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## Religious Miscellany.

### Prayer.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.  
Let me love thee, O my Saviour,  
Let me love thee!  
For the years when I defied thee,  
For the love I long denied thee,  
Let me love thee!

Let me love thee, O my Saviour,  
Let me love thee!  
From the Unseen draw thou nearer,  
Let my vision see thee clearer,  
Let me love thee!

Let me love thee, O my Saviour,  
Let me love thee!  
I'll draw nearer, O my Saviour,  
I'll draw nearer!  
Though with slow step faltering faintly,  
Let my soul, absorbed and saintly,  
Draw still nearer.

Will thou hear me, O my Saviour,  
Will thou hear me?  
Will thou hear my piteous pleading,  
For the love thy child is needing,  
Will thou hear?

Never leave me, O my Saviour,  
Never leave me!  
From the fading of my morning,  
To my evening's solemn warning,  
Never leave me!

Never leave me, O my Saviour,  
Never leave me!  
Hear my spirit's last faint crying,  
Hold my head when I am dying,  
Never leave me!

What shall I give thee, O my Saviour,  
What shall I give thee?  
Shined within the dewy splendor  
Of this morning calm and tender,  
What shall I give thee?

I will give thee, O my Saviour,  
I will give thee,  
Mid my penitential weeping,  
My soul's idol to thy keeping,  
I will give thee!

This I give thee, O my Saviour,  
This I give thee!  
One untarnished, one unbroken,  
My soul's most sacred token,  
Now I give thee!

Let me give thee, O my Saviour,  
Let me give thee,  
My life's idol now to prove me,  
Now to prove at last I love thee,  
This I give thee.

This I give thee, O my Saviour,  
This I give thee,  
Praying lest my love may alter,  
Praying lest my spirit falter,  
While I give thee.

Draw thou nearer, O my Saviour,  
Draw thou nearer!  
Let the love thy life has shaken  
Loose from mine, return to waken  
Love still nearer.

Will thou save me, O my Saviour,  
Will thou save me?  
From the world-wide steep and sterile,  
From the pleasant path of peril,  
Will thou save me?

Will thou help me, O my Saviour,  
Will thou help me?  
Here to wear thy gentle meekness,  
Shriven of human want and weakness,  
Will thou help me?

Never leave me, O my Saviour,  
Never leave me!  
Let me feel thy pity folding,  
Let me feel thy love's enfolding,  
Never leave me!

### Count Them.

Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, as angel messengers sent by a kind, considerate, heavenly Father. Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star. What is life but a mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life, the gospel of Christ, divine worship? Had they the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." What is the property of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruit? Yet are there not some who possess a morbid appetite for thorns? If they have lost a friend they will murmur at the loss, though God has given them a score of new ones—and somehow everything assumes a value when it is gone. Would such count their mercies, and how quickly the heart would leap with gratitude, the mournful chant give place to songs of rejoicing, and the sad, despondent look, to one all smiles and sunshine.

Does trouble come? It is a mercy. "He loveth whom he chasteneth" and if we receive not chastisement, then have we to fear we are not children. The careful husbandman prunes his vines, lopping off the superfluous branches, admitting the sun freely, thereby producing a more harmonious growth and a more delicious fruit. So our heavenly Father prunes all who are grafted on the living vine, lopping off useless leaves and worthless tendrils, throwing the light of his countenance upon the bleeding vine, and causing it to blossom and put forth fruit in tenfold abundance.

"Heavy afflictions," says a pious writer, "when sanctioned by the grace of God are the best benefactors to heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heavy, corruptions hang loosest, and grace that is hid in nature is most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it."

How many plans have been frustrated, how many disappointed hopes grieved over, that had they only been carried out, only been read, and our destruction would have been inevitable. The writer can look back upon so many circumstances when it seemed that could this or that particular wish be gained great good would be the result. One morning I remember standing on the verandah of my southern home

looking out over the Mississippi rolling in grandeur along, its surface studded with innumerable craft.

It was a perfect day; the sky overhead was full of beauty, the earth was richly freighted with all that could please the eye or delight the senses; the air came loaded with fragrance, and bird and beast were all in their native ease.

I had set my heart on going to New Orleans; it was but a few hours sail, and by taking such a boat I should arrive in time to transact my business, and reach home in good season.

