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Missionary Hymn.

By Mrs. H. C. COVANT.

Wake, Zion, child of Heaven!
Why slumber thou at noon?
Wilt thou withhold till even,
Earth's long expected boon?
The voice of hapless crying,
Comes from each fainting land;
Thy sons around thee sighing,
To lead the waiting band.

Haste! fill thy urn with waters
From life's perennial brink;
Then bear, and bid them drink.
Give not in stunted measure;
The source exhaustless flows;
Pour forth the living treasure,
Till earth like Eden glows.

Wake, Zion, heir of nations!
For the thy kingdoms wait.
Lo! kings with rich oblations,
Are hastening to thy gates!
Like clouds with tempests driven,
Earth's eager hordes come;
Wide be thy portals opened,
And bid them welcome home!

The Mammon of Unrighteousness

By Rev. R. COONEY, M. A.

The way that leads to riches and honor leads to trouble. The whole way is rugged and crazy—precipitous, and full of dangers; and fraught with disappointments, anxiety and difficulty. At the end of this steep and perilous way, Wealth and Honour are situated. They stand upon the top of a dizzy and dangerous eminence; one is so over loaded with precious metals that he almost faints under his burden; and the other is so thickly covered with decorations that he can scarcely walk. The ground for a considerable distance around these popular idols, is slippery and broken; full of dangerous crossings and abrupt turnings.

The road by which you immediately approach them, is strewn over with disgusting and ghastly objects, and with the most distressing sights. Here hundreds and thousands are worshipping them, and bowing down before them in the most abject manner; and the rites and ceremonies of their degrading worship are as impure as the orgies of Bacchus, or the obscene revels of the Greek Saturnalia. They consist generally of Rapine, Fraud, Violence, Flattery, Peculation, Deceit, Covetousness, &c. Wealth and Honour are the Moloch and Dagon of Christianity; but while the lovers of filthy lucre and the slaves of ambition are worshipping them and kissing their feet, you, licking the dust thereof, at this very moment, Death comes, and tears them away, and delivers them over to justice, and in the midst of cries and shrieks, they are cast into hell, and as the lake of fire closes over them, a voice exclaims, "Look at this Mammon of Unrighteousness, instead of worshipping God."

Some suppose there was an idol in Syria, named Mammon, and that it was worshipped as the God of Riches, in the same way that the Mammon of Unrighteousness is worshipped. But Mammonas the word is used now, commonly signifies money, or the inordinate love of it, or anything in which a person will trust, or anything to which one is particularly attached, and that he makes an object of preference and affection. St. Jerome, one of the Fathers, says that Mammonas is the Syrian language, signifies Riches; and Plato, in his republic, expresses the same opinion, and adds, "in the same proportion as Riches are honoured and admired, so will Virtue be slighted and disregarded."

The title of Mammon applies with peculiar force to wealth obtained by unlawful means, such as smuggling or defrauding the public revenue, selling prohibited wares, or such commodities as are detrimental to public morals, or injurious to health and life. The wealth obtained by the iniquitous slave trade; by the sale of intoxicating beverages; by Sunday travelling; by overreaching and taking advantage of the simplicity, confidence, or necessities of others; by gambling, rash speculations, usury or unlawful interest, fictitious bankruptcies, and fraudulent alienation of property. Every estate purchased by any of these unrighteous means, is one of Mammon's domains. Every house erected by any of these means, is one of Mammon's temples; and every inheritance or fortune derived from the same polluted source is one of Mammon's legacies.

The love of money says the Apostle, "is the root of all evil." Look at its effects in the opulent farmer turned into a voluptuary and a materialist. Look at the fatal dominion it exercises in the young man that would rather be a great capitalist than an eminent scholar. Look at its results in the old man, whom it transformed into a hypocritical and avaricious traitor. Let it be remembered, too, that these are types of vast multitudes, that are in the same way sowing to the flesh, and of the flesh reaping corruption. Eternity only will disclose the innumerable and enormous sin that have been committed in the acquisition and disbursement of "the Mammon of unrighteousness." Then will it be seen how many, from the love of money, "erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." And how many, through the same degrading passion, fell into temptations and snares, and foolish and hurtful lusts, and ultimately into destruction and perdition.

