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Religious Miscellany.

The Prayer of Submission.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask you for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,—
Through constant watching wise—
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries too and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'r estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord's own welcome wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strengdh,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful not too serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

The Light on the Head-land.

BY MISS M'CONAUGHY.

The light-house keeper on the lofty headland needs to do something more than light his lamps when evening comes. He must keep his pans clear and bright. Sometimes on frosty nights, his is a difficult task. And in the sultry summer evenings, the powerful light from fifteen argand lamps attracts a swarm of fluttering moths, which greatly obscure the light. Sometimes numbers of little restless birds will dash against the thick plate glass, and destroy themselves by the force of the blow. The light-house keeper on a certain highland counted nineteen little yellow birds dead upon the rocks one morning. A golden plover was among the number, and she had left the beautiful down from her breast adhering to the glass. So the master must ever be on the watch, for even the humblest of God's creatures are not too weak to work him harm. Far out on the ocean, for twenty miles or more, these 'fans' of light are seen, and hundreds of sleepless eyes are turned towards them, all through the long night watches. They tell the mariner that this way danger lies, that yonder is the only safe path to their safe harbor.

Such a light-house should every Christian be, "like a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid." His lamp must be lighted, and trimmed, and fed with the pure beaten oil of the sanctuary, but all this his daily example should be as the polished panes of the mariner's lamp, the place it takes to dim that brightness! A Christian's word, a jest about some sacred subject, the time spent in visit to the theatre, the circus, or any other sinful amusement, a single act of deception; these all may seem but trifles of the moment, yet their influence may be as baneful as if the light on the headland should go out when the waves were lashed by the tempest.

A young lady went with a burdened heart to inquire of her minister the way of life. After a season of earnest, faithful conversation and prayer, she proposed to return to her home. The family kindly urged her to remain all night, and the minister joined heartily in their request. She declined, however, and when supposed to be quite out of hearing, she heard the minister remark that he was exceedingly glad she did not stay, as he had merely asked her out of politeness.

The young girl hastened home, too much shocked, and too indignant to communicate her feelings even to her mother. But from that fatal evening all serious impressions vanished. She felt that if she could not place confidence in her minister's piety, she could not believe in any one. The hopes of pious friends were doomed to a sad disappointment. She grew utterly indifferent to the subject of religion, and all entreaties and counsels of her pastor seemed only to make her heart more hard and bitter. And in this frame the angel of death knocked at her door. With head upon her dying pillow, she told her mother the sad story. She had suffered herself to look at the dim panes of the light-house instead of the sun of righteousness, and now her own day of life was setting in utter darkness.

When a faithful friend told the pastor afterwards the story, he seemed merely surprised that anything so common should have made such an impression upon the young lady's mind. We are shocked at his indifference, but who among us can cast stones? What a tissue of insincerity is the whole fabric of fashionable life.

And even Christians find it hard to keep their garments unspotted from the world. How few seem to believe the declaration, that 'all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' We need all of us to offer the prayer, 'Set a watch, oh Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' And yet this is but one of the many ways in which the Christian's light is obscured. Oh, how watchful we should be, how earnestly we should try to realize that we 'are the light of the world.'—*Sunday School Times.*

Evening Questions.

1. Have I read a portion of God's Word to-day? and if I have, has it been hurriedly and without meditation, or reverently, and with a sincere appreciation of its preciousness?

2. How have I prayed to-day? Has it been formally, without realizing thoughts of God; without sensible nearness to God; or with affection, fervor, and confident dependence on Christ's mediation?

3. Have I been sensible of any holy emotion of God's Spirit in my soul; or have I encouraged or discouraged his gracious visits?

4. Have I longed after God, panted after his manifestations to my soul, and felt that in his favor and love alone could I be happy?

5. Have I studiously repressed evil thoughts and desired to be delivered from their intrusion? and have I made any successful assaults on my easily besetting sins?

6. Have I been guilty to-day of envy, jealousy, pride, evil speaking or unkind feelings? Have I returned good for evil? Has sin overcome me, or have I overcome sin?

7. Have I realized my nearness to eternity, and encouraged myself to meditate on and to seek preparation for death, judgment, and the coming of my Lord?

8. Have I met crosses and disappointments, wrong or slandering, with meekness and patience?

9. Have I been covetous, or have I resisted the tendency of my heart to avarice by the performance of benevolent and charitable deeds? Have I given anything to the poor, or purposed to do good unto all men as I have opportunity?

10. Have my secular avocations absorbed too much of my time and attention to-day?

11. Have I lived to God's glory, or for my own selfish ends to-day?

12. Is it a matter of consciousness with me that religion is my chief concern and the source of my greatest pleasure?

13. Have I been gentle and courteous toward my inferiors and dependents, kindly affectionate toward my equals, and respectful toward my superiors?

14. Have I spoken unadvisedly with my tongue, or rashly judged others?

15. Has the world been in any way benefited by my living to-day?

16. Have I had opportunities for doing anything for Jesus, and have they been embraced? Have I spoken well of him to any perishing sinner? Have I given away a religious tract, magazine, or book to any one, with prayer for the Spirit's blessing?

17. Have I prayed for the prosperity of the Church, and the conversion of sinners, and considered all I have as given me for the promotion of the Lord's kingdom among men?

The Eye of Faith.

BY PROF. NATHAN SHEPHERD.

The other day, I took my seat in the car, by the side of an old gentleman whom I presently observed was blind. Upon his asking me questions, I fell into conversation with him, and was saddened by the story of his life, which had for its text, and I may say texture, the history of his blindness.

About seventeen years ago, he was laid upon his bed by a disease which deprived him of his sight. He recovered his health, but not his eyes, if I may so speak. True it is certainly, that eyes he has not. The place which knew them shall know them no more forever. The sockets contain nothing which deserves the designation eyes—a word which expresses so much in so few letters. They were unsightly in every sense. I was deeply touched by the complexion of dejection which came over the old man's face as he related, with, to me, painful particularity, the privation to which he had been subjected while groping through the darkness of these seventeen years. He wept and so did I.

Who has not feelings to be moved by the spectacle of one who, having for some fifty years had the full enjoyment of the blessing of sight, is suddenly obliged to relinquish it altogether? In proportion as we value this blessing do we deplore the loss of it. As there is possibility of over-estimating it as an advantage, so we are not likely to underestimate the deprivation of it as an adversity.

This blind man is also a poor man, nay, an object of charity. He lives the life of a dependent in the family of a relative scarcely better off than himself in the way of worldly goods. He was once young, healthy, and earned a satisfactory subsistence. He is now old, decrepit, and dependent, and worse than all, blind!

In the presence of his tears one instinctively desires to say a word of consolation, and I know of no more uncomfortable experience than that of being unable console where consolation is intensely craved.

Now what could I say by way of consolation to this bereaved and stricken man? It were idle to urge a hope of recovery. He will never be young again; he will never be able to accumulate property, or even to earn a livelihood.—I could give him but a mite, and even if I could give him a fortune, it would not restore his sight or recuperate his energies. Could I comfort him with assurances of future health?—Could I point him to a fame that awaited him on the path of the ambitious? Could I allure him out of his despondency by promises of success in the game of trade, or of enjoyment in the world of frivolity? No. Could I do anything for him? I could, and I said it. Breaking in upon the poor man's sorrowful reiteration—"Both eyes gone, both eyes gone, I said:

"But you have one eye left."

He was silent for a moment. So was I.—Then he lifted his face from the floor, and turned half toward me with a very puzzled expression of countenance, and slowly repeated over:

"One eye left! Why—what do you mean? Surely you would not jest with me, would you? What do you mean?"

"I mean the eye of Faith."

The effect was instantaneous and electrical. I shall never forget it. The wrinkled face shone like the Lawgiver's. And the tone was tremulous that replied:

"Yes, O yes, I have that eye left! Without that I would be blind indeed, and my path would be dark indeed. And perhaps I can see all the farther with that eye for not having any other. Yes. Yes sir, I have that eye left. Blessed be our Heavenly Father, we are not totally blind we have that eye left. O how thankful I should be for the eye of faith!"

And the venerable saint (for saint he is, you see) drew his right arm across his sightless sockets, for the tears were coming rapidly, and I heard in his few extatic words the most conclusive sermon I ever listened to on the evidences of Christianity.

All the sneers of all the sceptics do not have a hair's weight with me in comparison with the blind man's smile. All the cavils in all the literature of all the unbelieving, will not move me while the words of inspired psalmody that fell from the blind man's lips, are singing in my soul. Nor will I, can I doubt our capacity to look within the veil, and to feel assured of the rest that remains there for the followers of our Lord, while it is given to us with THE EYE OF FAITH.—*Advance.*

The Assurance of Faith.

Happy is the man to whom it is given on the behalf of Christ to believe. He has the blessing of peace. He is reconciled to God through faith in the blood of Jesus; and he is freely justified through faith in the righteousness of Jesus. The Father has accepted him in his beloved Son, and it is the joy of his soul to know it; therefore he loves God, because God first loved him. In the enjoyment of this love he finds his heaven begun. By the same Spirit, who manifested it and shed it abroad in his heart, he is kept seeking for more discoveries of it. In every appointed means he waits As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth his soul after more of the presence of God, and the light of his loving countenance. Having a command—"Seek ye my face," he obeys it from his heart; but his chief view in obedience is to behold the face of the Lord turned to him in love. He wants fellowship with God in duty which highly ennobles and also endears it to him. He performs it in faith, and in a free spirit. He goes to it as a beloved child to a loving parent; and his heavenly Father meets him in it, receives him graciously, speaks to his heart, and makes him sensible that He can deny him no manner of thing which is good. Hence the ways of duty become ways of pleasantness. The farther he advances in them, and the more spiritual he grows in the performance of them, he finds clearer communication of his Father's grace and love, which still increase his joy, and afford him surer earnests and happier foretastes of joy unspeakable and full of glory.—*Romaine*

Serious Questions.

Has the Son, in any sense, set us free? Has Christ broken for us the yoke of sin—of evil habit, wrong desire, sinful living—and enabled us to go forth, as his freemen, to do and to suffer, day by day, in patient consistency, all the will of God? Oh, we may deceive ourselves in some things, but we can scarcely deceive ourselves in this. We may fall into errors, into follies, even alas! into sins, and yet not be utterly careless, not wholly destitute of faith and grace, but we must know—we do know—whether Christ is anything to us, or nothing, as to the great question of living in sin or living to God; whether, in any degree, by faith in him, by prayer through him, we are conquering, or even struggling with, our besetting temptations; whether the words have any meaning at all for us, "The Spirit of God, through Christ Jesus, sets me free from the yoke of sin and death." Yes, we know it—each man in the deep of his heart.

May He awaken us, who alone can! If not otherwise by one of his sharp shocks—by fear, by shame, by loss, by bereavement by the approach of death! Anything rather than that we should sleep on and die; anything rather than that we should hear the words: "How camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment 'Bind him hand and foot and take him away—for in that day there shall be no more the the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts."—*C. J. Vaughan.*

Heart Religion.

Religion is designed to be a life; not speculative truth, but practical truth; not a truth discussed and agitated, but a truth lived upon, turned into the daily nourishment of the soul.

Carry out its design, then. Do not talk religion. Say of religion: "I need it, not to settle mooted points with, or decide doubtful questions, but to make me wise, to console me in my troubles, to bring me off conqueror in my temptations." Resolve to become acquainted with religion on that side of it. We are not saying that controversy is unnecessary, or the faith as it is in Jesus does not need bulwarks, but we are saying that these bulwarks are not what we need to make us unhappy, however much they may be needed to make us safe. Fortifications are necessary, it may be, to the security of a town; there must be pieces of artillery on the rampart, and persons skilled to fire them; but the fortifications supply neither food nor comfort, nor delight; persons do not look for these things from them; they are not a substitute for provisions, not for parks or pleasure-grounds

Be assured that religion has its own resources, sit parks and pleasure grounds. Seek not always to hang about its bulwarks, but resolve to enter into its gardens, and to expatiate in its pleasant places. In other words, strive with might and main, despite all the unkindness and want of sympathy of man, all the opposition, to live in the depths of your mind a life of communion with God—communion, calm, sweet, and unbroken. You may fail many times a day, at first, to maintain that beautiful, delicate state of mind, which is not ruptured at once by passion, anxiety, or self indulgence; that state of mind of which the main ingredients are faith in God and love to man. But heal the wound by the blood and grace of Christ, and try again. You shall make progress by little and little in God's school, sure and solid, even if slow. Then the moment you are really acquainted with the fluctuations of the spiritual life, the moment you endeavour to keep the needles of the heart true to the pole of Divine Love, and find it oscillating and trembling beneath your daily experience of the rude rocking of the sea of this world, there shall be no need of any inducement to the study of the Scriptures. The interest of all other works will wane and fade in comparsion with theirs. They are a book for the heart, and the heart, when awake to the interest of religion, is attracted toward them by an irresistible magnetism. There shall be no need then to testify to you of wondrous things in God's law, for your eye will itself discern and live in enjoyment of them.—*Goulburn's Study of the Scripture.*

How a Revival Originated.

A contemporary gives the following accoont of the method in which a pastor, since become an eminent preacher and teacher in theology, enlisted his people in prayer and effort for the saving grace of God upon his "intellectual, cultivated, proud, worldly congregation." It is a method springing from his own depths of solicitude such as would be almost sure to lead in some form and speedily to grateful results. The earnest heart is ever the vital necessity:

He came to feel so deeply the condition of his charge that he could not bear it alone. He had thought, wept and prayed over it in his closet, and had preached the great truths of the Gospel with all the energy he could command, but saw no evidence of a response from his audience. He now invited his four deacons to spend an evening with him in his study. To them he opened his whole heart. They talked and prayed together, and their feelings were deeply moved. As they were about to separate, the young pastor requested each deacon to come again a week from that evening, and bring with him one brother, being careful to select one who would be most likely to sympathize with them in their present feelings and purposes. The expected eight men met the pastor at the second meeting, and the evening was spent very much in the same way as the first; and at the close of this interview the same request was made of the eight as had been previously made of the four deacons. At the third meeting sixteen were present. Once more, in this way, the meeting was doubled at the pastor's study; and so profound were the feelings of all present, and so encouraging were the indications of the Divine presence, that public notice was given of the next meeting which was held in the chapel; the feeling deepening and extending from meeting to meeting, until the great congregation was moved, and a very large number was hopefully converted. This great and good man always traced the beginning of that wonderful revival to that first meeting with his deacons. The deacons would probably have gone one step further back, namely, to that wrestling, and praying, and fresh anointing of their pastor, alone in the closet, before he met his deacons.

Religious Intelligence.

The Fiji Massacre.

We published in a previous issue some account of the brutal massacre of Rev. Thos. Baker, and seven natives who were accompanying him on a mission to some of the heathen tribes in that dark land. Further particulars have been received, from which we gleam the following. Some extracts from a letter written to Mrs. Baker by her husband, on the 19th of July, show the spirit in which the martyred missionary was pursuing his work, when he came to his untimely end:—

"I fear we are mid-way across the land, and am resolved to go all the way, now I am so far in. I had thought of this before I left you, but did not name it because I knew you could not endure the thought of my going away for so long a time. But I have only decided this evening to go. And I do so, because, first, I want to do the people good; second, because I believe there is no great obstacle in the way; and, third, because if I do not go now I shall never go." You must cheer up and pray for me, I am in my Master's work, and He will take care of me and mine. We are all in good spirits and our feet are sound. We have preached twice here. I did so yesterday, and Shadrach has preached to-day. People are becoming Christian all around, and there is only here and there a town that is not 'lotu.' We start early in the morning for Narvosa. I anticipate no trouble except in this place. If they do not 'lotu' I believe they will not venture to kill me. I think much about you and our little ones, especialy Alice. There is no fighting anywhere now, so I feel the coast is all clear. Kiss the children for me—all of them—and tell them to pray for me. On Saturday (27th) let the boat be sent to Rewa, as I hope to meet her there. Good night, my dear wife, and God bless you all.

"Your devoted husband," &c., &c.

