

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XV. No. 94.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1863.

Whole No. 751

Religious Miscellany.

One Hour with Thee.

One hour with thee, my God, when daylight breaks
Over a world thy guardian care hath kept;
When the pious soul from soothing slumber wakes,
To praise the love that watched me while I slept;
When with new strength my pulse is beating free,
My first, best, sweetest thoughts I'll give to thee.
One hour with thee, when busy day begins
Its never-ceasing round of sowing care;
When I must toil and sweat and pain and strain,
And through them all thy cross must bear;
Oh then, to arm me for the fight, to be
Faithful to death, I'll spend one hour with thee.
One hour with thee, when rides the glorious sun
High in mid heaven—when parting morn
Lifeless and overpowered, and man has done,
For one short hour, with urging life's swift
wheel.
In that deep peace, my soul from care shall flee,
To make that hour of rest an hour with thee.
One hour with thee, when sadd'ning twilight
Hers soothing charms o'f lawn and vale and grove,
And there breathes up from all created things
The sweet entrancing sense of thy dear love,
Then, when its influence descends on me,
Oh then, my God, I'll spend an hour with thee.
One hour with thee, my God, when soft night
Climbs the high heaven with solemn step and slow,
And thy sweet stars, unutterably bright,
Are sending forth thy praise to all below;
Then, when my thoughts from earth to heaven
Would flee,
Oh then, my God, I'll spend an hour with thee.

A Devotional Frame.

"I am not mainly concerned about the sermon when I go to church," said a Christian friend to me a few days ago. "I aim rather to get my mind into a devotional frame. In these days of ungodly preference for pulpit performances, it is gratified to see many who seem to care so much about the sermon, that they will not listen to a finished discourse! To such persons, the devotional exercises which precede and follow the preaching are merely incidents of the occasion, intended rather to fill up the time, or relieve the monotony, and nothing more. They care for none of these things. The sermon, the sermon—this they come to hear, and they feel but little interest until it is commenced, and as little after it is concluded. The text—will it be something odd, original and striking? The divisions of the discourse—will they be lucid and logical? The arguments—will they be pointed and powerful, and the illustrations—will they be beautiful and brilliant? These are the matters about which they are mainly, if not solely, concerned. If they desire any spiritual profiting, it is not looked for except through the sermon, carefully constructed and gracefully delivered.

Now we maintain that this spirit is not the proper one in which to visit the house of the Lord. We will know, of course, that too high an estimate cannot be placed on the thorough exposition and faithful application of Divine Truth. It is, to us, as all admit, an evidence of spiritual decline or apathy when the truth of God thus presented attracts but little or no attention, and makes but a feeble, if any, impression. Truth, as the Saviour has taught us, is the medium of our sanctification, and hence its importance to our progression in holiness cannot be over-estimated. We have reason, also, to believe that God clothes the truth as it is preached by his commissioned servants with special efficacy for the work of salvation. But after all this is admitted, it still remains true that those who go to the Sanctuary have another errand there besides hearing a sermon. They should go to commune with God. They should go to worship. They should go to feel themselves in the presence of the Most High, to have their hearts elevated by holy meditation, to break away from the thraldom of earth and sin, and to place their souls under the beams, and breezes and blessed visions of heaven. It is too much forgotten that God's house is called "the house of prayer." It is to be visited with the soul in an attitude of devotion—realizing the Divine Presence, and longing for fellowship with the Father and the Son through the Eternal Spirit. Such a frame of mind as this, prevailing in our day, would show an air of devotion over our Christian assemblies, much to be desired, and be productive of a growth in spirituality, the want of which there is only too much reason to lament. For religion is the man who observes them all in a devotional spirit and expects God to honor them all with his sanctifying power, than he who makes the advantage he shall derive from his visit to the sanctuary to depend upon the success of the preacher in making a strong argument, a thrilling description, or a powerful appeal.

How Christ Lodifies us.

There is nothing so pleasing in human friendships as the modifications of character that are wrought by intimacy. Better than marital virtues are "the silent triumphs of wisdom," as souls are quietly turned off from unseemly ways and led to a better life. If, then, we become the intimate friends of Christ we may expect singular modifications of character to arise from the very variety and proportion of his characteristics.