Among the worshippers of Mammon, misers and spendthrifts occupy a prominent place. The prodigal spends on all pleasures, and his debaucheries very freely. The claims of the opera, the saloon and the table are promptly met, so long as the necessary funds are available; but, strange to say, the fine gentleman, the connoisseur, the rouse, the top—all these vast expenditures are according to their various tastes and inclinations, without either scruple or restraint; but ask them to contribute to the erection of a church—to the funds of a missionary society, or an almshouse; and see how they'll shrug up their shoulders—all at once a terrible fit of economy will seize them, and they will speak of frugality as if it embodied all the cardinal virtues, may as if it comprised both the Law and the Prophets. The notorious Falstaff, according to his authenticated tavern bills, was such a slave to

Bacchus, that he was wont to spend five or six shillings for wine to every penny he spent for bread—and so it is with these who I have enumerated, they will spend large sums upon the stable and the kennel; upon furniture and bijouterie; in pleasure and in sin; but when religion, or suffering humanity, solicits their aid, they will either turn a deaf ear to their appeal, or try to silence it by the smallest possible pittance. But O, how many are there in our congregations, and even in our churches, yes, in our churches; and if their love to God, and their zeal for the spread of the gospel, and the salvation of souls were to be determined by their annual expenditure, what they give in every way for the support of religious institutions, would shrink into nothing.

But the most serious worshippers of "the Mammon of unrighteousness" are misers. One of the most is easily known; his person exhibits the symbols of his profession. His face is wrinkled with care, and penny counts his brow. He looks at you furtively like a fox, and walks like a cat; and is always turning and shifting, as if he were trying to make money out of his thoughts, and negotiating with his shadow. Money furnishes all his suggestions, his thoughts, and his dreams. All his affections are frozen; all his organs are subjugated by the organ of acquisitiveness. He is a man of one idea, and of one passion. The only love of which he is susceptible is the love of money. For such a one, Australia has more charms than Paradise, and California more attractions than Heaven. He cares very little about "the River of Life," or the trees that grow on its banks. For, for the sake of the harpers, or the songs, or the redeemed, he has no care; and as for the picturesque, he has all moonshine. What he likes best is the gold pavement—the gates of pearl—and the walls of Jasper.

"Oh, cursed lust of gold! what thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both ways;
First straddles in this, then dashes in that to come."
—BLAIR.

This detestable principle has a great many apologists in "the Church," where it goes by the name of prudence, economy, taking care of one's self, &c. Away with them! they are false Deilahs, and have deceived many. Call it by its name, Avarice; and let us remember that it defeated Joshua, destroyed Achan, made a leper of Gehazi, ruined Judas, and is still slaying its thousands and tens of thousands.

Hair-Breadth Escape.

Some time since, in a country village, there lived a man noted for his drunken and irreligious habits. His conduct was most reckless, and he had no fear of God behind his eyes, nor any regard to the opinion of men. As a father he felt no concern about the interests of his family; in his house no voice of praise or prayer was heard. How could he feel for the souls of his children, when he neglected his own? He would not say as he forgot to pray for himself? Religion was no part of his business; he neither thought nor cared about it. God was not in all his thoughts. He was totally negligent. Yet he was not a persecutor; though he did not choose a religious life, he would not force his children to do so. His irreligion was rather after intention, than active enmity. This paved the way for his conversion.

There was a Sabbath school in the village, and to it one of his children went. The child was attached to the school, and made considerable proficiency; but his father was not thereby won to the service of Jesus. Many attempts were made to induce him to attend the public worship of God on the Sabbath—but in vain; neither argument nor entreaties could prevail upon him. At length, however, the school festival drew nigh, at which it was customary for some of the children to recite pieces, and some of the friends of the school to deliver suitable addresses; and the drunkard's child was chosen to take part in the recitations.

The day arrived—the long-wished-for day even in the countenance of the child. It was a beautiful day; nature appeared in her most cheerful mood; as if the universal Parent had purposely smiled auspiciously on the occasion. The highest expectations were entertained; there was not one of the little company but looked for a splendid treat, but there was one that meant to have a double share of the common bliss. That was the little daughter of the drunken man. Hers was a noble scheme; it was this. Of course she was to attend at the festival, and so would her father; but she meant, if possible, to take her father with her, and by pleasing him, increase her own enjoyments.

