
"God forgive me!" ere he sleeps,
Then the sad, stern Spirit seals it,
And the gentle spirit weeps.

To the sinner, if Repentance
Cometh soon, with healing wings,
Then each dark account is cancelled,
And each joyful angel sings;
Whilst the erring one perceiveth—
Now his troublous hour is o'er—
Music, fragrance, wafted to him
From a yet untrodden shore.

Mild and mighty is forgiveness,
Meekly worn if meekly won;
Let our hearts go forth to seek it,
Ere the setting of the sun.
Angels wait and long to hear us
Ask, if ere the time be flown;
Let us give and then receive it,
Ere the midnight cometh down.

A Story of the Irish Revival:

OR, SALVATION FOR THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

The Revival in Ulster has been well and frequently described, chiefly by visiters. Ministers and other agents in the different localities which were the principal scenes of this blessed visitation had only time for work; but the displays of Divine grace which they witnessed can never be forgotten.

Twelve months have elapsed since the Holy Ghost, with influence and majesty indescribable, "fell" upon thousands in Coleraine and its vicinity. While some, who then made a good profession, have turned back again to the world, it is matter of devout thanksgiving that many are still "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

The following simple and unreserved narrative is intended as one illustration of the remarkable grace and power of God experienced at that time. Many who love the Lord Jesus Christ will, doubtless, pray that the subject of it may be preserved from the power of temptation, and by an humble walk and godly conversation "show forth the praises of Him who hath called him "out of darkness into His marvellous light."

GEORGE VANCE.

Coleraine, June, 1860.

I came to Coleraine in 1832, the year of the cholera. It seemed as if God were pouring out His judgments upon the people; and many, fearing His righteous indignation, were turned from the error of their ways. To some, the impression then made became the occasion of new and spiritual life; but when the Almighty's arm was stayed, and the fear of immediate punishment for their sins had passed away, many returned to their "wallowing in the mire." It was so with me, although I had been formally connected with a body of Christians, and had been a Sunday-school Teacher.

"My first great error was to abscond from the person to whom I was apprenticed. I went to Belfast; but the Society there, to which I most inconsistently sought admission, properly refused to admit me as a member until I should return and serve out my time. I refused to do so; and, being left to myself, I was soon led into sin, and fell, gradually, but certainly, until at length I became completely under the dominion of the world, the flesh, and the devil. I went, alas! from step to step, neither slowly, nor caring where my feet might fall; but blindly, madly, headlong; caring, fearing, and hoping for nothing. From the counsel of the ungodly, I soon found myself in 'the way of sinners;' and from thence to 'the seat of the scorner' was an easy stage. I quickly outstripped my companions, and became a leader in debauchery.

"Returning to Coleraine, after a time, I managed to secure a good business, and married; and for some time maintained an outward show of morality. At length I began to long for the pleasures of sin, and went into company. And in consequence of evil companionship, I was led to actions, the very memory of which makes me shudder. I became noted as a drunkard; and, not satisfied with drinking to a disgraceful excess in the daytime, I took to having it, at last, at my bedside during the night. Modesty shunned my neighbourhood, and blasphemy was the ordinary language of my tongue.

"I seemed to have been given over to a reprobate mind. The Sabbath was to me not a day of holy rest; but to desecrate it, and to set the world at defiance, was my delight. The recollection of the sins of some of my Sabbath-days, although God has blotted them out of His book of remembrance, is to me a cause of deep humiliation. I have often turned out my wife and children at night undressed, and have violently destroyed valuable furniture, and burned quantities of wearing-apparel. Several times, when intoxicated or under the influence of *delirium tremens*, I endangered their lives, till they were obliged to leave the house for safety. I thank God, I never succeeded in inflicting any serious injury upon them. While separated from them, I persecuted them in every way that a satanic ingenuity could devise: I affronted them in the public streets; and following them as they went to the house of God, I drove them from it. I feared neither God nor man; and so low had I fallen, that even my debauched companions would scarcely appear with me in the streets; and my next neighbour had given notice of his intention to leave his house, as he could not bear the annoyance caused by my outrageous language and conduct. And yet, during twenty years of servitude to the powers of hell, God had suffered me to prosper in my temporal concerns; and knocked 'at the door' of my heart by presenting good opportunities of reformation, and by very often laying His hand upon me; but, submitting to be blinded by Satan, I was stiff-necked, wicked, and rebellious, and would not hearken to Him.

