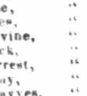

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The aged Pastor.

He stands in the desk, that grave old man,
With an eye still bright, though his cheek is wan,
And his long white locks are backward rolled,
From a noble brow of a classic mould,
And his form, though bent by the weight of years,
Somewhat of its primal beauty wears.

He opens the page of the Sacred Word
Not a whisper, nor low nor loud is heard;
Even folly assumes a serious look,
As he readeth the words of the holy Book:
And the thoughtless and gay grow reverent there,
As he opens his lips in a fervent prayer.

He stands as the grave old phrophets stood,
Proclaiming the truths of the living God—
Pouring reproof on the ears of men,
Whose hearts are at ease ~~in their~~ folly and sin,
With a challenge of guilt, still unforgiven,
To the soul unfitted, unmeet for Heaven.

O, who can but honour that good old man,
As he neareth his three score years and ten—
Who hath made it the work of his life to bless
Our world, in its woe and its wretchedness;
Still guiding the feet which were wont to stray
In the paths of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly heart, through the lapsing years,
He hath shared your joys, he hath wiped your tears,
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride,
He hath stood by the couch when loved ones died:
Pointing the soul to a glorious heaven,
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methinks ye'll weep another day,
When the good old man shall have passed away,
When the last of his ebbing sands are run,
When his labours are o'er and his work is done;
Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold,
When his pulse is stilled and his heart is cold?

Ye'll miss him then; every look and tone,
So familiar now, when forever gone,
Will thrill the heart with an inward pain,
As ye long and listen for them in vain:
When a stranger form and a stranger face
Shall stand in your honoured pastor's place.

—*Independent.*

Reasons Why we Should Earnestly Seek Holiness.

1. Because *God requires it.* He says "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." To obey this capital precept of the law of God, is to be Holy. Without a heart *entirely pure from sin* we cannot fulfil this command, or either branch of it, to any considerable extent. Moreover he says "Be ye holy, for I am Holy;" and "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect;" and through his inspired apostles he gives commands to the same effect, as for instance in Hebrews vi., 1. Indeed "the *end* of the commandment" is to produce that pure and unfeigned love which is the principle constituent of Holiness; 1 Timothy iv, 5. This requirement is perfectly *just*; it being contrary to the character of God, to require anything which *ought not* to be or which *cannot* be performed. Holiness is attainable because required. Seeing then that the command can be performed, and is every way reasonable, we displease and disobey God when we fail to exert ourselves to obey it fully; and the longer we continue this disobedience, the more we provoke the long suffering and patience of Jehovah. How then can we be indifferent to this momentous subject? Is the approbation of God not worth labouring for? Is his displeasure so trivial a matter as not to ruffle the smooth surface of our self-complacency?

2. Because *Jesus Christ died to obtain it for us, and prayed especially for its bestowment in the last days he spent on earth before his crucifiction.* "He died that we which live should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us and rose again." He bought us with the price of his own blood, that we might "glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are God's." This was the grand object of the mission upon which he was sent into the world; this is the design of the infinite Love which humbled the Son of God into the "likeness of sinful flesh." He prayed for his disciples to the Father: "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth;" and "that they all may be one as thou Father art in me and I in them; that they also may be one in us; * * * * that they may be one even as we are one, I in them, and Thou in me—that they may be made perfect in one." What weight of *obligation* rests upon us; what motives of gratitude and thankful love impel us to seek Holiness! This was the *end* of Jesus' death.—He died to save us; and as McCheyne well said he could save us in no other way than by *making us Holy.* Shall Jesus die in vain for us? Shall we be unmoved by all the touching arguments of his sufferings, and his disinterested love? God forbid! "If any man love not the Lord Jesus, let him be anathema maranatha." The man *must* be accursed who feels no threb of love and gratitude in his bosom when he thinks of what Jesus has done for him. And how can *he* be manifesting love and gratitude who feels no interest in the *very end* for which Jesus died? Shall the *prayer* of Christ have no effect on us? When *we* pray, it is the source of all our comfort; that we have access to the father *through Him*; that *His* Spirit "helpeth our infirmities," being "touched with a feeling of" them; and when *He himself prays for us*, and spent some of the last hours of his earthly career in doing so, "what manner of" men are we, if we care nothing or but little for the blessing which was the burden of that prayer?

3. Because Holiness is *necessary to salvation.* "Without" it "no man shall see the Lord." And the *degree* of Holiness here meant, is that *which excludes all sin.* It is a holiness of *nature*, and must be so entire as to remove *all sinful nature*; the whole carnal mind, stock, root and branches; for how can *sin* enter the presence chamber of God? In one of the Presbyterian hymns the idea is conveyed that we shall be pure in Heaven, because the view of Christ will strike dead all our lusts and sinful dispositions; but this method of purification is not very Scriptural. The presence of God will indeed *destroy sin*; but it will also destroy *those in whom sin is.* We are separated from our sins through the atonement of Christ *only in this world.* When we come to the *judgment seat* all *mediation* is at an end; our state is fixed. If sin be found in us, we belong not to the redeemed saints, for the Church is to be presented by Christ "not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing," but holy and without "blemish;" and God's people are "redeemed from all iniquity" ere they enter Heaven. When death overtakes us, if we be *filthy*, we shall so remain; if *holy*, we shall so remain. All the good things enjoyed in time will avail us nothing in Eternity. The good opinion of our fellow men, riches, honors, pleasures, even an *unsullied reputation for piety*, will be of no use to us before the Searcher of Hearts, if sin, which He "cannot look upon with allowance," be found in us. Oh! then, how *infinitely important* it is that we be holy. And are we holy *now?* If we be not, how earnestly and constantly should we strive to be so!

4. Because Holiness is *incalculably valuable and pleasant.* From how much suffering and pain will it save us here below. The reproaches of conscience, the crushing burden of temptations yielded to, the gnawing cares, anxieties and disappointments of life, the disquieting restlessness of unbelief, the heart-burning feeling of malice and uncharitableness, the weariness of profitless searching after happiness, which compose such a large part of "the sorrow of the world" which "worketh death," will not annoy and distress us if we be Holy. Our peace will be great because we love the law of God; (Ps. cxix., 165;) sin will have no dominion over us, (Rom. vi, 14) and the Devil alway resisted will flee from us; (Jam. iv., 7;) we will not be afraid of evil tidings, our hearts shall be fixed and trusting in the Lord; (Ps. cxii., 7) we shall have no restless feeling, having believed and entered into rest—the rest of perfect trust in God; (Heb. iv., 3;) the well of life eternal springing up in our hearts (John iv., 14) will have extinguished with its cooling waters all the burning coals of evil temper; perfect love which casts out fear (1 John iv., 18) will also cast out all anger, wrath, clamor and evil speaking; (Eph. iv., 31;) and being satisfied with God our portion, (Sam. iii., 24) and our exceeding great reward, (Gen. xv., 1,) satisfied because we have awaked in His likeness; (Ps. xvii., 15.) Having nothing further of different kind to love or hope for, we will say in Montgomery's beautiful words:

> "Here would we end our quest,
> Alone are found in *Thee*
> The life of perfect love—the rest
> Of immortality."

Neither the assaults of spiritual foes, nor the blasting of worldly prospects, will be sufficient to overwhelm us. We shall never be tempted above that we are able to bear." Whatever things befall us in this life, shall as long as we love God, "work together for good" to us. God will never take away our food and raiment, the only *necessaries* of physical life; of these we are sure, for he has told as not to be of *doubtful mind* concerning the possession of them, (Luke xii, 29.) and having them we shall be "therewith content." No good thing shall be withheld from us; and like good Mr. Belcher of New England, we "can sit down and sleep in a promise when a thousand rise up against" us. Our *usefulness* is also much connected with our Holiness; for the removal of *selfishness* can alone *perfectly* prepare us for unwearied, patient and energetic efforts for the good of *others*. And when removed from earth holiness fits us for enjoying the society of the saints in light, and our most exalted conceptions fall far short of the bliss of which we will be enabled through Holiness to partake. And if anything further were needed to persuade us on this point, let us consider that all which is valuable, pleasant and excellent, finds its centre in God, who is perfectly and absolutely Holy; and can it but be that holiness, and all worth possesing in existence, are inseparably connected together. Then if we would be happy and useful—if we would possess all which is calculated to satisfy and ennoble the spirit—let us "press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," with an energy commensurated with the value of that prize.

5. *Because the space given us wherein to attain Holiness is uncertain in duration and at best passing rapidly away.* We know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh to call us to the bar. It will most probably be in an hour when we *know not*; without any lengthy warning or much allowance for preparation. It may be remote, it may be near; we may live to imbecile old age, or draw our last breath this day. God only knows how it shall be. Upon this uncertain period (whose uncertainty has been a theme for all kinds of writers since creation) all our hopes depend. The *present only* we can deem *certainly* available for any purpose. And shall we postpone that which is *most important* to some other time? Shall we take up the *certain* moments with comparatively indifferent matters, and leave our most weighty affairs to be provided for in that *uncertain* future over which we have no control, and the result of which no human foresight can divine? Now we have the opportunity of making our "calling and election sure."—*When* shall we have it again? What soul that lives can answer? Granting that the probabilities be in favour of continued life, how long will we madly *prefer* acquiring trifles and feeding on "*husks*," while the bread of life is trampled beneath our feet? And have we not already painfully experienced that procrastination brings a drowsiness over our spiritual powers; makes us daily more *careless to do* the thing we *delay to do*; and daily *less alive* to the uncertainty of the time left us. How does it whisper in our ears the words of the deceitful tempter, "Ye shall not surely die." Then by all the terrible remorse which will await our souls in Eternity, when we remember that we whiled away "the summer" and idled through "harvest," until both were "ended" and we were "not saved," let us quicken our pace gird up the loins of our mind, and begin to seek the Lord with all our hearts.

These are a few of the reasons which urge us to seek after, and seek *now*, "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." Many more might be given, more or less weighty. Reader ponder these in your heart, and may God stir up us and the Church to redoubled diligence in this matter. The very God of peace, sanctify you wholly.—This is the will of God, even your sanctification. The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.—*Rich. Ch. Ad.*

Jerry, the Faithful Negro.

In one of the counties in the interior of Virginia resided a wealthy old farmer, named H——. This man was emphatically living "without God and without hope in the world." I said he was "without God," but he was not without gods, or rather a god; for it was easy to see that he worshipped a sort of triune deity, his devotion being divided between "the world, the flesh, and the devil." For the first he laboured with unceasing diligence; to the second he paid almost hourly offerings; and of the last he was the most devoted and willing slave, being, evidently, "led captive by the devil at his will."—About his house there was no Sabbath of worship; not one of all his family or domestics were ever seen, with his consent, at the house of prayer. No prayers but for the curse of the Almighty, no songs but those of revelry were heard at his habitation, and no Bible shed its light upon the awful darkness of that household: himself an infidel; his wife a proud and careless woman; his only child, a daughter of twenty-two, a wild creature of fashion, ruined by parental indulgence and parental example! Such they were! and, at first sight, we might doubt the possibility of the Gospel's power to change such hearts, to enlighten such minds; but the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation;" and in this family it was to win one of its brightest, noblest triumphs, and that through the instrumentality of one of "the weakest" of Christ's disciples. By such means God often works, and makes them "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." Let us see how it was achieved.

At the time of which we write there was a sale of the property of a deceased neighbour of Mr. H——'s, and he there purchased an old slave. Jerry was a religious negro, a member of the Methodist Church, and had enjoyed unrestrained religious liberty under his former lenient master—a privilege of which he availed himself by a regular attendance upon all the stated means of grace. Jerry knew the character of his new master, but trusted that he would extend to him the privilege of worshipping God without molestation. This hope, however, was not long entertained; for on his way to his new home his master remarked, "Jerry, they tell me you sing, and pray, and go to meeting, I don't allow such things on my farm, and you will have to quit it."

"O, massa," replied Jerry, "I hope you will let me go to preachin'. I will always do my work, massa; but I must pray to God, and go to preachin'."

His master cast at him an angry look, and said, "You will not do the one nor the other while I have you, I tell you."

By this time they had reached home, and Jerry was sent to work with the other hands, and proved so excellent a servant as to please his master highly in that respect. The master observed, too, that the other servants were more orderly than common, that more work than usual was performed that week, and he could not but see that Jerry was extremely civil and obedient. Sabbath morning at length arrived, and with its light the pious negro began his exercises of prayer and praise. Both were pleasant to his soul; both were new to his fellow-slaves, who had gathered around him, and were now listening to the hymn of praise, which, in his own fervent style, the good old man was singing. After the hymn was ended he put on his coat and hat, and walked to the door of his master's house. H—— was sitting there, and, having overheard the singing, immediately and angrily addressed Jerry, "I told you not to sing and pray. If you persist I will correct you. I will not have it about my house."

"Massa," meekly replied Jerry, "I don't want to disobey you. I's come, massa, to ask you to let me go to preachin'."

"Don't talk to me about your preaching, you black scoundrel," said the demon master. "If I suffer you to go on you will spoil all the niggers about the place. If you go near the meeting I will cowhide you."

Jerry retired. He knew not what to do. The day passed in weeping and prayer.—Sometimes he thought that he "ought to obey God rather than man," and go without his master's consent; then again that injunction which is so often quoted to the southern slave, came with all its force to his mind, "Servants, obey your masters." Monday came, and sent him to his toil, but the labour of his mind was heavier than his toil. He saw that his master was determined—that nothing could be gained from him. He knew that if he went to church he would be whipped. He felt that by not going he was disobeying God, and risking the salvation of his soul. The whole question at length was narrowed down in his mind to, "Shall I go to meeting, make my master angry, and endure the whipping? or, shall I stay at home, neither sing nor pray, thereby please my master, and escape the whipping, while I shall offend my God, and lose my soul?" Jerry was not long in deciding. "Why," said he, "the good preacher said that they whipped the apostle Paul five times, and they whipped Jesus Christ, and put him to death for our sakes, and shall I not bear a whipping for his sake? Yes; I'll do all the work massa gives me, and then I'll go to meetin'; and if he whips me I will have to bear it. It won't be as much as Jesus suffered when he died for me!"

Sabbath morning again came, and, after singing and prayer, Jerry started for the church. It was a happy time for Jerry. His troubles were all forgotten, and his soul was happy. Once more he met his class-mates, but he said nothing of his persecutions; no, he had enough to tell of the goodness of God to him. Once more he heard the word of life; to him it was the word of comfort and of joy. Immediately after preaching he started for home, rejoicing in God, and having the assurance of conscience that he had acted right. Meanwhile, his master had discovered his absence, and as soon as he returned summoned him into his presence. He was ordered to strip himself, and his inhuman master castigated him till his back was completely excoriated; yet Jerry uttered no complaint, but submissively bore it all. This scene was repeated week after week for some time; his master's wrath, however, grew more excessive, and Jerry's punishment became more severe. In the midst of these "cruel scourgings," Jerry continued to labour faithfully, to suffer patiently; and chose to visit the house of God at the expense of such a penalty. H—— would have sold him, but Jerry was too good a hand to part with, and H—— supposed he could overcome his religious tendencies; hence, the protracted character of these persecutions. What a lesson does this afford to those who are careless and negligent, and who lightly esteem their religious privileges! A slight cold, a headache, a rainy morning, or a hundred other things, hinder them from attending the worship of God. Let all such be reproved by the godly zeal of poor Jerry.

After some time, H——'s daughter was taken sick, and was not expected to survive. It was Sabbath morning. The once proud, now distressed girl was fully awake to a sense of her situation. She read the sentence of death in her hollow cough and sinking frame. She felt that she must die, yet she knew she was not ready. She had some indefinite idea of religion which she had gained from Jerry, though she had mostly thought him to be partially crazed. She saw she needed something such as Jerry possessed; but there was none to advise, to comfort, to pray for her. Her father stood there in infidel stupidity; her mother was plunged into the most hopeless agony; her young and fashionable companions had nothing better than sympathy, and that was not enough. What was to be done? At length she turned to her father, and said feebly, "Papa, send for Jerry; I want to see him."

"My dear," said he, "what do you want with Jerry?"

"I want him to talk with me, and pray for me, papa."

"He can do you no good with his prayers; he is one of the most stubborn niggers I ever had."

"Papa, I am sure there is something good about Jerry. When you whip him he does not complain. I am sure he is good, and he must pray for me, papa, he must pray for me."

Though H—— hated prayer, yet he could not resist the request of his dying child. Jerry was sent for, and soon was by the sufferer's bedside. He found the young lady in deep agony. She told him of her feelings, and requested him to pray for her.

"Jesus can save you," said the good negro; "you must pray to him to save you."

"O," said she, "I want you to pray for me, or I shall be lost."

"I will pray for you, Miss," said Jerry; "but you must pray too. Jesus Christ will hear your prayers, and save your soul."