The task was difficult, and almost hopeless; but she was not to be daunted at the onset; whatever might be her success, she resolved to make the attempt. "Father," said she, approaching him with a pleading smile and beautiful tenderness and simplicity; "father, you know to-day is our festival, and I want you to go with me." "Not I, indeed," replied he. "But," she rejoined, "you must really go, or I shall be greatly disappointed. I have to say a very pretty piece, which you would like to hear; and some gentlemen will be there to make speeches, which would be sure to please you. Now, my dear father, don't say no; but make up your mind to go with me." In vain did he oppose and object. The child would listen to no excuse, and take no denial; so he consented, and went. With the performance of the children he was quite delighted; but his attention was principally arrested by an anecdote which one of the speakers was led to relate. The fact had no apparent connexion with the topics then being discussed, or with the business of the evening; but it was not out of place, as we shall find. To the following effect proceeded the speaker:—"How marvellous are the works of God! How intimate the connexion between providence and man! how wonderful are the divine contrivances for the 'salvation of men!' Well may we say, 'How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!' A fact will illustrate the sentiment. A gentleman, in passing along an uneven road, fell at the moment a vehicle was passing, and he had fallen in the road, an accident or death seemed inevitable. The wheel actually passed over and crushed his hat, which had come off in the fall; but he received not the slightest personal injury. Amazed and overcome by the thought of his narrow es-

cape from death, for which he was unprepared; and regarding this as a special interposition of Divine Providence to save him from eternal ruin—here and then resolved to devote the remainder of his life to his merciful Preserver. He opened his mouth unto the Lord, nor did he go back; he remembered, and performed his vow. The broken hat he carried home with him; and in it he wrote, 'Preserved in Christ Jesus, and called.' Nor would he ever allow it to be removed from his house; he kept it as a memorial of his good fortune. The story is recorded of the means by which he was converted, and delighted to point to his own case as an illustration of the inscription it bore."

To this narrative the drunkard listened with indescribable emotions; for a while he hardly knew if his case were not being described. He trembled with anxiety over the issue. He, too, had fallen in the road; over his hat also a wheel had passed, crushed it and spared him; and thus had he did the parallel hold. He felt his guilt, and was writhed in his inmost soul, as if he were trying to make money out of his thoughts, and negotiating with his shadow. Money furnished all his suggestions, his thoughts, and his dreams. All his affections are frozen; all his organs are subjugated by the organ of acquisitiveness. He is a man of one idea, and of one passion. The only love of which he is susceptible is the love of money. For such a one, Australia has more charms than Paradise, and California more attractions than Heaven. He cares very little about "the River of Life," or the trees that grow on its banks. For, for the sake of the harpers, or the songs, or the redeemed, he has no care; and as for the picturesque, he has all moonshine. What he likes best is the gold pavement—the gates of pearl—and the walls of Jasper.

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The Voice of the Sea.

By BENJAMIN GOODER.

Voice of the mighty sea!
There is a glory in that sound,
Like the rush of infinity,
Deep, terrible, profound!
Like the call of distant lands,
Or the far-off gush of songs,
Or the shout of victor bands,
From a hundred thousand tongues!

Voice of the mighty sea!
Thy whisper is a storm;
A hurricane thy majesty,
When thy mountain-billows roar,
The thunder is unheard;
And trembling seize the shore,
At the terror of thy word.

Voice of the mighty sea!
The smiter of all slanders;
Each to his God doth bow the knee,
And fears a watery shroud:
Will not thou hear, O sea?
Down, down in thy surgy caves
Must the hapless wanderers be
Dashed to their graves!

The Eloquence of Wesley.

By H. F. HURN.

Passion is an essential element in the constitution of the character of man. It is that which impels him to act. It is that which imparts energy to character and unyielding perseverance to purpose. In a word, it is that which gives to man his character, and which causes him to stand out in the world as a being of his own kind. It is the beauteous heritage of his rights. Passion unfolds itself in early youth. Scarcely do the earliest symptoms of intellectual power display themselves before its dawning is begun. There is an eloquence even in the countenance of the smiling infant, which pleads with resistless force. What words could portray the soul in such vivid colours as the out-beamings of that face? What imagery could so well delineate all the agonies of grief or all the kindlings of joy as that living mirror—the smiling countenance, and the eye of the careless, but spirited boy, when labouring under the influence of strong emotion. As age advances and character matures, passion takes a more decided attitude, and exercises itself upon other and higher objects, and in other and higher spheres of action.