"Upon entering the railway-carriage, on the Sunday previous to my conversion, to go to Portrush on a Sabbath-breaking expedition, I was first awakened to a sense of shame at seeing myself alone (a nominal Protestant) in a carriage full of Roman Catholics. When the revival which was then going on was mentioned, I mocked at it, and joined with its enemies in swearing it to be a delusion and 'humbug.' I had, indeed, gone on a previous evening to a meeting in the fair-hill, and disturbed the congregation by my blasphemy and disorderly behaviour. I returned home quite drunk from Portrush, to frighten, annoy, and keep my wife, who had long been a Christian woman, from public worship. The following week I actually was bad enough to spend ten pounds in intoxicating drink, and in striving to drown some good feelings, that at this extraordinary season had begun to arise within me; partly from the circumstance of my son being under conviction of sin, and partly from afterwards hearing him pray earnestly and perseveringly for my conversion. I was, however, strange to say, now several times induced to take part in family-worship; though still generally under the influence of drink, and lending myself to ridicule and mislead those who were inclined to become serious and 'escape out of the snare of the devil,' until the most godless became ashamed of me.

"One Thursday morning I got up from bed at three o'clock. This was a very rare occurrence with me, as I generally slept half the day following, from the effect of drink the night before. My brain was still reeling. Under some sort of unaccountable impulse, I took up a book, and put it in my pocket, but without any object or purpose. Indeed, if I had noticed what it was, I should most likely have thrown it aside. I wandered out of the house somewhat in the state of a person that walks in his sleep; and, not knowing or caring whither I went, I came to the garden of an acquaintance at a short distance from the town. Here I sat down, and took out from my pocket the book, which I found to be a Church of England Prayer-Book. It opened at the fifty-second Psalm. I began to read it, without any particular interest; but God was pleased at this hour to open the eyes of my understanding, and to display to me, in its full danger, and real colours, the ruin which my wickedness had prepared for me. At the sixth verse, 'Therefore shall God destroy thee for ever; He shall take thee, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling, and root thee out of the land of the living,' it seemed as if the words had been written for *me*; for they went like an arrow to my heart. I knew that such a judgment as this would be just. I shut the book, and said to myself, 'All is lost; there is no way of escape, if I even sought to find one. The harvest is past, and the summer is almost ended; and what remains but the vintage of wrath? I have grieved and quenched the Spirit of God; and what is left but weeping and gnashing of teeth?'