Jerry kneeled down, and earnestly pleaded with God for the salvation of his young mistress, sometimes stopping to give a word of encouragement or advice to the penitent. She became engaged, and loudly called on God for mercy. This alarmed the old man, and, thinking that Jerry was the cause of all this excitement, he drew several heavy strokes with his cane across his back, Jerry, nevertheless, still praying with increasing power, and the young lady beseeching her father to let him alone, which he at length did. The struggle was not long. Exhorted by Jerry, she cast herself, by faith, on Christ, light broke in upon her soul, she rejoiced in the Saviour, and every lineament of her countenance told of her unspeakable joy. "Father," she exclaimed, "I am happy! Mother, my sins are pardoned! Father, you must whip Jerry no more!" and then, as if suddenly struck with the thought of her parents' wickedness, she began to exhort them to turn to God, and prayed mightily for their salvation, to which Jerry loudly and heartily responded. The old lady quickly relented, and with prayers and tears besought the Lord for mercy, which was soon granted to her. For some time the old man withstood the Spirit; but the prayers and entreaties of a dying child, and of a converted wife, joined with old Jerry's, were not in vain. He began to reflect. Deep horror seized him. For every stripe he had inflicted upon Jerry, ten thousand pangs pierced his heart. His sinful life came up before him. Conscience roared. He groaned and tossed, and refused to eat or drink. All was dark around him—all was guilt within him. At length he sent for Jerry, acknowledged his cruelty to him, and asked his forgiveness. They kneeled together. Jerry urged him to pray, and soon he struggled into liberty—the victory was gained. O, what a scene was that, worthy of the poet's song, or the painter's skill.—There was the master, the mistress, the daughter, and the servant rejoicing together. Surely angels rejoiced at the sight. A few weeks passed, and that daughter left the world triumphing in Christ, and charging her father, with her dying breath, to "take care of Jerry." His master and mistress joined the Church; a family altar was erected; the Bible perused; and on Sabbath mornings, H—— and his lady, accompanied by Jerry and all their domestics, were found at the house of God. A general revival followed. Jerry's fellow-servants were all converted, and he became a kind of patriarch among them. Thereafter, though nominally a slave, the liberty of a freeman was allowed him; and, when last heard of, Jerry was still a faithful servant of Christ, and a useful member of the Church.

Such is our simple story. In the fortitude of Jerry we have an example of "enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," which we may profitably imitate. In the gracious support afforded to this pious negro we have an illustration of the truth of that word, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." In the conversion of that wicked family we can see the power of the Gospel to overcome, change, and bless the wicked heart. In the future prosperity of Jerry we see that promise exemplified, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." Let us learn, moreover, like Jerry, to be faithful to God and his cause, whatever difficulties may oppose, whatever dangers may threaten, and, in the end, we also shall be abundantly rewarded. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—*Western Advocate.*

All things Remind us of Death.

All the succession of time, all the things in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man and every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and call us to look how the old sexton, Time, throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in eternity.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Thoughts

SUGGESTED ON THE RE-OPENING OF ARGYLE STREET CHURCH

"Be not slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises."

Once more within thy sacred walls I stand,
Dear, dear old temple—where my childish feet
First learned to tread with reverential awe.
And hallowed recollections, as I gaze,
Unbidden throng, and fill my eyes with tears
For here, a Mother's gentle hand was wont,
To lead her children with parental care:—
Thou, too, my childhood's dear companion, thou,
With whom I took sweet counsel once, when we
Together went up to the house of God.
Dear youthful saint, methinks I see thee now
Kneeling, in meek simplicity, before thy Lord.
Methinks I hear thy voice, as, mingling sweet,
In songs of worshippers, it swelled on high,
And musing thus, I for a time, forget,
That Heaven has long ago reclaimed its own.
Beloved ones, your vacant seats to me
Have a strange eloquence, for they recall
Your earnest piety, your fervent zeal,
Your daily lives, of faith, and love, and prayer.
And ye are not alone. From this blest place
How many souls have winged their flight to Heaven.
The blooming youth, and hoary Patriarch,
Whose path was as the pathway of the just, that shines
Bright and more bright unto the perfect day!
These have escaped from earth, and, now, with joy,
Bask in the sunshine of Immanuel's face.
But, sainted spirits, do ye ne'er return
To visit this dear place, so loved of yore,
Made holy by the presence of your God?
May it not be ye hover round to-night
Unseen, but joyful witnesses. Unheard
Respond, to every sigh from penitential hearts:
With whispered words, infusing in the soul,
Fresh courage for its conflicts and its toils,—
Repelling Satan's darts,—and, bidding us—
By the blest memory of your happy lives,—
By that dread hour of sorrow and of joy,
When, from your dying eyes, the last fond glance
Weeping survivers caught,—and, wondering, viewed
Your peace untroubled, and unshaken, trust.—
By all your love, immortal, made in Heaven—
To follow on, to seek that grace divine
By which your trembling steps were Heavenward led,
That so, when fought the Christians fight, we may
Embrace each other in the realms of bliss.

M. E. H.

A Soliloquy.

"I have managed him adroitly," said the Prince of evil, as he turned from the counting-room of a wealthy merchant. "I made good use of the famous Scripture, 'He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel.' And it was a good time for my efforts, too. I know that his heart is set upon a new and handsomer house than the one he now occupies, and if he goes on to lessen his subscriptions to these hateful missionary societies, I have persuaded him that he can build it. But I had hard work, this morning, to get that fifty dollars substracted from his subscription to the Bible Society. If I had not played my cards well through the last year, I never could have succeeded. One twelvemonth ago, and he would have driven me behind him, if I had only suggested such a thing. There is nothing like constant trying; gaining a little to-day, and a little to-morrow. How well I made his pride in his children aid my purpose! I have really made him believe that the erection of a new and splendid house would be greatly to their advantage. Oh, how I wish I had them all safe within my net!

"But there is that praying wife of his. I can't get round her, any way. She seems proof against all my temptations. And her mother was just like her; always watching and always praying. I never could manage to do her much harm. How I hate these praying families! They do me more harm than all the rest of the world put together.—The new house may come to nothing, and the subscriptions all remain as they are, through the influence of this godly wife.—However, I have done her some mischief. She will be shocked when she hears of the withdrawal of the fifty dollars. How I abominate these Bible societies! They are always thwarting my designs, and I will leave no stone unturned to injure them. And I can do a great deal by means of covetous or worldly professors. They are the very best machinery to work with in prosecuting each and all of my designs, and so long as their numbers are so large, I need not despair."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Faith an Element of Power.

Glorious things are spoken concerning faith in the Holy Scriptures. Wonderful achievements are ascribed to it. By it weak things are said to be made mighty. Miracles have been wrought by it. It has held the laws of nature in mysterious suspension. It has invaded the grave, and wrung victories from the tyrant Death! It has even won the harder conquest of sin, in the human heart, and restored to fallen man the lordship of himself. Imperious passion, furious propensity, the obstinate will, and wayward affections, have all confessed its power. Fear has ceased to agitate the breast, guilt to gnaw the conscience, and shame to tinge the cheek, in its presence. By it even depravity has let go its fearful grasp on the human spirit, and the fallen, weakened, spotted captive, mad, has risen to liberty, purity, strength and honor. It has raised him from the deepest depth of degradation, to the purest heights of holiness and to a throne in heaven.

How precious—yea, how unspeakably precious—therefore, is faith! How potential in its influence! How necessary to the improvement and elevation of character!

But what is it that gives this potency to faith? Whence does it derive its wondrous power, to change and elevate the human soul? Why is it, that, when a guilty creature simply believes that Christ is a mediator, standing between *him* and God, the load of accumulated guilt—the result of innumerable and unspeakably flagrant offences, falls, in an instant from his heart? Why is it, that, when a spirit, conscious of its weakness and impurity, appropriates Christ to itself as its Saviour, by believing that his blood cleanseth from all sin, it rises at once to a sense of conscious purity, and into the possession of a power to control itself, hitherto unfelt? Is it, as some teach, the mere effect of truth acting on the faculties? Or is it, because, in conjunction with the contemplation and reception of the truth, the Holy Spirit sheds a direct influence upon the mind?

We believe the Scriptures to teach the last named doctrine. They assert, distinctly, that the Holy Spirit puts forth a direct and personal influence upon individual believers. Hence, he is said to dwell in them, to comfort them, to strengthen them, to help their infirmaties, to witness their adoption, and to purify their hearts. And these are offices, which we cannot conceive of his fulfilling, without exerting a direct and positive influence on the mind.

By believing the truth, we learn the fact of our impurity; we discern the necessity of its removal; we are taught the mode by which we are to be washed; a host of motives to seek it are crowded before the mind; and every encouragement, that can be desired, is presented to call faith into action. More than this the truth cannot do. It cannot remove moral imbecility; it cannot impart that indescribable consciousness of purity, that sense of fellowship with God, which accompanies the exercise of faith in the blood of sprinkling. Neither can it bestow that indefinable influence, which attends the prayers and utterances of deeply spiritual minds. Hence, the Scriptures ascribe the work of purification to the agency of the Holy Spirit. He is said to endue believers with POWER FROM ON HIGH—TO PURIFY THEIR HEARTS. An active, direct agency is ascribed to him. And that agency is exerted in conjunction with faith. When the mind trusts, the Holy Spirit acts. His agency, in the form of a direct influence on the mind, is exerted; though in a manner, as Jesus himself taught, wholly incomprehensible to our minds, and altogether beyond our powers of investigation.

It is this divine influence always accompanying active, evangelical faith, which makes it an element of power. The believer, beholding all his weakness, flies trembling from himself, with an earnestness which awakens and concentrates all his energies in an act of trust in his deliverer. And in that very act he waxes strong; for CHRIST strengthens him. He exclaims with wonder, as his soul grows conscious of the aid it has received, "when I am weak, THEN AM I STRONG." He gazes on the wiles of his spiritual tempters, on the hostilities of the world, on the cares of life, on the stern demands of duty—he remembers his past weaknesses, he collects every hostile image around him, and when his adversaries stand up in their most gigantic and forbidding aspect, and roar, and threaten him most fearfully, he gazes in the face of his Redeemer, and with a full consciousness of his approval, cries, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me!" Nor is this an idle boast; for he goes forth a conqueror over foes, which, through all his previous life had led him, either a willing or unwilling captive; but now, he is mighty THROUGH GOD to overcome.—*Zion's Herald.*

The Supremacy of the Bible

IN POLITICS.

We claim for the Bible the right to control man in all the circumstances of his being. It was given for this end. Its legislation was designed to cover the whole domain of thought, feeling and action. It begins with the beginning of responsibility in man, and goes with him wherever he goes. Its pressure, like that of the atmosphere around him, is upon him at all times, and in everything he does—is essential to a life of right action.

The influence of the Bible is especially necessary in politics. Many considerations can easily be adduced to prove this. The peril, in political action, is very great. A man may indeed escape the danger. His political course may be high and honourable. His actions may be regulated by an unbending integrity—may be prompted by a pure and noble benevolence—and may consequently result in great good to the country, and to the world. But, judging from what we see, we think the chances are fearfully against him. The result is far more likely to be the corruption and ruin of the inner man. There is not, as we feel, a more dangerous course of life. For in no department of human activity are there so many insidious temptations—so many subtle and corrupting influences at work to blind the mind, to bias the judgment, and to ruin the heart—influences which tend directly to bring life, in its principles of action, into a most perilous antagonism to the open, frank, and guileless simplicity, essential to salvation.

There is a deep sea in politics; and when men launch upon its agitated waters, feeling at liberty to sail in any direction they please—to move forward by any means which they may choose to employ—believing that "all is right in politics," we can see nothing but peril and disaster before them. The man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and who fell among thieves, that stripped him of his raiment, wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead, is not an inapt illustration of the terrible consequences of such adventure. If men, with the Bible in their hearts, and with all its restraining influences gathered around them, still find it hard to resist these temptations—to stand erect and firm in their virtue, and to go straight forward in political action, unaffected by its disturbing force—what must be the peril of those who go into that arena of strife without this armour of righteousness—without this guardianship of heaven to save them from the peril. Why, it is like going into the rapids of Niagara, and yet dreaming of safety.

We speak strongly here, but there is reason for it. We cannot shut our eyes to the danger, or cry, peace—safety—where, without the Bible, there is none—absolutely none. How many, of those who thus throw themselves into the whirlpool of politics, ever come out of it alive in any integral or moral aspect? Let the past speak—let the present testify. Go into the political circle—into the councils of State—into the halls of Congress—and make out the estimate. How many can be found, that are men of stern, unbending principle—men, who "would rather be right than be President"—men who rise above the prejudice of party—who hate evil—and who live and act simply for their country's good? Let the scenes of constant occurrence in and out of the halls of legislation, answer this question—scenes of political cunning, and party management—scenes of intoxication, of abuse, and of angry collision, where the pistol and the bowie knife take the place of reason and argument. We blush and feel ashamed of our country, at the thought of it. But the fact is, that rum and intrigue have far more to do in the issues of a political campaign, and in the enactments of our legislation, than any feeling or principle of genuine patriotism has. The loss, therefore, far exceeds the successful adventure in political life. The whole shore of that sea is covered with the wreck of stranded vessels—vessels that were freighted indeed with priceless cargoes, and that started on their course with high hopes—but venturing out upon these angry waters, and into this most terrific "*regio nimborum*," known in our world, without the Bible at the helm and its ballast at the bottom, were capsized and dashed upon the shore.

Is there, then, no peril here? Does not the danger most imperiously demand the influence of the Bible? What else can quiet these waters, or rebuke these winds, or cause this sea to cease casting up its mire and dirt? What other influence can correct this wrong action—can free the mind from self-seeking, and give purity and benevolence to motive—and awaken throughout the land the spirit of true patriotism? Where else can we look for that, which is to save men from the perversions of truth in political action—from intrigue, from management, from wire-pulling—from all the arts of deception, vanity and fraud, so common in every political camgaign? We have no hope for men here, but in the Bible.—Let this have its place—let this exert its influence, and men will be saved from the evil in politics.—*New York Evangelist.*

One Sin too many.

A young man, of fine talents, was present one evening at the house of God in ———, during an interesting revival. Several of his companions had already given their hearts to Christ, and he had been deeply moved by their experiences. He was therefore prepared to receive strong impressions, and he did. The truth went home to his conscience. He wept to see himself so vile, as he now beheld himself mirrored in the word of God. He felt a motion—almost irresistible—to submit to Christ, and to join the band of penitents who bowed before the altar. But the pride of his heart revolted at so public and humiliating an avowal of his sinfulness. He dreaded the scorn of the worldly! He kept his seat, therefore; soothing his conscience by a resolve—firm and irrevocable as he persuaded himself—to return home at the close of his services, and passed with the thronging but grave multitude out of the church.

On the door steps, he found some gay friends awaiting him. They had planned a scheme of pleasure for an hour or two that night: they begged him to join them. "No;" said he, faintly; "I think not, to-night."

They gazed in his face earnestly; and one of them, detecting an unusual seriousness in his aspect, which was discernible even in the pale moonlight of that beautiful evening, exclaimed in a taunting tone of voice; "What are you going to be religious too?"

That speaker was his fiend in disguise. In that speech he threw the bauble of human approbation into the whirlpool, and the half awakened youth plunged in desperately to seize it. Throwing off his gravity, he burst into a loud laugh; assured them he was not serious; accepted their invitation, and lost his convictions. Henceforth, his sins held him in bondage and in chains. In a few months, he died an impenitent sinner!

How fatal was his *one act* of resistance to the Holy Spirit. Had he yielded and taken his place at the altar, the invitation of his sinful friends at the door would have been powerless to attract him. But he resisted once too often.—*Zion's Herald.*

A Truthful Allegory.

A traveller was pursued by a unicorn. In his affright he fell, and as a fallen man, caught at whatever was in his way: he caught the branches of a tree. He looked before him and saw a fearful precipice. He looked back and saw the unicorn ready to destroy him. He looked again before and saw a hideous dragon, with jaws gaping to receive him. He looked to the roots of the tree, and saw two rats, one white and the other black, gnawing alternately at them. He looked among the branches of the tree, and saw it filled with poisonous asps, ready to sting him; but from their lips dropped honey. Regardless of surrounding danger he caught the honey, ate it and perished.

O, reader! O, man! see here thyself!—The tree is life; the unicorn death; the precipice eternity; the dragon the destroyer; the rats, day and night, numbering the hours of thy stay on earth; the asps, thy own bad passion; the honey, pleasure, of which thou partakest to thy eternal ruin.

Happiness.

Happiness is not in a cottage, nor a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in passive life, but in doing right, from right motives.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

"So shall he Sprinkle many Nations."

—ISAIAH lii. 15.

MR. EDITOR,—It is known to many of your readers that in the *Christian Messenger* of the 23rd of April last, there appeared an attack upon the Pedo-Baptists, by the Rev. A. Martell, of Cape Canso, in the form of what he calls an "elucidation" of the above important text of Holy Scripture.

The Rev. Gentleman commenced his article by accusing persons who "sprinkle," or argue for sprinkling in baptism, with "pedantry;" "ostentation;" "flippancy," or "illiteracy;" and intimates the danger there is of such persons coming in contact with his mighty genius; as he thinks he has the power of "blowing up the citadel of Pedo-Baptism."

After this flourish comes his criticism or "elucidation," which consists, first, in a bare assertion that "sparkle" and "sprinkle" are

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from the same root; and, second, that in the Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Old Testament, the Hebrew word YAZZEH, sprinkle, is rendered *thaumasontai*, from the verb *thaumazo*, which signifies to "wonder," to "admire," and, therefore, according to our learned critic, the above text should read: "So he will cause many nations to rejoice in himself."

The above remarks are anything but respectful to Pedo-Baptists; while the criticism is evidently a bold attack upon the integrity of our venerable English translators. Some notice of this seemed necessary, and, therefore, an article bearing the signature of "Philologos" appeared in the *Wesleyan* of May 22nd, exposing the fallacy of Mr. Martell's reasoning, and vindicating the reading of our common English text.