The boat did not come. I grew impatient, and venturing my opinion by walking up and down the avenue rapidly. At length she came in sight, sailing along in her pride and beauty, her deck covered with crew, earnest, happy hearts. Enjoyment was written on their faces.

With a hurried good-by I seized my valise, and started for the landing. I had only one thought—to get on board; only one wish, and that was to be in New Orleans by such an hour. My effects were on board, the plank was about to be taken in, my foot was already upon it, when down the narrow path a friend came running in eager haste. It was but a word, and my trip was delayed till the next day. It was reluctantly done. I wished very much to go, but duty called me to stay.

Gracefully she swung off and down the river, while the spectators cheered, and those on board responded by waving of handkerchiefs, hats, etc. Reluctantly I turned my face homeward. I felt the disappointment keenly.

Short as the journey was, that boat never turned New Orleans! Not an hour after she reached us so proudly, her boilers burst, and her freight of human beings was scattered, some torn, bleeding, pelting, falling into the hot, reeking chimneys, or into the water; some few were uninjured. But, O, what could I give to my God for this signal favor? Nothing but my love; while his providence seemed to me so plainly, "I walk closely, when it is dark I will see by you."

Dear reader, I implore you, count your mercies. Do not sit groping in darkness, reckoning only the losses you have known, the friends gone from your embrace, the wealth you once thought was your own. By frequently counting your mercies, you will be kept cheerful, happy, contented. In seasons of darkness, even, how blessed to feel that he directs all that befall you; that no contingencies can frustrate his plans, that he will be the right way. "All things work together for good to them that love God." It is the staff on which we lean broken, the hopes we cherish blighted? It is only another evidence of his love, another added mercy. We little know what tenderness there is in the blast of the rough wind that blows all our sorrows away, leading us to cling to Him who never forgets us in our extremity. —Sunday School Times.

### The Lost Crew.

During a summer sojourn on the sea-coast I met with the following interesting fact, which, with the suggestions it gave rise to, may be worth narrating.

I observed upon the beach, half embedded in the sand, the keel of a vessel, and, lower down a group of decaying timbers, each giving sad testimony that shipwrecks sometimes occurred on that shore. One day we went out sailing, and I took the opportunity to inquire of the captain of our boat respecting them. He told me they were our old wrecks that had been cast ashore before the lightning, which shed its warning beams far out on the ocean, had been built. In those days, he said, almost every vessel sent a vessel ashore, although from the sandy nature of the coast, destruction seldom ensued; and they were generally got off with little injury.

And then he proceeded to tell me of one fine ship that, in a dark, stormy night, ran aground. Her crew were evidently in an agony of fright, for her signals of distress were heard firing amid the uproar of the elements; but no help could be given them from land, all attempts to carry torches or kindle fires being prevented by drenching rain.

Morning rose, and the anxious shoremen hurried to the scene of the night's disaster. The storm was over; the sea had fallen to its usual level, and the ship stood high and dry upon the strand. But no appearance of life was on her decks.

They quickly scaled her sides, and searched all around, above and below, but captain and crew there were none; and from the boats being missing, it was plain that in their panic, they had left the ship and sought safety in flight. Confusion reigned around, and a great part of her cargo had been thrown overboard; yet upon careful examination, the vessel appeared to be unharmed; the storm had spent its fury upon her in vain.

The next high water the ship was got afloat, and taken safe to her owners at a neighboring port, but the boats with their living freight were never heard of. Poor fellows! had they believed in the strength of their ship, or could they have seen that she was snugly bedded in the sand, within a few perches of terra firma, they would have remained quietly aboard and listened to the howlings of the storm with composure.

And such thoughts, is the history of many a lost soul. The ship is the Church, the ark of God's covenant-love. Persecution arises, or trouble or distress, or financial panic, and the weak members tremble. They have gained entrance to God's temple, but never tasted his converting grace; they have "named the name of Christ," but have never been washed in his cleansing blood; they have professed a knowledge of the Holy Ghost, but have never submitted to his divinely teachings; therefore, when the hour of trial comes, as come it must to all, they have no faith to sustain them, no hope to comfort them. They think the Church is frail, and that the truth of Scripture, and, taking to little boats of worldly wisdom, they leave the ark of safety, launch out upon the broad dark waters of the world, and are soon engulfed in its yawning waves.