The sympathies of our natures are strange and mysterious in their operations and results. They are links in the chain of our being which connect and bind us together in stronger bonds than those of nature. They are the great secret of the way which man exercises over his fellow-man in the empire of passion. They have had an intimate knowledge of it since the earliest times, and that knowledge has not lain dormant. The pantomime was the result of it, and in later days the theatrical display of the stage. These sympathies or passions, comprising, as they do, the most important elements of man's active nature, are never more conspicuously displayed than in active life. Nor are they displayed in active life to greater advantage, or with greater force, than when they are elicited upon moments of high and noble multitudes are called together to deliberate upon great questions, and master spirit guide their feelings and direct their councils. Then it is that passion is eloquent. Then it is that fire kindles, and beams, and glows in the eye. Then it is that it tints the cheek with its ardent, and breathes forth in words that burn and thoughts that live. Then it is that the lips curl with indignation scorn, or lovers the high and ennobling sentiments of love and devotion. It is then that man feels the connection between providence and man; mind melts into mind, and thoughts, desires, hopes, and feelings, mingle and blend together in common union. Who has not beheld and heard this? Who has not listened to the orator when under the influence of passion and exalted emotion? What heart has not melted under his pathetic tones? What ear has not been charmed by the melody of his voice? What soul has not been enraptured with his spirit-stirring appeals and felt its highest and holiest impulses, quickened and elevated? O could we be but carried back to other days, when

the human tongue, unfettered by tyranny, uttered its own free-born sentiments—when the range of human eloquence and human passion was unbounded by restraint; we should see scenes in the streets of polished and refined Athens which would speak in thunder tones of the eloquence of passion. O could we see the orator of that other land of the graces and the muses, as he stands before the tribunal of him who occupied the highest position among the men of his own time, both in the field and the forum, as he the cause of one of his fellow-countrymen, we should realize the power of passion's enchantment. O could we be but transported to the judgment-seats of Felix and Agrippa, and hear the almost more than earthly melodies of the fearless orator of that day, as he discourses of heavenly visions, we should want no other evidence of the depth of the power, the resistless eloquence of passion. But had the eloquence of passion ceased with the departure of other times? Was the voice that re-animates the paralyzed energies of Greece entombed amidst the ruins of the glorious but faded land? Or, was the generous complaint of Apollonius well-founded—that the eloquence and erudition of his country, the last lingering monuments of its departed glories, were being also transferred, together with her liberty, to Rome? Surely the spirit which animated the men of olden times has not fled from earth. Surely there are topics now as great, as exciting, and as important as any that ever agitated the mind or operated upon the passions of any other age. Surely these topics are not, and have not been neglected, but have called out, and do call out, efforts as strong and passions as violent as those of any other period. What subjects can be more absorbing than those which now agitate the world at large upon politics? What themes are there so grand and so transcendent import as those of man's redemption and restoration to the favour of God? What heart has not thrilled at the story of the cross? What eye has not been moistened at the recital of the tragedy of Calvary, or beamed with holy rapture at the sketches of the future triumph and glories of Christianity? It is here amidst such scenes, amidst such displays of pathos upon such subjects, that we witness the eloquence of the passions. Their control over the human mind is almost supreme. Sometimes they move us to pity and commiseration—sometimes to anger and hatred. Sometimes they soothe us into tranquility and contentment, and other times they arouse us by the calls of interest and ambition. Sometimes they pour oil upon the troubled waters, and at other times lash them to fury. Sometimes they urge us by soft and tender accents of mercy, and at other times launch forth in the heaviest denunciations of vengeance. There is in them a silence that speaks, and looks that tell of voiceless thoughts that must live and be unheard, though not unheeded and unfeared.—Christian Advocate and Journal.

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Now, reader, can you tell which predominates in the above, effort, or babyism? Is the first specimen means anything, it means this, that whenever, wherever, and on whomsoever, the ordinance of baptism is performed, the Minister should read the description of an extreme case of baptism: while the hearers should imagine the Eunuch to have been named, and utterly forget the baptisms of the parents and children, recorded in the Acts, and all such passages as the following:—"And when she was baptized and her household, (family),"—and was baptized; and all his straightway."—I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

The last idea quoted from C. M. J., was stolen from Dr. Maclay, that "great, wise, and good" man, whose autobiography is coming out on the first page of the *Visitor*; and was also the wonderful idea of the unconsciousness of "babies,"—an idea, by the way, that I would recommend the Editors of the *Visitor* to set down in the forthcoming *Historical Work for Children*, as among the modern discoveries of the "Baptists."

