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Religious Miscellany.

Christ, our All in All.

I need no other plea
With which to approach my God,
Than his own mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed.
A father's love, a father's care,
Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest
Than one High Priest above;
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew his love.
Through that my faith shall never fail,
Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High Priest is ever near,
On him I cast my care.
To him, him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

I need no works, by me
Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea,
The bliss of heaven to share.
Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place.

I need no prayers to saints,
Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines;
Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,
Yet still, sore burdened, pines.
Christ's service yields my soul delight;
Easy his yoke, his burden light.

I need no other book
To guide my steps to heaven
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given;
And this, when he illumes our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no holy oil
To anoint my lips in death;
No priestly power my guilt to assoil
And bless my parting breath.
Long since those words bade fear to cease,
"Thy faith hath saved thee! go in peace."

I need no priestly mass,
No purgatorial fires,
My soul to anneal, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires.
Christ died my eternal life to win;
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,
I urge no other claim,
Than his unspotted righteousness;
In him complete I am.
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide!
No passport do I need beside.

The Preciousness of Redemption.

BY DR. GUTHRIE.

There is one of the Psalms which opens with an exordium calculated to raise our expectations to the utmost. Its introduction, indeed, is one of the loftiest flights of divine oratory, not yielding in sublimity to the exclamation of one prophet:—"Hear, O heavens, and be astonished O earth!" or the address of another:—earth! earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord!" As if he stood not in a common pulpit, or on that rock from which the Baptist, firm though rugged as it was, launched his thunders on the crowds below, breaking the heads of hypocrites and the hearts of sinners; but as if he stood like the angel of the Apocalypse, in the sun, with the world below for his hearers, the speaker there claims universal attention, crying, "Hear this, all ye people; give ear all inhabitants of the world; both low and high, rich and poor together." "It is the voice of a god!" exclaimed the flatterers of Herod. There can be no doubt this voice is so; and when stilled by it, the din of the world is hushed, and every mouth is shut, and every ear is open, and withdrawn from all sublunary objects every eye is turned upwards, and expectation, raised to the highest pitch, waits in breathless suspense, the speaker announces a truth worthy of such a sublime introduction—this great momentous truth:—"The redemption of the soul is precious."

I. *Because its gain or loss, its happiness or misery is eternal.*—A man has a house to build, and has a choice of sites—the sand-bank which the river, when last in flood, cast up at the foot of a rock, or the rock itself. He cannot build on the last but at the cost of great trouble and expense. Yet, neither deterred by these, nor caring how this house will stand exposed to every storm that sweeps down the glen, he perches it, like an eagle's nest, on the summit of the rock. And why? Ah, he knows that ere many years, or months, perhaps, are passed, thunders will shake the surrounding hills, and a hundred new-born streams, rushing from their riven sides, and mingling their voices with the hoarse roar of the tempest, will swell the river. And where is the sand-bank then? Gone—and where it stood nothing seen now, but a red, roaring flood, that sweeps sand, and banks, and trees, and flocks away; but not the rock that sustains his house, against which the waters boil, and foam, and break in fierce but harmless rage. Wise and happy man! "They that trust in the Lord shall never be moved."

For a foundation, men prefer rock to sand, because it is durable; and to this property gold itself owes much of its value. It does not melt like ice; nor rust like iron; nor burn like wood; nor crumble into dust like stone. On opening, for example, the grave of an old Etruscan king, they found him lying robed and crowned as his warriors had entombed him two thousand years before. An impressive spectacle! but one they had hardly seen when it vanished from their sight. Touched by the fresh air admitted at the open door, body and robes dissolved in a moment; leaving nothing where they had lain but a thin layer of dust. Not so, however, the golden fillet that bound his brows;—of all that funeral pomp, it, and it only, remains unchanged. Not time, nor even fire itself, destroys this precious metal; the flames may cleanse, but they cannot consume it. Now, they esteem themselves happy who have their coffers filled with what multitudes toil, and slave, and even sin to possess; but how happier those who have obtained, in the blessings of a blood-bought salvation, what the Spirit counsels, and I counsel, men to buy,—not that gold, but "gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."

To the durability of its properties the diamond also owes much of its value. A summer morning sows the meadows, and hangs every bush on the moor, and tree of the woodland, with liquid gems; and never diamond sparkled brighter, on royal brow or woman's bosom, than the dew-drops that fill the cup of every tiny flower, and top the spikes of grass. But, emblems of a goodness that passeth away—that is born not of grace but of nature—these are not durable; and it is to the gem, therefore, and not to the dew, that believers are compared. Would to God that, taken by Christ out of a world that lieth foul in wickedness, and washed in the lava of a true regeneration, and purified by the hands of the Holy Spirit, and polished, though it should be on the rough wheel of painful providences,—we may be of that happy number regarding whom it is said: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

II. *Because it is the one subject on earth which most engages the interest of heaven.*—This world of ours was once considered the centre of the whole created universe—the point around which like a wheel about its axle, revolved the sun and moon, and all the stars of heaven. In consequence of the discoveries of modern science, our globe has now shrunk into comparatively small dimensions—dwindled to such a speck in the boundless realms of creation as to be no more missed, perhaps, were it annihilated, than a drop from the ocean, or a leaf out of the forest. Yet as far as science has sunk our world in physical, revelation has raised it in moral, importance.—It has been the scene of events of unparalleled magnitude and unparalleled majesty. Here God appeared in the human form; here the divine glory, revealed in the face of Jesus, presented itself in a new, most astonishing, and most attractive aspect; here dust and divinity, time and eternity, the Creator and the created, met in one; here events happened to whose scenes, were they revealed to other worlds, and a means of communication opened up, travelers would appear from the most distant stars—to see the race for whom God became incarnate, the fields he trod, and the sea he walked on, the skies that sung at his birth, and the rocks that were rent at his death, the town where he was born, and the city that saw him die.

But the importance and preciousness of redemption may be measured, not by what might be, but by what certainly has been. It was settled in the counsels of the Godhead and of eternity; it was accomplished on the cross where Jesus hung dying, the just for the unjust, that we might be saved; it was crowned by the resurrection which declared Him to be the Son of God with power; and now it forms the grandest interest in heaven—engaging the sympathies and employing the wings of angels. Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation? They crowd the chamber where a good man dies. They come to bear his spirit away in their loving arms to the realms of glory and the presence of his Lord; and to their presence, discovered by eyes that death is purging, may be due the heavenly expression that has irradiated the dying face, as the curtain was falling on time and rising on eternity. What joy there is among them over one sinner that repenteth! Careless of events that agitate society and shake the world—how political parties triumph or are defeated—how great battles are lost or won—how ancient monarchies rise or fall,—intent on other battles and a nobler strife, and the interests of a kingdom that shall endure for ever, they rejoice in every accession which it receives—in the lowest, poorest, vilest wretch who casts himself at the feet of Jesus, and cries, "Lord, save me, I perish!"

Would to God that what interests them, interested us as deeply! Alas, that it is otherwise; and that so many for whose conversion they are watching, and preachers are laboring, and anxious friends are praying, and the Holy Spirit is moving, are like that body, plucked from a watery grave, which kind friends are using every effort to re-animate. They hang over him; they clasp the cold form in their warm embraces; they pray; seeking pity and help of heaven; they ply every means to recall heat to the icy limbs and color to the pallid cheeks, and the only one there whose lips breathe no prayer, and whose face wears no expression of anxiety, is the person most interested in the result. How precious his recovery to the father, mother, brothers, sisters, who, agitated between hopes and fears, crowd the room, and hang about his couch! But more precious still our redemption, not only to the Father of our spirits and the Saviour of the lost, but to the good angels that leave their native skies to hover over the house of God. With what eagerness they watch the issue of Sabbath sermons and Sabbath services! Would that we never met within the walls of a house of God, but that they had to bear to heaven the glad news that some poor sinners, counting the redemption of their souls to be precious, had closed with offered mercy—gospel mercy—mercy through the blood of Christ—full, free, present mercy to all that are "ready to perish."

III. *Because of the price paid for it.*—We often mistake the true value of things, spending our money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which profiteth not—not a whit wiser than yonder poor savage, the victim of the white man's cunning and cupidity, who barters gold for beads; a handful of gold for some bits of colored, brittle glass. How must it astonish the angels to see a wretch under sentence of death reject a pardon, and with scorn repel the offer! In their eyes what savage ignorance, what utter madness, like his who chooses a passing pleasure rather than eternal happiness; who sets a higher value on what perishes than on what endures; who, putting off his salvation to some future day, ventures his immortal soul on the haphazard of a to-morrow! What man ever made a choice so unwise? Who ever built a house on such an unsafe foundation? What shall learning, or wealth, or fame, or honors, or all that the world pursues, avail us if we are lost! Oh! for the wisdom of him who said, "I count all things but loss that I may win Christ!"

In the story of the wreck of a steamer, I read the account of an incident that struck me with extreme astonishment. The boat, fixed on a foaming reef, was fast breaking up, presenting many strange scenes, and some touching ones: here a father, in whom selfishness had overcome the parental affections, having shaken off his child, was climbing the mast, regardless of the pitiful cry, "Father! do not leave me, oh! my father!" here a mother, true to nature, though engulfed in the roaring sea, with her arms stretched out of the water, held up a babe in her dying grasp—a moving, though mute appeal for pity; here a man is lashing the fainting form of his wife to himself—they shall swim or sink together; here a family group who despair of life, though not of God's mercy, are on their knees, and with arms lovingly entwined, calmly wait the next roller that, bursting on the deck, shall sweep them into the sea—lovely in their lives, in death they are not to be divided; here, dreading to meet their God, and overwhelmed with despair, some dash themselves frantically on the deck, or, plucking out their hair, fling it in handfuls like their hopes, on the wind. None, however, amid that dreadful tragedy, acted a part so strange as a woman, who, instead of clutching at a spar, a life-buoy, anything by which she might hope to float, wasted these last moments in the graceful arrangement of her attire. Incredible, yet true! Oh, how should we have said to her, with the tomb in every wave yawning at her feet, "My poor friend, dress is nothing, life is everything now, your business is, though half drowned, to reach yon blessed shore; up, and get some bold swimmer, with one hand fixed in your flowing hair, to buffet these billows with the other, and bear you alive to land." Who among us does not see her folly? Would to God that the eyes of many were as widely open to their own; and that careless, prayerless, Christless sinners learned to set such value on their redemption as He did who spared not his own Son, but gave Him up to the death that we might live!

We are redeemed not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot or blemish." The blood of Christ! that was the price, and what a price was that! Ask it of heaven, where the saints, done with grief and toil, and sin and sorrow, have entered into rest; ask it of hell, where, like the troubled sea, ever moaning on the bar, or dashing itself on the beach, they never rest; ask it of the cross where Jesus hung, a spectacle of wonder and of woe; ask it of the dying when this world is fading and another is rising on their view; ask it of the living who have embraced the Saviour, and would not barter their hopes for a thousand worlds; ask it of all but him, the adversary, the enemy of souls, who smiles but to seduce, and promised but to deceive, and they will tell you that the redemption of the soul is precious, exceedingly, and unspeakably precious. That great truth sounded forth in the cry of Calvary. I hear it sung in the anthems of the blest; I hear it muttered in the moans of the lost. It is written by the finger of God on the page of inspiration, and was written on the cross in the blood of his dying Son.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Religious Intelligence.

West Indies.

DEMERARA.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John Greathead.

Enclosed I forward you the income of class and ticket money for the March quarter, 1868. We have increased at every place, on some stations more than double. This improvement in finance is not the result of any sudden or spasmodic effort; but it arises from the blessing of God attending our diligent labours during the whole of last year. We have had gradual increase every quarter, and during this present quarter we expect further increase arising from the labours of Mr. Taylor. We have upwards of five hundred candidates on trial for membership, and the Lord is carrying on His work. Enclosed I forward you the Circuit plan and the Home Mission plan. We have eighteen open-air services in the city every Sabbath afternoon, at four o'clock. Sinners are invited to Trinity and Kingston for the night services; and we preach to crowds. I therefore thank God and take courage. This is a most important crisis in the history of our church in this colony; and I earnestly solicit an interest in your prayers.

Letter from the same.

We are going on most satisfactorily. Efforts are being made for our chapels on every station in this circuit, and I shall raise £1000 this year for these purposes. As I have said before, we have ample resources, and by right management we can get money for every purpose we want. I have always done it. In every Circuit I have made large sums, and increased the class and ticket money. I have adopted the plan of consultation with the Leaders, holding Society Meetings, and going into particulars; and when once the people are convinced that a thing is right, they will help, and they have the means to help with. I often wish we could have a deputation to visit this colony. It cannot be classed with the islands in the West Indies. We have none of the poverty they have in Barbadoes. The whole matter is in the hands of the Missionary; and if the Missionary can only combine the spiritual with the temporal, a good revival prayer meeting, and then a thorough examination of the class papers, and Society Meetings, by the blessing of God the work will go on. I cannot tell you how much I love this great country and the people; and Methodism is just the thing to bless them and make them happy. My health is as good, and I am as strong to labour as the day I left England. During the last year, as I saw the increasing congregation and the gradual improvement of all matters, I felt my spirits rise, and my physical strength increase.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Thos. Broadbent.

During the whole of 1867 we were cheered by witnessing conversions to God in nearly every place, and from the commencement of the present year the work went on very encouragingly. A Sabbath very seldom passed away without additions being made to the Church. Still we pleaded and waited and believed for a greater work. Our physical and mental strength was taxed to the uttermost, and we seemed as if we wanted a little more help, and the Lord in his great mercy sent us the Rev. W. Taylor at the right time. The influence he has exerted in this city and throughout this colony will live for many years to come; and there are numbers who I doubt not will be "the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord:" in fact, some who got converted through his instrumentality have already joined the Church triumphant. The services, both in the town and country, were largely attended, and in every service sinners were awakened, and very many professed to find the Saviour.

Our day service at Mocha was one never to be forgotten. We had the chapel crowded at 11 o'clock in the morning, and the services lasted between four and five hours. About fifty persons sought the Lord with cries and tears, the communion rail was soon surrounded, and we had to clear pew after pew to find a place for the penitents. On the following Sunday I preached at this place, and had just as many penitents; and now we hardly get an unconverted person at our services in this village; so that we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

Whilst we rejoice over the great work, we rejoice with trembling, because we feel how much care and pastoral oversight these new converts will require. We are specially anxious for our young men; and we have endeavoured to find employment for them in the vineyard of the Lord by establishing open air services, on the Sunday afternoon, in the yards and streets of the city, and by cottage prayer-meetings: thus we seek to carry out the Home Mission movement on a foreign missionary station. Last Sunday we had nineteen open air services, conducted principally by these young men, accompanied however by a responsible Local Preacher or Class Leader; and there have been several additions to the Church already, as the clear result of these services.

MAHAICA.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. George F. Swimnerton, Mahaica, British Guiana.

Mr. Taylor's visit to this circuit has been made a great blessing both to myself and Mrs. Swimnerton, and to the Societies and people around us. He arrived here from Berbice on the 28th of March. His time, from the 28th of March until the 1st of April, was well filled up.

In every chapel where he preached congregations were large, and sometimes excessively so. As far as we are able to judge of results, his labours were the least successful at Mahaica. Four services were held here, and about twenty persons professed to find peace with God. But when it is remembered that forty or fifty persons had been brought in before Mr. Taylor's arrival, that the opposing forces of immorality are stronger here than in any other part of the Circuit, that the weather was unfavorable, and that the mosquitoes, in number like the flies in Egypt, nightly besieged us, it will be considered a matter for great thankfulness that so large a number was brought to God, while many others were awakened, and believers revived and sanctified.

