

paper or periodical published in that kingdom; we might add that he has also started his medicine in some parts of France; in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, "the Art of making Money," is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for their pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment, and prudence necessary? Failing in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain.—Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. No doubt he has been well repaid for all his labours; and is we should suppose, in a fair way of making a large fortune. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated, that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period Holloway's mode of advertising was most prominently set forth; and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.—London Weekly Paper.

Take Care of your Feet.

Of all other parts of the body, says Dr. Robertson, there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended as the feet. Every person knows from experience that colds and many other diseases proceed from the "wheel of the system," and that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked there.

Yet, for all this, although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would be genteel footed, cram their feet into thin-soled, pinching boots and shoes, in order to display their feet, in the fashionable sense of the term.

There is one great evil against which every person should be on his guard, and it is one which is not often guarded against. We mean the change of warm for cold boots or shoes—a change from thick to thin soled shoes, without reflecting on the consequences that might ensue. In cold weather, boots and shoes made of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all. Warm-tights are not good, if they are not air-tights also. India rubber over shoes should never be worn except in wet splashy weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering that is air-tight over them, and for this reason India rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passages of the carbonic gas from the pores of the skin outward, and a moderate passage of air inward to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick-soled boots and shoes, are conservative of health, and consequently of human happiness.

For Farmers.

Good Dairy Farms.

The best farms for making butter are those that lie fair to the sun, where the feed is sweet and of the best quality. Butter

made from good sweet feed, will be of good colour and of superior quality to that made from feed from pasturing that lies on the north side of the hill, where the sun shines but very little. The land is cold and wet and the feed is sour and of poor quality, and the butter made from it will be light coloured and of inferior quality to that made from good rich sweet feed. Dairy-men should have plenty of good clear water, where the cows can have free access to it at all times. When cows are obliged to wade in the mud for water, and drink when there is a scanty supply, and drop their excrements in it, they are obliged to drink an impure mixture, that greatly affects the butter.

Cows should not be allowed to lie in close yards, in very warm weather; they should be returned to the pasture, or some convenient place where they have a good clean place to lie and fresh air. When cows lie in wet and muddy yards, there will be more or less dirt fall from the cows into the milk, while milking, which gives the butter a very unpleasant flavour. All kinds of feed that are of a strong nature, such as turnips and onion tops, or any vegetable that has a strong flavour, ought to be avoided, for it is injurious to the flavour of the butter. In the spring every dairymen should feed his cows with a little Indian meal and water every day for two or three weeks before they come into milking, and from that time until they can get a good supply of grass. This not only improves the condition of the cows but greatly increases the quantity of the butter, and improves its quality.

To have good cows and plenty of good feed, pure water, comfortable barns in winter, where they can be kept dry and warm, and good clean places for them in summer, is the first step toward carrying on the dairy business successfully.

Beautiful Extract.

The following beautiful extract, says the *Western Recorder*, we copy from an Agricultural Address, recently delivered before the Lewis County (N. Y.) Agricultural Society, by Caleb Lyon the poet:

"Permit me," said the speaker, "to call your attention to a subject intimately connected with the comfort of your own home. I would ask in what manner, an acre of ground in the common course of cultivation, can so well be employed as in a garden, or who deserves to have life's path strewn with fruits and flowers more than the farmer? All our vegetables were originally acclimated here, and Homer who composed his great poem, the *Iliad*, five hundred years before Cadmus brought letters into Greece, makes Laertes describe, in glowing colours, the bright associations that are clustered about this trusty cradle of agriculture. Here it was that Plato discussed, Eve sinned, Jesus prayed. The Chinese have floating gardens, the Persians hanging gardens, the Arabian fountain gardens, but ours are household gardens—and often life's happiest moments may be in the memory of the flower plucked from thence to adorn a bridal, or to grace a bier."

"Adam was a farmer while yet in paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.—Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his stern education has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and he wedded to his eiding the glory of his immortal philosophy. St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honour of subjecting the ox for the use of man.—Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at his plow and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world its sublime spectacle of human greatness. To those names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth. The enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph—all found an Eldorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green fields and verdant lawns that surrounded their homestead."