"Having come to this conclusion, I determined to drink until I should kill myself; and, returning to town, I knocked up a tavern-keeper at four o'clock, and drank, all alone, until reason and thought were again drowned, and conscience was once more completely silenced. I was then taken home, and lay till I got sober; and again repeated the dose, and did the same on Saturday. In the evening I endeavoured to dissuade three young men from attendance upon the means of grace. Two withstood my efforts; but the third yielded, and we went to a public-house, and sat smoking, drinking, and engaged in wicked conversation until eleven o'clock at night. This being the hour of closing, we were requested to leave; but a little persuasion obtained for us the indulgence of remaining. We were too good customers to lose at any time, but particularly now, when men were giving up drinking as the abominable thing that God hated. Having satisfied, that is, made beasts of ourselves, we went home. On the Lord's day, July 10th, 1859, I was up at breakfast-time, dressed myself, intending to defile the Sabbath as usual; but I had drunk, as I trust, the terrible poison of sin for the last time. God now called me again to His service. My wife and daughter begged me to stay with them, and go to the Wesleyan chapel as the new Preacher had come into the Circuit. They used strong persuasion. They lovingly coaxed, and promised me anything in reason, if I would but stay at home one Sabbath, and be social. They had ceased to ask me to attend a place of worship; but my wife felt so powerfully constrained to do so this morning, that to urge me, she even put her back to the street-door, until I promised to go. I went, but I cannot say I was more impressed than usual. I knew my lost state, but had not the ability to amend it. I had often desperately formed good resolutions, and as often had I failed to keep them. After service I returned home, took a little drink, and went to the Workhouse to see an old servant, who was at the point of death. I was strangely induced to say a few words to her about salvation, and the efficacy of Christ's atonement; about God's love, and the truth of His word. I was surprised at myself, as were others who were present, to hear one like me talk upon such subjects. Blessed be God, the demoniac who thus spake was on the eve of transformation to rightness of mind. The old woman asked me if I had undergone the change; but, shaking my head, I said, it was too late for me. On my way home, I met three old companions, who gave me a pressing invitation to join them over a 'social cup.' Formerly it required no asking; but, unaccountably to myself, on this occasion I refused; and, though I had formed no resolution to do good, I found myself a new man after resisting this temptation. I went again to the house of God with my wife and children. The Preacher was a very young man, and this was his first Sabbath in his first Circuit. He took for his text Isaiah xii. 1—3, intending (as he has since told me) to speak in a very different strain from that which he afterwards took. After preaching for some time, he suddenly stopped, and said, that he felt himself impelled to describe the horrors of hell, and the miseries of the damned throughout eternity. As he spoke of 'the wrath to come,' and described it as being also an ever-coming wrath, that is, never-ending; but while always terribly present to the lost, yet also in future prospect still, ever during and terrible,—'the wrath to come!' 'the wrath to come!' 'the wrath to come!'—a shivering seized me, and big tears started to my eyes. I seemed to see vividly before me 'the lake of fire and brimstone.' It seemed as if its smoke already wreathed about me, and I felt as if I were sinking. I covered my face with my hands, and strove to prevent the prayer from being uttered that involuntarily made its escape. Determined not to let my 'weakness' be seen by hundreds who had seen me laugh at the influence of that Spirit who was now working in me, I opened the pew-door, intending to go out; but my limbs would not sustain my weight: I was chained there, and my tears made way in a flood. The agony of my mind was dreadful. Remorse for the past, and fear for the future, gave me some foretaste of the terrible distress of eternity.

"The hymn after the sermon was,—

'Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.'

I stood up, and was holding on by the pew; but at the second line I was prostrated, and lay with my head reclining on my wife's knee, quite insensible to everything around me for two hours. A dreadful darkness overhung me, and a crushing sensation rested upon my breast and heart. I can give no idea of the agony I endured, or of the kind of pain which I suffered. By degrees I returned to ordinary consciousness, but remained under deep conviction of my undone state, and of my need of pardon, with a desire to flee from the 'wrath to come' which had so impressed me, and a faint persuasion that God would not cast me off. I was again and again directed to cast my burden upon the Lamb of God, who cared for me. I heard the blessed words, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out,' and knew that through Him alone I could obtain peace with God. I longed to wash in the fountain open for all sin and uncleanness; but could not hope in Christ at once. Several friends made intercession for me; but I found no consolation. Having returned to my own house, my son pleaded to God on my behalf, and repeated the promises of God to the repenting backslider. I went alone to my chamber, and wrestling with God, prayed that He would grant me His Holy Spirit to reveal to my understanding and heart Jesus Christ. I prayed and read, at intervals, until four o'clock in the morning: mind and body were exhausted in the protracted struggle, when the Good Physician applied the healing balm to my soul. The Sun of Righteousness arose 'with healing in His wings,' and poured light into every corner of my heart. These words, 'Arise, go in peace, and sin no more,' spoke comfort to me. Sorrow had endured through the night; but joy came with the morning. I felt that sin no longer had the dominion over me. I knew that my pardon was sealed through the Redeemer's blood; for the mouth of the Lord had spoken it.