At other places in the Circuit we have had such signal displays of the converting power of the Spirit as it is seldom our privilege to witness. In the prayer-meeting in Virginia nearly the whole congregation were in tears, while about thirty persons simultaneously came forward, bent their knees in penitential grief before God, and afterwards openly professed to have obtained pardon through believing in Jesus.

At Stanleyville, after a calm and cogent application of the principles and truths of a lucid, simple and beautifully illustrated discourse on the Law, the Spirit of God moved upon the congregation, numbers were pricked to the heart, and came weeping to the communion rail, and crying for mercy. Just at this moment a wicked woman, as the instrument of the devil, began to shriek and bark like a dog, and would have caused the name of Jesus to be blasphemed, but Mr. Taylor checked and rebuked her. She was carried out, and we rejoiced over about thirteen persons being converted to God.

In the afternoon of April 1st, Mr. Taylor gave an address to believers at Mahaicony. At night he preached to a crowded congregation. When the invitation to come to Christ was given, it soon became evident that, like the disciples, we had cast the net on the right side of the ship, for every part of the chapel near the communion rail was crowded with men and women under conviction of sin. Before this great work began, a woman, smitten by the Spirit of God, cried at the top of her voice:—"O my sins! my sins! help! help! O Jesus help me!" Scoffers laughed, but they did it tremblingly, and soon made their exit. And the work went on gloriously, and about forty persons stood up as witnesses of the saving power of Christ.

Mr. Taylor visited the Leper Asylum in this neighborhood in the afternoon of the 2nd of April, and delivered a lecture in Mahaica chapel, in the evening, to a large and respectable audience. The prayers and good wishes of many in this Circuit will follow him to the end of life. Since his departure the good work has been going on steadily, and much of my time has been spent in selecting proper persons to take charge of the new converts.

Death of Missionaries.

On no former occasion have we had the duty of recording in one Number the removal of so many of the Missionaries who were among the early pioneers of the work. The late Rev. T. H. Squance embarked for India in the year 1813 The late Rev. Edward Edwards was appointed to Namaqualand, in South Africa, in 1817. The late Rev. Thomas Jenkins was one of the settlers of the Albany District in 1820; and had therefore resided in South Africa, the scene of his labours and success for more than forty-seven years. At the same time it is most remarkable that we have to report the lamented death of a Missionary within a few weeks from the time of his appointment, and before he had reached the end of the voyage to his station.

The Committee's Minute on the death of Mr. Squance is subjoined.

THE REV. THOMAS H. SQUANCE.

To the record of the dead the Committee have to add another beloved and venerable name, that of the Rev. Thomas Hall Squance. Mr. Squance was the last survivor of the honoured men who, in 1813, accompanied Dr. Coke to India. For ten years he fulfilled the arduous and responsible duties of a Methodist Missionary in Ceylon and Continental India, with a zeal, fidelity, perseverance, and cheerfulness which secured for him the confidence and admiration of all who knew him. For upwards of forty years he travelled in some of the largest Circuits in England. As a faithful pastor, an earnest preacher, and an able advocate of Missions, he will be long and gratefully remembered. He died at Portsmouth, April 21st, 1868. To the bereaved widow and family the Committee offer their unaffected sympathy and condolence.

THE REV. EDWARD EDWARDS.

The Jubilee Service of the arrival of this devoted Missionary in Africa was observed at Stellenbosch, on the 14th of December, 1867, when his fiftieth anniversary was duly celebrated. It was remembered that his first appointment was with the late Rev. B. Shaw, in Namaqualand. In 1820 and subsequent years he laboured in Cape Town, visiting the Koranaas of the Vaal River in 1824. For ten years he laboured in Namaqualand. In 1848 he returned to Stellenbosch, after three years service as Colonial Chaplain at Cradock's Kloof. At Stellenbosch he dwelt among his own beloved people; but was suddenly called to his eternal reward from Mowbray, while on a visit to his son-in-law; dying with a calm reliance on the atonement of Christ, deeply regretted by a large circle of persons of various tribes and nations, who had profitted by his ministry.

THE REV. THOMAS JENKINS.

The useful career of this veteran Missionary closed on the 2nd of March, 1868, at Emfundisweni, in Pondo-land, South Africa. His mortal remains are deposited in the common burying-place of the Station, among those of his flock who had gone hence before him. The Burial Service—by his own previously expressed desire—was read in the Kaffir tongue. By his family and colleagues, and by the whole Pondo tribe, Chiefs and people, he will long be remembered as a faithful, laborious, humble and devoted follower of the Cross.

THE REV. JOSIAH CART.

This promising young servant of Christ embarked for his first appointment in February, 1868. The vessel on which he was on his way to Belize received some injury on the voyage, and put into St. Thomas for repairs, in a leaky state. Mr. Cart resumed his voyage by the Mail, and arrived in Jamaica on the 21st of April, hoping to get a passage from thence to his destination. At this time he was apparently in good health; but was subsequently seized with fever, and expired on the 8th of May, deeply lamented.

A correspondent of one of the Jamaica papers thus notices a sermon preached by Mr. Cart, probably the last sermon he delivered.

"I had the pleasure of hearing at Wesley Chapel, on Sunday evening last, an excellent discourse. The preacher—to me a stranger, and a very young man—dealt with his subject in a logical and masterly manner, and there are not many who were there present who will soon forget the grand and striking description he gave of the immortal soul of man. His language was appropriate and chaste; his manner composed and serious; and his entire bearing marked by the most admirable modesty. Though it was evident that praise-worthy attention had been given to the preparation of the sermon, there was not a shade of vanity discoverable in the delivery; and the solemn and impressive character of the prayers, and the correct and emphatic rendering of the lessons and hymns, made the whole one of the most delightful and profitable services I ever attended It is hoped that this young preacher, whoever he may be, will be retained in the city, as I believe him calculated to attract around him numbers of the young men of our community."

"The preacher above alluded to is the Rev. Mr. Cart, who arrived here in the last steamer on his way to Belize, where he has been appointed to labour. We regret, from what we have heard from many sources, that Mr. Cart is not going to remain among us."—*Missionary Notices for July.*

General Miscellany.

A Look at the Queen of England.

I have given myself a whole holiday—which is not often the case. Hearing the Queen was expected to review the troops at Aldershot, I left my home at Hampstead at 8, and at 11 was marching beside a column of infantry to the inspiring music of bugles and drums. The long line of red-coats sweeping across the moors, golden with their blossoms of the yellow gorse, had a charming effect, which was increased by a brilliant sun, in whose rays helmets, swords, and bayonets flashed like brilliant stars. And a walk of four miles brought me to the top of a hill called Cæsar's Camp—an old Roman, post which still bears traces of their military skill. Beyond this, troops were drawn up, and during the interval before the Queen's arrival lay stretched on the heather, reposing after a long tramp in heavy marching order under a hot sun. I took up my post on a hillock commanding a wide prospect, so that I might see the direction of the Queen's approach. By and by a salute of guns announced her arrival from Windsor Castle. Far away I see the flashing of helmets. Now the royal cavalcade is clearly distinguished It is coming my way. I have but to stand upon the top of a bank overlooking the road. First a few dragoon guards, with scarlet jackets and burnished black Grecian helmets, then an open carriage drawn by four white horses. In it is a middle aged lady, very plainly attired in deep mourning. What stranger would take her to be the Queen of Great Britain, Canada and Australia, and Empress of India. She looked very well, and cheerful too, though her countenance showed evidently the record of deep sorrow. At her side was the Princess Louise, dressed in thoroughly English prettiness. The little boy in Highland costume is Prince Leopold. On the "dicky" behind is the famous "John Brown," the Queen's favorite Highland gillie, her constant attendant. Very atrocious have been the things said in connection with him in some low vulgar quarters; but no one whose opinion is worth a straw regards such talk with any feeling but disgust. With noble simplicity, innocence and kindness, the Queen speaks of him in her "Life in the Highlands," as her most faithful and trustworthy servant.

A brilliant staff of officers surrounded the carriage. One of them is a mere boy of about eighteen, in the uniform of an artillery officer. He rides a magnificent horse, and rides it well. It is Prince Arthur, a student in the Military Academy at Woolwich. There were few persons where I stood; but I started a good 'three times three,' which her Majesty very pleasantly acknowledged. She was soon at her post. And now in one long red line, straight as a wall, the infantry were drawn up, with their bands which played "God save the Queen," the troops saluting. Then the marching past. The mounted bands drew up opposite the Queen and their trumpets filled the air with music, as horse-artillery, dragoon-guards, heavy guns and military trains marched past. Then the infantry following, each brigade accompanied by its own band. Afterward the calvary came by at a trot and then at a gallop, causing clouds of dust, in which the Queen must have been nearly smothered. This was all. From an eminence I watched the columns, as in different directions they marched back over the undulating heath. On an eminence called the Ancient's Hill, I accosted an old peasant, who had been gazing thoughtfully at the vast expanse of country and the moving columns, he told me the last time he saw the Queen was more than forty years ago, when she was lifted as a child out of the carriage; and that he once lived in a cottage where now the great barracks stand. What is now a vast camp and populous town was then a wilderness. I gave him a book, and tried to speak to him of "another king, one Jesus." He seemed to consider he "brought up ten children, and made them all scholars, when there was no school within three miles."

I much enjoyed a seven miles march to the railway station; in the course of which I came up with an old woman in a little donkey cart.—She said she had got amongst the artillery, and her donkey took it into his head to run across the road, and wouldn't get out of the way of the guns. A very picturesque sight was this clean, sagacious-looking old lady with her clever, willing donkey—a contrast to the royal cavalcade which would pass her in a few minutes. The Queen would be sure to notice her, and perhaps give her a line in her diary. Presently I came to a part of the road where postillions and horses were standing, and a few women and children. I found the Queen was to change horses here, so I halted. Soon she arrived, and for a few minutes I had the opportunity of a very close inspection of the royal lady whom Americans love, and not Englishmen alone.—How kindly she returned the respectable greeting group around. And when Prince Albert made his military salute, and galoped off with his staff to take the cars to return to Woolwich, with what pride and affection the mother and sister gazed after him.—*Rev. Newman Hall's Correspondent with the New York Independent.*

A Call to the Ministry.

Wanted! this way!
A man who does preaching for very small pay,
Who is young, learned and brilliant, with graces endowed
For pleasing the critics and drawing a crowd.
Wanted, this way!

No more ado!
Be off with the old love, and on with the new!
The way must be cleared for the in-coming man,
And the present incumbent must shift as he can.
No more ado!

Send him away!
No matter how meanly ye stinted his pay,
How grudgingly gave, when the reckoning came,
A sum that should crimson your faces with shame
Send him away!

Hustle him out!
He has wasted his life in your service, no doubt
Has sown his best years in an ungenial soil;
And this is the reaping that follows his toil—
Hustle him out!

Set him aside!
What though, with his blessing, he gave you your bride,
O the brow of your children the chrism is laid,
And when you were smitten, wept over your dead.
Set him aside!

Yes, turn him off!
Make duty a by-word and honor a scoff!
Turn your back on the past when these memories wake,
And tread on his heart-strings, nor heed if they break—
Yes, turn him off!

Yet, one moment, stay!
Those years of self-sacrifice, what shall repay?
What guerdon a life-long devotion receive?
For love so unstinted, what boon will you give?
One moment stay!

Ye may well blush for shame!
When gratitude comes to be merely a name;
When childish pursuit of the gay and the new,
Can make you cast from you the tried and the true.
Ye may well blush for shame!

What Fanny Fern Thinks.

The secret of Fanny Fern's success is that she is very much of a woman. We heard a person described, the other day, as very much of a lady, and was told that the phrase was highly expressive, so we use it. She says just what the great mass of womankind feel, and would say if they knew how, and had the courage. Not that she has not her individual opinions, which may be peculiar to herself or to a limited number, but in her sympathies and feelings she is essentially womanly, and in her writings she appeals to something in the heart of every woman. And there is a piquancy in her style, which, barring an occasional tendency to the use of slang or fast expressions, is quite attractive.

Folly As It Flies; Hit at by Fanny Fern, is the name of the latest collection of her writings, which is published by G. W. Carleton & Co.—The dedication is sufficiently characteristic:—"To my friend, Robert Bonner, Editor of the New York *Ledger*. For fourteen years, the team of Bonner and Fern has trotted over the road at a 2.40 pace, without a snap of the harness or a hitch of the wheels. Plenty of oats, and a skilful rein, the secret."

This is what Fanny thinks about preaching, and it seems to us that she is not far from right:

"Oh! if clergymen would only study their fellow-men more! If they would less often try to unravel some double-twisted theological knot, which, if pulled out straight, would never carry one drop of balm to a suffering fellow-being, or teach him how to bear bravely and patiently the trials under which soul and body are ready to faint! If, looking into some yearning face before them on a Sunday, they would preach only to its wistful asking for spiritual help, in words easy to be understood—in heart-tones not to be mistaken—how different would Sundays seem, to many women, at least, whose heart-aches and unshared burdens none but their Maker knows. "Heavy laden!" Let our clergymen never forget that phrase in their abstruse examination of text and context. Let them not forget that, as Lazarus watched for the falling crumbs from Dives' table, so some poor, harassed soul before them may be sitting with expectant ear, for the hopeful words that shall give courage to shoulder again the weary burden."

We rejoice with our author, that the following picture is not so frequently seen as formerly; but the "minister's wife of the olden time," or rather the churches which manufacture such, are not quite extinct. We have seen them:

"'The minister's wife' of the olden time, where is *she?* The ubiquitous 'minister's wife,' who must make and mend, and bake and brew, and churn, and have children, and nurse and educate them, and receive calls at all hours, with a sweet smile on her face, and thank everybody for reminding her of what they consider her shortcomings; who must attend funerals, and weddings, and births, and social prayer-meetings, and 'neighborhood-meetings,' and 'maternal meetings;' and contribute calico aprons for the Fejee Islanders, and sew flannel night-caps for the Choctaw infants, and cut and make her husband's trowsers; and call as often on Mrs. Deacon Smith, and stay as long to the minute, as she did on Mrs. Deacon Jones; and who must call a parish-meeting to sit on her new bonnet, if so be that the old one was pronounced by all the Grundys unfit for farther service. The minister's wife, who was hunted through the weeks and months and years by a carping, stingy parish, till she looked like a worn-out old piece of fur; behold her now!"

Fanny Fern has strong opinions—we should say, feelings—in regard to tobacco. It is doubtful whether any refined woman ever felt otherwise concerning it until she had "got used to it," and it may be questioned whether, in getting used to it, she doesn't unconsciously lose a portion of her refinement. We can conceive of scarcely any greater incongruity than exists between the pure instincts of a cultivated woman and the "bar-room odor" of stale tobacco.—Tobacco is bad enough every way, but its use ought to be restricted to bachelors, who don't live at home with their mothers or sisters.

"*I hate tobacco.* I am a clean creature, and it smells bad. Smells is a mild word; but I use it, being a woman. I deny your right to smell bad in my presence of any of our clean sisterhood. I deny your right to poison the air of our parlors, or our bed-rooms, with your breath, or your tobacco-saturated clothing, even though you *may* be our husbands. Terrible creature! I think I hear you say; I am glad you are not my wife. So am I. How would you like it, had you arranged your parlor with dainty fingers, and were rejoicing in the sweet-scented mignonette, and violets, and heliotrope, in the pretty vase on your table, forgetting in your happiness, that Bridget and Biddy had vexed your soul the greater part of the day—and in your nicely-cushioned chair, were resting your spirits even more than your body, to have a man enter, with that detestible bar-room odor, and spoil it all? Or worse: light a cigar or pipe in your very presence, and puff away as if it were the heaven to you which it appears to be to him."