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

Mr. David Manroe, of Nashua, N. B.

Died, at Nashua, St. Mary's, County of York, N. B., Feb. 4th, DAVID MUNROE, in the 29th year of his age, leaving a wife and one child to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. The deceased left New Brunswick on the 12th of July, 1849, for the United States, in good health, and to all human appearance, with the prospects of long life; as much so, as falls to the lot of the generality of men. But the Lord seeth not as man seeth. About twelve months ago he took a cough, and symptoms of that dreadful disease, consumption, soon began to make their appearance. He sought medical assistance; but the rapid progress of his complaint baffled all the means resorted to for his recovery. By the advice of his physician, he at length proposed returning to his native climate, he did so in August last. Every possible means was used for his recovery, but all without success. Death had marked him for his victim. The concerns of his immortal soul soon became deeply impressed on his mind; for the deceased, like thousands of our fallen race, had been a neglecter of the great salvation. Many prayers, no doubt, had been offered for him by his friends, and pious neighbours that the Lord would grant him true repentance, and his Holy Spirit. He at length became a true penitent at the feet of Jesus, inquiring the way to Zion with his face thitherward, and with the awakened Jailer of Philippi, saying—sirs, what must I do to be saved? The Lord was pleased to burst asunder the bar of unbelief which had prevented his captive soul from laying hold of the promises set before him in the Gospel; and, venturing by faith on Christ, the evidence of his acceptance with God increased, and the fear of death was removed. While his wife was weeping at his bed-side, he said "weep not for me for I am happy; put your trust in the Lord—he will provide for you." A few moments before he breathed his last, he wished to be turned with his face to the wall, and as it were turning his back to the world, he gently expired. And now we are not left to sorrow as those without hope in the case of our departed brother. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

WILLIAM MUNROE.

Nashua, York Co., N. B., Feb. 21, 1852.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Rev. Mr. Knight's Letter.

DEAR DOCTOR.—Patience ranks high among the Christian graces, and of it, I am sure, you have much need, in connection with this letter of mine, which has been drawing its tedious length through, I cannot with certainty say, just now, how many of the numbers of your interesting periodical. I shall not, however, draw on the resources of your forbearance much longer; this you will say is somewhat cheering. My last communication, I think, was closed by telling you that the Missionary Meeting at New Bandon passed off well, especially so as respects the liberality of the people. In the whole machinery of Methodism, there is more than ordinary vitality; and as it is essentially missionary in its character, its *animus* is never more manifest than when a delegation is set in motion for the purpose of holding what we very significantly call Missionary Meetings. On the Sabbath, sermons suited to the subject are preached in the principal places. In places of lesser note, discourses precede the more formal business of the occasion. During the whole week, no day "lingers unemployed, or unimproved below." Saturday had now arrived, and such was the arrangement, that a meeting was to be held at Salmon Beach, a settlement about midway between the scene of the last night's labour and Bathurst. The attendance here was small. This did not arise, however, from the want of interest on the part of the people in the cause of Christian missions. The providence of God had "reserved unto them the appointed weeks of the harvest." The wheat fields were quite ready to yield up their yellow golden treasures to the lap of their owners. To retain these treasures, uninjured, longer on the fields, the boisterous wind, now raging across the adjacent bay, rendered impossible. In my last, I adverted to the indiscreet policy of cutting down the primitive forest close to the sea; a consequence of which is, that the precious grain becomes, by the violence of the wind, unheeded, and scattered upon the ground. To prevent this, as far as was practicable, the farmers had to tax their time and energy, in cutting down, and gathering up, the produce of their fields. All, however, that could be exempted from this necessary labour, repaired to the place of meeting, where a sermon suited to the occasion was delivered, and a collection made to sustain the mission fund, which, though small was as much as could be reasonably expected. The meeting ended, and a conveyance being at hand to take

me on to Bathurst, I proceeded on my journey, leaving Br. Lockhart behind to preach to the people of the settlement, on the morrow, the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