By and by the tribulation is past, the sun of peace is shining, and the Church is found to be safe, securely nestled in God's love, high and dry upon the shore of grace; and the mild voice of Jesus exclaims in playing accents, as he looks out upon the believing lot, "O ye of little faith, therefore do ye doubt?"

### Christ Free to All.

When we speak of Christ as "the life," following the type of the manna, let us take care that we get in clear view, not only our dependence, but his freeness. It was one prominent aspect of that "spiritual manna" of which "all our fathers" of the Church in the wilderness ate, that all classes and conditions of people partook of it alike, and all with equal and perfect freeness. It lay all around the camp, as accessible to one as another. Moses, no Aaron, nor any priest or ruler had any privilege at that table which the humblest Israelite had not.

The priest had no office of intervention between the hungry and the table. "Whosoever will, let him take and eat," was the proclamation. Let us take good heed that we cannot deny in the type he not narrowed or concealed in the anti-type. Our text is: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." And I do not know a text that contains more of the essence of the preaching of Christ in the richness and freeness of his salvation. Oh! let us take care that our ministry shall keep full in the sight of men that opened the way, that free access, that directness of course, not to some mere symbolical representation, but to the very presence of Christ, who, in any sense, conditions or terms of approach, so that the sinner gets to Christ only, or in any degree, by them.

The light of the sun is not more free to every man that cometh into the world, than is the salvation of Jesus to every believing sinner. It is our business to be continuously showing that precious truth; coming by faith all the condition—Christ, the full and perfect salvation of all that come.

### The Unseen Witness.

There is a little machine called an odometer, made something like a clock, which can be fastened on a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it makes off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting and by these means he could let all over many miles any one would hire it of him.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles further, making the distance they passed over, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them. "Where we were going," was the answer. "Have you not been further than that?" "Oh, no, they answered. "How many miles have you been in all?" "Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened, and here, on the face of the instrument the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go, we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words, all our thoughts.

We sometimes seek to deceive our friends; but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By and by God will touch the spring, and all that is written there will then be seen. Many things we do we would not, if we knew the eye of another person were looking upon us.

We always carry a witness with us. "A little boy was urged by an older person to do an act that was wrong. He was told that no one would know it. 'Yes, somebody will,' said the little fellow, 'myself will know it.'"

We cannot diminish the witness. God has fastened it to our minds. It is our conscience and whatever our lips may deny, it will always tell the truth. If we would attempt in the great day when God judges the world, to deny our action there, upon our hearts they will appear, written down, when we did not know it, it is an unseen witness that God has made to accompany us every day in our life.

Think daily, dear readers, of that instrument which we carry with us, out of sight, on which is written everything we do and say.

Think how we will feel when God opens it, that its records may be seen by all the world.

### A Little at a Time.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Grand occasions of life seldom come, are soon gone, and when present, it is only one among thousands who is adequate to the great actions they demand. But there are opportunities at our doors every day, in which the "small sweet charities of life" may occupy us fully. What account can we give of these as they pass by and do not eternally, to lay their record before the great throne? He who flatters himself with air-castles, constructed out of magnificent schemes he would accomplish, were he endowed with great wealth or exalted to high station, will find them dissolving into thin air, whatever he calls his heart to an honest account for the right use of that God has already entrusted to his care. "He that is unfaithful in that which is least, is also unfaithful in much."

Human life is made up of a succession of little things, or such as are commonly thought of as trifles, so considered. They mould our character and give complexion to our eternity; they can be insignificant? How slow are we in learning to do "whatsoever our hand findeth, and to leave the result, great or small, at the disposal of Him who has declared—'whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

Then, Christian disciple, "In the morning bow thy head, and in the evening withhold thy hand." "Blessed are they that sow beside

all waters." Look around in your neighborhood, in your church, and you can find no less an important work to do. Be content to stand to duties as they arise; take them as they are sent by providence. Every moment bring in our responsibilities, and man's wisdom in this world of sin, sorrow, and death, consists in cheerfully using present comforts, and diligently attending to present duties, let the crumbs, the fragments of time be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Forget not that all the soul ever, great things are made up of a vast multitude of those that are little. *Early in the composed of moments of time, never ceasing.*

Nothing will more certainly find the sleep of an hour, or bring them to a dreadful reckoning, than wasted time.