Clerical Costumes in Scotland.

A Scottish correspondent of an American paper thus writes respecting the marked differences between clerical costume in the two countries:—

Perhaps you are not aware that every man who writes reverend before his name is expected to dress in black, with a white neckerchief. During the week a little license is given, and one who is less careful of punctilio may tie a strip of black silk beneath his chin; but he must doff it when he officiates. So universal is this that I never saw a preacher in the pulpit otherwise dressed. The ordained ministers have the Geneva gown, which is made of black silk and is tolerably capacious, and on the whole comfortable, especially, when underneath it there is the cassock—a close fitting jacket of the same material, which allows the preacher to throw aside his coat, and leaves him more at ease.

But what is still more peculiar, and seems to have struck two Americans whom I met lately with astonishment, is the bands, which are only worn by ministers who are settled, and are never, in any circumstances, put around the neck of an ordained man. They are two strips of fine muslin, about a couple of inches broad, tied around the neck and lying on the chest, some being six inches long, some more so, and diverging more from each other as they get nearer their lower extremity. My American friends fancied they were a part of the preacher's neckerchief. Gowns and bands are never worn by Independents or Baptists, but they are universally worn among Presbyterians and Episcopalians. If I have been retailing what we call piper's news in this country—that is, news known to every one, I have been led into it by the wonder of your countrymen.

Books for Young People.

Dr. James W. Alexander attributes his love for the British classics to the act he well remembers often climbing the bookshelf to reach—for the sake of the pictures at first—but afterwards he became familiar with their more solid contents. He says the daily converse with a child with such works, even if he finds many things above his apprehension, is more profitable and far more delightful than the perpetual drawling over penny volumes, written on the plan of making everything level to the meanest cap

eir savor through a life time. Hence it must be clear to every parent that he cannot be too careful in the choice of books; meaning not merely such as are given to his children as their own, but such also as form a part of the family stock.

As to novels, says Henry Rogers: Read any novel Hebrew fashion, that is backward, go at once to the end of the third volume—and marry off the heroine, or drown them, or hang the one, and break the heart of the other, as may be most meet to you and the writer. If after having thus secured your catastrophe, you cannot find heart to 'plod your weary way' through the intervening desert of words, depend upon it you will lose nothing by throwing the book aside at once. And further you may take this also for a rule; if you do not feel, as you read on, that what you read is worth reading for *its own sake*, that you could read it over with pleasure, be sure the book is not worth sixpence."

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1868

"The Prodigal Son."

On this heart-thrilling gospel theme, Mr. Punshon has given to the public, in a small volume, a series of discourses, preached in the ordinary course of his ministry. At the request of many who listened to them, they were committed for publication on the eve of the departure of the eloquent preacher from England, with the prayer "that the Divine Spirit, who honoured the preaching of these Sermons, may make the printing of them yet more powerful for good." The "home pictures and appeals" they present, afford choice specimens of pulpit elequence; the points so well put, and the delineations so natural and touching, so true to life, as to stir the deepest sympathies of the heart.

The four discourses discuss the several parts of the subject:—"Sin and its consequences," "A mind's transition," "The joy of return," and "The dissentient to the common joy."

The volume has already been republished at the Canadian Methodist Book Room, by the New York Methodist Publishing House, and by Roberts, Brothers, Boston. In this last, an introduction is given by Rev. Gilbert Haven, who thus speaks of Mr. Punshon's oratory:—

"William Morley Punshon is, with possibly a single exception, the most popular preacher, and, with no exception, the most popular lecturer in Great Britain. His chief forte lies in his style of expression, and force of utterance. His mode of flanking a foe by a quiet stroke of back-handed satire, cool and complete, is purely of British fashion. His finished periods drop from his lips hot, rapid, rounded, full. He adds to this hard finish of style that good English ministerial quality, aptness of scriptural language. In his discourses the best lines of God are more perfectly wrought into the best lines of God are more perfectly wrought into the best lines of man. They are apples of gold in pictures of silver."

We give an extract from Mr. Punshon's description of the joy of the prodigal's return:—

Now let us leave the prodigal a while; or rather, let us precede him on his journey; you have been too long detained, perhaps, on the melancholy sight of ruin. The same license of thought which showed us the anatomy of the ruined man's heart will privilege us equally, and make us free of the house of his father. As we gaze upon the ample board, and fruitful acres, the purple vine climbing up the trellis, the lowing herd folded in the stalls, golden sheaves in the barn, sunny faces round the hearth; thrift hoarding for generosity, order ministering to comfort, a common interest, and a mutual love, we do not wonder at those glorious tints which the sharpened fancy of the prodigal drew. It is a sweet spot, surely, "If there be an elysium on earth it is this," with its days of happy toil and its nights of earned repose. There are many such homes on earth, brethren, where there seems so little of the palpable curse, and so much of the lingering blessing, that we are fain sometimes to cling to them too closely, and our hearts would build their tabernacles on these Tabors or Hermons of their love. But who may say that any of them is happy? that there is any house without an apparition on its landing? that there are not secret griefs which gnaw the heart of wealth, and blanch the cheek of beauty; anxieties kept barred in each spirit, where the world may not intrude, and where even friends adventure not, but which are sapping the comfort and shortening the days? Take the case before us. Sure there can be no interruption to the happiness here. Competence, consideration, faithful servants, a well-regulated household, a dutiful son, all that the eye can covet or the heart can wish—is there a skeleton in this house too? Is there here some restless memory, interred in the grave of the long ago, but which will walk the earth notwithstanding? Ah! why those anxious glances when wind makes the cedars groan, and against the lattice beats the frightened rain? why that sudden shade, fitful, pensive, almost moody, which gathers so often upon the lord of the mansion's brow? why that gaze across the stretching fields when the brief twilight sombers up the sky? Oh, there is a name banished from the lips, but not blotted from the hearts, of that household; they are all thrilled full often as by one sad impulse, and each can tell the thought that is present in the mind of the other; it is of that absent son and brother, who has forfeited his place in the circle, who has disgraced the family name, and "broken the crown of her pride," but for whom in the ear of heaven countless prayers are breathed, and over whom in the watching night the big tears thickly fall. Day after day, in that father's kindly heart, the memory of wrong dies out, and the memory of the early promise and "the winsome look of grace" alone remains. Day after day the tide of love flows stronger and faster toward the erring one, and the dream of his return is cherished, until it becomes a habit to strain the eyes for his coming; and because the hush of the eventide is not broken by his remembered footstep, the father's heart is pained, and he gathers himself to his slumbers with a sigh. If that prodigal, whom we left behind us, did but know all this; if the yearnings of parental affection, and the willingness of parental pardon, were but as clear to him as they are to us, what a change would come upon the aspect of his thought and feeling!—how it would put wings into his feet, and light up the haggard countenance, so downcast now and sad! My hearers, it is for you these pictures are drawn, not that you may simply gaze as in a gallery, but that you may be profoundly impressed with the lessons which they are painted to teach. God, the eternal Jehovah, is the Father who thus yearns over the salvation of you, His sinning children. In Himself, of course, He is essentially and eternally happy, and, as an indivisible Spirit, has no body, parts, nor passions; in so far, therefore, the parallel fails; but in condescension to your infirmity He has presented Himself as clothed with all the the sensibilities of the human father, liable to be grieved by your apostasy, to be angered by your obstinate unbelief, and to long after your recovery with intense desire. So sacred is that immortal image of Himself within you, that grand power of choice which constitutes your moral freedom, that with *that* He will not interfere; but, short of any compulsion which involves a necessity of obedience, so infinite is His willingness to save you? that He will ply you with many arguments, persuade you by powerful motives, surround you with a hedge of circumstance, woo your heart in whispers to His service, arouse your fears by startling providences, excite your hopes by loads of daily mercies, and endeavor, by all possible means of appeal which possess with you either tenderness or power, to allure you home.

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." He did not wait until the prodigal had knocked at the door, and been subjected to the servants, wonder; he did not wait for the low prostration, and for the abject and servile sorrow; there was no standing upon a sort of etiquette of morals, no drawing of the cloak of dignity round until every punctilious requirement of orthodox penitence had been fulfilled, and then relaxing to grant the self-abased request, and to speak cold words of pardon. All this would have been just, inflexibly just; and the prodigal who had been thus treated would have had no cause of complaint, but rather much ground of thankfulness. We must take care that we are not spoiled by God's mercy, and tempted by his unparalleled compassion to think lightly and superficially of sin. Sin is a foul evil, and "when it is finished it bringeth forth death." Just as there ensues spontaneous combustion from the decomposition of certain vegetable substances, so the very foulness of sin bursteth, as by natural sequence, into fire. But the very sense we have of the enormous impiety of sin will only enchance our estimate of the boundlessness of grace in its forgiveness.

As in all other illustrations by which things divine are intended to be made known to us, the analogy halts for want of compass and power. To understand aright the early moving of God towards the sinner, we must remember His omniscience, an attribute which of course is wanting in the human father. The Divine eye can track the prodigal through every brake and scaur of the far country into which he has wandered; no debauchery of his excess of riot is hidden; his defiance and his depression, the steeling and the softening of his soul, are alike open to the glances from which nothing is concealed. He knows, O sinner, that secret deed of darkness, covered up so carefully from human sight, that habit of impurity or fraud, that stern and haughty resistance to his will, which thy soul has indulged through so many rebellious years. He knows, O penitent, thy soul's first yearnings after Him, thy struggles against the corruption which yet mastered thee, thy brave upspringing with a new purpose of right, even after mortifying failure, thy secret loathing of thy sin, the uneasy clanking of the chain which thou hadst yet no key to open and no strength to snap in sunder. The Father sees thee, though thou art yet a long way off. His compassion goes out to meet thee from the first moment when thy homeward march begins; thy prayers and thine alms come up before Him, like those of Cornelius, "for a memorial," though not for a merit; in token of thy sincerity, though not in purchase of thy pardon. Oh, what unspeakable comfort couches in this thought for every contrite heart! Thy pilgrimage need not be with bleeding feet and long endurance to a far-off shrine, a shrine at which the idol abides senselessly, with nor heart to feel, nor strength to succor. The word of grace is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth. Swift as the hart upon the mountains runs the Father's love to meet and welcome thee. Thou hast been long expected; the home has hardly seemed complete without the erring but unforgotten child. Bruised and hungering as thou art, start thee on the journey; thou shalt not travel all the way alone; the first part of thy travel may be with sorrowful heart and burdened back, but hie to the cross of Jesus. So sure as God's word is true, He will meet thee there, and thy burden shall fall from thy shoulders, and the sadness from thy heart, and thou shalt bound along thy joyous pilgrimage a light-hearted, because forgiven, sinner.

Your impression of God's loving kindness will be deepened—and that is surely the intention of this pearl of parables—if you pass from the haste with which the prodigal was met to consider the welcome with which the prodigal was greeted. We last saw him wending his way to his father, agitated with a thousand apprehensions, but brave in the doing of what he had recently discovered to be right. He had not only thought upon return, but he had let purpose ripen into deed. There multitudes who think upon repentance and faith as duties to be some time performed, but who dream about them through the kindly summer time, and then, when the winter comes are in the far country, ragged and famine-stricken still; but in the case before us, the action waited promptly on the will. He not only came to himself, but he came to his father. And now they have met—the yearning father and his humbled child. The father saw him first, for his love looked out and his compassion ran; the son came slowly, with downcast eyes, that dreaded the first glimpse of the home which they yet longed unutterably to see. If he sighted the running figure in the distance, and saw as it came near that the form was the venerable one of his father; still more, if his tumult of emotion allowed him, with a strange thrill of hope, to note the outstretched arms and kindling eye, how must his heart have palpitated with the rushing blood, and the wave of his penitence swelled into a swifter tide! But, perhaps, he knew not of this; perhaps, overwhelmed with the feelings or oppressed by the fears which mastered him, he saddened on unheeding, until he was roused from his stupor of sorrow by the clasp of his father's arms. Oh, the delight of that first moment of conscious favor! Think of all the raptures of deliverance first realized after imminent peril—the drowning, when the strong swimmer grasps him; the fire-girdled, when from the topmost window the fireman receives the fainting on his safe but slender ladder; the slave, when from the lash, and the swamp, and the branding iron, he leaps on to the frontiers of freedom; the child, when the agonized mother presses him to her bosom unharmed from the eagle's talons—what are they all to the first gush of rapturous gladness which thrills in the moment of reconciliation, through the breast of the forgiven sinner? The transition is so marvellous, so startling, that it is all too deep for language. Condemned before! now looking into eyes that glisten with tenderness, and lips that quiver with pardons. Polluted before! now sensible of an inner cleansing. Aimless and without a hope before! now furnished, so to speak, with the principal of a new existence, and strong to work it out with a will. Orphaned in the vast universe before! now conscious of encircling arms and of a living Father. Have you felt it? The rare blessedness, the indefinable thrill, almost startling you, until, by lapse of time, it became familiar happiness, and you were taught of God to call it by its proper name,

"That—I a child of wrath and hell—
I should be called a child of God."

Oh, if you have not, God waits to confer it; in Christ it is ready for your faith. The atonement has purchased not only deliverance but adoption for the world; and you, the vilest and the farthest prodigal, may lift your eyes, red with the contrite tears, and call God Father by the Holy Ghost. The love of God to man is never displayed more illustriously than in his reception of the returning sinner. Take the tenderest-hearted father that you know, one of those who are weakly indulgent to a degree incompatible with the proper maintenance of authority, and ask yourselves what his reception would be of a child who had outraged his tenderness, wasted his property, and brought disgrace and scandal upon a name which a long ancestry of integrity had honoured. Alas! such are the strange contradictions of the nature we inherit, that the most blindly indulgent would become the most bitterly implacable, and even in the case of the most forgiving, there would be a struggle with pride, and a distant waiting for the full tale of confession, and a reserve, and a hesitancy, and a long probation before full re-installment into former privilege; and even then, a lurking suspicion and a jealous watchfulness, and now and then the sharp arrows of a keen upbraiding, which would show that the lip's forgiveness of the sinner is far easier than the heart's oblivion of the sin. But not so does God measure his graciousness towards the penitents whom, for Jesus' sake, He accepts and welcomes to his favour. Not the stern silence, but the warm embrace; not the abhorrent recoil from pollution, but the large charity which at once exalts the abased, and clothes and cleanses the vile; not the ear strained for the listening to the confession; but the kiss which heals the wound and stops the words; not the yoke of servitude, but the ring of affection; not the measured tones and solemn cautions of a judicial acquittal, but the festal feast and the diffusive gladness, as when an heir of broad lands is born. Surely this is unexampled grace, and yet this is the golden sceptre which is stretched out by the monarch to you. A servant! No, but a robe, and shoes, and a ring—and these are not the apparel of slaves; they have serge for garment, and a badge for decoration, and tread with naked feet—but a robe, and shoes, and a ring for the returning prodigal; and thus the Father owns the son.

Ontario Correspondence.

