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Religious Miscellany.

Do Thy Little; Do it Well!

Do thy little,—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin, and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments," when He bade.

Do thy little: never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee for awhile.

Do thy little: never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near:
Let the world its javelins throw;
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little. God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade:
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth every thing.

Do thy little: and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death.

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little sights with patience borne,—

These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed,
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

Christ and Wine.

All evils strive to cloak themselves under the mantle of Christ and the Bible. The venders and drinkers of fermented and manufactured wines, are seeking this protection. A name which by them, every day is blasphemed, is summoned to their help, when His disciples are rallying in His spirit and power for their overthrow.

The relation of Christ to wine-making as illustrated in his first miracle, is set forth with novelty and truthfulness, in the following extract from a sermon delivered on Fast Day in the Tremont Temple, by Rev. J. D. Fulton.

It is claimed that Jesus, by his miracle at Cana of Galilee placed himself in unequivocal antagonism to total abstinence, and that he sanctioned the use of this beverage which the Nazarite rejected, and the friendly enjoyment of innocent festivity.

Review the scene. The naturalness of Christ's life arrests the attention of every one who studies it. He did nothing for effect. Nathaniel comes and believes in Christ. He lives in Cana of Galilee. There is to be a wedding there. Mayhap Nathaniel is to be married. A man of influence in his town, if not an anticipated bridegroom, he invites Christ and his disciples to mingle with them at the feast.

Once at the place he adjusts himself to circumstances. Mary endeavors to exhibit him and obtains a rebuke.

Christ's hour came. There was no wine. Up to this time Christ had been ignored by all beside Mary. An opportunity presents itself by which he may reveal himself, serve the ruler of the feast and preach a sermon never to be forgotten. Of course Christ waits no longer, but determines upon his course of conduct.

He orders the servants to fill the water pots with water, refusing to use the vessels in which wine had been kept lest, probably, the effect of the miracle be marred. The servants fill the water pots with water up to the brim. Christ commands, "Draw out now and bear to the governor of the feast." It is done, and the governor testing it exclaims, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Notice nothing is said of the contents of the water pots, but simply of that portion drawn out and borne to the governer of the feast. The miracle consisted not in the quantity of wine made, but in the fact that what the servants poured in as water, came out wine.

The analogy is perfect. Human effort blessed by Christ produces omnipotent results.

The purpose of the miracle was accomplished. Christ manifested his glory, revealed his presence, and so imprinted the fact on the minds of men that the impression was indelibly fixed. He gave while he received and entertained when welcomed as a guest.

Neander remarks, Christ employed water, one of the commonest supports of life, as the vehicle of higher of power. So it is the peculiarity of the work of Christianity not to destroy what is natural, but to ennoble or transfigure it, to enable it as the organ of divine powers to produce effects beyond its original capacities. To energise the power of water into wine, is indeed in every sense the peculiar office of Christianity.

The reasons for supposing that only that portion of the water drawn off was changed into wine are deserving of consideration.

1. It would be unnecessary to make this quantity of wine. The purpose of Christ is clearly discernible. He had been an unnoticed guest at the feast. They had invited him and had ignored him as though he was unnecessary to their enjoyment.

At last an opportunity occurred when he could reveal his nature. Wine was wanted. He met the want, and in doing so proved that the source of help was at hand. For with Christ there is fullness of joy.

2. The effect produced would be greater, if only the water drawn off was changed, than if the entire quantity had been converted into wine.

Behold the scene. The wine is borne to the governor of the feast. He tastes it, and naturally inquires the cause of keeping the good wine until the last. The servants explain. *Christ has wrought a miracle.* The ruler of the feast pauses. The hum of voices is hushed. The atmosphere is full of a strange influence. The guests seek the agitating cause, and learn that Christ has changed the water into wine. They taste it. It is good wine. They go to the water pots. They are full of water. They draw from them. The result is water. The cause is sought.

The servants are preachers now. The wonder increases. The bride is startled. The sound of revelry is stilled,—and Christ, instead of sanctioning wine drinking, or countenancing wild hilarity by a single act, changes the current of thought, and sets in motion streams of influence which are yet flowing through the world. He does not oppose John's gospel. He fulfils it and illustrates it. The omnipotence of Christ appears and sheds glory and light upon their perceptions of his omniscience, and his disciples believed in him.

They had learned a lesson which taught them to seek enjoyment, not by turning from the wine made to the water pots, but by using the gifts of Christ and by studying the divine results in the light of a growing faith.

Had all the water been changed, the guests might have claimed that the servants had deceived them. Now there could be no mistake. The wine drawn was wine, but Christ alone could reproduce the same result. How this fact explains Christianity itself! A man is changed, not a community of men. It is human effort employed in reaching individuals that is blessed. There is this principle running through all successful endeavor—soul touches soul, heart comes in contact with heart, and Christ's blessing changes the water of purification into the wine of gladness.

In the language of Mary to the servants,—"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," is embodied the three great facts in conversion. To hear what Christ saith, to believe it, and to do it. The disciples saw that the servants heard, believed, and did; and the result was, water became wine.

That fact, in various forms, is the soul of Christian endeavor, and that result is the glory of the Church.—*Zion's Herald*

Purity of Intention.

We should never rise from our knees in the morning until in our secret prayers we have earnestly asked God to keep through the day our intention pure. If our miserable self-seeking, our vanity, our low aims are to be corrected or cast out, it must be under the direct teaching and aiding of God the Holy Ghost; and that teaching and aid will be given us if we thus earnestly seek it. Thus shall we be beforehand with the enemy when he comes with his foul breath of temptation to whisper his poisonous suggestions in our ears. He will find us preoccupied by the thought of God, to whose direct glory we have solemnly devoted all the day. But then beyond this, through the day we must often, even in the midst of our busiest occupations, renew this offering of all we do or design to His glory. As much as possible we should pause before we begin any new occupation, and in secret prayer, shot up like an arrow to Him, pray Him to purify our intention in beginning it, and to accept what we offer.

We must live more and more in secret intercourse and direct communion with Him; we must often retire, at least in thought and aspiration, from business, pleasure, nay, even from outward service itself, into the sacred shrine of His presence; in that presence the most subtle delusions of the tempter stand exposed to our gaze. We see the emptiness of all the rewards of this world and its prince; his enchantments fade away; the bewitching countenance of seeming beauty turns under the light of that eye into the hollowness and corruption of the grave; we see the worm in its loathsomeness where all looked but now enticing; and we hear the soft sounds of flattery turn into the malignant execrations of the pit.—*Bishop of Oxford.*

The Victorious Rider.

The victories of Christ are legitimate. In the history of the world, military successes have often been hideous wrongs. Fired with the lust of dominion, the demigods of battle have invaded realms to which they had no claim, and have extended their power only by the law of the strongest. But the moral conquests of Jesus are based on absolute and unimpeachable right. "A crown was given unto him," as a sign that he was entitled to reign, and as a sign things had been committed to his hands. This crown is not to be regarded as a symbol of the sovereignity which belongs to him as divine; for that, being original and underived, is incapable of increase. It is his authority as Mediator which is here indicated. In the sacrifice which he offered on Calvary, he laid the foundation of that spiritual empire over which he now presides, and which is to continue through all time. Revelation accordingly assures us that, in compensation of his sufferings, he has been invested with the government of all beings and of all worlds. He himself declared, after his resurrection: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." And St. Paul, speaking of his humiliation and of its resultant glory, says: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name; that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth."

His ascension to the right hand of the Father was the hour of his coronation—of his public entrance upon the Lordship of the universe.—Hence, in the sublime vision of Isaiah, the angels that throng heaven's battlements are represented as beholding him on his return from the field of his conflict, and inquiring, with mingled wonder and adoration: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?—this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" And the voice of triumphant Immanuel is heard in answer: "I, that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Again, in the same scene, the spirits that keep guard without the golden portals of the Eternal City are described as saying: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." The hosts within inquire: "Who is this King of Glory?" And they without reply: "The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle—he is the King of Glory." The Being at whose approach all the ranks of celestial intelligences were thus moved and transported was the conquering Messiah, coming to take possession of his empire. It was Christ triumphing over principalities and powers, and making a show of them openly. It was Christ, "bearing the scars of honor in his flesh, and the joy of victory in his eyes." It was Christ—his vesture dipped in blood—the keys of Death and Hell at his girdle—ascending with these memorials of his sacrifice, to claim, by the worth of that sacrifice, his appointed supremacy in the kingdom of grace. The claim was admitted.—He was crowned—enthroned. And now he is "exalted far above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet; and is made Head over all things to his church, the fulness of Him all in all." Jesus is thus anointed King over the realms of Providence and of Redemption.—The whole world belongs to his domain. He purchased it, he owns it, he governs it; and he has, therefore, an unquestionable right to conquer back from the clutch of the Usurper every inch of its still alienated territory.—*Dr. Ide's Bible Pictures.*

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Duty.

A most important word. Belongs to every individual. No man is right or safe who neglects it. Those understand it best who are willing to do it. It has relation to secular as well as spiritual things. It is not the same among the angels as among the children of men. God arranges it for all his creatures, hence it is suited to the capacities of each. It varies with the different periods of human life, and with our opportunities and circumstances. It meets a child very early in life, and demands attention, but owing to the negligence or wickedness of parents the demand is often resisted. Perhaps the most important duties of the human being are those of the first ten years of existence on earth.

It always has reference to the present, not to the future. It cannot travel backward. If neglected in the past, it cannot be performed, for that period now, or at any future time. It not only refers to the *present, now*, but such will always be the case, yes to all eternity. It will not admit of proxy. No individual can do more than his own duty. But every one may do a great deal less. There is no compulsion in the matter. Duty is always at home. It does not go gadding abroad. Yet it often leads men and women away from home. It goes seeking the poor and the erring, yet *feels* at home in such journeys. It has an eye on the footsteps of Jesus, and endeavors to walk as he walked.

It is the life of the church. She exists by its individual manifestation. It is of more importance then *profession* or *resolve*, yet these are useful, though too often they vainly endeavor to supply its place. It oils the hinges of our salvation, and furnishes the chief criterion of character. In fact there is no salvation on earth or in heaven without it. I speak in reference to adult s

A man is what he ought to be, or otherwise, just in proportion as he attends to the claims of duty. If every one would perform his duty Godward and manward, what a blessed state of society should we have on earth. Man, universal man, is constantly coming short of duty. His very character as a sinner indicates this. Blessed be God that pardon may be obtained. But must we be always doing wrong? Yes, unless there is grace to help in time of need. But there is grace to help, and we may have it, and have it always. Thus shall we be enabled to "*do* the will of God on earth as angels do in heaven."

Under the economy of grace, no more is required than we are able to do, as assisted, directed and saved by the Spirit of God. Yet the Spirit of God does not release me from duty; it enables, not oblige me, to perform it. Duty is always associated with a promise. Promise and duty are inseparable companions. I am afraid of those professors who talk about the promises, but seem to care little about duty. If those who are asleep in darkness and sin, would have light, they must hearken to the voice of Christ and awake. The foolish became wise, by applying their hearts unto wisdom. The wicked obtain pardon by forsaking their wicked ways, and turning to the Lord. The weak are strengthened by waiting upon the Lord. The crown of life is the result of being faithful unto death. The glorious doctrine of justification by faith does not ignore duty. Faith has more of duty than promise in it.

Duty is not of the law only, it forms one of the essential elements of the gospel. The gospel has its commands as well as the law; men are to be judged, Paul says by the gospel. Christ said to the unbelieving Jew, "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."

We shall never be above duty, as long as we are under the governmeat of God; and as that will be eternal, we shall have duties to perform throughout the entire round of existence.

Happy are they who make "their duty their delight." Such doubtless is the will of God. He would have us happy. Hence duty never produces misery. Our troubles arise from its neglect. Who now is prepared to say with Mrs. Osgood,

"To hallowed duty, here, with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind we our lives?"

Lunenburg. G. O. H.

A Story about Forgiveness.

Several years ago there lived in a town in central Georgia, two men bearing the names of J. and F. These men, as far as known, were regarded as good brethren. They were on terms of peace in the church.

In process of time, however, J. went to his brother F. to buy some wheat. The wheat was purchased by the bushel, perhaps one dollar and part of the money was paid for it. After this J. sent for the wheat, but strange to say, F. refused to let him have it. F. it is said, found after bargaining with J., that wheat had advanced in price, and he wanted the advance. Of course J. insisted on his right to what he had contracted and partly paid for. F. refused positively to fulfil his agreement. This was the ground-work as might naturally have been expected, of a terrible difficulty between the two brethren. The one, feeling injured, gave public expression to his indignation; while the other, conscious perhaps of having done wrong, and yet possessed of an obstinate nature, angrily defended himself as best he might. Things went on this way for months, perhaps; at least till the matter was talked of all over the country. Having borne with the brethren as long as possible, the church to which they belonged was on the eve of taking up the matter, when brother J., the injured party, began to come to himself. He told F. at their last interview, that he would *sue* him. Now he began to think the matter all over. "Was it right," he asked himself, "to injure the cause of Christ, to disgrace the church, to cast away brother F., who up to that time had always seemed a good man—to do all this for the pitiful amount of a few dollars, or a few bushels of wheat?"

J. went at night into a solitude to place the whole subject before the Lord. While there the Lord helped him. He found the spirit of forgiveness there at the throne of grace. He brought it home with him. In the morning early, J. mounted his horse and started to see F. F. saw him coming, and tried to get out of sight, by leaving his house by a back way. J. saw this and called him. F. seemed not to hear; but, as the call was still repeated, F. came at last to see what was wanted—not with a very good grace, however. The two brethren face to face once more, J. began his speech: "Brother F., I have come to tell you that we must settle our difficulty. We are injuring the cause of Christ; we are destroying our peace as men and Christians; we are about to involve the church in a great trouble. We must, I repeat it, make an end of this matter. I told you, brother F., at our last interview, that I would sue you. I have done so. (F. looked sullen). Last night I carried your case before the Lord, and got a verdict against you. You have done wrong, my brother: but listen to me; I forgive you the wrong; from my heart I forgive you. Keep the wheat, bro. F., and the money too; the whole of it is not worth making a fuss about. I am sorry that I ever allowed myself to be troubled about it at all. If I have done you any wrong, my brother, I am sorry for it, and I ask your forgiveness." During this speech, F. had wonderfully softened down in his feelings. Before it ended, his hands were over his eyes, and the great tears were chasing each other down his cheeks. When able to speak he said, "Brother J. I have done wrong. I want you to forgive me. I will send you the wheat." "No," said J., "I don't want the wheat. I forgive you all the debt." "Yes," said F., "but you must have it. I will send it to you this very evening."