"Philologos" shews that Mr. Martell is mistaken in saying that the Hebrew words for "sparkle" and "sprinkle" are from the same root; or that the primary idea is that of "sparkling;" he proves that they are "different words, being differently spelt, and having different primary ideas; the word for "sprinkle" being NAZZEH; and the word for "sparkle" NATZTZEH; the one spelt with ZAYIN, Z; and the other with TZADEI, TZ; two very different letters in the Hebrew alphabet.

Philologos also shews, that whatever be the sense of the Septuagint, yet the original was Hebrew; and the sentence—"So shall he sprinkle many nations," is a correct translation of the inspired original.

With this article, the Rev. Mr. Martell seems indignant, and is mightily offended; he vituperates the "style," the "spirit," and the production itself, because it is anonymous.

Mr. Editor, I am not aware but questions of theology, and abstract criticism, can as honourably be discussed without the parties being known to the public as with; unless a person wishes to prove his argument by the supposed magical influence of his *own name*. As to the "spirit" of the article, surely there is nothing in the production of Philologos like that shown by the Rev. Mr. Martell, when he accuses Pedo-Baptist preachers and writers with "pedantry;" "flippancy;" "ostentation," and "ignorance;" and as to "style," there is nothing like the *bombast* of the Rev. Mr. Martell in the following sentence: "I must confess I felt a little diffident about entering into the sprinkling magazine, lest I should get into controversial fires by 'blowing up the citadel of Pedo-Baptism.'"

The second production of the Rev. Mr. Martell has just fallen into my hands; it is published in the *Christian Messenger* of July 23, page 239.

The Rev. Gentleman commences, speaking of Philologos,—"The writer of that article appears to have misunderstood me; and I am afraid does not understand himself."

Perhaps so, Rev. Sir, and some people think you do not understand the subject about which you are writing: so there seems to be a trio of ignorance; let us then bear with each other.

Mr. Martell proceeds,—"We happily live in an age when *mere words* are not esteemed an argument."

True, Rev. Sir, and, therefore, Mr. Martell simply telling his hearers or his readers that the "primary idea" of "sprinkle" and "sparkle" is the same, and that Isaiah lii. 15 is not correctly translated, must not be received, because it wants proof.

Our critic next says, "the writer alluded to labours very much to prove that the Hebrew verb NAZZAH means to sprinkle; this I never pretended to deny: but what *I do deny is*, that it exclusively denotes sprinkling."

The words of Philologos were these: "the Hebrew word JAZZEH or YAZZEH, the word used in the text (Isaiah lii. 15.), does properly signify to sprinkle; and that wherever else the same word is used in the Hebrew Bible, the idea of sprinkle is always included."

Does the Rev. Mr. Martell deny this? Before he can do so with effect, he must set aside the proof that Philologos gave for the correctness of his assertion, for the Rev. Gentleman must not forget his own proposition, "that *mere words* are not esteemed as argument;" and therefore until the reader has something more than the mere denial of the Rev. Mr. Martell, he must understand that the text in question, and all other texts in the Old Testament where the word "sprinkle" occurs, are correctly translated.

The Rev. Gentleman next makes a bold statement in which he seems to think he shall succeed in obliterating the *obnoxious* word "sprinkle" from the Old Testament by attempting to show that it is identical with "sparkle."

He says, "I shall give *Gesenius's* definition of the word in question, than whom there is not a better authority in the world:"—

NAZZAH — First—*to leap for joy—to spring*—THE PRIMARY IDEA IS THAT OF SPARKLING. Secondly—*speaking of liquids, to leap forth, that is. to spirt—to spatter—to sprinkle.* IN HIPHIL—*to cause to leap for joy—to cause to exult—to rejoice.* "This is verbatim from *Gesenius's Heb. Lex.*"

If I did not think it possible for the Rev. Mr. Martell to possess a different edition of *Gesenius*, I should consider the above assertion as reckless in the extreme.

A copy of *Gesenius* now lies before me, and under the word NAZZAH, he says, it means:—1. *to exult, to leap for joy.* 2. *Of liquids—to spirt, to spatter, to be sprinkled on or upon any thing*—Lev. vi. 27; 2. Kings ix. 33; Isaiah lxiii. 3. HIPHIL—1. *To cause to exult, to make rejoice.* 2. *To sprinkle, water, blood*—Exodus xxix. 21; Lev. v. ix. xiv. 7; iv. 17.

The reader will please observe the discrepancy under the first head is, the insertion printed in capitals, viz.: "the primary idea is that of sparkling:" this sentence *I cannot find at all!* Under the 2nd head, the texts referred to by *Gesenius* where the word NAZZAH, "sprinkle" occurs, are omitted by Mr. Martell; and Hiphil: 2. *"to sprinkle, water—blood."* With the texts there quoted are also altogether omitted by our Rev. Critic.

Now unless the Rev. Mr. Martell has an edition of *Gesenius* different from the one before me, why has he altered his text; and omitted such an important part of his definition? Perhaps the Rev. Gentleman is afraid to come too closely in contact with the *sprinkling magazine*, lest himself should feel some of the effects of his own blast, when he blows up the citadel of Pedo-Baptism.

Do not you think it a pity, Rev. Sir, but you could blot out the word *sprinkle* from the Bible? But ah, Sir, your efforts will be in vain, for it is obstinantly fixed there,—and that blessed book may be called "the sprinkling magazine," inasmuch as it teaches that people are to be admitted into the visible church by *sprinkling* with water; and into the family of God, by sprinkling the heart with the atoning blood.

The Rev. Gentleman then finds fault with the Hebrew of Philologos; he says, "my opponent then quotes what he terms the Hebrew sentence, viz.: "CHENJEZZEH GOIM RAOBIM."

Did you, Mr. Martell, or your Printer, make this "man of straw," in order to shoot him? Philologos did not write RAOBIM as you have quoted; but RAVBIM, the word according to the Hebrew points being marked with a double *Dagesh*.

(Concluded in our next.)

Statistics of Liberia.

The Missionary Magazine for July, among other statistics of Liberia, states the inhabitants at 300,000, among whom about 7,000 may be regarded as civilised. There are more than two thousand communicants in the Christian churches, more than 1,500 children in Sabbath schools, and 1,200 in day schools. Communicants in the Missions on the Gold Coast, about 10,000. Attendants at day schools in the same about 11,000.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1852.

We had thought we should be able to complete the Conference matter this week, but find we shall have to defer the concluding items until our next issue. The present extracts will amply repay a perusal. The references to the venerable James Montgomery are affecting, and worthy the men by whom they were so affectionately made.

Conference Intelligence.

[CONTINUED.]

SATURDAY, August 14.

SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF FINANCE.—The President was authorized to call a meeting of the members of Committees and such other friends as he may select, during the ensuing year, to take a comprehensive view of the various Connexional Funds, and to endeavour to devise such means of relieving them as may seem most expedient.

CONFERENCE OF 1853.—After an animated conversation in which Mr, Methely, Dr. Alder, Mr. Bedford, Dr. Beaumont, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Brailsford, and other Ministers took part, it was decided, that the next Conference should be held at Bradford, the friends at Birmingham having kindly consented, if the Conference should think it desirable, to forego their claim for the Conference next year, in favour of Bradford.

IRISH ADDRESS.—The answer to the Irish address was read by Mr. James, and adopted by the Conference.

CANADA.—The Address in answer to that of the Canadian Conference was read by Mr. Osborn, and cordially adopted.

The Rev. John Ryerson, the Canadian Representative, made a suitable and interesting reply, which we regret we cannot give in full.

INTRODUCTION OF JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ., TO THE CONFERENCE.—Dr. Hannah introduced Mr. Montgomery to the President as a venerable friend to whom they were under great obligation, and one related to the Moravian Church.

The President, addressing the venerable Poet, after alluding to the services he had rendered, by his character and writings, to the cause of religious truth and moral purity, and to the delight which his poetry had ministered to many, said—"We feel under great obligation to yourself, and to the religious body to which you belong, and beg to assure you of the kindest affection of the Conference."

Mr. Montgomery replied—My Christian friends, Fathers and Brothers in the Lord, I dare not waste one moment of your time, and I have very little to say, but that little will be of the greatest import. It is this: "The Lord bless you and keep you! The Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you!—The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace!" in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Dr. Bunting expressed his sympathy with the President in his observations just made, and was most happy to see Mr. Montgomery among them, and find him able to visit them at his advanced time of life. He would assure Mr. Montgomery, through the President, of the respect and reverence with which they saw him among them to-day. On many occasions he had met him in former years, and now observed that he, still more than himself, (Dr. Bunting) had undergone the alteration of age; but they both knew who was the strength of their heart, and trusted that God would be their portion for ever. He would express his warm and heartfelt concurrence in the sentiments of high respect for the venerable church to which Mr. Montgomery belonged. Methodism was under obligation to some venerable men connected with the Moravian Church. He trusted that Methodism would ever maintain the truth unimpaired and unconcealed.

Dr. Beaumont could not look upon Mr Montgomery without feeling the truth that genius, combined with holiness, vibrated music in the ear of God. In him were combined genius with holiness, and he believed that he had not written a line which, dying, he would wish to blot. His writings were distinguished by a combination of purity, beauty, and truth. He thought that Mr. Montgomery's presence among them that morning was the most happy fellowship. As a body of ministers they made no large pretensions to scholarship and acquisitions of any kind; but they were the ministers of truth and holiness. While Mr. Montgomery wrote his sentiments of holiness and beauty, their business was to embody them into practical service. He would say—May the Lord cause his face to shine upon him and give him peace, and crown his useful and honourable life with a happy and peaceful end.

Mr. Wm. M. Bunting, on being called upon, remarked that nothing could have been more unexpected than the summons which he now felt bound to obey. He had had this interview in his mind for many days past. They were thankful to the revered and honoured individual now among them for acceding to their request. This had been a beautiful Conference by the blessing of God, and all that had occurred had served to enhance and illustrate the unanimity which prevailed among them. The public ministrations of the Conference had been remarkable for the unction which had attended them. Next to this, no incident would tend so much to brighten and beautify the Conference of 1852, as the presence of their venerable friend. They happened to hold their Conference in his eightieth year. He might say in the way of apology, that in consequence of the pressure of business they had not been able to enjoy this interview sooner. Dr. Newton had expressed his regret that he was unable to remain and be present on the occasion. However, this happy meeting had now taken place, and they were gathered together, old and young, with one accord, to honour the venerable poet who was now before them; and even—(to understand the allusion which follows, the reader should be informed, that a sparrow had gained admittance, and had for some time been chirping above the organ)—even, he might add, the sparrow had found a house for herself, and contributed her note of triumph on the joyful occasion.

Mr. Osborne said, he must have a very dull head, and a very cold heart, who could look on that scene without deep interest and emotion.—He felicitated himself, and congratulated the President and the Conference, on being permitted to welcome among them, that day, a gentleman, whose name has been long connected in his mind, and in the minds of the Christian public, with some of the purest, noblest sentiments of which their nature was susceptible. When he heard, late last night, that their distinguished visitor might be expected that day, he had been led to reflect upon the long acquaintance which he had with him before he had any opportunity of seeing his face in the flesh. Many years ago, he had familiarized himself with the scenes which Mr. Montgomery had depicted, and the sentiments—the exquisite and noble sentiments—to which he had given utterance. He considered his acquaintance with them one of the choicest mercies of a life which had been crowned with mercy:—and now, having been called to take a part in the management of one of the largest Missionaries Societies in Christendom, he was glad to have the opportunity of expressing his thanks to Mr. Montgomery for his services to the cause of Missions in general. That gentleman had laid all Missionary Societies under great obligation by his literary services. He had directed public attention to the missionary labours of that section of the church to which he himself belonged; and had done much to arouse and stimulate public curiosity in reference to them. His poetic labours had contributed to make the subject known to men who were not within the pale of the Christian church; so that now, owing to his labours, and those of other literary men, the Moravian Missions had become interesting to all, and were admired even by the ungodly. (Hear.) As connected with one of the great family of Missionary Societies, he (Mr. Osborn) gladly acknowledged their obligation to that gentleman. Nor could he divest himself of the impression that, as Methodists, they owed to Mr. Montgomery a special recognition of his services on behalf of the Wesleyan Missionary Society on several occasions, some of them of great importance,—services which had been continued for many years. (Hear) Nor could he forget that they as Methodists, owed a great debt of gratitude to the church of the United Brethren, who had preserved the fundamental doctrine of justification by faith alone, when it had become obselete in many quarters. Those who had read Mr. Wesley's First and Second Journals could not forget the interviews which he had at Hernhuth and elsewhere with several distinguished and excellent members of that communion.—The sentiments enunciated by Christian David, Peter Boehler, and others—(Hear, hear)—sunk deep into the heart of their venerated Founder, and were still influencing the ministry of the Methodists. He trusted they would continue to be influenced by them in all time coming—(Hear, hear)—and concluded by observing, that often as the debt which Methodism owed to Moravianism had been acknowledged, it could never be repaid. (Hear)

INTERVIEW WITH THE MASTERS AND SCHOLARS OF WESLEY COLLEGE.—The Governor, Masters, and Scholars of Wesley College, walked in procession, habited in academic costume, from the College to Carver Street Chapel, where, in accordance with previous arrangements, they arrived at one o'clock.

After they had taken their seats in front of and around the gallery:

The President rose, and, alluding to the presence of his young friends, gave to Mr. Montgomery his option whether to stay for the present or retire. Mr. Montgomery kindly remained for a considerable time.

Rev. S. D. Waddy rose, (the scholars also rising), and said, Sir,—It affords me great gratification to present to my honoured fathers and brethren, the young gentlemen of whom I have charge, they are most of them the sons of your own people, those whom you esteem and in whom you confide, they are all of them the sons of those who give their confidence to your system, and who entrust their greatest earthly treasure to its guidance. In this institution we have endeavoured to realize Mr. Wesley's notion in the original plan of Kingswood School, his intentions were never carried out, not because they were insufficient and impracticable, but because they were before the age. Every man who attempts some great and noble object must expect to suffer disappointment; as to some of its parts, he must be content to leave it to a succeeding age to be carried out more perfectly.

This idea was to afford the sons of his people a shelter from the persecution with which they were everywhere surrounded, to secure for them sound religious instruction, then greatly neglected in all schools, combined with an amount of learning which, except in colleges or schools where there was but little piety, they had small chance of attaining. Mr. Wesley was a schoiar, his grammars in so many languages, though now superseded, bear witness to the depth and extent of his attainments, so also do his treatises on logic and natural philosophy, which prove how eminently he was qualified to write for and promote the education of the people. I believe that our school is not behind any in its arrangements for secular instruction, but it is also an asylum for those who could not escape the persecution which, though varied in its character, still exists in large schools against all who bear the name of "Methodists." We follow the tootsteps of our Founder; we are "the friends of all," "the enemies of none."

It would ill become us, who have so greatly suffered from persecution, to quarrel with others because they hold not the same doctrines as ourselves; it would ill become us to let them see that we entertained feelings of enmity and revenge; it would ill become us to disagree with them as to opinions, so long as they conform to our system of religious worship, learn without opposition the Conference Catechism—(hear hear)—and submit to the instruction of your ministers in the doctrines of your church. Many of them, thus instructed, have of their own deliberate judgement chosen your Society as their own, and become Methodists, although their parents belong to other sections of the church. These youths are very glad to see you; they wish to be drawn closer to your society; many have gone from among them to you, and are now labouring among you as accepted ministers and many are filling important offices in your society; and many more will rise up, upon whom you may depend, intelligent, educated defenders of those principles which must always be liable to attack, men who enjoy religion and value it, having experienced its power. I would rather not longer trespass on your time. I would much rather that you, Sir, addressed a few words to them, and that our Fathers would speak, than that I should further address you. The pupils have very hastily drawn up an address; they had not previously been acquainted with your intention to receive them; it is not therefore, worthy of the occasion, but such as it is I will read it to you.

The Rev. S. D. Waddy and the Collegians continued standing while the address was read.

The President then called upon Dr. Hannah, the Ex-President.

Dr. Hannah said: I give in your name, and that of my assembled brethren, a cordial welcome to our young friends to the presence of this Conference. I am deeply impressed with the importance of youth, the youth of Methodism.—They will have to occupy the most important stations, fulfil the most important duties, and wield the most important influence; and I acknowledge I am deeply impressed with the necessity of their being brought under the training of religious truth. I congratulate you on your facilities for secular attainments; also, on your opportunities of obtaining religious truth,—that one essential, unfaltering, eternal truth,—truth that will never pass away. Education is meant to form man, not only for this life, but for the life to come. I beseech you to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your salvation, and take his word as your guide and director. It will guard you against superstition, scepticism, and infidelity. They may assail you, but you will be secure in God's truth. May his blessing go with you during the whole course of your lives; may it fix your hearts in his love, so that you may do that which is right in his sight; and when you have fulfilled the duties he has given you below, may he receive you into the happy possession of the world to come.