"Great numbers of God's people hastened to congratulate me: among the rest came Dr. M'Caldin, who brought me a little book, entitled 'Come to Jesus;' and told me the following circumstance respecting it:—The Rev. William Richey, his pastor, had been seized with a dangerous illness from the effects of overwork during the first extraordinary excitement of the revival-movement. Mr. Richey would still speak kindly to me in passing, and yet I hated him, and often called him an hypocrite; but God used him as an instrument to impress me still further with a sense of His goodness, and to humble my haughty spirit. On the previous Thursday morning, Mr. Richey, then, to all appearance, at the point of death, and expecting only to live a few hours, took from under his pillow a small packet on which he had written my name, and which he directed to be delivered to me, with his Christian love and prayers, that God would bless the reading of it to my soul. In his anxiety about his pastor, Dr. M'Caldin forgot at the time to deliver the parcel; but God had heard the prayer of the good man's heart, and answered it. Since that time, I have heard that special prayer was offered for me at the prayer-meeeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which my son was a member; and that on the Sunday evening of my conversion, several friends seeing me enter the chapel, had breathed a secret request that God would give me to see the error of my ways.

It is now ten months since I knew Jesus as 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Every day He becomes more precious to my soul. I feel that He is able to sustain me; and I retain a consciousness of pardon and acceptance. Christ is 'my All;' and, by the help of God's Spirit, I have been enabled to crucify the flesh and its lusts, and to sacrifice the vain things that charmed me most; though, when I would do good, I have to contend against the evil that is often present with me.

"May the God of all grace and might, Author and Giver of all good things, graft in my heart an increasing love of His name; nourish in me true religion, and of His great mercy and goodness keep me in the same, until life's latest hour, through Jesus Christ my Saviour.

'O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to Thee.'

Beware of sloth in secret duties, and of pride in public duties; of envy in adversity, and of self-consequence in prosperity; of self-confidence in labouring for God, and of self-complacence when your labor is crowned with a blessing.

As there are many doublings in the human heart, don't think you can find out the whole of a man's real character at once.

Rev. Robert Cooney, D. D.

The following biographical sketch from an exchange, will be read with interest and pleasure by the friends of the Rev. Dr. Cooney in St. Catharines, his lot being at present cast in this place:—

Our present subject is a native of that "Green Isle of the sea," so justly celebrated in story and in song. He is a true representative *Irishman*. A genuine Celt, on his father's side at least, as his name indicates. He has all the wit, vivacity, warm-heartedness and eloquence, so characteristic of his race. His looks are unmistakably Hibernian—is low of stature; and has those strongly marked features which make up the *tout ensemble* of a real old country face. He has a fine developed head, partially bald, and skirted, as his face, with a margin of luxuriant hair, venerably white, which makes him look older than he is. He is extra neat and clerical in his dress and person; exhibits in all his movements a large development of the bump of order; and though vivacious, is very genteel in his manners.

Dr. Cooney is a trophy won from the Church of Rome, within the pale of which he was brought up, and for the priesthood of which he was educated, being before his conversion actually in *minor orders*. He is nearly related, we may add, to the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, formerly titular Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and "*Episcopus in Partibus*." He had tempting offers to enter the ministry of the Church of England; but having obtained religion among the Methodists, he cast in his lot with that people, and entered upon his itinerancy about thirty years ago. Since then he has filled some of the best stations in the four provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada East, and Canada West.

The subject of this notice received a thorough classical education; and obtained first, the degree of Master of Arts, from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut; and subsequently, that of Doctor in Divinity, from Newton University, Baltimore, Maryland. He frequently quotes Latin, and makes liberal use of classical allusions. No one can be more droll or witty when he likes; and indeed, he is often necessarily so, whether he likes it or not. He can hardly open his mouth without saying very unusual things: and can excite an audience, and be unconscious of the effect he has produced. As a speaker, Dr. Cooney is distingulshed for brilliancy and great command of language; his volubility is without let or hindrance; and his imagination is of the most gorgeous and discursive character. The boldness of its flights and gyrations are beyond description. They must be witnessed to be appreciated. These are allowed their utmost latitude on the platform, but are restrained in the pulpit.

