The Provincial Wesleyan.

Why this Longing.

BY CHAS. MACKAY.

Why this longing, clay-clad spirit?
  Why this fluttering of thy wings?
Why this striving to discover
  Hidden and transcendent things?
Be contented in thy prison,
  Thy captivity shall cease—
Taste the good that smiles before thee;
  Restless spirit, be at peace!

With the roar of wintry forests,
  With the thunder's crash and roll,
With the rush of stormy water,
  Thou wouldst sympathize, O soul!
Thou wouldst ask them mighty questions
  In a language of their own,
Untranslatable to mortals,
  Yet not utterly unknown.

Thou wouldst fathom Life and Being,
  Thou wouldst see through Birth and Death,
Thou wouldst solve the eternal riddle—
  Thou a speck, a ray, a breath.
Thou wouldst look at stars and systems,
  As if *thou* couldst understand
All the harmonies of Nature,
  Struck by an Almighty hand.

With thy feeble logic, tracing
  Upward from effect to cause,
Thou art foiled by Nature's barriers,
  And the limits of her laws.
Be at peace, thou struggling spirit!
  Great Eternity denies
The unfolding of its secrets
  In the circle of thine eyes.

Be contented with thy freedom—
  Dawning is not perfect day;
There are truths thou canst not fathom,
  Swaddle in thy robes of clay.
Rest in hope that if thy circle
  Grows not wider here in Time,
God's eternity shall give thee
  Power of vision more sublime.

Clogged and bedded in the darkness,
  Little germ, abide thine hour;
Thou'lt expand in proper season,
  Into blossom, into flower.
Humble faith alone becomes thee
  In the glooms where thou art lain:
Bright is the appointed future;
  Wait—thou shalt not wait in vain.

Cease thy struggling, feeble spirit!
  Fret not at thy prison bars;
Never shall thy mortal pinions
  Make the circuit of the stars.
Here on earth are duties for thee,
  Suited to thine earthly scope:
Seek them, thou immortal spirit;
  God is with thee—work in hope.

Agriculture.

Breaking Steers.

The winter season is the time when farmers should teach their steers to draw together in the yoke. Many farmers are careless in this matter, and leave it to untrained boys to train unruly steers. We claim no superior wisdom in this matter, but we must remind farmers occasionally 'of what themselves do know.'

They and we have seen people attempt to break steers, but in doing it they first break their noses and backs. We have often insisted that much whipping is not needed when the right course is pursued. Kindness, gentleness, and good humour are appreciated by them as well as by the human race, and they can be overcome by kindness. Let us go into detail.

It is not long since we saw a couple of young men attempting to make a pair of steers move forward in their new yoke. They were past two years old and had never been even halter-broken or confined in any way. They were yoked in a cowyard and soon invited to move, but neither understood what was said to them. At length a stick was used, and one of the steers thought it was time to be free (he did not even understand the slave catching law,) he sprang forward, but his mate had not then made up his mind to move, and he kept his ground.

After much whipping and beating, the idea of making them advance or run back while yoked together was given up, and the steers stood their ground much better than Santa Anna's troops did when General Taylor was whipping. The steers were unyoked and the breaking was deferred to another day.

On that other day we requested to have the steers yoked again. We filled our pockets full of apples, for the steers were too green for green or ripe corn. As soon as the off steer found we had something for him to catch hold of instead of himself being caught, he came forward, ate the apple, then another, and a third. Now he stood to have the yoke put on him, and we turned our attention to the nigh one. He too came directly under the yoke that was held up for him by one of the young men, following us with a good apple that was held out to him, and he ate two or three while the bow was made fast.

Now the motion was to make the steers move. We charged the young men not to strike a blow. We took more apples from our pockets and in a very few minutes both steers followed us around the yard and in any direction where we choose to go. They were quite willing to move forward together and had not the least inclination to run away. When they had became used to moving together in the yoke they could be driven by means of a birch stick applied to their tails. We could haw them and gee them about without the least difficulty, and in two hours time we could drive where we pleased. They would haw about or come to by holding out a hand to them as in offering an apple.

The truth is that when steers are first yoked they know nothing of what is wanted, and all the beating that can be inflicted will not make them move. We have often seen steers afflicted with a bad habit of geeing or running off from the driver and we have too often seen the driver run after them and whip them for running off. This is equal to whipping a horse for not letting you catch him in the pasture.