This letter was received on Tuesday morning, the 23rd of July, but the brave Missionary had been taken away two days before that from his Masters's work to his Master's side.

At this place Mr. Baker got another teacher to join him; and this party now consisted of one native Missionary, two teachers, and six young men from our Circuit Training Institution. Mr. Baker and his companions were without arms.

Saturday, 20th July.—Early in the morning the chief of Namara, Dawarau, gave Mr. Baker two young men as guides, and the party left before breakfast for the district of Navosa. The chiefs and many of the townspeople went a few miles with them, and then, bidding them, farewell, returned. Mr. Baker and his comrades then took breakfast. After breakfast they continued their march; and about two o'clock, p. m. they saw in the distance the principal village of the Navosa tribe. On entering the town they inquired at once for the chief's house. The chief's name is Nakatakataimoso. When told of the arrival of the strangers, he came outside and sat down on a stone in the public courtyard. Mr. Baker and his Native Missionary then went up and shook hands with him. Then the Native Missionary in accordance with Fijian custom, reported fully where they had come from, what they had come about, and where they wanted to go. Then, presenting "a whale's tooth," he begged that the chief would be kind enough, at his convenience to conduct them to the next tribe, of Magodra, that they might proceed thence to Vuda. Having listened to the report and the request, Katakataimoso *alias* Wabalavu, took up the tooth, and promised to show the travellers the way to Vuda. His reply to their expressed wish, that he would give up heathenism, was not so favourable. He would not make any change, as he hated Christianity. Mr. Baker told him that if he felt inclined to 'lotu'—become Christian—he, Mr. Baker and party, would spend Sunday in his town. On declining to do this, Mr. Baker asked to be conducted on his way that night; whereupon the chief said, "No, the Consul slept here on his way across the land from South to North, and so must you." Then Mr. Baker seemed more satisfied; for it is said he communicated this fact to the young men, and the whole party went at once to a house pointed out to them by the chief.

Early on the morning of the 21st they were awake, and about seven o'clock the chief said, "Come, let us be off; let us show you the road to Vunda." The line was then formed, the chie himself leading the way, and Mr. Baker and the party following. They had not, however, gone more than 100 yards when the last two men, looking behind, saw a number of armed men preparing to attack them. This frightened the two men, who at once ran into the middle of the line, leaving a man carrying Mr. Baker's box on his shoulder, as the last man in the line. On marched the armed force from behind; and on coming up with the Missionary and his party, their leader aimed a blow with his club at the man carrying the box, but fortunately the box received the force of the blow instead of his head. On hearing this, Mr. Baker turned round, and with his hand upraised, he was saying, "Don't, don't," some one from behind struck him with great force across the spine with a battle axe, and he fell back a dead man. The man whom they first attempted to club jumped into the reeds at the side of the path, and while in the act of jumping saw Mr. Baker fall. This man escaped. Another of the party saw the axe raisad, but before it fell he had hidden himself among the reeds; and after being five days in the bush, escaped to Bau. These two only escaped, eight, including the Missionary and the native Missionary, were murdered.

The two guides from Nandawarau to Navosa, report that the bodies were first piled in the *rara*, the Missionary on the top, and then divided out to several towns; and what followed that division of the bodies you know too well the cannibal propensities of the heathen tribes, to require to be told.

How mysterious that, after heathenism has been abolished in all the principal tribes, and when as a system it is well nigh at an end, this melancholy event should be allowed! I was talking to Joel Bulu about it the other day, when he said, "The devil knows that his kingdom is about to be destroyed, and is making a last effort to keep his ground."

We sorrow with our bereaved sister, but try to draw comfort from the thought that the death of our beloved brother may accomplish more good for Fiji than even his useful life accomplished.

The Rev. Jesse Carey writes of Mr. Baker as follows:—The deceased Missionary was in the 36th year of his age, and the 9th of his ministry. A more hard-working Missionary I have not known. He was not a hasty enthusiast, but a steady worker, who never flinched from duty, when to him it appeared clear that duty called him to action. His trips among the heathen tribes have always been productive of good, and I am sure he was on the most friendly terms with every tribe through which he passed on this, his last expedition.

While going always on the great business of his Missionary calling, and ever seeking "to do the people good," he did not everiook some other matters, which, while not strictly requiring his attention. are yet of great importance not only to our Mission Society, but also to the general public. But what gives us the greatest consolation in this hour of bereavement and sorrow is, that our departed brother was a true and faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus. His piety was characteristic. It was steady and calm. He never appeared to me to be troubled with doubts and fears, like many very good Christians. He loved his Bible and his God. He was always happy in his Master's work.

General Miscellany.

Death Indoors.

Multitudes of persons have a great horror of going out of doors for fear of taking cold; if it is a little damp, or a little windy, or a little cold, they wait, and wait, and wait; meantime, weeks and even months pass away, and they never, during that whole time, breathe a single breath of pure air. The result is, they become so enfeebled that their constitutions have no power of resistance; the least thing in the world gives them a cold; even going from one room to another, and before they know it they have a cold all the time, and this is nothing more or less than consumption; whereas, if an opposite practice had been followed of going out for an hour or two every day, regardless of the weather, so it is not actually falling rain, a very different result would have taken place. The truth is, the more a person is out of doors the less easily does he take cold. It is a widely known fact that persons who camp out every night, or sleep under a tree for weeks together, seldom take cold at all.

The truth is, many of our ailments, and those of a most fatal form, are taken in the house, and not out of doors; taken by removing parts of clothing too soon after coming into the house, or lying down on a bed or sofa when in a tired or exhausted condition from having engaged too vigorously in domestic employments. Many a pie has cost an industrious man a hundred dollars. A human life has many a time paid for an apple dumpling. When our wives get to work they become so interested in it that they find themselves in an utterly exhausted condition; their ambition to complete a thing, to do some work well, sustains them till it is completed. The mental and physical condition is one of exhaustion, when a breath of air will give a cold, to settle in the joints to wake up next day with inflammatory rheumatism, or with a feeling of stiffness or soreness, as if they had been pounded in a bag; or a sore throat to worry and trouble them for months; or lung fever to put them in the grave in less than a week.

Our wives should work by the day, if they must work at all, and not by the job, it is more economical in the end to see how little work they can do in an hour, instead of how much. It is slow, steady, continuous labor which brings health and strength and a good digestion. Fitful labor is ruinous to all. *Hall's Journal of Health.*

Winter.

The never pausing seasons as they roll—
The Spring's reviving, and the Winter's death,
Are but the mirrors where the unresting soul
Sees its own changes; and the blighted heath,
The flowerless meadows, and the songless woods,
And cloud-mailed storms so sternly marching o'er,
But shadow forth the heavy gloom that broods,
Over the heart when hope smiles there no more.

How cold the oblique sunbeams fall upon
The shrouded earth; and thus the joyless light
Of life, its warmth of love and pleasure gone,
Glimmers upon the sad heart's wintry blight,
Only revealing by its empty gleam
The desolation we would fain forget—
Love's early blasting, and joy's silent stream,
And frosts of calumny more fearful yet.

But the tempest that goes forth to meet the Spring,
Screaming defiance, will return ere long
Her gentlest messenger; and from its wing
Will shower o'er all the land rich floods of song;
Thus the same blast that chills the earth, endowed
With life and love recalls her from the tomb,
And the snow-crystals of her winter shroud
Will soon in flowers o'er all her meadows bloom.

Hence learn, repining one, where'er thou art—
Love is omnipotent; sorrow and care,
Her servitors, visit no human heart
Except to bear some richer blessing there.
Yes, learn from nature's great apocalypse—
Grief's but the cloud whence showers of joy descend;
What we call death is but a brief eclipse—
Life is eternal—Love can never end.

Distress Produced by Fashion.

The old saying, "What is sport to some is death to others," is illustrated anew in the sad tale which reaches us from the great centre of the straw-plait trade, Luton, a town which till recently has been in a very flourishing condition.—In 1851 it was calculated that the yearly returns of the trade were about £900,000, and the persons employed in it about 70,000. For twenty miles aroud the women and the children in the cottages, as well as in a more organized manner, have earned, if not a living, at any rate a very material aid to it by the occupation of straw-plaiting. Now the ladies have adopted a very ridiculous custom of ceasing to wear hats of decent size, and instead of them show on the top of their heads a little ornamental patch of gauze, or lace, or ribbons. Consequently on Luton and the adjacent district great distress has fallen. Many thousands of hands are out of employment, and are suffering the extremest privation. In Luton alone, out of the population of upwards of 20,000, more than one-third have scarcely bread to eat, and the poor's rate and the board of health rates at this time have risen to more than 10s. in the pound. Thousands of persons can scarcely earn a shilling a week where, in good seasons they could earn 7s. to 10s. for six-day's labor. Some of the largest manufactures in Luton—Dunstable Market Street, Bedford, and other parts—have, closed their warehouses. Go where you will, in those places may be encountered grown-up women and children, almost naked, the very pictures of wretchedness and want. We commend them to the kind consideration of the ladies, whose senseless whim has created such wide-spread distress.—*London Christian Times.*

Novel Reading.

Language, like every other gift of our benificent Creator may be misused. It is a mighty instrument and may be used for evil as well as for good. Our language being but the expression of our thoughts is dependent on them for its character. And as one thought ever begets another in the same mind, so by means of language does the thought of one mind excite the thought of another. And as our thoughts must ever bear a similarity to those by which they are called up; and as "every thought to which we are prompted, every emotion or desire which that thought awakens, may be a link never to be unfastened in the chain of mental phenomena which runs unbroken through the life of man, and which reaches into the world beyond the grave;" does it not behove us to take heed how we allow our ideas to be associated, and, as a consequence, what we allow our language to express?

If it is true that the words we now write or utter may be so potent in their influence as to affect generations yet to be; and if it is true that we are accountable beings, should we not, I say, take care that we abuse not the gift of language? If it indeed is true that we are immortal, that we are fast hastening onward to eternity, that the place which now knows us will soon know us no more forever; what shall we say of those books which tend rather to make us grovel in the dust than to elevate and ennoble our minds?

Our country is flooded with a species of literature whose influence on the heart and mind is most pernicious and degrading. Instead of aiming at developing thought and stimulating to action, or leading us to examine our own selves, instead of aiding us to rise step by step in that progress which must go on throughout eternity, or exciting within our breasts thoughts and feelings pure and worthy of us, these books tend, and that in a strong degree, to fan the flames of our evil propensities, to feed our lasts, pamper our vanity and suggest impurities to our minds. So far from supplying us with thoughts worthy of our contemplation, they give us mere husks for solid mental food. Instead of appealing to man as man, created in the image of God, they seek rather to rouse those grosser parts of our nature which are common also to the beasts that perish. By placing before our eyes a low standard of perfection, by making the worst forms of vice familiar to us, by polluting our imaginations, and by creating unhealthy mental excitement, they tend to debase rather than to elevate, to enervate rather than fit us for active duties.

And, to leave out of the question those men who can employ their heaven-born powers on such an ignoble object as writing novels, what shall we say to that vast multitude of our fellow-men who are, alas! novel readers?

My dear young friend, have you ever seriously considered the immortal tendency of those books which consume so much of your valuable time? You must, I think, have noticed how dull and common-place this fair world of ours and all its accompaniments appear to you after weeping tears of sympathy for some unfortunate hero, who never had an existence, save in the heated and misdirected imagination of your author. Have you not observed, too, how your mind is filled with useless thoughts and foolish longings, and is unfitted for vigorous thinking, how the wild excitement is followed by a corresponding re-action of lethargy and depression, how you are rendered dissatified with your lot and fond of reverie and the building of air-castles which "shall perish like the baseless fabric of a dream."

Do not longer indulge in such a misuse of the noble faculties God has bestowed upon you. Read, by all means read, but read language which expresses thoughts worth thinking. Turn to the pages of our great master-minds, ponder their thoughts and make them your own; but never spend the energies of your mind nor waste your precious time over the frivolous nothings of those "yellow-covered trash" which constitute the great bulk of our popular light literature. Above all, my dear young friends, turn to that grand old depository of truth, the Bible. "There you will find some of the sublimest strains that ever swept the poet's lyre; the weightiest thoughts that ever engaged the attention of the human mind; the most expressive elequence that ever fell from the lips of the orator; and, what is far more important, 'words able to make you wise unto salvation.'" But refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself rather unto godliness; shun profane and vain babblings, for they will increase unto more ungodliness.

Fun at Home.

Don't be afraid of a little at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation.—Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find at their hearthstones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment, round the lamp and firelight of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safe-guard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

The Bond of the House.

The English term "husband is derived from the Anglo Saxon words, *hus* and *band* which signify "the bond of the house," and it was anciently spelt *house bond*, and continued to be so spelt in some editions of the Bible, after the introduction of the art of printing. A husband, then, is a house bond—the bond of a house—that which engirdles a family into union of strength and the oneness of love. Wife and children, "stranger within the gates," all their interests and all their happiness, are encircled in the *house bonds* embrace, the objects of his protection and of his special care. What a fine picture is this of a husband's duty and a family's privilege! And what a beautiful emblem is this, of the guardianship, and love, and uniting kindness exercised towards believing souls, and inquiring sinners, and "the whole family in heaven and in earth," by Him who says, "it shall be at that day that thou shall call me Ishi, (that is, my husband,) for I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee me in righteousness, and in judgement, and in loving-kindness and in mercies; I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness!"

The Past and the Future.

It is a natural and pleasing exercise of the human mind to look back to the early stages of developement whether of a city or country.—Men do not readily tire of telling how small Detroit and Chicago were a few years ago; and there are many in Montreal who look back with something akin to wonder on the days when we numbered a population of only thirty thousand. The first century of the United States is not past, and yet they have within that brief period increased in population tenfold. Historians describe Liverpool, Glasgow, and New York as comparatively small towns at no very distant date, the inhabitants of which could not in their most sanguine dreams have imagined their present greatness.

It is not, however, so common an exercise to contemplate the future progress of cites or nations, for the obvious reason that while the past is known the future is uncertain; yet it may tend to expand the mind and to fill the heart with great purposes to look upon the present as only the day of small thing, when foundations are to be deeply and securley laid for a glorious future superstructure.

Canada begins her national career with a population fully equal to that of the United States in '76, and though we have not the same advantage of a wide territory within genial latitudes, yet we are saved from the great drawbacks of the United States, such as the institution of slavery and the war that grew out of it. We also live at a time when railroads track otherwise inaccessible regions, and when the wealth of fertility which has been accumulating for ages on the plains of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan may be made available for the susten-

ati on of the world. It is not therefore Utopian to expect a great increase of population and development of resources in the new Dominion; so that, at no distant date antiquaries may look back with amazement to the time when Montreal had *only* one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and the whole Dominion of Canada only about four millions.

The same train of thought may likewise be applied to moral enterprises. The Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations which assembled here last fall, was a great advance, both in respect of numbers and interest, upon previous Conventions; but the next generation of young men will look back with a feeling of complacent contrast on the year 1867, when only six hundred delegates assembled in Montreal. One of the speakers at the Convention said that the time foretold by the prophet had, he thought, arrived when young men should see visions of enterprise and of success in the work of the Lord which have not heretofore entered into the heart of man to conceive, and many will agree with him in this opinion.

This train of thought should lead us—whether in material or moral enterprises—to pray for great things, to labor for great things, and to expect great things.—*Montreal Witness.*

Obituary.

MRS. ALEX S. TUTTLE.

Rebecca Jane, the beloved wife of the Revd. Alexander S. Tuttle, was the daughter of the the late Asher Black, Esq., of Amherst, N. S. She was blessed with pious parents who were anxious to promote the spiritual welfare of their children, and endeavoured to set before them a good example. Those desires were realized in Rebecca's early conversion to God. When about fifteen years of age, she was convinced of sin at a prayer meeting, while her brother was relating his experience. That night at the family altar she was the subject of special prayer, that God would have mercy upon her and set her soul at liberty. After she had returned to her room, while lifting up her heart to God in prayer, the Lord spoke peace to her soul. With hasty step, and with tears of joy, she at once went to her mother to make known the cheering news,—"Jesus is my Saviour! O, I am happy now! Jesus loves me and I love him!" Mother and child rejoiced together. There was joy on earth and joy in heaven. She united with the people of God, and henceforth had great pleasure in attending the means of grace, public and private. She frequently spoke of the comfort she experienced in attending class meeting. She was never known to be absent from that important means of grace, when it was in her power to attend.