If a man were inflamed by wealth, Christ would appear to him as having no home to rest in. If, on the other hand, a man were oppressed by poverty and pressed by want, Christ would appear to him as the hope of heaven and the golden crown.

was lowly and discouraged, Christ would appear to him promising thrones and dominions.

Of a wasteful man Christ would demand care in gathering up fragments. To a hoarding man Christ would say: "Labour not for that which perisheth."

To those who are light and joyous Christ appears weeping over the door of the lost. To those who are oppressed with grief, Christ appears as in the solemn hours of his last supper with his disciples, in the silence of the midnight, singing the Hallel, the great song of praise to God.

To those that engage in too much gossamer, Christ appears holding out his crown of thorns, and bidding them to put it on, and to man in great dependency, he appears bidding him rejoice and be exceeding glad though in the midst of persecutions.

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

We are of disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears, roughly declaring: "Let the dead bury their dead; for I have said, 'If you will, you may be buried with the dead, and I will be with you, and you shall be with me.'"

in the using occupy almost all the visible surface of the life.

That which is Christ-like in Christians should not be small, but large and full-grown; should not sink out of sight, but stand forth visible to all. If God has visited you, sovereignty, and given you grace, then you must cherish and cultivate it, as a fruit tree in a garden. Feed it by the Word of life, plead that it may be abundantly watered by the Spirit, and give it fair exposure to the Sun of righteousness.

That which is Christ-like in Christians should not be hidden under a thick shade of formalism; if you would let your light shine, you must labour to cut down and root out the covetousness, the envy, the evil speaking, the pride, anger—all the bitter roots, whose branches weave themselves into a thick veil, and turn your light into darkness.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

Another reason, Christians, why the epistles of our life should be large and fair, is that the readers are not skillful. They seldom take pains to overlook what lies on the surface, and search the true meaning of a Christian's walk. In many instances they are blind, and cannot see; in many they are prejudiced, and will not. Ah, there is no good ground to depend on the skill, or fairness, or earnestness of the world as it is.

But, for all that, the matter has its sober, as well as its ludicrous aspect. It is ominous simply as showing the view which the Bedolitan Romanists are disposed to take of this country, as if it were already reduced to a mere strip of the Pope's.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

It is a view which shows how they wind the certain quarters; it shows, also, what some men among us are meditating and the mischief they are capable of doing. The Pope writes as if he were living in an age when he was expected to regulate all things on earth, if not in heaven; as if he had nothing to look after nearer home; as if he were the monarch of the world, and the ruler of the nations.

drunkenness. * * I regret that no priest has deemed it his duty to make the least effort to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

With their unbounded influence over these people, how come it that they do not do more to arrest this riot, composed as it was, entirely of [R.] Catholics.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and emascators.

meeting public attention to their conduct. We have done so in the present instance, that our countrymen may be prepared for any further steps on the part of John and John-Mary, as Papal disturbers and

ed her patient spirit. "I cannot say that have great joy, or any reason to be glad, that she would say to her faithful and beloved attendants; but this is the promise which she has made, and she will be made perfect through suffering, and behold his face in glory." When the shattered fibres refused her the privilege of even seeing her pastor, she would reason and say, "Am I not yielding too much to nature? Why cannot I rouse myself to see those whom I know would do me good?" Alas! The very effort only resulted in deeper prostration. "Let us make this a matter of prayer," she said to relatives who waited upon her; "God may hear prayer even in this, and give me strength to see his servant." Accordingly prayer was made. The pastor brought her case before the church at the usual weekly prayer meeting. God answered prayer, in His own way. After special prayer had been offered, the pastor called to see her. He was admitted to her room. She reached out her attenuated hand and with a smile remarked, "O how sweetly the spirit applied the words—'This is the promise that he hath promised us, even ETERNAL LIFE.'—1 John 2:25. Soar! he had altered the words, upon which her steadfast hope had long relied, than the specific affection of the heart. It was a painful and painful that paralysis of the moral frame ensued! The despotic nervous disorder re-assumed its power and gave the death-stroke to its victim. She uttered one piercing cry. It was the last. From that moment she sank into deep suffering, and expired in a few days in "the full assurance of hope to the end."

JOHN BRANTON.