Need we say, that brother J. and F. parted as brethren should do? Need we say that they had no church trials—that brotherly love was restored between them.

Religious Intelligence.

Work among the Freedmen.

LOVE-FEAST TESTIMONIES.—The *Charleston Advocate* contains a communication from Rev. T. W. Lewis, presiding elder of the Charleston district, in which he describes an "old-fashioned quarterly meeting," premising that it is only a specimen of those which he holds among the colored people. The meeting was held at Barnwell, where the work is under the pastoral supervision of Rev. A. Middleton, late a student in Baker Institute. The love-feast was held at sunrise; the following are some of the testimonies:

"Master Jesus is here—never day like this—my soul is bursting full."

"I see the rainbow in the cloud, all bright now; praise the Lord!"

"I feel like the king's daughter, 'all glorious within;' my joy is more than tongue can tell. O for a thousand."

This was followed by singing,—

"We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,
And then we're going home."

"I feel new-born to-day; Jesus runs abroad in my poor heart. He has broken the chains which bound my body in slavery and my soul to Satan; I will praise him."

"I am a young class seeker, but I never felt the glory like I do this morning. If this be not jubilee, what is it?" followed by singing,—

"If you want to see Jesus, go in the wilderness," &c.

"I sought God by digging deep till a living spring burst in, and like a fountain it flows this moment."

"I feel God all within and all without."

"What a morning is this? No *whip* for going to meeting *now*. Bless Massa Jesus and Massa Sherman. No selling babes and my husband now. I can't help serve my God better."

"I am not ashamed or afraid to own my Jesus. My old master said he would *whip* my religion out of me, but every cut made me cling closer to the God who delivered Daniel, and that God delivered me." Followed by singing—

Where, O where is good old Daniel?
Safe in the promised land.

"Once I was bound, but now I free; once I was dead, but now I live. I do feel Jesus living in me."

"I once thought I was something, but I prayed and prayed till I found I was nothing; then I felt the arms of Jesus."

"I live in a mighty wicked part of the country. The white people say they want our *work*, but have no use for our religion. They 'pears like they mad with God 'cause he did not help whip the Yankees, and keep us slaves; but I feels bad for them, and prays they may tink better of it, and come to dis very same Jesus."—Followed by singing,—

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?

"Jesus burst daylight into my soul four years ago, and I walk in the light."

"Long years ago I joined Church and followed Christ *afar off*. Three weeks ago I took another hold, and now I feel the pulling. Glory to the Lamb!"

"Good morning, brethren and sisters in the Lord! You all look like angels! The preachers are Joshua and Caleb; they give us Canaan fruit in cluster. We camp on Pisgah's top." Followed by singing,—

"We'll journey through the wilderness,"
"Roll, Jordan, roll."

"For 60 years I served God in the dark house of bondage, but since I'se free, seems like I have wings. We ought to serve him better now."

"I walked 20 miles to this quarterly meeting, but my foot was no way tired. *Love* is different from the *lash* to move the foot. O how I love my Jesus! and, my brethren, do help me praise him."

Just here the interest of the love-feast became so intense that our pencil failed to take notes. Many shouting, fell as dead, and in ecstacies we tarried on the mount of transfiguration. It was one continued session, beginning with the sunrise love-feast to the close of the evening service. Preaching, exhortations, sacrament, baptism, quarterly conference, praying for mourners, instructing seekers, made up the programme.

We licensed five local preachers and thirteen exhorters; received a large number on probation, and over twenty into full connection. Bro. Middleton has organized eleven Sabbath-schools on this circuit, and with this noble band of local preachers fills seven Sabbath appointments, and none less than seven miles apart. With the exception of two places, they worship under brush arbors, which protect from the sun but not from the rain. In the midst of one of the sermons a shower came up, and them it came *down* by pouring, till we were completely drenched; yet we kept on preaching, and the people kept on hearing; but few left the ground. Like the Israelites, we were baptized in the cloud, (not in the sea), but we did not, like them, come out dry shod.

Christianity in Japan.

Japanese who are instructed for the first time in the actual moral code laid down by Christ are penetrated with amazement. "Why, they exclaim, "his teaching is actually superior to that of Confucius. We had no conception Christianity was such a religion as this, but believed it to be a superstition only fit for the common people and shopkeepers, like Buddhism. Why do the people who come here not live like Christians? Is it because they are ignorant merchants who only understand superstition?" "No," we are compelled to reply; "they are all the same at home." "Then," they say astonished, "why do not your learned men follow purely the teaching of Christ as our learned men follow purely the teaching of Confucius?" Such are the questions with which the intelligent Japanese Confucian plies the Western Christian, and it is long before he is enabled so completely to overcome the prejudice which the practice of Christians excites in his mind, as thoroughly to realize that it has scarcely any relation whatever to the sublime precepts of the divine Founder of the religion he professes. For the Japanese is a man who does not know what compromise means, and it is to him astonishing that a man should say he believes one thing, and practice in his daily life another. In a word, he is capable of a sublime appreciation of Christianity, if it were for not an inveterate horror which he entertains of contact with the Christian. It is, doubtless, owing to the purely ethical character of his own religion, that the educated Japanese has no religious bigotry as applied to dogma. It is melancholy to reflect that the quarrels of rival missionaries and the lives of those who are Christians only in name, may render it impossible for a people who only judge of a religious system by its results, to accept Christianity.

General Miscellany.

A Midnight Scene in Gen. Grant's Camp.

The battle of Arbela was the eloquence of daring on the part of the young Macedonian king; that of Thermopylæ was the eloquence of patriotism on the part of Leonidas and his Helots. The battle of Austerlitz was the eloquence of bravery on the part of the young Corsican. The scene of Valley Forge was the eloquence on the part of Washington. The scene after the battle of the Wilderness combined all these elements, and added the eloquence of silence.

The well-known result of that fierce conflict was adverse to the army of the United States. General Lee had flung one wing of his army between our forces and the base of their supplies, which would require another battle to regain them. Each division and corps commander knew this sad condition of affairs.—They were all summoned to a council of war, to be held at the headquarters at one o'clock at night. They were the saddest steps ever taken by that band of devoted hearts. Fifteen thousand brave soldiers, dead, or dying, or wounded, were lying on the field hard by.

One after another entered, and after making a noiseless salute silently took their seats.—Generals Schofield, Meade, Burnside, Sickles, Howard, and others, I believe, were there.—Not a word was spoken. A full half hour thus passed by. Their emotions were too deep for utterance. Hopes of millions hung on the decision of that council.

At lengthth General Grant asked each one in succession if they had any advice to proffer.—Each one answered with a sad monosyllable, "No!"

The commander then wrote a few lines and handed the slip to General Meade, and he retired. This was repeated until all were gone, and the general was left alone. One of the staff of a division commander, who was sick, was the last to retire, and he is our authority for the above.

All were ignorant of each other's order.—They felt assured that retreat had been directed. Any other alternative would have been believed to be madness. Had they known that the order had been given to advance, instant and universal mutiny would have been raised. That eloquent silence, for which the commander has ever been noted, was the key to his success there.

The next morning each corps moved, and General Lee, the instant he perceived it with vehemence exclaimed:

"Our enemy have a leader at last, and our cause is lost!"

He had bid his officers the night before to let their soldiers sleep long; but now he saw the army whom he thought utterly defeated, moving round between him and the base of his supplies. He hastened to begin retracing his course, and confessed to an artillery officer of the Confederate army that the doom of their cause was sealed.—*Presbyterian.*

Vanity.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding in and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.
—*Harpers.*

Extraordinary Power of Endurance.

The *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* tells a most extraordinary story of the power of endurance of a Mr. J. D. Gardner, of San Francisco. With a companion he was riding in Almeda County in a carriage drawn by two horses, and at nine o'clock in the evening they were precipitated down a ravine more than twenty feet in depth. Mr. Gardner's left thigh was broken at the upper third, and the carriage was resting upon him; his companion lay insensible by his side. He succeeded in lifting the wheel and disengaging himself. They were in a lonely spot, and no one came to their relief. The injured man lay all night, all the next day and the next night, exposed to a broiling sun by day and the glare of a full moon at night. On the second day—

"Losing all hope of relief without a desperate effort he climbed the side of the ravine opposite to that on which he had fallen, and which was less precipitous. This he accomplished on his back, lifting his body with his hand and elbows and pushing it onward by means of the heel of the sound limb, dragging the broken one along after the body. Having climbed the bank, he saw the roof of a house nearly a mile distant, and set off for it in the same tardy and painful mode of locomotion. All that day and night, and the following day and night, were thus spent.

"On Sunday morning he came to a fence, which he found built of posts planted in the ground close together, with a horizontal string piece near the top to which posts were nailed. This was seemingly an insuperable obstacle to his further progress, and abandoning all hope, he resigned himself to death. But the sight of a small squash through the fence inspired him to renewed effort, and recollecting that he had passed a loose fence-rail a short distance back, he returned to it and managed to drag it to the fence, and with it to pry off the string piece from some of the posts. Then reaching backwards over his head, still lying on his back, he seized one of the posts, and after much labor loosened it from the earth and lifted it out, so as to leave an opening through which he dragged himself into the garden.

"He was now within a hundred yards of the house, but his voice was too faint to be heard at that distance. The squash was, however, accessible, and when he had brought it almost within his grasp, he was observed by some persons who chanced to be walking through the garden, and who came to his relief.

"It was now noon, on Sunday. Since noon of Wednesday, a space of four days, he had not swallowed a morsel of food or drink; and fifty-four hours of that time he had spent in dragging himself as described, from the ravine to the garden, a distance of nearly a mile. He thinks he did not sleep a moment, from the accident until after the rescue; but in this he was doubtless mistaken. The ground over which he travelled was rough, and in places stony. The foot of the broken limb often became wedged in the stones, when he was compelled to stop and turn in various directions before getting it extricated.

"When he was rescued, his first want was a drink of water, and when this was brought, he restricted himself with great self-control to two glasses. At the same time, however, he sent relief to his comrade, who was found still alive, but senseless, and who died the following night. Gardner refused to taste of brandy which was offered him, and he partook of food sparingly, exercising in every respect a judgment which a professional adviser could not have improved on.

"Being carried to the farm-house, he was placed under surgical care. Not a single unpleasant symptom supervened to interfere with the curative process. He took no stimulating liquors in any form. In seven weeks he was well enough to return to the city, and drive the vehicle which carried him. His health has been uniformly perfect, and he bears no trace of the injury except some lameness from shortening of the limb.

"Mr. Gardner is of medium stature and spare figure, with full bony development, and a general appearance of sturdy and rugged constitution. He is unmarried. At the time of the injury he was 25 years of age. His habits have always been regular and excellent, except in regard to tobacco, in which he has indulged pretty freely from his boyhood. On the night of his fall, about two o'clock, he recollected having a cigar in his pocket, and he now dwells with enthusiasm on the pleasure he enjoyed whilst lying on his back in the moonlight and puffing that solitary cigar. He had also a package of tobacco in his pocket, but fearing that he might get so hungry as to swallow it and injure himself, he threw it away beyond his reach. During his confinement to bed, he smoked daily more or less, and he refers with some feeling to the comfort derived from this source."

National Salutations.

French.—"Comment vous, portez vous?" which literally signifies, "How do you carry yourself?"

Germans.—In some parts of their country they invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

Greeks.—The salutation among the ancients was *Chaire*, "Rejoice!" Among the moderns, "What dost thou do?"

Hollanders—With their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, "Have you had a good dinner?"

Italians—On meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "How does she stand?"

Japanese.—They remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!"

Laplanders—When they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together.

Mohammedans.—"Peace be with you!" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God."

Moors.—They ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

Persians.—They salute by inclining the head over each other's necks, and then bending cheek to cheek with the extravagant greeting, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" and "May thy shadow never be less!"

Poles.—They bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?"

Romans—In ancient times exclaimed, "Be healthy!" or "Be strong!" when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. The Pope makes no reverence to mortal, except the Emperor of Austria, by whom he is kissed.

Russians.—The ladies permit not only their hands, but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?" "Be well!"

Siamese.—They prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether he has been eating anything offensive; if so, he is kicked out; if not, he is picked up.

Spanish.—The grandees wear their hats in the presence of their sovereign, to show that they are not so much subject to him as to the rest of the nation. When the royal carriage passes it is the rule to throw open the cloak to show that the person is unarmed.

Swedes.—They are by no means demonstrative in their courtesies. On meeting, they simply inquire, "How can you?"

Turks.—They cross their hands, place them on their breasts, and bow exclaiming, "Be under the care of God!" "Forget me not in thy prayers." Thy visits are as rare as fine days!" an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country.

Washoe.—People here no longer say, "How d'ye do?" when they meet. Its "How's your suit progressing?" and the reply, "Pretty well, thankee, how your's?" A man without a lawsuit is looked upon as a vagrant in the state of Nevada.

Arabs.—They are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet they embrace each other's cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as "God grant thee his favours!" "If God will, thy family enjoy good health?" "Peace be with you," etc.

Bengalese.—They call themselves the "most humble slaves" of those they desire to salute.

Bohemians.—They kiss the garments of the person whom they wish to honor.

Burmese.—They apply their noses and cheeks closely to a person's face, and then exclaim, "Give me a smell!" attributable to their great use of prefumes.

Ceylonese.—On meeting superors, they prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual.

Chinese.—They are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" and "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

Egyptians.—They kiss the back of a superior's hand, and as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking, "How goes the perspiration?" "Is it well with thee?" And "God preserve thee!"

English.—An old salutation in polite society was, "Save you, sir!" an evident abreviation of "God save you, sir!"

Ethiopian.—They take the robe off the friends twey meet and place them round their own waists, leaving the new-comers almost nude.

Sitting Through the Hot Season.

The Boston *Journal* reports the following as one of the humors of the dull season. We are reminded of the old seminary whiah became so run down for lack of patronage that it could only muster two students and four professors! A few mornings since a merchant was seen walking down Milk Street apparently in great haste to reach his store. A neighbour shouted at him as he passed inquiring if he expected to find a customer waiting for him. "O, no," replied the merchant, "haven't seen one for a week, but you know there are three partners in our concern, and only two chairs in our counting-room, I want to be on hand to secure one."