The Rev. John Farrar, Secretary of the Conference, said—My mind is full of one idea. So entirely is my attention engrossed by our venerable friend on your right, that I find difficulty in suitably addressing you. I have been carried back six-and-twenty years ago, when I was a minister in this town, and he was a regular hearer in this place of worship. I well remember the tears and doubts I felt when preaching before Mr. Montgomery, when he joined us in our public services and prayer-meetings. I recollect I once took a great liberty with our honoured friend,—at least I thought it so afterwards. We had introduced a prayer-meeting into Norfolk-street chapel, and I called upon him to engage in prayer. Never shall I forget the petition he offered, and the feelings it excited amongst all who heard it. I feel greatly obliged to Mr. Montgomery for the advice he has so often given me. He would frequently converse with me on the subject of my ministry. I well remember his observing, "Words, are the leaves, thoughts are the fruits,"—(hear,)—a principle which, I trust, I have never since forgotten I am delighted at seeing to-day this association of venerable age with youth. It is pleasing to hope that it will not be lost on our young friends, that they will remember that they were introduced amidst venerable ministers, and that, they saw a Christian Poet (hear, hear) sitting on the platform of the Methodist Conference. I have often been struck with that saying of David's, "Oh Lord, I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid." Here David adverts to maternal influence to which he seems to have been peculiarly indebted. Many of our most eminent men have been thus indebted to maternal influnce. Cowper said, he ought to Love God, if it were only for his mother's sake. We hope that our young friends will be thus influenced, that they will love God not only for their parent's sake, and yet be influenced by those who love and watch over them. They are the children of many prayers; let not these prayers, tears, anxieties, vows, be in vain. Your position is one of deep responsibility. Do not forget home; never plant a sting in the bosom of her that bore you. Do not disappoint the hope of your parents. Your position is more responsible than any other in the world. Any place is better than the place of an irreligious child, of converted, saved, sanctified parents; you had better come to the left hand of the Judge from any place rather than from under the roof of pious parents. I hope you will devote all your energies to the acquisition of early piety, and consecrate your whole lives to God.

The President called on Dr. Alder, who was in the body of the Chapel, to come on to the platform, and address the Conference. He did so.

Dr. Alder expressed his great satisfaction on having been called to take a part in the interesting proceedings of that day. While listening to the sentiments which had been expressed by the friends who preceded him, a few thoughts passed through his mind, which he would endeavour to express with as much brevity as possible. The first was, that the close union which existed between true believers in Christ Jesus was connected far less with modes, names, forms, and ceremonies, than with faith and a common Saviour and Redeemer. Their venerable friend Mr. Montgomery, belonged to another section of the Church Catholic; but he enjoyed with them, and they with him, upon that occasion, the pleasures connected with the fellowship of saints. They were all taught, by this interview, that truth was immutable, for although those who had long, and ably, and successfully defended it were passing away,—and few had more usefully done so than their venerable friend, who was hastening to his everlasting rest,—they had a pledge in the young persons who appeared before them that it would never want adherents or defenders; they would receive and guard the truth which the Fathers before them had so faithfully professed. Another thonght was, that Christian truth was paramount,—it connected itself with all that was holy and sublime in the Godhead, and also with all that was precious, interesting, and important in human salvation, there was no truth like it in the world. He wished to impress upon their young friends, that this truth was not only a medium of communication, but it was also an instrument of power. The Rev. Doctor then developed these thoughts in most eloquent and powerful language, and concluded an address of unusual pathos and ability with an earnest appeal to the young persons admitted to the Conference.

Dr. Bunting said, I assure my young friends of the interest I feel in them. I am convinced, that everything requisite is provided for their literary improvement. They have great advantages and great responsibilities attached to a residence at Wesley College. Secular learning may be perfect, but it is the custom now a days to decry religious instruction, and to say that secular instruction is all that is requisite. I do not believe it is at all sufficient. The Gospel is the power of God to salvation: it sanctifies all else, makes it useful and practical. I trust our youth will regard this institution, and their education there, as a providential means, as I am sure it is, of making them wise and good men.

Mr. Montgomery now rose to leave. The President turned to him and said, I assure you in the name of the Conference, our prayers go with you, and we have been greatly gratified by your presence here.

Mr. Montgomery then said, with much emotion, My heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that you and all belonging to you may be saved.

Mr. Montgomery shook hands with the Ministers on the platform, and was conducted from the chapel by the Ex-President.

The President then called on the Rev. J. Manners, Head Master of the College, who said—I have been now fourteen years connected with Wesley College, and my experience during that time would lead me to echo the sentiments of Dr. Bunting. I do not think you educate the whole man unless you educate all—body, soul and spirit. If we leave this highest part, if it only is neglected, we may make them learned; but we have only educated the natural part; and, therefore, when they go into the world, amidst its sorrows and temptations the spiritual part is more directly assailed: it has never been fortified, and cannot stand against these attacks. I am aware of the nature and extent of these assaults. When I first became connected with the establishment to which I belong, I had but one wish—to see carried out the principles enunciated by Mr. Waddy and named in our prospectus.

In our pubic schools, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, without any wish to discourage the freedom of mind, still the spiritual element is not developed and their system, therefore, is incomplete. I am convinced that, whatever either of the beautiful or useful is studied, we may rest assured that these great principles rightly studied will produce those effects in greater perfection than if thus unassisted. I feel it to be a privilege to address these few remarks to you. I will try to carry out the principles I have heard to-day, in conjunction with my friend Mr. Waddy, and I trust the founders of this institution will not repent the part they have taken in it, and that it will be a blessing to that branch of the Church with which it is connected. I must finish with thanking you for giving me this opportunity of meeting and addressing you.

The President now himself spoke to the Collegians: I hope you will allow me to express the great pleasure I have in seeing you this day; it has added a new, interesting and pleasing feature to the Conference. Your honoured parents we know; we regard them highly for their religious principle and steadfastness. We entertain the hope that you will be the worthy sons of such honoured parents. We have great hopes of you; let them not be disappointed. We remember you in our prayers, we expect you will live to distinguish yourselves in the different stations in which God may place you; may this be the case with all, remember that our friends have told you that rightly received instruction cannot fail, they have reminded you that in this way you may become both honourable and useful here below.

All knowledge is a privilege, but the prince knowledge is to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. You will be tempted to undervalue this wisdom, learning, science, and arts will appear more important to you, attend to what has been said on this important subject, listen to the instructions you hear from day to day. We have had a lively interest in you, which will be deepened by this day's proceedings, we shall now regard you with greater interest. God bless you, and those who conduct your instruction, may they live to see you pious, honoured, and useful men.

The President then gave out a hymn, and called on the Rev. Francis A West who engaged in prayer.

To be Concluded next week.

Cincinnati Correspondence.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have just finished with shivering terror "Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance," and a feeling as if I had been breathing the damp, sickly odours of a charnel house comes over me. English and American Reviews have placed him among our finest writers, and it is not my part to *criticize* his works, though I cannot resist noting down a woman's *impression* of them. He is a vivid skeleton writer, who like the sketcher of outlines, often *suggests* more to the imagination by a few rough touches, than the artist does in a more finished picture. I question not his power, nor even his *motives*, but the *effect* of his writing seems to be, to open to our minds as by the rude uplifting of a blackened wall, all that is hideous and repulsive in humanity, or in the awful mystery which enshrouds the other world. He gives us a glimpse, as it were, of a terrible *Satanic* existence underneath all the visible forms of the Universe, and turns the brightness and beauty of earth into demoniac tragedy. If he speaks of beauty, it is associated with a demon's power, or a wild, passion-racked nature—if of morality, there is a skeleton accompaniment of hideous fanaticism or ridiculous bigotry—if of death, with a cool play of wit, or horrible fancy, which not only divests it of its sanctity, but gives it a horror which all the witch tales ever invented by wretched nurses, or fanatic creeds, are a pleasure compared with. Take for instance the death of Zenobia, that touching combination of glorious beauty and untamed soul:—that wreck of a proud nature which might have been one of the lights of God's universe:

"Her wet garments swathed limbs of terrible inflexibility. She was the marble image of a death-agony. Her arms had grown rigid in the act of struggling, and were bent before her with clenched hands; her knees, too, were bent, and —thank God for it,—in the attitude of prayer. Ah, that rigidity! It is impossible to bear the terror of it. It seemed,—I must needs impart so much of my own miserable idea,—it seemed as if her body must keep the same position in the coffin, and that her skeleton would keep it in the grave; and that, when Zenobia rose in the day of judgment, it would be in just the same attitude as now! One hope I had; and that, too, was mingled half with fear. She knelt as if in prayer. With the last, choking consciousness, her soul bubbling out through her lips, it may be, had given itself up to the Father reconciled and penitent. But her arms! They were bent before her, as if she struggled against Providence in never-ending hostility. Her hands! They were clenched in unmitigable defiance. Away with the hideous thought! The flitting moment after Zenobia sank into the dark pool—when her breath was gone, and her soul at her lips—was as long, in its capacity of God's infinite forgiveness, as the life-time of the world!"

"And thus we bore Zenobia homeward. Six hours before how beautiful! At midnight, what a horror! A reflection occurs to me, that will show ludicrously, I doubt not, on my page, but must come in, for its sterling truth. Being the woman that she was, could Zenobia have foreseen all these ugly circumstances of death,—*how ill it would become her*,—the altogether unseemly aspect which she must put on, and especially old Silas Foster's efforts to improve the matter,—she would no more have committed the dreadful act, than have exhibited herself to a public assembly in a badly-fitting garment."—And again,—"Slowly, slowly, with many a dreary pause,—resting the bier often on some rock, or balancing it across a mossy log, to take fresh hold,—we bore our burden onward through the moonlight, and at last laid Zenobia on the floor of the old farm house. By and by, came three or four withered women, and stood whispering around the corpse, peering at it through their spectacles, holding up their skinny hands, shaking their night-capped heads, and taking counsel of one another's experience what was to be done."

What a picture! I cannot forgive the man for thus dragging down all the familiar associations of our lives, and suggesting in their places, horrible images of unknown demonism. What if there are dark, fierce passages in the life of humanity! it is not all of such, and the reverse is not all like the puny weakness of Priscilla. It would seem that one who possesses the power to conjure up such a host of demons could never exorcise them from his own breast, but must breathe an atmosphere of awful mystery, which would shut out from him the poetry and loveliness of this bright earth as God has made it, and open to his view a blackened mass of crime and wickedness, with a perspective of dark, haunted grave-yards, and an unrevealed, terrible eternity beyond.

Speaking of books, reminds me of our "Young Men's Mercantile Library Association," which I visited a few evenings since. They have two large rooms, in the large stone building used as the Merchants' Exchange,—which they are now refitting in beautiful style. The floor of the library is laid in marble mosaic, and the twelve thousand volumes are beautifully arranged behind a wire net-work. A gallery runs around the wall about half way to the ceiling, by which easy access is had to the books. In the reading room are frames for the daily and weekly newspapers, of which they take sixty, including foreign periodicals. In these beautiful rooms, well ventilated, and brilliantly lit with gas, gentlemen can pass their evenings most profitably and pleasantly; and for the honour of our city, I am pleased to say, many avail themselves of the privilege. In the Directors' room, we saw autograph letters of Washington, Adams, &c.—also ancient parchments and books, which seemed to carry within their worn old covers an air of sanctity from the years gone by. But I am growing garrulous, and must leave you to the repose and quietness of this Saturday eve, hoping you find it as hushed and holy as I at this moment. Silence is around me, and the night air is only startled by the occasional step of a belated traveller, or the bayings of the watch-dogs in the neighbourhood. The various familiar voices of other nights for once are silent. The young gentleman who is learning to play the clarionet has ceased his toting—the embryo Ole Bull scrapes no longer, and even the bassoon player rests from his labours; no tangled meshes of an operatic song weave themselves through the silent air—they have some sense of propriety, and feel that they would be "de trop" at such a time—all is hushed, and the night is holy.—Like the calm, still hour which precedes the break of day, comes this Saturday night, to remind us of the Sabbath rest. May we all awake to the light and beauty of the coming day, and may its evening sun cast no shadow of reproach on our hearts. Rest to thee, dear reader, and to thine in fellowship and love,

MOLLY BAWN.

Cincinnati, Sept. 4, 1852.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

MR. EDITOR,—I send you an extract of a letter just received from a highly esteemed medical friend, Dr. Dawson, of Burmah, who, having been present during the late war in India, gives a very good sketch of the circumstances which led to the disturbance and the so far favourable result to the British, thinking it may be interesting to your general readers. Dr. D. having been a resident in India for more than 25 years is quite familiar with the government, the language, manners, and customs of the people of that country: was practising his profession in the city of Rangoon before the war broke out, but was ordered with his friend the Rev. Eugenio Kincaide, Baptist Missionary, and all other foreigners living in the city, to leave immediately, which they were compelled to do, leaving all their valuable property to be sacrificed.

C. B.

Progress, Sept. 16th, 1852.

MAULMAIN, BURMAH,
31st May, 1852.

MY DEAR B——

The Burman Empire is at present in a complete fever of excitement. Strife and discord rage along its whole borders. The clarion of war has sounded, "to arms," "to arms." Now or never! Death or victory! The enemy is rushing in like a flood. And already its fair cities are reduced to ashes, and its patriotic sons are slain by the thousand. Soon the fate of the dynasty of the renowned Alonopro must be sealed forever! Well you will naturally enquire, what does all this mean, about the overthrow of the present government of Burmah! I must proceed to give you some account of the miserable condition of this unhappy kingdom. Since the close of the last war between England and Burmah, there has been one unceasing round of trouble and difficulty between the respective governments. All along the line of frontier, plundering and marauding have been openly and publicly countenanced by the Burmese officials. Remonstrances have been made, but no notice has been taken of them. The king and court are said to have winked at them, partly from a secret satisfaction to hear that the English were annoyed, and partly from the fact of being sharers in the spoils. At the capital the British resident some years ago, was treated with rude incivility, the terms of the "treaty" denied as being binding, or of any value, and the residency in consequence was broken up. Latterly the Governor of Rangoon has been carrying on a system of gross injustice and oppression upon British subjects residing there for the purpose of trade. During the last summer two English ship captains experienced the most unjust treatment. They were called up by the Governor, tried for imaginary offences, abused, their lives threatened, and in the end very heavily fined. The object of the man in power was simply to extort money, and he would do it in the most unscrupulous manner. These outrages were in due season represented to the Governor General of India—the Marquis of Dalhousie, and contrary to the expectation of all who felt an interest in these affairs, he resolved to seek redress for the injured captains. Apparently it had been the settled policy of the East India Company to avoid another collision with Burmah. The last war cost them thirteen millions sterling, and something like eleven thousand troops were sacrificed more by the climate than actual warfare. With this enormous expenditure before their eyes, in blood and money, it is not surprising that the Indian Government has so long borne with the outrageous proceedings of the Burmese officers, To honor, honesty, and fair dealing, the sable functionaries of this land, are entire strangers. The cup of their misdeeds is running over, and now the day of retribution has come upon them. Commodore Lambert of the Royal Navy was requested by Lord Dalhousie to proceed to Rangoon and demand satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on the two captains. Failing to obtain it, in the way in which it was sought, the result is the present war against Burmah. It is much to be lamented, however, that the excellent man, viz., Commodore Lambert who was entrusted with the negotiations on the part of the British Government, was not surrounded by more peaceful influence, and better acquainted with Burmese character than he was, in order to be qualified for forming an independent judgment upon the true merits of the case, difficult as it was, which he had in hand, There were two or three measures which he adopted, that were calculated to widen the breach, instead of reconciling matters and obtaining justice for the oppressed. But the die is cast. The country will now be conquered. The Governor General's policy was decidedly in favour of peace, but the mistakes that were committed, frustrated his humane intentions. He allowed the king of Ava nearly a month, up to the 18th of April to consider and accept the terms proposed to him. But an angry Monarch, whatever may have been the cause of his annoyance, is not the most eager to catch at any proposition for peace, when it may seem to involve a degradation of national dignity and of an admission of wrong in him, whereas he was not to blame. One of his Governors was accused of misconduct in office, and he removed him. A new official was appointed to the post, with authority to negotiate, but failing to give satisfactory evidence within 48 hours of his arrival from the capital, of his intention to render justice, the affair was closed rather precipitately by the Commodore, ordering all the foreign residents in Rangoon to quit the place without delay. Property to a large amount had thus necessarily to be abandoned, the whole trade of the port was instantly stopped, the rivers proclaimed to be in a state of blockade, the king of Ava's ships was seized, before even a declaration of war was made.

It was a war commenced on the spur of a moment, upon British interests and British property, and the object of it was to bring the government of Burmah to its senses. Some of these measures were very unwise, and have been justly condemned throughout India. You will have heard, I doubt not, through the medium of the public prints, long before this communication reaches you, of the fall of the town and fort of Martaban. It was stormed and captured by a force consisting of four war steamers, and 1,400 men, on the morning of Monday, the 5th of April, Lieut. General Godwin commanded the army and Rear Admiral Sir F. Austen the navy on the Maulmain side of the river. Thousands of spectators witnessed the attack. As soon as this important piece of business was completed, both the Admiral and the General, with all their available troops which could be spared from this quarter, repaired to Rangoon. After an obstinate and vigorous defence of between three and four days, that ancient and strongly fortified city, fell before the prowess of the British arms. The Burmese were reported to have had an army of thirty thousand men engaged on the occasion, but they gradually diminished in number, as each succeeding night afforded an opportunity for their flight. At a more recent date, I think it was the 20th inst., the city of Bassien was also conquered by a British force, making altogether, in the estimation of military men, *three* brilliant battles won, since the commencement of operations on this coast. The troops are now in their winter quarters, and will not take the field again, if it can be avoided, till the close of the present rainy season in November. Another campaign will then be opened, with the design of reaching and capturing Ava—the capital of Burmah. The general impression here is, that they will annex the whole country to the British Indian Empire. Of this, however, we shall know more hereafter.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Sheffield, N. B. Circuit.

OPENING A NEW CHAPEL.