An old man once told us he never run after a pair of steers. He could always bring them back by showing an ear of corn. Young men, will you remember this and not chase your steers to whip them.

Steers that are broken without whipping stand more erect in the yoke than others.—They have no slavish fears of having their noses beaten in as steers have that have been clubbed by ill tempered drivers and taught to crouch and stick their heads to the earth to hide them from ungoverned wrath.

The steers we have been speaking of now hold up their heads as high in the yoke as out of it. They have no craven look or sulky nod to show resentment for their loss of freedom, but seem to be willing to exchange that for a tit bit offered in kindness and received with a fair understanding of the designs of the master.

Save Manure.

Those farmers who have not barn cellars to enable them to save all their manure in the best manner, should contrive to save it in some way, though attended with more trouble than falls to the lot of those who have made preparation for this purpose. In barns without cellars, the liquid manure may be saved by using various absorbents, as may be convenient; and almost every farmer has loam, sand, or other materials at hand which are useful. Some use coarse fodder for this purpose; but in most cases, by the use of a fodder cutter, and a little attention in preparing it, it may be used as food, affording nutriment for the animal, and be readily converted into manure.

A Fact for Farmers.

Dr. R. T. Baldwin has made public the result of several years investigation and experiments upon manures, and various ways of fertilising the soil. He states that the best and speediest way to fertilize any soil, is to cover it over with straw, bushes, or any raw material, so as to completely shade it. The surface of the earth thus being made cool, dark, damp and close, soon undergoes a chemical process like putrifaction, and becomes highly fertilized. This plan of fertilizing, he says, may be applied with success to any soil whatever, no matter how poor, and the result will be astonishing.

Miscellaneous.

Shading Human Grief.

It strikes us that Dickens himself never wrote a more "searching" satire than the following upon the practice of *Shading Human Grief*, as if one could *half* or *quarter* mourn for a dear friend "gone hence, to be no more seen!" The article from which it is condensed was called "*The House of Mourning, a Farce;*" which appeared in an English magazine (now discontinued) some sixteen years since. It should be premised, that "Squire Hamper" and his wife, persons rather of the rustic order, who have come up to London from the family seat in the country, in the progress of shopping in a street at the west end of the metropolis, stop at a dry-goods undertaker's with "*Maison de Deuil,*" or "House of Morning," by way of a sign over the door.

"Mason de Dool!" exclaims the Squire, responding to his wife's translation; "some foreign harberdasher's, I s'pose,"

The lady, however, coaxes him to go in; for although she has lost no friends, she longs to see the "improvements in mourning," which she can do by "cheapening a few articles, and buying a pennyworth of black pins." The worthy pair enter, take an ebony chair at the counter, while a clerk in suit of sable addresses the lady, and in sepulchral tones inquires if he "can have the melancholy pleasure of serving her."

"How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant? We have a very extensive assortment of family and complimentary mourning. Here is one, Ma'am just imported; a widow's silk, watered, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable," and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements."

"Looks rather flimsy, though," interposes the Squire; "not likely to last long, eh, Sir?"

"A little slight pr'aps," replied the shopman; rather a delicate texture, but mourning ought not to last forever, Sir."

"No," grumbles the Squire; "it seldom does," 'specially the violent sorts."

"As to mourning Ma'am," continues the shopman, addressing the lady, "there has been a great deal indeed, this season; and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation, and all in the French style; they of France excel in the *funebre*. Here for instance, is an article for the deeply-afflicted; a black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning; makes up very sombre and interesting. Or, if you prefer to mourn in velvet, here's a very rich one; real Genoa, and a splendid black; we call it the "Luxury of Woe." It's only eighteen shillings a yard, and a superior quality; fit, in short for the handsome style of domestic calamity."

Here the Squire wants to know "whether sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upwards in life."

"Certainly—yes, Sir—by all means," responds the clerk: "at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse, very; quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvass to crape, Sir."

The lady next asks if he has a variety of half-mourning; to which he replies:

"O, infinite—the largest stock in town; full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mournings, shaded off from a *grief prononce* to the slightest *muance* of regret."

The lady is directed to another counter, and introduced to "the gent, who superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department," who inquires:

"You wish to inspect some half mourning, Madam? the second stage of distress? As such, Ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided; alleviated, you see, Ma'am from a dead black to a dull lead color. Its a Parisian novelty, Ma'am, called, 'Settled Grief,' and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time."