On the 17th of July, 1862, she became the wife of the Rev. A. S. Tuttle. She united with her husbbrd in seeking to promote the prosperity of the Church. Her great aim appeared to be, to live to the glory of God, and for the good of souls; and, while on the Gagetown Circuit, she was made very useful, during a time of special services.

Her illness was protracted, and at times painfully severe, stretching over a period of more than three years. Our departed sister manifested great patience, and resignation to the will of God at all times. She was frequently the subject of sore temptation from the great adversary; at other times she was deeply depressed in mind, from a consciousness of her own unworthiness and shortcomings. In her distress occasioned by these causes, and her feeble state of body, her mind sympathizing with it, she would be heard to say with David, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him."

Towards the close of life, her joy in the Lord became more abiding; and at times ecstatic. Her sayings were far too many to record, more especially her strong expressions of confidence in the Divine faithfulness, that he would give her the "victory" over her final foe; and enable her to "overcome through the blood of the Lamb." And as if listening already to celestial voices, hymning the songs which will be ever new and everlasting, she begged her weeping friends to unite with her, and with emphasis repeated the stanza:

"There is a land of pure delight, &c"

The hymn beginning with

"Come let us join our friends above"

was frequently on her lips, and she would sing it with holy delight.

As the hour of her departure drew near she evinced the utmost calmness and recollectedness; selected the subject for her funeral sermon, and gave other directions as minutely as if in health. She urged upon her friends to live to God, and meet her in *heaven.*

On the 16th of Dec., 1867, in the 27th year of her age, our dear sister died in the Lord.

Her remains were taken to Amherst, and the next day, from her mother's house to the resting place of the dead. A sermon was preached in the church, to a large and attentive congregation, from Zec. iii, 2, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"—words selected by our sister for the solemn occasion.

Let us "be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

INGHAM SUTCLIFFE.

Amherst, Jan. 2nd, 1868.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8, 1868.

Circular from the Executive Book Committee

TO THE MINISTERS OF THE CONFERENCE AND THE READERS OF THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

BRETHREN:—Shall we have an addition to the subscription list of our paper? An affirmative and practical answer to this question depends, at least, in a great measure, upon yourselves—the interest *you* feel, and the efforts *you* make in the matter. What *can* and what *will* you do on your various circuits towards this object?

We respectfully and earnestly solicit your cordial sympathy with us in our anxiety and effort to extend its circulation. Will you not—one and all—make personal appeal to the members of your congregations on its behalf?

Please at once see the old subscribers, and get their renewal of subscriptions, with the advance payment for the year 1868.

The paper will be sent to them for a few weeks, that time may be given for ascertaining the number of those who wish it continued, when we hope you will put the Book Steward in possession of their names.

The Committee cannot but entertain the opinion, that, if a well-directed and personal effort were made, the paper would have a much wider circulation, and the receipts remove all embarrassment in the way of meeting the expenditure incurred in its publication.

Brethren! we look to you, and cherish the conviction that your hearty co-operation will result in renewal of the old subscriptions and the addition of many new names to the list.

The Committee directs that as soon as payments made to you shall amount to $8, the money be sent to the Publisher by mail, or other reliable conveyance.

POSTAGE ON PAPERS.

Subscribers! We do not wish to lose one name from our list—we would not have you withhold from your families the weekly visits of the *Provincial Wesleyan.* As the payment of postage may operate against the efforts the ministers may make to obtain subscribers, we have concluded that *the office shall pay the Provincial postage* on all the papers upon which the advance payment of subscriptions shall be made to the ministers *within one month from this date.* This rule will apply to all subscribers, old and new.

E. BRETTLE,
GEO. S. MILLIGAN,
ALFRED W. TURNER,
JAS. TAYLOR,
} *Executive Committee.*

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 2nd, 1868.

From our English Correspondent.

Fenianism; the Irish Press, Public Demonstrations, Seditious Speeches—Government Action—Terrible Outrage in London—Fresh Conspiracies—Anglican Epistle to the Greek Church—Death of the Earl of Rosse—French Papal Policy—Romish Persecutions in the Pacific—Valedictory Service at the Westminster Normal Institution—State of the Education Question.

"What! Fenianism again!" some may be ready to exclaim as they look at the heading of this letter. The fact is that is impossible to understand the state of things in this country without a prominent reference to this strange development of political fanaticism. Ever since the execution of the three Fenians at Manchester a month ago, for the murder of Serjeant Brett, demonstrations have been taking place in honor of their memory, particularly in Ireland; and every effort has been put forth to rouse into yet fiercer hatred of England the passions of the Irish people. The Irish newspaper press has been actively employed in administering powerful stimulants to the disaffected portion of the population. The other week one of these papers had a cartoon in which Britannia was represented as a hideous fury, brandishing a dagger with which she had slain the patriots of Ireland, over whose bleeding forms Hibernia was weeping bitterly. In the next week's issue of the same paper there was another cartoon designed as a sequel to the former, and entitled "The Angel of Justice." In this Britannia was seen flying in terror from the avenging angel who was descending from heaven with a naked sword in one hand and an hour glass in the other. In the distance is a gallows, from which three ropes are dangling, and in mid-air, over the gibbet, were *three crowns of martyrdom.* Erin was represented below appealing to heaven for justice. In various cities and towns of Ireland immense processions have marched through the streets on a Sunday in honor of the three "martyr patriots." Take as a specimen, which will describe several similar instances the procession of the last Sunday week in the city of Dublin. At the lowest computation 20,000 persons, men, women and children, marched six miles under drenching rain, which fell without intermission throughout the day, to testify their sympathy with the men recently executed. Everything was done to render the display pompous and impressive. Three hearses, adorned with white plumes, and each drawn by four black horses, bore the names of "William P. Allen," "Michael O'Brien," and "Michael Larkin." Ten bands distributed at intervals in the line of procession played "The Dead March in Saul." The drums were enveloped in crape, and on some of them were painted a death's-head and cross-bones. Mourning coaches, carriages, cabs, and cars brought up the rear. The immense multitude having reached the appointed place of rendezvous, an open space in front of a suburban cemetery, an inflamatory harangue was delivered by a man named Martin, in which the execution of the Fenians was denounced as a legal murder; and England was accused of wantonly inflicting upon down-trodden Ire and "sad years of insult, robbery, suffering, impoverishment and extermination, beyond what any other people have ever endured from a foreign master." These processions and seditious addresses were, as fanning the flame of discontent, and exciting such general alarm that the Government at length, too tardily as many think, began to take action. The processions were forbidden, and several persons have been summoned to take their trial as fomenters of sedition.

Only about a week had elapsed when a Fenian outrage occurred in London far exceeding in atrocity any thing on record for very many years. In the north-west of London is a prison called the House of Detention where persons are confined while under examination before our police courts. Here, among other prisoners, were two men named Burke and Casey, both of them Fenian agents, awaiting their final examination on a charge of treason-felony. About 4 o'clock last Friday afternoon, three men and a woman conveyed a barrel, containing some 500 lbs. of gunpowder, or some other yet more explosive material, into a street along one side of which is one of the prison walls, while on the opposite side was a row of houses containing a closely packed population. The barrel was placed close to the prison wall, the bung was quickly taken out, a fuse inserted in the hole, and a lighted match applied. The men then hurried away in different directions, and almost immediately an explosion took place the tremendous force of which can scarcely be described. It blew down about forty feet of the prison wall, which is 20 feet in height, and two bricks in length in thickness. It tore down a house opposite leaving neither stick nor stone standing. It made a complete wreck of several houses besides leaving little more than the bare walls. At the time of the explosion there houses were crammed with women and children, most of the men being away at work. The awful disaster was the work of a few seconds. The noise of the report was heard for miles. Crowds of people rushed to the spot, and began to drag out of the appalling mass of ruins helpless sufferers covered with terrible wounds, and streaming with blood. Three persons were killed on the spot. More than forty were conveyed to neighboring hospitals frightfully mutilated, and of these some have since died. Three out of the four persons who committed this horrible deed were arrested in their flight, and it is thought that they will supply a clue to the detection of other Fenian plots.

Since the crime of last Friday, various other indications have been given that Fenianism is a most reckless and wide-spread conspiracy, and the greatest alarm prevails. Among other causes of excitement and fear, a quantity of gunpowder has been discovered in a sewer communicating with another prison, and evidently placed there with the intention of blowing up the building. Had this infernal design been carried into effect, the extent to which human life and valuable property would have been sacrificed it is impossible to estimate. Another sign of the energetic and determined enemy's presence among us was discovered two or three days ago in the shape of a Fenian document found in the town of Wolverhampton and containing an account of a plan which had been formed for the simultaneous attack of all the military armories throughout England. It will be easily believed that Fenianism is just new the all-absorbing subject of public attention. Everybody is waiting with keen interest the arrival of each successive daily newspaper to ascertain whether there are any tidings of any new outrage, or the discovery of any new conspiracy.

A letter, written in Greek, has been forwarded by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all the patriarchs and bishops of the "Orthodox Greek Church," together with a copy of the Encyclical recently issued by the Synod of Anglican bishops, held at Lambeth Palace. It is truly a sad and humiliating, and withal a most glaringly inconsistent thing, that the bishops of the "Reformed Church of England" should thus express this desire to hold intimate communion with the corrupt Churches of the East, and proudly hold themselves aloof from noncomformist Churches at home, which hold the pure faith of Christ. The fact is, ultra-episcopalianism will sacrifice almost anything to the miserable dogma of what it idly calls "Apostolical Succession." An ex-member of Parliament, who, when occupying a seat in the Legislature, took a conspicuous part in the debates on religious questions, has addressed a letter to the archbishop on the proceedings at the Pan-Anglican Synod. He tells his grace, that the conference at Lambeth has not been at all calculated to win the confidence of the lay members of the Church of England. The truth seems to be that the laity have realy paid very little attention to it.

Our recent obituary of great men contains the name of the Earl of Rosse, a nobleman occupying a distinguished place in the scientific world, on account of the eminent service which he rendered to astronomical discoveries. He was celebrated as the constructor of the largest telescope in existence. This gigantic instrument was 52 feet in length, and 7 feet in diameter, with a 6 feet speculum. The cost of this telescope was about £30,000, and its completion was a work of patient skill, extending over seventeen years. The deceased nobleman was a member of many learned societies on the Continent, and held some distinguished orders. It is but seldom that scientific genius has resources such as enabled the Earl of Rosse to carry on his noble pursuits. His magnificent telescope is not likely soon to be surpassed.

The French Minister M. Rouher has just indicated in the French Chambers a line of policy which has put the Papal party in very high spirits. In a long and able speech he declared it to be the intention of Government to uphold the temporal power of the Holy See. He warned Italy against cherishing any longer the idea that the possession of Rome was at all essential to the unity of the Italian kingdom.

There has been nothing yet half so outspoken. What the French Emperor really means the wisest heads fail to divine. Certainly it looks as if Napoleon means to vindicate the ancient title bestowed upon the French King "Eldest Son of the Church." One French paper the *Opinion Nationale* does not hesitate to say that according to the recent political programme, "When he wants France the Pope has only now to ring his bell, and France will rush to his side.

Some time ago the Directors of the London Missionary Society presented to the Emperor of the French a memorial on behalf of some native converts who were enduring severe persecutions from Papists at Lifu. The favourable reply which His Majesty gave to the memorialists led to the hope that the native Christians of the Loyalty group of Islands would obtain some protection from persecuting Romish priests, but no such good results have followed.

True to the unvarying practice of Popery, when Popery is in power, a relentless persecution has been carried on against the Protestants. They have been driven from their chapels. The Missionaries have been insulted and there has been property stolen. The native Protestants have had their plantations destroyed; and some of the chapels have been pulled down, and the materials thrown into the sea. We need not comment on this; it tells its own tale, and reads its own lesson. Would that our own statesmen could see what Romanism really is. At home we try to conciliate it, and truckle to it; a policy equally silly and pernicious.

On Saturday last the Annual valedictory service, preparatory to a number of the students leaving for their appointed work in various parts of the country, was held at our Westminster Normal Institution. The usual address was given by the President of the Conference, and contained an able and comprehensive view of various aspects of Education. Several of our leading ministers also addressed the meeting, and took the opportunity of calling attention to the question of Education as it is at present regarded. The Rev. William Arthur expressing himself with his usual force and clearness, among other remarks, truly observed, that for "the future well-being of religion in this country, there was scarcely anything more desirable than the extension of Methodist Day-Schools."

Mr. Arthur referring to the term which he had just used, added, "If I could, I would say Protestant schools, not confining myself to the Methodists. But at this hour there are many schools in England nominally Protestant, but so conducted as to teach the smallest amount of Protestanism as possible, and as much of what is favourable to Popery as they dare amongst a Protestant population."

It is generally thought that when Parliament re-assembles in February next, the subject of National Education will form a prominent topic of debate. There is a rapidly growing disposition by a public rate, or in some other way to provide a secular education.

December 20th.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Public Speaking.

ARTICLE I.

WORDS, PROVINCIALISMS, H'S, &C.

Public speaking is one of the chief agencies in doing good. He who can *speak*, is every where in demand. Now, why do not more learn to speak? Orators must, perhaps, be endowed with gifts by nature; but almost every one can, by practice, become an agreeable and useful speaker. And why do not many who *do* speak, try to improve their speaking? Strange, that while singers try to improve their singing; military men drill continually, to improve their military skill; workmen try to improve the quality of their work, that speakers do not make such effort to improve their speaking, as to render it easier, more acceptable, more influential and useful. "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." Now this is pre-eminently worth doing. It is for one's own sake. It will give him pleasure, position, friends. For the sake of others. It may do a vast amount of good. It is worth doing, in the Methodist denomination; for in so many connections the power to speak may be used with advantage in the class room and love feast; in Sunday school, as exhorter, local preacher, minister. Speakers are needed every where. Why will not our young men, and some of our older ones, learn to do this well? Why not as well as possible? What do you say, Mr. Editor, if I offer a few hints—having thought of this matter somewhat—that may be useful; not so much to those who are educated, as to others who have but little time for study; not so much upon the cultivation of the mind, as upon smaller matters.

I will begin by recommending every such person to learn to pronounce words. Do not say, it matters not, if the ideas are good, how the words are pronounced. You are a merchant, perhaps. Does it not matter how your parcels are done up if the articles are only good? You may please or greatly displease customers, gain or lose them, by your method of putting up goods. You may spoil the effect of a whole speech by some blunder in pronunciation. I remember an eloquent sermon I heard years ago. It was captivating the audience, till a ridiculous pronunciation of a proper name set people smiling and marred the whole effect.

Take your dictionary. See how words are pronounced. Be sure about some you are now doubtful about. Learn how to pronounce three words every day and you will be master of nine hundred a year—leaving Sunday out—and soon be accurate in the whole language.

Get rid of your provincialisms. You are in British America, where people speak as good English as any where in the world. Scotchman, or Irishman, or Englishman, Yorkshire-man, or Cornish-man, get rid of your dialect and speak *correctly.* You have no good reason for not doing it. If you have married a blue-nose wife, get her to help you. Get some judicious friend to help you. Help yourself.

I have heard an excellent man quoting a beautiful hymn like this:

Could we but climb where Mawses stood,
And view the landscape orr,
Not Jardan's tream nor death's cawld flood
Could frieght us from the shawr.