MRS. LADNER OF CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. Died, at Charlottetown, February 1st, aged 58 years, Mrs. Ladner, wife of Mr. Jas. Ladner. Our departed sister was a native of Penzance, Cornwall. She was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus by pious relatives during the revival of religion in her native place—under the ministry of the Rev. Messrs. Burt and Tar. Several relatives of her family having found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, sought earnestly to bring Mrs. Ladner to the same source of divine grace. Nor did they labour in vain. She responded to their invitation—"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." Her deep genuine conversion to God, and union with the church of Christ proved of infinite service to all the cherished scenes of her life. Amid various changes, her departure from England to seek a residence in the British North American Colonies was not the least important and interesting. Emigration from the parent country has been, and is now, of immense benefit to all interested therein. Yet it is accompanied with much that is exceedingly trying. The parting hour with beloved friends, the unknown future with all its imaginable phases, the landing among strangers, and the contact with new life in all its colonial and ecclesiastical forms, are trying both to the wisdom of the emigrant and to the faith of the christian. For sometimes after Mrs. Ladner's arrival in Prince Edward Island, she did not unite herself with the church. For what reason we cannot say. Probably her mild, quiet, and diffident spirit, which though ardent and affectionate towards those whom she knew, abstrained in modesty from offering herself as a member of the Wesleyan Society among strangers. Or the society had probably forgotten the beautiful injunction of the Mosaic law—"Ye know the heart of a stranger; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." And Dem. x. 19. "It was impossible for our departed sister to reside long among the zealous and devoted Wesleyans of Charlottetown without feeling their influence and receiving an invitation to their means of grace. During the ministry of the Rev. Fred. Smallwood, God graciously revived his work in a most remarkable manner. Many backsliders were restored, many souls were gathered in from the world, and others who had stood aloof from the church, either from fear or want of confidence, became in that day of power to give themselves to the Lord and to his church. Mrs. Ladner was among the latter, and sincerely did her rejoice in the Lord and cleave to the people of her choice until death. From the time of that revival, her union with Christ and his people was of the most uniform and consistent character. Her religious experience was deep. Her faith took strong hold upon the great promises of God. Her faith in the divinity, and power, and glory of the atonement of Christ was rich in its developments of all inward and outward holiness. To realize the utmost power of Christ to save from all sin; to be wholly sanctified in body and spirit; to love God with a perfect undivided heart; to walk in the commandments of the Lord blameless; to be filled with all the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God; and at last to be presented faultless before the throne through the merits of Him who died for her sins, was the supreme object of her life. For this she lived, and in the enjoyment of this she died. Her last days were those of great bodily weakness. Her faith and hope and love were tried to the uttermost by intense suffering. Yet, she rejoiced with joy unexpressed, and at various seasons, "full of glory." The sufferings of Christ in Gethsemane, and his death upon the cross; his providential and gracious dealings to her; his goodness in employing towards her family, and especially to the one whom she had given up to the Mission work in Newfoundland, were mental scenes upon which her mind was continually staid, so that as far as it is possible to realize the following sentiment, it was her privilege to sing—

JOHN BRANTON.

"With thee conversing, my forgetful heart
Labouring with thee, and with thee sweet
Labour's rest, and pain's relief
Thou, my God, art here."

She died praying for her dear son prostrating the death, and that all her children might meet her in heaven. And when her voice failed in death, she lifted up her hand in token of her triumph over the great enemy.

JOHN BRANTON.

MRS. TIMPSON, GUYBORO, N. S. Died, at Salmon River, Guyboro, on the 18th Nov. Mrs. Robert Timpson, in the 42nd year of her age. She was converted to God in her youth, and though educated in the Wesleyan, she was a Baptist church. Soon after this, she was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Timpson, and with her husband, removed to Providence, U. S. Her views on religious matters, about this time, it appears underwent a change. She joined the Methodist church, and as far as the writer can learn, remained a consistent member until she joined the Wesleyan Church triumphantly in her native place. After arriving home, she frequently spoke of her sense of deprivation of the means of grace, which she so enjoyed in Providence; and she felt resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father: "Death," she said to the writer, "has no terrors to me; I have never been afraid to die since I was converted. Before I was converted I was afraid of death, but that fear has all been taken away." "Sing," she said. When asked what she would sing? "Sing—"

"I'm going home to die no more."