"Old woman, mayhap, about seventy," mutters the Squire.

"Exactly so, Sir, or thereabout Not but what some ladies, Ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life; and for such cases it is a very durable wear; but pr'aps it's too *lugubre:* now here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a woe moderated by time. The French call it a 'Gleam of Comfort.' We've sold several pieces of it; it's very attractive; we consider it the happiest attern of the season."

"Yes," once more interpose the Squire; "some people are very happy in it, no doubt."

"No doubt, Sir. There's a charm in melancholy, Sir. I'm fond of the pensive myself. Pr'aps, Ma'am you would prefer something still more in the transition state, as we call from grave to gay. In that case, I would recommend this lavender Ducape, with only just a souvenir of sorrow in it; the slightest tinge of mourning to distinguish it from the garb of pleasure. But possibly you desire to see an appropriate style of costume for the juvenile branches, when sorrow their young days has shaded? Of course, a milder degree of mourning than for adults. Black would be precocious. This Ma'am for instance—a dark pattern on gray, an interesting dress Ma'am for a little girl, just initiated in the vale of tears, only eighteen-pence a yard Ma'am, and warranted to wash."

The "Intermediate Sorrow Department," however, derives no patronage from the "hard customer;" and we next find her in the "Coiffure Department," looking at caps, and interrogating a show-woman in deep mourning, who is in attendance and enlarging upon the beauty of fabrics: "This is the newest style Ma'am.—Affliction is very much modernized, and admits of more *gout* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap: but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornee*, French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations."

Failing, however, in "setting her *caps*" for the new customer, the show-man "tries the handkerchief" enticement; exhibiting one with a fringe of artificial tears worked on the border—the "*Larmoyante*," a sweet pretty idea.

The Squire intimates that as a handkerchief *to be used*, it would most likely be found "rather scrubby for the eyes." But the show-woman removes *this* objection:

"O dear no, Sir—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!—The dry cry is decidedly the genteel thing."

No wonder that the Squire, as he left the establishment with his "better half," was fain to exclaim:

"Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well! if it's all the same to you, Ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented after the old fashion."

New Expedition to the North Polar Seas under Dr. Kane.

At a meeting of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, held at New York on Tuesday evening, Dr. E. K. Kane read a paper on an access to an open Polar Sea by a North American meridian, during which he stated that Mr. Grinnell had placed at his disposal the Advance, and the Secretary of the Navy had assigned him to special duty for the conduct of a new expedition, the details and outlines of which he described. His plan of search is based upon the probable extension of the land masses of Greenland to the far north—a view yet to be verified by travel, but sustained by the *analogies* of Physical Geography. Admitting such an extension, they would, he says, have the following inducements for exploration and research.

1. Terra firma as the basis of our operations, obviating the accidents characteristic of ice travel.

2. A due Northern line, which throwing aside the influence of terrestrial radiation, would lead soonest to the open sea, should such exist.

3. The benefit of the fan-like abutment of land, on the north face of Greenland, to check the ice in the course of its southern or equatorial drift; thus obviating the drawback of Parry in his attempt to reach the Pole by the Spitzbergen sea.

4. Animal life to sustain travelling parties.

5. The co-operation of the Esquimaux settlement of Greenland, having been found as high as Whale Sound and probably extending still further along the coast. The point I would endeavour to attain would be the highest attainable point of Baffin's Bay, from, if possible, pursuing the Sound known as Smith's Sound, advocated by Baron Wrangell, as the most eligible site for reaching the North Pole.

As a point of departure, this is two hundred and twenty miles to the north of Beechey Island—the starting point of Sir Edward Belcher—and seventy miles north of the utmost limits seen or recorded in Wellington Channel.

The party will consist of some thirty men, with a couple of launches, sledges, dogs, and gutta percha boots. The provisions will be Pemmican—a preparation of dried meat, packed in cases, impregnable to the appetite of the Polar bear. Dr. Kane, after stating that his expedition will leave the United States in time to reach the Bay at the earliest season of navigation, says:

After reaching the settlement of Uppernavik, we take in a supply of Esquimaux dogs, and a few picked men to take charge of the sledge. We then enter the ice of Melville Bay, and if successful in its penetration, hasten to Smith's Sound, forcing our vessel to the utmost navigable point, and there securing her for the winter. The operations of search, however, are not to be suspended. Active exercise is the best safeguard against the scurvy; and, although the darkness of winter will not be in our favour, I am convinced that with the exception, perhaps, of the solsticial period of maximum obscurity, we can push forward our provision deposits by sledge and launch and thus prepare for the final efforts of our search.