Ontario, July 23, 1868.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan—

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow your Ontario correspondent to congratulate you, on your being continued in your Editorial *sanctum*. I read with much interest, your reports of Conference proceedings, but, did not see any account of the state of the finances of the *Provincial Wesleyan*. Hope your journal continues to live above the water, and will be able not only to hold its own, but, even increase in the amount of its income. It is hard work to make religious journals pay, commercially, but, the amount of good done by them is incalculable. What would any of the churches be without their respective journals!

Since the Canada Conference, we have had such a season of hot weather, as that singular personage, the oldest inhabitant does not remember to have witnessed. The Mercury was ever and anon, more than 100° and seldom, indeed, never below 90° so that the heat was intense. To study, seemed to be out of the question; if you made the attempt, sleep would come to your rescue, from which you would soon be aroused, by an army of black flies, while at night, the mosquitoes would keep up a perpetual buzz, or else infuse their fangs into some part of your body, and produce the most biting sensation, so that there was no rest for you either by night or by day. I have been 18 years a resident in Ontario and Quebec, and such heat I never felt before.

The daily papers from every part of the Provinces contain shocking accounts of death arising from sunstroke. In some instances business was suspended. Hundreds have died both in the United States and in Canada. Farmers have died in the fields, mechanics in their shops, and private persons in their houses, while vast numbers have fallen dead in the streets, so many deaths have never occurred in Montreal, except during the season of Asiatic cholera.

It has been remarked, by some medical gentlemen, that with the exception of sudden death from sunstroke, they have seldom known a more healthy season at this time of the year. Persons should be very careful respecting their diet, and especially refrain from intoxicating drinks, as the use of liquors greatly predisposes to sunstroke, so it is said on good authority.

We have had the usual number of accidents and deaths by drowning, which are so common at this season of the year. Fires in the woods have also been numerous, filling the air with a constant hazy appearance. The city of Toronto has been visited with a tremendous catastrophe occasioned by the devouring element. Some valuable buildings have been destroyed, and many poor people have been left houseless. It is thought that $50,000 or $60,000 will not cover the entire loss. And all this, it is thought, was brought about, by some children playing with some lucifer matches, near a stable. No human beings were killed, but some valuable horses were destroyed by the flames.

We have had many rumours of Fenian invasion, but so far, the miscreants have kept away. Some are of opinion, that certain parties were interested in getting up an excitement, hence the rumours, but, we are thankful, that the tormentors have kept away, and we pray that the whole thing may soon be played out. One of our papers contained a good thing a day or two ago. It said, that the United States Government should forbid the enlistment into the Fenian army, and the Dominion Government should forbid all Canadians enlisting into the Papal army. We should like to know what the Government organs will say to this. Surely, if the one is reprehensible, the other cannot be defensible.

While I am writing you this letter, the Hon. W. P. Howland, C. B., is being inaugurated to the office of Lieutenant Governor of Ontario. There has been a great hue and cry against the appointment. Some have said hard things respecting his Excellency, and have denounced him as a traitor from his political party. Be this as it may, he has now obtained the highest post which can be awarded by the Canada Government. We hope, he will be a pattern to all around him, and set an example of virtue, such as will discountenance balls, races, and everything else, which demoralizes mankind. At the present day, we need men of integrity and virtue to fill the high places of the land.

The farming community are everywhere very busy reaping an abundant harvest. Help is so scarce, that a man is not to be found, while as a matter of course, wages are very high. But for the reapers and other machines, which the farmers in Ontario use extensively, we do not see, how the crops would this year be reaped. Hay, barley and wheat, appear to be far more than an average crop; but, there is a great want of rain among the root crops, such as potatoes, &c. We are glad that the Father of mercies has seen good to favour the country this year, as many of our agriculturalists were in a very bad state. If we could receive a little rain, great good would follow. In many pulpits last Sabbath, prayers were offered for rain, but, it has not yet come.

Excursions, pic nics, &c., of all descriptions have been very numerous this season. Such scenes of joyous excitement are very pleasing for the time, but, they have now become so numerous, that we do not see, how in the nature of things, they can be otherwise than demoralizing, while to several of our acquaintance, they must be a source of great expense as conducted in this part of Canada, we regard them, with some few exceptions, as unmitigated evils. The *bar* on the boat is kept open, and we have been told, that at some excursions more liquor is consumed, in a single day, than will be consumed in a whole week of ordinary trips. Our temperance friends, should, we think cease their excursions, when they cannot be held without encouraging drunkenness.

In respect to Methodist news, we have not much to communicate. Two brethren, Rev. A. Russ, and T. Derrick, have sailed for the British Columbian Mission field. The former is intended to supply the place of your old friend, the venerable Dr. Evans, and the latter goes to Carriboo, to preach to the miners, of whom there are some hundreds, for whom, no one has seemed to care. These honored brethren, have earned a good reputation in the churches in Canada, and our prayer is that the God of their fathers may prosper them, and make them abundantly useful. You will be glad to hear that a distinquished layman in British Columbia, —— Cunningham, Esq, has offered to give $500 towards the support of a Missionary in Cariboo, should one be sent, so that you see, this increase of missionaries in that distant land, will not be a heavy burden on the funds. We hope soon to hear from our indefatigable Missionary Secretary, who will be sending out the Annual Report, from which we hope to hear the gratifying intelligence, that the income "is larger than any previous year." So mote it be.

You will see by the *Christian Guardian*," that our very successful and laborious Book Steward has brought out a nice little volume, "The Prodigal son," being sermons by the President of the Conferences of Canada and Eastern America. We have not had the pleasure of seeing the little book yet, but, we all know what to expect. It will sell, indeed, "the first edition is nearly sold, and a second will soon have to be published."

Another book, a 12 mo. volume has just been published. The autobiography of Dr. Freshman our German Missionary. The Dr. you may know, was converted from Judaism to Christianity about ten years ago, through the instrumentality of the Rev. James Elliott, the Ex-President of the Canada Conference, then stationed in the city of Quebec, since which time, he has been a Missionary among the Germans in different parts of Ontario. The story of his life is told with artless simplicity; the account of his conversion clear and satisfactory, and the various reverses and disappointments, together with the successes which he has experienced, are all related in such a manner, as to win your admiration, and cause you to read the book from beginning to end. There is a life-like portrait at the commencement of the volume which adds not a little to the value of the book. It is worthy of a place in every Sabbath school library, would be an ornament to every drawing room table, and as it is very respectably got up. We hope the Doctor will have a good sale for his book, and that it will repay him; but, how few Methodist authors get rich?

We are glad that you were all pleased with Dr. Nelles, the travelling companion of the President, but, we did not see any notice of an appointment to our next Conference, which will be a huge affair, as our friends in the metropolis of Ontario, have actually invited 300 Ministers, besides the officers of Conference, and the young men to be ordained.

ONTARIO.

A Revival.

As we we were coming home from Conference, one of the Brethren said, "Brother, we are going to have a glorious revival this year. Bless the Lord I feel like it. He is going to pour out His Spirit upon us." We said "Amen, and Amen!" And again we say Amen, and Amen! Let the preachers, and exhorters and teachers, and leaders and stewards, say Amen! Let united and earnest prayer ascend to God from every pulpit, every prayer-meeting, every family altar and every closet for the revival of His Work and the upbuilding of His Church. Let our souls be in an agony of argument and entreaty until He pour out His Spirit upon us. The history of the Church through all time surely teaches us that there is no revival unless the fire come down from Heaven. And the fire comes down, the Holy Ghost is sent in answer to prayer. We ought by this time to realize our dependence upon God, our utter insufficiency without Him. By this time we ought to feel the weight of the words of the Lord Jesus, "Without me, ye can do nothing." Whom can we awaken? Whom can we convert? Whom can we sanctify? How can we infuse life into a dead world? How can we breathe upon the dry bones, that they may live and come together an exceeding great army? How can we, prone to worldliness and sin stem the torrent that is sweeping men from the very gates of Heaven and drifting them far out, lost and hopeless, on the dark and dreadful sea of eternal woe? Truly, here the power of the Omnipotent is required. O Lord! breathe upon us thy Spirit. Infuse life and strength, and qualify us for the work committed to our hands.

But while we pray to God, we appeal to the Church. We lift up our voice like a trumpet, and cry, "Men and Brethren, help!" Augustine used to be forever saying, "God worketh in you to will and to do of his own good pleasure." Pelaglus used to answer him, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." But the Apostle Paul, under the direction of the Spirit of God, had them together, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, God working in you to will and to do of His own good pleasure." This is the true philosophy of religion, not only in personal growth in grace, but in the subjugation of the World to the Cross. God has ever reigned above, and has ever been ready to aid man in his struggles after virtue and piety, yet nations have sunk in idolatry and barbarism. God was reigning when the Jews were apostatizing. God is reigning while backsliders are whirling off to hell. God is reigning ever in a most gracious economy, and the execution of the wisest, kindest and most effective remedial scheme, while crowds of intelligent men in Christian lands are hastening down to ruin. How can this be? The answer is simple. Men have not done their part. They are not doing it. Even the Church is not doing all its duty. Sinners will not arise and come to God. Would there, could there have been all this idolatry and barbarism and wickedness if men had done their part? Could there have been, could there be all this apostatizing, and backsliding, and rebellion, if men had done their part to keep the moral world in its place, kindly moving in the grand orbit of obedience about the eternal Throne? Certainly not. To say otherwise would be to say that Creation and Redemption are a failure, God in his defective economy is the author of sin, and Heaven, an eternal abode of purity and felicity, is an impossibility. But we are not prepared for all this. We have a more rational solution of the great problem of evil in the faithlessness and error of man. We believe, in the present constitution of things, man has a work to do as well as God. We believe that in the appointments and enterprises of the Church, man must do his part, else Zion cannot have prosperity. Do we want a revival? Whatever may be said of other Churches, there is nothing the Methodist Church in Canada needs more than a revival of pure and undefiled religion. What are we wishing for? Numerical strength? A revival will give it. Church loyalty and attachment? A revival will give it. There is no uniting power like the love of Christ and the brethren. Financial increase and vigor? A revival will give it. There is no liberalizer like the religion of the Cross. A power to show forth the excellency of the Gospel in our life, and to go forth to the conquest of the World? A revival will give it. It is itself a power from on high. Oh, that we enjoyed it more and more in our hearts! As a Church, then, a revival of religion, a deep, thorough, and wide-spread revival is the first of our wants; we might always say, the sum of all our wants. We must do our part, if we obtain it. We must cooperate with God in the scheme of grace. The telegraph operator, the railway engineer, the mill owner, in a sense cooperate with God in the direction of the forces of Nature, and how grand the result! The former cooperates with God in the use of sunlight and rain, and how grand the result! So must the preacher of the Gospel and the Christian man everywhere cooperate with God in the direction of the forces of redemption. If the railway man constructed no track or car, if the telegraph operator put up no line or battery, if the farmer ploughed no ground, sowed no seed or took no care of his feeble plants, how could we have the fruits of the ground, the useful products of human art, or the splendid achievements of the science and enterprise of man? If we preach not the word with faith, if we exercise not ourselves in prayer, if we lead not a pure and consistent life, if we soften not our hearts or open our hand with liberality, how can we look for the advantages and honors of the Kingdom of Heaven, or the delightful fruits of the Spirit? There is a work for us, for every one of us to do. If we are to realize the brother's expectations of a revival, we must work, must ask God to work, and then must let Him work, and be willing to work with Him in His way, be instruments in His mighty hand, and ascribe to Him the Glory. Now, one and all, for a renewed dedication to the Lord, a renewed consecration for His Work, and for enlarged effort, and increased hope and faith in His Cause.—*Canada Ch. Advocate.*

An Excuse for Stinginess.

We fear there is too much truth in the following article which we clip from the, *Episcopal Methodist*, of Baltimore. With many professing Christians the claims of the Church and religion appear to be least and last. The very reverse of this should be the case. The editor says:

'When people find it necessary to curtail their expenses, they begin with their religious contributions and expenses. They then stop their church paper. They refuse, or at least do but little towards the support of missions, poor students, orphans, etc. They dress as richly, furnish their tables the same, get all the political papers, and spend for unnecessary luxuries now as ever. This is not right. God and his kingdom come first, not last. If 'charity begins at home,' remember we call ourselves God's children, and his churches our home.

The Jews lived under a darker dispensation than we; yet how much brighter their liberality! They gave the Lord the fattest and most beautiful lamb in the flock. Some of our people give the dirtiest and ugliest bill in their pockets to the church, and especially to editors. The Jews gave the first ripe fruits of the harvest to the Lord; some of our people give the worst and last sheaf of the harvest gleanings The Jews gave a tenth of their income to support the temple service; many Christians of these times do not give a hundredth part of theirs.—'Oh, but we have a free Gospel,' says one.—Yes, but while 'the water of life' is free, the men that carry it to you are not free to work for nothing.

The fact is, there is more money in the country than seems to be. Distress retires into concealment, and the cry of 'hard times' is the song of avarice to hush pleadings of religious liberality. We sometimes go to an auction, and survey the groups of men standing around, and come to the conclusion that there are not ten dollars in the crowd. But we are mistaken. We see several hundred dollars' worth of goods bought and paid for on the spot.

A circus comes along, and people say—'No use to come here—there is no money in the country,' etc. But the shrewd Yankee showmen know better than that. The great tent is reared, the music sounds, and the lion roars; crowds then gather around, and greenbacks roll out thick and fast, and the circus men beer them off by the bushel. And there are many professors of religion, 'too poor to pay their preacher,' or take their church paper, who have found money to take their whole families in 'to see the wild animals;'—so we have come to the conclusion that the difficulty does not lie so much in the lack of money, as in the lack of disposition to give it.

Night Blooming Cereus.

(Cereus Grandiflorus).

No description can do justice to this wonderful flower. It is of large size, great beauty, pleasant perfume, and most *peculiar habit*. Belonging to the cactus family, the plant is "without comeliness," and of singular formation. It blooms annually, but *only in the night*, each flower commencing to open about sun down, fully expanding by 11 o'clock and closing forever at the approach of day.

The flower varies in size, from nine to twelve inches in length, and from seven to ten inches in diameter. The outside of the calyx is brown, the inside a bright straw color, and when fully expanded, has the appearance of rays of light emanating from a brilliant centre. The petals are of purest white, and of most delicate structure. A profusion of stamens, with their long silken filaments and bright anthers hang gracefully about the style in the centre of the flower, adding greatly to its lustrous appearance.

On Monday night, the 13th inst., we enjoyed a rich exhibition of this floral wonder. During the day an old plant gave promise of decorating itself, with no less than five flowers, of the largest size. Out of respect for its lavish efforts at adornment, it was removed late in the afternoon, from the hot-house to the parlor, and surrounded by the proper light, for the display of its charms. Before sun-down the calyx of each flower had so expanded as to develop the beautiful petals, which gradually unfolded, till about 11 o'clock when they were fully opened. The room was filled with a most delicate perfume, and the exhibition was one of exquisite beauty.

We only regretted that some of our appreciative friends were not with us, to enjoy the sight, for the pleasure of every true lover of nature is incomplete, unless shared by kindred spirits. But our plant had stolen a march on us, and would submit to no postponement. We verily believe it would have insisted on having its own way, even if we had been absent, notwithstanding all the watchful care we had given it.

Near midnight we left our flowers to "blush unseen," if not to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." When we looked in on them at the early dawn of day, we found each drooped and closed, with its calyx wound about it like the drapery of death. As a part of our morning devotion, we called to remembrance such divine teachings as these: "As for a man his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth." "He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." "As the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth." "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."