Just before the vital spark was extinct she asked for a drink of cold water, which when she had received it, she held it up in her hand, and looking up at her father she said, with the utmost calmness, "Father, I am going to drink of that pure river of the water of life, that proceedeth out of the throne of God, and the Lamb." It was her last utterance. In a few moments her spirit was winging "its mystic flight to future worlds," and we doubt not she is now—

"Far from a world of grief and sin
With God eternally at ease."

We deeply sympathize with her sorrowing husband and children who will see her face no more. May they follow her as the faithful Christ, and eventually reign with her in life eternal. Amos. O. W. TUTTLE, Wes. Min. Guyboro, Nov. 1863. (Zion's Herald special copy.)

IN MEMORIAM.
Of the late Mrs. Susannah Eaton, of Hall, Yorkshire, England.
BY MARY E. HERBERT.
"She sank to sleep, to sleep, to dream that she was on the hillside of the wide blue sea,
And that young heart was in the air to roam
Not to its earthly but its heavenly home."
"Alas, few days had passed,
Ere that cold shroud brushed her last,
And that young heart was in the air to roam
Not to its earthly but its heavenly home."
Too late! Bitter words, the silent burden of many an aching heart; the mournful record inscribed on the tombs of blighted joys and withered hopes; too late!

A letter from her home? Ah, yes, but it comes too late. Lay the mistle-aside, for cold in death is the warm hand to whom its tender messages had been welcome as sunshine to the flower, or dew upon the parched earth.
She is not here, fond father; those loving greetings from home, which so bravely would have soothed and comforted that buried spirit, though borne, swiftly as winds and waves could wait them hither, have come late, too late!

In ponder cemetery, where water's wide world mournfully through leafless branches, all lowly she lies, and even the message of affection is powerless to awaken "the dull insensate ear of death." A fading flower she came among us, and enjoyed a short while on this side of the grave. Full of hope she had bidden a fond farewell to the home of her childhood and youth; had looked her last on each familiar scene, anticipating, with all the buoyancy of youth and joy, a speedy blissful return.

"But ah, never, nevermore shall I
Shall I tread her native shore!
She would, yet, yet not alone, for her young heart's chosen, the husband of her fond affection,
Was with her."
"And she beneath his tender care,
Felt every fear subside."

Saely their vessel reached the destined port, nor long a time elapsed until, homeward bound, borne onward, over the laughing waves, merrily danced their bark, bearing day by day its wished-for haven;—but length the scene was changed; the sun hid in fumes; the winds developed the waters, and the vessel, that, "like a ship of life," had so proudly and majestically moved on its course, now in an ill-fated hour, became a hapless prey to the treacherous and hidden rocks. Despair filled each heart as silently and quickly the vessel was launched, and the unhappy crew prepared to consign themselves to its uncertain mercy; but scarcely had the pallid and trembling women sought refuge within it, when the frail bark suddenly submerged, and she plunged beneath the black and yawning waves felt her hold on life relax, until a merciful insensibility closed for a time the scene.

Preserved as by a miracle, she woke at length to a sense of agonizing pain, while dimly through dawned upon her mind a remembrance of the fatal shipwreck. She gazed round, but strange faces alone met her longing glance. Where was her loved one now? Alas, plunging beneath the billows in a vain attempt to save the life of one dear to him as his own soul, the cruel waves bore him away, and she sank to rise no more, until "the sea shall give up its dead."

"Who called thee strong as Death, O Love,
Whither thou wert, and where thou wert,
Who can paint the anguish of that widowed heart,
As days passed on, and she realized more fully her bereaved condition. Strangers were kind, and two there were, exiles themselves from the dear old shores of England, who long, as labourers in the vineyard of their Lord, had tarried on that barren coast—who laboured on her tenderest care, and left their footprints on the sands of time. A lecture read on such a subject necessarily attracts attention, and he who has spoken in language of thrilling eloquence is indeed a rare talent. This was the case with the lecture delivered by the reverend gentleman on Tuesday, and from first to last it was listened to with the most intense interest.

for the testimony of Jesus, are joining in the solemnity of the New Jerusalem.
There was no ranting, but a uniform propriety of manner, and a deep earnestness in every sentiment he uttered, yet candidly acknowledging the good deeds of those who, before the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and the honey of comfort into the cup of the Reformation, and we almost regretted to see the banner of the Reformation, "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God;" men who, however erroneous in some things, yet complied with the judgment of the holy, poured the milk of consolation and

The Family.