In this I am strengthened by the valuable opinion of my friend, Mr. Murdaugh, late the sailing master of the Advance. He has advocated this very Sound as a basis of land operations. And the recent journey of Wm. Kennedy, commanding Lady Franklin's last expedition, shows that the fall and winter should no longer be regarded as lost months.

The sledges, which constitute so important a feature of our Expedition, and upon which not only our success but our safety will depend, are to be constructed with extreme care. Each sledge will carry the blanket, bags and furs of six men, together with a measured allowance of Pemmican. A light tent of India rubber cloth of a new pattern, will be added; but for our nightly halt the main dependence will be the snow-house of the Esquimaux. It is almost incredible, in the face of obstacles, to what extent a well-organized sledge party can advance. The relative importance of every ounce of weight can be calculated, and the system of advanced depots of provisions organized admirably.

Alcohol or tallow is the only fuel, and the entire cooking apparatus, which is more for thawing the snow for tea-water than for heating food—can be carried in a little bag. Lieut. McClintock, of Commander Austen's expedition, travelled thus 800 miles; the collective journeys of the expedition equaled several thousand, and Baron Wrangell made, by dogs, 1,553 miles in 74 days, and this over a fast frozen ocean.

But the greatest sledge journey upon record is that of my friend, Mr. Kennedy, who accomplished nearly 1,400 miles, most of it in mid-winter, without returning upon his track to avail himself of deposited provisions. His only food—and we may here learn the practical lesson of the traveller to avoid unnecessary baggage—was Pemmican, and his only shelter the *Snow House*.

It is my intention to cover each sledge with a gutta-percha boat—a contrivance which the experience of the English has shown to be perfectly portable. Thus equipped, we follow the tread of the coast, reeking the *open water*.

Once there, if such a reward awaits us, we launch our little boats, and, bidding God speed us, embark upon its waters. [Applause.]

Making Friends.

Some persons seem not to understand the way to make friends. They can make enemies fast enough, without the least difficulty. The secret, however, lies in the difference between smiles and frowns.—Smiles make friends, while frowns make enemies. Who wishes to be the friend or associate of one who repays all his advances with sour looks and harsh words? No body; it is not in the nature of things that any one should. But let a person be given to smiling looks and kind words, and he will never lack for friends. It is an old and true saying, "molasses will catch more flies than vinegar will."

What a fool, then, any one is, to make enemies, when he might make friends just as well. The fact is, there is nothing lost by sweet words and pleasant looks. A cross, crabbed, churlish person will be despised and shunned by all who know him; but the pleasant, affable, kind person will have his praise sung in all companies, and every body will stand ready to do him a favour.

When a kind person has an occasion for frowning, no one thinks the less of him on that account. And his friends will not forsake him. But let him always frown and they leave him like rats deserting a fallen house. We like smiles.—*Olive Branch.*

The Beauty of Life.

Life is beautiful; its duties
  Cluster round each passing day,
While their sweet and solemn voices
  Warn to work, to watch, to pray,
They alone such blessings forfeit,
  Who through sloth their spirits cheat;
Or, in selfish stupor sitting,
  See the rust their armour eat.

Life is beautiful; affections
  Thrill with joy its golden string,
In its opening blossoms nestle,
  Birdlike 'mid its branches sing,
Smiling rock its cradle slumbers,
  Guard with pride its youthful bloom,
Fondly kiss its snow-white temples,
  Dew the turf that decks its tomb.

Life is beautiful; with promise
  Of a crown that cannot fade:
Life is fearful; with the threatening
  Of an everlasting shade.
May no thoughtless worldling scorn it,
  Wandering wide in folly's maze;
Duty, love, and hope adorn it,
  Let its latest breath be praise.

Character for the Young.