The scenery presented to view from the elevated table land, lying between New Bandon and Bathurst, is both graphic and spacious. The Bay of Chaleur is some twenty miles across, bounded on the north by the Canadian coast. The little town of Carleton Place, far down towards the entrance of this large inlet, makes an imposing appearance. The coast is settled, (at least, partially,) the whole distance to the head of the Bay, while a little way in the interior, Tracadigache roars its mountain-summit to an unusual height. The country in the vicinity of the Restigouche, I was informed, is exceedingly mountainous—so much so, that from some of its eminences, the traveller sees the lightning flash, and hears the thunder's peal, from the bursting clouds which hang around the sides of the lofty peak to which he has ascended.

On reaching the ferry, we found that the rude wind had so troubled the waters, as to make it a matter of question, whether we should be able to answer our way across. This, however, by the indomitable perseverance of our ferrymen, we eventually effected. The next day was the Sabbath. The sphere of my duty was Bathurst.—Here we have a commodious little Chapel, but, like our Chatham premises, unfortunately encumbered with debt. It has, however, been lessened considerably during the past year, and hope points her finger forward to entire liquidation. The hasty and inconsiderate erection of places of worship, leaving, as is necessarily the case, a heavy debt, tends to much subsequent discouragement, and cramps the energies of the cause for years. In this matter, when shall we be wise?—Not until we resolve to conform to the laws of the British Conference in such cases provided.—That is, not to proceed with the erection of the building until two thirds of the means, at least, be first secured.—It has but seldom been my lot, to engage in religious services more replete with interest, than on the occasion of which I am now speaking. The attendance was good, and more than ordinary attention and solemnity characterized the audience. Manifestly did it appear that to hear the words of eternal life was deemed by them a privilege. The congregation in the evening, though both large and respectable, would have been still more numerous, but for the extremely high wind, by which the ferrying across the river was rendered impracticable. The wind too, coming from the north produced a positively chilling effect. In Chatham on the last Sabbath, the thermometer stood at one hundred and two in the shade; but on this occasion fire had to be put in the Chapel stove.

On Monday, we proceeded to Tatagouche, a thriving little settlement about eight miles distant from Bathurst, a little distance off the main road leading to Restigouche. Methodism here finds a congenial soil. The fields here, both literally and spiritually, were "ripe unto the harvest." There being as yet no Chapel in this settlement, the service was held in the largest house of the place, which was crowded in all the rooms. A sermon was preached on the occasion. The text selected was the parable of the seed cast into the ground, bringing forth first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and the cutting down, and gathering in of the harvest. The subject being at once suited to the object of our mission and the occupation of the people, the whole scene was peculiarly impressive. The house seemed to be filled with an influence manifestly sacred. Beaming joy radiated many a countenance, forming it into what may be called, in truth, "the human face divine." The stream of liberality flowed with freedom,—all were delighted, and the services of the occasion, constituted a season not soon to be forgotten. Much of this was owing, doubtless, to the prepared state of mind with which the people came together, induced by the pleasing fact that the Lord had previously blessed the labours of Mr. Prince, as the instrument of a revival, which had here recently taken place. Opposition to this gracious work was made from a quarter, whence in all that is reasonable and religious it might have been the least expected. But, as in all such cases the policy of the opponents soon proved itself to be unsound, and calculated, though not so intended, rather to promote than to prevent the cause of vital religion. Already have the people provided the frame, for a place of worship, and no doubt repaired but that the building will be soon completed. The soil here is of excellent quality. The settlers are evidently of the right stamp. Their best buildings are their barns; an infallible proof that the starting point of Agricultural prosperity, has been correctly set down. Spacious and substantial barns, well stored with the annual teeming produce of the field, as inevitably lead to comfortable domiciles as causes lead to corresponding effects. On the evening of this day we held a most interesting missionary meeting at Bathurst.—The last, but not the least, included in my missionary tour. My last official duty in this pleasantly situated village was performed at the Mission House, by the baptism of the lovely twin daughters, of our beloved brother and sister Prince. May they live to be ornaments in the church of Christ.

R. KNIGHT.

St. John, N. B., January, 1852.