Obituary.

JOSEPH SHAW, OF GASPE.

The subject of the following memoir was born March 14th, 1802, in the Province of Nova Scotia, though his parents resided during his early years in New Brunswick. His father was largely engaged in the lumbering business on the Mayaquadaveck River which discharges its waters into the Passmaquoddy Bay. The subject of our sketch was sent when a boy about 14 years of age to Nova Scotia to school, where he became acquainted with a little flaxen-haired girl about his own age, who became some six years after, the partner of his subsequent life. She was the third daughter of the late James Thorne, Esq., of Granville. She still survives him. Few unions have been happier. They were about the same age; students of the same school; converted in the same revival; united with the same church; and have continued to walk together to the house of God up to the time of his last illness. Some two years after his marriage he engaged in merchandizing in New Caledonia, on the opposite side of the river from Annapolis, where he continued to reside for over 30 years. About 14 years ago he came to Gaspe, Canada East, for the purpose of engag-

ing in the lumbering business, of which he had some previous knowledge obtained from his father in early life. During the first two years of business here, he left his family in Nova Scotia, coming on in the spring and returning in the fall, but this did not suit his home-loving nature, so he brought his family with him.

He and his companion were converted to God in the winter of 1832, during an extensive revival that took place under the labours of the Revs. Pickles, McNutt, and Banister. His parents being members of the Baptist Church, he was not baptized till after his conversion. He and his fifth child were baptized together.

During the summer of 1853 he went home to England; he visited likewise Scotland and Ireland. On his arrival in Liverpool he bought a beautiful copy of the Bible for each of his eleven children, and had their names printed in them, and in each the following inscription, "I present to each of my children a copy of this precious book, in commemoration of the goodness of God to me on this my first visit to England. May his word dwell richly in the heart of my dear child, is the prayer of your ever loving father." JOSEPH SHAW.

Liverpool, Sept. 30, 1853.

He possessed a very fine clear mind, and it was well stored with general knowledge. He was particularly well versed in the history and literature of his own church. And he was a daily Bible student. Dr. Clarke's Commentary, and Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises were his constant companions in the family devotions and in the closet; and he almost invariably sung a few verses of a hymn in connexion with his family worship. He was an enthusiastic lover of music, and could repeat hundreds of lines of sacred poetry. These things added to his humble piety, rendered him a very efficient, and useful class-leader, and Sabbath-school superintendent, both of which offices he held for many years, and likewise the office of circuit steward.

He was a munificent supporter of the gospel. He always gave as the Lord prospered him, and he gave with a cheerful heart, thanking God for the privilege.

He believed in denominationalism, but he had no sympathy with bigotry. The christian minister in good standing in his communion, no matter what his denomination or name, ever found a welcome and a home beneath his roof. He never forgot the injunction given to Paul and Barnabas when they were going off to preach to the Gentiles, "That they should remember the poor," this, like them, he was always "forward to do," and the tears of the poor as they gazed upon his lifeless remains, was a monument worth living for. When the great temperance movement commenced he was one of the first to identify himself with it, and was its zealous advocate to the close of life.

We must not forget to mention another very distinguishing trait in his character, namely, his unwearied devotion to his family, and solicitude for their happiness. All who knew him intimately would regard any biography of him defective without the mention of this. One man, said to the writer, "Well, I think he did his duty to his family."

Another said, "He was as kind a husband and father as I ever knew." In fact he possessed in its largest degree, as all will testify, a spirit of amiability: he was affable, social, and friendly to all, the poor as well as the rich. And we all feel that by his death a shadow has fallen upon a bright sunny spot in our midst.

It was his custom to take his children while very young, frequently with him in the secret closet, and there pray for them and with many tears dedicate them to the Lord. One of them related to the writer the following circumstance. She said: "One afternoon Pa came in the room where my eldest sister and I were at work, and commenced slowly walking the floor, maintaining for a long time perfect silence. We saw from his anxious countenance that there was something deeply affecting and worrying his mind. He finally said, calling us both by name, 'you are old enough to commence praying in our prayer meetings, and you must pray in our next meeting.'" She said, "our only answer was a flood of tears. He said no more, but turned and left the room, leaving us to our own thoughts. At the next prayer meeting he called on us to pray. We hesitated for some time, and our hearts were almost overwhelmed with emotion, but he said, 'you must pray!' We thought the cross almost too heavy for us to bear; but then we thought it our duty to try to do what Pa told us, believing that he knew best."

It was his lot to be a long time ill—some four months—and to suffer a great deal; but he bore his sufferings with the most perfect resignation to the Divine will.

He used often to repeat in the midst of extreme suffering the stanzas, "O what are all our sufferings here?" and "Jesus lover of my soul."

I said to him about fifteen minutes before the close, "It is good to feel that we are on the *rock*, when the waves are beating around us." He replied, "O yes! O yes! I am on the Rock, the Rock of ages;" and he added with a good deal of difficulty, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.—" Here his voice failed, and he whispered, "please finish it," and I repeated, "As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be: world without end," when he added, "*Amen.*"

His companion, two sons, and seven daughters, the writer, and one or two other Christian friends, ministered to him during his last three hours, and O my poor heart said, touching indeed are these,

"Tender farewells on the shore,
Of this rude world when all is o'er."

He took an affectionate farewell of each of us, urging us to prepare to meet him in heaven.

The last words we heard from his lips were, "Precious Saviour! precious!" and in a low whisper, which seemed rather a whisper back from the other shore, "I have a crown of glory," and then passed into perfect day. This was July 5th, 1867. We hope again to meet him, in his better home beyond the tide.

ISAAC B. TALLMAN.

MRS. M. RITCHIE, HALIFAX.

The past three years has been marked by the decease of a considerable number of aged members of our church in Halifax, both male and female. These have died as they lived, in peace with God, through Christ, and charity with men. Their latest experience in most cases has been suggestive to some, of the words, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Others have been led to appropriate with unwonted fervour the ancient prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Another of our venerable people has lately been numbered with the dead in Christ, namely, Mrs. Margaret Ritchie, relict of the late Mr. George Ritchie, of H. M. Dockyard, Halifax. She finished her course on Wednesday, Aug. 28th, aged seventy-eight years.

Mrs. Ritchie and her husband united with the church at the same time about twenty years ago. There appears to be no record of her gracious experiences about the time of her exemplary and dutiful decision to be the Lord's devoted follower? The Ministers and Leaders who might be supposed to know accurately and intimately the leading features of her inner life, have either removed to other towns, or like herself, have passed away to another world, so that authentic information on these interesting particulars is not now easily recoverable. Thus it ever is in the land of our pilgrimage. No person, no state, is abiding. Of this however we are certain: "the word of our God shall stand for ever." Mrs. Ritchie was a safe pattern in her quiet, constant attendance on the means of grace, whence she obtained adequate supplies of grace to sustain, to comfort, and to sanctify her. Her pilgrimage was marked by a full average of trial, for of a numerous family who reached maturity, only two sons and one daughter survive their father and mother. Bereavements are often the occasion of leading the sorrowing survivors to cleave to the Lord more resolutely and confidingly than before. We may safely believe it was so with this lately departed mother in Israel. For a few years past she was the subject of severe attacks of rheumatism, whereby she was not only exercised with strong pain, but it deprived of their accustomed cunning both her hands, and made her lame also in her feet. Compelled thus to discontinue her attendance on the social and public means of grace and to inactivity at home, she required a double portion of the spirit of patience, resignation, and hope. This it is believed she possessed, for her speech was always grateful, and her temper habitually devout, and benevolent. She desired and valued the visits of her ministers, which were continued without any interruption from the time of her enforced absence from the services of the church until she was called up to that city whose "inhabitant shall not say, I am sick, the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

It was only a few weeks before Mrs. Richie's decease that her sickness assumed, in her case an unusual character, and then it presently became threatening and very painful. Her advanced age precluded hope of recovery or prolonged life. She acquiesced in the apprehended progress and issue of her disorder; and composed herself to await her final trial. This did not come till after several days and nights of deep suffering, prostration, and a degree of mental wandering. Nor is this at all surprising. O, how eagerly she listened to the thoughtful and holy words of her ministers, who visited her as she approached the swellings of Jordan! O, how earnestly she followed the lowly, loving, appropriate prayers, in which they besought the Lord to give her courage, confidence, and victory over her last enemy. The prayer was heard. Gradually as evening darkens into night, gently as the summer wave of an inland lake ripples to the shore, silently as the sere leaf in autumn falls to the ground, so in her case did the weary wheels of life stand still.

"Give glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass his throne;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone!

The winter of trouble is past
The storms of affliction are o'er:
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more."

E. BOTTERELL.

MR. JOSIAH BRINSTONE, SOUND ISLAND, N. F.

Sound Island is a fishing islet in the Placentia Bay. The families who reside there are not as many as may be found in one short street in Halifax, and at some seasons in the winter there are scarcely as many people there as make their home in some of the large houses in this city This small community has, for upwards of fifteen years, been favoured with the services on week days and on Sabbaths of Mr. Charles Downs, as school teacher and evangelist. He is most efficiently aided by Mrs. Downs. This interesting couple spent their early days in London. What a contrast between the British metropolis of three millions of people, and Sound Island with perhaps thirty families! But Mr. and Mrs. Downs have enjoyed good health: have the esteem and confidence of the people, and have been pre-eminently useful. Many have by their means been brought to the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, and have in death witnessed a good confession. One of the latest deaths on Sound Island is that of Mr. Josiah Brinstone, aged 31 years. He had been ill for some months, but being in the prime of manhood it was fondly hoped that he might recover. The great Lord of life has seen good otherwise to dispose of his servant. As the outward man of Mr. Brinstone declined, his inward man was renewed day by day. Having near him always, and only, those who also had received the grace of God, he was under no restraint of speech. Often did he give utterance to the sweetest and most welcome words expressive of his faith in Christ, and his hope toward God. For him the world had not many attractions, the wife of his youth and an only daughter were the chief, and death had no terrors. In this blessed and gracious state he waited until his great change came when mortality was swallowed up of life eternal. This took place on Friday, August 23rd. Well may Mr. and Mrs. Downs, so long as strength shall be continued to them, in their own unique and effectual manner, be steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as they know by repeated instances of happy death, and by many persons who are still leading a Christian life, that their labour is not in vain in the Lord. Well may the isolated dwellers on Sound Island be not slothful but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

Halifax, Sept. 9.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT'R. 11, 1867.

The Methodist Class-Meeting.

The class-meeting is an institution distinctively and essentially Methodistic. In some other churches, meetings for christian fellowship, of a somewhat similar character, are known; but are held less frequently, with less regularity and are not regarded as a condition of church membership. We can easily understand why some timid, though sincere, christians, feel a shrinking from a personal avowal of their religious experience. But we cannot see how any spiritual mind can regard with distaste the frequent opportunity of listening to the testimonies to be given by God's people of His dealings of grace with their souls. If in the primitive church the disciples "continued in the apostles' doctrine and in fellowship"—if even in times anterior to christianity, the people of the Lord "spake often one to another," and with most marked tokens of the divine approval and blessing, we may surely believe that such exercises will not now be attended with less interest or advantage. In fact the hindrances to holy living in this sinful world would so greatly abound, that every soul striving for the kingdom of God, should gladly avail himself of the help afforded by fellowship with those who are influenced by the same principles, and aiming to secure the same glorious end. We hope the day may never come when Methodists will cease to love the weekly opportunity of declaring to those who fear God what the Lord hath done for their souls.

Some time since we gave an article from the pen of Bishop Janes on the best mode of conducting class-meetings; we now furnish some valuable thoughts from the same pen upon the great utility of this means of grace:—

The great design of the class meeting—from the beginning, and in all places—has been the spiritual edification of its members. Whatever else may have been incidentally connected with it—such as collections from its members for the support of the ministry, for the relief of the poor, or for missions—all these have been incidental. The main design of the class, spiritual edification, has remained unchanged. No matter what vicissitudes and trials the Church may have gone through; no matter what transformations have been made in her ecclesiastical polity, this one function and condition of her spiritual life and growth has continued the same in character and design. And if the Methodist Church has attained to any eminence among her sister churches, in holy consecration to God, and in Christian activity, she is largely indebted for such pre-eminence to her class organization and nurture.

These, it is true, are general statements—broad declarations. But their truth, I think, will be apparent to every one who is well acquainted with the *inside workings* of Methodism. To others, and indeed to all, a more thorough discussion of the question may be of practical utility. And it is all the more needed from the fact that some, even among ourselves, are beginning to question the continued utility of the class meeting. These persons, it is true, are not those who are most alive to God, or most deeply concerned for the spiritual life of the Church; but even upon their minds, a careful consideration of the practical working and fruitful results of class-meeting may not be without its effect. At all events it will not be without profit to our own minds and hearts to carefully weigh the character and claims of an institution, in the midst of which we have received much of our spiritual nurture and strength. Even if it were possible that we ourselves, had passed beyond the needs of its gracious helping, yet we may learn how indispensable it is to others, and of how much utility in the Church of God.

1. And first, I view the class as *a means of spiritual nurture*. What is the class meeting in its spiritual significance? It is to set apart an hour in each week for religious self-examination and for religious social intercourse. Here the Christian lays aside the world and its cares; he communes with himself, soberly and earnestly endeavoring to ascertain his true spiritual state. He is in the midst of those who feel like himself, and have come together for the same religious purposes as himself. The trifling and the godless are excluded from that sacred circle. He can speak freely of his hopes and his fears, of his trials and his joys; for he is in the midst of brethren who sympathize with him in all the lines of his personal experience. In our individual life does a great sorrow fall upon us, or a great joy brighten our path, how we hasten to dear and tried friends to seek their sympathy, or to make them partakers of our happiness! It seems to lighten our sorrow, or to brighten our joy. Thus the saints of God "edify one another." Here in the class, the very narration of trials and discouragements has often broken up the ice, and the soul has floated off calmly, joyfully, on a sea of glory.

Here, too, the counsels, admonitions, or exhortations of the faithful leader, and the prayers of sympathizing classmates, have been a well-spring of joy to many a fainting soul. Weak purposes have become strong; wavering minds have become stable; buffeted and baffled Christians have become victorious "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony;" a faith, once feeble and halting has risen up to move mountains;" and he that once had need of some one to lead him forward has become a standard bearer in Zion.