Character is everything to the young, as it is the surest means to success in life. It is better than the most ample fortune; it is better than the patronage of rich and powerful friends. A young person of established character, virtuous principles, of good conduct, though he be poor, and left to his own unaided efforts, will rarely fail to make way for himself in the world. He may be assailed by misfortune; he may lose his health or fall into adverse circumstances, and so be embarassed and oppressed in course; but, as a general rule, it cannot be questioned that a fair character, a character for intelligence, virtue and worth, is the surest pledge of success in life. For many years I have been accustomed to watch with great interest the fortunes of the young in their progress in life; and long since I have come to the settled conclusion, that in so far as success is concerned, whether in the learned professions, or in the ordinary business of men, character, virtue, a well-regulated mind and heart, is of higher value than heirship to the richest estate—than all outward advantages whatever. Such an estate, such advantages, are apt to inflate with pride, to lead to imprudence, to idleness and vice; and where this is the case, it takes but a short time to squander a fortune and bar every door to respectability and happiness. But character, I repeat, never fails. It makes friends and subdues enemies, creates funds, opens the gates of opportunity, draws around its possessor patronage and support, makes him a sure and easy way to wealth, to honour, and to happiness.

Caught in the Fact.

A certain notable housewife had observed that her stock of picked cockles were running remarkably low, and spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook's character was at stake; unwilling to give warning with such an imputation on her self-denial, not to say honesty, she nevertheless felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end. One day the jar containing the evanescent condiment being placed, as usual, on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld, to her great indignation, a favourite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers, and general intelligence, perched by its side and dipping its beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained—the thief detected.—Grasping the ladle of scalding grease, which she held in her hand, the exasperated cook dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation, "O, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have you?" Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all spirits, and never spoke for a year. At length, when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, disclosed a very bald head. The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance; his reminiscences were powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman's skull. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he exclaimed in the ear of his astounded visitor, "O, *you've* been at the pickled cockles, have you?"—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

Interesting Paragraphs.

Porcelain, by which is designated a dense body too hard to be scratched by a knife, translucent, sonorous, and white, was manufactured from a very early period in China; the remote antiquity of this manufacture is proved by the discovery of bottles of Chinese porcelain, with inscriptions in that language, in the tombs of Thebes. The porcelain tower, near Nankin, was built A. D. 1277, but as early as 163 B. C. it is stated that porcelain was common in China. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller penetrated into China in the thirteenth century, and he describes with much accuracy, the mode then, as now, employed by the Chinese in the preparation of their clays. "They collect," he says, "a certain kind of earth, as it were from a mine, and laying it in a great heap, suffer it to be exposed to the wind, rain, and sun, for thirty or forty years, during which time it is never disturbed. By this means it becomes refined and fit for being wrought into vessels above mentioned. Such colours as may be thought proper are then laid on, and the ware is afterwards baked in ovens or furnaces. These persons therefore, who cause the earth to be dug, collect it for their children or grand children."—*R. Hunt.*

A Question for Algebraists.—Two Arabs had sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger who requested to join their party, saying 'that as he could not get provisions to buy in that part of the country, if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would willingly pay them for the whole.'

The frugal meal consisted of eight loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part, and each of the two Arabs a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying, 'My friends, there is what I have promised to give you; divide it between you according to your just rights.' A dispute of course, arose respecting a division of the money; but reference being made to the cadi, he adjudged seven pieces of the money to the owner of the five loaves and only one piece to him who had owned the three loaves. Yet the cadi decided justly.

A Way in which Young Ladies may be Useful.—The late venerable Dr. Miller of Princeton once remarked to a lady that most persons are too apt to wait for great occasions for doing good; that some ladies think that everything really useful must be done in societies and associations; while others felt as if there was nothing left for them to do. But there was one way, he said, in which every young woman might make herself useful; and that was to visit aged persons and invalids in her immediate neighbourhood, for the purpose of reading to them. An occasional hour thus spent, might be greatly blessed both to the listener and the reader, and a great amount of happiness thus secured. He spoke feelingly of the fact, that the comfort of aged people, by entertaining their minds, was too often overlooked, even where every attention was paid to the wants of the outward man. This was true, too, of many an invalid, who was compelled to spend long and weary hours in solitude.

Education.—Tutors should treat their pupils, with regard to such of their faulty habits as cannot easily be eradicated, as prudent physicians do their patients in chronical cases; rather with gentle palliatives than harsh extirpatives, which, by means of the resistance given to them by the habit, may create such ferments as may utterly defeat their intention.