What endless variety there is in nature? What beauty and loveliness, as well as grandeur and sublimity? What blessed teachings? What hallowed, purifying and ennobling influences? What revelations of God—His wisdom, power and goodness?—*Pitts. Ad.*

Spirit of the Press.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD AND MR. SPURGEON.

It would be difficult to find two people more completely the anti-types of each other than the Bishop of Oxford and Mr. Spurgeon. The genius of the one is eminently sickly and soft. A courtly polished man of the world; a graceful ecclesiastic, well versed in the ways of winning hearts; a supple pleasing intellect, which has been trained and coaxed up to its highest point of culture, are all found in Dr. Wilberforce.—He can rebuke so gently as to make his sweet censure seem like the chastening of one who loves; and he can denunciate, and sneer and ridicule with a vigour and force which make upper-class Christians and High Church penitents look up to him as to a champion indeed. Who so gallant or chivalrous as this episcopal defender of that forlorn hope, the Irish Church; who so full of common sense and real charity as this compassionate protector of Sunday-school children; who so playful yet so dignified as this urbane utterer of placid witticisms—who never seems to forget his position in the Order of the Garter, and that deferential devotion to the fair is a paramount duty of every true knight, be he clerical or lay?

Mr. Spurgeon is the reverse of all this. Balfour of Burley is the sort of knight he resembles most. His genius is natural and bluff; his humour of the rough Saxon sort, and his pathos of the broad and hearty kind which appeals to the people of everyday life, the people who buy and sell, who bear their share of common everyday burdens, who have neither time nor inclination to sentimentalize or to "dress up" their thoughts, or feelings, or sorrows, but who grieve when they grieve, and rejoice when they rejoice with a heartiness and simplicity which makes plain-speaking essential to their comfort. "Salem Chapel," with its back parlour discussions on the minister, gives a fair and tolerably unexaggerated notion of the class of hearers to whom Mr. Spurgeon appeals. But the admiration and liking he inspires is to the full as wide-spread and sincere as that paid to the Bishop of Oxford. Each man is a power in his own realm, and the crown who used to press round the entrance to the Surrey Gardens for the chance of touching Mr. Surgeon's hand as he held it out of his fly on leaving, were as respectful in their way as any of the fair ritualists who hang upon Dr. Wilberforce's honeyed words. The letter which is published to-day assails the Bishop of Oxford's argument, and disputes his inferences in the House of Lords. The poverty of Dissenting ministers, says Mr. Spurgeon, and with reason, is no more an argument against the voluntary system than the distressed circumstances of poor curates is decisive as against the union of Church and State.—*London Express.*

Is Mr. Spurgeon more subtle or more obtuse in the use of this retort? Can he not see that when he boasts of what his voluntary giant will do, he challenges inquiry as to what that Titan is doing already? To reply that, if Dissenting ministers starve, so sometimes do curates, is entirely beside the mark; as he maintains that the Church is a dwarf, and that Dissent is a giant, we have a right to expect from him some proof that there is this enormous superiority on his side. But he tacitly surrenders this. His giant, like that of Mr. Dickens's showman, turns out to be lamentably weak in the knees. He can only make the absurd retort, that, if Dissent has its weak points, so likewise has the Church.—*Globe.*

It is not in human nature, however, not even in ecclesiastical human nature, to be unmoved when a man mimics your personal peculiarities; and, under the circumstances, we are really inclined to think that Mr. Spurgeon has displayed a creditable amount of good taste and good temper in his reply. Even apart from the mimicry, it was not pleasant for him, of all men in the world, to be accused of undervaluing the voluntary principle, since he is himself one of the most starling proofs of its success. As Louis XIV. said, "L'Etat, c'est moi!" so might Mr. Spurgeon exclaim, "Voluntaryism? Look at me!" Compared with the ordinary tone of religious polemics, his rejoinder is mildness itself. He abstains from calling names, he abstains from imputing unworthy motives. There is, however, an under-current of drollery in it which may make the Bishop tremble for his laurels. Will his lordship join issue? or will he rather allow judgment to go against him by default? The sting of his adversary's letter lies in the "Dr. Samuel Wilberforce" at the end of it, and the date "Clapham." As it happens, the world already associates those two names very intimately together; but a new and grotesque juxtaposition is suggested when we remember that the son of William Wilberforce, sitting in the House of Lords, does not miss an opportunity of sneering at the school with which his father used to work. We know not whether the contest will be prolonged, nor whether Mr. Spurgeon's sturdy cudgel or the Bishop's favourite pastoral staff—*vide* photograph—would prove the stronger in the end. For the sake of public amusement, we should wish the controversy to continue; for higher and graver reasons, we might wish that it had never begun. The aggressor thus far has certainly gained nothing by his indiscretion, and probably the wisest course for him would be to remain silent.—*Daily Telegraph.*

NOVA SCOTIAN DISCONTENT.

The *Morning Star* (July 7) complains that we have forced the loyal, brave, and hospitable people of Nova Scotia into a union with the province of Canada against their will, in spite of their opposition, and in disregard of their solemn protests. As to the future, the *Star* has has great reliance on the sound sense of the Nova Scotian people. Parliament has made a mistake in hastening the union of those great possessions, without instituting some inquiry independent of the officials, for it seems almost hopeless to expect tact, judgment, and discernment from the majority of those to whom we intrust colonial governments; but the step was honestly adopted for the purpose of benefiting the provinces, and if that hope should turn out to be fallacious the policy will be reversed.

The *Standard* owns that whether, in all respects, the rights and interests of the Nova Scotians have been regarded in the details of the Federal Act is a very fair question to raise, but a question not for the Imperial but the local Parliament. It is at Ottawa, and not in London, that the case of the Nova Scotians should be prosecuted. It is impossible, after giving up to the Dominion Parliament the full right of entertaining all local questions affecting the commerce or the industry of the Provinces, that we can attempt to inquire into every case of individual grievance. As Lord Carnarvon very pertinently observed, there never was a union yet which worked smoothly and in perfect harmony at starting. The Nova Scotians have been provided with their due share of influence in the new confederation, and it will be their fault only if they cannot exercise it to the redress of any substantial grievance of which they may have to complain. As to the sentimental part of their prayer, that is utterly in vain in the Imperial Parliament.

The *Manchester Examiner* speaks of the protest of the Nova Scotian delegates, and says they turn to the United States They are not blind to the heavy taxation they would be called upon to endure, but this, they think, would be a temporary evil, whilst union with the Republic "would open to the Nova Scotians a career, and insure to them adequate protection by land and sea forever." Whatever may be thought of the ultimate destiny of the Dominion—whe her it is to be absorbed, or is to become a great and independent nationality—it is certainly not pleasant to think of the possible severance of one fine province, peopled with a hardy and intelligent race, for a cause which could so easily have been remedied.

The *Quebec Chronicle* says, Nova Scotia has been well cared for by those in charge of the Federal Treasury, and none of her engagements or services has been allowed to suffer. Her intelligent and unprejudiced inhabitants must admit after all—apart from whatever faults in the method of consummating the Union—that she might have gone into other Unions and fared worse. The lesson received by the repealers in England places matters in a different position from that of last year. They have now learned unmistakably that England, as well as the greatest of the North American colonies, wishes this Union on imperial as well as provincial grounds, and that they think it should have a fair trial. Whether the repealers are sensible enough to act upon this lesson remains to be seen: it would be the part of wisdom to do so by endeavouring to make the new political relations as profitable as possible to their own province and the rest of Canada. The whole country has been subjected to difficulties of no ordinary kind in consequence of the paralysis from which several industries have suffered and the stagnation attending commerce generally. The different provinces have passed through some distress and danger, but have now reached a point from which a better prospect is visible. Trade is improving, and our fields are promising a better harvest, which will rid us of several obstacles to a closer union and a more general prosperity. The Dominion may have seen its worst days, and its path henceforth may be that of honour and genuine progress. At any rate, it behoves us all to hope and labour for the best.

The *Montreal Herald* observes, We know not how our fellow subjects in Nova Scotia will receive the refusal of the House of Commons even to inquire into the facts which lie at the basis of a complete subversion of a constitution a century old. We fear that the new constitution will in other respects not turn out as satisfactory as all, whatever their opinions on it, must desire. It is upon the Nova Scotians, however, that falls the serious responsibility of deciding as to the course now to be adopted, and we trust that that decision will be a wise and prudent one.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION—The *Journal of Agriculture* reminds its readers that the time for the Great Provincial Exhibition of all our Industries is rapidly approaching. Much preparation is being made in King's County, and some of the other good agricultural counties of the province; animals are being fed, and root crops are being watered with liquid manure, and preparations of other kinds are going on. Some of our horticulturists are training beautiful specimens for the Exhibition tables; and the fruit growers will not be wanting in their efforts to maintain the character of Nova Scotia as the great apple country of the world. It is hoped that in our workshops efforts of a different kind, but not less energetic, are being made. We have already notices from some of the great implement makers of the United States, that they will be "on hand" at the appointed time.—Messrs. Allen of New York purpose to send a selection from their extensive stock of agricultural and mechanical tools and implements; Messrs. Fairbanks will not only exhibit their weighing machines adapted for various purposes, but will have some special articles to be placed at the disposal of the Exhibition Commissioners for use during the Exhibition, and many other manufacturers will, no doubt, be equally ready to send contributions. It is hoped that our own mechanics will send in timely notice, so that space may be secured for the effective display of their handiwork.

THE FOG TRUMPET AT CANSO.—Some time ago a correspondent of the *Citizen* made a serious charge of neglect of duty against the person in charge of the fog trumpet at Canso. Since that time Captain Carro

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PET AT CANSO.—Some time t of the *Citizen* made a seri- ct of duty against the person g trumpet at Canso. Since Carroll, of the brig *Cairo*, of sworn to a stätement that on his vessel was among the Canso, in a fog, and that there n the trumpet. During the cleared off and at daybreak ight house, but there was no atement has been placed in ief officer of the Marine De- matter will be investigated.—

n City Street on Wednesday a colored lad named John erely beaten that he has re- ever since. A colored m lum, and his son John for assaulting the lad, and hila the Kellums were being tion, Charles Kellum, jr., at- them from the police. He npanying his relatives to the erday sent to the City Prison

E.—We call attention to the the Connecticut Mutual Life y. The reputation of this tablished. The fact of com- regulations of the Dominion king the required deposit, is respectability of the Com- ge of safety to those who, in wish to provide for their fa- urance policy. Full infor- on application to the Agent,

Y.—A very pleasing and ary Address was presented f Digby, to Rev. S. F. Hues- f his leaving that town, ac- eful services in the Temper- h Mr. Huestis made a neat bly. Our space will not per- ese.

Lathern, prior to leaving John, was presented with a rvice, as expressive of the is held by the Methodists of

—Among the persons in ce at the station yesterday bout two years of age. Their state of intoxication, was n Lower Water Street, and to be taken to the station for

, the catch of mackerel on the bay of St. Lawrence unusually small. The ac- ll fleet, and from other ves- ave been megre, but the in- points to the fact that unless are brought in later in the f mackarel for 1868 will be rage.—*Charlottetown North*

From observation and from the gratifying intelligence our Island bid fair to be ex- . Should nothing unusual oice in a year of abundance. doubtedly much better than d with the present prospect different cerials, fodder will terrible scarcity of last win- the Western part of our Is- experienced at least for the pring. We trust that P. E. n be driven to the necessity at exorbitant prices, to pre- e scock.—*Ib.*

HIP.—The annual scull race hip took place on Saturday morning. Four boats were entered for the race, the *Camilla*, George Brown; *Fidget*, James Brown; *Tangier No. 2*, James Tracey; and *Anti*, James Ferguson. George Brown took the lead from the first, and kept it in good style, all through, coming in at last about a boat's length ahead, thus winning the belt and a purse of $24. The belt now becomes his own property, he having won it five times.

The St. John's F.F. *Express* of 25th, says:—"We learn that intelligence received from Labrador, by way of Catalina, is to the effect that the fishery was proceeding favourably. The shore fishery for some days past has been slack."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 18th inst., says:—"It is understood that the loan for the Intercolonial Railway of the Dominion of Canada will be announced on Monday by Messrs. Baring and Messrs. Glyn. It is to be for £4,000,000, of which £3,000,000 will bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent, guaranteed by the Imperial Government, while the remaining £1,000,000 will be raised exclusively on the credit of the united colonies, and will bear 5 per cent. In the first instance only half of the total £4,000,000 will be put forth—namely, £1,500,000 of the guaranteed bonds, and £500,000 of the Canadian."

OUR NEW GOVERNOR.—Yesterday marked a new era in the history of New Brunswick; it marked that one of her own sons, no matter of what class or creed or sect, might aspire successfully to the high dignity of becoming Lieutenant Governor of his native Province. Sweeping away the old landmarks of vested rights and political distinction, the day has declared that lofty sentiment, a noble genius, a loyal and patriotic spirit are the main tests of excellency, the grand desiderata of honour and distinction.

In hailing Judge Wilmot as the new Lieutenant Governor,—he comes to us with all these recommendations, traced along a whole lifetime spent in the service of his native Province; and while it is possible many of the younger portion of our people may rather incline to regard His Excellency in the light of these latter days, catching tone and feeling from recent political events, we simply ask them to look back. Let them look up the records of the past, when their grandsires were held in the grasp of a domineering family compact who knew no right save the right to rule, who recognized only as presumptuous any and every aspiration of the people seeking a voice in the government of their own affairs. And when at length this Province was convulsed to its very centre, when the great Magna Charta of Responsible Government and the people's rights was struggling into existence, let them ask the "old men" who it was that sprang to the front, and catching up this battle cry of the people, fought the leader in the fight until truth and right prevailed, and won for us all that social and political liberty which is today the boast of every true-born son of New Brunswick.

Nor was this merely the work of a day. Persistently the struggle was continued from year to year, but ever sustained by his constituents of York, who stood by him "in the storm and in the sunshine," that matchless eloquence never faltered, that earnest, manly pleading never failed, until victory crowned the efforts of himself and colleagues, and Responsible Government became the first principle of the constitution. Therefore it is that the friends of His Excellency claim for him in his recent appointment that he has simply obtained his right, a right which he is worthy to receive, and which a vast majority of the people of his native province delight to bestow.—*Fredericton Reporter.*

MUTINY AND MURDER AT SEA.—A private letter from Pernambuco, dated July 1st, contains the following:—A Dutch vessel arrived here the other day, on which a tragic scene occurred on the way from Montevideo. An English sailor on board killed the first mate, cook and one other man and threw them overboard; secured the captain and second mate in the cabin, and, with an American boy to help him, took charge of the vessel. After being up for three days and nights he told the American boy to take the wheel while he lay down beside him to rest. The Englishman had a hatchet, knife and pistol in his belt, and as soon as he was asleep the American seized the former article, with a blow on the head killed him and threw him overboard, and then released the captain and second mate, who brought the vessel (called the *Fennichiana*) here to her destination. The captain says he owes his life to the American, whose act was evidently a case of justifiable homicide.

CONCILIATION.—We are informed by telegraph that Sir John A. McDonald, the Hon. John Sanfield McDonald, and Sir George Cartier are on their way to this Province on a mission of Conciliation. The following are a few of the *Mail's* ideas on that subject:—

Put the same duty on American Coal that the Americans put on Nova Scotia Coal.

TAKE THE DUTY OFF PRINTED BOOKS, *Particularly Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books, and Religious Books generally; Printing Paper and Newspapers.*

Take postage off Newspapers, or adopt the American plan, and allow every paper to circulate in its own county free.