The second specimen evidently recommends those who practise the presenting infants to Jesus in His ordinance to abandon their own minds, and to be "born again," i. e., when parents bring their children to us for baptism to take them up in our arms, and bless them; and all for the purpose of showing the "boundary between Protestantism and Popery?" For my part I fear that were we to obey this sage advice, and attempt to "bless" little children, we should too much resemble the Popish priests, who essay to absolve men from their sins; while our *ex officio* blessing would be worth about the same as their absolution.

Now, if however, it could be shown us from the Scriptures, that one infant was baptized, we would honestly step forward and withdraw every line we have ever written on the subject. Till then, we exhort the Editors of the *Visitor* to be as candid as the example of the Corinthian, who hearing—believed—and were baptized."

Then follows the anecdote from Dr. Chalmers' life of a Highland Baptist, probably performed by a Popish Priest, (i. e., the Highlanders being mostly Romanists, but certainly never by a Presbyterian Minister. The father being unable to cross a swollen stream, with his babe, the clergyman came to the other side, and when the time came for sprinkling the baby, the minister dipping the scoop, being in the habit of swinging his contents across, aiming at the baby's face. He held more than once, calling out after each new trial, "Weel, has it gotten any yet?"

Of this the Editors observe, that "it is about as ridiculous as all similar services we have been which we have been unfortunate enough to witness!"

Now, reader, what do you think of the above, coming from Editors who are "Baptists to the backbone?" Is the above kind of argument mainly and Christ-like, or is it babyish, and even worse? The sum of it is this,—"An even was 'us' (i. e., one of infant baptism in the Scriptures, therefore, it is not there—and, therefore, 'you Editors of the *Provincial Wesleyan* have not to hear, believe, and be baptized." Again, the Highland Baptist was ridiculous, "all the instances of infant baptism we have been equally so, therefore, infant sprinkling is man's ordinance."

When I read the anecdote of the Highland Baptist in the *Visitor*, it reminded me of the following anecdote related to certain immemorial adventures, of one of which, one of the "Editors" must have heard. An Elder of the Baptist Church in Nova Scotia happened to be immersing a candidate, whose nose, either from unusual length, or some other cause, protruded above the surface of the "liquid grave," which being observed by a thorough-going Deacon, "a Baptist to the backbone," he forthwith stepped into the water, and dipping up his two hands full, as he held them, "accop" fashion, hastily threw the candidate's face, last the should be to be totally immersed. Another is related of an "Elder," who, essaying to immerse a very fat woman, and vainly attempting to put all her protruberances under, had the misfortune, as he had nearly succeeded, to see her feet rise several inches above the water level. And yet another, who having got a little run of water on his farm dammed one Sabbath morning, when the snow was fast melting, the water dreadfully with the two first candidates, and "dreadful to relate," while he was at the act of protruding back of the third, the treacherous dam gave way, and left him without enough water to cover the candidate. Quere—Have these been baptized? ask Dr. Maclay. How childish to put weapons in the hands of

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Now, if however, it could be shown us from the Scriptures, that one infant was baptized, we would honestly step forward and withdraw every line we have ever written on the subject. Till then, we exhort the Editors of the *Visitor* to be as candid as the example of the Corinthian, who hearing—believed—and were baptized."

Then follows the anecdote from Dr. Chalmers' life of a Highland Baptist, probably performed by a Popish Priest, (i. e., the Highlanders being mostly Romanists, but certainly never by a Presbyterian Minister. The father being unable to cross a swollen stream, with his babe, the clergyman came to the other side, and when the time came for sprinkling the baby, the minister dipping the scoop, being in the habit of swinging his contents across, aiming at the baby's face. He held more than once, calling out after each new trial, "Weel, has it gotten any yet?"

Of this the Editors observe, that "it is about as ridiculous as all similar services we have been which we have been unfortunate enough to witness!"