Neither a learned nor a fine education is of any other value than as it tends to improve the morals of men, and to make them wise and good.

A generous mind will choose to win youth to its duty by mildness and good usage, rather than by severity.

The Almighty by rewards and punishments, makes it our interest, as well as our duty, to obey Him; and can we propose to ourselves, for the government of our children, a better example.

A Sister's Love.—Who can tell the thoughts that cluster around the word Sister? Deep and undying is her love. How ready is she to forgive the errors, to excuse the foibole of a brother! She never deserts him. In adversity she clings closely to him, and in trials she cheers him. And when the bitter voice of reproach is poured in his ears she is ever eager to hush its harsh tones, and turn his attention away from its painful notes. But let him move in a flowry path, and she hangs clusters of smiles about all his steps. In watching his favored career, and listening to his eulogies, she feels the purest satisfaction. The cold grave cannot crush her affection for him. It outlives her tears and sighs. And hence she often wanders to the spot where he reposes, with the fragrant rosebush and the creeping honey-suckle, and plants them on his clay tomb. And who will dare affirm that her love perishes, when she fades away from earth. May it not remain far off in the glorious spirit land,—and live on increasing in fervor and intensity, during the endless ages of eternity? Is it not only evil passions and emotions which cannot flourish in Heaven.

Lazy Beavers.—It is a curious fact, says our trapper, that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones best these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. These "Paresseux" are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water running obliquely towards the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and after having been conquered and driven away from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers on the contrary, associate, males, females, and young together.—*Audubon and Bachman's Quadrupeds of North America.*

Change of Colour in Fish.—John, on sporting, says that the change of colour in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living blackburn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light colour. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it in a dark colored, or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white colored fish shows most conspicuously on the dark ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark colored as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt this facility of adapting its color to the bottom of the water in which it lives is of the greatest service to the fish, in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed, that in every stream the trout are very much of the same colour as the gravel or sand on which they live; whether this change of colour is a voluntary act on the part of the fish, I leave it for the scientific to determine.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to pause, when at the door
  A shivering brother stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor.
  Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,
  For faults he once has known—
'Tis not to leave him to despair,
  And say that "I have done!"

The voice of Charity is kind,
  She thinketh nothing wrong—
To every fault she seemeth blind,
  Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith—
  Hope smileth at her door—
Relieveth first, then softly saith,
  "*Go, brother, sin no more!*"

First Impressions.—A respectable lady died in 1845, near Madison, Wisconsin. She was a native of Kentucky, and educated a Protestant. All her family were Protestants. For seven years previous to her death she had no intercourse with Roman Catholics. But when death was approaching she sent a hundred miles for a Catholic Bishop, that she might be received into communion and die in the Romish Church. And wherefore? Her feelings were the result of early impressions received while attending a Catholic school at Nazareth, Kentucky! Yet how little many parents think of the depth and permanency of the impressions made on their infant offspring by the school teacher's instructions or their own! Of all impressions those are most enduring which are the earliest.

A Jolly Life.—Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake, but to wash yourself in a dew drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes!

Guided by the star of truth, no man was ever led into error. It is by turning from the light that is within and around them, that multitudes fall by the way and perish. They who take the truth as revealed in the Scriptures, and follow the dictates of reason, will never err and come short of glory.

A Country Schoolmaster thus describes a money lender:—"He serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood—keeps you in the dejective—and ruins you in the future."

NEVER FAILING REMEDY!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A CRIPPLE SETS ASIDE HIS CRUTCHES AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—I am enabled to furnish you with a most extraordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted with the sufferer. About 10 years ago, Mr. W. Cummins, of Saltney Street, in this town, was thrown from his horse, whereby he received very serious injuries; he had the best medical aid at the time and was afterwards an inmate of different infirmaries, yet he grew worse, and at length a malignant running ulcer settled on his hip, which so completely crippled him, that he could not move without crutches for nearly 10 years; recently he began to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now healed the wound, strengthened his limb, and enabled him to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigour.

(Signed.) J. THOMPSON.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE WHEN ALL MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Hird, Draper, of Keady, near Gainsbro', dated March 1st, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,

Sir—some time since, one of my children was afflicted with dreadful eruptions over the body and limbs. I obtained the advice of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians, by all of whom the case was considered hopeless. At length I tried your Ointment and Pills, and without exaggeration, the effect was miraculous, for by persevering in their use, all the eruptions quickly disappeared, and the child was restored to perfect health.