Make the Customs Department as simple as possible. Return importers their invoices.—*Saturday Mail.*

OTTAWA, Aug. 3.—The different Insurance Companies, have deposited about one million dollars in cash, and one million in Canadian and British Securities, on the Treasury. The discount on American invoices for the week is 30 per cent. The Minister of Customs has published the new Coasting regulations, in view of the former regulations of the Province of Canada.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—Advices from St. Domingo, state, that 15,000 of President Baez's troops were badly beaten by the revolutionists, and their Commander General Brigham killed. The report of an English loan is a myth.

European.

LONDON, July 29.—The reports are confirmed that peace has been concluded by Russia with Bokhara.

Prince Napoleon has returned to Paris from his tour in the East.

A naturalization treaty has been concluded between the Grand Ducal Government of Hesse and the United States.

A despatch from Belgrade says the assassins of Archduke Michael have been shot.

LONDON, July 29, (midnight).—The usual Banquet given on the conclusion of the Session of Parliament to the Ministers occurred this evening. Mr. Disraeli in the course of his remarks touched upon the relations existing between Great Britain and the United States. He said with regard to the misunderstandings which have been so much dwelt on by the United States, every day leads to a better feeling upon them; and he expressed the opinion that their solution was near at hand, the result is only what can be expected from the natural good sense and feeling of two great and kindred nations.

LONDON, July 31, (eve.)—The Session of Parliament was prorogued to-day. The Queen was not present and her speech was made by Royal Commission, and read as usual by the Lord high Chancellor. It speaks of the foreign relations of Great Britain as most friendly and satisfactory, and says there is no reason to fear a war in Europe. The Abyssinian expedition has vindicated the Honor of the Crown. Cessation of attempts at rebellion in Ireland renders the further use of the exceptional powers granted by the two Houses needless. The Queen thanks the Commons for the supplies voted for the Government and congratulates them upon the passage of the Irish and Scotch reform Bills. the public school Bill, the Bill for the purchase of the Telegraph wires throughout the kingdom, and others of less important character. The speech also announces that a dissolution of Parliament will take place, in order that the people may reap the advantages of the more extensive system of representation recently provided, confident of their fitness for the new duties, and that their voices will be for the perpetuation of that civil and religious freedom, which are secured by the constitution of the nation and the settlement of the realm.

The pending political troubles in Spain have resulted in a Ministerial crisis. It is understood that the distinguished liberal stateman, Espartero has been summoned to form a new Cabinet, and has gone to Madrid for that purpose. Discontent continues to prevail in Spain and threatens to break out into armed insurrection at any moment. Disaffection is also apparent among the officers of the fleet.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 1st—P.M.—Cotton closed steady but unchanged. The Breadstuffs market is unchanged. Lard firm at 65s. 3d. Cheese firm at 57s. 6d. Other articles are unchanged. Naval stores are firm. Common resin 6s. 3d; fine bo., 13s. 6d. Spirits turpentine, 27s.

All the prisoners who were arrested under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in Ireland and detained without trial, have been discharged from custody.

SHANGHAI, July 4.—News has just been received from Japan which indicates that civil war in that country is drawing to a close.

LONDON, July 31, 4 p. m.—Parliament was prorogued this afternoon by Royal Commission.

LONDON, Aug. 3rd, afternoon.—A dreadful accident occurred in Manchester on Saturday night. During the regular performance at Lang's Music Hall an alarm of fire was raised, when the entire audience immediately rushed for the doors, completely blocking up the passage ways. The wildest excitement prevailed, and when at last order was restored by the repeated announcement that there was no fire, it was found that there was no less than 23 persons, mainly women and children, had been crushed to death in the stampede, and a large number of persons had limbs broken and were otherwise injured.

Letter from the Hon. Jos. Howe.

The Hon. Joseph Howe has on many occasions shown himself capable of extending courtesy toward those with whom he has differed on public questions. The following letter from his pen, published last week, speaks for itself:—

FAIRFIELD, 30 July, 1868.—The papers informs us that Sir John A. Macdonald, and his lady, and perhaps Mr. Cartier, are coming down to Nova Scotia on a visit, and the editor of an evening paper bespeaks for them, should they come, discourteous treatment if not rougher handling. I regret to see this spirit manifested in any quarter. Where actual war rages flags of truce are respected, and the soldiers in the field exchange courtesies across their lines, which lend the grace of chivalry to the sternest conflicts. Roderick Dhu shared his plaid and his heather's couch with Fitz James, though ready and anxious to cross swords with him in the morning. We have taught the public men of Canada and of England within the past two years that the people of Nova Scotia are men and not cravens. Let us show them now that we are gentlemen and not ruffians. One rude word, and one act of discourtesy, would disgrace us all, and bring such discredit on our cause as to make it hopeless hereafter.

Nineteen Nova Scotians traversed the Canadas last fall and sojourned for forty days in the capital of the Dominion. Though the great majority of them were known to be hostile to the fundamental law under which the Legislature was convened and not very friendly to the Government—though I and others denounced the Act and the policy of the majority on all suitable occasions, with indignant freedom of speech, yet from the time we entered Canada till we came out of it we received from all classes of the people hospitable and courteous treatment. I passed through the crowded corridors of the House of Commons with my hot words ringing in the ears of the people I met, but they never offered me insult, and at three o'clock in the morning I often went to my lodgings alone, as little apprehensive of obstruction or offence as I would have been in the streets of Halifax. Let us hear no more, then, of different treatment of Canadians, high or low, in any part of the Province. If we have lost our constitution let us preserve our manners.

The Secretary of State and the Imperial Parliament have thrown upon the Canadian Government the responsibility of action in the great controversy which, at the present moment, perplexes us all. It would appear that its leaders have promptly responded, and will come here to discuss with the Nova Scotians such remedial measures as they may have to propose. We are bound to give them a fair hearing and courteous treatment. Is our case so bad that we are afraid to discuss it on our own soil with the leading men of Canada? Are we so strong that we can afford to outrage the public sentiment of the whole world by reckless disregard of all the usages of civilized diplomacy? I think not, and hasten to say that I should deeply regret if any indiscretion were to sully a cause which has hitherto been conducted with dignity and temper, which have challenged the respect even of those to whom we have opposed. I am quite sure that, on reflection, the writer to whose article I refer, and whose views I may possibly have misapprehended, will concur in the opinions which I consider it a public duty thus frankly to express.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH HOWE.

In the Spring time most persons are more or less the subjects of disease emanating from a low state of the blood. The causes are various, but it is only necessary to know that in order for the prompt purification of that fluid the patient should use

FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP.

with full assurance of obtaining the desired results. This Syrup will also strengthen the organs of digestion, promote healthy assimilation nourish the muscles, and renovate the nervous system.

We are enabled to speak with as much confidence in the cure of cases of this character, uncomplicated with organic disease, as of the Spring rains prompting vegetation, or of the sun's rays being followed by light and heat.—Persons then who willfully avoid the use of this remedy, and perish from debility, may be charge ablewith *felo de se.*

Sold by Apothecaries. Price $1.50 per bottle, or 6 for $7.50. On the receipt of $7.50 the proprietor will forward 6 to any part of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, Free:

JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist.
St. John, N. B.
July 29 2 wks.

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

PAIN KILLER!—An External and Internal Remedy for the Cure of *Cramp and Pain in the Stomach*, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sprains, Swelling of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c. Use it once for any of these, and you will never do without it.

☞ Beware of imitations! Sold by all Druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, *Proprietors*,
MONTREAL.
April 17. 3m

After a test of ten years, *Woodill's Worm Lozenges* are still acknowledged to be the *very best* worm remedy known. They are *entirely free* from all *mineral agents* which so often prove injurious and even fatal to children; they are prepared without regard to economy, and contain the *purest* and *best vegetable medicines* known; and when given even where worms do not exist, no other constitutional effects follow that would be produced by an ordinary use of of Castor Oil or Senna.

The best outward application known for flesh-wounds, sprains, bruises, swollen or stiff joints, is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It stands upon its own merits, and is the best family medicine in the world.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders given occasionally to sheep and cattle, are of incalculable advantage.

Financial District Meetings.

HALIFAX DISTRICT.

The Financial Meeting for the Halifax District will be held (D.V.) in Brunswick St. Church, Halifax, on Wednesday the 2nd of September, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

A full attendance of Ministers and Circuit Stewards is earnestly requested.

MATTHEW RICHEY, *Chairman.*

FREDERICTON DISTRICT.

The Financial Meeting for the Fredericton District will be held at Fredericton, on Wednesday, August 19th, to commence at 9.30, a. m.

D. D. CURRIE, *Chairman.*

Fredericton, Aug. 1, 1868.

ANNAPOLIS DISTRICT.

The Financial Meeting for the Annapolis District will be held (D.V.) at Granville, in the Bridgetown Circuit, on Wednesday the 26th inst., to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

All Ministers, Preachers on trial, and Circuit Stewards are earnestly requested to attend.

JOHN S. ADDY, *Chairman.*

August 1, 1868.

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

The Financial Meeting for the Liverpool District will be held in Shelburne, on Wednesday, the 19th of August, at 9 a. m.

All the Ministerial Brethren, as well as the Circuit Stewards within the District, are respectfully requested to attend.

JAMES G. HENNIGAR, *Chairman.*

P. E. ISLAND DISTRICT.

The Financial Meeting for the P. E. Island Island District will be held (D.V.) at Charlottetown, on Wednesday, August 26th, to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

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

HENRY POPE, Jr., *Chairman.*

Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 22, 1868.

Letters and Monies.

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

T. Morris, Esq. 2, Miss McGowan $2, Rev. C.H.Paisley (acknowledged 5 weeks ago), Rev. J. Tweedy (B R $2, P.W. Thos. McLellan $2—$4), Rev. C. Jost, Rev. D. B. Scott (credited when paid, present bal. $18 48), Rev. D. D. Currie (waiting for vessel—will probably send by Steamer *Acadia*), Rev. J. M. Fulton (will inquire on the arrival of boat), Rev. J. B. Hemmeon (P.W. Jno. Foshay new sub. $1), Rev. C. Stewart (P.W. Mrs. Purdy for new sub. $2, smallest sort $3.15 per doz.), Rev. J. W. Howie per G. S. Milligan $5 78.

For SUMMER COMPLAINT, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY and CHOLERA, or any other form of bowel disease in children or adults, PAIN KILLER is a sure remedy. It has been favourably known for nearly thirty years, and has been tested in every variety of climate. It is used both internally and externally, and for Sudden Coughs, Colds, Fever and Ague, Headache, Neuralgie and Rheumatic Pains in any part of the system, it is the most popular medicine extant. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers Perry Davis & Son, Preprietors, Montreal, P. Q.

Marriages

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. Charles M. Grant, the Rev. Alexander Ross, of Harbour Grace, N. F., to Euphemia Scott, fourth daughter of James Thomson, Esq., of this city.

On the 28th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. F. Almon, George J. Kline, *Jr.*, to Sarah A., daughter of Mr. Jonathan Crowe.

By the Rev. George S. Milligan, A. M., on Monday evening, 27th ult., Mr. Francis Page, to Miss Laura Anne Olliver.

On the 13th ult., at the Commercial Hotel, Fredericton, N. B., by the Rev. Isaac N. Parker, Mr. Thomas Munn, to Miss Mary Ann Morrison, both of Boiestown, Northumberland County, N. B.

On the 16th ult., at the American House, St. John, N. B., by the Rev. I. N. Parker, Mr. Samuel Wesley Coates, second son of W. D. Coates, Esq., of Corn Hill, Havelock, Kings County, N. B., to Miss Zipporah, fourth daughter of Daniel Perry, Esq., of Brunswick, Queens County, N. B.

Tuesday, July 7th, at Brooklyn, Long Island, N. York, by the Rev. A K. Sanford, A. Sawers Chase, of New York, formerly of Wolfville, N. S., to Jessie Harlow, youngest daughter of John W. Burnham, Esq., of Brooklyn.

Deaths.

At Mount Uniacke Gold Mines, on the 3rd inst., after a short illness, Robert Emmett, merchant, a native of London, England, aged 29 years.

On the 31st ult., Isabella, wife of Mr. Peter Jack, entered into her rest, aged 38 years.

On the 1st inst., Capt. Charles O'B yan, in the 25th year of his age.

At Ottawa, on the 31st ult, James G. Tobin, in the 36 year of his age.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

FRIDAY, July 31

Steamer City of Cork, Philips, New York; schrs Gen Williams, Boston; Ocean Belle, McCoush, Bay of Islands; Jennet, Lewis, Mahone Bay; Harriet, Simpson, Newfld; Thos Bagley, Ellis, Yarmouth.

SATURDAY, Aug 1

Steamer Commerce, Doane, Charlottetown; brigt Queen of the West, Essex, Cienfuegos; schr Lucy Agnes, Kennedy, Little Bras d' Or.

SUNDAY, Aug 2

Brigt Annie Mitchell, Scott, Philadelphia; schrs Native, Cresser, Boston; Australia, Thompson, Western Banks.

MONDAY, Aug 3

Steamers Alhambra, Nickerson, Boston; Carlotta, Colby, Portland; schr Foam, Baltimore.

CLEARED

Aug 1—Steamer Commerce Doane, Boston; brigt Teaive, McGregor, Malaga; schrs Elgin, Scott, Pictou; Rival, Smith, Liverpool; Sea Nymph, Murdock, Sherbrooke; Harriet, Sampton, St Peters, C B; J P Milledge, Terrio, Glace Bay.

Aug 3—Steamer Alhambra, Nickerson, P E I; schrs Elizabeth, Lawrence, Cape Breton; Annie Maria, Landry, Sydney; A C Major, Perry, Caledonia; Sabrina, Dauphinee, Sydney; Atalanta, Skinner, do; steamer Her Majesty, Kennedy, Toronto bark Nora, Foster, Pictou.

FURTHER ARRIVALS,
PER CITY OF CORK.

LADIES' Kid Elastic Side Walking BOOTS
" " Balmoral " "
" " Elastic Side Dress " "
" " Button Walking " "
" " Col'd Morocco Colleen Slippers
Misses' & Children's Brown French Cashmere Button BOOTS
Misses' & Children's Kid Button Boots
" " Kid Balmoral Boots
" " Patent Strap Shoes, &c.

The above are the Latest Styles, and very superior in every respect.

—ALSO—

A large assortment of Men's & Boy's Walking and Dress BOOTS, at very low prices.

A. J. RICKARDS & CO.,
may 6 145 Granville street.

JULY, 1868.
NEW DRESS GOODS!
Suitable for the Month, at the
COMMERCE HOUSE,
144 *GRANVILLE STREET.*

Light French Grenadines.
in various shades, at 7 1-2d and 1s. per yard.
Broche Do. Do. 1s. 3d. per yd.
Printed Muslins, fast colors. 7 1-2d per yard,
Broche Gauze Mohairs,
Maile Poplins, & Granites, in variety,
Rich Silk Spot and Chintz Poplins,
30 inch Plain Mohairs, for travelling Dresses
White and Buff Alpaccas,
White and Col'd French Delaines,
Black Glace and Bl'k Gros SILKS, all widths.
R. McMURRAY & Co.
jy 8

New Advertisements.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Assestts $20,000,000.

Number of Policies issued 56,000.

B. PLUMMER & SONS,
General Agents for Maine and the British Provinces, Offices, Bangor, Portland, St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S.

The Company has made the deposit required by the Ottawa Government, and has entered upon permanent business throughout the Dominion.

The subscriber will receive application in Halifax.
O S. BEALE.
Aug 5. International Hotel.