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted beauty. Let these last years should haunt thee in thy sleep. To take their swift and everlasting flight. 'Tis 'ere the earth-born shadows pass thee by. And be thy thoughts to work some noble deed. Distinguish—'tis 'ere the shadows pass thee by. An anything would do, if long were. And God himself, insidiously, were no longer here." —Central Presbyterian.

The Melted Mountain.

An old warrior, lying at the point of death, said to the missionary who stood at his bedside: "O, I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I saw an imaginary mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavored to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and while weeping I saw a drop of blood fall upon the mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved."

"This was certainly a strange sight," remarked the missionary. "What construction did you put upon it?"

"The dying chiefman seemed astonished at the missionary's question, and replied: "That mountain was my sin, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away."

How striking is this illustration of the power of Christ's blood! One drop dissolved the mountain of a sinner's guilt! O, blessed, unspeakable truth! May it fall on my sin, and on my reader's sin, and melt them all away!

Reader, does your guilt rise like a mountain? Go to Christ; trust in him; his blood will dissolve it all, and enable you to sing.

"O, Lord, what heavenly words dwell in thine atoning blood! By thy sinners' sins, say, how well, And rebels' throats, to God."

### Religious Intelligence.

The Protestant Movement in Italy.

In scanning the map of Europe with an eye to its religious activity, our attention is first arrested by the life and vigor of religious efforts in the Italian Peninsula.

A violent outbreak against the so-called "heretics" has just occurred at the town of Barietta. Scenes of murder and conflagration have again disgraced the Romish Church, as ever in the long history of its persecutions; and now, as ever, prove the magnitude of the threatening danger.

One would suppose that by this time the enlightened defenders of Rome would see that these St. Bartholomew massacres are like the fabled dragon's teeth, that spring up again as armed hosts against them. Nothing has done the Papacy more injury than these persecutions of the heretics, and such transactions as those of the Jew by Mostara.

The news that a Protestant persecution has broken out in Southern Italy gives us the best guarantee of the strength of the evangelical movement, for it is well known that these first appeared in the extreme North of Italy, where Protestantism is now most flourishing.

The primitive Waldenses, whose remnants were scattered through Piedmont and Lombardy, were the only remainder of the Reformation and its sad failure in Italy. He who, by twenty years ago, had said that in these ruins of the threatened danger. One would suppose that by this time the enlightened defenders of Rome would see that these St. Bartholomew massacres are like the fabled dragon's teeth, that spring up again as armed hosts against them. Nothing has done the Papacy more injury than these persecutions of the heretics, and such transactions as those of the Jew by Mostara.

The Reformation was intended to be a national movement, and it therefore now arises anew in the well-budding idea of national regeneration in Italy. The union and liberty of constitutional Italy has favored this movement, and it will owe its success to the national character of the effort to be independent of spiritual Rome.

As in our own land, so we everywhere hear in Italy denunciations about the Church and the pulpit interfering with affairs of State; but the cry seems more ridiculous in Italy than in us, because there it comes from those who are struggling to retain a tyrannical churchly power over the State. But this interference comes from sources too numerous and too influential to be suppressed by any false war-cry. It is not simply the Protestant Church that thus speaks, but it is the knowledge and the conscience of the best and brightest powers of the land—the philosophers, its men of science, and of state—all branches of human effort extend the hand to these interests of the soul and work in unity. This is the key to the intelligence of the reformatory movements in Italy.

The religious side of this general reform is by no means exclusively Protestant. Though led by certain Protestant sects, it never disappears in the specialisms of these sects. Waldenses, Wesleyans, Free Churchmen, afford to the co-laborers in evangelization simple points of external connection. As the whole reform is in the well-being of the human system, that it have being moulded without envy of each other.

We must be less than this fact from the programme of the three main organs that serve the interests of the different branches of the religious reformers.