I previously lost a child from a similar complaint, and I firmly believe, had I in her case adopted your medicines she would have been saved also. I shall be happy to testify the truth of this to any enquirer.

(Signed.) J. HIRD, Draper.

ANOTHER SURPRISING CURE OF ULCERATED BAD LEGS, DEBILITY, AND GENERAL ILL HEALTH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. J. M. Clennell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, dated September 20th, 1852

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—I am authorised by Mrs. Gibbon, of 31 Bailey Street, in this town, to inform you that for a considerable period she has been a sufferer from debility, and general ill health, accompanied with a disordered stomach, and in great derangement of the system. In addition to this she was terribly afflicted with ulcerated wounds, or running sores, in both her legs, so that she was totally incapable of doing her usual work. In this distressing condition she adopted the use of your Pills and Ointment, and she states, that in a wonderfully short time, they effected a perfect cure of her legs, and restored her constitution to health; and that she is now enabled to walk about with ease and comfort. Several other persons in this neighbourhood have also received extraordinary benefit from the use of your invaluable medicines.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN MORTON CLENNELL.

CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SCORBUTIC HUMOURS—AND AN ASTONISHING CURE OF AN OLD LADY SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE OF A BAD LEG.

Copy of a Letter from Messrs. Walker and Co. Chemists, Bath.

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—Among the numerous cures effected by the use of your valuable medicines in this neighbourhood, we may mention that of an old lady living in the Village of Preston, about five miles from this City. She had ulcerated wounds in her legs for many years, and latterly they increased to such an alarming extent as to defy all the usual remedies; her health rapidly giving way under the suffering she endured. In this distressing condition she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and by the assistance of her friends, was enabled to persevere in their use, until she received a perfect cure. We have ourselves been greatly astonished at the effect upon so old a person, she being 70 years of age. We shall be happy to satisfy any enquirer as to the authenticity of this wonderful case, either personally or by letter.

A private in the Bath Police Force, also, has been perfectly cured of a scorbutic affection in the face, after all other means had failed. He states that it is entirely by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its praise.

We remain, Dear Sir,
Your's faithfully
April 6, 1852. (Signed) WALKER & Co.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
Bad Breasts,	Contracted and	Sore Nipples,
Burns,	Stiff Joints,	Sore throats,
Bunions,	Elephantiasis,	Skin Diseases,
Bites of Moschetoes	Fistulas,	Scurvy,
and Sandflies,	Gout,	Sore Heads,
Coco-bay,	Glandular swellings,	Tumours,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Ulcers,
Chilblains,	Piles,	Wounds,
Chapped-hands,	Rheumatism,	Yaws.
Corns (Soft)		

☞ N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot and Box.

Sub Agents in Nova Scotia—J. F. Cochran & Co., Newport. Dr. Harding, Windsor. G. N. Fuller, Horton. Moore and Chipman, Kentville. E. Caldwell and Tupper, Cornwallis. J. A. Gibbon, Wilmot. A. B. Piper, Bridgetown. R. Guest, Yarmouth. T. R. Pattillo, Liverpool. J. F. More, Caledonia. Miss Carder, Pleasant River. Robt West, Bridgewater. Mrs. Neil, Lunenburgh. S. Legge, Mahone Bay. Tucker & Smith, Truro. N. Tupper & Co, Amherst. R B Heestis, Wallace. W. Cooper, Pugwash. Mrs. Robson, Pictou. T R Fraser, New Glasgow. J. & C. Jost, Guysborough. Mrs. Norris, Canso. P. Smith, Port Hood. T. & J. Jost, Sydney. J. Matheson, Bras d'Or.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244 Strand, London, and by most respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world. Prices in Nova Scotia are 1s. 9d., 4s., 6s. 3d., 16s. 8d., 33s. 4d. and 50s. each Box.

JOHN NAYLOR, Halifax.
General Agent for Nova Scotia.

Directions for the Guidance of Patients are affixed to each pot or box.

☞ There is a considerable saving in taking the larger sizes. January, 1853.