The true spirit of the class is well expressed by the unrivalled poet of Methodism:

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love."

2. Again, for *the training and preservation of young converts*, the class meeting is of incalculable advantage to the church. Very many of the accessions to the Methodist Church come by conversion from the world; just as they did in the apostles' day; just as they did in the days of Wesley and of Whitfield; and just as they will continue to do so long as she continues to be a living Church. Many of these conversions involve transformations of character as sudden as they are wonderful. A new life and a new character are begun, as it were, in a moment.

In our revivals thousands upon thousands are annually converted and gathered into the Church, who have been poorly, if at all, instructed in the duties of the Christian life. Their characters are weak and vacillating; their habits are untrained to the self-denials and purity of religion; they are the creatures of impulse and feeling; their views of the doctrines of Christ are at best vague and indistinct; and, to make the case still more difficult, they are wholly ignorant of the temptations and conflicts of the Christian life. Scarcely does the young child in the family need more tender care and nursing than the young convert in the church. Public worship in the congregation can not meet all their spiritual wants. The best sermons will fail to meet all the various phases—the lights and shadows of their experience; their temptations, their doubts, trials and discouragements. But put them in the class with Christian men and women of tried experience, and with a leader full of sympathy for them and quick to discern their spiritual needs; apt in adapting his instructions to their case, and above all, full of solicitude for them as one who must give an account to God—secure to the young convert all this, and you have provided for him one of the most blessed helps in religion. It is the nearest like that which was symbolized by the Saviour when He took the little ones in his arms and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Brethren, I fear that some of you will say that I have described a poor class of converts; a class that don't promise much strength or respectability or influence to the Church! My brethren, to this very class the Gospel of Christ comes with a special and glorious mission. For just such conversions, and the salvation of just such converts the apostles, amid perils, persecutions and deaths, preached and wept, and prayed! Over the repenting of just such sinners, there is *now, as there always has been, joy among the angels of God.* By the conversion of this very class, Methodism has won some of her grandest achievements for the cause of Christ. And to-day by the conversion of this very class more than any other, is she enlarging her borders in all lands and giving to the world the most glorious demonstration of the power of the Gospel to save the souls of men.

Indeed, brethren, I think you will not take it as personally offensive—ye men of the Church, who are now bearing manfully her burdens and pushing forward her great work—if I should say, "*and such were some of you!*" What kept you in the Church? Who came to your help in the hour of temptation? Who was the means of your quickening in the time of spiritual declension? Where did you find that divine strengthening and nurture that has brought you up to the manhood of spiritual life? *Where—in what school*—did you acquire that spiritual armor, with which you have been so long contending successfully *against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world? Where* did you gird on that sword of strength, with which you are determined to fight the battles of the Cross, till, with the last foe beneath your feet, you shout forth the triumph, "Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

I ask you, *where but in the class meeting?* There you went, a timid, halting disciple; a raw recruit in the army of the living God. But now you can say with David, "He is my rock—I shall not be greatly moved."

The late Alexr. J. Ritchie, Esq.

But seldom has an event occurred in this city occasioning so generally a feeling of sadness, as the sudden and melancholy demise, on Thursday evening last, of Alex. J. Ritchie, Esq., Editor and Proprietor of the *Evening Sun*. Mr. Ritchie was led, not for pleasure, but in the discharge of his professional duties, to attend the Scottish Gathering on the afternoon of that day, and, with a large company, was returning to town on board the steamer *Neptune*. As the boat reached the Market wharf, Mr. Ritchie was precipitated into the water, and before sufficient help could be afforded him, he perished. No satisfactory account has been given of the immediate occasion of the accident. The deceased was a cautious person, and not likely to run heedlessly into danger. It has been supposed that he was on the rail of the boat, and that by the concussion as the boat struck the wharf, he was thrown overboard. Others say that a scuffle took place, and that Mr. Ritchie, desirous of getting out of the way, hastened to land and missed his footing. The occurrence seems enshrouded in mystery; as is the Providence by which a useful citizen has been removed, while so many worthless lives are spared. Yet we know that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of our Father in Heaven.

We cannot forbear remarking, that if public festive gatherings must be held, greater precaution should be taken to guard against accident. The boat employed on this occasion was too small and was over-crowded—persons were allowed on board who were the worse of liquor, and who were an annoyance to sober people—the landing place was not at all suitable for the safety of a large company—and no sufficient guard was had on board in the shape of life-buoys. We attribute to carelessness on the part of those who provided for the occasion, this melancholy occurrence, by which a worthy member of the community has been taken away, and suddenly summoned into the presence of his Maker, and by which a large family circle has been plunged into deepest mourning and woe.

Mr. Ritchie has left a sorrowing widow and nine children to mourn over a distressing bereavement. We trust that He who is "the God of the fatherless and a Judge of the widow in His holy habitation," will succour and bless this sorely afflicted family. The very large and respectable attendance at he funeral obsequies on Saturday, testified as to the great respect in which Mr. Ritchie was held by his fellow-citizens.

Though, like ourselves, engaged in the business of journalism, the line of his duty was so different from ours as to be, in a manner, a distinct vocation. We refrain, therefore, purposely, from any allusion to the deceased as a politician. But it is pleasing to observe that contemporaries, without exception, award to our deceased friend, a character for truthfulness and fairness, and a manifest desire in everything to do and say whatever was right and just, irrespective of consequences.

Mr. Ritchie was a native of this city, a nephew of the late excellent George Ritchie, so long known and so highly esteemed in Methodist circles. The deceased, from his early life, has been held in estimation for his uprightness, sobriety, industry, amiability, and benevolence. He was an early friend of the Temperance cause, and to the day of his death strictly adhered to the Total Abstinence pledge. He was a person of energetic habits, and was always ready to lend his aid wherever he could be useful. For a considerable time he was a teacher in one of our Sabbath Schools. He was regular in his attendance at the house of God, listened with interest to the Gospel message, and reverenced holy things. To a disposition naturally genial, friendly, and obliging, was, in his case, superadded the stronger element of sterling moral principle. It was to be expected therefore that such a man would be a good husband, a kind father, and a true friend.

We hope that the loss which the community has sustained, in the sudden removal of our estimable friend, under such startling and impressive circumstances, will be sanctified to very many, effectually bringing home to their hearts the solemn and admonitory lesson which human nature is so prone to keep out of view, that "In the midst of life we are in death."

Fogo Mission, N. F.

MR. EDITOR,—It may not be improper to furnish your readers with notes respecting this field of toil. Some time ago your expressed your willingness to receive information in relation to any circuit or mission within the bounds of the Conference. We accordingly furnish the following:—

FOGO.

Wesleyanism commenced its aggressive career here about five years ago through the instrumentality of Rev. T. FOX. The opposing champion, Episcopalianism, or more properly, Attitudinarianism, placed himself at once in a fighting position, and seemed resolved to contend for victory or die gloriously in the attempt. His ideas of glory, perhaps, were not very exalted; for he rather ingloriously knocked in one of the windows of the mission-house, and set upon an unguarded and unsuspecting Wesleyan in a way that well-nigh produced serious consequences. The language of his proceedings was something as follows:—

I'll make the people orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.

But anon the vindictive ire of the old fellow cooled down, and he began to take things more rationally. Calms very frequently succeed storms and this well-known natural phenomenon gave significance to a moral reality.

In the meantime Mr. Fox worked on in the true spirit of Methodism. The place set apart for divine service was the stable forming part of the mission property. The proclamation of the truth in this case, seems to have been associated with a circumstance in the history of its great Author, A stable received him within its walls; there he first drew earth's fleeting breath; there he received the first presentations of earthly homage as God manifest in the flesh. Surely if a stable was the first earthly home of the world's Redeemer, there could be no impropriety in using a stable as a place in which to set forth his truth? Think of the man of God and his family entering their novel church. Think of the one holding forth the word of life to a few hearers, and others praying for a blessing upon that word, and say, was there not moral heroism connected with such a course? Nothing but true, sterling worth can avail in such circumstances as these. The conflicts of the mind are greater than those of the sword; and it takes a higher style of man to achieve victory in the one case than in the other.

After a time a chapel began to exhibit its proportions to the public eye. At present it stands in a state of completion, creditable alike to the place and people, and a decided improvement upon the stable previously used. Our public services are rendered attractive by the mellow voice of a harmonium, presided over by a lady member of the congregation. Our assemblies are respectable and of average intelligence, and the people seem to manifest an increased attachment to the Church of their choice. True, they are not large; but "who hath despised the day of small things?" Have we not reason to thank God for small things? What are small things in such a case? Simply the first development of that mighty principle—the religion of Jesus Christ—a principle destined to hurl the devil within the bounds of another kingdom—a kingdom of "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." What we want in Fogo is the descent of the Spirit of God. The thought is comforting that we are warranted in looking for this; and that we have satisfactory data for our expectations.

CHANGE ISLANDS.

Methodism here is an older tree than that of Fogo. The early seed was sown by the ministers that successively occupied the Twillingate Circuit, including Mr. Brewster and others.—Now those Islands boast of a new chapel and an interesting congregation; a congregation whose Methodism approaches nearer to the John Wesley type than that of some other parts of the mission. Change Islands are separated from Fogo Island by a sheet of water about four miles broad. The people are visited by the missionary every third or fourth Sabbath. Lately a school has been opened in charge of a Wesleyan teacher; and if permitted to continue much good will be accomplished. To keep the school-master abroad in such localities is a very desirable thing. With the growth of intelligence, there is reason to hope that the lessons of spiritual instruction given from the pulpit time after time, will have additional importance in the estimation of the masses, Education may be termed the hand-maid of religion. Christianity has fought some of her hardest battles with ignorance. O intelligence! thou art a principle potent for good or evil; but when thou art guided by the gentle hand of religion, thou art capable of bringing homage to Christ, and of laying trophies at his feet. May thy course still be onward; and may thy golden light pierce the darkness of every benighted mind.

SELDOM-COME-BY AND INDIAN ISLANDS.

These are settlements situated to the south of Fogo, and not easily visited. We have a few people in each community; and could the visits of the missionary be more frequent, the number probably would soon increase. It is quite manifest that the great want of the people is increased pastoral oversight; they require what they cannot enjoy under the existing plan of operations.

In concluding this article it may be asked, Is the state of the mission encouraging? Is there a prospect of enlarged influence and an increase of adherents? We reply, the present appearance of things is encouraging, though not to such an extent as they should be, considering the means employed. As to the prospect of greater influence and enlarged membership, we may say that is good. The faithful preaching of the gospel must be successful; and the devil must ultimately cry, Hold—enough! However, he has not come to that yet. One of his children said here lately that he desired to see two things destroyed—"Codseines and Wesleyan ministers." The poor man thought that the one thing was injuring the cod fishery, and the Wesleyan ministers his denomination. It will be seen at once that he is quite original. His idea of grouping is unique. He doubtless pictured to his imagination some dozen codseines, and, entangled in their meshes, some hundreds of Wesleyan ministers whirling away in the distance to the embrace of destruction. This poor man is worthy of pity. We hope he may yet become a good Wesleyan.

Let God arise, and let his enemies be cast down. Open ye heavens, and reign down righteousness upon the people. Then shall we put on the garments of grace, and our lives shall speak the praises of our God. G. F.

Fogo, Aug. 15, 1867.

The Angel and the Demon

In an English translation of a French book entitled, "The Clergy and the Pulpit in their Relations to the People" we find the following illustrations of the power of the true Christian spirit to subdue the hardened and sinful. Here is another example of the power of the religion of Jesus. Let us learn from such examples to trust our religion more, and make it our guide, especially in dealing with the sinful. Behold this great lever of reform. We give the incident:—

"It was in one of the most wretched quarters of Paris that a priest went to visit a rag-woman who was dangerously ill. She was lying on straw so damp that it was fit only for the dung-hill. The visitor had reached the landing-place, and was reflecting how he might best minister to the poor woman's wants when he heard the cry of another female from the end of a dark corridor, exclaiming, 'Help! murder!' He ran towards the spot, and pushing open a door saw two young children crying. Extended on the floor lay the unfortunate woman, while a tall man with a sinister countenance, and clad only in a pair of pantaloons and a ragged shirt, stood over her, kicking her. Her face was already black and blue from his violence. The priest sprang towards the man and said:—'Wretch! what are you about! Will you not desist!" He did desist, but it was to attack the speaker. He seized him suddenly by the breast, thrust two fingers under his cassock, and then, without uttering a word, lifted him as if he had been an infant, and carried him to an open window. There he angrily told him that he would not have priests intermeddling with his affairs and disturbing the peace of his household, and that he intended to pitch him out of the window forthwith. In fact, he was preparing to put the threat into execution, but, as if wishing to gloat over his victim, he continued to glare at him with the eyes of the tiger, holding him all the while as with an arm of steel.

"The priest was alarmed, but God enabled him not to betray it. He regarded his antagonist calmly, and, said, almost with a smile, 'Gently, my friend; you are much too hasty. Do you really mean to throw me out of the window? Is that the most pressing business on hand? You who are always talking about fraternity and charity; do you know what was taking place while you were beating your wife? Another woman was dying on a dungheap in your house. I am sure you would be horrified at such a thing. Now let us both see what we can do on her behalf; for you are by no means such a bad fellow as you wish to appear. I will pay for some clean straw, if you will go and fetch it.' Terror, combined with the desire of winning over his assailant, made the priest eloquent, and he had hardly ended his appeal betore the lion was tamed.

"The man's countenance rapidly changed, and he relaxed his hold at once; then taking off his shabby cap, and placing it under his arm, he assumed a respectful attitude, like that of a soldier in presence of a superior officer, and replied:—'If you talk in that style, sir, the case is different. I have always been humane, and will readily help you to assist the poor woman. I will in fact, do anything you please; for it won't do to let a fellow creature die in that plight.' Thereupon the priest gave the money, and he went out to purchase two bundles of clean straw. In the meantime the women of the neighbourhood, attracted by the altercation, had rushed to the spot, and on seeing the priest, expostulated with him in these terms:—'What are you about? Do you know where you are? You are in the clutches of the worst man in the quarter. He is so outrageous that even cutthroats are afraid of him, and he has often said that nothing would give him more pleasure than to break a man's neck, especially if that man were a priest.'