Now, reader, what do you think of the above, coming from Editors who are "Baptists to the backbone?" Is the above kind of argument mainly and Christ-like, or is it babyish, and even worse? The sum of it is this,—"An even was 'us' (i. e., one of infant baptism in the Scriptures, therefore, it is not there—and, therefore, 'you Editors of the *Provincial Wesleyan* have not to hear, believe, and be baptized." Again, the Highland Baptist was ridiculous, "all the instances of infant baptism we have been equally so, therefore, infant sprinkling is man's ordinance."

When I read the anecdote of the Highland Baptist in the *Visitor*, it reminded me of the following anecdote related to certain immemorial adventures, of one of which, one of the "Editors" must have heard. An Elder of the Baptist Church in Nova Scotia happened to be immersing a candidate, whose nose, either from unusual length, or some other cause, protruded above the surface of the "liquid grave," which being observed by a thorough-going Deacon, "a Baptist to the backbone," he forthwith stepped into the water, and dipping up his two hands full, as he held them, "accop" fashion, hastily threw the candidate's face, last the should be to be totally immersed. Another is related of an "Elder," who, essaying to immerse a very fat woman, and vainly attempting to put all her protruberances under, had the misfortune, as he had nearly succeeded, to see her feet rise several inches above the water level. And yet another, who having got a little run of water on his farm dammed one Sabbath morning, when the snow was fast melting, the water dreadfully with the two first candidates, and "dreadful to relate," while he was at the act of protruding back of the third, the treacherous dam gave way, and left him without enough water to cover the candidate. Quere—Have these been baptized? ask Dr. Maclay. How childish to put weapons in the hands of

Yours, &c., XX.

Minister sprinkles a few drops of water in the child's face,—and returning to the pulpit reads, "and when they were come out on his way rejoicing, the babe is thereupon taken away." (Luke, viii, 15.)

Now, reader, can you tell which predominates in the above, effort, or babyism? Is the first specimen means anything, it means this, that whenever, wherever, and on whomsoever, the ordinance of baptism is performed, the Minister should read the description of an extreme case of baptism: while the hearers should imagine the Eunuch to have been named, and utterly forget the baptisms of the parents and children, recorded in the Acts, and all such passages as the following:—"And when she was baptized and her household, (family),"—and was baptized; and all his straightway."—I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

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October.

BY MR. K. W. CURTIS. Autumn winds are sighing, Through the forest lone; Summer flowers are dying, Summer days are gone.

Agriculture.

It is stated in the foreign correspondence of The Michigan Farmer that a method of cutting drains has been adopted in Scotland, requiring much less cost than formerly, being all done with the plow.

Waste of Weeds.

There are a large number of our farmers who seem to have a strange repugnance to weeds. Even in their fields, in the corners of their fences, in the very heart of their meadows, the intruders are tolerated in such profusion as though they were sacred.

Saving the Dead Leaves.

Very few gardeners would be guilty of so foolish a thing as to waste barn-yard manure. But they are almost all guilty of a waste not a whit less excusable.

Singular Production.

Mr. R. Graves, exhibited at the late Cattle Show in this town, an unusual production in the way of a cabbage.

Miscellaneous.

Scientific Research in France.

A correspondent of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal writes:— Research is as active as ever in France.

Ruins of an Ancient City.

At TIMIAN ISLAND IN THE NORTH PACIFIC. It has long been known to men of science, that several of the Ladrone Islands contain ruins of very ancient and splendid cities.

The New Safety Lamps.

We suppose that no one would use oil in preference to burning fluid, if the use of the latter could be rendered perfectly safe.

A Thrilling Incident.

The first settlers in Maine found, beside the red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger.

of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual and started for home.

A Psalm for the Sorrowing.

Gay wanderer in a homeless world, Poor pilgrim to a dusty bier; On time's great cycle darts hurried

Interesting Paragraphs.

THE PROMPT MERCHANT'S CLERK.—A correspondent of the London Youth's Instructor relates an anecdote, which Hunter transfers to the pages of the Merchant's Magazine for the especial benefit of young men enjoying mercantile life.

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Thus it may be seen that effectual barriers are interposed against the admission of flame into the lamp, and the protection is such that even the most careless may use the fluid with safety.

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Advertisements. At the City Stove Store. No 212 HOLLIS STREET, NEAR R. M. ORDANNE.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

WESLEYAN and the Public generally are respectfully notified, that a BOOK ROOM has been opened in the New Building erected on the Lot, South of the Old Methodist Church.

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