Now that is too bad. It is not *Mawses*, but *Moses.* Can't you pronounce *Mo* and *o'er* and *cold* and *shore?* An Englishman thinks he has a right to mis-use his *h's.* O, you know, an Englishman calls "hill," "'ill;" and when he is ill, says "I am hill" I beg your pardon. Not every Englishman; not every Londoner. Did Dr. Scott do it. I did not hear him, but I am confident he did not. Did Wm. L. Thornton use an *h* in sound when there was none in spelling? No. But I heard a brother, in announcing a sermon by him, say, "the Rev. Wm. Hell Thornton will preach this evening" "Mercy!" I thought, "what a blessing his name is not 'Fire' instead of 'Thornton'!" Some very ridiculous mistakes arise from this useless habit. Many have heard of him, who called a trustee meeting "to consider the best method of *'eating* a new chapel." I heard a long discussion between a cockney and a blue-nose, on the comparative excellence of air pillows and hair pillows. In the matter they seemed to agree; but when cockney said "air" he meant "hair," and when he said "hair" he meant "air," and blue-nosey said it kept up the debate. I do think that men who speak in Christian assemblies ought to make it a matter of conscience to cure the habit. "It can't be done." Yes it can. If you go to St. John they can tell you of a minister—now eminent and eloquent—who, when he arrived, invited the people forward to the halter at first communion. A young lady present, heard it. And though he afterwards adjusted the silken noose of wedlock upon her, he did not even ask her to go with him to a haltar. She meanwhile taught him to drop his useless *h*, and they went together to the altar. What (English) man has done, (English) man can do with help or without it.

I would like to give the Scotchman and the Irishman a thrust; but, perhaps, I have said enough; and may be they would not be so good natured as the Englishman. Let every young man, every beginner, especially, resolve to have a correct pronunciation, breaking up all provincialisms, learning how to sound and accent every syllable of the words he must use in speaking, and he will have one of the chief attractions and excellences of a good, acceptable, influential speaker. Eloquence, oratory, all cannot command; but correct pronunciation can, by moderate effort, be secured by all.

MONITOR.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

Is Singing really a part of Public Worship?

Every one answers, Yes; a very important, a delightful part. "Not a mere exercise of the choir or congregation?" "No!" "Not something to give variety, to gratify the audience?" "No; but a part of the *worship of God.*" Think of such words as—

Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing, &c.

The singing is designed to stir the feelings more thoroughly, so that there may be more devotion, more heart. Strong efforts are made to engage the largest possible number of the congregation in the act. "This is not," it is said, "a performance of the choir, but an exercise, into which *all that can* should enter. And even if the tune is not familiar, or you know not how to sing, you should let the feelings of the heart go up while others sing. At least, make melody in your heart to God. Sometimes the minister says, as he announces the hymn, "let us sing to the praise of God;" or, "let us all sing;" or, "let all the congregation join in singing unto God."

Now let all this be accepted as perfectly correct. Singing is worship—worship of God; an important, solemn, holy exercise; quite as much so as prayer. *It is* prayer or praise, adoration, celebration of God's goodness, the glories of his gospel or kingdom; with poetry and melody employed, more fully to draw out the soul; designed to engage *many* voices and *all* hearts; and without the heart it is empty—a mere mockery. I want to ask, why is the time of such an engagement chosen as the time to regulate the temperature of the place, to adjust lights, to whisper to neighbors, to carry notices to the pulpit, to do the general business of the congregation? Why do ministers take that time to talk to each other in the pulpit? to consult about the services? to look up Scripture passages? to arrange their notes? to study their manuscript? If *hearts* should be engaged, why not theirs? If they wish to engage others, what will be most influential, precept or example? If they *preach*, "bring no more vain oblations," why do they not *practice* and help others to do so?

"Let us sing or close with the doxology," is often proposed. And every child may know from the words—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,—

that doxology means, a rendering of praise or glory to God. I know of no words more solemn, more majestic. And when the triune God, invoked to listen to his praise, looks down upon the congregation, what does he behold? Some putting on their gloves; others stowing away books, or dressing children, getting every thing ready for an immediate rush on the utterance of the last words, "Holy Ghost," or rushing out of the house, and the minister, the leader and exemplar, the man who proposes the doxology, getting on his over-coat, or putting away his sermon. Doxology!! indeed!!! It is a hollow form, a farce, an insult to our Maker.

It is amazing what may be seen in Christian assemblies, even among the most zealous advocates of all we assumed at the beginning. Here is a large congregation singing one of the most glorious hymns of praise ever written; near me, an active minister and a Sunday-school superintendent, busy in conversation; and that, not upon any deep things of God, but upon affairs that should have been left outside the door. I wonder if they will talk all through prayer? No, they stop. But why then and not before?

Now we are in a public religious meeting, and it is "concluding with the doxology." See the chairman—venerable man—how carefully he is putting away his spectacles into their case. There is the secretary, a prominent minister, down on his knees putting the Society's books into a tin box so as to *lose* (?) no time. Here, in Sunday School, the teachers are piling Bibles and question books; librarians are finishing their work in their book cases, officers and teachers and scholars are winding up their little matters of business, so as to have all done when they (who?) have done rendering glory to God. It would be disrespectful to God to close religious meeting or Sunday school without some offering of praise; and this is the praise, the respect his children render!

A. B.

Military Tea Meeting St. John, N.B.

On Wednesday evening 18th ult., the Ladies of the Germain Street Methodist Church, of St. John, prepared a social tea for the military men of the gallant 15th Regt. regularly worshipping in that house. The wives of the married men accompanied their husbands. The pew-holders and heads of families of the Church joined their military friends at the festive board, and intermingled freely with them. An invitation was extended to all the resident ministers of our city and vicinity, to which most of them responded. The trustees and class-leaders connected with the Germain St. Church but worshipping in the Centenary and Exmouth Church were also present. The ladies confined themselves to a plain bill of fare, yet abundant and substantial. The School room was tastefully decorated with scenes from distant India and Africa, and well executed illustrations from that world renowned and well read book "Pilgrim's Progress" together with other suitable devices. Conspicuous at the upper end of the room was the British Coat-of-Arms, entwining around which were several of the red cross flags of England.

Addresses both clerical and lay were delivered, most Voluntee r and Impromtu, all having a bearing on the spiritual interest felt and manifested by Methodism from its first inception by its venerable founder John Wesley, to the present day, by all her pastors towards those who wear the uniform of a British soldier and sailor, embracinn the red white and blue.

The Rev. Chas. Stewart, Pastor of the Germain street congregation, has taken a very warm and lively interest in military men. Every Wednesday evening he holds a Bible class in the school room at the Barracks. It is well attended, and much interest is taken by the soldiers themselves. A large amount of scriptural information is communicated, and much spiritual good has resulted therefrom. Rev. J. R. Narraway having to leave early in the evening addressed the meeting first; his remarks were patriotic, spiritual and stirring; warming alike both the heart of the soldier and christian friends present. After returning thanks, our beloved pastor Rev. Chas. Stewart, at some length referred to many of the early Methodist christian soldiers and officers, converted under the preaching of the early ministers, also to some brought into the church at a later date; his remarks were well timed, and told upon his appreciative audience. He woke up quite a strong religious feeling in the hearts of all, which was well sustained by subsequent speakers. The venerable Father Strong sprang to his feet at the close of the former speaker's observations, and expatiated at some length in a warm pathetic style with much unction, following up the train of thought introduced by Messrs. Narraway and Stewart. He dwelt in glowing terms on the military ardour displayed for ages past in field, flood and church. He intimated that early in life he was full of military aspiration, so much so that he thought of joining the British army. Rev Mr. Stewart in giving a gentle hint to Rev. Jas. England to improve the occasion, said humorously, it is reported that a celebrated naval officer said on one occasion, "England expects every man to do his duty;" to-night he would reverse the expression, and say,—every man, woman, and soldier expects Eng (Rev.) land to do his duty. Mr. England in the course of his remarks, referred to the father (Richard Vicars) of the esteemed and pious Hedley Vicars, who fell while gallantly leading the brave 97th Regt. in the deadly breach before the bloody trenches of Sebastopol. His father attended the Methodist church while stationed in Newfoundland, under the preaching of the Rev. George Cubitt he became awakened to his condition as a sinner in the sight of God; he sought and found salvation by faith in our Lord and Saviour, and became a useful and successful Local preacher among the Methodists during his stay upon the Island. The speaker took from his pocket a small music book, the writing on the fly leaf of which was, "presented to the choir of the St. John's Wesleyan Methodist church, Newfoundland, by Richard Vicars." The presentsl and autograph were in his own hand writing. Rev. Mr. Pickles gave expression to a few practical and appropriate thoughts. George A. Lockhart, Esq., after making some good remarks, referred more particularly to the life and labours of the devoted Rev. Stephen Bamford, who in the early years of his ministry preached in the old Methodist church in Halifax in full uniform. He was usually known by the familiar and endearing name of Father Bamford. Robt. Robertson, Esq, confined his observations to reminiscences of early Methodism in St. John; he spoke very touchingly and was listened to with marked attention. He is a brother well up in years, taking a deep interest in Methodism generally, but especially everything that is connected with the old Cathedral of Methodism.—A few years ago, in the Rev. Mr. McMurray's time, he took a very active part with others in renovating the old church; was one of the worshippers in the old house at its first opening, which memorable event, he said, took place on Christmas morning at 6 o'clock, in the year 1808. The devotional exercises on that important occasion were conducted by Rev. Joshua Marsden.

Towards the close of the meeting, for the information of the pew holders and members of the church and congregation; the efficient circuit Steward, T. C. Humbert, Esq., gave a luminous financial statement, showing the monetary position of the church to be very satisfactory; that at the last quarterly meeting we had a surplus of nearly $50, Sunday and class collection much increased, especially the former. Congregations increasing weekly, and felt spiritual influence attending all the services. Good signs of a coming revival are showing themselves in the prayer meetings, class meetings, and under the preaching of the word. At the close of the quarterly meeting it was moved and seconded and carried unanimously, that $100 be added to our beloved Bro. Stewart's salary this year.

At intervals during the evening, sweet and appropriate music was discoursed by the excellent choir belonging to the congregation; it is lent choir belonging to the congregation; it is the most zealous advocates of all we assumed at the beginning. Here is a large congregation singing one of the most glorious hymns of praise ever written; near me, an active minister and a Sunday-school superintendent, busy in conversation; and that, not upon any deep things of God, but upon affairs that should have been left outside the door. I wonder if they will talk all through prayer? No, they stop. But why then and not before?

Now we are in a public religious meeting, and it is "concluding with the doxology." See the chairman—venerable man—how carefully he is putting away his spectacles into their case. There is the secretary, a prominent minister, down on his knees putting the Society's books into a tin box so as to *lose* (?) no time. Here, in Sunday School, the teachers are piling Bibles and question books; librarians are finishing their work in their book cases, officers and teachers and scholars are winding up their little matters of business, so as to have all done when they (who?) have done rendering glory to God. It would be disrespectful to God to close religious meeting or Sunday school without some offering of praise; and this is the praise, the respect his children render!

A. B.

The Winter Campaign.

For weeks past we have felt an earnest desire for a general revival of religion. We plead for those who are wandering from God, and most earnestly beg for an early persistent effort to induce men to seek our Lord Jesus Christ. We hope to be able to chronicle many revivals. Let not the precious moments be wasted.

The best way to promote a revival is, *First*, to arouse the church to prayer and to diligence in the work of the Lord. When all work seriously for the cause it will advance.

Second, to preach faithfully the law as well as the gospel. Show the people their sins. Warn men to flee from the wrath to come. Present the solemn realities of the judgment, the dreadful perils to which sinners are exposed. The terrors of God's law should be presented truthfully, faithfully, as a means of awakening men from the lethargy of sin. The ethics of Christianity must be insisted upon, the injustice and wickedness of rejecting Christ fully shown. Men can not be awakened by any other means so effectually. Preach the law affectionately but earnestly.

Third, Preach Christ crucified as the only hope of salvation. Dwell upon the loving kindness of God, who would save the soul of the penitent on condition of faith in our Lord Jesus. Call men, entreat them, urge them immediately to seek Christ. Pray for sinners, visit them, warn and encourage them.

Fourth, Hold protracted meetings with the special design of saving men. Press the matter as far as you can prudently and never give up as long as there is any hope of good.

We make these suggestions to ministers with the prayer that God may visit all of their charges, and that their people may become so holy, so earnest and dilligent that many may be induced to turn away from sin. It is high time to begin the work if not already begun. We hope no minister will be influenced by the miserable objection of dead professors to revivals of religion. We must have revivals or go backward. We heartly believe in old fasnioned Methodist revivals, and hope to see many and hear of many more.—*Central Ad.*

A Missionary Dream.

I am disposed for a moment to tell you of a dream I have had. We are not responsible for dreams; and if the fantasies of sleep are wild, the dreamer may be forgiven; but this dream of mine had a startling realness about it, and it haunts me yet. I dreamed of a beautiful island, or perhaps a group of islands, which I thought had arisen from the sea. Tradition said that some three hundred years ago, they were all overflowed with water. Indeed, one of them was very largely under water still, and the others bore traces of the flood. The sea roared angrily in the distance, and there was danger I thought, that it might encroach again; and the inhabitants of the island seemed to think so, for as the land was on a low level they built dikes, as in Holland, and appointed warders, and gave them charge to watch the approach of the waves.

For a while all went well. Harvests grew and were gathered upon the reclaimed ground, and there was the hum of industry and the hymn of praise. By and by a rumor arose that the sea was getting nearer and higher, and here and there a warder called attention to it; but he was laughed at by his fellows for his pains, and the people took no heed of his words; but I saw with the dreamer's insight, which seas the end from the beginning, the steady onward creeping of the water. At last there could be no doubt about it, the sea was higher and nearer than the oldest islanders had ever known; but still it was the summer time, and skies were blue, and winds were calm, and men talked a little about the progress of the ocean, but that was all; and though certain churches, which the old men remembered to have been many miles inland, were now standing by the very verge of the cliff, and were almost undermined, still men felt no fear. Were not the warders there, and were they not doing their duty? Were not the dikes up, and were they not all secure?

By and by years rolled away, for dreams, you know, take no note of time, and presently there were tidings that some of the warders had been caught slumbering at their posts; still men felt no fear. Then there was one part of the embankment which was known to be confessedly insecure, but that part was mainly inhabited by ladies, who did not like the warders to intrude upon their privacy, and it was deemed ungallant to go there. But I saw in my dream, oozing through that part of the enbankment, the treacherous water. And then, by and by, from that island, which was almost submerged, it was thought necessary to bring skilled mariners in to teach the people the habit of the sea, and they were paid by the authorities, I thought—I must have been mistaken—with that intent; but I thought in my dream that these men were stealthily opening the flood-gates and letting in the water. Then there were many rough and violent kinsmen of these skilled mariners, who by breaking the law had been confined in prison; and the mariners claimed that, although they were shut up there, their education must not be stopped; and as nobody could teach them but themselves, they got admittance there, and by and by outside the walls of the prison there were the splashing waves, and through the chinks of the masonry the damp, cold cruel water. And so the sea rose and swelled, until the islanders got accustomed to it, and talked about taking the warders from their posts, and throwing down the dikes altogether.

Then there came a change upon my dream, and in place of northern latitudes, and in the place of people living a long way from the sea, fenced from it by a rock-bound coast and strong defences, the sea was all round; for the island like another Venice, had married the sea, and the sea had hidden the ring, and was a jealous and cruel bride. Still it was [illegible] people felt no fear. There was [illegible] of the sea where the waters had a strange life, and moved with sluggish course, and [illegible] like under their breath, and said it was because it was stained with blood and choked with corpses but it was deemed bad manners to refer to this in company, and it was forbidden for the fishermen to cast their nets in there. Then there were gay bridges here and there, and palaces rose up, and men ate and drank and married, and went about their business, careless as the old world while the ark was preparing; and all around and all about, at the doors of the palaces on the steps of the churches, wriggling into every by-way, creeping in many coils about the city's heart, there was the same silent, black, deceitful, treacherous water. And it grieved me in my dream to see how foolish men were to let it get so near them, and to compass them so thoroughly round. For I saw that the water was coming, and that it needed only the summons of the storm to swell the turbid waters until the devoted country was engulfed in another deluge.