"Theri remonstrances were by no means encouraging; but those who urged them little knew the power of charity. The sturdy fellow soon returned with the bundles on his shoulder. He was calm, and his countenance had become almost honest. On entering the room where the poor woman lay he took half a bundle of straw and spread it on the floor. The most touching part of the scene followed. He lifted the sufferer in his arms with the tenderness of a mother, placed her on the clean straw, then made her bed, and finally laid her upon it, just as a mother would her child. A female wished to assist him, but he pushed her aside, remarking that he was well able to do a humane act unassisted. The man was in tears, and the priest, perceiving that he wished to address him retired towards the window. But his new acquaintance could not utter a word; emotion choked him.

"The priest gave him his hand, and the stalwart workman squeezed it as in a vice, in token of his affection. 'Well done, my friend,' said the priest, 'well done; I quite understand you. I knew full well that you were not as bad as you wanted to make me believe. I knew you were capable of doing a good action.' 'You have done it all,' was the reply; 'four men could not master me, and yet you have overcome me with as many words. You must be a true parson.'

"The priest hastened to turn this favourable opportunity to profit, by pleading the cause of the wife, and rejoined:—But, my friend, you have done something which is not becoming. You have ill-used your wife, and a man does not marry a woman to beat her. I have no doubt she has her failings, and you also have your's. You should bear with one another. Come, promise me that you will never strike her again.' At these words his face assumed somewhat of the former sullenness, and dropping the priest's hand, he said frankly, 'I am very sorry that I cannot do as you wish. I will not promise, because I should not keep my word.' The priest returned to the charge, and among other remarks which made some impression on the man, he was quite brought to bay by the following: 'So you won't promise not to beat your wife? That is simply because you don't reflect. Surely, you who have just done an act of kindness to a strange woman, cannot with any decency continue to beat your own wife.' After much hesitation he pledged his word. Since then he has never been intoxicated, neither has he once struck his wife."

Sectarianism.

Our divisions deprive the world of the benefit of a united testimony of the whole Church of God under heaven in behalf of Christian truth.

There is indeed such a testimony of the Church in all ages, which wise, and candid, and thoughtful men can and will discern. After all that can be truly said of the dissensions of the Christian Church, the truth still remains, that there has been, through all Christian ages, a unity in essential faith, for which no parallel can be found in all the history of human opinion. The reality of that unity I joyfully acknowledge and exultantly claim; and it is the fault and the folly of the men of the world that they do not see it and feel its power.

But the present distracted condition of Christendom, in a great degree, deprives the world of the benefit of this great fact. To discern it requires more patient thought, more study, and more candor, than most worldly men will bestow on the subject. The impression of this great fact on the world is fatally impaired by existing divisions in two ways.

First: The clear singleness of vision of the Church itself is greatly injured. Every teacher has noticed that it is well-nigh impossible for any amount of diligence on his part to save the school-boy from falling into erroneous pronunciation in repeating his Latin paradigm. He constantly tends to place the accent, not where it belongs, on a syllable which is the same in all the forms, but where it does not belong, on a syllable which marks the differences which distinguish the forms from each other; he accents differences; he passes lightly over agreements. It is just so in religious denominations; the tendency is to throw those great common doctrines in which we are agreed, and which compose the essence of the Gospel, into the shade, and to bring out into disgusting prominence those peculiarities of our several denominations which are, perhaps, of scarcely any importance at all. There is reason to fear that this neglect of essentials about which all Christians are agreed, and this undue exaltation of non essentials about which they differ, is sadly corrupting many churches and many individual Christians. Is it not easy to gain admission to many of our churches, only provided the peculiarities of our sect are accepted, with the smallest evidence of evangelical faith and repentance? The sharpness definiteness with which the Church should ever regard the one single issue of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, is in danger of being greatly impaired, and in the estimation of Christians themselves, zeal for our sect being exalted to the place of faith and good works.

Second: The true Christian issue is greatly obscured from the view of the world without. There is one single issue on which they have need to see the whole body of believers intent with absolute oneness of aim; for Christ or against him. If the whole Christian world did make on the minds of men the impression of absolute singleness of aim toward this one issue, would that be anything more or less than a proper and desirable unity of all Christian people? And were it so, who can calculate the moral power of the Church? One would indeed chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. The Apocalyptic vision would be gloriously fulfilled. The great Captain of our salvation would indeed be seen riding on a white horse, with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, proceeding out of his mouth, and the whole multitude of the redeemed following on white horses, going forth conquering and to conquer.

But how far are we from making such an impression in this nineteenth century? Each sect, and their name is legion, is ever bearing aloft its banner, inscribed with its own little peculiarities of government, ceremony, or speculation; and in the contest for these the one great and only issue is, to the eye of the world, in a great degree lost from view. That one issue, when presented pure and simple, the world cannot help regarding with respect, and even with awe. But these party issues they cannot respect; they look on them with contempt, and for that contempt, no wise man will blame them. The unfortunate aspect under which a divided Church presents her cause fearfully tempts millions among us to regard Christianity itself as a mere petty conflict of sects and parties about matters the most trifling, and really to think that the wiser a man is, the more he will keep himself aloof from it. I cannot sufficiently pity the folly of men who take so shallow a view of things, and permit our great adversary so easily to dupe them into so terrible and fatal a delusion. Still I cannot forget, nor cease to deplore, that the Church is largely responsible for this delusion. She holds out false colors. By her petty dissensions, and the tenacity with which she adheres to trifles light as air, and the zeal with which she contends for them, she diverts the attention of millions from the one great issue, which it is her divinely-appointed mission to present, pure and simple, to every human soul; and thus she co-operates with the great adversary of God and man in his work of deception. I affirm with awe and trembling, that while the Church continues in her present divided and factious condition, she is a false witness to her Redeemer and Lord: she fatally misrepresents his principles and his kingdom to the millions he died to save. If there were no other evil of sect, this alone ought to fill all Christendom with shame and sorrow, and to bring every devout man on earth to his knees before God, to implore his help in finding out and applying a speedy and an adequate remedy to so fearful an evil.

I am perfectly aware that to all this it may be replied that I have suggested no remedy, and, for aught I have shown, these evils, however great, may be quite unavoidable. But that is not now the question. The things which are impossible with men are possible with God Though we see not now God's mode of deliverance, if we cry earnestly to him in the hour of necessity, and are ready to accept his salvation, by whatsoever instrumentality revealed, the day of Zion's enlargement may be nearer than we imagine.—*Western Pulpit.*

Richard Weaver's Preaching.

A contributor to *Blackwood*, writing on the subject of the "Hymns of the Populace," gives an interesting notice of this remarkable man, who has been for some time creating such an effect and sensation among the inhabitants of the "Black," and adjoining country. In the course of it, he cites, from a report of Weaver's sermons, the following example of a power of realizing the narrative Scripture unborrowed from Stanley or Renan, and guiltless of local coloring:

"I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' A poor afflicted woman stands on her doorstep and hears the child.—'What is that you say?' she asks, as he is passing by her house. 'Oh!' says he, 'haven't you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He cured blind Bartimeus that sat at a wayside, begging; and He has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and healed ten lepers all at once; and people that have sick relations bring them and lay them at His feet, and He cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch Him, are made perfectly whole.' 'Oh!' cried the poor woman, 'if that's true, He can cure my bloody issue, that I've been tormented with these twelve years. When will he be here, my little man?' 'Why, says the child, 'He'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There! don't you hear the noise of the multitude?—Look! here they come. Hosanna! Hosanna! to the Son of David!' And away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the Prophet she has taught him to look for is come at last. 'Well, I'll go,' says the poor thing, timidly, 'I'll get behind Him. May be He won't pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched Him were made whole. I'll go and try, however.'

"I imagine I see the poor, weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians that only made her worse, drawing her tattered shawl around her and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says: 'I'll try again.' She winds to the right, then to the left; now nearer and the next minute further off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the Man she wants.—Well done, poor woman! Try again! It's all for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of his clothes will do it.

"I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature: 'Where are you pushing to?—You've got a bloody issue; you've got no business here.' 'Ah! she answers, 'I see there a Man whose like I never saw before. Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as well as any of you. And now another step or two, and she can hear His gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as he walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand, but she is'nt near enough. Another step—yes, now she touches—it is but the hem of his garment; but it is all she needs. Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and immediately she feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! she touched, and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in His garment, ian't there efficacy in his blood? May God help you to come to Christ to-night.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

DROWNED.—We have to add to the unusually long list of accidental deaths by drowning, which have occurred in the Provinces during this season, that of Mr. R. W. Hart, of Canso, who was drowned in one of the harbours near to his place of residence on the 29th ult. The deceased gentleman met with his death in a very mysterious manner. He had just started on a short trading voyage. The vessel was lying at anchor for the night, and the hands retired to rest as usual. In the morning deceased was no where to be found. His clothes were lying beside his berth, and it is supposed that he had gone on deck asleep, and fell overboard. After a long search the body was recovered, and interred at Cape Canso. The deceased bore a particularly exemplary character, and was the chief stay of a widowed mother. Suddenly snatched away in the morning of his days, the event has naturally thrown a deep gloom over a large circle of relatives and friends, as well as over the community at large. Mr. Hart, at the time of his demise, had the charge of the establishment of Messrs. R. L. Hart & Co., of Halifax.—*Col.*

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.—Mr. Hutton proposes (D.V.,) to hold public meetings in New Brunswick, on behalf of this Institution, in the following places, so far as may be found practicable, and we would respectfully commend his mission to the prayers, sympathy, and characteristic liberality of the christian community.

PROPOSED ROUTE.

Bathurst, Friday, Sept. 6; Chatham, Monday, 9; Nappan, Tuesday, 10; Douglastown, Wednesday, 11; Derby, Thursday, 12; Newcastle, Friday, 13; Richibucto, Monday, 16; Buctouche, Tuesday, 17; Shediac, Wednesday, 18; Moncton, Thursday, 19; Dorchester, Friday, 20; Sackville, Monday, 23; Hopewell, Tuesday, 24; Hillsboro', Wednesday, 25; Sussex Vale, Thursday, 26; Salisbury, Friday, 27; Saint John, Monday, 30; Carlton, Tuesday, Oct. 1; St. Andrews, Wednesday, 2; St. David's Thursday, 3; St. Stephen, Friday, 4; Woodstock, Tuesday, 8; Fredericton, Thursday, 10.

Collections will be made at all the meetings in aid of the funds of the Institution.

LIFE INSURANCE.—We call attention to the advertisement of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company. We learn that this Company is First Class, and the standing of its Directors undoubted. Of the references it is unnecessary to say anything, they are well known and speak for themselves. The General Agents for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are gentlemen of integrity and business capability. Altogether this Company promises to be popular and prosperous.

ELECTIONS IN ONTARIO, QUEBEC AND NEW BRUNSWICK.—The result of the elections thus far in these Provinces has been for the greater part in support of the Government and in favour of the Union cause.

It is rumoured that Mr. Millar, Proprietor of the Commercial School of Saint John, has received the appointment to the newly erected Chair of Logic in the Provincial University.—*News.*

ST. JOHN PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—The Board of Agriculture are strenuously at work to make the forthcoming Exhibition a decided success. All the arrangements at the Rink and grounds are progressing favourably, and will be completed at an early day. The Rink has been floored, and the tables, twelve to fourteen feet long, are in course of erection. These will extend around the entire circle, and will be four or five feet in depth, diminishing in length in proportion to the circle itself; avenues of four feet will be left between the tables. The building is very large and commodious, and well adapted for Exhibition purposes. There is a raised platform passing round the walls of the building, about ten feet in width, which in addition to the avenues or passages referred to, will afford ample accommodation for moving about. In connection with the main building, a smaller one has been erected for the reception of works of art. The design of this building is very good, it is lighted from the roof, and when finished will be a very attractive spot. There will also be communication from the main building to a Car Shed, at least 300 feet in length.—On the right and left of the main entrance are rooms, which will be admirably adapted for the use of the Secretary and other officers. Ticket offices are to be erected on the semi-circular piece of ground in front of the building, and a half acre lot of land immediately adjoining the Rink has been secured and will be enclosed, and used for general purposes of the exhibition.

FIRE IN FREDERICTON.—The fire in Fredericton on Saturday morning was one of the most disastrous that has visited Fredericton for many years. It broke out, it is said, in some outbuildings in the rear of the City Hotel, destroying the hotel and the block of buildings fronting on Queen street and the Phœnix Square, including Mr. C. W. Wetmore's office, the printing office of Mr. C. Lugrin, the office of Mr. Dow, the store of Mr. Guiou, and various other stores, dwellings and buildings. The Phœnix loses about £15,000, and some other offices make very pretty losses. Mr. Wetmore lost a horse, harness, &c. The *Farmer* office lost two presses and some material, although a large portion of the types, books, etc., was saved. We sympathize with our friends in their heavy losses—they had no insurance. The *Farmer* is now printed in the premises over the Telegraph office, formerly occupied by Mr. Cropely; the proprietors hope to issue again this week. His Excellency General Doyle was severely injured, while assisting to stay the progress of the fire.—*Telegraph.*

ELECTION RIOT IN MONTREAL.—A despatch from Montreal says Cartier was elected for both houses by a majority of 350. The majority of McGee at the close of the polls was 377.

After the announcement was made, a mob of Devlin's party, of about 200, arrived opposite Mechanics' Hall, and tore down the statement of the Poll, and then commenced a shower of stones, directed at the Hall, the windows of the front of which were broken.

There was a free fight in the streets, and the mob was kept off the Hall where McGee was, by revolver shots fired from inside. The guard then charged on the mob. Forty-four elections for House of Commons have been run in Ontario, of which the *Leader* claims 39 as supporters of the Government.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The laying of the Submarine Telegraph Cable between Placentia and Sydney was successfully completed on Sunday the 1st inst., and now works admirably. The line will be forthwith handed over to the Western Union Company. The news from the fisheries is not particularly encouraging. The shore catch has declined of late, but there is a good stock of fish in the market, and it is anticipated that prices will rule low. Accounts of the cod fishery along the whole of the coast of Labrador are very satisfactory, and it is thought that the catch will be large, but it is rather too soon to speculate with any degree of confidence respecting the result.

United States.

The political horizon in Washington has been greatly troubled. It is believed that President Johnson in removing Stanton, in substituting Grant, and in displacing Sheridan, has sought to place Grant in a false position before the country. At all events Johnson has not wisely consulted his own interests. He is intensely unpopular, and is deserving of contempt. He appears to be an unprincipled man, capable of anything; nor will his procedure tend to abate the distrust felt towards him in relation to the assassination of the lamented Abraham Lincoln. Gen. Grant protested in strongest terms against the removal of Sheridan, as an act in opposition to the general wish of the country.