The "Echo of Truth," founded by a company of Scots and Waldenses, belongs mainly to the Waldense faction; but its editor, Desmetts, of

Florence, solemnly declared, on opening the campaign for 1866, that the "Echo" is not the organ for any special Church, but the echo of evangelized truth, and therefore pledged exclusively to no denomination. This declaration is strengthened by the striking fact that the editor, though appointed by Waldenses, is not a member of their organization, though he occasionally occupies their pulpits.

In Milan the Wesleyans have the "Evangelical Collector," whose programme proclaims the widest extension of all efforts of evangelized missions, and declares its columns open for all the evangelical Churches of Italy.

Even the Second Italy, the organ of the Free Church, has been accused of exclusiveness, as expressly declared that it embraces all evangelical interests of Italy, and loudly proclaims its denominational interests as petty and trifling in comparison with the great work of the Free Church known to rival that of doing most in the vineyard of the Lord.

If there is any rivalry between these sects, it is a jealousy between the Free Church and the Waldenses, and this is greatly softened by the conciliating intervention of the Wesleyan community. This latter is more especially engaged in the mission work, and the need now is a concentration of missionary effort. The mission school in Genoa has been discontinued on account of the transfer of the learned and zealous Desmetts to Florence. He is now laboring to open it in this new capital.

We need cherish no doubt of the fate of the whole movement when the individual parts thus labor. They have the full favor of the spirit of the times, and the national current. God speed them! —Western Advocate.

### General Miscellany.

#### The Pebble and the Tear.

BY THEODORE N. TIMPY.

I stood on a rock by the mirrored deep, Where the restless waters lull'd to sleep. The bright coral's pale, the daisy's nod: And the foam of the sea slept on the shore.

The storm that had about the ocean bed, Had gone in its wild and dizzy flight, To rest in the shades of the Arctic night.

In a zone of light, the sea and the spray Shone like the stars in the milky way; Then a silence seem'd to cover us, And the heart of the ocean ceased to beat.

Then an angel came and stood by my side, And dipped his wings in the crystal tide, Then dropped a pebble in the sparkling sea, Where the sunbeams came to bathe in the sea.

Dark shadows came o'er the brow of the sea, From the depths of the breadth of the ocean cave; And the waters rose in their surging beds, Like the snow-wreathed crowns of the Alps' heads.

Then the angel dropped a tear in the flood, That rose like a flame on the rock where we stood; The billows were hushed, the storm roll'd away, And the sunbeams came and bathed in the sea.

#### Early Rising.

Health and long life are most universally associated with early rising; and countless old people are pointed at as an evidence of its good effect on the general system. Can any of our readers on the spur of the moment give a good and conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early, but it is simply because they can't sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep; hence in the aged early rising is a necessity or a convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants—to retire early, and, on rising, to be properly employed. An important advantage of rising early is that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favour that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without them, the accomplishment of retiring early, early rising is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to have his sleep out; otherwise the duties of the day cannot be properly performed. —will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious. To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system takes, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without, there can be no restoration to health and activity again.

Never wake up the sick, or infirm, or young children of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves. Let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring so early that their fullest sleep may be out by the morning. Another item of great importance—Do not hurry up the young and weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as they are open; nor is it best for the studious, or even for those in health who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the sense of weariness passes away. Nature abhors two things—violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by degrees; nor fittest best nor spiritless bird leap at once from its resting place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is re-created by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary exertion should be allowed to interfere with it. At ten o'clock at night, where possible, the young should be in bed, and the middle-aged, and the aged, the feeling of the frame away, and leaves the patient quiet and the surgeon free. Go to the opera-

ring-room now, or the sick chamber, and mark the glorious difference. The benign vapor is administered and the knife does its work without a tremor or spasm; the sufferer wakes up and asks, "when will it be?"