A new Chapel at White's Cove, on the East side of Grand Lake, N. B., in the Sheffield Circuit, was opened for Divine service on the 5th instant, when two sermons were delivered by the Circuit Minister. The day was fine, the congregations were large and attentive,—and a blessed influence pervaded the assembly. Several of the people shed tears of gratitude, that they had been spared to see that day—the day for which they had laboured and prayed and longed to see,—when so neat and comfortable a Chapel should be finished and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. After the second service I met the class to renew their Quarterly tickets: the members said it was a refreshing season, one of the happiest days of their lives. One young man who had been recently converted to God joined our society,—may he be an ornament to his profession.

The Chapel is 26 by 32 feet, 18 feet post Gothic windows; end gallery; completely finished; and the pews sold.

Thanks are due to the Building Committee,—Messrs. S. White, Junr., and Philip Hanschpecker,—for so faithfully discharging their duty—and to Mrs. White Senr., and the friends generally, for exerting themselves so nobly to accomplish the work.

Also to Messrs. Whittaker, Jacob Wilson, and the friends in St. John, for giving the windows, the stoves, and plastering the chapel.

Nine miles above we have another Chapel, and twelve members in Society.

The people are anxious to obtain a minister to labour on this side of the Lake,—but I am sorry to say at present we have none to send. I sincerely hope before long the place will be supplied, for this is a very promising field of labour.

WILLIAM SMITHSON.

September 10th, 1852.

P. S.—I was much pleased to find, by your valuable paper, that my esteemed Brother Pickles had formed a Bible Class in Bridgetown, consisting of 40 members. I think it would be a good thing and very profitable for ourselves and for our people, if Bible Classes were formed through the Districts, generally. This fall, being stimulated by Bro. P's example, I purpose to make an effort to form one. I send you another subscriber, and I wish you good success in your work. I sincerely hope the ministers and friends will exert themselves on behalf of the *Wesleyan*.

A child of Mr. William Burton, of Grand Lake, N. B., supposed to have perished, was found alive and tolerably well—after being lost in the woods eight days. He was all that time without jacket, hat, stockings, or shoes. He lived on berries, and slept under the trees.

Religious Items.

PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM.—Protestanism reckons as its followers nearly one-half of the number that Popery claims as its adherents. And although numerically one-half less, in all the great elements of character and progress, it is vastly its superior. In wealth, in enterprise, in rational liberty, in literature, in commerce, in all the elements of political and moral power, Protestant are to Papal nations as the sun and moon in the heavens are to the fixed stars. That you may see this, blot from the map of Europe all that it owes to Protestanism, and what is left for the people to desire?

Blot from these nations all that they owe to Popery, and it would be like Moses

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[WESLEYAN.

N. B. Circuit.

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OM POPERY.—Eleven con-
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Sunday last in the church
mstrong (St Paul's, Ber-
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Church and State Gazette,

MENT.—It has been long
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al Jesuits in disguise. It

The Provincial Wesleyan.

was known that from the first establishment of the order, to the present time, it has been a favourite expedient to assume like disguises and enter other churches than their own, for the sake of seducing those whose confidence they could gain. For this purpose many a Jesuit co-operated with the Ana-baptists, and the English Puritans. And it was strongly suspected that the same game was in progress among the Puseyites. And now the truth comes out. The New York *Observer's* correspondent says:—It is now ascertained that Dr. Newman was a Roman Catholic, and studied in Rome before he entered Oxford. Why he entered it, wrote violently against Romanism, then set on foot the Tractarian movement, remained five years in the University after he had become a papist, and then returned to his first love, I may not say. Others do. They say the whole was a Jesuit scheme.

CAMBRIDGE DIVINITY SCHOOL.—The annual visitation of Cambridge Divinity School took place on Tuesday of the present week.—The class numbers eleven. The young men appeared to have made fair attainments in classical learning and polite literature, and to possess good natural abilities. It might be said of them as a plain christian once said to a Unitarian minister, Mr. ——, "*You would make a good minister, if you was only born again.*" After attending most of the exercises, the painful conviction was forced upon our minds, "that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." When will this ancient Institution be again devoted to Christ and the Church?

THE DOWNWARD ROAD.—Professor George Bush has proceeded so far in his downward career, that he does not hesitate to assert the doctrines of Paul are in conflict with those of Christ.

Such are the results of deviations from the ways of righteousness, small in the beginning, but ever progressive, and more rapid as they proceed.—Professor Bush was once among the most orthodox ministers and scholars, and the most devoted Christians, admired for his humble piety, and honoured for his able interpretation of the Scriptures and defence of evangelical truths; but now bewildered in the fog of Swedenborgianism, "reprobate concerning the faith," lost, and worse than lost to the church and the world, and disappointing all the bright promises of his early life. Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed.—*Congregational Journal.*

Literary and Scientific.

A NEW WATER WEED.—A correspondent of the Cambridge *Chronicle* says:—A remarkable plant has recently made its appearance in the rivers Ouse and Cam, and already aboundeth to such a degree as not only to impede navigation, but, what is of far more importance in this fen country, threatens to injure the drainage by holding up the water. It occurs in dense, tangled, submerged masses of considerable extent, and is so heavy that, when cut (instead of rising to the surface and floating down to the sea, like other water weeds), it sinks to the bottom. It is this property which is likely to make it injurious to drainage. The intruder is so unlike any other water plant that it may be at once recognizedby its leaves growing in threes around a slender, stringy stem. The watermen on the river have already "dubbed" it "water thyme," from a faint resemblance which it bears to that plant. That it is new to our rivers is certain. Watermen and fishermen with one consent pronounce it to be (as I heard one of them call it the other day) a "foreigner." Who the stranger is, whence he came, and how he got here, are questions of considerable scientific interest: but by what means he is to be got rid of is the practical question.

ROCK SPRING.—This spring is a curiosity. In the town of Ossian, about five miles distant, upon a very high point of land, in the centre of a large clear field, is a rock rising some four or five feet above the surface, about four feet in diameter, hollow and in form of an egg shell; and in its centre bubles up a spring of as pure water as ever came from mountain top, and fills the rock to a constant overflow. Around it are no other rocks to be seen, and one can hardly believe that it is not a work of art.—Close examination proves it to be the work of the Great Artist, and none of man's handiwork.—*Dansville (Pa.) Democrat.*

STILL ANOTHER "NEW" PLANET.—The news from England, reports the discovery of another Planet by Mr. Hind, at the private Observatory of Mr. Bishop, Regent's Park, London, on the 23d ult. This last "new" planet is the sixth which Mr. Hind has discovered within the last five years: the nineteenth now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter; and the fourth made known to us thus far in 1852. The three others were:—*Psyche*, discovered March 17th, at Naples, by Gasparis; *Thetis*, April 17th, in Germany, by Luther; and *Melpomene*, on June 24th, also by Mr. Hind.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—Mr. Stephenson, the eminent engineer and architect, celebrated for connecting the Isle of Anglesea with Wales by means of tubular bridges, ascribes his success to Divine Providence. When the last stone of the principal tower was laid, to the party who had assembled to offer their congratulations, Mr. Stephenson said:—

Let not others, any more than myself, and all who have been connected with this great work, forget that whatever may be the ability, science, intelligence, and zeal brought to bear on the creature's works, it is to the Creator we should offer praise and thanksgiving, for without his blessing on our works, how can we expect them to prosper? He fully believed that Providence had been pleased to smile on their undertaking, and he hoped they all, with him, would endeavour to obtain these smiles.

A NEW SPRING.—A spring or well, from which rock oil is extracted, has been discovered near Hughes river, Va., yielding at the rate of a barrel a day. The oil is closely intermingled with fine sand, several feet below the surface of the earth, and is separated by washing—the oil of course rising to the surface, where it is readily gathered. It sells from $9 to $10 a barrel, and is said to possess curative virtues to a considerable extent. Near is also a fine sulphur spring.—*Exchange Paper.*

General Intelligence.

New Brunswick.

Next week will be quite an eventful one in the history of the Province. If Mr. Jackson and the Government manage to agree upon terms, which we fervently trust they will, a speedy commencement of our Railways, and the dawn of a new era in the prospects of the Province, may be considered as secured: for if the present Legislature should happen not to sanction Mr. Chandler's agreement, the people would very soon find Members who would. We understand that Mr. Morton, Mr. John A. Poor, and Mr. Archibald may be expected here to meet Mr. Jackson. The Delegates to the Portland Convention have good reason to remember Mr. Poor's many kindnesses—our many obligations to Mr. Archibald are well known—and we have no doubt our citizens will take the opportunity of the visit of those gentlemen to make some public manifestation of their appreciation of worth and talent.—*Courier.*

THE RAILWAY SURVEY.—We understand that very great exertions are being made by Messrs. Beattie and Campbell, the Engineers, to complete this autumn the survey of the whole line of Railway from the Nova Scotia boundary to Calais. Great progress has already been made with that portion of the line between this City and the Bend; and yesterday, Mr. Campbell left here for Shediac, intending first to mark the time between that port and the Bend, and then explore and survey a route from Shediac, or somewhere near it, to the Nova Scotia frontier.

It is fully anticipated that the route will be surveyed between this City and Calais the present season, unless the snow should fall earlier than usual.

The Hon. Mr. Chandler arrived in town yesterday morning, and left immediately in the steamer for Fredericton, in order to meet Mr. Jackson there, this day. In case Mr. Jackson should find the reports from his Engineers of a favourable character, it is not at all unlikely that a full meeting of the Executive Council will take place next week, to complete the necessary arrangements for the actual commencement of the construction of the Railway. So may it be!—*New-Brunswicker.*

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—We are gratified to learn that the preparations for the Grand Provincial Exhibition, to be held in Fredericton during the first week in October, are progressing in quite a satisfactory manner.

The building, which we think will be the most gorgeous and tasteful artificial effort that has been attempted on this side of the Atlantic, will be a combination of tent, crystal palace, and wigwam, which will be a sight worth seeing of itself, and we have no doubt will add another tribute to Mr. Stead's reputation as an accomplished architect and designer. A broad sheet has just been published, furnishing a programme of the proceedings for the week, which promises a rich treat to the sons and daughters of New-Brunswick, which they will no doubt be ready to avail themselves of.

The present reminds us of one of those old fashioned seasons twenty or thirty years ago, when neither frost, blight, nor weavil, interfered with the crops all the way to their maturity. Potatoes are large, abundant, and as good as they can be; Oats, Buckwheat, and Corn, excellent in the first degree; Wheat, in some instances slightly injured by the weavil, but nevertheless far beyond its general standard; Turnips good beyond any comparison for many years. The Blessings of a bountiful Providence have thus we believe been scattered broadcast over the whole Province in the present season.—*Reporter.*

Last Saturday, a worse than brute, most shamefully scandalizing the "human from divine," gave in this City a quantity of Whiteeye to a boy, a relative of his, whom he had under his charge from the Oromocto. Some time after drinking this destructive poison the lad was discovered in a dangerous state on the street: and would, it is said, have certainly perished, if it were not for the interference of Mr. Michael Coulter, who humanely employed Dr Murphy, and procured the necessary medicine at his own expense. When last heard from, the boy had partially recovered, and his considerate *friend* will thus have escaped an action for manslaughter.—*Ib.*

HORRIBLE MURDER.—On yesterday, (Friday) morning, about 8 o'clock, the body of a man was found at Fisher's wharf, Lower Cove, between two rafts of logs, and it was at once seen that a foul and deliberate murder had been perpetrated. A wide gash made with an axe or other keen strong instrument, extends from the back of the neck under the right jaw to the throat, severing arteries, muscles, and tendons, completely. The face is horribly mutilated, evidently for the purpose of preventing the identification of the deceased. One gash extends down the face across the eye, another almost cut away the nose, and the chin, lips cheeks and forehead are all hacked in a shocking manner; there is also the mark of a blow on the temple. There is no mark on the rest of the body, nor are the hands even scratched. When found, he had on only a check shirt and brownish striped trousers. The trousers were loose, and strange to say there was no blood on them. The feet were tied together by a rope. It is probable the man was murdered somewhere in the neighbourhood, stripped of his clothes, and mutilated to prevent identification, and then conveyed to the place where he was found. The Coroner's Jury sat all day, but no clue was obtained that seems to promise a discovery of the murderers, nor could it be ascertained who the man was. He was middle aged and had lost some of his teeth, and from these facts and the color of his hair, his want of whiskers, &c., some witnesses were of opinion that he was a man named Paddy Sullivan, a drover, who was known to have money always in his possession, and who has not been seen since Wednesday.

A relation of Sullivan's, a shoemaker, applied his size stick to the foot of the deceased, and says the measure is the same as that of Sullivan.

The deceased has a wart on his forehead, and a mole on the neck which none of the parties seemed to recognise.—*Freeman.*

AGRICULTURE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—During the year 1851, there were raised in the Province no less than 225,093 tons of hay; 206,635 bushels of wheat; 14,300 bushels of barley; 1,411,164 bushels oats; 389,004 bushels buckwheat; 62,225 bushels Indian corn; 42,663 bushels peas and beans; 539,803 bushels turnips; 2,792,394 bushels potatoes; and 57,880 bushels of other roots.—*St. John Paper.*

A Grist and Saw Mill at the head of the Long Reach, belonging to a man named Davis, were destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The property was valued at £800, and was insured for £400.—*News.*

Canada.

MAINE LAW MEETING IN MONTREAL.—A public meeting, under the auspices of the Young Men's Temperance Society, was held on Tuesday evening, in the American Presbyterian Church, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament to pass a law, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in Canada. The audience was large and respectable, and appeared to take a deep interest in the question proposed to their consideration, frequently responding, with great heartiness, to the sentiments of the speakers. The speaking was animated and pointed, and, taken altogether, this meeting augurs well for the movement in favor of a prohibitory law in Montreal. We rejoice that the campaign has commenced, and we feel assured that the temperance community will not relax their efforts until, as one of the speakers at the meeting remarked, "the *Main*(e) land be reached." A resolution, moving the adoption of a petition to Parliament, in favor of a prohibitory enactment, was unanimously sustained by the meeting. Let this movement be but faithfully and energetically prosecuted and at no distant day the object desired will be attained. The Rev. Donald Fraser, Rev. D. Inglis, and Messrs. Boyd, LeSueur and Freeman addressed the meeting on the following topics:—

1. The traffic in intoxicating drinks should be prohibited because society is injured by it socially, morally, and religiously.

2. The cost of the traffic to the community is an argument for its prohibition.

3. Past legislation to regulate the traffic having proved ineffectual, and the attempts by moral suasion to abate the evils arising from it having partially failed, are reasons why a prohibitory law should be sought.

4. A law prohibiting the sale of strong drinks is best adapted as a remedy for the evils connected with intemperance.

5. The principle upon which the law is based is recognized in every civilized country, viz., the right of the community to interfere with individual interests when those interests are prejudicial to the welfare of society.

The Rev. Messrs. Lillie, Douglass, Hill and McKillican also took part in the proceedings of the evening.—*Montreal Witness.*

A Maine Law meeting took place at Cayuga, C. W., on the 23rd ult. It was disgraced, we are sorry to say, by riotous proceedings on the part of the opponents of the law. They had brought on the spot a barrel of whiskey, and invited all to partake of its contents. The Revd. E. Ryerson delivered an eloquent address in favor of the law. The Hon. David Thorburn spoke against it. "Mr. Thorburn," says the *Haldiman Telegraph*, "was followed by the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, from Hamilton, who had arrived during the address of the last speaker; his reply to the arguments of the hon. gentlemen were very sarcastic and amusing but the speaker was continually interrupted by the devotees of the whiskey barrel, many of whom were intoxicated by this time, and the Sheriff very prudently closed the meeting.

Rum and violence go together, and the friends of the liquor traffic in Kingston could not attend a public meeting held there lately, in favor of an Anti-Liquor Law, without resorting to physical force. By mere rowdyism they succeeded in appointing a Chairman and Secretary, and carried everything their own way. Argument and discussion are fatal to their cause, and they may rest assured that violence and intimidation will ultimately prove as fatal. The leading disturbers of the meeting under notice, were men moving in respectable society. This is an aggravation of their offence, against the order and peace of the community.—*Ib.*

United States.

NEW YORK CITY.—The statistics of *liquor licenses* for the present year show an increase of 704 over last year; there being now no less than 5,520 having legal authority to deal in articles, the use of which destroys the peace of families, ruins the bodies and souls of thousands, fills hospitals and almshouses, and is the source of three-fourths of all the criminal offences brought before the courts. Besides the number stated, there is a large number of rumholes unlicensed, and in defiance of law, both Divine and human, hundreds, if not, thousands of these *groggeries* are kept open on the Sabbath, and the authorities either care not, or dare not to interfere with them. The Maine law and something more is sadly needed here.

The following is the return of the number, class and tonnage of the *shipping* which entered this port during the past month:—

15 steamers, measuring	25,912	tons,
120 ships,	94,595	"
91 barques,	23,085	"
124 brigs,	23,210	"
49 schooners,	5,502	"
Total 397 vessels,	172,994	"

Among the outgoing ships last month was one for Port Phillip, *Australia*, having 260 passengers bound for the new gold country.

The *World's Fair*, in New York, is advertised to be opened on the 2d of May, 1853. The site granted to the company by the city government is the square facing the Distributing Reservoir, of which they have a ten years' lease, at a nominal rent. The building is to be entirely of iron and glass, in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome over the intersection. Each diameter of the cross is to be 365 feet long, and 149 feet wide, and the dome will be 130 feet high. There will be within the structure, a space of 111,000 square feet on the ground, and 62,000 square feet in the galleries. The estimated cost is $195,000.

The steamship Ohio arrived on 30th ult, bringing one of the largest shipments of *California gold* that has yet been received, amounting to two millions and a half. The most important news by this arrival, was the rumour that a revolt is expected soon to break out in Lower California.