Canada Land Company

TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS FROM NOVA SCOTIA. The Canada Company would suggest to parties who may contemplate leaving Nova Scotia that the Western Section of Canada offers every inducement for them to settle there, rather than that they should proceed to the United States. In *Upper Canada* they will find a most healthy climate, and abundance of excellent Land to be obtained upon easy terms from the *Government* and *Canada Company*. The great success which has attended Settlers in Upper Canada is abundantly evidenced by the prosperous condition of the Farmers throughout the Country,—by the success of many Natives of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia who have settled in many Townships;—and by the individual progress made by several thousands of people who have taken Lands from the Company. The Canada Company's Lands are offered by way of Lease for Ten Years; or for Sale Cash down. *The plan of 1-tenth Cash and Balance in Instalments being done away with.*

The Rents, payable 1st February each Year, are above the Interest, at six per Cent., upon the Cash Price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when Leased, *no Money is required down;* whilst upon the others, *according to locality, One, Two, or Three Years' Rent* must be paid in *advance*, but these payments will *free* the Settler from *further* Calls, until the Second, Third or Fourth year of his Term of Lease.

The Settler has secured to him the *right* of converting his *Lease* into a *Freehold*, and of course, *stopping payments* of further Rents, before the expiration of the Term, upon paying the purchase Money specified in the Lease.

The Lessee has thus *guaranteed* to *him* the *entire benefit* of his *Improvements* and *increased value* of the Land, should he wish to purchase. But he may, if he pleases, refuse o call for the Freehold; the *option* being *completely* with the *Settler*.

A Discount, of Two per Cent., will be allowed for anticipated payment of the purchase Money for every unexpired year of Lease, before entering the Tenth Year. The Lessee has also secured to him the benefit of the Settler's Saving's Bank Account.

The direct trade now opening up between Upper Canada and Halifax presents facilities for cheap passage by the St. Lawrence to the upper Lakes, in the vicinity o valuable lands open for settlers.

Printed Papers containing full and detailed particulars may be procured gratis from the Rev. E. Evans, Charlottetown, P. E. I., of whose permission the Company avail themselves to refer inquiring parties to him, as a gentleman long resident in Western Canada, and who will afford information respecting the Company's Lands, and upon Canada generally.

Commissioners of the Canada Company's Office,
Toronto, C. W., April 6, 1853. April 26.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

WESLEYANS, and the Public generally, are respectfully notified, that a BOOK ROOM has been opened in the New Building erected on the lot, South of the Old Methodist Chapel Argyle Street, for the sale of WESLEYAN and other RELIGIOUS LITERATURE, MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, and STATIONERY, at low prices for Cash. Among the Books on hand may be found—

Adam's Women of the Bible, 12 mo. pp 225.
Almanac (Methodist, very neat
Anecdotes of the Christian Ministry.
  Do for the Young
  Do for Ladies.
  Do for the Fireside.
Angels, Nature and Ministry of, by Rawson
Angel Whispers.
Animal Life, Curiosities of.
Appearance and Principle
Arthur's Successful Merchant, plain and gilt.
Aunt Clara's Stories.

Be Diligent, Be Good Be Patient Be True. Be Wise
Bible Scholar's Manual
Binney's Theological Compend.
Blind Man's Son.
Boatman's Daughter, by Arthur
Brainwell's Life.
Brightness and Beauty
Begatsky's Golden Treasury.
Butler's Analogy of Religion, with Analysis by Dr Tuft

Carvosso's Memoirs.
Caves of the Earth.
China, by Medhurst.
Chinese.
Choice Pleasures of Youth.
Christianity Tested by Eminent Men
Clarke's (Dr. A.) Commentary on Old and New Testament
  Do do on New Testament.
  Do Life
  Do Ancient Israelites.
Class-Leader's Fireside.
Closing Scenes of Human Life.
Converted Jewess.
Cooper's (Mrs M.) Life by Dr Clarke
Cowe's Bible Dictionary, designed for the use of Sunday Schools and Families, Maps, Engravings, Chapters and Flowers, gilt.

Daily Monitor, gilt
Dew Drops, gilt.
Death Bed Scenes, by D W Clark pp 578 plain and gilt
Dick's (Dr. T.) Atmosphere.
  Do do Philosophy of Religion.
Doddridge's Life of Col Gardiner
Doing Good, by Allen.
Dying Hours of good and bad men contrasted

Early Dead.
Edmondson's Heavenly World.
  Do Self-Government
Episcopius's Life, (celebrated pupil of Arminius) by Calder
Etheredge on the Mercy of God.