That delirious-loom pain is the boon that Simpson conferred on man and women who suffer from malice that call for the knife and ligature; and since God precluded the law that pain and sorrow, misery and trouble should depart by man's patient work, as by man's fault they came, there have been few nobler gifts bestowed on suffering mortals. Set up your statue for our great dead physician, generous of France; and don't ask what we have done for our great and good living doctor! You made him an associate of your Academy, and sent him your Monthly Prize; and King Oscar of Sweden made him Knight of St. Olof. We, who own him, who speak his language, who were the first to benefit by the splendid scientific boon he bestowed on our hospitals and sick rooms, and on the couch where motherhood falls, in exquisite anguish, the woman's share of the primal curse—we hardly know his name, and did our best, some of us, to back his discoveries with combative theories that pain was meant for man, and that it was imposed to sting the agony from the fainting mother, or stay the death-warrant on the forehead of the weak victim who writes under the operating knife. We, who sympathize at last towards the deepening groans of humanity, are only reminded of him by your statue which has been raised to Jenner; and when we think of something worth giving him who found out this divine boon for us—this forty gift of chemistry—we remember that the courtesier, and the swell, and the diplomats fill the list of honorees, so that we can only give the Scotch Doctor our barren thanks while we are sound, and our blessing when the surgeons get hold of us, and the case of instruments comes out.

The Value of Premonitions.

No one who has a large experience of life fails to know of incidents which bring the supernatural world very near, and draw from it apparently impressions and influences of extraordinary power. One can not account for them by any known law. The Home Monthly gives a striking case of this kind:

One of our railroad engineers, some years since, was running an express train of ten well-filled cars. It was in the night, and a very dark night too. His train was behind time and he was putting the engine to the utmost speed of which it was capable. In order to reach a certain point at the proper hour, he was running on a straight and level track, and at this unusual velocity, when a conviction struck him that he must stop. "A something seemed to tell me, that I must stop; I would save life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strain'd my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything threatening danger, and there in the day time I could have seen five miles. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales, and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Barabbas's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the children I would have borne upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger, and I resolved to stop. I shut off, blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off and went ahead a little without saying anything to anybody what was the matter. I had a lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what continued to be premonitions are sometimes possible, dropped the lantern from my nervous grasp, and sat down on the track utterly unable to stand." He goes on to tell us that there he found that some one had drawn a spike, which had long fastened a switch rail, and opened a switch which had always been kept locked, which led on to a track—only about one hundred and fifty feet long—when terminated in a stone quarry. "Here it was wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonitory warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock sixteen feet high! The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described, but they are too possibly have been otherwise than fatal! No one can here doubt the fact of a special interposition of God, by which, from a calamity most terrific, hundreds of lives were wonderfully spared.

#### The Discoverer of Chloroform.

From the London Telegraph.

Our own great God! We neglect even our own great men! There is one alive now whom all men honor, and love and bless; but it is not his reign stars and garters, and statues and pensions, in this herald-riden land before anything worthy of his glorious gift to humanity would be conferred on Dr. James Simpson, of Edinburgh. Science, humanity, and solid, sterling work are so severely treated, and learning is so modest, while luxury and vanity and good courtship glitter with rewards, that he will probably not thank us for bringing his name into the light. We shall be even asked by one, 'who is Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh?' We answer that Dr. Simpson is the man who gave the world the grand, the blessed gift of chloroform. Come with us, enquiring public, and a careless, star scattering government man, to the operating room of a London hospital. Do you know what that chamber used to be in the year 1847? A scene of agony and keen torture—unspeakable, to which men were obliged to apprentice themselves, with sickness and fainting fits, ere they could witness it unmoved. Battle wounds are nothing; pain that comes and goes is nothing; but to have a surgeon's knife slowly searching in the home of life—to have his scapel parting the living tissue—to feel the raw rasping the bone, and forges plucking the nerve, and to be laid down against the agony till gentle nature took sense and agony away in a sickly swoon that was once the horrible experience of the operating room. Shall we make the picture complete with a sketch of those cock-pits where the stump of the man-of-war's man was plunged into hot pitch to stop the bleeding, and when poor Jack had to come again the surgeon's knife was ready to cut and shiver him under his own eyes? Or shall we speak of the sight that Liston and Brodie have seen a hundred times when some unhappy girl, secured with a cruel disease, has been carried, white and shivering, into the theatre, and has died in agony under the slash of the knife? Ah! others than girls grew white, for generation after generation, at the sight of that awful knife, so necessary and so cruel! Strong men, borne from the battle, turned, silent and pale, from his dreadful gleam; brave hearts chose death rather than the living anguish of the operating table. Yet for all the years of disease, and wounds, and losses that had afflicted humanity, there was no resource in many a hopeless case but the slow agony and uncertainty of the knife.