One day last week, three brothers—all boys—and living in Buffalo—went into an orchard and ate freely of unripe apples. The next morning they all lay dead in a room together, having been attacked with cholera in its most virulent form.

An attempt was made on Saturday to reach the wreck of the steamer Atlantic, which lies at the bottom of Lake Erie. It is said that the diver descended one hundred and five feet without experiencing any difficulty, but was pulled up for fear that the air pipe, upon which there was an immense pressure, would burst. Another effort will be made. M. Maillefert who is superintending the work, is said to be confident that he will accomplish the object. In addition to the large amount of treasure, it is not improbable that several more of the bodies of those whose lives were sacrificed by the sinking of this vessel, will be recovered, should the wreck be raised.

Two hundred and thirty three bales of buffalo robes, being the entire stock of the Hudson Bay Company, were on Saturday sold at five dollars each in Montreal. This looks like preparing for sleigh riding during the coming winter.

Lake Erie was again visited by a severe gale on Saturday night and Sunday morning in the course of which two brigs and the steam propellor James Woods were driven ashore. The latter vessel was loaded with eight hundred barrels of flour, all of which was swept overbord. No other disasters have as yet been heard of.

FROM THE FISHING GROUNDS.—The *Gloucester Telegraph* says, on the authority of a letter from one of the owners of the schr. Florida, which has been seized and carried into Charlottetown, P. E. I. that the schooner had been stripped, and her provisions stored, and that they would have to sue the Government for a trial. The writer says, "the case appears to be clear on our side, and if there is any justice she will have a chance to be cleared." The schr. Golden Rule, taken the week before, had been released, on an application made through the Governor. The schr. Hannibal went to the Magdalen Islands, and had taken thirty barrels of mackerel, when she was fired at by the British cutter, in consequence of which she left the islands. The schooner Leading Star arrived at Gloucester on Wednesday, last, and reports mackerel very scarce in the Bay, except within the three miles limit.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Hartford Register says that *Paine's new car ventilator* not only excludes the dust, but the constant outward current of air prevents the noise coming in, and passengers are enabled to carry on conversation in an ordinary tone of voice. This invention will greatly promote the comfort of railroad travellers wherever it is introduced.

A man named Boughton, was observed in the act of *placing obstructions* on the Naugatuck railroad near Jencho bridge in the evening of August 21, just before the approach of the 6 o'clock train. Some of the obstructions were placed where the road is on an embankment twenty feet high, and the destruction would have been awful had the cars been thrown over the bank. The scoundrel was arrested and committed for trial.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A WOMAN.—The Albany Knickerbocker says that considerable excitement was created in Broadway, recently, by a young woman who had been in search of her husband all the day, finding him seated on a dry goods box, "dead drunk." She took a whip from under her mantilla and applied it to his back very severely, and then ordered him home, remarking at the same time she would correct him for his misconduct. There's a wife for you as is a wife.

On Saturday, an Irishman, in Charlestown, who was labouring under an attack of delirium tremens, and whom rum and some other causes had made a maniac, escaped from his sick room, and with a pruning knife, stabbed fifteen persons, some of them quite dangerously so. The rum had nothing to do with it, every one will see at a glance! rum is a good creature of God — so say those who live upon the spoils of the poor, and the blood of the murdered victims of alcohol.

We are *sorry* to be compelled to record so much sickness to the south and west of us. Several deaths have occurred from Cholera at Cincinnati within a few days. In Rochester there were fourteen fatal cases of this epidemic on Thursday and Friday. Two more persons have died from the yellow fever at Charleston. At Havana, on the 2nd inst., both the yellow fever and cholera were raging with frightful malignity.

THE CHOLERA AT SAN BLAS.—Captain Frazier, of schooner Meridian, at this port, from San Blas, reports on the arrival of the schooner at San Blas, the cholera was so prevalent that the Indians forbid him from landing and compelled him to leave without even a supply of water.

The schooner Araminta, of Baltimore, was also forced to leave for the same cause. The crew of the Meridian arrived here all well.—*Baltimore Pilot.*

CHOLERA IN BUFFALO.—The Buffalo Republic of Saturday evening says that the total number of deaths in the city by cholera, during the month of August, was 362—an average of about eleven a day.

The yellow fever continues in Charleston, S. C., but it of a very mild type.

MACKAREL.—We understand that schools of small Mackarel have entered Halifax Harbour and the Bays and Harbours on our Western shore, in abundance. The fishermen hail these tinny fish as the pioneers of the fat fall Mackerel which are sure to follow. Heaven send, that our Fishery may be abundant, for in truth, our people require it.—*Sun.*

ANTIGONISH, Sept. 16.—*Melancholy Accident.*—A young child, daughter of Archibald McGilvray, S. River, was burned to death last week, by having her clothes ignited by a spark. We understand that there was no one in the house at the time to render her any assistance.—*Casket.*

INQUEST AT NEWPORT.—An inquest was held at Newport on Nonday, 23d August, before Wm Dennison, Esq., coroner, on view of the body of Joseph Mosher, blacksmith, of that place, who was drowned while attempting to swim across the St. Croix river. Verdict returned accordingly.—*Colonist.*

☞ A new Weekly Newspaper to be called "*The Colonial Advocate*," on the receipt of an adequate subscription list, is to be issued from the Printing Office of Wm. Cunnabell, at 12s 6d per annum, under the editorial management of Matthew Richey, Esq.

☞ The "*Provincial Magazine*" for September has been laid on our table. We have been unable to examine its contents minutely, but think the general character of the work is maintained.

☞ We have received from E. G. Fuller, "Bishop Butler's Analogy" and "Anthon's Cicero's Tuscular Disputations."

Letters and Monies Received.

See that your remittances are duly acknowledged.

VOL IV.

Rev. Dr. Evans, (12os.); Rev. J. Prince; Rev. J. V. Jost, on account of J. A., 8ls. 4½d.

☞ Monies received before the Editor left the city, and not acknowledged, will be duly acknowledged next number.

Halifax Markets.

Corrected for "The Provincial Wesleyan" up to Wednesday, September 22nd.

Bread, Navy, per cwt.	18s a 19s.
" Pilot, per bbl.	17s. 6d.
Beef, Prime, "	42s. 6d.
Butter, " per lb.	8d.
Coffee, Laguyara, "	6½d. a 7d.
" Jamaica, "	7½d.
Flour, Am. spfi. per bbl.	26s. 3d.
" Canada sfi. "	25s. 6d. a 26s. 3d.
" Rye, "	19s.
Cornmeal,	18s. a 18s. 6d.
Corn, per bushel,	3s. 10d.
Molasses, Muscovado, per gallon,	1s. 4d.
" Clayed,	1s. 3d.
Pork, Prime, per bbl.	85s. a 90s.
" Mess, "	100s.
Sugar, Porto Rico,	38s. 9d.
Coal, Sydney, per chal.	26s.

Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 12 o'clock, Wednesday, September 22nd.

Fresh Beef, per cwt.	25s. a 27s. 6d.
Veal, per lb.	3d. a 3½d.
Mutton, "	2½d. a 3½d.
Bacon, "	6d. a 7½d.
Fresh Pork, none.	
Butter, "	8d. a 10d.
Cheese, "	4d. a 5½d.
Eggs, per dozen,	6d. a 7½d.
Poultry, per pair.	1s. 9d. a 2s.
Apples, per bushel,	2s. 6d. a 4s.
Pears, "	7s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.
Plums, per bushel,	10s. a 12s. 6d.
Calf-skins, none.	
Yarn, per lb	2s. 6d.
Potatoes, per bushel,	2s. 6d. a 3s.
Catsup, per gallon,	2s. 6d. a 3s.
Oatmeal, per cwt.	12s. 6d.

WILLIAM NEWCOMB,
Clerk of Market.

Marriages.

On Tuesday, at St. James Church, Newport, by the Rev. R. J. Uniacke, Mr. John Northup, Junr., to Mary Grace, daughter of Felix Cochran, Esq., of the above place.

At Weymouth, N. S., on Saturday last, by the Rev. W. H. Snyder, Mr. John Boyd, of St. John, N. B., to Miss Annie E., eldest daughter of C. P. Jones, Esqr., of the former place.

At Trinity Church, Liverpool, on Tuesday, 14th inst., by the Rev. E. B. Nichols, James F. Forbes, M. D., to Sarah, only daughter of W. S. Jacobs, Esqr., and grand-daughter of the late John Barss, Esq.

At Quebec, on the 7th inst, by the Rev. P. G. McGrigor, of Halifax, N. S., Mr. James Myles, of St. John, N. B., to Miss Janet Peebles, eldest daughter of P. Peibles, Esq.

At Sambro, on the 22nd ult., by the Rev. Dr. McLeod, Mr. William Gray, to Miss Charlotte Johnston, both of the above place.

At Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, on Wednesday, Sept 8th, by the Rev. W. O. Kelham, George D. Twining, Commissariat Staff, to Isabella Hailes, youngest daughter of the late Hon. William F. Odell.

At Portland, N. B., by the Rev. William Smith, on the 22nd August, Mr. Allan McNicol, 72nd Highlanders, to Miss Jean Irvine, of Portland.

By the same, on the 4th Sept., at the Wesleyan Chapel, Portland, Mr. Robert Patterson, to Miss White, of the aforesaid place.

By the same, on Thursday evening last, Mr. Thomas Edwards, to Miss Mary R., third daughter of Mr. George C. Irvine, of Westfield, K. C.

Deaths.

At Toronto, Sarah Ann Lake, eldest daughter of the late Asst. Com. Gen. William Lane, and sister of Dep. Com. Gen. John Lane, of Bermuda.

At Little York, P. E. Island, 7th inst., Mr. William Cook, aged 54 years, after a short illness, leaving a widow and 7 children to mourn their sudden bereavement.

On the 28th ult., Ann, wife of Mr. John Cox, of Fredericton, in the 47th year of her age. Mrs. Cox had been for many years a pious member of the Methodist Church.

At Rawdon, on Saturday, 28th August, Susan, wife of Mr. George Wier in the 63rd year of her age. Her end was peace.

On Friday morning 17th inst., Mr. Alexander Wedd, in the 31st year of his age. A native of Chelsea, England.

On Sunday morning, Sophie, only surviving daughter of James N. Shannon, Esq.

At Annapolis, on the 11th of August, aged 60 years, after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with christian resignation, Mrs. Mary E. Struve. She has left a large circle of friends, to lament the loss of one who had long endeared herself to them by her many virtues. Her end was peace.

Suddenly at Barrington, on the 15th inst., Esther, the beloved wife of Mr. James Cox, and daughter of Capt. Thomas Coffin, Senr., of that place, deservedly regretted by a large circle of friends.

On Friday morning, Mr. Thomas Kirby, Painter, aged 66 years.

At the Poors Asylum, Sept 19th, Mary Fitzgerald, aged 60 years, a native of Ireland.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, Sept 15.

Revenue brig Belle, Crowell, from a cruise to the Westward protecting the fisheries.

Brig Lady Ogle, Lauchner, Trinidad, 28 days, to N. L. & J. T. West; reports left Speed of Yarmouth, to sail next day for Clarence; Gauntlett, Docker, in 2 days for Turks Island; a brigt from Shelburne, arrived 14th ult.

Brig Kingston, Durkee, Demerara, 28 days, 19 from St Martins, to H Yeomans; reports arr'd. hence 12th ult., 21 days; left at Demerara Commodore, Mosher, hence 14th, sold coal $12 a $13 per ton, maki $6, to sail in 7 days for Halifax; Anrora in 7 days for St Stephens, Triumphs, Roberts, in 7 days for Liverpool.

Brigt Dandy Jim, Vigneau, Sydney, C B, 4 days, with coals to order.

Brig Squaw, Berry, Bermuda, ballast to Master.

Schr Triumph, Crowell, Ponce, 19 days, to Fairbanks & Allisons; reports Achiever, Banks, at Ponce and sailed for Mayagnez with inward cargo; Fanny, Smith, sailed for Rum Key—sold cargo at Ponce.

Brig Susan, Mann, Barbadoes, 19 days, to Wm. Full.

Schr Victoria, from the Eastern Shore, to J H McNab.

THURSDAY Sept. 16.

Barque Regent, Stevenson, Quebec, 14 days, bound to Hull, G.B.—leaky.

brigts Fanny, Smith, Rum key, 14 days, to Geo. H Starr; Joseph, Richards, Boston, 4 days; Bloomer, Graham, Boston, 4 days; schrs Susan, Stairs, Mason, Boston, 4 days, to W. Stairs & Sons; Margaret, Sterling, Labrador, to B. Wier & Co; Thetis, Lettery, Annapolis.

FRIDAY, Sept 17.

Schr Expert, Day, 3 days from Boston bound to Quirin N S, has put in to repair sails.

Lonach, Dunn, 11 days, from Port Charlotte (Labrador) to the master; reports left at Red Bay, the 8th inst.; schrs Mazeppa, and Enterprise, for Halifax.

Nautilus, Marshall, 5 days, from Burin N L, to J & M Tobin, and A & J McNab.

Liverpool, (Pkt) McClearn, from Liverpool N S, to order.

SATURDAY, Sept 18.

Pckt Steamer Sir John Harvey, True, Boston, 51 hours, to B. Wier & Co, 35 passengers.

Schr Prima Donna, Herewith, London, 37 days, to Cochran & Co.

TUESDAY, September 21.

Brig Albion, Leslie, Aberdeen, 42 days, to Deblois & Merkel.

Schr William Walsh, Bennett, Fortune Bay, N. F., 4 days, to master.

Cinara, Bolong, Sydney.

Nautilus, Kaniback, Lunenburg.

CLEARED.

September 14.—Victoria, Doat, Montreal, by B Wier & Co; Margaret Mortimor, Anderson, Kingston, Jam., by W Full; steamer Sir John Harvey, True, Boston, B Wier & Co; steamer Levantine, Hunter; Spitfnde, Walters; Montreal, H W Fraser & Co.

September, 16th.—Steamer Merlin, Corbin, St. John, NF.—S Cunard & Co.; brig Caroline Schenk, Bursell, St. John, NF.—Wm. Pryor & Sons; schrs. Agnes Rose, Doane, St. John, NB.—Almon, Hare & McAuliff; Mary Jane, Hnelin, Bay St. George—Oxley & Co.; Lady, Arsenau, Magdalen Isles—J. & M. Pbin.

September 17.—Priscilla Adelaide, Newfoundland by G. H Starr; Julia Eliza, Piacentia Bay, by Salter & Twining.

September 18th.—Nautilus, Bay Chaleur; Dart, St John, N B, by T A S DeWolfe and others; Snow Bird, St George's Bay, by Oxley & Co.; Loyal, Boston, by J. & M Tobin; brig Vernon, P. Island, by Fairbanks & Allisons; Rounce, Boston, by J. & M Tobin; Bride, Boston, by B Wier & Co.; Sally, Richibucto, by G A Mitchell & Co.; brig Emma Adeline, Porto Rico, by D. Crohan and J Whitman; barque Otter, Nautilus, by Oxley & Co.

September 20.—Tory, Nicholson, Charlottetown, by Bell, Anderson & Co; Violet, Anderson, Jamaica, by Fairbanks & Allisons; Ina, Swaine, Boston, by B Wier & Co and others; Rival, Lord, Weichport, N. B., by Master; Providence, St George's Bay, by B Wier & Co and Oxley & Co.

September 21.—Steamer Sir John Harvey, True, Boston, B Wier & Co; brigt Tiberius, James, B W Indies, by Salter & Twining; Progress, Canada, by G. H Starr; Joseph Howe, Neering, St. George, Land from W Lawson and others; Dolphin, Chin, St Georges Bay, by Oxley & Co; Providence, Huelin, Bay St George, by W Lawson; Victory, Parsons, St George's Bay, by W Lawson and others.

MEMORANDA.

Industry, Atler, loaded for Halifax at the Queen' Dock, was discovered to be on fire, but the fire was distinguished without injury. The fire was occasioned by the bursting of a case of vitriolic acid. The industry subsequently proceeded to sea.

New York, Sept 11th.—arr'd Aurora, Newfoundland, 12th—Hudson, Sheldine. 11th—cl'd, Juliet, Rum Key; Clarence, Turks Island; Unity, Halifax 13th—arr'd, Palender, Bristol.

Boston, Sept 14—arr'd, Coronet, St John's, N. F.; Newfoundland Packet, Halifax. 15th—cl'd, Emerald, Halifax; Expert, Oberin; Ellen, Halifax.

Baltimore, Sept. 12.—arr'd, America, Halifax; 10th, cl'd, Medway, do: Alexander, and Herald, do.

Philadelphia, Sept 9.—cl'd Stewart Campbell, Halifax.—13th—Port au Spain. Ragged Islands.

At Turks Island, 25th ult.—sylph, for Boston.

Montreal, 25th ult.—arr'd Felix, Halifax. 8th—St. Andre. do.

Quebec, Sept 7.—cl'd, Hope, Canso; arr'd, Vivid, Mahonas; cl'd, Augustine, Halifax. 9—Amesbury, do. 10.—True Friend, do.

At Port au Prince, 25th ult.—Nile, to sail for Boston 5th Sept.

At Havana, 11th ult.—Brig Mary, hence, 20 days, Price-cod $2 3-4.

Quebec, 11th inst—arr'd, brigt Mary, hence. 13th, —sailed, brigt Jacques Cartier, Halifax.