Specimens of his style, and the topics he delights to dwell on, with his mode of treating them, may be seen in his "Autobiography of a Wesleyan Missionary," a book that will amply pay perusal. Let it be bought and read. He wrote the "History of New Brunswick," a work referred to by subsequent historians as a standard. Part of his pre-ministerial life was Editorial; he is also a unique and popular lecturer, having in former years, done a great deal in that line, in the several cities where he has been stationed. He is a thorough sound hearted Wesleyan—an ardent admirer of our laws and usages—deeply versed in our connexional theology—and only needs to be known in order to be loved. Though literary and oratoricol, his pulpit ministrations are often distinguished by great simplicity and power—is more of a business man than he seens to be; is habitually anxious for the prosperity of his charge; and to the extent of his abilties faithful in the performance of his pastoral duties. Dr. Cooney may be about 60 years of age; perhaps not so much.—*St. Cath. Pap.*

The Love of God.

TWO SONNETTS.

I.

Love Thee! O Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
Whose place is in the vast infinity.
Time, space, height, depth, O God! are full of Thee.
And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
Love Thee! but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee,
And terror shakes the wide unfathom'd sea,
When the heavens rock with thy tempestuous ire.
O Thou, too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast ere time, shalt be when time is o'er!
Ages and worlds begin, grow old, and end,
Systems and suns Thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles: lost, I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore.

II.

Love Thee! oh, clad in human lowliness,
In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows;
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes,
A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
Love Thee! whose every word but breathes to bless,
Through Thee, from long seal'd lips glad language flows,
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose,
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
I see thee, doomed by bitterest pangs to die,
Up the sad hill with willing footsteps move,
With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony,
While the cross nods in hideous gloom above,
Though all, e'en there, be radiant Deity;
Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is love.
—*Rev. H. Milman.*

FOUR GOOD HABITS.—There were four good habits a wise man earnestly recommended in his counsels, and which he considered to be essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns, and these are—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

SELF-HELP.—"Though thou hast never so many counsellors," says the Hebrew proverb, yet do not forsake the counsel of thy own soul."

Religious Intelligence.

Systematic Beneficence Society.

To the Editors of the Watchman.

GLASGOW, Dec. 24th, 1860.

MY DEAR SIRS,—This is my last day in Scotland for the present, and I now send you a rapid review of the labours of the past three weeks; and of their results so far as they can be expected to appear at once. Pray excuse its length, and give it insertion if you can.

On Sabbath, the 9th, I preached in three churches in Edinburgh, and in each had large and deeply attentive congregations; and many of those present, including the Ministers themselves, have since communicated to me their determiation at once to adopt our system of giving, and to influence others to do the same.

On Tuesday, the 10th, I lectured in the Free St. Mary's, to a large meeting of the church members, and their excellent Minister has since informed me that the Elders and Deacons will at once distribute Mr. Arthur's Lecture through the Church, and then try to get all simultaneously to raise their scale of giving to an average tenth at least.

On Wednesday, the 12th, I went to Stirling, and secured the zealous co-operation of the Rev. Dr. Beith (Free Church,) Rev. Mr. Alexander, (Established,) Rev. J. Palmer, (Wesleyan,) and the Rev. A. Cameron, Editor both of the *Family Treasury* and *British Messenger*, and the indefatigable Mr. Peter Drummond. Mr. Cameron stated his convictions to me that our's was a most important movement, to which he will be glad to lend his influence, and that Mr. Arthur's Lecture is, he thinks, the ablest argument ever penned or uttered in favour of the duty of giving away a stated proportion of our income.

On Thursday, the 13th, I lectured in another Free Church and had several most influential citizens present, including Gen. Anderson, and Sheriff Cleghorn, &c.

On Friday, the 14th, I spent several hours in close and earnest conference with Mr. Burton, and the Leaders of Nicholson-square Church; the result of which was their unaminous decision to adopt our scale of giving, and an arrangement that I should preach again on Sunday evening in Nicholson Square, and that there should be a soiree of the whole congregation, at which the proposal of the Leaders' Meeting should be submitted and the principle inaugurated as the basis of their Church contributions for the time to come. I was qutite delighted with the spirit and tone of the brethern present, and especially with the gentle yet persuasive influence of their excellent and able Superintendent, whose kindness I shall not soon forget, for "he hath much and oft refreshed my spirit."