What did Mr. James Simpson do? Why—heaven bless him for his gentle work—he sat, and schemed, and read, and labored, and experimented, and ended by putting himself and his companion, Dr. Keith, under the study table with the fumes of chloroform. But when their consciousness returned, the terrors of the operating-room were gone. Science, which gives us slowly, but with both hands full, the gift of life, has honored his humanity with the dearest and most precious boon that suffering mortality ever received. A sweet and subtle anodyne was found out, which steals the feeling of the frame away, and leaves the patient quiet and the surgeon free. Go to the opera-

#### How to Treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in open air, fanned by heaven's cool breeze; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger; but your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her efforts to please your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not wear and pale her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the last day of your existence, thrill with constant and sincere affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice, as to you. Do you think it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not as difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she can not love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife may look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

#### The Human Eye.

The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read the eyes of your companion, while you



THE STRANGER AT SALES

He is a young man from the Gulf... The Government has been... The weather was very thick and foggy...

NEWFOUNDLAND - R. M. S. Delta

NEWFOUNDLAND - R. M. S. Delta... arrived at this port on Saturday evening... The papers contain news of the... Gen. Carvajal expresses his ability to capture...

THE MOTHER'S REMEDY

THE MOTHER'S REMEDY - For all diseases... Winslow's Soothing Syrup... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

UNITED STATES

UNITED STATES - THE ROBERTS AND NEUTRALITY LAWS... The Roberts and Neutrality Laws... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE ESCAPE OF THE FENIAN STEWARTS

THE ESCAPE OF THE FENIAN STEWARTS... The Fenian Steamer... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

RESULTS OF THE FENIAN WAR

RESULTS OF THE FENIAN WAR - Last evening... The Fenian Steamer... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE BLACKS AND THE FENIANS

THE BLACKS AND THE FENIANS - Among the Fenian Steamer... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

NEW YORK, June 20th p.m.

NEW YORK, June 20th p.m. - Despatches from... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

SAFRANCO, 20th

SAFRANCO, 20th - The Mexican consul... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

NEW YORK, June 20th

NEW YORK, June 20th - Mr. Remon, the Mexican minister... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE ITALIAN FINANCE MINISTER

THE ITALIAN FINANCE MINISTER has got unlimited financial powers... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

FALL OF THE GOVERNMENT

FALL OF THE GOVERNMENT - The success of Lord Dufferin's motion... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE JAMAICA COMMISSION

THE JAMAICA COMMISSION - The report of the Jamaica Commission... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

LETTERS AND MONIES

LETTERS AND MONIES - Remittances by Mail... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

MARRIAGES

MARRIAGES - At Somerset, on the 20th inst... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

DEATHS

DEATHS - At West Ayresford, on the 24th ult... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

PORT OF HALIFAX

PORT OF HALIFAX - ARRIVED - TUESDAY, June 26... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE FENIAN INVASION OF CANADA

THE FENIAN INVASION OF CANADA - Mr. Cardwell's reply... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE WAR - The war in Germany has actually commenced

THE WAR - The war in Germany has actually commenced... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE REMINGTONS' REVOLVERS

THE REMINGTONS' REVOLVERS - Parties desiring to avail themselves... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

CANCERS! CANCERS!

CANCERS! CANCERS! - Rev. A. F. Porter can cure them... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

THE BARRACKS

THE BARRACKS - The property of John L. DeSable... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS & DEATHS

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS & DEATHS - PUBLIC attention is hereby directed... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR AND HEAD

DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR AND HEAD - DR. JOHN SKINNER... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

NOTICE OF REMOVAL - DURING the proposed alteration... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

BRITISH SHOE STORE

BRITISH SHOE STORE - A. J. RICKARDS... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

HATS AND CAPS

HATS AND CAPS - Our stock of hats is very superior... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

BAZAAR

BAZAAR - THE Ladies of the Wesleyan Church... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

NEW AND CHOICE PIANO MUSIC

NEW AND CHOICE PIANO MUSIC - Ad on the Tide... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

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LONDON HOUSE

LONDON HOUSE - GRANVILLE STREET - The Spring and Summer Stock of DRY GOODS... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

DRY GOODS

DRY GOODS - THE STANDARD Life Assurance Company... The appearance of President Roberts was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering...

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