The Water and the Flower.

That was along a wayside path, to watch the clouds away...

A little flower blossoming a step or so aside, This happy child of innocence with sudden joy...

Whistling down her pitcher with the same sweet, joyous song...

The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun...

Whistling down with fairy tread, as merry as before...

I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage door...

Oh! often when this little comes has crossed my thought again...

I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her spirit then—

This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last...

Refreshed all the weary hearts that met her as she passed—

If with unconscious tenderness her heart has passed to bless

The poor amid their poverty, and in their day-dreams...

Still following up God's teaching day by day, and hour by hour...

Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest

The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast,

If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps have led

The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from her head

Oh! how happy charity how many pleasures lost By those who have not known these, had been worthy of the coin.

How many heads a blessing from a better world have borne

Whistling down the pitcher to the weary and the worn.

That you had stood beside God's spring of blessings day by day,

To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away;

The poor and the dejected, whom God hath will-ed to roam,

Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy home!

Remember Him whose bounty has at all times followed thee,

And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the town

To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher dawn.

Trifles.

A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE. The ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me...

I opened the door, there is a mystery about it. Who waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who what is coming.

During those one day, earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out and while lounging idly over the paper the bell rang.

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns...

I was pleased, first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly because I thought I needed a day's recreation.

By the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently, I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable.

At length, however, I drove away, and in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and, as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride.

How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?

And I felt as I contrasted the past with the present to think that we could settle down in the commonplace life we now led.

We had no serious trouble, we did not quarrel, though I felt cross, or other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually braided plainly behind her ears unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosaic realities? I suppose we were as happy anybody; and yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In his hall was met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chided a few minutes and then flitted away, while the doctor remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterwards, led the way to the library.

As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remarks about it, to which the doctor responded:

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor still continuing of sober married people. All through the day, I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other.

There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do.

I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home.

Whistling down her pitcher with the same sweet, joyous song, she watered it, half laughing, and gaily tripped along!

The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun, and smile beneath the arch which she unconsciously had done.

Whistling down with fairy tread, as merry as before, I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage door.

Oh! often when this little comes has crossed my thought again, I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her spirit then—

This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last, Refreshed all the weary hearts that met her as she passed—

If with unconscious tenderness her heart has passed to bless The poor amid their poverty, and in their day-dreams...

Still following up God's teaching day by day, and hour by hour, Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast,

If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps have led The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from her head

Oh! how happy charity how many pleasures lost By those who have not known these, had been worthy of the coin.

How many heads a blessing from a better world have borne Whistling down the pitcher to the weary and the worn.

That you had stood beside God's spring of blessings day by day, To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away;

The poor and the dejected, whom God hath will-ed to roam, Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy home!

Remember Him whose bounty has at all times followed thee, And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the town

To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher dawn.

Trifles.

A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE. The ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in a mystic mood. Like a suspended letter, there is a mystery about it...

Who waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who what is coming. During those one day, earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out and while lounging idly over the paper the bell rang...

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and child with me...

I was pleased, first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly because I thought I needed a day's recreation. By the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently, I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable...

At length, however, I drove away, and in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and, as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride. How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?

And I felt as I contrasted the past with the present to think that we could settle down in the commonplace life we now led. We had no serious trouble, we did not quarrel, though I felt cross, or other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished. I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually braided plainly behind her ears unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosaic realities? I suppose we were as happy anybody; and yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations. The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In his hall was met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chided a few minutes and then flitted away, while the doctor remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterwards, led the way to the library. As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remarks about it, to which the doctor responded:

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet. When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor still continuing of sober married people. All through the day, I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other. There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do. I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home.

Whistling down her pitcher with the same sweet, joyous song, she watered it, half laughing, and gaily tripped along! The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun, and smile beneath the arch which she unconsciously had done. Whistling down with fairy tread, as merry as before, I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage door. Oh! often when this little comes has crossed my thought again, I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her spirit then—

This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last, Refreshed all the weary hearts that met her as she passed—

If with unconscious tenderness her heart has passed to bless The poor amid their poverty, and in their day-dreams...