The completion of registration in Alabama shows 67,686 whites, 84,524 blacks, total 152,210, giving the blacks a majority of 16,838.

The elections in Kentucky gave a Democratic majority of over 56,000.

THE DROWNING OF THE BEECHER CHILDREN—The Boston *Traveller* gives particulars of the death by drowning of two daughters of Rev. Charles Beecher and a son of Dr. E. Beecher, in Pentucket Pond, at Georgetown. There were with them in the boat at the time another son of Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., and a son of Rev. Wm. Coffin, of Batavia, N. Y., who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Charles Beecher, and the boat was capsized probably by an entanglement of the sail. These two persons were rescued, and the bodies of the drowned were recovered in about three hours. Esther and Harriet, daughters of Rev. Charles Beecher were aged sixteen and twelve years, and Albert, the son of Dr. Edwd. Beecher, was aged twenty years. It will be remembered that a cousin of the deceased—a son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—was drowned at Hanover, N. H., while bathing in the Connecticut River, a few years ago. This calamity, so sad to the parents and friends of the deceased, will insure to them in their bereavement, the sympathy of thousands in all parts of the land. The accident occurred on Tuesday morning, Mr. Albert Beecher was a young man of excellent character and agreeable manners. He had been visiting in Hartford, and left that city to visit his uncle Charles and his family.

We would say to every Mother who has a suffering child, go at once and procure a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the little one immediately, will allay all pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, regulates the bowels, and cures wind colic. By relieving the child from pain, it allows it quiet, natural sleep, and comforts the mother.

European.

COPENHAGEN, Sept 5.—The report that the Government of Denmark had sold the Danish Islands in the West Indies to the United States, is officially denied.

BERLIN, Sept. 5.—Reports of the recent elections from all parts of Prussia, and from the other States of the Confederacy, show that the Liberal candidates for the North German Parliament have generally been successful, and the Liberal party will undoubtedly have a large controlling majority during the coming session.

BERLIN, Sept. 6.—John A. Kasson, of Iowa, who represents the United States, is at present negotiating with the Prussian Government for the establishment of a postal treaty similar to that just concluded between Great Britain and the United States.

CARLSBURY, Sept. 6.—The Grand Duke Frederick William made a speech at the opening of the Baden Diet in this city yesterday. He took strong ground in favor of the union of Baden with the States of North Germany.

MADRID, Sept. 6.—Strict orders have been issued to the proper authorities at all the ports in Spain, requiring vessels hailing from the United States to be subjected to a rigid Quarantine.

PARIS, Sept. 6.—M. Moustier, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has issued a circular in regard to the conference recently held at Salzburg. He states the meeting of the Sovereigns was merely one of condolence over the fate of the Archduke Maximilian. To be sure there was a general interchange of views on the situation of European politics, but no alliance or combination was planned by the Emperors as has been stated.

It is stated that M. Drouyn de Lehuys will soon re-enter the French Cabinet. It is thought that he will take M. Moustier's place in the Foreign Office.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—Recent dispatches received from Alexandria seem to discredit the reports of the release of the English captives in Abyssinia. In the meantime preparations for the expedition to Abyssinia continue.

BERLIN, Sept. 7.—A pacific note has been issued from the Prussian Foreign Office, in which the note of Mr. Monstier, the French Foreign Minister, is alluded to as being satisfactory to the Prussian Government.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—The yatch *John T. Ford* from Baltimore for Paris, before reported capsized at the entrance of the English Channel was found on the coast of Ireland near Queenstown with valuable papers on board.

FLORENCE, Sept. 7.—Garibaldi on his way to Geneva to participate in the radical peace conference, passed through this city, and during his stay here on invitation of Count D'Usdane, Minister of Prussia at Florence, dined with him at the Palace of the Prussian Legation.

Letters and Monies.

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

Rev W. C. Brown, Rev Jas Tweedy, Rev W. Sargent, (P.W., H. Davis $1, W. A. McDonald $1—$2,) Jas. Downing for S. S. Library $12, sent,) Jas H. Hamilton, Esq., (per Express,) Rev Dr. Cramp, Rev C. Jost, Rev J. Buckley, Rev Wm. Ryan (five new subs.,) Rev Joseph Gaetz (three new subs.) Rev J. S. Phinney (one new sub.,) Rev J. M. Pike (one new sub.,) Rev R. E. Crane, (P.W., Joseph Lee $2, John Eagan $2, R. Loomer $2—$6,) Rev G. M. Barratt, (L. Phinney $2, will have parcel ready.)

The New Dominion Monthly.

(64 pages, stitched in a handsome cover,)

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature, alike suitable for the fireside, the parlor table, the steamboat, and the railway.

It is the intention of the editors to render this Magazine so interesting that it will be read *through* by old and young, and to render it unobjectionable by any reader.

Terms, ONE DOLLAR per annum in advance, or a club of nine for eight dollars.

Postage—payable by receiver—one cent per copy. Address,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
128 *Great St. James Street,*
Montreal.

MALARIA.—The decayed and decaying vegetation of newly settled lands, when damp, exhale a miasmatic poison which, absorbing through the lungs into the blood, causes the intermittent fevers and kindred diseases, which prevail in our Western States and Territories. But this great scourge of our rich alluvial bottoms in the West, is now robbed of its sting. Doct. Ayer has discovered an antidote which effectually neutralizes its venom: has combined it in a remedy—"AYER'S AGUE CURE" which rarely, or as some of our neighbours say, never fails. It is reliable both for prevention and cure. With it, men may live with complete immunity from the malignant effluvia which has hitherto rendered many localities almost uninhabitable. Those suffering from CHILLS AND FEVER may find in it immediate relief, and those exposed will find sure protection from attack, by taking it in small quantities as a preventive—*Ill. Democrat.*

aug. 14—1 m.

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

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

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

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

August 14 1y

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing and curing the most obstinate, painful and long-standing cases of Cough, Cold, Influenza, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs; while even Consumption itself has yielded to its magic influence when all other means have failed. Its whole history proves, that the past has produced no remedy of equal value, as a cure for the numerous and dangerous pulmonary affections which prevail all other the land.

Unsolicited Testimony.

From ANDREW ARCHER, Esq., of Fairfield, Me.

"About eight years since, my son, Henry A. Archer, now Postmaster at Fairfield, Somerset County, Me., was attacked with spitting of blood, cough, weakness of Lungs, and general debility, —so much so that our family physician declared him to have a "Seated Consumption." He was under medical treatment for a number of months but received no benefit from it. At length, from the solicitation of himself and others, I was induced to purchase *one bottle* of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which benefitted him so much I obtained another bottle, which in a time, restored him to his usual state of health. I think I can safely recommend this remedy to others in like condition, for it is, I think, all it purports to be—*the Great Lung Remedy for the Times!* The above statement, gentlemen, is my *voluntary* offering to you in favor of your Balsam, and is at your disposal.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS *on the wrapper.*

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, 18 Tremont St., Boston, and for sale by Druggists generally.

Sept. 4—1m.

Tea Meeting.

The Ladies of the Wesleyan Church, Meagher's Grant, purpose holding a Tea Meeting on Wednesday 25th of September, to procure funds to aid in the completion of their New Church, and respectfully solicit the liberal patronage of the friends of the cause. Rev. Messrs. L. Gaetz, A. E. LePage, C. McCurdy and J. McMillan may be expected to contribute to the intellectual entertainment of the evening. Tea on the tables at 4 o'clock.

Sunday School Advocate.

☞ NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE, OR TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION, FOR THIS EXCELLENT SABBATH SCHOOL PAPER.

Sabbath School officials, or others, who wish the S. S. Advocate, will please forward their order to the Book Room, Argyle St., at their very earliest convenience, so as to secure the first No. for next month.

☞ THE YEAR COMMENCES ON THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

Minutes of Conference.

A copy of the Minutes has been sent to each Minister of the Connexion. All orders for Minutes have been filled. There are many persons on every circuit who would gladly pay 12 cents for the Conference information which the Minutes afford. Send your orders, brethren.—They are forwarded by mail, free of postage, at $1 per doz. Single copies 10 cents.

Missionary Meetings.

ANNAPOLIS DISTRICT.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Annapolis, Oct. 7, 8, Messrs. Addy, Deinstadt, and Moore.

Bridgetown, Novr. 4, 5, 6, Messrs. Crane, Hart, and Rogers.

Wilmot, Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10, Messrs. Read and Coffin.

Aylesford, Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12, Messrs. Bent, Smith, and Read.

Cornwallis East, Oct. 3, Messrs. Crane and Read.

Cornwallis West, Oct. 14, 15, 16, Messrs. Barratt, Crane, and Smith.

Hillsburgh, Dec. 9, Messrs. Addy, Barratt, and Moore.

Digby, Dec. 10, 11, 12, Messrs. Addy, Barratt, and Rogers.

Digby Neck, Time to be arranged, Messrs. Huestis and Coffin.

HOME MISSIONS.

Annapolis, Nov. 11, 12, 13, Messrs. Addy and Huestis.

Bridgetown, Oct. 9, 10, Messrs. Barratt and Hart.

Cornwallis West, Nov. 11, 12, Messrs. Smith and Crane.

Hillsburgh, Oct. 14, Messrs. Hart and Huestis.

JOHN S. ADDY, *Chairman.*

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

Arrangements for holding Missionary Meetings in the Liverpool District, during the current year, have been determined upon at the Financial District Meeting, including dates, &c., and are as follows:—

HOME MISSIONS.

Liverpool, Oct. 1, Messrs. Wasson, Teasdale, Dutcher.

Caledonia, Oct. 2, Messrs. Currie, Wasson, Johnstone.

Barrington, Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, Messrs. T. W. Smith, Hart.

Shelburne, Nov. 7, Messrs. Hart, Sargent.

N. E. Harbour, Nov. 5, 6, Messrs. Henniger, T. Smith, T. W. Smith.

Port Mouton, Nov. 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, Messrs. Currie, Dutcher.

Mill Village, Oct. 9, Messrs. Wasson, Teasdale.

Petite Riviere, Oct. 7, 8, Messrs. Huestis, Currie, Pickles.

Lunenburg, Oct. 15, 16, Messrs. Teasdale, Johnstone.

New Germany, Nov. 12, 13, Mr. Huestis.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Liverpool, Dec. 6, 8, Messrs. Daniel, Huestis, Wasson, Pickles, Dutcher.

Caledonia, March 3, Messrs. Currie, Wasson.

Yarmouth, South, Feb. 2, 3, Messrs. Daniel, Currie.

Yarmouth, North, Feb. 2, 4, Messrs. Henniger, Currie.

Barrington, Jan. 13, 14, 15, 16, Messrs. Henniger, T. W. Smith, Hart.

Shelburne, Dec. 12, Messrs. T. Smith, Currie, Wasson.

N. E. Harbour, Dec. 10, 11, Messrs. Currie, Wasson, Sargent.

Port Mouton, Jan. 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, Messrs. Currie, T. W. Smith, Pickles, Dutcher.

Mill Village, Dec. 9, 10, 11, Messrs. Daniel, Huestis, Teasdale, Dutcher.

Petite Riviere, Jan. 16, 17, Messrs. Huestis, Currie, Pickles.

Lunenburg, Jan. 13, 14, 15, Messrs. Teasdale, Pickles, Johnstone.

New Germany, Jan. 20, Messrs. Huestis, Teasdale.

Liverpool, Aug. 21, 1867.

HALIFAX DISTRICT MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

Halifax, North, Feb'y, the President and Mr. Lockhart.

Halifax, South, Feb'y, the President and Mr. Lockhart.

Dartmouth, Feb, the President & Mr Lockhart.

Windsor, Dec. 8, 9, the President, George A. Milligan, A.M., and C. Lockhart.

Falmouth, Oct 28, 29, 30, 31, Messrs Brettle, Lockhart, Scott, and Cowperthwaite.

Horton, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Messrs. Botterell, McMurray, Brettle, and McKeown.

Newport, Novr 3, 4, 5, Messrs L. Gaetz, J. Mosher, and J. Rogers.

Avondale, Nov 3, 6, 7, Messrs L. Gaetz, J. Mosher, and J. Rogers.

Kempt, Oct 7, 8, 9, Messrs Taylor, McKeown, Pitblado.

Mailland, Oct 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Revs. Turner and Pitblado.

Musquodoboit Harbor, Oct 9, 10, Revs. L. Gaetz and Jos Gaetz.

Middle Musquodoboit, Oct 6, 7, 8, Revs. Jos Gaetz and LePage.

Shubenacadie, Oct 3, 4, Revs. Turner and L. Gaetz.

Sambro, to be arranged by the deputation, Revs. Turner and Rogers.

A collection will be taken up at the Sabbath services and each Public Meeting, in aid of the Funds of the Foreign Missionary Society.

HALIFAX DISTRICT.

Arrangements for holding meetings in behalf of HOME MISSIONS, &c.

Halifax, North, March, Dr Richey and the Circuit Stewards.

Halifax, South, March, Dr Richey and the Circuit Stewards.

Windsor, Feb'ry, Mr. Turner.

Falmouth, Feb'ry, Mr. Turner.

Horton, Sept, Dr Richey and Bro Smallwood.

Newport & Avondale, Jan'y, Mr. Brettle and Superintendent.

Kempt, Sept., Messrs. Taylor and McKeown.

Mailland, Nov., Mr. McMurray.

Middle Musquodoboit, Sept., Mr. Milligan.

Shubenacadie, Sept., the President.

Musquodoboit Harbor, Sept., Mr. Botterell.

Local arrangements to be made by Superintendents, who will communicate with the Deputations.

The collection will be taken up at the Meetings, or on the following Sabbath.

What Doctors, Ministers, and Professors think of them.—I recommend their use to public speakers.—Rev. E. H. Chapin, "I have never changed my mind respecting "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" from the first, excepting to think better of that which I began thinking well of."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, "Great service in subduing hoarseness."—Rev. Daniel Wise, New York. "The Troches are a staff of life to me." Prof. Edward North, President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. "A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, etc."—*Dr. G. F. Bigelow*, Boston.