DISASTER.—Br. brig Sarah Boyle, from Cienfuegos, for Quebec, with cargo of sugar, struck on Loo Kee, during the gale of 22nd ult., lost her rudder and sprung a leak—she was run on shore on the Point of Newfoundland Harbour, where she soon bilged; two thirds of her cargo had been saved and sold at auction, (Key West, Sept 2.

Spoken by brigt Fanny, on the 11th inst., lat 37, 40, lon 70, the ship Polar Star, of Boston, 20 days out from New Orleans, bound to Liverpool, G. B. Two men dead and eight sick from the effects of fever. Wished to be reported.—Same day, spoke ship John Gilpin, 12 days from Inagua, bound to Ragged Islands. Passed same day, brigt Gauntlett, steering N. E.

Schr Daring reports—Am fishing schr Navarree, of Marblehead, Pendrick master, wrecked on Sable Island, at 9 p. m., 14th inst., during a heavy gale from the north-east. Materials and crew saved, seven of whom came up in the Daring. The master and one man remained by the wreck, as the materials could not be shipped.—"Bonetta," at the island with 75 brls fish, Breeze of this port and eight other fishing vessels also at the island. Maria hence, arrived on the 17th inst.

The Subscriber,

AT the close of the first year of his occupancy of the OLD ESTABLISHMENT known heretofore as

DAVY'S COUNTRY MARKET,

takes this method of returning to his numerous friends in City and Country, thanks for past favor and patron age—soliciting a continuance of the same.

This Establishment will continue to be conducted upon a liberal scale, with every arrangement necessary for the accommodation of Travellers.

The Clerk of the Market connected with the establishment is Mr WILLIAM NEWCOMB, known extensively throughout the Province as of temperate habits, and most attentive to customers.

Halifax, Aug 19, 1852. P. HEMSWORTH

Bullock's Semola.

A highly nutritious and very agreeable Food, for Infants Ladies who are suckling, and Invalids su

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Family Circle.

The Infant's Dream.

The following beautiful piece is said to have been the production of a Wesleyan minister in Ireland, many years since.

O cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing in the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly prest
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a scene while I slumbered last,
That I fain would see again, mamma,
That I fain would see again.

I fancied I roamed in a wood, mamma,
And rested me under a bough,
When near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest so wide,
But the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do, mamma,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And loudly I called for thee,
When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, Come, pretty babe, with me, mamma,
Saying, Come, pretty babe, with me.

My tears and fears I quelled, mamma,
As she led me far away,
Till we entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
And passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened my eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day, mamma,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely angels bright:
They smiled when they saw me but I was amazed,
And wondering round me, gazed and gazed,
While songs were heard, and sunny robes blazed,
All fair in the land of light, mamma,
All fair in the land of light.

And soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-robed babes to me;
Their eyes looked love, their sweet lips smiled,
They marvelled to see an earth-born child,
And gloried that I from earth was exiled,
Saying, Here ever blest shalt thou be, sweet babe,
Saying, Here ever blest shalt thou be.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago?
When you gazed on the sad but lovely wreck
With a full flood of wo you could not check,
And your heart was so sore you wished it to break,
But it lived, and you still sobbed on, mamma,
But it lived, and you still sobbed on?

But, O! had you been with me, mamma,
In the regions unknown to care,
And seen what I've seen, you would not have cried,
Though they laid sister Jane in the grave when she died,
For blest with the blest, and adorned like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there, mamma,
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind the poor old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door?
The night was dark, and the storm was loud,
His heart was meek, though his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served him for a shroud
Ere the midnight watch was o'er, mamma,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

Do you mind the weight of wo, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As he told how he went to the baron's stronghold,
Saying, O! let me in, for the night is so cold;
But the rich man cried, Go sleep on the wold,
For we shelter no beggars here, old man,
For we shelter no beggars here?

Do you mind how the heavenward look, mamma,
Flashed through each trembling tear,
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,
While the rain ran down from his thin gray hair
As fast as the tear of speechless care
Ran down from his glazing eye, mamma,
Ran down from his glazing eye?

Well, he was in glory too, mamma,
As blessed as the blessed could be;
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he walked with the patriarchs clothed in white,
Nor angel nor seraph had a crown more bright,
Or a costlier robe than he, mamma,
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before,
For sweet was my slumber, and sound was my rest,
When my soul in the mansions of light was a guest,
And the world I would give, if the world I possessed,
Again that land to see, mamma,
Again that land to see.

Jerry and the Voice.

Once there was a little boy whose name was Jerry. He had a kind mother and father, and two brothers younger than he. Jerry's mother often read the Bible to him, and told him how to be a good boy; and Jerry, as soon as he learned to read, used to read about little Joseph, and Moses, and Samuel; he thought no stories were so pretty as Bible stories. He wished he could be like Samuel; he wished God would speak to him and call "Jerry," just as he did to little Samuel; then he would say, "Here am I;" and he would mind everything the Lord told him.

"Mother, if I could only hear God speak to me," said Jerry.

"Every time you think about doing wrong, Jerry, if you listen, you will hear a still, small voice, in your heart, saying, 'Jerry, Jerry!' that is God's voice, it is bidding you to do no sin."

"Shall I hear it with my ears, my own ears!" asked he, taking hold of his ears with his fat hands.

"You will hear it with the ears of your heart, perhaps," said his mother. "If you ever are upon the point of doing what is not right, stop a moment; stop still, and listen in your heart, and see if something there does not seem to say, 'Jerry, do it not.'"

"And that is God, mother, is it?" asked Jerry, looking very sober, "telling me not to!"

"Yes, it is God."

"And does God speak to everybody so?" asked Jerry.

"Yes, and he speaks very loudly to little children, because he wants them to begin aright. It is not listening to him which makes so many bad boys."

"Then God does speak to us now," said Jerry, after thinking a little while.

"Yes, both in the Bible and in our hearts."

"Pulling us back," said Jerry.

"Yes, pulling us back from sin. How very good God is to think so much of us!"

"Mother," cried Jerry, "I mean always to hearken. I mean to be like little Samuel. I mean to hear God and mind him. I am sure I ought to, God is so kind, so good to us, mother, giving us every thing. He gave me my new shoes, didn't he? I should not have had them, if it had not been for God, mother." His mother prayed in her heart that Jerry might ever hearken and obey the voice.

Not many days after this, when Jerry came home from school, he found his mother had gone out. "I wish I had something to eat," he said.

"You can go into the parlour closet and get one of the green apples that are in the smallest basket up in the corner," said Nancy; "your mother will let you have one of those."

"Jerry skipped away after one. He opened the closet and went in; it was a deep, large closet, where the children did not often go. The apples looked good, and he took one. As he turned to come out, he spied the little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nice things. A basket of rich cake peeped out, with plums in it, and sugar over it. "O," thought Jerry, smacking his lips, "O how good it looks; how good it would taste; I should like a bite!" Jerry looked. "Take a piece; your mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it is a good chance; nobody sees you; snatch it."

"Jerry! Jerry!" spoke the still, small voice—"Jerry!" it only seemed to say "Jerry," and Jerry knew it. He let it speak and he minded it. In a moment he shut the cupboard close to, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that cake without mother's leave. I know I must not, if it looks ever so nice, or tastes ever so good;" and he tried to think no more about the cake, while he went out in the garden and ate his apple. Jerry was very glad he hearkened.

When his mother went to give him the good-night kiss, as he lay in his little bed, he whispered in her ear, "Mother, God seems to speak to me, and say 'Jerry,' as he did to Samuel. I hear him, and try to answer, 'Here am I;' but, mother, there are other voices too, bad voices. I am happy when I mind God's voice."

His mother felt very thankful for the words of her dear boy. Jerry is a great boy now, and his good conduct shows very plainly whose voice he still hears, and still obeys. He is a great comfort to his dear parents.

Dear children, do you hearken to the still, small voice of God, speaking in your hearts? Do, I pray you, stop and listen to it, and obey it. How good and gracious is God, to care thus for you, little children as you are!

The still, small voice is Conscience.—*Child's Paper.*

Making Children Happy.

We clip from an exchange the following, which we recommend to the perusal of all who are thrown much with children:

Let the reader who considers children as only to be tolerated as a sort of disagreeable necessity, try the experiment of making the next child he meets happy, and see if he does not change his opinion. It is strange with how little pains one can do this. Wealth and honours and every contrivance which ingenuity can invent, often fail in giving happiness to the man, but a few moments thought of the mother or friend will suffice to give happiness to a child. So simple are his pleasures and so few his wants! See that little fellow lying upon the floor in restless discontent. It is a stormy day, and he cannot take his usual walk with his nurse. He has played with the rocking horse, till he is tired of that, and his balls and marbles and blocks have failed to give him amusement, for he thinks they are stupid things and cannot play with him. He wishes he had a little brother or sister—and then they would have nice times. Poor little fellow! His mother is on the sofa reading the last novel, and cannot spend time to amuse him, and he feels so unhappy that the tears are beginning already to start.

Just at this moment, the door opens, and a bright face appears. Willy starts up and throws his arms around the neck of his cousin Lizzy, who, in the midst of the snow storm, had come to spend the day with his mama.

"I am really glad to see you, Lizzy," rather languidly says Willy's mamma.—"That boy has been fretting all the morning, so that I could not read with any comfort. He has a room full of playthings, and ought to be happy I am sure. Take off your things and sit down, and I'll finish my book."

Greatly relieved is the mother to be able to read undisturbed, and greatly delighted is Willy. Lizzy takes her work from her pocket, and begins to sew, but she talks to Willy about his picture books while he holds them open to the pictures, and looks perfectly delighted. Then Lizzy shows him how to build a farm-house with his blocks, and taking the animals out of Noah's ark, she distributes them in the farm-yard. Now the boy claps his hands with delight, and the mamma looks up from her book and says, "Lizzy, what a wonderful faculty you have for entertaining children."

"Oh! Willy is very easily plessed," Lizzy replies, "if one only knows how."

We would advise every one to learn how to make children happy.

Honouring Parents.

As a stranger went into the church-yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plats of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared to be a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look at the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw hats, and a few other signs of the mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl began by planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger thus addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your Mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willie and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter, they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

"O, we do love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

"Yes sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honouring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness. Honour their memory by doing those things which you know would please them when alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness. Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will a remembrance of kind, affectionate conduct towards these departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart.—*Del. Gazette.*

Maternity.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest and the blush of her cheeks fills with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than these.—Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watching eye which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and to portray which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies the lovely picture; it lies in his sympathies, it reigns in his affections; his eyes look round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity—estatic sound! so twined round our heart that it must cease to throb ere we forget! 'Tis our first love! 'Tis part of our religion! Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood, we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding upon its mother's beauty, nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and grateful eye, is no man but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking "of such is the kingdom of heaven," or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

An Answer to Prayer.

A minister a short time since, was addressing an audience at a public meeting, and speaking of the efficacy of persevering fervent prayer, he related the following instance:—A devoted and pious mother had from infancy endeavoured to train up her children in the right way. She frequently prayed with them and for them; she conversed with them and instructed them in all things calculated to promote their present and eternal welfare; but one son, who was fast growing up to manhood, appeared unconcerned and indifferent. One day, she talked seriously with him, and urged upon him the importance of seeking religion, but he replied, "Mother! it is of no use; I am determined to have nothing to do with it till I am settled in life; do not, therefore, persuade me now. *Then* I shall have more time, and I can attend to these matters." This declaration, for a time, disheartened and discouraged the mother; but she was one who knew the value of prayer. She decided in her own mind, after a short time had elapsed, that she would earnestly plead at the throne of grace on behalf of this son more especially. She set apart one week for the purpose, and fervently entreated for his conversion. The week passed but no answer came. The following Sabbath evening, as he was passing an open sanctuary, where the worshippers were assembled, the singing attracted his attention. He halted—he went in; there the word of the Lord met him—he went home a broken and contrite penitent—he sought and found mercy—and he and his praying mother could rejoice together. That sainted mother is now in heaven—THAT SON IS NOW ADDRESSING YOU.—*Mother's Friend.*

A Wife's Prayer.

We do not assume that we recognize that which is truly beautiful in all that makes humanity approach to the Divine; but if there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth to Naomi than the subjoined, we have not seen it:—

"Lord! bless and preserve that dear person who thou hast chosen to be my husband: let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy: and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness, of passion and humour; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, and have our portion in the love and service of God forever."

Miscellaneous.

The Australia Gold Diggings.

We have the pleasure of giving below, from the *Londonderry Standard*, a vivid and highly graphic sketch of the Melbourne gold fields, from the able pen of Alexander McArthur, Esq.

MY DEAR ———,—I have been in this colony for the last six or seven weeks. You are aware that very rich gold fields have been discovered in Victoria. This powerful attraction has brought thousands and tens of thousands to the scene of action.—Amongst the rest, I have found my way here also, not to dig, but to purchase gold, which can be got cheaper than at Sydney, and is said to be better. Whatever the discovery may do for the colony, in a commercial point of view, it has certainly had, for so far, a most injurious effect upon the morals and comfort of the people, and Melbourne is at present by no means a desirable residence. The hotels are so crowded that it is difficult to procure a bed; the prices for board, lodging, &c., have been doubled, and hundreds are living in tents in the neighbourhood of the city. The place is infested with ruffians of the very worst character, and most daring outrages are committed almost every day and night.—Several murders have been committed during the last few weeks; numbers have been knocked down and robbed in the streets at night; many have been stopped and robbed on the public highway; and picking pockets, breaking into shops, and other such offences, are quite common occurrences. To crown the whole, about a week ago, a party of scoundrels boarded a vessel in the bay, the night before she was to have sailed for England, and carried off all the gold on board—about thirty thousand pounds. A few of them have been apprehended, and it is hoped most of them will be taken, but the gold is lost beyond recovery. Servants are difficult to procure; they are paid nearly any price they wish to ask, and are so independent that they are very much disposed to do just as they please. Houses for new comers are not to be had, and rents are enormous. Such is the state of this city at present; what it may be six months hence it is impossible to say. In the midst of this anarchy and confusion, it is pleasing to be able to state, that there is a good deal of piety, and their are many who mourn over the profligacy, vice, and immorality by which they are surrounded, and which they are too frequently compelled to witness. After having been here about three weeks, I determined upon paying a visit to the diggings. As it is not considered safe to travel alone when it can be avoided, I accompanied a party who drove a kind of dog-cart; but I went on horseback myself, in order that I might be able to see as much of the auriferous districts as possible. The journey was one of the most uncomfortable, severe, and, I suppose I might add, hazardous, I ever had; and I think when I tell you my rounds you will agree with me that I had plenty of exercise, at all events. Having secured a good horse and a Colt's revolver (a pistol that can fire six shots without being reloaded) I set out, in company with my party, on Thursday week last, at one o'clock. We reached the Bush Inn that night, thirty-five miles distant.

The approach to the Creek by night is very imposing. After travelling through solitary forests for miles, you at length hear the firing of guns and the barking of dogs; after a little, numerous fires appear in sight, and you are soon surrounded by an immense number of tents; the diggers enjoying their evening meal, loitering about their fire, or preparing to seek the rest which they must be in need of after the exertions of the day. I was glad to find that no work was done on the Sabbath excepting cutting wood. In the morning, at eleven, I heard an excellent sermon from an Independent minister, from Adelaide, after which I was in time to hear a sermon from an Episcopalian clergyman, and in the afternoon I heard one of our Wesleyan Missionaries, so that I was favoured with ordinances enough if I made good use of them. The congregations were tolerably large, and very attentive; and there was something peculiarly pleasing in witnessing such a number of men, far removed from friends and relations worshipping God in the wilderness—having for their cathedral the temple of nature, and for their covering the blue canopy of heaven.

There had been no rain for three or four months, and the roads were ankle deep with dust as fine as flour, which when put in motion by the drays and wind, made the atmosphere so thick that it was sometimes difficult either to see or breathe. The hotels on the way are crowded. The living at the diggings is miserable, consisting generally of damper, mutton chops horribly cooked, and tea, with sugar of the commonest description, without milk. To give you some idea of the primitive way of living adopted, I may mention that I had tea and supper at Bendigo, when we had one knife amongst four or five of us, and neither fork nor spoon. I never was fully undressed, and I may say I never got washed during the week; but my health, thank God, continued good, and I could not say that I felt even fatigued when I got back. I could get no company on my way home, but I kept my revolver and a loaded whip ready for action, put my trust in Providence, and felt no fear, except a fear lest I should have been compelled to send some unfortunate wretch, unprepared, into another world, which must have been a very painful reflection; but, when attacks are made by such parties, it is generally either shoot or be shot. The very week before I went up, a gentleman was stopped on the road, fired at, and dangerously wounded. A few days afterwards another gentleman was stopped on the same road, but he shot the scoundrel through the jaw, and made a prisoner of him; and even within three miles of the city several persons have been stopped and plundered on the highway. For my own part I have reason to be thankful; I met no one to molest me; and, as I return to Sydney in a few days, I hope not to be so much in the way of danger. But I suppose you will be saying it is time I was giving you some account of the diggings. I wish my descriptive powers were greater for your sake, but it would require the pen of a Dickens to do justice to such a subject, and I shall merely try to give you some idea of them, as neither time nor talent will permit me to do more. Imagine yourself in some of the wild districts of the County of Wicklow, such as the Devil's Glen, or the Glen of the Downs. Fancy the place studded with all descriptions of tents, and some thousands of men, dressed in blue or red serge shirts, plaid jackets, &c., digging holes eight feet square, and varying in depth from three feet to fifty. Others carting the stuff to the nearest water, where numbers are engaged cradling and washing, with water nearly as thick as molasses, and you will have some idea of the appearance of things. The beds of the creeks are generally most productive, but sometimes the hills and level ground in the auriferous districts have been found very rich. The labour is hard, the privations and discomforts many, and the success by no means certain; so that I think you will agree with me that those who dig for gold dearly earn every ounce they obtain. Yet numbers of respectable persons who would not work at other employments, are found engaged at the diggings. There have been extraordinary instances of success, but many are disappointed. Many will sacrifice their lives; and to numbers of the fortunate ones it is to feared the sudden acquisition of wealth will be the greatest curse, and instead of doing them good, will only hasten them onwards in their downward career. Perhaps you may remember Milton's description of the archfiend leading on his legions to the discovery of gold. One would almost imagine he had been paying a visit to Mount Alexander, and in many respects the description is a good one:—

"———Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigade hastened; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heav'n; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Reserve the precious bane."