TEA MEETING
And Bazaar.

A TEA MEETING will be held (D. V.) in the DRILL SHED, Wickwire Station, in September, for the purpose of raising funds to aid in the erection of a Wesleyan Parsonage at Shubenacadie.

Addresses will be delivered, and all pains taken to make our visitors comfortable. Doors open at 11 a. m. Refreshments on hand.

Tea on the Tables at 3 o'clock, p m.

Subscriptions or donations will be gratefully received by any member of the Committee.

Mrs. Yeomans, Mrs. T. Donaldson, Enfield,
" Colter, " Isaac Doull, Oldham,
" T. Blackburn, " L. Gaetz, Pictou.
" J. Blackburn, Mr. T. Kenty, Elmsdale.
" J & B Bond, Mr Joseph Bond.
" Harvey, Mr. Thomas Blackburn.
Miss Jenkins, Rev. Joseph Gaetz.
Shubenacadie, Aug 1, 1868.

NOTICE.

ON and after this date the rates of passage by the R M. Steamers of the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Steamship Company (Inman Line) from Halifax to Liverpool (calling at Queenstown) will be as follows—

CABIN, $100 00
STEERAGE, 30 00
J. & R. SEETON, Agents.
Halifax, N. S., Aug 3rd, 1868. 1m.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 23rd July, 1868.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice; 28 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

☞ *The above is the only notice to appear in newspapers authorized to copy.*
Aug 5. 3 ins.

Government House, Ottawa.
Friday, 26th day of June, 1868.
PRESENT:
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue of the authority conferred by the Act passed during the recent session of the Parliament of Canada, 31 Vic Cap 6, intitled—"An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to make the following Regulation.

In addition to the Warehousing Ports mentioned in the Act passed during the recent session of the Parliament of Canada, intitled—"An Act respecting the Customs," and also in addition to the Ports named in the Lists sanctioned by subsequent Order of His Excellency in Council, passed under the authority of the said Act, the undermentioned Port shall be, and it is hereby included in the Lists of Warehousing Ports in the Dominion of Canada, viz:

Province of Nova Scotia.

The Port of Londonderry.

WM. H. LEE,
Aug 5 Clerk of Privy Council.

1868 AUGUST 1868.
INLAND ROUTE.
St. John, Portland, Boston, &c.

THE STEAMER EMPRESS will leave WINDSOR for ST. JOHN during the month of JULY as follows:

Saturday, 8th	10 00 A. M.
Wednesday, 12th	6 30 A. M.
Saturday, 15th	9 30 A. M.
Wednesday, 19th	12 00 noon.
Saturday, 22d	3 00 P. M.
Wednesday, 26th	6 00 A. M.
Saturday, 29th	8 00 A. M.

Connecting at St. John with the International Company's Steamers, which leave every Monday and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock.

At Portland with the Grand Trunk Railway for all parts of Canada and the West.

At Boston with the Bristol Line for New York

FARES:

Halifax to St. John	$4 00
Do Portland	7 00
Do Boston	8 00
Do New York	12 00
Do Montreal	15 50
Do Toronto	17 50
Do Ottawa	16 75

Through Tickets and any further information can be had on application to

A & H CREIGHTON,
may 6 Agents, Ordnance Square.

Cumberland Salt Works!

ON the great railway survey, in sixteen shares, the subscriber will offer for sale twelve shares in the Cumberland Salt Works for the sum of $100 per share, if bargained for within 6 months. If any person will purchase one or more shares, and pay $25 per share over and above the purchase money, for the purpose of enlarging the work, I will take the management and profit of the work, and pay to each share seven per cent. on the money, for one or five years, if they are not satisfied. The object is to get a large work, as the demand is great and increasing, as its superior quality is made known; for the world cannot produce a better butter preserver. The inhabitants of Windsor, Horton, Annapolis, Pictou, Truro, and any other place where butter is manufactured, should take hold and help the enterprise. A sample of the Salt can be seen at the Halifax Reading Room, and at Hewson's Hotel, at River Philip. The above is a good speculation, as the railway is surveyed near to the work leading from Halifax to New Brunswick, and no doubt will be built some time in the next generation. Any persons wanting information can address the subscriber at River Philip. JAMES H. HEWSON.
july 15 10w*

British and American Book and Tract Society.
STANDARD RELIGIOUS BOOKS.
SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES.
CHILDREN'S PAPERS.
TRACTS, CHILDREN'S, TRACTS, AND PICTURE CARDS.

Any religious works that may be desired, from English or American Publishers, for Sabbath School or Clergymen's Libraries, or as helps to Superintendants and Teachers will be procured for those ordering them.

Clergymen, Sabbath Schools and Auxiliary Tract Societies supplied at a liberal discount from retail prices. Adress,

A. McBEAN, Secretary,
june 24—3m 21 George St., Halifax.

CARD!

A LADY with a limited income, wishes to obtain a Situation in some public capacity, in connexion with religious work preferable; no part of the Province objectionable.

Address Post Paid A. G. R. R.
Wesleyan Conference Office.
July 15

THE MOUNT ALLISON
COLLEGE AND ACADEMY,
Sackville, N. B.

Principal, the Rev. H. Pickard, D D.
Vice Principal Ladies' Branch Academy, James R. Inch, Esq., A.M.
Vice Principal Male Branch Academy, Rev. Cranswick Jost, A.M.

The Institution is now, in all its branches and departments, better prepared than ever it was before, both to facilitate the educational progress and to promote the domestic comfort of all the students. The advantages which it offers are in no respects inferior, but in most superior, to those which can be secured in any scholastic establishment, either private or public, in British America.

☞ The charges for Board, &c., and Tuition, are very moderate.

☞ *The ensuing Term is to begin THURSDAY, August 6th.*

For further particulars send to either of the above named officers for a printed Catalogue and Circular.

Sackville, N. B., July 8, 1868 Chron & Col

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CARD.

DR. MACALLASTER, in retiring from the practice of his profession in this city, would announce that he has disposed of his office and practice, at 120 GRANVILLE STREET, to

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whom he has much pleasure in introducing to his friends and patients as gentlemen of much professional and private worth. They have both studied under men eminent in the profession; and Dr Haley has the honour of being the first grads ate o a Dental College to practice in this province.
jan 22—1y

Your Children will not sufier with Worms if you use
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WORMS IN CHILDREN

are the following; a pale and occasionally flushed countenance; dull heavy eyes; irritated, swelled, and often bleeding nose; headache, slim and furred tongue, foul breath; variable, and sometimes almost voracious appetite; vomiting costiveness, uneasiness and disturbed sleep, and many others; but whenever the above are noticed in children the cause invariably is worms, and the remedy——WOODILL'S WORM LOZENGES.

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Children's Bedsteads,
Bedding of every description,
Superior Feather Beds,
Best Goose Feathers, and warranted free from unpleasant smell.

ONE TON GOOSE FEATHERS,
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Three hundred sets of
NARROW SLATS & OTHER VENETIAN BLINDS.

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Several suits of Drawing Room Furniture, finished in plain and fancy Reps, Brocatelles and Damasks, Wardrobes, Book Cases, Whatnots, Fancy Tables, Fancy Chairs, &c., &c., in Walnut and Mahogany.
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The Family.

God Bless the Little Children.

BY DAISY DEANE.

Ripest, rarest, cherry lips,
Kissable and sweet,
Merry, laughing, youthful eyes,
Tripping, little feet.

Sunny ringlets, raven locks,
Rosy, baby cheeks,
Fairy brows, and dimples bright
Playing merry freaks.

Buds of promise, hopes of prayer,
Sun beams from the sky,
Rainbows on the clouds of life
Sent to beautify.

Precious, rosy, baby lips
Lisping little prayers;
Baby hearts brimful of faith,
Ruffled by no cares.

Pleading for our sympathies,
Given us from above,
Golden keys sent to unlock
Treasures of love.

Happy, little, trusting ones,
Ignorant little teachers,
Better lessons giving us
Than many older preachers.

If but only lent us here
Soon again to part,
Binding with a golden chain
To heaven the wayward heart.
God bless the little children!

An Infant's Prayer.

A little child, being very weakly in body, was ordered a fresh egg every morning. On one occasion, the supply of country eggs being exhausted, his mother said to him at the breakfast table, "There is no egg for George this morning." The little child paused, and looking up, said:. 'Lord! Georgy; negg, negg; Amen. The mother in astonishment said, "Well! we shall surely have an egg to-day, no matter where it comes from."

No more was thought of the matter until the mother, in the course of the day, called at the butcher's to purchase some meat, not imagining for a moment that the prayer of her infant boy would be so markedly answered: The butcher said to her, 'Ma'am, would you be offended if I were to send up a lovely fresh egg for the baby? It is just laid; and I thought, as he is delicate, he might like it.' He had never done anything like this before, nor has he ever done it since; neither was he aware of the fact that the child really needed the egg. Did not the Lord put it into his heart to think on the child, in order that the infant's prayer might be answered, and the unbelief of older hearts might be rebuked?

Oh! for a mere artless, child-like confidence in him who is the hearer, the answerer, and the lover of believing prayer!

The Infidel Convinced by a Child.

The coach stopped at the bottom of a steep ascent. It was a frosty morning, and a few flakes of snow had fallen. While we waited to rest the horses, the door of the cottage by the roadsige opened, and three children came out. The eldest was a girl about twelve years old, another girl between six and seven, and a smiling, chubby faced boy about four, followed her.

The eldest held a long hazel wand, at the end of which was fixed a nosegay of winter flowers, neatly tied up, to the window of the coach.

I was pleased with this little mark of industry and putting sixpence into a craft at the end of the wand, I took the nosegray.

"A happy New Year to the gentlemen," cried the children.

"Well I suppose I must give you something for your good wishes and I threw them another sixpence.

The children exclaimed. "A happy New Year, sir; may you live many happy years."

"How many?" said I. "Oh, a great many, sir; as many as you can."

"Thank you, my dear; but how many years do you suppose I shall live in this world?"

"Ah, how can *I* tell?" said the girl.

"Who can tell?" asked I.

This question appeared to puzzle her; our conversation attracted the attention of my fellow-traveller, even of the infidel; while the driver and the guard also seemed to listen; but no one replied.

I repeated, "Who can tell how many years longer I shall live?"

The two sisters said nothing, but the little boy clasping his hands together, looked up at me, and said, "Sir, nobody but GOD knows that." We continued silent for some time; at length he, who the day before had laughed at the Bible, and had dared to deny that there was a God, said in an humbler tone of voice, "Sir, last night you told the colonel, that you would read to him some passages from the Bible; these gentlemen would be glad to hear you."

The colonel looked at me with pleasure, the tears stood in his eyes; I could not restrain my emotion, but said, "Is it possible that God should have caused you to listen to his voice, from the mouth of that child?" "What the child said certainly made a singular impression on me," replied he. "I will confess that, during the last hour, have felt differently on this subject from what I have ever done before; but sir, I do not wish to recall what passed yesterday evening; I entreat that you also would try to forget it."

The colonel turned towards him, and took his hand, saying. "We deeply rejoice to hear what you have just said. It is of God, and it is, I trust, the beginning of the work of the Holy Spirit in your heart." "Read to us, sir," added he, addressing himself to me, "read to us the word of life; and may God bless it to all our hearts."

The morning was spent in this pleasant employment, and we were much gratified by the earnest inquires of our companion. Several times he appeared struck to the heart, by that word which the Holy Spirit has compared to "a two-edged sword." (Heb. iv. 12.) At other times he brought forward objections which were easily removed by the word of truth. I need not attempt to express how much we rejoiced at having reason to hope that God had touched that heart, which but a few hours before was in open rebellion against Him.

At the inn where we stopped, our companion listened with attention, and more than once referred to what had passed in the boat and in the coach, and especially to the children of the cottage, this gave the colonel and myself an opportunity to observe that God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

"It is true," said our companion. "Yes. I feel that it is true; for I must confess, that when you asked the girl that question, I guessed the answer which you wished her to give, and I resolved to ridicule it; but when she did not reply, and after a long pause the little boy, so simple, declared the name of GOD, it struck me to the heart, and I had not a word to say; I could almost suppose that his eyes were upon me; I shall never forget that moment; I was struck dumb."

He then rose from the table and left the room; but soon returned with two volumes which he offered to read while we were in the boat.

"Here, sir," are the vile books, which for several years past have strengthened me in unbelief and balsphemy. May God, who now beholds me, and in whose presence I now stand, comsume the evils they have nourished in my heart, as this fire consumes their wretched pages, and the blasphemies they contain."

He cast the volumes into the fire, and looked on in silence till they were burnt to ashes.—"Now," said he, "I am relieved of part of my burden; those volumes can do no more harm; and may my right hand be cut off, rather than I be permitted again to open others like them.—May God added he, pointing to the Bible, "May God teach me and write upon my heart the truths contained in that precious book, which has this day shed a ray of light into my soul."

She saw the Doxology.

A little girl, ten years old, went up Mount Washington on horseback. She was ten then; if she lives till next summer she will be twenty. The ladies and gentlemen of our party dismounted upon the rugged summit, where the only vegetation that dared make an attempt to grow was a little stunted, pale green moss, and gazed as those lifted up from the world into limitless space. Below, stretching outwards in all directions, lay a deep silver sea of clouds, amid which lightnings were seen to part and writhe like glided serpents, and from which the thunder came up to the ear, peal after peal.—We knew that down there rain was descending in a torrent; while on us who were above the clouds shone the sun in unobstructed and awful splendor. The eye wandered away like the dove from Noah's ark, that found no place to rest her foot.

'Well, Lucy,' said her father, breaking the silence, 'there is nothing to be seen, is there?'

The child caught her breath, lifted her clasped hands, and responded, reverently,—

'O pape, I see the doxology!'

Yes, every where nature speaks to us and says,—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Singing.

Though but a poor singer, yet have I a habit of singing when alone. A little thing sets me off—a bit of *green* on the earth, or a bit of blue in the skies. Yes, yes, I like singing, and often sing with my heart when my lips are silent. I like to hear a milkmaid singing in the green meadow when her heart is so happy that she *cannot help it.* I love to hear a song uncalled for. *Who asks the birds to sing?* They sing to relieve their heart, and this is the sort of singing that I like. I love to hear a loud halleluiah not by the clear musical voice of one who is paid for it, but by a thousand tongues singing with the heart and understanding.

You shall have my favorite song. I sang it in my youth and in my manhood, and now I am singing it in my years:

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

—*Old Humphrey.*

Temperance.

The National Evil.

We make the following extract from a speech recently delivered by Archdeacon Sandford before an English Temperance Association:

Now, that the abuse of drink is a national evil—I might almost say the characteristic and curse of our country—there will be few to dispute. . . . . It is the complaint of our judges, the testimony of our coroners, the evidence of our constabulary, the invariable and unanimous lament of our magistrates, of the chaplains and governors of our jails, of our clergy and medical men, of the commanders of our armies and the captains of our fleets, of our missionaries abroad and our missionaries at home, of all who investigate the condition or minister to the ills of our countrymen in this land and throughout the world. Our judges tell us that but for indulgence in drink, there would hardly be a criminal population at all. Our magistrates complain that almost every offense brought before them is the product of intemperance. Our coroners report some 60,000 that they can vouch for as sacrificed every year. Our medical men tell us that multitudes—and these in the middle and even upper classes of society—indulge in secret and solitary excesses, that end in misery and destruction. While we have humiliating testimony from foreign lands that a main reason why Christianity makes so little progress amongst the heathen—why the Cross wanes before the Crescent—is that Pagans and Mohammedans abstain from what Christians are enslaved by. What a testimony is that of Miss Nightingale, the heroine of Scutari, that the carnage of war, the ravages of disease, the blazing heat of the sun, the pestilential clime, were as nothing compared with the ruin and the loathsomeness—that it was this, and the degradation and the anguish it occasioned, that taxed her patience, and wore her spirit, and wrung her heart. Believe it my brethren, and get it graven on your souls, that it is this that wastes our strength and mars our trade, and decimates our armies, and tarnishes our fame as a people, and makes us in this respect, and no other, a bye-word amongst the nations. It is this which abridges life, and clouds reputation, and shatters reason, and poisons peace in England; that strews the land with corpses and our coats with wrecks, and degrades us in the eyes of the world. "There not a sailor at Wapping; there is not a Turk comes to England by any accident; there is not a traveler from Mexico or Brazil who visits our shores, but takes back with him the evil report of the public house."