ST. JOHN DISTRICT MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

St. John, &c., Germain St., Centenary, Exmouth St., Portland, Carleton, Fairville.—Dep. To be arranged for by the Ministers on these Circuits.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

Old Ridge, Oct. 4, *Dep.* Messrs. Narraway Black, and Sponagle.

The Ledge, Oct. 5, *Dep.* Messrs. Narraway, Black and Sponagle.

St. Stephens, Oct. 6. 10½ a.m., Sermon by Rev. J. R. Narraway, A.M.

St. Andrews, Oct 6, 6½ a.m, Sermon by Rev. J. R. Narraway.

St. Andrew's, Oct. 7, *Dep.* Messrs. Narraway, Black, Sponagle and Wilson.

Oak Bay, Oct. 8, *Dep.* Messrs. Narraway, Black, Sponagle and Wilson.

St. Stephen's, Oct. 9, *Dep.* Messrs. Narraway, Black, Sponagle and Wilson.

Oak Hill, Oct 10, *Dep.* Messrs. Narraway, Black, Sponagle and Wilson.

Mill Town, Oct. 11, *Dep.* Messrs. Sponagle, Black and Sprague.

Baring, Oct. 14, *Dep.* Messrs. Sponagle, Black and Sprague.

St. David's, Oct. 15, *Dep.* Messrs. Sponagle, Black and Sprague.

Sussex Vale, Nov. 3, 4, *Dep.* Messrs. Perkins, Brown and Parker.

Millstream, Nov. 5, *Dep.* Messrs. Perkins Brown and Parker.

Carsonville, Nov. 6, *Dep.* Messrs. Perkins, Brown and Parker.

Smith's Creek Nov. 7, *Dep.* Messrs. Perkins, Brown and Parker.

Grand Lake, Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16, *Dep.* Messrs. Chapman and Stewart.

Havelock Jan 29, 1868, *Dep.* Messrs. Brown and Heartz.

Donegal, Jan. 30, *Dep.* Messrs. Brown and Heartz.

Greenwich, Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, *Dep.* Messrs. Heartz and Colter.

Kingston, Feb. 1868, *Dep.* Messrs. England and Allen.

Upham, Jan. 12, 13, 14, *Dep.* Messrs. England and Colter.

HOME MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

St. John, &c., Germain St, Centenary, Exmouth St, Portland, Carleton, Fairville.—To be arranged for by the Ministers of these Circuits.

St. Andrew's, Jan. 6, *St. David's*, Jan. 7, *St. Stephen's*, Jan. 8, *Mill Town*, Jan. 9.—The Ministers on these Circuits shall exchange with each other.

Sussex Vale, Jan. 1868, *Grand Lake*, Jan. 1867, *Dep.* Mr Allen.

Havelock, ——— Mr. Payson.

Greenwich, Feb'y 1868, Mr. Harrison.

Kingston, Nov, 1867, Mr. Chapman.

Upham, Sept. 16, Mr Heartz.
" 17, "
" 18, "

SACKVILLE DISTRICT.

Sackville, Nov 7 & 8, *dep.* Revs. I. Sutcliffe, S. Humphrey, and J. G. Angwin.

Point de Bute, Nov. 4, 5 & 6, *dep*, Revs. Dr. Pickard, I. Sutcliffe, and S. W. Sprague.

Baie de Verte, Oct. 14, 15, 16 & 17, *dep.*, Revs. J. G. Angwin, R. O. B. Johnson, and R. B. Mack.

Moncton and Coverdale, Nov. 5, 6, 7 & 8, *dep.* Revs. S. Humphrey, J. G Angwin and J B Hemmeon.

Dorchester, Nov. 11, *dep*, S. W. Sprague, W. McCarty, and C. Jost.

Hopewell—Arrangement to be made by Supt, *dep.*, Revs. S. Humphrey, and J. B. Hemmeon.

Hillsboro'—Arrangement to be made by Supt. *dep.*, Revs. I. Sutcliffe, and J. Tweedy.

Salisbury and Elgin, Oct. 10 & 11, *dep.* Revs. W. McCarty, and S. Humphrey.

Richibucto, Oct. 14, 15 & 16, *dep.*, Revs. Dr. DeWolfe, R. Duncan, and Jas. Tweedy.

Amherst, Oct. 14, 15, *dep*, Revs. Dr. Pickard, S. W. Sprague, and C. Jost.

Parrsboro'—Arrangement by Superintendent, R. B. Mack.

Advocate Harbour—Arrangement by Sept,—*dep*, R. Tweedy, and R. O. B Johnson.

HOME MISSIONS.

Arrangements to be made by the Superintendents of the respective Circuits for holding meetings at such times as may be most convenient.

INGHAM SUTCLIFFE, *Chairman.*

Amherst, Sept. 5, 1867.

P. E. ISLAND DISTRICT.

The financial District Meeting for the P. E. Island District will be held, (D.V.) at Charlottetown, on Tuesday, September 17th, to commence at 10 o'clock, a.m.

A full attendance of the Ministers, Preachers on trial, and Circuit Stewards is earnestly requested.

HENRY POPE, JR., *Chairman.*

Charlottetown, P. E. I. Aug. 30, 1867.

WILD CHERRY BALSAM.—The memory of Dr. Wistar is embalmed in the hearts of thousands, whom his *Balsam of Wild Cherry* has cured of coughs, colds, consumption, or some other form of Pulmonary disease.

Sold at wholesale by COGSWELL & FORSYTH and AVERY, BROWN & Co.—Halifax.

A COMPLETE VICTORY!—Throughout the entire Provinces *Selee's Hair Life* stands at the head of all Hair Preparations,—not failing in a single case to restore grey hair to its original color, when properly used; removing all dandruff and scurf, and admirably cleansing the scalp. It always stops at once the hair from falling out, and aids to a lively luxuriant growth, where baldness is not of long standing—*Nothing* works these,—Ladies pronounce it a delightful Hair Dressing also, as it makes the hair soft, glossy and youthful. The druggists speak very highly of it, and indeed do not hesitate to say it is the *best* thing they sell. Its wonderful *healness* makes its the favorite of all. Sold by Druggists throughout the Provinces.

BROWN, BROWN BRO's & Co., Halifax, N. S.
Wholesale Agents for Nova Scotia.

Aug. 14. 1m.

Marriages.

At the Wesleyan Church, Kempt, on the 26th ult, by the Rev. J. Mosher, Mr. Lewis Smith, of Chiverie, to Miss Amanda, youngest daughter of Handley Starratt, Esq., of Cambridge, N. S.

By the Rev. J. Tweedy, on the 18th ult., at the Wesleyan Parsonage, Hopewell, Mr. Linal Fenton, to Miss Ann Moore.

By the Rev. James Buckly, at New Harbour, Guysboro' County, on the 3rd inst., Mr. Joseph D. Luddington, to Miss Caroline Rebecca Slate, both of New Harbor.

By the same, at the same time and place, Mr. John Beswhanger, to Miss Lucy Fanning, both of Coddles Harbor

At Wolfville, on the 22nd ult., by the Rev S. W. DeBlois, the Rev. P. Freeman, A. M., of Bedeque, P. E. I., to Sarah, daughter of Charles D. Randall, Esq., A. M., of Wolfville.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. G. M. Grant, Simeon L. Freeman, of Milton, N. S., to Helen Pan Norden, youngest daughter of the late W. H. S. Neal, of this city.

At Truro, on the 3rd inst, at the residence of the bride's uncle, by the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Forrestor, and the Rev. John Forrest, John P. Davidson, Esq., of Louisiana, to Kate Hall, eldest daughter of John Yuill, Esq., of Clifton, N. S.

Deaths.

On the 30th ult., at Kempt, Alice, the wife of Isaac Lake, Esq., in the 65th year of her age. She had been a member of the Wesleyan Church, and her end was peace.

On the 4th inst, Frederick W. Morris, Esq, M. D., in the 66th year of his age.

On the 3rd inst., Wm. C. Lemes, a native of St. Maloes, France, aged 15 years.

On the 5th inst., at Bedford, L. E. Piers, in the 84th year of his age.

Suddenly, on Thursday evening, 5th inst., Alex. J. Ritchie, Esq., in the 55th year of his age.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, Sept 4

Steamer Commerce, Doane, P E I; brigt Alexina, Desjardines, Boston; schrs British Eagle, Sheridan, Newfd; Gold Hunter, St John, N B; Mary Bowen, Freehill, Boston; Harmony, Bagnall, Sydney; Belgrade, Boudrot, Little Grace Bay; Spec, Mott, do; Torbay Lass, Penny, London.

THURSDAY, Sept 5

Steamer Acadia, Lees, Glasgow; brigts Arabian, Richards, New York; Ethel, Page, Trinidad; schrs Agility, Pye, Bay St George; Josephine, Farrel, Sydney; Tadpole, do; Express, Burke, do; Ida May, Bollong, Glace Bay.

FRIDAY, Sept 6

Barque Lathella, Cameron, London; schrs Catherine, Martell, Sydney; Julia, Fenton, do; Susan, McInnis, Louisburg; Harriett, Simpson, St Peters; Levi Hart, McKenna, Canso.

SATURDAY, Sept 7

H I M Frigate Themis, New York—bound to France; corvette Phlegton, do; Monitor Onondaga, do; steamer Merlin, Sampson, St Johns, Nfld; brigt Empress, Lessef, New York; schrs Sansaparel, Bowden, London; Susan, Lang, Boston; Mary, Gardner, Newfd; Hawk, Gillis, do.

SUNDAY, Sept 8.

Barque Ellora, Morine, Liverpool; brigt Foyle, Roy, Wilmington—bound to Liverpool, G B

MONDAY, Sept 9

Barque Celia, Dolby, Turks Island; brigts Alice Wood, Doherty, Newport; Elsie, Davies, Kingston, Jam; Mary, O'Brien, Boston; schr Blue Jacket, Currie, Boston.

CLEARED.

Sept 6—Steamer Acadia, Lees, St John, N B; brigt Branch, Card, London; schrs Paradigm, Dunlap, Charleston; Young Nova Scotian, Senboyer, North, Bay; Villager, Watt, Chatham; Baronet, Danphiny, North Bay; Candour, Landry, Cow Bay

Sept 7—Brigts Breeze, Sheehy, Liverpool; Emily Jane, White, Jamaica; Aspen, Forbes, Little Glace Bay; Ethel, Page, Ragged Islands; schrs Golden West, Smith, North Bay; Gen Williams, Burgoyne, North Bay; Bella Barry, Nass, do; Ocean Traveller, Maxner, do; Swan, Publicover, do; Flash, Hyson, do; Camelia, Tweedy, Baddeck.

RAYMOND'S
Family Sewing Machine.
THIS convenient little Machine has been manufactured and sold in Canada, with slight improvements from time to time, for more than five years past, and has also been exported in large quantities to England and Germany; but has never been introduced into these Lower Provinces until by the undersigned Agents within the past few months, and is therefore not to be mistaken for other small Machines of an inferior kind.—This Machine is equally adapted to all kinds of family work, fine or coarse. The machinery is strong and the work durable. It is very easily understood and managed, on account of its simplicity; with the printed instructions, any one of ordinary capacity can learn its use without other aid. It is not liable to get out of order. It has all the latest improvements. We warrant the Machine to do all that is promised for it. In case of damage by accident or otherwise, repairs will be effected at reasonable charges. Cash orders il be attended to as promptly as possible, and the Machines packed with care. All appurtenances ncluded in the above price. From numerous testmonials in hand, we select the few following:—

"Taking all things into account, it is undoubtedly the best Machine for family use. Its cheapness, combined with its efficacy, makes it the Sewing Machine for the Million. After some months' trial, it is only justice to say, that it has far exceeded our expectations and proved itself an efficient Machine for all ordinary purposes."—*Canada Farmer*

The neatness, strength, and durability of the Sewing is attested by such parties in Toronto and Montreal as—Mrs. Ryerson—Rev. E. Ryerson, D.D., Chief Sup't of schools for Canada West; Mrs. Porter—Rev. J. Porter, Sup't. of Toronto City Schools; Mrs. Jennings—Rev. J. Jennings, D.D.; Mrs Wickson—Rev. A. Wickson, LL.D; Mrs. Lesslie—Jos. Lesslie, Esq., Postmaster of Toronto; Mrs. Dr. Rolph; Miss Matthews, Dress-Maker; Mrs. Pipon—Col. Pipon, Royal Artillery; Mrs. Ogilvy—J. Ogilvy, Esq., wholesale merchant; with many others in these places and in nearly all parts of Canada, particularly the West. We append also a few local Testimonials:—

November, 1866.

"We, the undersigned, are using Raymond's Family Sewing Machine in our family, and would concur in the recommendation of it by parties in Canada—

R. Patterson, Rogers' Hill, Picton Co., N.S.
Rev. Geo. Roddick, Durham, do.
Mark Talbot, Picton Town,
William Hogg, do.

September, 1866.

"We the undersigned, hereby testify that we in our families, are using Raymond's Family Sewing Machine; that we find it well adapted to all kinds of Family Sewing, easy to manage, the work durable, and in every respect well worthy of the high recommendations it has received elsewhere.

Mrs W F Harrison, Sewell St., St John, N. B.
Addie C. Miles, Maugerville, N. B.
M. Brannan, do., Dress Maker
A. C. Plummer, do.,
Mrs. Dr.

The Family.

Last Night.

That rare, ethereal flower I saw last night
Which never blossoms till the sun is gone,
And, like a spirit shrinking from the light,
Folds up its petals ere the morning dawn:
Night-blooming Cerus, beautiful and white,
In its brief hour, what else befel last night?

Last night a child was born: its clear blue eyes
Were opened to a life that will not end;
In depths of woe, or joy above the skies,
A young eternity the child will spend.
But yester-morn he had not seen the light;
A soul immortal, he awoke last night.

Last night an old man died: his silver hair,
That was a cloud of glory on his brow,
Will float no more upon the summer air,
His day is past; his mouth is silent now;
And months and years will come, and take their flight:
He will not come home again—he died last night.

Last night a bride was to the altar led,
Lovely as a morning when the sun appears.
Last night a mother bent over her dead,
And bathed the icy brow with burning tears,
Meanwhile the stars shone on, the moon looked bright,
And the blue lake lay sleeping 'neath their light.

Last night a field was won; and all the air
Was rent with shouts of joy and victory:
Last night a ship went down, and wild despair
Sent cries of anguish o'er the troubled sea:
Last night some ransomed souls went up to heaven:
Last night how many perished unforgiven:

So goes the world; and sometime, soon or late,
When households gather at the break of day,
When the sun passes through his golden gate,
And all the earth is brightened in his ray—
When sea and sky are filled with rosy light,
It may be said of me, "She died last night."