During the days of this arduous week, I was in constant intercourse with one and another leading Minister, and members of various Churches; and I had an especially cheering private discussion of matters with Principal Cunningham, of the Free Church College, the Lord Provost, Dr. Candlish, &c.; and also again with a number of gentlemen, in the Religious Institution Rooms, when Principal Cunningham kindly and at much inconvenience, presided. I am most happy to state that all those gentlemen took the same view with regard to the soundness of the principles of our Society; their importance to all the churches; and the seasonableness of their advocacy, when the Home and Foreign fields of the Churches' labours are so marvellously enlarging in every direction.

On the Sabbath, the 16th, my work was to preach in the Free High Church, connected with the Free College; and in Dr. Peddie's noble United Presbyterian Church, in Bristol-street, and in Nicholson square; in each of which the congregations were large and impressive, and the interest with which they listened to our views most marked and encouraging.

On Monday, the 17th, our noble Public Meeting took place in the Free Assembly Hall, with the Lord Provost in the chair, and all the denominations of the city well represented. Resolutions, approving of our principles and plans, were passed, and a Committee to correspond and co-operate with the Society were appointed.

On Tuesday, the 18th, I addressed by request the Sustentation Committee of the Free Church, Dr. Candlish in the chair; and had the honour to receive a vote of confidence in, and commendation for, our Society; and a request that I should renew my labours soon in Scotland. This I have consented to do next March; and the Committee appointed on Monday night has undertaken to arrange for two or three weeks work, and to meet all local expenses of meetings, &c.

On Tuesday evening, we had a very interesting meeting in Dr. Beith's Church in Stirling, at which an earnest request was made for a Sunday's preaching in three churches on the subject.

On Wednesday evening, I had the pleasure of again addressing our spirited friends in Glasgow, at their Annual Social Meeting. Mr. Hay, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Leathem, and Mr. Cuthbertson, (of Falkirk) were all there; and the Society is in a very satisfactory state, under the energetic and judicious care of Mr. Hay and his esteemed colleagues, showing increased spirituality, toward which the gracious labours of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have much contributed, and enlarged numbers and a hearty enterprise in extending the work of God in the city.

On Thursday, I had the great privilege of witnessing and participating in the Tercentenary of the Commemoration of the Reformation, by the earnest and Protestant people of Edinburgh; and it was a most stirring sight to see the business of the capital suspended, its churches crowded, and the joy of holiday on so many solemn and manly faces. Dr Candlish's sermon, which I happened to hear, was worthy of himself and the occasion, and what more can be said? On that evening of Thursday, there was, in spite of the intense cold, a surprising gathering at the *soiree* in Nicholson-square, where I had, for the fourth time, the duty of addressing our dear Wesleyan friends on the cause and claims of Christ; and was happy enough to receive their unanimous assent to our views, and the assurance of their determination to act upon them.

On Friday, at ten o'clock, we had the first of a new kind of Systematic Beneficence, a congregational meeting of the ladies of Nicholson-square Church, who, after an address by Mr. Burton (who presided) and much conversation, cordially agreed to co-operate with their Ministers and Leaders, in working the charities of Christianity by system and proportion and conscience, as we advise.

On the same day, at one o'clock, we had a meeting of our Committee, and the Rev. G. D. Cullen consented to act as Convener, and Mr. Handyside and Mr. Miller as Secretaries, and the Committee have undertaken at once to send a copy of all the publications of the Society,—"Gold and the Gospel," &c., to all the Ministers of Edinburgh, with a circular requesting them to read them, and be ready to co-operate in March next.

Before I left Edinburgh, I called on the Editors of all the principal newspapers, and have secured their cordial co-operation in keeping the question before the public till I return again in three months.

At Tweedale, on Friday, we had a meeting of ladies at the Religious Institution Rooms, at which the Rev. G. D. Cullen undertook to be the convener of a general committee of ladies, to secure the holding of congregational meetings in all the city churches. A most respected and excellent lady (wife of a Free Church Minister, and sister of the Duchess of ———,) has consented to be the Secretary.

On Saturday afternoon, we had a meeting in Glasgow to arrange a Public Meeting in the Merchant's Hall, on Monday; and we were favoured at it with the presence and counsels of Hugh Handyside, Esq., of Edinburgh, the able and successful Secretary of the Free Church Sustentation Fund Committee, who came down to Glasgow to assist me in enlisting the sympathies of the busy people of this great city.