Now, I should like to know if there is any interpreter here who can read me the moral of my dream. I have wondered whether it were possible that it had any reference to England. I have wondered whether there is anything in the midst of us at this moment like that stealthy, snake-like, rising, creeping water. I have wondered whether you know, any of you, anything like it, whether there is a system in the midst of us, which for years has always been clear and which has always obtained what it clamored for, which has secured its own close houses from inspection, while it has wormed itself into yours, which has got into your work-houses, into your prisons, which has granted an indulgence for twelve months to people who will only pray for you, pray that you may be converted to what they consider to be the true faith; and which yet is a system which has been a curse and a mildew to every country where it has prevailed. And so wondering, when I was privileged once more to stand on this missionary platform, one of whose duties, I humbly think, is to bear testimony to the truth, I have wondered whether it was not my duty to tell this dream to you.—And waking out of it, as men do from unsightly visions, with a sense of shuddering and of fear, I have wondered whether I ought not to summon you, though my words be of the feeblest, to arouse yourselves as the heart of one man, and to let your manifesto ring out upon the world. Away with gags, and jails, and proscriptions, and penalties, our sufferings have taught us charity, and we will not steal the sword of persecution from her to whom it of right belongs; but to us has been committed a stewardship of truth and freedom, and we will not be faithless to our trust. In sight of the rising tide and of the fatuous warders, we will do our duty, and speaking with a voice too stern for trifling, and too sad for passion, we announce our resolve to-day. In the name of our martyred forefathers, and in the name of the country that we love, and in the name of the sanctities which are habitually violated, and of the liberties which are put in peril, and in the name of the slaves who are enthralled, in the name of the souls that are deluded, and in the name of the Gospel of Jesus which is hindered, and in the holy name of God, "A barred door to Popery, and no peace with Rome!"—*Speech of Rev. W. M. Punshon, A. M., Exeter Hall, London.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

The watch night services on the last evening of the old year, in the Methodist churches of this city, and the covenant services on Sabbath last, were deeply solemn and profitable occasions.

UNION MEETINGS.—The meetings in observance of the week of prayer in this city, have, so far, been well attended, and give promise of good. On Monday they were held in Chalmers' Church; yesterday in Grafton St. Church; to-day they are in St. John's Church; to-morrow they will be in Granville St. Church; on Friday in Brunswick St. Church, and on Saturday in St. Matthew's.

INCENDIARY.—The old chapel at Lower Horton was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning last.

TEMPERANCE.—The Rev. Canon Cochran is about to form a Temperance Society in connection with his Church. We wish great success to this and all similar efforts.

We learn that a young girl, in Truro, was last week knocked down by a runaway horse and killed.

A child on South Mountain, King's Co., was scalded a few days since by the upsetting of a pot, and died within a few hours.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The schooner *Susan*, McKean Master, from Grace Bay, with a cargo of coal, was wrecked at Louisburg, on the night of Saturday, 28th ult., and six of her late, all hands, being six persons, perished. On the same night schr. *Julian*, from Sydney, was wrecked at Liscomb, Guysboro' Co., crew saved.

BOTTLE SMASHING.—A writer in the *Witness* gives an account of summary proceedings being taken to break up the illegal liquor business at Goldenville Gold Diggings, by seizing a carriage, emptying and breaking packages of liquor, &c. The writer justifies the proceedings on the ground of this being the only mode of abating what was proving a grievous nuisance.

In the Police Court on Saturday, a soldier named James Calahan was fined $20 or 90 days in the City Prison, for removing a lantern from an open trench, and for destroying ornamental trees in the north end of the city.

Belyea, the notorious robber of the Western counties, has been re-captured. He is now, with the two others who escaped at the same time from the Annapolis jail, safely lodged in that institution.

A number of citizens have presented the handsome sum of eleven hundred dollars to the Union Fire Protection Company, as a token of their appreciation of the Company's services in saving property at fires. This well-merited donation was forwarded to the Company through W. T. Townsend and W. Neil Esq'rs. The last English mail brought this Company, from Her Majesty Queen Victoria, two beautifully executed portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert. This valuable gift is in fulfillment of a promise made by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when he visited this city.—*Col.*

SUICIDE.—A Mr. Bigelow, of Canning, Cornwallis, recently committed suicide by hanging himself in his bedroom with a silk pocket handkerchief. A young man, Mr. H. S. Barnaby, Kentville, committed suicide by drinking laudanum.—*Witness.*

ACCIDENT.—Wm. Forsythe, 20 years of age, was crushed to death at the Lawrencetown Gold Diggings on Tuesday, while excavating in a sand bank. It appears that while filling his barrow, some distance within the narrow tunnel, the arch or top suddenly gave way and precipated about twenty tons of sand immediately upon him. Prompt assistance was on hand, but three quarters of an hour elapsed before the body could be extricated and life was extinct.

The receipts of the

distances, at considerable expence, to attend the meetings. A large number of ladies were present. The meeting commenced on Tuesday forenoon and came to a close on Thursday night.

The Hon. John McMillan, member of the House of Commons for Restigouche, N B., has been appointed Inspector of Post Offices for the Maritime Provinces, and in consequence has resigned his seat. The Miramichi *Gleaner* inmates that it is probable that Mr. Philips and Mr. Cardwell will offer for the vacancy.

TWO PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.—A sad and fatal accident occurred early on Christmas morning about six miles from the Suspension Bridge, in a house or shanty on the line of the Western Extension road. After daylight it was discovered that the house was burned down, and that Mrs. Noble, the occupier, and a young lad named Williams, about 14 years of age, had perished in the flames. The remains of the woman were found on the floor of her bedroom, where it is supposed the fire originated. The body of the lad was found near the door of the house, he having been apparently endeavouring to escape. The case is a very sad one.—*St. John Journal.*

VERDICT OF "WILFUL MURDER."—The Coroner's Jury on hearing the evidence at the inquest of the body of the woman named Noble and the boy burned to death in shanty on the Nerepis road on Christmas morning, felt justified in bringing in a verdict of wilful murder against the husband of the deceased. He was therefore arrested on a Coroner's warrant, and committed to jail to await trial at the next term of the Supreme Court. He had been drunk during the most of the night, and in company with his son, a boy ten years of age, had been drinking at a tavern near the scene of the catastrophe. The boy who suffered death in the shanty was not his son, but a stranger, and about 14 years of age. The prisoner is a man about 40 years of age, with a countenance not by any means of a vicious cast. If guilty of the awful crime charged against him, he manifests very little concern.—*St. John Globe.*

TORONTO, Dec. 31.—A man calling himself Jones, but whose supposed real name is Gus Shaw, has been arrested here for incendiarism; he is supposed to be the man who shot Sheffield Calcutt, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the 30th inst. He was held for examination.

An extensive Foundry, just completed and owned by Baird & Son, was destroyed by fire this evening—loss not ascertained.

MONTREAL, Dec. 30.—"LeCanadian" says that Lord Monck has received instructions to remain in Canada another year. Lord Naas, who was to succeed him, remaining in Ireland.

NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.—By the Postal Law, which will go into operation on the 1st of April, the following rates of postage have been established:—

1st. On each letter transmitted by post for any distance within the Dominion of Canada, when paid at the time of posting, one uniform rate of three cents per half ounce or fractional part thereof; and when not so prepaid at the time of posting, a rate of five cents per half ounce or fractional part thereof.

2nd. On each letter not transmitted through the mails, but posted and delivered at the same post-office known as "local" or "drop" letters, one rate of one cent per half-ounce.

3rd. On each letter delivered by a letter carrier, a rate not exceeding two cents in addition to the proper rate of postage according to the preceding rates.

4th. On each "local" or "drop" letter delivered by a letter carrier in cities or towns, where there is a free delivery, a rate of one cent in addition to the proper rate of postage according to the preceding rates.

5th. On each dead letter when returned to the writer, the rate of five cents in addition to the payment of the proper rate of postage according to the preceding rates.

6th. On letters called ship letters, brought from beyond sea in vessels not being post office packets, a rate not exceeding five cents for each such letter, and that such rate be payable by the receiver, in addition to the proper rate of postage according to the preceding rates.

7th. On newspapers printed and published in Canada, and sent to the regular subscribers in Canada by mail as follows:—

Upon each such newspaper, when issued once a week, the rate for each quarter of a year, commencing on the first of January, first of April, first of July, or first of October, of each year, shall be five cents; when issued twice a week, ten cents; when issued three times a week, fifteen cents; when issued six times a week, thirty cents. And in proportion, adding one rate of five cents for each issue more frequent than once a week; and that such rate be prepaid in advance from the first day of the quarter from which the payment commences, for a term of not less than a quarter of a year, at either the office of mailing or delivery.

8. On each newspaper other than those specified in the preceding Resolution, and Exchange papers sent by post in Canada, a rate of TEN CENTS

9. On periodical publications other than newspapers, a rate of ONE CENT per FOUR OUNCES, or of HALF CENT per number when weighing less than ONE OUNCE, and posted singly.

10. On books, pamphlets, occasional publications, printed circulars, prices current, handbills, book manuscripts, printer's proof sheets, whether corrected or not, maps, prints, drawings engravings, photographs, when not on glass or in cases containing glass, sheet music whether printed or written, packages of seeds cuttings bulbous roots scions or grafts, patterns or sample of merchandize or goods, a rate of ONE CENT per ounce.

11. On all letters, newspapers, and other mailable matter passing by mail between any place in Canada and the United Kingdom, any British possession, the United States or any other foreign country, such charges and rates of postage on being posted in Canada, or on delivery therein, as may be agreed upon under any arrangement made by the Postmaster General for the transmission, despatch, receipt and delivery of the same, and contained in any regulation made by the Postmaster General in pursuance of such arrangement.

12 On and for the registration of letters and other mailable matter passing by mail between places in Canada, a rate not exceeding six cents for each letter or article of mailable matter, in addition to the proper rate of postage according to preceding rates.

13. On closed parcels, other than letters and not containing letters, and sent by parcel post, such rates for conveyance as the Post Master General shall from time to time make.

14. On all the mailable matter not being letters, newspapers or other things before mentioned, such rate of postage as the Post master General shall from time to time, by regulation approved by the Governer General in Council, establish and declare.

United States.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31st.—The Fenian Brotherhood, at their meeting this morning, elected Gen. John O'Neill, the Hero of Bidgeway, Vice President in place of John Gibbon, who has resigned that position. This evening Col. Roberts resigned the office of President, thus placing Gen. O'Neill at the head of the Brotherhood.—Addresses have been issued, in the name of the Fenian Brotherhood, denouncing all connection with the blowing up of the Clerkenwell prison, and sending murderous, explosive letters.

European.

LONDON, Monday, Dec. 30.—The Great Powers of Europe are determined to ask Napoleon the basis of the Conference to which they have been invited by him, and through which France seeks to negociate a treaty for the settlement of the treaties of Italy. It is stated that the inability of Gen Menebrea, the Prime Minister of Italy, to reconstruct a Ministry, is now the principle cause of delay, in perfecting arrangements for the meeting of Conference. The Paris *Patrie*, in an editorial this morning, earnestly denounces those who assert that the Conference has been abandoned.

Pierre G. F. Lepay, the distinguished French Engineer, who was at the head of the Imperial Commission for the universal exposition, has been made a Senater of France by an Imperial decree.

A gun shop in Cork was broken into last night by a party of eight men, and rifled of its contents. A considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was secured by the robbers, who were undoubtedly Fenians.

LONDON, Dec 31, noon.—Later advices have been received from the expedition now marching into the heart of Abyssinia. It is reported that King Theodore, ascertaining the extent and power of the measures taken by the British Government, to effect the liberation of the English captives voluntarily released them himself.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec 28.—Official advices to the Hon. Cassius M. Clay a Minister to Russia, dated Perkin, Nov. 22 announce that the Chinese Empire has determined to send a special Embassy to the treaty powers. It is presumed that the purpose of the Embassy is to revive the treaties between the great powers and the Empire of China, and to settle the many complicated and delicate questions which have arisen under said treaties during several years past. An Imperial decree, date Nov. 21st, 1867 announces that the Imperial Government had selected as its special Ambassador for that purpose the U. S. Minister to Pekin, Hon. Anson Burlingame. The acceptance by the latter of the appointment, the several foreign ministers residents near Perkin, with whom Mr. Burlingame, is very popular, all cordially approve of his selection. He leaves immediately, and proceeds via San Francisco.

LONDON, Jan. 5th.—The Council of Berne has formally instructed Arnold Sutler, the Swiss Consul at Mexico, to express the sympathy of Switzerland with the Liberal Government now inaugurated in Mexico.

The Spanish Imperial decree has been issued for reorganizing the Courts of Law in Cuba.

The subject of the sale of the three Danish West India Islands to the States will be submitted to the Council at Copenhagen on Wednesday.

A great popular banquet was given in Naples on Friday evening in honor of Baron Ratezzi.

The British Government is in receipt of information regarding the movement of Fenians. The public excitement has by no means abated. The Saturday evening despatches from Cork state that a body of Fenians last night surreptitiously entered the magazine in that city, and, unchallenged, carried away a half ton of blasting powder. There is no clew to the perpetrators of this bold act. The people stand aghast at the daring of the Fenians. The Clergy of the city of Limerick have affixed their signatures to a document declaring there can be no permanent peace in Ireland unless it is treated like Hungary.

General Menebrea, the Prime Minister of Italy, has given publicity to a number of private letters, proving that Baron Rattezzi was fully apprised of the recent movement of Garibaldi against Rome, and favored it. He also lent the insurgents his valuable influence and assistance.

The Turkish Envoy at Vienna will start for London to-morrow, to ask the protection of the English Government against the intrigues of Russia.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Two Head Centres and five Captains of Fenian organization have been arrested at Merthyr, in South Wales. The Government has determined to proceed with the prosecution against Sullivan, of the Dublin "Nation," and other persons who have taken a conspicuous part in recent funeral processions in honor of Fenians executed at Manchester.—It is reported that the men who stormed the Mortello Tower, near Cork, and broke into the shop—previously reported—all came from the Fenian Brotherhood from that country.

PARIS, Jan. 1.—The *Moniteur* in its issue of to-day says Gen. Menenbrea is in a fair way to complete the organization of the Italian Cabinet, and the formation of a new ministry under his direction, may now be considered as certain.

LONDON, Jan. 2—Last night, near Cork, a party of Fenians attacked the house of Mr. Charles Mathew, brother of the late Father Mathew. The family of Mr. Mathew was apprised of their danger in time to successfully repel the attack. Quite a large force was quickly gathered, and concealed in the mansion and on the premises, and when the maurauders came up they were met with a galling fire, and fled. Several were wounded, but were carried off by their comrades. The motive for the assault, whether for murder or plunder, was unknown.

On New Year's Day all the Ambassadors of Foreign Powers now in Paris were received in a body by the Emperor at the Palace of the Tuilleries. The Papal Nuncio, speaking for the diplomatic corps, assured the Emperor of their good wishes for himself and the Imperial family. The Emperor, in reply, said he was happy to again begin New Year as heretofore, surrounded by the representatives of all the Great Powers, and to once more represent by this interchange of assurances the friendly relations which now existed between France and their respective Governments. The Archbishop of Paris, who was present, hoped that God would preserve the Emperor's health as a guarantee of peace, and said the promotion of religious and moral ideas in France was the only safe basis of the Throne. To this the Emperor responded in these words:—"The wish deeply touches me; believe me, the interests of the religion of a country, and civilization, are inseparable."

Dr. Livingston is alive and well. Positive advices just received from Africa leave no longer doubt of his safety.

In a public speech yesterday, Victor Emmanuel declared that it was the unanimous desire of Italy that Rome should be the capital of Italy, but the subject demanded patience on the part of the people.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 3rd.—The *LeNord* newspaper has received intelligence from Paris that the headquarters of the Fenian brotherhood on the continent have been found in the Faubourg Dateise in Paris, and have been seized by the French police. A large quantity of letters and other documents, revealing the plans of the brotherhood, were found on the premises and were forwarded by the French authorities to London. The *LeNord* also states that among the documents brought to light was one containing the details of a plot for destroying a portion of the British channel fleet by fire. Other papers of a similar character have been discovered, all of which have been placed in the hands of the British Government.