Still following up God's teaching day by day, and hour by hour, Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast,

If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps have led The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from her head

Oh! how happy charity how many pleasures lost By those who have not known these, had been worthy of the coin.

How many heads a blessing from a better world have borne Whistling down the pitcher to the weary and the worn.

That you had stood beside God's spring of blessings day by day, To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away;

The poor and the dejected, whom God hath will-ed to roam, Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy home!

Remember Him whose bounty has at all times followed thee, And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the town

To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher dawn.

Trifles.

A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE. The ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in a mystic mood. Like a suspended letter, there is a mystery about it...

Who waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who what is coming. During those one day, earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out and while lounging idly over the paper the bell rang...

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and child with me...

I was pleased, first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly because I thought I needed a day's recreation. By the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently, I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable...

At length, however, I drove away, and in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and, as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride. How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?

And I felt as I contrasted the past with the present to think that we could settle down in the commonplace life we now led. We had no serious trouble, we did not quarrel, though I felt cross, or other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished. I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually braided plainly behind her ears unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosaic realities? I suppose we were as happy anybody; and yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations. The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In his hall was met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chided a few minutes and then flitted away, while the doctor remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterwards, led the way to the library. As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remarks about it, to which the doctor responded:

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet. When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor still continuing of sober married people. All through the day, I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other. There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do. I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home.

Whistling down her pitcher with the same sweet, joyous song, she watered it, half laughing, and gaily tripped along! The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun, and smile beneath the arch which she unconsciously had done. Whistling down with fairy tread, as merry as before, I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage door. Oh! often when this little comes has crossed my thought again, I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her spirit then—

This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last, Refreshed all the weary hearts that met her as she passed—

If with unconscious tenderness her heart has passed to bless The poor amid their poverty, and in their day-dreams...

Still following up God's teaching day by day, and hour by hour, Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast,

If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps have led The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from her head

Oh! how happy charity how many pleasures lost By those who have not known these, had been worthy of the coin.

How many heads a blessing from a better world have borne Whistling down the pitcher to the weary and the worn.

That you had stood beside God's spring of blessings day by day, To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away;

The poor and the dejected, whom God hath will-ed to roam, Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy home!

Remember Him whose bounty has at all times followed thee, And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the town

To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher dawn.

Trifles.

A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE. The ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in a mystic mood. Like a suspended letter, there is a mystery about it...

Who waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who what is coming. During those one day, earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out and while lounging idly over the paper the bell rang...

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and child with me...

I was pleased, first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly because I thought I needed a day's recreation. By the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently, I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable...

At length, however, I drove away, and in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and, as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride. How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?

And I felt as I contrasted the past with the present to think that we could settle down in the commonplace life we now led. We had no serious trouble, we did not quarrel, though I felt cross, or other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished. I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually braided plainly behind her ears unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosaic realities? I suppose we were as happy anybody; and yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations. The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In his hall was met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chided a few minutes and then flitted away, while the doctor remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterwards, led the way to the library. As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remarks about it, to which the doctor responded:

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet. When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor still continuing of sober married people. All through the day, I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other. There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do. I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home.

Whistling down her pitcher with the same sweet, joyous song, she watered it, half laughing, and gaily tripped along! The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun, and smile beneath the arch which she unconsciously had done. Whistling down with fairy tread, as merry as before, I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage door. Oh! often when this little comes has crossed my thought again, I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her spirit then—

This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last, Refreshed all the weary hearts that met her as she passed—

If with unconscious tenderness her heart has passed to bless The poor amid their poverty, and in their day-dreams...

Still following up God's teaching day by day, and hour by hour, Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast,

If to the wayside wanderer where'er her steps have led The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from her head

Oh! how happy charity how many pleasures lost By those who have not known these, had been worthy of the coin.

How many heads a blessing from a better world have borne Whistling down the pitcher to the weary and the worn.

That you had stood beside God's spring of blessings day by day, To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away;

The poor and the dejected, whom God hath will-ed to roam, Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy home!

Remember Him whose bounty has at all times followed thee, And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the town

To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher dawn.

Trifles.

A WORD TO MARRIED PEOPLE. The ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in a mystic mood. Like a suspended letter, there is a mystery about it...