Yesterday, Sabbath, the 23rd,—I had a noble opportunity of addressing three great churches in Glasgow: Dr. Buchanan's, (Free College Church,) Dr. Taylor's, (United Presbyterian,) and Mr. Cochrane's, (Established;) and in every case seemed to find a warm response.

On Friday, at two o'clock, we held our Public Meeting in Merchant's Hall, at which Hugh Truant, Esq., a merchant prince presided, and the proceedings of which four daily papers have undertaken to report, and thus sow broadcast our principles and prepare for still nobler demonstration.

I am Gentlemen,
Most respectfully and truly yours,
ROBERT G. CATHER.

From the Guide to Holiness.

Letter from Mrs. Palmer.

REVIVAL, STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR BROTHER,—The triumphs of the cross here are amazing. Yesterday was one of the days of the Son of man, to a very extraordinary degree. He who is the Lord of the Sabbath drew great multitudes together from near and remote regions—and wondrous were the manifestations of convincing, healing, and sanctifying power. Though the congregation was dense, and hundreds, I presume, went away for want of room, yet there was no confusion.

The solemnity of the felt presence of the High and Holy One seemed to be an outspoken realization on every countenance.

Would that I could with my pen give you a conception of the solemn, stupendous, penetrating influences that pervaded the congregations of yesterday afternoon and evening. Said a Christian lady about this, "I opened my lips to sing, but I seemed so overawed with the solemnity of God's presence, that I paused."

Others expressed themselves in a similar manner. For my own part I can say that an experimental apprehension of the divine presence seemed so to pervade my whole being, that the veil separating the two worlds seemed well nigh uplifted. My spirit looked out on that vast concourse as standing upon the verge of eternity, many on slippery rocks, while fiery billows were rolling beneath, liable at any moment to take the fearful plunge. Truth appeared to be invested with unwonted spirituality. I have never regarded the tones of the organ as peculiarly desirable in revival services, but as its majestic tones, intermingling with the voices of the people, went up as the sound of many waters, it only seemed to add to the solemn majesty of the scene.

As Dr. P. gave out the hymn, commencing:

"Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,"

I presume there was not one in the house whose heart, if it had spoken out, would not have said in continuation of that solemn hymn:

"A little point my life appears,
How frail at best is dying man,
How vain are all his hopes and fears."

Dr. P. then read the first forty verses of the 12th chapter of Luke, ending, "Be ye therefore ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." He then talked about time as the dressing room for eternity; and the importance of laying up treasure in heaven, if we would not be hurried away, at an unlooked-for hour, from the shores of time—as the fool who said to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

It is my belief that there was not an unconvicted sinner in the house; and Dr. P. desiring that not one might be permitted to leave without having an opportunity to strengthen their convictions by publicly acknowledging the work of the Holy Spirit on their hearts, asked that all in the house who were resolved to seek the favour of God, and all who were enjoying his favour, would signify it by rising, when nearly all the people in the gallery and below rose simultaneously to their feet.

He then asked all those who were seeking pardon, and those only who desired to go and help those seeking ones to the cross would accompany them. Immediately the vestry was crowded with seekers. Probably not more than three minutes has passed before a person went to Dr. P., imploring him to ask the prayers of the congregation for the multitudes of penitents in the vestry, and stating that doubtless as many as a hundred were there seeking mercy, and no more could be admitted—the crowd and the heat being so great. Dr. P. then invited the seekers to the communion-rail, which was quickly filled, and many standing on the outside unable to find a place to kneel. Two seats were afterwards filled with persons seeking mercy, and others were taken to the upper vestry.

Before the evening closed we have reason to believe that the largest portion of those who sought obtained. The work seemed to be only bounded by our want of room to meet the emergency, and laborers to point them to Christ, the crowd being so dense as to render it seemingly impossible to converse with all the seekers. We need scarcely tell you of the difficulty in bringing the services to a close—but many had come from miles distant, and we regarded it as inexpedient, our own health also considered, to protract the services beyond half-past ten. Since I have been writing, a lady who