LONDON, Jan. 3, (eve.)—The examination of Desmond, Allen and others, alleged to be implicated in the Clerkenwell jail explosion, has resulted, so far, in producing no satisfactory evidence as to their criminality, and leaves the affair almost as much a mystery as it was before the investigation took place. The magistrates adjourned the examination one week. It is thought that the Conference on the Eastern question recently held in St. Petersburg by the leading diplomatists of Russia, has a warlike significance.

DUBLIN, Jan. 3.—Lord Strathenim, commander of the forces in Ireland, is actively engaged disposing of his troops to meet a possible outbreak. Particular attention is directed to the Counties of Cork and Tipperary, in which extraordinary precautions are being taken; the banks of the River Shannon, and the northwest coast of Ireland are closely guarded to prevent a landing.

PARIS, Jan. 3.—It is how generally conceded that notwithstanding the recent statement of certain journals to the contrary, that all hopes of the assembling of a general conference of the European powers for the settlement of the Roman question have been abandoned by the French Government.

An urgent note has been received by the French Government from the Sublime Porte in which it is stated that Russian agents are inciting a revolt among the Christian subjects of the Sultan. A vigorous protest is made by the Turkish Government against such action, or at least connivance thereto on the part of Russia.

FLORENCE, Jan. 3.—Gen. Menabrea has not yet completed his new cabinet, and the ministerial crisis continues—meanwhile political agitation in the country is incessant and widespread.

LISBON, Jan. 3.—Tumults have broken out in this city, and in the other parts of Portugal, in consequence of the imposition of new taxes, the unpopularity of the new ministry, and excitement created thereby led to resignation of ministry.

THE EVIDENCE INCREASES.—Every day the volume of evidence increases in favor of MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, or Hair Dressing. If your hair is thin, try them; if scurfy, try them; if harsh, try them; if none of these, still try them, for all who use them will preserve their hair through life. Every Druggist sells them.

Dec 25. 1m.

Antimony, quinine, mercury and calomel, enter into the composition of most of the cathartic Pills now offered to the people. Parsons Purgative Pills are compounded of cathartics used and approved by all good medical practitioners.

To our Subscribers and Agents.

The Circular to be found in another column announces, that the Executive Committee of this Office has generously resolved to relieve from postage on the *Provincial Wesleyan*, those subscribers whose advance payment for the year may be made, either to the office or to the Ministers or Agents, during the month of January. We hope this Appeal of the Committee may encourage subscribers and agents in rendering patronage and support to our Journal, and that the efforts now being made for an increased List may result very favourably. It is desirable that we be furnished with the very earliest information respecting changes in the Circuit lists, either by discontinuances or by new subscribers.

Our Agents will further perceive by the Circular that the Committee deems it undesirable for acknowledgements to be made of subscriptions received by the Ministers, until such subscriptions have been received by the office, as mistakes and losses have arisen from the convenience heretofore afforded in this respect.

WEYMOUTH.—We have received from Rev. S. F. Huestis, the following in relation to religious prospects in Weymouth:—We have lately closed some very interesting and profitable special and religious services at Weymouth. A class has been organized with upwards of 20 members—the most of whom have united with us at the present time. The additional labour expended there, since the appointment of a second preacher to this Circuit, is giving to our cause a most favourable and pleasing aspect.

Letters and Monies.

Remittances by Mail at risk of this Office, must be by P. O. Money Order or Letter Registered

S. (B R, $5, Please continue,) Rev S. F Huestis (R. B. H., $10 80, P.W., E. Burnham $1, Mrs Morrison $2, Jas D. Lettany $2, G Henderson $1, D. Cornwell $1, H. Titus $1. A. Spurr $1 80, Capt G. Sulis $2—$22 60, two new subs, will make corrections.) Rev A. B. Black, Rev W. McCarty (Tickets sent to Chairman, cannot be sent free by mail.) Rev. E. Evans, Rev C. W. Dutcher, Rev C. B. Pitblado (will order.) Rev E. Brettle (before acknowledged $4, D. Scott, Esq, G. $1, P.W., $2, G. Redden $2, Jas Shand $1—$10, one new sub.) Rev G. O. Huestis, Rev J. L. Sponagle (will send as you say.) Rev R. Wilson (have written to St. John.) John Barr $2, Rev C. Lockhart, Rev S. W. Sprague (P.W., R Fossett $2, M. Inch $2, Joseph Bowser $3, Mrs Humphrey $1. M. Harris $2—$10.) Rev Jos Hart (sent last week.) Rev J. A. Mosher (P.W., J. Skaling $2, C. F. Allison $2, M. Tomlinson $2, J. Burgess, Esq. $2, P. Hiltz $1—$9.) Rev A. D. Morton (B R, $3, P.W., I. Cushman $2, Wm Parker $2—$7, All made right, order received was conditional.) Rev F. H. W. Pickles (will try P. M. Papers in M. V. bundle,) Rev A. S. Tuttle (one new sub,) S. Fulton, Esq, (P.W., L. Bigney $2, J. Montrose $1, Wm Harrison $2, Morris Bros $1, H. Fulton $1, W. B. Huestis $1, Wm Fulton, junr $1, J. Treen $2.68, C. B. Oxley $1, I. G. Caufield 50cts, L. Stevens $3. F. R. Grant $1, J. B. Caufield $1, two new subs—1818.) Rev R Duncan (P.W. acc't. $4) Rev H. McKeown (P.W., John Wallace $2, Terence Blackburn $2, H Chambers $2, Capt Nelson Mosher $2, Robt Allison $2, J. W. Allison $2, Capt N Chambers $2, Terence H. Blackburn, New York, $2—$16,) Rev Jas Taylor (P.W., J A. Johnson $1, T A Smith $1, D Rockwell $2, G Forrest $1—$5,) William Pringle $2, Jas Chisholm $2, Rev Jas R Hart (P.W., Jos Cowen $3, R. Cowen $2, W McAulay $1, G White $2.68, R S Bowser, new sub, $2, on acc't. $9.32—$20.) Rev J Cassidy (P.W., W F Bonnell $3, M E A Burpee $2—$5.) J W Killer $2.

AN EFFECTUAL WORM MEDICINE.

Brown's Vermifuge Comfits,

OR WORM LOZENGES. MUCH SICKNESS, undoubtedly, with children and adults, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. The "VERMIFUGE COMFITS," although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worm, so hurtful to children.

Children having Worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

Symptoms of Worms in Children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making BROWN'S "VERMIFUGE COMFITS" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

Curtis & Brown, Proprietors, New York. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines, at 25 cents a box.

August 14 1y

Acrostic.

G ently it penetrates through every pore,
R elieving sufferers from each *angry sore*;
A ll *wounds its heals* with certainty and speed;
C uts, Burns, from Inflammation soon are freed;
E ruptions, at its presence disappear;
S kins lose each stain, and the complexion's clear!

S ALVE such as GRACE'S every one should buy,
A ll to its wondrous merits testify.
L et those who doubt, *a single box but try*,—
V erily, *then* its true deserts 'twould have;
E ven unbelievers would laud GRACE'S SALVE!

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—It has been said by a few unfortunate mortals, who have striven in vain to gain a position of honor and distinction, that they were not sufficiently appreciated. While such may sometimes be the case, it is generally to be observed that *true* deserving worth is cordially accepted and honored, whether applied to religion, politics, the arts, or invention. Next to religion, invention or discovery has the highest position, for it wields a mighty influence; through its channels nations have overleaped, as if by magic, the bonds of separation, and, united by electric wires, can converse together at momentary will.

Indeed, the diversified efforts of man's genius in these respects are a soruce of admiration and gratitude to the whole human race. In medicine, science has revealed during the last quarter of a century, many hidden truths, which had before been considered to be impossibilities. The malignity of pestilential disease is now in a great measure beref- of its terror, and even the "insatiate archer," consumption, is arrested in its deadly march, and oftentimes overthrown. Undoubtedly the great rallying power in the treatment of this and other pulmonary disease, is DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY; and the foregoing allusions are applicable to the memory of its illustrious discoverer. The proof of the efficacy of this great remedy is in its undying reputation. It has stood the test of time, and its fame is a curative of Throat and Lung Complaints has extended to all climes.—*Canadian Christian Advocate.*

Dec. 25. 1m.

Sarsaparilla in itself, it is generally conceded, does not possess that power over disease which at one time it was credited with, but combined with other and more powerful remedial agents its use is often followed by astonishing results.—It is acknowledged by the medical faculty that Dr. Larookah's Sarsaparilla Compound is not only the best but the cheapest combination of Sarsaparilla ever made available to the public. As a remedial for Scrofula and kindred complaints we *know* one bottle of this to equal two of any rival preparation in the market.—*Monthly Journal of Science.*

Dec. 18. 1m.

Letter from Hon. D. W. Gooch, Member of Congress from Massachusetts.

Melrose, July 19th, 1865.

Dr. E. R. KNIGHTS—Dear Sir:

I have used Dr. Larookah's Syrup in my family for six years, and have found in an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, and all consumptive complaints, &c. I have recommended it to several friends, who have received great benefit from its use.

Dec. 25. 1m.

A NEW AND GRAND EPOCH IN MEDICINE.

Dr. Maggiel is the founder of a new Medica System! The quantitarians, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach, and paralyze the bowels, must give precedene to the man who restores health and appetite with from one to two of his extraordinary Pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of wonderful and all-healing Salve.

These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superceding all the sterotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggiel's Pills and Salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the (so-called) remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggiel's Pills are not of the class that are swallowed by the dose, and of which every box full taken creates an absolute necesity for another. One or two of Maggiel's Pills suffices to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, create an appetite, and render the spirits lights and buoyant! There is no griping, and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected its functions arrestored and if the nervous system is feeble it is invigoratitg. This last quality makes the medicine very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfecting power of Maggiel's Salve. In fact, it is here announced that Eazgiel's Bilious, Dyapetic and Diarrhœa Pills cure when all others fail. While for burns, scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all Abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Haydock, 11 Pine street, New York, and all druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Jan 1 6m.

Valuable for the horse as it is for man. Blood's Rheumatic Compound is the best article that can be used for sprains, strains, and saddle galls and may be given internally when any stimulating remedy is needed.

Be wise in time, 'tis madness to defer,
So wrote the Poet, who knew best about it.
Grace's Salve was best, and having learnt the fact
He thought his freinds shouldnever be without it.

Marriages

On the 5th ult., at Bayfield, by the Rev. A. S. Tuttle Mr. Nelson Walker, of Baie Verte, to Miss Ruth E. Trenholm, of Bayfield.

On the 21st ult., at Amherst Shore, by the same, Mr. Rufus Oulton, of Baie Road, to Miss Sarah Weeks, of Amherst Shore.

On the 31st ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the same, Mr. Rainsford Oulton, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Wm. Harper, all of Baie Verte.

At the Parsonage, Baie Verte, on the 3rd inst., by the same, Mr. Donald Taylor, of Shemogue, to Lavinia, daughter of Capt Sprague, of Port Elgin.

By the Rev. H. Pope, Dec 31, Stephen Josiah Gray, to Mary Ellen Henneberry, both of Sambro.

On the 26th ult., at Bathurst, in the house of the bride, by Rev. W. Alcorn, Mr. Albert Thompson Carter, of Bathurst, to Miss Cecelia Ogden, formerly of Sackville.

On the 17th ult., by the Rev. Wm. McCarty, of Moncton, N. B., Mr. Andrew Renton, to Mrs. Margaret Robinson.

On the 23rd ult., at Granville, by the Rev. Joseph Hart, Mr. Delbert Messenger, to Jenny, third daughter of Mr. John Carter.

On the 24th ult., by the same, at Annapolis Royal, Albert D. Smith, Esq., A. B., of Yarmouth, to Mary V., youngest daughter of Andrew Henderson, Esq.

Nov 18th, at Tryon, by Rev R. Weddall, Mr. Samuel Ed. Dawson, to Mrs. Lydia Calbeck, both of Tryon.

On the 1st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. E. Botterell, W. Temple Davidson, to Emma, second daughter of Capt. William Sampson.

At Kentville, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. O. Rugg, Mr. Charles Fenerty, to Miss Ann M. Hamilton, both of Sackville, N. S.

Deaths.

Nov. 15th, at Crapaud, Mr. George Percival, in the 59th year of his age

Nov. 23rd, at Tryon, at the advanced age of 87, Mrs. John Leard. She was the mother of 10 children, 9 of whom are still living; 72 grand-children, 58 of them still living, and 115 great grand-children, and out of the 115 only 5 are dead. Was a member of the Methodist Church 67 years. Her house was for many years a home for the Methodist preachers, whenever they made their visits to Tryon. P. E I.

At London, on board the ship Royal Tar, Robert Harrigan, a native of the Eastern Passage, Halifax, aged 21 years.

On th 3d inst., Louisa Ann, relict of the late Matthew Richardson, Esq., aged 76 years.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

SATURDAY, Jan

Schrs Flash, Hyson, St Mary's; Eliza Catherine, Martell, Lingan; Catherine, do; Garibaldi, Roberts, do; Arthur Mavin, Sydney; Comet, Lang, do; Chester, Kennedy, Glace Bay; Ida May, Boilong, Little Glace Bay.

SUNDAY, Jan 5

Steamer Carlotta, Magune, Portland.

MONDAY, Jan 6

Schrs Arvile, Cape Breton; Harriet, P E I; Truro Little Glace Bay; Mary Ann, Cann, do; Rival, Liverpool.

CLEARED.

Jan 4—Schrs British Eagle, Snow, Boston; Mary Kate, Mearns, New York; Starlight, Toney, St Pierre, Miq; Gazelle, Swain, Barrington; Laura Belle, Matheson, St Peters; Venilla, Dall, Boston.

Jan 6—Brigt Spainish Main, Ham, Cienfuegos.

99—Granville Street—99

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

WE have much pleasnre in intimating to our customers and others that by recent arrivals we are in receipt of the principal part of our Stock or the present season, consisting of about

75 Packages,

Which have been personally selected, and are offered on the most Liberal Terms.

The attention of the CITY TRADE is respectfully requested to this Stock, as being one of the most thoroughly Assorted, best selected, and cheapest Stocks in the Trade.

Country Wholesale Buyers are invited to call and examine, as they will be sold Goods on the very best terms.

N. B. The Stock of

Gloves and Hosiery

Will be found complete.

SMITH BROS.

oct 9

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name of COGSWELL, MACALSTER & MACKAY, having been dissolved by mutual consent, the subscriber has to announce that he has opened rooms, for the purpose of practising the various branches of his profession at

120 Granville Street.

where he will be happy to attend to all who may require the services of a Dentist.

Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for the last ten years, he has the pleasure of announcing that he is still fully prepared to do the best of work at reasonable rates.

On every Wednesday morning from 9 till 12 he will extract teeth for the poor without charge

O. P. MACALASTER.

120 Granville Street,

nov 13 3m Over J H Symons, Tobacconist.

CHOICE MUSIC BOOKS!

For Holiday Presents!

Beethoven's Sonatas, 2 vols, cloth, each $7 50 Chopin's Mazurkas and Waltzes, cloth, $5. Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, cloth, $3. Mozart's Sonatas, cloth, $7 50. Thalberg's L'Art du Chant, Cloth, $5. Moore's Irish Melodies, Plain $2 50, Cloth $3, Full Gilt $4.

HOME CIRCLE SERIES, comprising a collection of Instrumental Music for the Piano, 2 vols The Pianist's Album, A new collection, forming the third vol of the "Home Circle." The Silver Chord, Songs, Balads, Quartets, Duets, &c. Piano Acc. Shower of Pearls, Vocal Duets, Piano Acc. Gems of German Song, German and English Words, Piano Acc. Gems of Scottish Song, Scotch Songs and Balads, Piano Acc. Gems of Sacred Song, Sabbath songs and Home Ballads, Piano acc. Operatic Pearls, popular Songs, Quartets, Duets, Trios, &c., from the principal Operas. Price of each valume, plain $2.50, Cloth $3 00, Cloth, full gilt, $4.00. Sold in separate volumes, or the set complete, by all Music Dealers, and sent post-paid by

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,

Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.