The history of the world proves to us (with the exception of California) that the countries in which gold has been found in greatest abundance have seldom, if ever, been permanently benefitted by it; but the experiment has yet to be made as to what effect it will have upon a British population in a British colony. Let us hope that in this, as well as in many other respects, Britain will set an example to the world worthy of imitation, and pray that He who is "out of seeming evil, still educing good," may overrule and order coming events, in connection with this important discovery, so as to promote His glory, and the good of mankind.—*Watchman.*

No Royal Road to Learning.

When a boy, who is born of poor parents, deprived of early advantages, and manacled by the abridgments of poverty, rises by his own energy to pre-eminence and attainment, the world pour forth their praise and laud him chiefly because he has met and overcome the hindrances and disadvantages of his birth and circumstances, and now takes precedence of other men of higher birth and higher privilege.

Take another case.

When a boy, born of rich parents brought up amidst, and surrounded with, all the advantages and elegance which wealth, rank, and refinement furnish,—when this boy of fortune comes to manhood and commands the admiration of men for his attainments, the prejudiced world admire, but say, "Ah, he was born of rich parents and possessed every advantage;" calling his attainment the result of birth, of natural endowment, and external advantage, and not his own work. And merit lies in individual attainments, not in gifts.

But the unthinking world, leaning on its biassed judgment, allow too largely for the advantages of birth and the privileges of wealth. The truth is not discovered, and just praise is withheld. The disadvantages and obstructions which dishearten and retard the poor boy in his progress are visible; all the world sees them. The boy sees them from the first. They stare him full in the face. He is thrown wholly upon his own resources. He has no external helps. He must help himself. And if he rises above his poor fortune, and attains to eminence, the work is all his own, and he alone deserves the praise.

But are there no disadvantages and no hindrances for him to encounter, who is born amidst all the advantages of refinement and education? This question may be seldom thought of. But amid all the advantages and privileges of education which wealth throws around him, there are severe hindrances, interruptions and obstacles, with which he must wrestle in as severe a struggle, as with the adversity of fortune. These obstacles are insidious, hidden and observed. They are seen only by their effects. Luxury and ease of the body invites "luxury and ease of the mind," which is another name for idleness. This effect is certain and inevitable, upon the young tender mind especially, unless resisted and thrown aside by uncommon powers of self-controul. Luxury and refinement often scorches the young mind, or matures it too fast. It is a proof of a sound and strong mind, to live in the "hot bed" atmosphere of courts, and escape corruption and imbecility. Bodily luxury and bodily ease alluring the mind into habits of idleness, and occasionally imbecility, is as great, if not a greater trial, than is encountered by the disadvantages of poverty.

Thus, with all the privileges, all the instruction and the elegances which wealth may bestow, there nevertheless comes with these blessings, a train of evils, forming a counter current, which renders intellectual attainment, under such circumstances, deserving of the highest praise.

On the other hand, the absence of all luxury and refinement, a hard bed, coarse diet, severe bodily exercise, necessarily endured by the poor boy, are above all things most conducive to clear pereeption, a well regulated imagination, and a well balanced mind. Want of instruction and want of advantages force the mind back upon its own resources, and by this its latent energies are brought out and disciplined. The mind grows by friction; the more it wears itself, "the more it shines." And whenever the mind teaches itself, that is the best instruction.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
These are the counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Thus the trials, and temptations, and obstacles which confront the poor boy, and the boy of fortune, though differing widely in their nature, are of equal weight. And praise, and admiration are equally due to the man who reaches superior attainment whether his parents are rich or poor, whether his early life was amidst poverty, or passed in ease and luxury.

And now to what does all this come? It comes exactly to this. To the poor boy and the boy of fortune the way to attainment is equally difficult and equally rough. Instruction and privilege may assist, but the work belongs to the mind.

There is no ROYAL Road to Learning.

Contentment.

The following stanzas are 260 years old: they were written by Robert Southwell.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest,
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care of gold,
Well doing is my wealth:
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high climbing thoughts,—
The wings of swelling pride:
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honors slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear,
I bear so small and low a sail
As freeth me from fear.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, and smiles to think,
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

The Loved and Lost.

The *Journal of Commerce* furnishes its readers with the following affecting sketch. It is a picture in real life—a vision of truth:—

A lady was riding some years since through Connecticut in her father's carriage when they were brought to a stop by a woman coming from a cottage, near which they passed, and beckoning them. Drawing the rein tight and stopping the horses, Mr.—— waited her approach. As she came nearer, her face appeared intelligent and attractive, but melancholy withal, and her eyes were restless and roving; but as she reached the side of the carriage,—and laid her hand on the window edge, she gazed with intense earnestness into the face of the lady, and asked "have you seen William anywhere?"

Startling as the proximity of a deranged person must have been, the lady had sufficient presence of mind to assure her that she had not seen William, and the poor watcher by the road side turned away with a sigh.

Years had passed, and the incident was almost forgotten, when a few weeks ago, the same lady, now the wife of a lawyer in this city, was riding through Fulton street, in Brooklyn. A loud cry attracted her attention, and looking at the side walk, she saw a person with streaming hair and wild eye running down the street screaming "Willy, Willy, Willy," in a voice that seemed, as she described it to be, so unutterably mournful and thrilling, that it must have reached the ear of him she called, unless that ear was sealed in the silence of death.

Was it the same person she had met long ago in Connecticut? and has her poor wandering brain been searching all these years for the boy she loved, and searching all in vain? Who was he, and where on the broad earth had he kept himself out of the reach of that wild love? She had asked a million of persons if they had seen him, and none knew him. She had called in the forest, in the crowded city, in the day and in the night, now hopefully, now mournfully, and always he had answered not. Or was he perchance beyond answering; and did the voice reach him in that land whence he might not reply to her; however much her soul yearned towards him. Mayhap, if so it be, and he strive hard—mayhap some pleasant evening when she sits all alone and murmurs his name in accents of unchanging affection, God may grant to him utterance in tones that will reach her worn out heart, and then—how will it spring back through lonesome years, and with the freshness and beauty of youth and youthful love go forth to meet him? Or, as these lines will one day go farther than she can in a thousand, if William be anywhere on the earth, and his conscience tells him he is wandering from the love he owes alliance to, let him know when he reads this, that there is now ringing through all the world, now here, now there,—a voice that is calling him mournfully, but O how lovingly, back to arms that yearn to embrace him!

Advertisements.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, 7, Prescot Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the virulence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the *severity of the attack*, and the *speedy* cure, I think, speaks much in favour of your astonishing Pills.

(Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart Town Courier of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walch.

Margaret M'Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected a perfect cure.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach, which was also so accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means, comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before.

(Signed) HENRY COE, North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL, AND A MOST DANGEROUS LIVER COMPLAINT.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heydon, Esq., Sydney New South Wales, dated February 25th, 1851.

SIR,—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a settler at Lake George, was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless. In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first dose gave him considerable relief, he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to perfect health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required.

(Signed) WM. JONES, Proprietor of the Goulburn Herald, New South Wales.

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS IN CASES OF DROPSY.

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague,	Female Irregularities,	Sore throats,
Asthma,	Fevers of all kinds,	Scrofula or king's evil,
Bilious Complaints,	Fits,	Stone and Gravel,
Blotches on the skin,	Gout,	Secondary Symptoms,
Bowel complaint,	Headaches,	Tic Doloreux,
Colics,	Indigestion	Tumours,
Constipation of bowels,	Inflammation,	Ulcers,
Consumption,	Jaundice,	Venereal Affections,
Debility,	Liver Complaints,	Worms, all kinds,
Dropsy,	Lumbago,	Weakness from whatever cause, &c.
Dysentery,	Piles,	
Erysipelas,	Rheumatism,	
	Retention of Urine	

Sub Agents in Nova Scotia—Dr. Harding, Windsor Mrs. Neil, Lunenburgh. T. R. Patillo, Liverpool. N. Tupper, Cornwallis. Tucker & Smith, Truro. J. & C. Jost Guysborough. B. Cochran & Co., Newport. G. N. Fuller, Horton. B. Legge, Mahone Bay. S. Fulton & Co. Wallace. J. F. More, Caledonia. T. & J. Jost, Sydney J. Matheson, Bras d'Or. P. Smith, Port Hood, Mrs Robson, Pictou. E. Sterns, Yarmouth.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244 Strand, London, and by most respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world. Prices in Nova Scotia are 1s. 9d., 4s., 6s. 3d., 16s. 8d., 33s. 4d. and 50s. each Box. There is a considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

JOHN NAYLOR, Halifax.
General Agent for Nova Scotia.

Jan. 1.

J. B. FLOWERS,

Has received ex "BLOOMER" and other arrivals from Great Britain, a Choice Selection of

Staple and Fancy GOODS.

—COMPRISING—

DUNSTABLE Rice, and Willow BONNETS, Lace, Tuscan, and Fancy Cordour do.
Children's Jenny Lind and Princess Alice Hats,
Boys Tuscan and Dunstable Hats,
Ribbons Parasols and Neck Ties,
Gloves, Hosiery Stays,
A variety of French and
Barege, Cashmere, and Filled Paisley SHAWLS,
Printed Cashmere, Muslins, and Balzarines,
Ladies' Worked Collars, Habit-Shirts, Black Lace Veils
Harness Bordered Curtain Muslins, new patterns,
Low priced Druggets and Carpets,
Ladies' Cashmere, Albert Cord, and Lasting Boots,
Ladies' and Children's Patent Leather Shoes,
A lot of very cheap DeLanes,
Together with a varied assortment of Cotton Fabrics in Grey and White Shirtings, 8 4 & 10-4 Sheetings.
Ticks, Moleskins, Drills, best quality Warp,
Prints, Cambrics, Furniture Prints,
Striped Shitings, Fent Dresses, &c., &c.

Which are all offered at the Lowest Cash Prices.

46 Barrington Street.

May 21. Wes. & Ath. 2m.

WANTED,

BY a Person of unexceptionable character and good abilities, a situation as BOOK-KEEPER. Satisfactory references can be given. Apply at the Wesleyan Office (144) April 10.

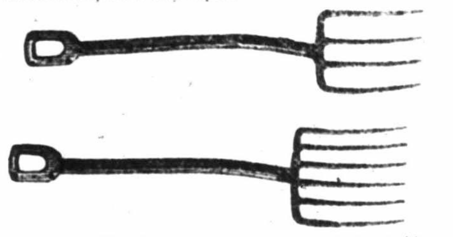
Agricultural and Garden Implements.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C. &C

BESSONETT & BROWN

HAVE received a supply of Agricultural and Garden Implements, more extensive and varied than they have usually kept, and respectfully invite those engaged in the cultivation of the soil to call and examine them. The PLOUGHS are of various sizes and patterns, and some of decidedly improved descriptions. They have also improved Expanding CULTIVATORS, with and without a wheel; Expanding HARROWS—Geddes's ditto, et teeth.

Hay Cutters, Vegetable Cutters, Fan Mills, Churns, Seed Sowers, Hand Seed Sowers, Hand Cultivators, Potato Diggers, Hoes, in variety, Bush Hooks, Hedge Cutters Shovels, Spades, Hay Forks, MANURE FORKS, long and hort handles, some very superior.



Ox Bows, Hay Rakes, Scythe Snaiths, Grain Cradles Griffin's Prime and double refined Scythes, American Cast Steel Scythes, Horse Hay Rakes, Harrows, Hand Grain Mills; and also a variety of neat and useful Garden Tools.

A small supply of interesting works on Agriculture and Gardening, and Treatises on the Horse, Cow, Hog, Manures; Elements of Agriculture; Fowl Breeder; The New England Farmer, &c, which are mostly low priced, and will be found valuable aids to those who embrace the opportunity now afforded of obtaining them.

They have also their usual well assorted and very extensive supply of IRONMONGERY, HARDWARE, and CUTLERY; Window Glass, Paints, Oil, Varnishes, Brushes, Roofing Cloth, Yankee Axes, Bait Mills, Fish Forks, Codlines, Twines, &c., &c., the whole forming a stock evidently superior to what is usually found in one establishment, and well adapted for the trade of this Province.

RAZOR ROW, Halifax, April 24. Wes. 142.

"STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY."

Founded 1843.—Capital £100,000 Sterling.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed Agent for the above named institution, hereby gives notice, that he is prepared to transact the business of the Halifax Agency at the Office of Bell & Black, Upper Water Street, and requests all Policy Holders to pay to him, the premiums becoming due after this date.

The privileges offered to Assurers in the STAR LIFE Office, are highly advantageous. Ninety per cent, or nine tenths of the profits (ascertained every fifth year) are allocated to the holders of Policies; which may be applied in the reduction of the future annual premium, or be added to the sum insured, as a Bonus.

Thirty days are allowed for the payment of the premium from the date of its becoming due.

All claims are paid within fifty days of their being allowed by the Board, and disputed claims referred to arbitration.

The dividend declared in 1848 was 62 per cent. on the premium paid, the largest Bonus ever given by any Company having agencies in this Country.

This Society is chiefly but not exclusively devoted to the Assurance of the lives of members of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies, and of the hearers and friends of that connexion. Assurances however, have been, and may be effected upon all assurable lives. Nothing need be said upon the propriety of persons assuring their lives for the benefit of their families or friends, when so many proofs are furnished by the experience of every day life. The advantages of a Respectable Company, with a large Capital and dividing hadsome profits, are too obvious to need any comment.

All necessary Blanks and Pamphlets and every information furnished gratis, by the Society's Agent or Medical Examiner.

R. S. BLACK, M. D., Medical Examiner. M. G. BLACK, Jr., Agent at Halifax, N. S.

July 15. 4in.

PHOSPHATE

Of Lime in Consumption.

A GENTLEMAN of the neighboring city of Charlestown, whose son was considered in a hopeless state from the diseased condition of the respiratory apparatus, was induced to administer Dr. Stone's Medicines. All the phosphate of lime procured at the shops appeared to him to be imperfectly prepared—being coarse and otherwise objectionable. A purer article was prepared especially for the occasion, reduced to an impalpable powder, and ten grains were administered three times a day, followed by a swallow of Cod Liver Oil. No material change was discoverable in the patient for two weeks. Suddenly, as it were, a fixed pain of long standing in the chest soon abated; sleep became refreshing, the appetite improved, strength returned, and from being moved about the apartment reclined on an invalid chair, he is now daily riding, on an average, ten miles, on horseback, facing the wind and breasting the cold with impunity. This is a synopsis of the case related by a grateful parent, who would be glad to have others, under similar circumstances, make an effort with the phosphate, combined with Cod Liver Oil.—*Boston Medical & Surgical Journal, April, 1852.*

The Phosphate of Lime, and Cod Liver Oil, to be had pure at No. 139, Granville Street.

July 29. ROBERT G. FRASER, Chemist.

Dates.

FRESH,—just received at 44 Hollis Street.
W. M. HARRINGTON.

August 7.

THE

PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

The *Provincial Wesleyan* is one of the largest weekly papers published in the Lower Provinces, and its ample columns will be well stored with choice and varied matter, rendering it peculiarly interesting, as a Paper to the *Family Circle*. It is devoted to Religion; Literature; Science; Education; Temperance; Agriculture; Religious, Domestic, and General Intelligence, &c., &c. Labour and thought will be expended on every issue to render it instructive, pleasing, and profitable. A large circulation is necessary to sustain it with efficiency, and keep the proprietors from loss. An earnest appeal is therefore, made to those who feel desirous of supporting the Press conducted on sound, moral, Christian, and evangelical principles, for aid, by taking the *Provincial Wesleyan* themselves and recommending it to their friends.

☞ The terms are exceedingly low:—*Ten shillings per annum*, half in advance.

☞ Any person, by paying, or forwarding the advance *post-paid*, can have the paper left at his residence in the City, or carefully mailed to his address. Subscriptions are solicited with confidence; as full value will be given for the expenditure.

☞ No Subscriptions will be taken for a period less than *six months.*

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The *Provincial Wesleyan*, from its large, increasing and general circulation, is an eligible and desirable medium for advertising. Persons will find it to their advantage to advertise in this paper.

TERMS:

For 12 lines and under—1st insertion, - - 3 0
" each line above 12—(additional) - - 0 3
" each continuance *one-fourth* of the above rates.

All advertisements not limited will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Half-yearly and yearly advertisements, according to private bargain.

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We have fitted up our Office to execute all kinds of JOB WORK, with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms. Persons, friendly to our undertaking to supply a large quantity of valuable reading matter at a very low price, will assist us much, by giving us a liberal share of their job work. *Handbills, Posters, Bill-heads, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., &c., &c.*, can be had at short notice.

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Pamphlets stitched, plain and serviceable book binding, &c., done at this Office at moderate charges.

☞ Office one door south of the Old Methodist Church, Argyle Street.