Who waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who what is coming. During those one day, earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out and while lounging idly over the paper the bell rang...

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and child with me...

I was pleased, first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly because I thought I needed a day's recreation. By the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently, I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable...

At length, however, I drove away, and in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and, as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride. How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?

And I felt as I contrasted the past with the present to think that we could settle down in the commonplace life we now led. We had no serious trouble, we did not quarrel, though I felt cross, or other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished. I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually braided plainly behind her ears unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosaic realities? I suppose we were as happy anybody; and yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations. The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In his hall was met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chided a few minutes and then flitted away, while the doctor remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterwards, led the way to the library. As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remarks about it, to which the doctor responded:

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet. When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor still continuing of sober married people. All through the day, I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other. There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do. I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I was very much pleased with his tasteful home.

Whistling down her pitcher with the same sweet, joyous song, she watered it, half laughing, and gaily tripped along! The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun, and smile beneath the arch which she unconsciously had done. Whistling down with fairy tread, as merry as before, I saw her pass the garden gate, and close the cottage door. Oh! often when this little comes has crossed my thought again, I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed her spirit then—

This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last, Refreshed all the weary hearts that met her as she passed—

If with unconscious tenderness her heart has passed to bless The poor amid their poverty, and in their day-dreams...

Still following up God's teaching day by day, and hour by hour, Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and the flower.

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast,

CONSUMPTION.

This Disease is not incurable. I have seen many cases of Black River Consumption, New York, after being cured of the disease in its worst form by an English doctor...

TESTIMONIALS. From Rev. L. D. Stearns. Having been suffering from a severe bronchial difficulty, attended with cough and spitting of blood, and having tried many medicines for three years...

From Rev. J. W. T. Rogers. I have used your medicine in my family, and find it to be the best thing for the throat and lungs...

From Rev. H. Sted. Having used your medicine in my family, I can truly commend its excellence. H. Sted.

From Rev. John W. Coxe. I have used your medicine for the throat and lungs, and find it to be the best thing for the throat and lungs...

From Rev. G. W. T. Rogers. I have used your medicine for the throat and lungs, and find it to be the best thing for the throat and lungs...

From Rev. Geo. G. Haggard. I recommend your medicine as the best I have ever used for the throat and lungs...

These Medicines, including Mixture, Balsam and Pills, are \$6 per package, and can be had through all the Dispensaries, Wholesale and Retail, Halifax, N. S. Orders, accompanied by the cash, will receive prompt attention.

October 25.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Every Man his own Physician. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. The Stomach is the great organ which influences the health of the system—Abused or debilitated by excess—indigestion, offensive breath and physical prostration are the natural consequences...

Eruptions on the skin. Arising from a bad state of the blood or chronic disease of the system, eruptions on the skin are a sure sign of internal disease...

Female Complaints. Whether in the young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these troubles display so decided an influence on the health, and so often terminate in the health of the patient. Being a purely vegetable preparation, they are safe and reliable...

Filles and Firtins. Every form and feature of these prevalent and stubborn disorders is eradicated locally and entirely by the use of this emollient; warm fomentations, blisters, and other applications, being equally useless...

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases: Burns, Rheumatism, Sore-throats, Burns, Ring Worm, Scars of all kinds, Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, Sprains, Chilblains, Scalds, Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Frost-bites, Swelled Glands, Venereal Sores, Gonorrhoea, and all other diseases of the skin.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the words "Holloway, New York and London" are discernible on the wrapper, and the name of the proprietor is printed on the wrapper...

Use the Kitchen Slop. Just now the English agricultural papers are full of articles upon the use of the sewerage or waste of cities. Bringing this subject down to individuals, we might write a long article on the waste of the house, had not this subject been so frequently presented in our columns. Again we say, allow no fertilizing material to go to waste. The water from the kitchen is rich in elements of fertility. The soap suds, washing, pot or lye water, etc., are all needed by the garden, and will spray freely for the spring and applying to plants. On many farms the sink sput water discharges into a gutter, and the waste water is allowed to soak away or evaporate, and just along the edges of this gutter will be found a most luxuriant growth of weeds, showing plainly that the ground here is richer than elsewhere. Let the kitchen waste be collected in a sunken hogs