NO. 3.

PERMANENT, Transient and Day Boarders can be accommodated at No. 3 Barrington Street, next door to Mason Hall.

oct 16 MRS. J. W. SCOTT.

THE

Provincial Almanack

FOR

1868,

Will be found in all respects complete and accurate, affording the fullest information on the numerous topics usually presented in such a serial.

The calculations have been made with the utmost care, and are fully reliable; and the local and general information furnished has been carefully compiled.

The delay in publication, rendered necessary by the changes which have recently transpired in relation to the Provinces of B. N. America, have afforded opportunity of furnishing intelligence not only upon matters concerning our own Province, but also in regard to the General Government including the

Tariff of Duties

as enacted by the Parliament of the Dominion

Orders sent to the Wesleyan Book Room, or to Messrs. R. T. Muir, M. A. Buckley, Z. S. Hall, or other Booksellers, will recive prompt attention.

dec 18

BELL & ANDERSON,

Have received per "China"—42 packages

FALL GOODS,

—COMPRISING—

Grey and White *SHIRTINGS, PRINTS,*

FLANNELS,

BLANKETS, COBOURGS, GLOVES

Ready-made CLOTHING, &c., &c.

Also—Received via Picton:

10 Cases Canadian Tweeds and Hosiery,—the most useful Goods of the kind known—being made of perfectly sound wool.

Further arrivals daily expected.

Nov 27 4w

Produce of Canada

Now Landing Ex Carlotta.

140 Barrels very choice

APPLES,

Russetts, Pippins, Baldwins, Greenings, Rambas Northern Spy, &c.

320 Dozen assorted sizes

CORN BROOMS.

R. C. HAMILTON & CO.,

oct 29 119 Lower Water Street.

GABRIEL & TROKE

Wholesale and Export Druggists,

2 & 3 White Street, Moorfields, E. C, London.

oct 16

Summerside Bazaar

THE Ladies of the Summerside Wesleyan Church and congregation are now preparing for a BAZAAR, to be held next July. Liquidation of the Church debt is the object. They solicit the kind assistance of well-wishers in every part of the Provinces.

Contributions of material, &c., may be sent to any of the under-mentioned ladies.

Mrs. Robt A. Strong, President Sewing Circle
Mrs. McRae, Secretary; Mrs. Chas. W. Strong
Mrs. Asher Black, or to Rev Albert S. Desbrisay

"Remember us tho' far disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same."

Nov 1

THE GREAT

Musical Establishment.

481 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES M. TREMAINE,

Successor to Horace Waters in the Music Department.

New Music issued daily. The following are new and very popular:

Whispering Hope, Lith., by E Hoffman, 75c.
Do not heed her Warning; Var., by Geo Russe 60c.
Romeo and Juliet; Potporri, by Theo Moelling, 60c.
The Smile whose sweetness, song by Graham, 30c
Girls wait for a Temperance Man, by Mrs. Parkhurst, 30c.
News Boy's Song, by W C Baker, 35c.
Annie Arden, by W C Baker, 35c.
Do you miss my coming Darling, by W C Baker 35c.
Where have the Beautiful Gone, by Jas G Clark, 35c.
Jersey Blue, by Burton, 30c.
Henrietta Gallop, by L Containe, Illustration of the Ocean Race, 40c.
Subito (Sudden) Mazurka, by J De Jasesinki, 50c
A lot of soiled music at 1½ cts per page.

CHAS M. TREMAINE, Publisher,

oct 16 481 Broadway, N. Y.

Sabbath School Paper.

The best paper for Sabbath Schools is the Canadian

SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

Published in Toronto. There is no other paper published so suitable or so well adapted to our youth. The superiority of the paper on which the *Advocate* is printed, the beauty of the illustrations, and the admirable taste displayed in the writing and selections, renders this little semi-monthly almost a necessity in every family which it has previously visited. The terms of subscription are as follows:—

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For 1 copy and under 5, to 1 address,			40 c. p. vol.	
5	"	10	"	38 "
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75	"	100	"	26 "
100 and upwards,				25 "

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

☞ No Postage on this Paper.

Order from the Wesleyan Book Room.

Dec. 5.

R. B. SALISBURY,

Shipwright, Spar Maker,

—AND—

SHIPSMITH,

Horseferry Dry Dock,

Rotherhithe,

nov 20 **LONDON, ENGLAND.**

Langley's Cordial Rhubarb.

This beautiful preparation from Turkey Rhubarb, has the approval and sanction of some of our best Physicians, as a valuable and favorite Family Medicine, and preferable to any other form in which Rhubarb is administered, either Adults or Children, it being combined with Aromatics to make it at once palatable to the taste and efficient in its operation. Prepared from the original receipt and sold by

J. LOCKHART DAVIS, Druggist.

125 Barrington street.

August 21.

North End Select School

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

MISS Miller (daughter of the Rev Jno Miller) has opened a Select School for Young Ladies, at No. 60 Gottingen street. All the branches of a thorough English education are taught, with French, Italian, Drawing, Painting, and Music.

For circulars and further information please apply to Miss Miller, No. 60 Gottingen street, near the Round Church.

Miss Miller has also Classes in Drawing and Music for pupils not attending the school.

sept 18—3m

PUBLIC BENEFACTRESS.

Mrs. S. A. Allen,

A LADY OF WORLDWIDE REPUTATION.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is suited to both old and young. It strengthens the Hair, prevents it falling or turning grey, and imparts to it a beautiful glossy appearance. It never fails to RESTORE GREY HAIR

TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.

It is not a Dye, but acts directly upon the roots of the hair, giving them the natural nourishment required, producing the same vitality and luxurious quantity as in youth. It will restore it on bald places, requires no previous preparation of the hair and is easily applied by one's self. One bottle will usually last for a year, as after the hair is once restored, occasional applications once in three months will insure against grey hairs to the most advanced age.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S Hair Dressing, or Zylobalsamum, is essential to use with the Restorer, but the Hair Dressing alone often restores, and never fails to invigorate, beautify and refresh the Hair, rendering it soft, silky and glossy, and disposing it to remain in any desired position.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

whose hair requires frequent dressing, it has no equal. No lady's toilet is complete without it. The rich glossy appearance imparted is truly wonderful. It cleanses the hair, removes all dandruff and imparts to it a most delightful fragrance. It will prevent the hair from falling out, and is the most economical and valuable Hair Dressing known. Millions of bottles sold every year.

THE RESTORER REPRODUCES AND THE HAIR DRESSING CULTIVATES AND BEAUTIFIES.

Sold by all Druggists throughout the World.

Principal Sales Office, 198 Greenwich Street, New York City.

Aug 14

THE STANDARD

Life Assurance Company,

ESTABLISHED IN 1825.

With which is now united the

Colonial Life Assurance Company.

Colonial and Foreign Assurances.

AN amalgamation having been formed between the Standard Life Assurance Company and the Colonial Life Assurance Company, the business of the United Companies will henceforth be conducted under the title of the

Standard Life Assurance Company.

The Annual Revenue of the Standard Company is now upwards of £650,000, and the Accumulated Funds amount to upwards of £3,500,000, Stg. The New Business transacted during the past year amounted to the large sum of £1,375,000 stg., the corresponding Premiums amounting to £45,337 per annum.

Moderate Rates charged for residence in the Colonies, India and other places abroad.

Local Boards and Agencies in all the British Colonies, where every facility will be afforded in the transaction of business, and where premiums may be received and claims paid.

PROFITS divided every five years.

The New Colonial and Foreign Prospectus may be had on application at the Chief Offices of the Company, or to the Agents at home and abroad.

WM. THOS. THOMSON,
Manager and Actuary.
D. CLUNIE GREGOR,
Colonial and Foreign Secretary.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Office....227 Hollis, Street.

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Medical Adviser—D. McNeil Parker, M. D.

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UNION MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company, of Maine.

Directors' Office: 80 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HENRY CROCKER, President; W. H. HOLLISTER, Secretary; ROBERT AYRES, General Manager.

ASSETTS DECEMBER 31st, 1866	$2,188,429 20

The Family.

Our Darling.

Another weary pilgrimage,
Only just begun,
Another battle to be fought,
Another race to run.

The way is rough and thorny
For the little dimpled feet;
Often the winds will gather,
Oft will the tempests beat.

Who knows what bitter trials
Will lie along her way,
What night of thickest darkness
Will usher in her day!

The cross is not yet lifted
That will prove so hard to bear;
The pure child heart is throbbing
Unchecked, unchilled by care.

This is a world of changes,
Of mingled joy and tears,
Where the light and shadow blending,
From the warp and woof of years.

But still we bid thee welcome;
Whate'er thy lot may be,
Where'er thy path may lead thee.
We can but welcome thee.

God bless our little darling,
And keep her for his own
Until she join his children
Around the great white Throne!

A Lesson to Parents.

I had been married fifteen years. Three beautiful daughters enlivened the domestic hearth, the youngest of whom was in her eighth year. A more happy and contented household was no where to be found. My wife was amiable, intelligent and contented. We were not wealthy; but Providence had preserved us from want; and we had learned that "contentment without wealth, is better than wealth without contentment."

It was my custom, when returning home at night, to drop into one of the many shops that are constantly open in the business streets of the metropolis, and purchase some trifling dainties, such as fruit or confectionary, to present to mother and the children. I need not say how delighted the little ones were at this expression of paternal consideration. On one occasion I had purchased some remarkably fine apples. After the repast, half a dozen were left untouched, and my thrifty companion forthwith removed them to the place of deposit, where it was her custom to preserve the remains of our nick-nacks. A day or two after, when I had seated myself at the table to dine, she said to me smilingly:

"So father has found the way to my safety-box, has he?"

I was at a loss to understand the meaning, and desired her to explain.

"Have you not been in my drawer?"

"What drawer?"

"The upper drawer in my chamber bureau. Did you not take take therefrom the largest of the pippins I had put away for the girls?"

"No—I did not!"

"You did not?"

"Not I! I have not seen an apple since the evening I purchased them."

A slight cloud passed over the countenance of my wife. She was troubled. The loss of the apple was in itself nothing; but we had carefully instructed our children not to appropriate to their use, any article whatever of family consumption, without permission, when the demand was at all reasonable, had never denied them, she was loth to suspect any one of them of the offense. We had a servant girl in the family, but as she was supposed to know nothing of the apples, my wife hesitated to charge it upon her, She at length broke the silence by saying:

"We must examine the affair. I can hardly think one of the children would so act. If we find them guilty, we must reprove them. Will you please look into it?"

The girls were separately called into my presence; the eldest first.

"Eliza, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Maria, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Mary, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"It must have been taken by the servant; call her to me," said I, addressing my wife.

"Nell, how came you to take from the drawer of your mistress, without permission, the largest of the apples she had placed there?"

"Wot apples?"

"Did you take no apple from the drawer of your mistress?"

"No, ss."

Now, it was evident that falsehood existed somewhere. Could it be that one of my children had told me a lie? The thought harrassed me. I was not able to attend to business. I went to the store—but soon returned again. Meanwhile, the servant-girl had communicated to her mistress that she had seen our youngest go into the garret with a large apple, the morning before. On examination, the core, and several pieces of the rind were found upon the floor. I called Mary to me, and said to her affectionately:

"Mary, my daughter, did you not go into the garret yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go there with an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Did you notice anything on the floor?"

"No, sir."

I was unwilling to believe my sweet child capable of telling me a falsehood; but appearances were against her. The fault lay between her and the servant, and while I was desirous to acquit my child, I did not wish to accuse unjustly the negro. I therefore took Mary into a room alone, I spoke to her of the enormity of lying—of the necessity of telling the truth—of the severe punishment I should be compelled to inflict upon her, if she did not confess the whole to me, and with tears in my eyes urged her to say that she had done it, if indeed she had. Gradually I became convinced of her guilt; and now I felt determined she *should* confess it. My threatenings were not without effect. After weeping and protesting her innocence, and weeping and again protesting, my threatenings seemed to alarm her, and falling upon her knees, she said: "Father, I *did* take the apple."

Never shall I forget that moment. My child confessed that she was a liar, in my presence!

Suppressing my emotion, I retired; and Mary, rising from her position, ran to her mother, and in a paroxysm of grief cried out:

"Mother, I did *not* take the apple. But father has made me confess that I did."

Here was a new aspect of affairs. Lie multiplied upon lie. Could it be possible! My dear Mary, who had never been known to deceive us—so affectionate—so gentle—so truthful in all the past—could it be possible that she was a confirmed liar! Necessity was stronger than the tenderness of the father. I chastised her for the first time in my life—severely, severely chastised her! It almost broke her heart—and I may add, it almost broke mine also.

Yet Mary was innocent. After-events proved that the negro was the thief. She had conjured up the story of the garret, knowing that Mary would not deny having been there, and to make the circumstances strong against her, had strewn apple-rinds on the floor. I never think of the event without tears. But it has taught me a useful lesson, and that is never to threaten a child into a lie, when it may be he is telling the truth. The only lie I ever knew Mary to tell me, I myself forced upon her by threatenings. It has also fixed in my mind the determination to employ no servant in my family when I can possibly do without.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Little Boy that Loved the Bible.

"Yes, yes, this blessed book is worth
All else to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth
Compared to joys of heaven?
This is the guide our Father gave
To lead to realms of day—
A *star* whose lustre gilds the grave—
The light, the life, the way."

Young reader, do you love your Bible as this little boy loved his? He doubtless had been trained in the fear of God, "in the way he should go," from early infancy; and, like Timothy, had become wise unto salvation, through the medium he got of Holy Scriptures. A more beautiful illustration of love to this blessed book we have never seen recorded:

"A little Sabbath scholar, in a town not far distant, was one day sent by his mother to a shop to buy her a little soap. When the shopwoman weighed it she was about to tear a leaf out of a large Bible which lay on the counter, to wrap it up in. 'What are you going to do?' said the little boy, with a look of astonishment and indignation; 'Do you know that is a Bible?' 'What of that?' answered the shopwoman; 'it will do very well to wrap up this bit of soap.' 'Indeed, ma'am,' replied the child, 'you ought not to tear up a Bible for such a purpose.' 'Why, child,' said the woman, contemptuously, 'I bought it on purpose to use as waste paper.' 'Bought the Bible on purpose to make waste paper of it! O that I had it! I would take good care not to make such a use of it!' 'Well, if you like to pay what it cost me, you shall have it.' 'Oh, thank you! thank you! I will run to mother, and ask her for the money.' And, darting out of the shop, away he ran. 'Mother, mother,' he called out, 'do give me some money.' 'What for, dear?' 'To buy the Bible. The lady in the shop wanted to tear one up, and I told her indeed she ought not to do it; so give me some money, that I may save it from being torn up.' 'My dear child, I cannot pay for it; I have no money.' The little fellow burst into tears, and returned to the shop broken-hearted. 'Mother is too poor; she has got no money to give me; but I do beg of you not to tear the Bible. Teacher says it is God's own Word.' 'Well, don't cry, child; if you can bring me its weight in waste paper, you shall still have it. Delighted with this thought, away he ran again to his mother and told her all that had passed. She gave him all the old paper she possessed; then he went round to all their neighbours, and having collected all they could give him, returned to the shop with the bundle under his arm. 'Here I am, ma'am,' said he, 'and here's all the paper I can get.' Well, stop a bit, my boy, and I'll weigh it for you.' The shop-woman put the Bible in one scale, and the paper in the other. The boy fixed his eyes intently on the scale, awaiting the result with breathless anxiety, when, to his inexpressible joy, the paper outweighed the Bible. 'Its mine,' he shouted, with tears of joy; 'that Bible is mine.' He took it up, and all the way back to the cottage kept calling, "I've got it, mother! I've got it! I've got the Bible!" He would not have been half so happy, had he found the richest treasure hid in the field."