—*N. Y. Observer.*

Signing the Pledge.

BY MRS. E. E. BROWN.

Alice Mason and Emma Howard sat alone in the elegant drawing room of Mr. Mason's residence. The rich satins and delicate laces, together with other paraphernalia peculiar to such occasions, intimated that a bridal was at hand, and so it was. Alice, the only daughter of the wealthy and aristocratic Mr. Mason, was betrothed to Charles Raymond, a young merchant, who was doing a thriving business in a neighbouring city, and who was a leading star in the fashionable world. It wanted but two weeks of the time set apart for the wedding, and Emma Howard, the intended bridesmaid, and the friend and confident of Alice, had come to assist in the preparations; while their fingers were busy in arranging the delicate fabrics, their tongues were no less busy in discussing the reality of the Present, and painting glowing pictures for the Future.

'Don't you think, Emma,' said Alice, after a short silence, 'Charley's cousin Ned almost persuaded him to join the Good Templars; I really believe he would have joined them if it had not been for me.'

'What do you mean, Alice? you surely did not raise any objections?'

'Most assuredly I did; and why not, little one?'

'O, Alice, I am so sorry;' and the troubled face of Emma showed that for some reason she was deeply moved.

'Why, Emma!' said Alice, petulently, 'what ails you? one would think it was a serious matter.'

'I fear it is serious,' said Emma sadly. 'I must tell you, Alice; at Squire Clifton's party the other night I saw Charles drink four glasses of wine, and how much more he drank I cannot tell.'

'Well, what of that?' said Alice, half angrily; 'of course he drinks wine; every gentleman is expected to. If it had been gin or whiskey it would have been different.'

'But, Alice, drunkards don't always commence their downward course by such strong drinks; they come to liking them gradually; and I am sorry you did not try to persuade Charles to join the Good Templars instead of opposing it.'

'Why, Emma, do you think I would have him join an order like that? thereby proclaiming to the world that he could not stand alone? No, indeed! I would not trust my happiness to the keeping of one who could not take care of himself.

'Alice, I have something I want very much to tell you,' interrupted Lewis, the brother of Alice, suddenly entering the room, and speaking in an excited manner. It is about Charles; do you mind having Emma hear it?'

'No, no! don't leave me, Emma;' and as Emma rose to leave the room, she clung to her, half frightened, and drew her back to her seat.

'Well, then,' said Lewis, 'the members of the "Social Club" had a supper at their rooms last night. Charles Raymond was there, and was carried home drunk: helplessly drunk!'

'O, Lewis! it cannot be! there must be some mistake!' came from the pale lips of Alice, and she buried her face in the soft pillow and sobbed aloud.

'I wish it were a mistake,' said Lewis; 'but I had the information from a reliable source, and thought it best to tell you of it at once. If I were you I'd give him a ticket of leave quick!' and he turned and left the room, while Emma threw her arms around her friend and strove to comfort her.

'What shall I do, Emma? I did not think he would get drunk!' and Alice shuddered as the words passed her lips.

'See him at once,' said Emma, 'talk to him kindly, but firmly—tell him you cannot marry a drunkard, and if he will not give you some surety of abstinence in future, break off the engagement; it will be hard, I know, but better that than a life of misery.'

A few days passed, and again Emma was sitting with her friend; and again the conversation turned upon Charles Raymond.

'I have talked with him about that affair, said Alice; 'he says it was a sort of an accident, that he had no idea of becoming so, and that the brandy must have been stronger than usual or it would not have affected him so; he promised never to become so again, and only to drink very moderately in future. He even said he would join the good templars if I wished it, but I would not quite agree to that; it would look so weak and foolish.'

Emma did not reply; but her heart was heavy with misgivings.

A week later and the fashionable Miss Linfield gave a splendid party, to which, of course, Charles Raymond was invited, as well as our young friends Alice and Emma. Wine passed freely at the supper table, and young Raymond, who was usually somewhat reserved, became at first witty and lively, then almost boisterous, while his flushed face and imperfect articulation told the observer he had taken too much wine.

Alice saw it all; and disappointed and sick at heart she strove to persuade him to return home. 'But no! he was having too good a time, it was all nonsense to think of going home so early;' and he commenced singing noisely. 'I won't go home till morning.'

Alice turned sadly away, and seeking Emma, poured into her sympathizing ear an account of her trouble and mortification.

'Come out this way, away from the crowd, and we will consider what is best to be done,' said Emma; and they turned toward a room which appeared to be empty. Passing the door of the supper-room they looked up, and there stood Charles Raymond alone, just in the act of pouring out a glass of wine; while his hand was so unsteady that the red drops were freely scattered around. Alice was speechless; but Emma sprang forward and grasped his arm just as he was raising the glass to his lips.

'Charles Raymond, stop!' exclaimed she in a commanding voice. Complete astonishment rendered him, for a moment, powerless to resist, and he put the glass down.

In a moment, however, he recovered from his surprise, and once more taking up the glass he said moodily—'What business is it to you, Emma Howard? I have a right to drink when I please!'

'No!' said she firmly, 'you have no right to mar, by beastly intoxication, the form which God has made in his own image! You have no right to bring down your parents' gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! You have no right to break the heart of my nearest and best friend, and make her whole life a wilderness of sorrow! Look upon her!' and she drew the weeping Alice to her side. 'Look upon her whom you have professed to love, who in a few days is to become your wife, and say if you have a right to bring so much misery upon one whose whole life, before she knew you, was one unruffled stream of happiness.'

'A great deal she cares about it,' said he contemptuously. I knew my own danger before she did, and would have joined the Good Templars but for her. She who was afraid I would disgrace myself by joining an organization of temperance, will not think it disgraceful for me to drink a few glasses of wine!' and again he raised the glass to his lips.

'Stop, Charles, I implore you!' said Alice, stepping forward, 'I acknowledge my own wrong and withdraw all my objections. O Charles! I beseech you, by the memory of all you have been, and still are to me—by all our hopes of happiness, and dreams of future bliss—stop, before it is too late—sign the pledge if you will—put my name there beside yours; together we will join hands and step back from this fearful precipice! Promise me, Charles, this night, before you leave me, promise me, before God, and in the presence of our true friend, to renounce at once and forever, the tempter who has such power over you! Will you promise?'

Charles was completely sobered by the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and thoroughly ashamed and repentant, he grasped a hand of each, and said, solemnly,—

'Alice, I do promise; never, so long as the blood courses through my veins—never will I drink another glass of intoxicating liquor of any kind. And oh, Alice, and you too, Emma, can you forgive me and strive to forget the past?'

'Willingly, gladly,' said they both! 'We, too, will renounce forever the sparkling wine; and to make our resolution still stronger, let us join heart and hand with the noble band of brothers and sisters who have stepped out from the snare of the tempter, and are using all their power to draw others out.'

The next week, Charles Reymond and Alice Mason took upon themselves double vows. First, in the Temperance Hall, before a crowd of earnest workers in the good cause, they pledged themselves to abstain from all that would intoxicate; and the next day they stood up before the man of God and pledged themselves to 'love, honor and cherish—till death us do part.'

Both pledges have been faithfully kept; and you will not find in the whole city a happier household than that of Charles Raymond.

Temperance.

The Manufacture of Drunkards.

BY HON. M. CAMERON, OTTAWA.

Temperance! I could write and talk upon the subject for ever. It is old, yet ever new. The last and present crop of drunkards present so much that is melancholy and awful, that I feel the whole question as freshly as if yesterday was the first time I ever heard the word. It never struck me so strongly as it does this day that drinking is the most horrible, the most cruel, and the most unnatural of vices. A man may steal to support, comfort and cherish his family; a man may lie to obtain means to support his family: a man may gamble and yet lavish means on those he loves; a man may curse and swear at those who annoy his wife and children; he may profane God's holy day to give them pleasure and amusement—and yet be comparatively happy. 'Tis only drinking that turns the heart to stone, the man to a demon. Selfishly and alone he drinks the means that should be given for the comfort and sustentation of those he is sworn to support; then, disgusted with himself, he returns home the very incarnation of the devil, and vents his wrath on the wife and children he has robbed; if they remonstrate, the fiend within urges him to attack, beat, bruise, and sometimes murder these intolerable *reminders* to his soul and conscience of his sin. He becomes their enemy, their persecutor, and makes his house the Hell his own mind has already become. Yes, men of naturally kind hearts, with excellent wives and six or eight children, are exhibiting this dark picture in Canada to-day! How then, can temperance societies or pledges grow old or tiresome, more than the Scriptures or preaching? The female portion of the land should league in self-defence on this subject. They are terrible sufferers, and they have it in their own hands if they would arise in their might and purity, and work it down. But alas! many of them are its victims, and as long as weak, covetous, ignorant, selfish doctors will recommend alcohol because it pleases people, because it gets customers and assures a good crop for ever after,—so long will woman fall, the churches be disgraced, and inebriate asylums be a necessity. It is the mean, week-kneed, conscienceless doctors that do much of the mischief, and are making drunkards in the best society daily. I have said my say this morning.—*Com. to London Advertiser.*

A Temperance Christian Senator.

Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler writes from Saratogo to the *Independent*, giving an account of a great temperance demonstration. He says:—

The meeting yesterday was a signal success. The leading speaker was Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, who to all his honourable titles now adds the other loftier one, "Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." Wilson's manly frame and ruddy cheek are a living argument for total abstinence. Such hale, lusty vigor is not inspired by the bottle. No sophistries about the "need of alcohol stimulants" can answer such evidence as Gough, and Beecher, and Wilson furnish to the capacity of enduring heavy strains on the nervous system without a drop of distilled spirits. The men who fight the best, write the best, speak the best, and live the longest, are those who eschew the product of rottenness in the fermenting-vat, and feed the bodily forces with such beverages as the Creator furnishes. I never loved Wilson as I did yesterday. His speech was tender, so manly, so honest, so Christian in every syllable. He spoke of his early days of toil on a farm and as a "prentice boy," as Lincoln used to speak of his; not to boast of his elevation, but to draw lessons from these rough experiences. He told us of congressional experiences, of the superior skill and endurance of those senators who never resort to the brandy-bottle for inspiration, and of the melancholy fall of great statesmen who were drowned in the abyss of strong drink. When he exclaimed, "Young men! you are too precious to be lost! God has made me childless; I have buried my only boy; and whenever I meet a young man of prominence I seem to say, *There is* my boy"—the tears rolled down his manly cheeks, and the audience wept with him. God bless Henry Wilson! The new England conscience has no better public representative. His speech had the religious unction of a son of the Puritans.

Agriculture.

The Law and Manners of the Road.

All of us have ideas more or less correct in regard to the law which regulates our use of the highways; and, at any rate, good sense and good nature are usually very safe guides. A few words on the subject, however, may not be amiss.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half the road. This is practically true, and comes about in this wise:—You and I meet upon the road—our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have a right to go on our several ways without obstruction, so, popularly we say, I own half and you half. The law steps in to facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hand. The road should be "worked" wide enough for two teams abreast, then each man has a clear title to a passage on his right hand side of the way, and no one has a right to obstruct another while on his own proper track. This is true whatever the road or the team; for if one can drive such a team that another can pass him but with difficulty or not at all, then their rights are no longer equal. This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all in the deep snow while your neighbour goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right so to load his team as not to be able to give up half the track to whoever demands it.

A footman may choose the part which pleases him on any portion of his right hand half the way, and the team must yield to him. This is clearly so in winter, and no man is obliged to step into the snow for one or two horses; this is the law, and the Court awards it

Now for the manner of the road; which, in some instances, vary from the law thereof.

The first requirements of road manners is good nature and an accomodating spirit. Do to others as you would have them do to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be pretty sure to be equally well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbour has a heavy load, consult his convenience as far as possible: you may sometime be loaded. It has become a practical rule of courtesy to turn out for wood or logs, and for other heavy teams in winter; for they say, "we often cannot turn out, and never safely, so if you want wood accommodate us;" which we are very willing to do. But remember, it is a favour, not your right, and you have a reciprocal duty to perform, one which I am sorry to observe is not always kept in mind. When you have unloaded and are returning empty, just recollect that you had the whole road in the morning, and it is no more than fair that you should be particularly obliging to those whom you meet now, and give them their full share of the path.

One word in relation to teams going the same way; in which case many seem to think there is neither law nor manners. When a team comes up behind you, which desires to proceed faster than you do, that team has a right to reasonable space and opportunity to pass in—and your obstructing him in his lawful desire is both bad manners and bad law. If your load is heavy, do the best you can. In most cases the very least that can be asked is that you should stop. This is particularly so in winter, when it is a heavy tax on any team to force it into a trot in a deep snow—made necessary by your continuing at a walk. My remark above in relation to the empty wood sled sled applies here, and, if one wishes to pass you, remember that while loaded you had the whole road.—VIA, *in N. E. Farmer.*

When a Hen will and will not Lay.

When a hen is *satisfied* it will lay. It is satisfied when it has enough to eat and drink, and that of a good quality. It is satisfied when it has warm quarters (in winter). It is satisfied when it is unmolested. It is satisfied when it has a safe, retired place to lay, for a hen does not want to be annoyed with doubt in regard to its future progeny. It is satisfied when it has room enough. It is satisfied when it has a place to wallow in. It is satisfied when it finds gravel and bits of burnt bone strewn where it is. It is satisfied with a variety of food, animal and vegetable, and vegetables from the garden, such as cabbages, onions, etc. It is satisfied when it feels the warming influence of pepper mixed with its food. It is particularly satisfied when it has somebody to give it these things daily, and be a daily friend to it—for the hen is social and companionable. And, lastly, it is satisfied with a rooster.

But it is *not* satisfied when it suffers for the want of food. It is not satisfied with dirty water. It is not satisfied with shivering in the cold. It is not satisfied with disturbance and danger. It is not satisfied when thrust with a great number of hens and jostled about. It is not satisfied when it has a hard, naked floor, where its bright eye cannot detect a grain of sand to form a shell for its egg. It is not satisfied when it has no safe place to lay. It is not satisfied when it is neglected. And, last of all, it is greatly dissatisfied when forsaken and left to shift for itself, as is usually done in barns, often trodden upon, at least its toes, if not frozen off.—*Colman's Rural.*

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