The Scottish Church Moving.

At a meeting of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, and able report of its Temperance Committee was adopted. Dr. Begg, who seconded the report said:—

He thought it would be exceedingly well for the community to consider whether it would not be practicable to adopt, by universal consent, a system whereby communities and neighborhoods should have some power in regard to licensing. It was hard that magistrates should have the unlimited power of intruding a great nuisance upon a neighborhood contrary to their decided opinion.

Upon this *The Alliance News* comments:

This is just what the Alliance is asserting and proclaiming thro' the land; and it is a pleasing sign of progress when the same doctrine is propounded in our great Church Assemblies.

On the same day, the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland received an able and elaborate report from its Committee on Temperance, from which we take the following extract: "Your Committee think it by no means undesirable that a direct power should be vested by law in the inhabitants of any locality to prevent the setting down in their midst of public houses. Many, as the law stands, feel much aggrieved that they cannot always successfully resist the planting of temptation in the way of their families and dependents. Indeed, the whole licensing law of Scotland might be much improved by revision and alteration in the direction of greater restrictions on the traffic in strong drink." Here, again, we have a distinct and emphatic recognition of the principle contended for by the Alliance—another sign of immense progress even in Scotland, and in General Assembly of the established Church. The light is spreading; the world is moving, and the day of victory is coming.

How the Sunday Dealers are Dealt with in Tipperary.

Dr. Leahy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, is endeavoring, with inflexible determination, to put down the sale of intoxicating liquors in his diocese on Sundays, and has gone far, by his persevering vigilance, to anticipate the effects of intended legislation. During his visitation at Newport, county of Tipperary, he alluded to the subject in pointed terms, complaining of the conduct of those who had not kept their pledge not to buy or sell intoxicating drinks on the Sabbath day. He called upon those who had violated their promise to hold up the hands, and many hands were raised in the body of the chapel. The transgressors, who manifested great penitence, were desired to meet in the evening at the house of the parish priest, and were warned that he was determined to deny Christian burial to any person who would sell intoxicating drink on the Sabbath day.

Cruelty of Rum.

Here is a drunkard's miserable abode. See the old shanty, with a single small window of four panes, and an old rag stuffed into one of those. How miserable it does look! And *rum* has done it all. Once it was neat and comfortable, and peace and plenty were within.

Here is the poor besotted creature that a broken-hearted wife has to call *husband;* and weeping children *father.* So terrible are his cravings for the intoxicating cup, that he has stripped his wretched home of everything he could give to satisfy it.—And, alas! he has now taken the *pet lamb,* the last thing that is left for the mother and children to *love.*

O the cruelty of rum! Look at this affecting scene. We weep over the terrible cruelties.—Many a mother has mingled her bitter tears with those of bereaved children over the sad news that she is left a widow and her children fatherless. But what is their grief to that of the mother and children before us?

See the poor, miserable, ragged bloated, besotted drunkard taking away the petted lamb to sell it for rum! The innocent creature itself though *dumb* before such cruelty, looks back with sad longings to its weeping friends.

Does that wretched man see the distress of his poor wife and children? Ah, yes; he is used to such scenes. But what are the tears and sighs of wife and children to his craving for rum? O Rum! thy cruelty is more unrelenting than death, more insatiable than the grave.

Will not every boy, as he looks on this sad picture, remember that this miserable drunkard was once an *innocent child* like himself? *Rum* has made him what he now is; and rum will make you, dear reader, just like him if you yield to it cruel demands. Then resolve never to touch, taste, or handle the tempting cup. There is a viper concealed within.—*Wellspring.*

Agriculture.

Gathering Fruit.

The appearance and value of fruit, says the *Horticulturist,* depends very much upon when and how it is gathered. Strawberries, if picked carefully, with half or quarter of an inch of the stem attached to each berry, and laid carefully into the basket, will sell for a greater price and carry better than when pulled hap-hazard, some with hulls and stems on, and some with them off. Again, if they are gathered when they are perfectly dry, they will keep longer and retain a better flavor than if gathered while wet. A little water not only hastens decay, but it rapidly destroys the flavor of many delicate, soft varieties. After being gathered, they should never be allowed to stand out exposed to the sun, as with many varieties it takes but a little while of exposure to hot, clear sun, to destroy their brightness of color.

Currants should also be gathered with their stems; they should also be dry, and all leaves thrown out. Gooseberries, if for shipment, should be gathered dry, and a careful expulsion of all leaves will cause them always to command the best price. Like the strawberries care should always be taken not to expose them to a hot sun after gathering, for such exposure soon gives them the appearance of being half cooked.

Raspberries and blackberries are too often seen in market and on the table half broken and mashed. None but whole and perfect berries should ever go into the box or basket for market. It pays to carefully assort them before sending to market, for the mingling of a few bruised or mashed berries induces decay, and detracts from their value in the judgment of the dealer.

Cherries should never be gathered when otherwise than perfectly dry. We have known them to decay entirely in twenty-four hours, when gathered while wet. It pays also with cherries for market to carefully sort them over on a table, picking out any mashed or wormy or imperfect fruit before sending to market. Of course the stems are, or always should be, attached, although we have occasionally seen them in market looking more like round cranberries than cherries.

Peaches should be left on the tree until fully ripe, and then gathered carefully with thumb and finger, and at once laid into the basket or box in which they are to be marketed. If the bloom is rubbed off the peach by rough handling, its beauty of appearance is injured, and it will decay much sooner than if untouched.—Formerly it was supposed that the peach must be gathered before fully ripe, in order to ship it any distance; but practical experience has proven that ripe fruit, not quite soft, will carry just as well as unripe, and command a much better price.

Pears and apples should never be picked from the tree by breaking the stems. Unless the stem will separate freely from the tree, the fruit is not ripe; it will neither eat nor cook good, and is only fit for those who want a touch of cholera-morbus. Apples, as soon as gathered, may be sent direct to market; but nearly every variety of pear is improved in appearance and quality by keeping in close, dark drawers, wrapped in flannel or soft paper, or packed in bran a few days.

For profit, and in order to obtain the highest price, all fruit pays to be assorted into two or more grades. A few scattering large berries, apples or pears, in a quart or bushel, do not assist in advancing the price; but if carefully packed by themselves will bring the highest price, and often induce the dealer to buy the small fruit in order to get the large.

Excelsior Spinner!

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

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

Agents will visit the different towns throughout the Provinces.

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april 10.

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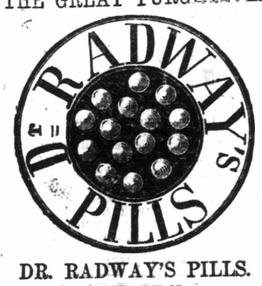

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FOR THE CURE OF
ALL DISORDERS OF THE
Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the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

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

DR. RADWAY'S
PILLS
ARE COMPOSED OF VEGETABLE EXTRACTS PREPARED IN VACUO;
Superior to all Purgative, Cathartic, or Alterative Medicines in general use,
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Which renders them very convenient, and well adapted for children, and persons who have a dislike to take medicine, and especially pills. Another great superiority of Radway's Pills over all other pills in general use, is the fact of their wonderful medicinal strength, being highly concentrated. One to six of these pills will act more thoroughly, and cleanse the Alimentary canal, without producing cramps, spasms, piles, tenesmus, etc., than any other Pills or Purgative Medicine in use.

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It is a well known fact that Physicians have long sought to discover a vegetable purgative as a substitute for Calomel, and that would cleanse the Alimentary Canal of all diseased and retained humors, as thoroughly as Lobelia will the stomach, without producing sickness at stomach, weakness, or irritation of the mucous membrane.

In Dr. Radway's Pills, this very important and essential principle is secured. A dose of two to six (according to the condition of the system) of Dr. Radway's Pills will produce all the positive alterative change—from a sluggish or torpid, to a healthy action of the Liver—as the physician hopes to obtain by a dose of Blue Pills, or Calomel; and will as thoroughly cleanse the Stomach, and purge from the bowels the diseased and retained humors as the most approved cathartic or cathartic without occasioning inconvenience or sickness or detention.

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

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

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

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

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

2nd CASE.—David Bruce, aged twenty-six, called at 5 P.M. on Nov. 25th; found that he had been attacked with bilious fever for twenty-two hours. I gave him six of your pills every four hours, and gave him warm drinks of boneset tea. In twenty-four hours he was convalescent; is now at work and perfectly healthy.

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

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

Suppression of the Menses, Headache, Hysterics, Nervousness Cured.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10th, 1863.

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

Yours very truly, J. G. HODGSON.

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

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

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AS A DINNER PILL,

To promote digestion, sweeten and strengthen the stomachs of the weak and distressed Dyspeptics, they are invaluable. Six days' use of Radway's Regulating Pills will enable those, who, from their stomachs' weakness and indigestion, are obliged to sacrifice their appetites, to enjoy the most savory meats and hearty food. No such powers were ever possessed by medicine as these Pills exercise over the weak stomachs of the Dyspeptic, for in six days they so prepare the stomach to receive, relish, and digest such food as it craves for. No Heartburn, no Palpitation, no Distress, no Vomitings follow the use of these excellent Pills.

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Price 25 cts

LIFE IN A PILL BOX

Extraordinary Effects
—FROM—
Maggiel's Antibilious Pills!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your pills are marvellous.

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

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

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

My nausea of a morning is now cured.

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

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

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

Send me five boxes of your pills

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

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

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

FOR FEMALE DISEASES,

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

Maggiel's Pills will be found an effectual Remedy

MAGGIEL'S PILLS & SALVE

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

EACH BOX CONTAINS TWELVE PILLS. ONE PILL IN A DOSE.

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

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

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

Dec 1 6m

Mrs Winslow

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

SOOTHING SYRUP,
For Children Teething,

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

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

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

Relief and Health to your Infants.

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

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

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

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

Griping in the Bowels,
AND WIND COLIC,

and overcome convulsion, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it is the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—do not let your prejudices near the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists throughout the world.
Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street N Y.
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DAVIS' INFALLIBLE
Neuralgia and Rheumatic Mixture.
CHISWELL'S PECTORAL BALSAM.
Pheumonic Cough Candy.

With confidence recommended in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

DAVIS' DRUG STORE,
Halifax, N. S.

Depot, 125 Barrington Street.
oct 16

Gough's Orations!

A SUPPLY of the Orations of this popula Temperance Advocate, delivered by him in Great Britain and on this Continent, just received and for sale at the

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,

at the exceedingly low price of 30 cents per copy.
oct 23.

FOR SALE AT THE
Prince Albert Steam Mill

ONE hundred thousand feet Superior Clean Finished Mouldings, of various patterns, manufactured from best Kiln dried Lumber, for Panel Doors, Counters, Wainscott, Back Mouldings, Base and other finish.

Also, on hand—100 Panel Doors, made from Kiln Dried Materials of the following dimensions:
7 x 3 feet wide by 1 3-4 inch thick,
6 ft 10 in x 2 ft 10 in by 1 3-4, 1½, and 1¼ in thick,
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Also—Grooved and Tongued Spruce Flooring, Wall Linings and Shelvings.

Also—A lot of Window Frames and Sashes, 12 lights, 8 x 10 in and 9 x 12 inch.

Also—Will make to order 1-4 inch veneered Oak, or Walnut Doors of superior description, not liable to rent, warp or split, as those made in the solid.

Also on hand 60—Southern Pine Timber and 3 in Plank, common Ranging Timber, Oak, Birch, and Pine Boards and Planks, Sawed Pine, Split Pine and Cedar Shingles. Also—Weather Boards.

The whole of which the subscriber offers low for cash. Apply to H. G. HILL,
Victoria Wharf, (below Gas Works)

Easy of access. The Street Cars pass the head of Victoria St., every quarter of an hour.
Feb 13

Strange, but True.

THAT till within eighteen months all attempts to prepare a suitable and safe Combination for Leather, which could be used with satisfaction as a Dressing for *Harness,* Coach and Carriage Tops, Boots, Shoes, Yoke Straps &c., &c., and act as a Water Proof, Softener, Leather and Stitching Preserver, as well as to renovate the article dressed, have failed.

It is Equally Strange & True

That eighteen months ago, Ephraim Mack, of Mill Village, Queens Co, N. S., discovered and prepared and is now manufacturing and circulating as fast as possible, a Combination of 13 ingredients, known as E. Mack's WATER PROOF BLACKING, which is warranted to accomplish all the above objects, or money refunded, as agents and venders are instructed to return the money in every case of failure, when satisfactory evidence is given.

That this is true, who will doubt when they read the following Certificate?

We the undersigned having used E. Mack's Water Proof Blacking on our harness, boots, shoes, coach tops, &c., and having proved it to be superior to any preparation of the kind we ever used, cheerfully recommend it to all who require a Leather Dressing as a convenient, safe and valuable combination:

Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, Mill Village, Queens Co, N. S.; Messrs. Calder and Fraser, do.; Dr. J. M. Barnaby, M.D., do.; E. D. Davison, Esq., do.; James Forbes, M.D., Liverpool, N. S; James Turner, Esq., Jordan River, Shelburne Co, N. S James T. Bines, Shelburne; Rev T. W. Smith, do; Wm McRey, Esq, Clyde River, Shelburne Co, N S Rev Thos Smith, Barrington, do; Wm Sargent Port Medway, Queens Co, N S; Spencer Cohoon do.; Rev C.W.T. Dutcher, Caledonia, Queen's Co. Dr. Pope, M.D., Petite Riviere, Lunenburg Co. Rev. Christopher Lockhart Horton, N. S.; Wm. Merry, Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co.; Wm. Owen, Attorney at Law, Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co.; H. B. Mitchell, Esq., Chester.
sept 26

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A COUGH, COLD, or sore Throat.

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked, if allowed to continue.

Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an incurable Lung Disease is often the result. o

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Having a direct influence to the parts, give immediate relief.

For Bronchitas, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases, Troches are used with always good success.

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Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the *Worthless Imitations* that may be offered.

Sold everywhere. sep 15.

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Every Man his own Physician

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS,
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Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

The Stomach is the great centre which influences the health or disease of the system; abused or debilitated by excess—indigestion, offensive breath and physical prostration are the natural consequences. Allied to the brain, it is the source of headaches, mental depression, nervous complaints, and unrefreshing sleep. The Liver becomes affected, and generates bilious disorders, pains in the side, &c. The bowels sympathise by Costiveness, Diarrhœa and Dysentry. The principal action of these Pills is on the stomach, and the liver, lungs, bowels, and kidneys participate in their recuperative and regenerative operations.

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CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "Holloway, New York and London" are discernable as a Water mark in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

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