Now, my dear young reader, if you possess a Bible, we would ask you, if you prize it as highly as this little boy did? Can you sincerely say, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver?" Do you as truly believe in the worth of the Word of God? Would you be as indignant if you saw any one tearing or injuring this book? And if some of you are not possessed of one, do you try as earnestly to get one—and do you feel as happy when you have obtained it? I leave it to your conscience to answer these questions.

"Go forth, thou little book, go forth,
And to the world thy mission tell,
That minds may learn to know thy worth,
And souls thy blessings learn to feel"

Author of "Home Thrusts."

Moving into Town.

BY MRS. M. J. STEPHENSON.

He was a small farmer, said my friend, and a happier family I never saw than Mr. Cline's. The boys did all they could to help the delicate puny mother, and when she went to town Cline would pick her up in his arms and put her in the wagon as if she were a baby. He was a great stalwart man, and she a little mite of a thing. She worshipped him, as little women are apt to do with big husbands, and you would rarely hear her tell a story that Henry Cline was not in the beginning, or the middle, or the end of it.

"We hadn't no Christmas, 'cause father wasn't to hum," said William Cline to my boy the day after that world-wide holiday; "he always fills our hats with candy night afore, never to speak of the books, and toys, and things."

And I knew just how it was; he was as fond and loving a father as he was a husband. One night Mr. Cline came home in a high glee; he was in such spirits that one might suppose he had indulged in a glass, only that he never did such a thing.

A fine situation had been offered him in the town, a dozen miles distant, where he did his trading. He would get forty dollars a month as switch-tender at the railroad depot, and their oldest boy have the privilege of teaming from the cars to the town.

"Now old girl," he said, slapping his wife on the back, "you'll have it comfortable, living in town instead of drudging on the farm."

So the little farm was rented, and he moved his family to town.

I had not seen them for years, continued the narrator, and a sad change had come. I have heard of broken hearted women, but I think I never saw one till I saw Mrs. Cline.

"You heard he lost the switch," she said to me.

I replied in the negative.

"O yes, it's gone, and we are going to the bad as fast as we can. He never had no taste for liquor till we came here, but it was right next house to him, and he was tempted all the time and he couldn't stand it."

"I wish you hadn't moved off the farm," I said.

At this she burst out crying, and wringing her hands wildly, exclaimed,

"O, sir, you know what good times we had there, what a provider he was for his children, and now he cares nothing about them, but spends what little they earn on drink! He doesn't come home till one or two o'clock in the morning, and I lie awake watching for him, and when I get up and let him in I sometimes suffer with chills all the rest of the time till daylight. The man has no license neither, the old rascal that has ruined my husband; he sells him *a cracker*, and then gives him the beer or rum for nothing!"

O how different a story was this of "her Henry" to what she used to tell me. A shudder passed over me as she said she wanted to get a separation from him, or else the boys would separate from her.

Reader, this is but one of the families of whom it may be written "Ruined by rum."

A Happy Heart.

A little boy came to me this morning with a broken arrow, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow and was the pride of his heart just then, so I did not wonder to see his lips quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma; if you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Fred tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes filled with tears, said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make."

Dear little Minnie went to live with the angels a few years ago, but we have a great many such memories to keep of her.

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams everywhere you go.—*Little Corporal.*

Agriculture.

System on the Farm.

There are a thousand little things that really do not take any time at all to attend to, because they come in as a part of one's general management and occupy odd hours only. One man, in passing through his fields, may see a mullein or a dock, or some other vile weed of the stronger sort, and up it comes. He will not allow such growth to sap the goodness of his soil. Another will pass them by unobserved. A whole pasture of mulleins, a whole field of white weed, a whole garden full of yellow dock, would hardly excite his notice. Now the farmer who takes a few steps to pull up yellow dock really spends but little time in keeping down the vile weed, and he probably effects more in his day's work than the man who neglects it. He will soon have less, till his fields are clean and free from such worthless growth. It is the system that one adopts, and the want of system on the part of the other, that makes the difference between the thrifty farmer and the careless one. If you find a man's fields reasonably clean and free from weeds, his pastures free from mulleins and such like growth, you will expect to find his barns kept in order, and would observe but little waste of feeding substances, or other things about the premises; you would find his heart in his business; and it makes a wonderful difference at the end of the year whether this general system of economy is adopted or not.

A farmer who keeps his tools scattered about, and who suffers the hay to go to waste on the barn-floor, will justify it on the ground of want of time; but the fact is, a reasonable degree of order and neatness saves time; and not only that, but it makes the difference between success and failure in any farming enterprize. It makes a vast difference in the results of the year, for instance, whether a herd of cows in a diary are regularly milked, regularly fed, and regularly turned out of the barn or not. Everybody at all conversant with farm management knows that. In one case it is a steady, persistent system; in the other, it is chance, and the chance is that it won't pay.

In conducting any farm, many things have to be done that do not in themselves pay any immediate profit. It is the future results that are to be looked to for the returns in money. If the fields are kept clear of weeds, the grass will flourish and yield good crops. If the pastures are cleared of brush and mulleins, they carry more stock, and the good crops of hay and the good pastures put on flesh, and beef and mutton, which, in the form of these products, or in the form of milk, or work, or wool, must be expected to pay in dollars and cents. Here is the result of system, and the farmer who adopts the true system and follows it up will be sure to succeed, or if not, he ought to, for the result will generally measure the value of the system.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Roots and Stock Raising.

The Canada *Farmer* says: "It is impossible to keep stock advatageously without roots. This fact, and the fact also that roots play such an important part in a judicious rotation, ought to induce more attention to them. Turnip culture has been pronounced the sheet-anchor of British agriculture. It has wrought little short of a revolution in farming matters in the old country, and it will do the same here, if it can be made general. Turnips do not require to be sown until the hurry of spring work is over, and thus a season of comparative leisure may be appropriated to this important crop. They are a pretty sure crop, and, on good land, highly productive and remunerative. In this country they cannot, as in Britain, be fed on the ground, but require storage. They, however, stand a considerable degree of cold, and keep well either in pits or moderately well-protected cellars."

THE PIG-STY.—The pig-sty should be arranged on one side of the barnyard, so as to allow the pig manure to be mixed with that of the horse and cow, as they severally accumulate. One apartment of the pen should open into the yard, so as to allow the hogs to run out and work over the horse manure, and to feed on such grain as they may find among it. The pig-pen should have its sleeping-room well provided with straw, and the whole establishment should be kept clean.

BOILED ONIONS.—Take the outside skin from white onions as uniform in size as possible, lay them in cold salt and water one hour, boil them in milk and water until thoroughly tender; lay them in a deep dish, and pour over them melted butter.

Excelsior Spinner!

Lookout for the Agents of TAYLOR'S PATENT EXCELSIOR SPINNING MACHINE.

DO not buy until you see this beautiful Spinner. It is small, neat, and convenient, simple, durable and easily understood. A child 8 years old can manage it. You sit at your ease while spinning. A reel is attached to wind the yarn from the spindle. It spins even, smooth yarn of Wool, Cotton, Flax, or Tow. Coarse, or fine yarn can be spun as desired, and FOUR TIMES as much in a day, as on any other hand spinner. Wait for the agents of Taylor's Excelsior Spinner, and you will be sure to buy the best Spinning Machine ever invented.

Agents will visit the different towns throughout the Provinces.

Province, County, and Town rights for sale. If you visit St. John, do not fail to call at the New Brunswick Foundry and see this Machine.

JAMES HARRIS,
Manufacturer.

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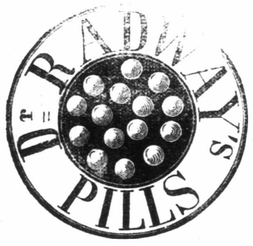

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

FOR THE CURE OF
ALL DISORDERS OF THE
Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera.

ONE TO SIX BOXES ARE
Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

DR RADWAY'S
PILLS
ARE COMPOSED OF VEGETABLE EXTRACTS PREPARED IN VACUO;
Superior to all Purgative, Cathartic, or Alterative Medicines in general use,
COATED WITH GUM,

Which renders them very convenient, and well adapted for children, and persons who have a dislike to take medicine, and especially pills. Another great superiority of Radway's Pills over all other pills in general use, is the fact of their wonderful medicinal strength, being highly concentrated. One to six of these pills will act more thoroughly and cleanse the alimentary canal, without producing cramps spasms, piles, tenesmus, etc. than any other Pills or Purgative Medicine in use.

THE GREAT WANT SUPPLIED.

It is a well known fact that Physicians have long sought to discover a vegetable purgative as a substitute for Calomel, and that would cleanse the Alimentary Canal of all diseased and retained humors, as thoroughly as Lobelia will the stomach, without producing sickness at stomach, weakness, or irritation of the mucous membrane. In Dr. Radway's Pills, this very important and essential principle is secured. A dose of two to six (according to the condition of the system) of Dr. Radway's Pills will produce all the positive alterative change—from a sluggish or torpid, to a healthy action of the Liver—as the physician hopes to obtain by a dose of Blue Pills, or Calomel; and will as thoroughly cleanse the Stomach, and purge from the bowels the diseased and retained humors as a most approved cathartic, or otherwise occasioning inconvenience or sickness.

Professor Reid.—College of Pharmacy.
THE GREAT PURGATIVE.

The celebrated Prof. Reid, of New York, Lecturer on Chemistry in the College of Pharmacy, styles Radway's Pills as "the Great Purgative," and the only Purgative Medicine safe to administer in cases of extreme Debility, and in Erysipelas, Small-Pox, Typhoid Fever, Bilious Fever, their action being soothing, healing, cleansing, purifying, instead of griping, irritating, debilitating, and nauseating. "After examining these Pills," writes the Professor, "I find them compounded of ingredients of GREAT PURITY, and are free from Mercury and other dangerous substances, and prepared with skill and care." Having long known Dr. Radway as a scientific gentleman of high attainments, I place every confidence in his remedies and statements. * * * *

"LAWRENCE REID,
"Professor of Chemistry."

Dr. Sydny Stevens' Treatment of Cure with Radway's Pills.

Inflammation of the Bowels—Bilious Fever—Dyspepsia—Costiveness—Scarlet Fever—Lead Cholic, &c

U. S. INVALID HOSPITAL, NEW YORK

DR. RADWAY & CO.: I send you for publication the result of my treatment with your Pills in the following cases:

1st CASE.—Inflammation of the Bowels. John C. Chapman, aged thirty-four, was seized on the night of the 22nd of October with inflammation of the bowels, was called at 10 P.M.; he had then been suffering over three hours; had not a passage for six days; I gave him six of your Pills, and applied the Ready Relief to the abdomen; in a few minutes the pain ceased, he fell into a calm sleep; at 4 A.M. he had a free evacuation, at 9 A.M. eat his breakfast; at 11 A.M., gave him one more pills, and for five days gave him three pills per day; he is now well and hearty. In all cases of inflammation of the bowels, I succeed in removing the danger by a single dose of from six to eight in six hours. In lead cholic, I give the pills in large doses, six to eight, and a teaspoonful of Relief to a wineglass of water every three hours—it always cures.

2nd CASE.—David Bruce, aged twenty-six, called at 3 P.M. on Nov. 25th; found that he had been attacked with bilious fever for twenty-two hours. I gave him six of your pills every four hours, and gave him warm drinks of bonset tea. In twenty-four hours he was convalescent; is now at work and perfectly healthy.

3d CASE.—Sarah Burns, aged six years, seized with scarlet fever; gave her two pills every four hours for twenty-four hours; applied the Ready Relief to her throat, gave her lemonade with half a teaspoonful of Relief as a drink. In thirty-six hours she was playing with her brothers and sisters. I have prescribed your Pills in cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Sluggishness of the Liver, or Torpidity, and I have witnessed the most astonishing cures. I believe it is the only true purgative in use; they are invaluable, having a greater controlling influence on Liver and Spleen derangements than calomel or blue pill. Your Pills are the only purgative that can be administered with safety in Erysipelas, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, and all Eruptive Fevers; their soothing, tonic, and mild aperient properties render them invaluable.

Yours, etc.,
SYDNY STEVENS, M.D.

Suppression of the Menses, Headache, Hysterics, Nervousness Cured

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10th, 1866.

DR. RADWAY: Your Pills and Ready Relief have saved my daughter's life. In June last she was eighteen years of age, and for three months her menses were suppressed. She would frequently want to die, her mother terribly from headache and pain in the small of the back and thighs, and had frequent fits of hysterics. We commenced by giving her six of your Pills every night, and rubbed the Ready Relief on her spine, side and hips. We continued this treatment for two months, when to our joy she was relieved of her difficulties. She is now well and regular, and has been so since.

Yours very truly, J. G. HOLDEN.

Your Pills cured me of Piles that I believe was caused by over-dosing with drastic pills.

Loss of Appetite—Melancholy—Nervousness—Bad Dreams—Sleeplessness Cured By Dr. RADWAY'S Pills.

LET DYSPEPTICS READ.

AS A DINNER PILL,

To promote digestion, sweeten and strengthen the stomachs of the weak and distressed Dyspeptics, they are invaluable. Six days' use of Radway's Pills will enable those, who, from the effects of weakness and indigestion, are obliged to eat sparingly, to enjoy the most savory meats in moderation. No such powers were ever possessed by any pills. Give us these Pills exercise over the weak and nervous Dyspeptics, for in six days they will create a healthy stomach to receive, retain, and digest food, and give the appetite that craves for. No Heartburn, no Palpitation, no Wind, no Vomitings follow the use of these pills.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LIFE IN A PILL BOX

Extraordinary Effects
—FROM—
Maggiel's Antibilious Pills!

One Pill in a Dose.
ONE PILL IN A DOSE!
ONE PILL IN A DOSE!

What One Hundred Letters a day say from patients all over the habitable globe.

Dr. Maggiel, your pill has rid me of all biliousness.

No more noxious doses for me in five or ten pills taken at one time. One of your pills cured me.

Thanks, Doctor. My headache has left me. Send another box to keep in the house.

After suffering torture from billious cholic, two of your pills cured me, and I have no return of the malady.

Our doctors treated me for Chronic Constipation as they called it, and at last said I was incurable. Your Maggiel's Pills cured me.

I had no appetite; Maggiel's Pills gave me a hearty one.

Your pills are marvellous.

I Send for another box, and keep them in the house.

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

I gave half of one of your pills to my babe for Cholera Morbus. The dear young thing got well in a day.

My mamma of a morning is now cured.

Your box of Maggiel's Salve cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some Salve behind my ears and the noise left.

Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family.

I enclose a dollar; your price is twenty-five cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar.

Send me five boxes of your pills.

Let me have three boxes of your Salve and Pills by return mail.

For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Retention of Urine, &c., &c.

Maggiel,s Pills are a perfect cure. One will satisfy any one.

FOR FEMALE DISEASES,

Nervous Prostration, Weakness, General Lassitude and Want of Appetite,

Maggiel's Pills will be found an effectual Remedy.

MAGGIEL'S PILLS & SALVE

Are almost universal in their effects, and a cure can be almost guaranteed.

EACH BOX CONTAINS TWELVE PILLS ONE PILL IN A DOSE.

"COUNTERFEITS! Buy no Maggiel's Pills or Salve, with a little pamphlet inside the box. They are bogus. The genuine have the name of J. Haydock on box with name of J. Maggiel, M.D. The genuine have the Pill surrounded with white powder."

☞ Sold by all respectable dealers in medicine throughout the United States and Canadas at 25 Cents a Box or Pot.

All orders for the United States must be addressed to J. Haydock, No. 11 Pine street, New York.

Patients can write freely about their complaints, and a reply will be returned by the following mail. Write for "Maggiel's Treatment of Diseases."

Dec 1 6m

Mrs Winslow

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention, of mothers, her

SOOTHING SYRUP,
For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

Relief and Health to your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article for over 30 years and can say in confidence and truth of it, what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—*never has it failed in a single instance to effect a cure*, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after 30 years experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most EXPERIENCED and SKILLFUL NURSES in New England, and has been used with never ailing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

Griping in the Bowels,

AND WIND COLIC,

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Feb 13

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sept 26

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